Sweet Tooth

by sweet_bellyache

Summary

You find yourself in a whirlpool of regret when you have a one night stand with a random skeleton who you hit it off with after your boyfriend cheats on you. Your anxiety has worsened and made it impossible for you to be alone, but you won’t tell anyone that.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
p r o l o g u e

You couldn't believe your eyes.

After three loving and happy years of dating him, he snuck behind your back and hooked up with your coworker.

You were standing, mouth agape, eyes wide, boiling with rage, as your boyfriend scrambled to come up with some excuse as to why they were under the blankets with your bitch of a coworker, Lina.

"(Y-Y/N)!" He yelped. "I-It's not what it looks like, I-I-I swear!"

You felt an outrageous amount of betrayal land heavy on your heart, pulling and twisting with your recently excited mood. You had gotten off early from work, so you were excited to finally get some time with him alone.

Oh, God, but the sight!

Life was so cruel to you.

Your mouth gathered poison on the tip of your tongue, ready to shout at your unfaithful lover.

Oh, God, the rage.

You were fuming.

"Not what it looks like?!" You screeched at him, finally gaining your voice back. "You're fucking my coworker! What else is it?! You cheating bastard!" Your rain of a thousand screams continued, drowning out whatever pathetic excuse tried to make its way out of his mouth.

"Three god damn years! I threw away three years with you just for you to fucking cheat on me!" You cried, unwanted tears welling up in your lids. Your voice cracked at you abused it, throaty sobs and bellows of vexation flowing out of you.
"(Y/N), baby—"

"Don't you fucking 'baby' me!" You howled at him, drops of your weakness spilling down your cheeks, reddening your eyes. "Get the Hell out of here! Pack your shit and go! I don't want to see your fucking face anymore!"

You stormed out of the room, slamming the door as hard as you could behind you. You grabbed your purse and your keys from the coffee table and sloppily rammed into the door to open it.

You ignored the calls of your name coming from the bedroom as he chased after you, unwilling to give him another chance.

You were thunderously crying, not yet attending to your sadness-and-betrayal-born tears while you proceeded to get as far away from that asshole as possible.

You recklessly jumped into your car, almost shattering the window with how hard you slammed your door shut. As the engine roared to life, you finally tapped into the emotions that caused the hot, fat tears to roll down your face. With a quivering lip and squinted lids, you let out a defeated scream.

Life really wouldn't give you any victory, would it?

You pounded your hands against the steering wheel in a burst of fury, letting out shrill shrieks of disbelief in between.

Nothing ever seemed to go right.

~

You were at a local bar, mindlessly swirling a glass of bourbon in your hand. You felt so broken. Oh, God, you felt torn. Just ripped.

A fresh sting of new tears pinched your eyes, and they leaked out freely without your consent.
You didn't even bother to wipe them away, knowing more would just return to follow paths down
your cheeks. You bubbled out a sob, resting your head in your arms to hide your upset heart.

*Three years.*

*You loved him.*

*You were in love with that bastard.*

*That awful, cheating, stupid, handsome, sweet, funny, loving—*

"hey, what's got you so down?"

Oh, God.

Was that a *pun*?

You lifted your head to see who was talking to you, and you found yourself face-to-face with a
skeleton.

A monster?

You knew about monsters. They had come up to the surface about two years ago, and while some
humans were rather outraged by the new species that began living amongst yourselves, you found
yourself unbothered by them. In fact, they seemed to be better mannered than humans. All your
exchanges with monsters had been pleasant, with a couple of exceptions.

The monster that was in front of you was wearing a grin, a blue hoodie, and black basketball shorts
with a white stripe down the side—from what you could see. He didn't seem very tall, maybe an
inch or two taller than you. He was waiting for your reaction, too, patiently smiling at you with his
perfect white teeth and soft lights of pupils in his black sockets.
Your lip tugged upwards just slightly at the bad pun, and you wiped a tear from your face.

"I'd rather not taco 'bout it," you replied. You noticed the grin of the skeleton curved a little bigger, and a soft chuckle erupted from him.

"that's okay, i'm just glad i didn't whiskey opportunity to talk to you."

You picked up on the low tone of his voice, sounding deep yet smooth. You also noticed the slight pick-up line he used...? Along with the pun he made with it?

Was he hitting on you?

Your smile bloomed a little more, although your mood stayed upset. Needing the burn of alcohol, you took another swig of your drink, but you turned to the skeletal stranger to continue a conversation.

"(Y/N)." You stuck your hand out for a shake. He looked a little surprised, but he smiled as he returned the shake.

"sans, sans the skeleton," he smiled warmly.

You snorted, earning a curious gaze from him.

"Your name is Sans the skeleton?" You asked, still giggling. He turned a light shade of the sky in the cheeks, hardly noticeable.

"well, no, but that's just how i greet people. not about to go around giving out my last name so easy," he shrugged. You chuckled again, and took another lengthy sip of your drink. You winced after the alcohol had lasted in your throat, scorching its path on its way to your stomach.

"So what are you coming to a bar for?" You asked after you had gotten used to the taste of the bourbon on your tongue.
"are you kiddin'?" he asked, though you could clearly hear the humor in his tone. "i come to grillby's every night. he's like my best friend."

You hummed in response, filing down the urge to joke about him being an alcoholic in fear he might actually have that problem.

There goes your social anxiety, scolding yourself despite not even saying it.

"i know ya said ya didn't want to talk about it, and this'll be the last time i pry, but what's your reason?"

You deadpanned at the reminder.

You expression turned cold, eyes burning to remind you of your previous tears. You downed the remnants of your drink, and turned back to Sans.

"boyfriend cheated on me with one of my fucking coworkers."

Your voice had venom trickling from each letter, but your lifeless tone soon cracked, thus revealing your heavy emotions.

With a stupid reminder of the man you loved, you found your heart breaking all over again. You saw the image of him and Lina in your bed again, the sweaty and startled faces of both of them burned into your brain.

All those dates, all those times he met up with you during your work, all those times you hung out with friends with him—

Gone.

You started crying again. Waves upon waves of tears spilling out of your red eyes. You hiccuped and sobbed in front of the skeleton, though you were quite sure he was gone by then.
Until a gentle and cool hand landed on your back.

Sans rubbed small circles around your back, attempting to soothe your bothered mood.

It was silent for a few moments. Several seconds of you crying and Sans awkwardly comforting you passed, and you finally began to calm down.

"sounds like a real asshole," he finally spoke. "i'm sorry about that, kiddo. shit fuckin' sucks."

"Yeah, three god damm years thrown away," you seethed with a dry throat. "I don't even know know why he did it." You cursed at yourself in your head for remembering him again. The image reappeared.

Oh, God.

You blinked back forming tears, wanting—

No—

*Needling* to forget it.

To forget *him*.

You beckoned the bartender for a double of what you just had.

Sans asked for a ketchup.

*What?*

"Did you just ask him for...?"
"ketchup? yeah. 's pretty good. ya wanna try some?" he offered. You made a face of disgust, your lips tugging up into a grossed out smile.

"Ew!" You squealed. "I take ketchup on my fries, not straight down the hatch."

"maybe we should ketchup on each other since i don't really know ya?" He joked with a grin. Despite yourself, you ended up laughing at the dumb pun, joining him in a fit of stupid giggles.

"I relish the fact that you mustard enough courage to ask me that," you laughed, downing quite a bit of your drink while Sans choked on his ketchup.

He set the bottle down, hacking up the red condiment as he laughed, coughing and sputtering guffaws of laughter. It splattered some of the ketchup on the counter, making you laugh harder.

Every time he tried to calm down, he just ended up laughing again, restarting the cycle of choking and coughing.

You, by that time, were cracking up, laughing so hard that you couldn't even breathe. It was definitely the result of being buzzed, but it really was funny.

Once Sans finally swallowed down his ketchup, he got out some painless laughs with you about it.

Although, that only lasted about a second, because tipsy you accidentally leaned too far back on your barstool, and you tipped over, falling to the floor.

Sans started laughing even harder.

You were howling by that time, wheezing and holding your stomach.

"a-are ya... pfft... are ya okay?" he grinned at you from the bar, still snorting at your state.
You stood up from your fallen seat, picking it up and sitting back on it normally. You were still giggling uncontrollably, but you answered with a small nod.

"H-Holy shit," you sputtered through a laugh. "I haven't laughed that hard in forever."

After another moment of calmed chuckles and giggles, you were finally able to start talking again.

~

Several drinks and two hours later...

You rifled through your wallet, pulling out a plastic card, and tossing it on the counter towards Sans.

"what's this?" he asked with a slight slur in his voice. You smirked at him.

"My library card," you informed him victoriously. "I'm checking you out." He snorted, much to your liking.

"alright, that was pretty good," he caved. "but i got a better one."

You were in a heated pick-up line competition with Sans. How it started, you don't remember. All you knew was that you had to beat him.

He started patting down his pockets, searching for something that you thought he misplaced.

"damn, i musta lost my number," he mumbled so you could hear. "can i get yours?" His grin turned mischievous, a smirk blooming.

You giggled, and decided to follow through with his.

"Actually, yeah, lemme see your phone," you smiled. His eye lights and his grin brightened, eagerly
pulling it from his pocket and handing it over.

You typed it in to his contacts, and put (Y/N) as the contact.

"hell yeah! i didn't think that'd work!" he chuckled, and put his phone away. You bit your lip at his funny reaction, and readied another one. It was a bit desperate, sure, but he was winning.

"Are you a ring theorist? Because that ass is maximal ideal."

Sans' eyes widened, and his grin turned surprised. In fear that you might've scared him off with your nerdy pick up line, you covered your face with your hands, turning a bright red.

"Augh! I knew it was too nerdy!" You groaned at yourself.

You were busy wallowing in your own humiliation when you heard a soft sound of laughter and felt your hands being pulled away from your face.

"nah, that wasn't too nerdy. actually, was right up my alley. i love that sort of shit."

It was your turn to widen your eyes.

"Really? Are you a mathematician?" You asked him curiously. He shrugged, wincing as if to tell you 'not really'.

"'s more of a hobby than a job," he passively answered. "but you've inspired me."

You perked up at the sentence, and excitedly got ready for his pick up line.

"it needs some participation, okay?" he told you, and his cheekbones dusted a soft blue.

*What did that mean?*
"Hey, your cheeks are blue," you told him with interest piqued. They turned a little bit darker, like the shade of the ocean.

"heh, 's cuz i'm a little bit nervous."

You were about to ask about it further, except he cut you off.

"anyway, so let's say you have two points, and you keep cutting the distance between them in half," he prompted you, facing his body towards you completely, so you did the same. You quickly finished off your drink, allowing the alcohol to infect your veins and flow through you. "do those points ever touch?"

You shook your head no.

His grin twinged with challenge.

"let's test it out."

"let's take the distance between you and me," he winked at you, and your cheeks burned just a bit. "and cut it in half."

You scooted closer to him, just closer to the edge of your seat, and he did the same. He put his hand up to stop either of you from moving anymore.

"that's perfect," he told you. "let's cut it again." You scooted on the very edge of your seat, significantly close to him. He scooted a little bit further as well, leaving barely a few inches.

You felt your heart drumming in your ears.

*What were you doing?*
The voice in your head was telling you this was wrong.

So very wrong.

*Stop, you can't do this!*

You ignored it.

You wanted this.

With just about three inches between your faces, Sans said lowly, "what happens if we cut it again?"

*Stop!*

*You shouldn't do this!*

*Think about Henry!*

You felt your anger spike with the reminder of your unfaithful lover, the very reason you came to get drunk.

*Screw Henry.*

*He fucked you over, and you don't need him.*

Your eyes shifted to his teeth.

"I think—" you leaned forward— "this."
You gently placed your lips where his would be, making him freeze in his spot. After hardly a second, you felt him relax against your kiss, succumbing into you.

Kissing a skeleton felt... weird... but nice. His teeth were cool, yet you still felt him kissing back.

He placed a hand on the back of your neck, slowly snaking it through your (H/L) hair. Your knee brushed against his femur, which was where you laid your hand. He ever so slightly deepened the kiss, tilting his head to get another angle.

Something wet prodded your lips, and you soon realized it was his tongue. When your lips parted to accept it, you felt him dominate the inside of your mouth.

~

You weren't clear minded.

Not at all.

You didn't know where you were, but you assumed it was Sans' room, considering that you were on a bed.

*Pinned down.*

You couldn't use your hands as Sans was holding them above your head.

Hot breaths were filling the room.

Hot breaths and *your moans.*

He was biting and sucking on your exposed neck.
Where were your clothes?

You didn't care.

He growled against your skin, low and gruff, not like how he spoke at Grillby's.

"ya so soft," he murmured. "and ya taste so fucking good."

You weren't even aware of what was leaving your mouth.

So when you openly squealed out a moan, you weren't mindful enough to try and shut up.

"oh, god, and ya sound so perfect," he grumbled, almost a whine. "keep makin' those noises, sweetheart. i fucking love them."

So you did.

You're so fucking drunk.

You don't even remember half the shit that happened.

Your brain skipped again, like it didn't want you to remember what happened.

All you remembered was pleasure...

Being slammed against a wall...

Nailed into the bed...
Taken control of...

He was merciless...

And you fucking loved it...

You wasted freak.
You finally awoke.

Regret seemed to swallow you whole as you finally put your mind to use.

Well, regret and pain.

Throbbing pain.

You had a hangover.

Great.

You felt nauseous, like you'd throw up right then and there.

Thankfully, you held your stomach enough so that you kept your dinner from last night.

What even happened last night?

You threw the duvet off of yourself, but you stayed in your same spot, unwilling to move. You were so tired. Your head was pounding, your legs were sore, your mouth tasted dry, of faint bourbon, and... was that ketchup?

You swore you hadn't had ketchup in forever, so why were you tasting it—

Oh.
That's when it came rushing back.

You weren't in your own room.

You had kissed Sans—

Well, you had made out with Sans.

Was that it?

Why were you in his room then?

Oh, god.

That wasn't it.

Little slivers of last night pinned your memory, but nothing complete.

You hooked up with him.

He fucked you senseless.

He ruined you last night.

And you were loving it.

You shot straight up in his bed; your cheeks burned a hot blush. You looked down to see you were wearing nothing. You were bare naked in a stranger's home.
You silently sat, cursing yourself heavily in your head.

A one night stand?!

You've never done that before!

Oh, god!

You held your head in your palms, and that's when your anxiety kicked in.

Your breathing quickened, a result of the straining in your throat. Tears sprung to your eyes, and you started whispering little things to yourself.

"Oh, god, oh, shit! What were you thinking, you idiot?! Why don't you use your brain for once?! My, god, you just got out of a relationship, for Pete's sake! You dumbass! Oh, god, oh, god, oh, god—"

A light knock on the door shut you up quick. You had even stopped breathing.

You didn't respond, in fear of who it might've been or how your voice might've sounded.

After another moment, you heard a voice.

"you're supposed to say 'who's there?'"

Despite your anxiety, you answered.

"Um, w-who's there?" When you spoke, you noticed your real voice sounded raspy, and throaty.
Screaming. You were moaning and wailing last night. He drove you straight over the edge, and you were voicing every little thing he did to you.

Idiot. You fucking slut. Your throat is sore from moaning too much?

"snow."

"Snow who?"

"snow use asking if ya just let me in."

You felt a smile bloom to your face, but then you remembered you were naked.

"Oh, wait! Um, before you come in, I-I have to get dressed," you told him, flushing a bright red you were thankful he wasn't in the room to see.

"oh, uh, sorry, i'll... i'll come back later," he apologized quickly. "but, i wanted to ask how ya take your coffee?"

You felt your surprise capture you for a second before you answered.

"Um, with cream and sugar?" You replied.

"is that a question?"

You giggled.

"Sorry, no, I'm just... not used to this sort of stuff... I guess?"
"it's good. i'll be back with some coffee. take ya time."

You thanked him, and started to get dressed so you'd look decent when he came back.

Thankfully, you hadn't gone out in a dress. In fact, you were in rather comfortable clothes when you were at the bar.

You slipped on your undergarments, and pulled your (F/C) crop top over your head. Right as you got it completely on, you felt a wave of pain tear into your head again.

"Fuck... God, ow!" You winced, clutching your head and buckling over. Your eyes squinted shut as you waited for the pain to pass.

A couple minutes later, it left—still throbbing, but you could withstand it at least.

You yanked your ripped jeans over your sore legs, and searched around for your phone. When you found it, you realized it was dead.

"Damn it!" You hissed.

Another knock on the door.

"hey, uh, is everything okay in there?" You heard him ask.

"Yeah, it's... it's fine. I'll come out now." You shoved your phone in a pocket and opened up the door.

He was standing there, coffee cup in one hand, and two pills in the other.

You made a questioning face.
"What? You gonna drug me?" You joked. He laughed, but shook his head.

"nah, i thought you could use some pain-killers. ya had a lot to drink last night, so i can imagine you've got a killer hangover."

He wasn't wrong. You shrugged, and thanked him.

"i can get ya some breakfast, too, if ya need it," he offered, handing the coffee and pain-killers over.

You downed the pills, and widened your eyes at the taste of the coffee. It was insanely good. Like the best cup you'd ever had.

"Breakfast sounds good— Wow, this is delicious," you commented, taking a large sip. "What'd you put in here?"

"extra cream, brown sugar, and a little cinnamon. ya seemed like the sweet tooth type. oh, and there's just a little bit of monster magic in there. should help with the hangover." You took another sip, then began stammering.

"I, um... thank you. I... sorry, I've... I've never had a... a one night stand before.... I'm not entirely sure how these go. And I'm really sorry, I mean, I'm not the type to even have a one night stand, and I'm just really sorry about it—"

"don't worry about it," he assured you. "here, lemme make ya some cereal or something. i cereal-ously don't mind."

You giggled, then smiled at him thankfully, and released a sigh.

"Thank you."

~

You were scarfing down cereal rather quickly, sitting across from a calm Sans.
Man, you were exhausted— he drained you.

"h-hey, i was, uh," he stuttered. "i wanted to... to apologize for last night." You looked up at him, and immediately flushed a bright red.

"No, no, no, I should be apologizing to you," you stopped him, making him look at you with a confused face. "I got really drunk, and I just got out of a relationship—"

"i know," he interrupted you. "that's why i wanted to apologize. ya weren't ready for a one night stand, and i'm really sorry that it happened. and i'm..." He mumbled something after that you couldn't make out.

"I'm sorry, what?" You asked, swallowing another bite of cereal to ask.

"i'm sorry..." he mumbled off some gibberish that you didn't understand again.

"Could you repeat that one more time?"

"i'm sorry for being so rough with ya," he finally murmured out, just loud enough for you to hear. If you could turn a brighter red, you were sure you did.

"It's... just, um... don't worry about it," you stammered out.

**Being pinned down, bitten at. He was fondling with your breasts, going down every so often to bite and lick at your sensitive nipples.**

**He rammed into you, making you choke on your breath. When he thrusted again, you were only able to scream out his name in pleasure, but no real words were escaping your lips except his name.**

"It's... It's fine."
"no, it's really not fine, i was practically feral and i really shouldn't have—"

"I said don't worry about it."

He flinched at the sudden harsh tone you used, but he didn't say anything. Instant guilt washed through you, and you started to apologize.

"Sans, I'm so sorry—"

"it's fine."

You didn't talk much after that.

You thanked him again for the painkillers, the coffee, and the cereal, and told him you were going to leave.

"well, hey, lemme give ya a ride. ya don't have a car and there are some sketchy strangers around this part."

You shook your head, not wanting to burden him any more.

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that, you've already done so much, and this would just be rude of me," you assured him. "I'll be fine."

"no, really, ya probably need a ride. please just let me give ya a ride." He was looking at you pleadingly, like he was scared for your well being.

*Kinda sweet.*

"Sans, I swear it's fine. I'll just head back now."
"sweetheart, please, just lemme help—"

"I'm sorry, but, don't call me sweetheart."

Sans' cheeks tinted a soft blue.

"oh, god, i'm sorry, i sorta do that subconsciously."

You furrowed your brows.

"Um, how many girls have you taken home before? If you don't mind my asking?" You were completely turned towards him.

His blue cheeks darkened.

He stayed silent.

Your mouth dropped open, and disgust twisted into your features.

"Oh, my god! I was just another girl that you've taken home!" You groaned in frustration.

"no, wait, (y/n), i'm sorry!"

"Save it, Sans. I'm going home."

"(y/n)!" But you had already left.

Chapter End Notes

aw...
sans is kind of a hoe...
but don’t worry! he’s sorry :)
You sped walk down the road, immediately letting your mind roam to all the idiotic things you did.

You drank bourbon?

You haven't had bourbon since your dad died.

I don't want to think about it.

 Fucking Hell, you made yourself think about it. Don't do stupid shit like that. Bourbon gets you drunk faster than anything else.

I know! Cut me some slack!

Not just bourbon, but you had a one night stand?

You've only ever had sex with Henry!

I know!

You couldn't help but think of Henry and what he'd say.

He'd be really forgiving.

When you weren't dating.

He'd be helping you through it, although, you'd still have to get through a rough talk with him about
responsibilities and everything.

But *he* was the *cause*.

And *he* cheated on you.

You just wanted to get home.

God, but you couldn't speed walk for much longer. Your sore legs were already starting to hurt again.

*Slaps of flesh against bone filled the room. You screamed out in pleasure as Sans continued rutting into you like a crazed animal. His pelvic bone was kinda hurting you with the force he used, and you were 90% sure you'd have a large bruise, but God, the sex was just way too good.*

You slowed down your pace, taking a leisurely stroll down the sidewalk.

Wait, what was the time?

Groaning in frustration, you shoved your dead phone back in your pocket.

*You sort of wished you had taken a ride from Sans.*

No you don't!

*Yeah you do.*

You groaned inwardly.

You continued walking down the strange road, and gaining some attention from strange people.
Maybe it actually was pretty sketchy here?

You felt your lungs tighten. You could breathe, but it was getting harder.

You kept your eyes trained on the pavement ahead of you, still looking for any signs of familiar territory.

This was such a stupid idea.

Oh, god, you were gonna get lost forever.

You subconsciously started scratching at your forearm, a tick you had developed at a young age, and something you were trying to stop.

You realized you were scratching when an annoying pain raced up your arm.

Immediately, you stopped, and kept glancing around to find any spots you might've known.

No such luck.

Thankfully, after only a minute, you gathered up the courage to ask a stranger what the time was.

They told you, and sympathized with your dead phone, saying they could let you borrow theirs.

Again, your anxiety decided to kick you in the ass, and you declined politely.

Idiotic move- you have no ride and you're lost!

At least you know it's 12:54.
Holy shit, how much did Sans wear you out? Was the sex that tiring?

Shut up about the amazing sex!

I never said it was amazing.

We're the same god damn person.

And you're arguing with yourself.

You screamed at yourself in your mind, staying silent on the exterior.

Oh, god, you hated being alone.

You hated listening to yourself.

Well, you're an idiot, so it makes sense.

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

A biting pain clawed into your forearm, for you had begun to scratch yourself again.

You needed to talk to someone.

"Hey, there, little lady~" When you were about to try and avoid that voice, you felt a hand squeeze your behind, and your anxiety kicked it up to 1000.

You froze. What the hell were you supposed to do?
Oh, god you're going to get raped!

Please stay calm!

You wanted to tell them to get away.

You wanted to.

"Come with me for a good time, yeah?~" You felt his hand leave your rear, but your microscopic moment of relief vanished as quick as it arrived when you felt squeezes on both of your breasts.

"P-Please get away from me," you mumbled, shoving yourself sloppily out of his grip. You started to hurry away from him, but you didn't get so far as a foot.

He held a tight grasp on your wrist, which you were struggling to rid from your skin.

"It wasn't a question, bitch," he snapped. "Now get over here."

Where was your voice?

Come on, (Y/N), yell! Do something!

You froze, absolutely petrified. The fear of being raped was so astounding in your mind that you couldn't even move.

You gained back some control when you struggled to release from his grip.

The man was pulling you towards an alleyway, a dimmed place considering not much sun could reach inside of it.
"hey, leave her alone," a baritone voice said. "she's obviously not having a good time." You sort of recognized that voice. Who was that again?

"Shut up! She's having a great time," he growled, trying to yank your smaller body into his frame. You couldn't see the face of the person who intervened, but you were thankful that they knew you were scared and uncomfortable.

"G-Get away from me!" You yelped. Your hands were pressed against his chest as you writhed in his grasp.

"uh, no, she isn't."

You felt a force pull the creep off of you, and you saw a blue hoodie with basketball shorts and pink slippers shove him away.

_Sans! Oh, thank god!_

_That guy is a dick! What are you talking about?_

_He's saving you— what are you talking about?_

"don't touch her," Sans told him, standing like a barrier between you and that harasser.

"She ain't yours! I can do whatever I want with her!" He argued, sending a punch to Sans, which he dodged quite easily.

"back off, asshole." Sans held his hands up, still standing like a wall to protect you.

_Kinda sweet._

The jerk sent another punch to him, and again, Sans dodged it.
"calm down," Sans told him sternly. After the guy growled like a freak at him, and threw another punch (which Sans dodged, yet again), Sans grabbed the guy by his shirt and used his momentum to throw him away from you. He didn't use enough force to make him fall over, but enough to distract him.

"(y/n), get in the car," Sans told you quickly, gesturing to the red convertible parked on the street. He lightly placed a hand on your shoulder to direct you towards the car protectively.

You shrugged his hand off you, and sent him a glare.

"I'm not getting in your car," you told him.

Oh, god, you're so stupid.

He's an asshole!

You just got harassed! At like 1 pm! These streets are dangerous even in daylight!

"(y/n), i swear ya not safe here, and i know ya lost, so please just get ya head out of ya ass and get in the car!" The urgency in his tone obviously replaced the filter.

"I'm not safe around you!" You protested, glaring at him again. Before he could argue, you felt a hard yank on your hair.

You were pulled away from Sans and into the arms of the same jerk that assaulted you in the first place. He groped at you again, squeezing your ass like he did the first time. Your breath hitched in your throat, and you messily tried to shove him away.

"i said don't touch her!" You heard a sharp crack, and the stranger yelp out in pain. When you turned around, Sans had his first curled, and the creep had stumbled back with his hands covering his nose.

"Ah, shit!"
"please, (y/n), get in the car, i'll be there in a sec—"

"Fucking bastard! I'll kill ya! Ya broke my fucking nose!" He was staring at Sans with a heaving chest, crimson blood dripping from his nostrils. It was scary. Honestly scary. And you had woken up not even two hours ago.

He charged at him, and Sans dodged another punch, and sent one to the guy's gut.

"get in the damn car!" he yelled at you while throwing the guy away from the car.

*Get in the fucking car!*

**Oh, please be okay, Sans!**

You hastily opened the car door and jumped in, terrified of what might've happened had Sans not been there.

"I'll kill ya, and then I'll kill that bitch in ya car!" The man barked.

"you won't lay a fucking finger on her!"

They were wrestling.

And Sans was horribly winning. By far.

He laid punch after grueling punch into the psycho's kidney and gut. When the man was hardly babbling out threats that were unintelligible (and spitting uncontrollably), Sans threw him towards the alley he was attempting to pull you into, and the man made no effort to fight against it.

Sans quickly rushed to the driver's side of the car, pulled his keys out, and started it as fast as he could. The tires screeched against the road as Sans drove off in the direction that you had come
Sans finally let out a sigh after you had been in the car for a minute.

You weren't looking at him.

You should thank him.

For what? Taking you home like any other girl he's done before?

He beat someone up for you.

...

"listen, (y/n)—"

"Thank you."

It surprised you that the words left your mouth, but you didn't stop them. You stayed quiet for a moment, waiting for him to respond.

"oh, god, please don't thank me."

Chapter End Notes

sans feels bad :(
Apologizing

Chapter Summary

Not everyone is so apologetic :/

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

His response completely threw you off guard, and you turned to him with a confused scowl.

"You beat someone up for me," you spoke slowly, as if maybe the words hadn't sunk in to him yet. "He sexually assaulted me and you beat him up— I'm sorry, do you not understand what you did?"

He chuckled at your taunting tone, and shook his head.

"the guy was a huge dick. he was probably overcompensating," he chuckled lightly. You smiled at the foul humor.

You always were a fan of inappropriate humor.

"but i swear i'm not... ya shouldn't be thanking me, swee— (y/n)," he stumbled. "i'm really sorry for last night, and i'm also sorry for telling you to get your head out of your ass. i probably haven't brought as many girls home as you think, but it was a fucking asshole move of mine. i've been the biggest jerk to ya, and i totally understand if ya never want to see me again."

You practically flinched at the bluntness of what he was saying.

"Whoa, slow down," you told him. "I never said that. I'm just a little upset at you. I appreciate the apology, but I'm just... not sure I'm ready to see you for a... just a little while."

You sighed, and ran a hand over your face.
"I'm sorry, I'm not usually this forward, and I'm kind of nervous right now." A smile crossed your face, and a light giggle escaped you. "And that was really badass of you to kick that guy's ass."

He laughed, and his sockets widened with his grin, like he was about to defend himself.

"that guy totally deserved it! are ya kidding? wish i broke his arm too!" You giggled at him again, the protective nature of him only making you laugh.

Henry was protective.

Henry wouldn't have beaten that guy up for you.

He probably would've.

You laughter soon died out, and you quieted down.

It doesn't matter, though, does it?

He's not going to protect you ever again. He's off with what's-her-face, and he doesn't care for you anymore.

I just want to talk to him.

I know.

Why'd he cheat on me?

I don't know.

This isn't fair.
We were happy.

We're never happy.

I know.

But you can't talk to him.

Why not?

You'll go running back into his arms.

Why is that such a bad thing?

Because he doesn't love you.

If he loved you, he wouldn't have cheated on you.

"—i'm so sorry, if i did something again, or if i said something... oh god, please, (y/n), just please say something, please, i'm so sorry."

You blinked yourself back into reality.

The reality in which you were helplessly crying, and not responding to Sans' pleas for your attention.

You hastily wiped your tears away, immediate guilt and embarrassment washing through you like a drug.
"I'm... This is so embarrassing... I'm sorry, I was just... um... tuned out... I guess," you apologized profusely, drying your tears. "I promise, Sans, it was nothing you did. I was just... thinking about... about my ex."

Your eyes moistened again.

Were breakups always this hard?

_It was three years. You're in love with Henry. It's going to be hard._

You sniffled, and wiped your eyes again.

"Gah, sorry," you repeated, clearing the lump rising in your throat. "I'm on day two: crying sporadically and craving ice cream."

"i think i've been half broken up with," Sans said. "i'm craving ice cream."

You chuckled out a thick giggle, and wiped your drying eyes one last time.

"and i'm gonna be completely honest," he briefed you. "i have no clue where ya live, so i've sorta been driving around aimlessly."

You snorted again, and started laughing like an idiot. It was your favorite kind of laughter. Stupid laughter.

"Okay, well, numbskull, I just live near Muffet's, and I'll help you out from there."

"sounds like a plan," he winked.

~
You hopped out of his car and walked around so you were facing him in the driver's seat.

"Thank you so much for the ride. And thanks for getting rid of that garbage person," you smiled gratefully. Sans shrugged it off.

"Was just taking out the trash, sweet tooth," he grinned. On the ride, you had briefly talked about Muffet’s, and you mentioned that because of your regular attendance at her establishment, you got many discounts. Muffet really was just a sweet spider that wanted to help out her spider friends. That, and an amazing baker.

You smiled at him, and felt a light blush taint your cheeks. Definitely unnoticeable though.

"Is that my name now?" you teased with a widening smile. He hummed in faux thought, then turned back to you with his grin and nodded.

"Afraid so, sweet tooth," he winked. You giggled again, and smirked at him as you walked towards the door.

"Alright then, slippers," you winked back. Sans laughed, and turned a light blue with a small wince. "It was gonna come up at some point!"

"Was hoping ya didn't notice," he chuckled. You laughed again, and waved bye.

As you watched him drive off in his convertible, a satisfied sigh blew from your lungs, and your contented smile stayed put.

You turned around, head facing the ground, and bottom lip rolled behind your teeth.

*You clicked with him really well.*

**Yeah, he was really sweet.**

*And you both apologized like seventy times to each other.*
I was nervous.

*Shut up, you're always nervous.*

**Because of you!**

*Sounds like a whole lotta 'you problem'.*

Lady Anxiety was quite ruthless to you, and you regularly had like 30 conversations with her daily.

Not like you wanted to.

That voice was just horrible to you.

She hated you.

*Can you blame me?*

**Not... Not really.**

*Exactly.*

Your smile was basically gone, but thankfully, you were reminded of those stupid puns Sans told you, and it twinged your lip up just barely.

You unlocked your door, and stepped inside your apartment. It was quiet, except for the light noise of feet, and dread quickly invaded your heart.

"Someone here?" You asked, hoping you were wrong about your gut instinct.
But you were right.

Henry walked out from around a wall in the next room, and you couldn't even find the strength to look him in the face. Your eyes, glued to the wall, kept a cold and betrayed look.

"Why are you here?" You seethed. The words already brought a twinge to your eye, never wanting to feel that much hate in your heart for the man you loved so dearly.

"Where were you?"

Your expression turned into a sour scowl, and you crossed your arms over your front.

"Was that a joke?" You asked him, raging nerves biting at your tone. "You fucked my coworker in our bed, after three fucking years, and you have the balls to ask me where I was?"

He didn't respond, but instead eyed you up and down.

"What?" You asked him, accidentally clawing at your arm again.

"You look like sex."

You burned a hot red, eyes staring disbelievingly into his at his bold accusation.

_How did he know?_

"What the hell is wrong with you?" You snapped at him. He didn't flinch. "Get out."

He raised an eyebrow.
"You didn't deny it," he remarked. "You hooked up with someone, didn't you?"

Your eyes shifted between his, your blush kicking it up a notch.

_Note_ you shouldn't have had a fucking one night stand.

**We can't tell him that!**

"N-No!" you protested. "Of course I didn't! Not that it would matter, because we're through. So, like I said before, get out."

You were thankful that Lady Anxiety let you at least argue that point across.

_Liar._

_You did have a one night stand._

_You almost made me blow it. It totally sounded like a lie._

_Because it was._

He didn't budge.

"It was with that guy that just dropped you off," he said bluntly. "You went to the bar, then went home with a stranger."

"That's not what happened—"

"Hypocritical, really," he commented, interrupting you. "You slept with someone within 24 hours of finding out I slept with Lina." Tears welled up in your eyes.
You're just as bad as him.

No I'm not! I wouldn't have done that when we were together! Never!

But you did it the day you broke up.

You were viciously scratching at your arm, near drawing blood from your blemished skin. He sighed, and stared back into your hurt eyes.

"I was going to come here to apologize," he admitted, then started walking towards you.

Get away, get away, get away, get away—

Hold me, hold me tight, hold me close—

He walked right by you, opening the door, and turned back to you over his shoulder.

"But you've obviously moved on."

He walked out, and shut the door calmly behind him, leaving you more broken than before.

Silence.

Deafening silence invaded your ears, only interrupted by the lightest sound of a water drop hitting the wood floor.

Your breath sputtered out, hiccupsing back unstably into your lungs as soft sobs bubbled out. Your lip quivered, and the irrationally heavy heartbreak set in.
The waterworks began, and hot, fat tears leaked off of your lashes.

Fuck!

Everything is shit!

You screamed at the closed door, emotions thick in your throat and welling out loudly.

You turned away from the door, recklessly rushing into the kitchen for the counter.

You stabled yourself, using your palms to slam against the surface, wobbly knees and weak breath wanting to make your body limp. It hurt the balls of your palms because of the force you used, but you didn't pay your pain any mind. You clenched your teeth tightly, seething breath hissing from the small spaces. Your vocal chords whined in rage, despair singing out with every breath.

Your whines grew louder, like whimpers of an injured animal, or hums of agony.

Salty drops rushed like rivers off your skin, no longer damned to your vision. Fuming, you coiled your palms into fists, shoving yourself off the counter and staring into material like it had wronged your family.

Without putting thought to mind, you used all and any effort you had left to punch the ledge of your counter.

Chapter End Notes

sans is sweet but also a douche but also he’s trying.

he has problems too.

he jus need some lovin.
"Is there any pain? Throbbing? Stinging? Burning, maybe?" The nurse questioned you, looking intently into your eyes. You nodded, and went on to explain.

"It's throbbing where it's broken, but it was way worse when I first got it. It was just like a lot of pain, like a weight had dropped on it. Like a ton of pressure, or something." You looked down to your bandages that had tinted a soft pink with a blood.

"So, how did this happen?"

You fumbled for any string of lies to tell the nurse that wasn't you punched your counter.

"I, um, I..." Your voice trailed off, and you glanced down to your bandaged hand, which had been swelling like a balloon around your broken knuckles. "I smashed my hand with a hammer."

You really just fucking lied to a nurse.

THEYKNOWILIEDTHEYKNOWILIED

The nurse looked at you, obviously skeptical. Their narrowed eyes and furrowed brows bore into your pupils, and they didn't type anything on their computer.

"A hammer?" He asked, obviously disbelieving. "I don't mean to press, but your wounds would've had to have taken several blows by a hammer to have the number of broken bones you have." He sighed, and pushed his glasses up to figure his eyes.
"Did you really break your hand with a hammer?" He inquired again, staring deeply into your eyes.

You hadn't even realized you were holding your breath until you tried to speak.

When your hand went to scratch your arm, it got cut short by the intense tightening of your muscles in your hand.

"I-I-I swear it was a hammer! I a-accidentally hit my hand, and then I... dr-dropped the hammer on my hand again." Your lies sounded so easy to debunk, as there probably wouldn't have been nearly enough force from dropping it to break another knuckle.

But the nurse only stared into you, as if pulling you apart by your vital strings.

"Okay," he finally said after you stayed quiet. "Doctor Alphys will be in shortly to help the broken bones." You breathed a sigh of relief as the nurse stood up to leave, but your worry immediately returned when he halted in the doorway.

"By the way—" he gave you a knowing look—"You should get better at lying." You burned a bright red, akin to a tomato at his accusation. He left the room briskly, and you were alone with your thoughts.

*First, a one night stand...*

*Let that go, it was a mistake—*

*Second, you punch your marble counter...*

*I was upset—!*

*Third, you lie to a nurse...*

*Will you ever do the right thing?*
Please stop...

You used Sans.

You broke your hand.

I'll stop when you stop being one big excuse.

I didn't mean for this to happen!

Pain scorched through your bandage when you tried to scratch your arm, the abuse of the injury only worsening it.

I wish Henry was here.

I wish he didn't cheat on me.

But he did.

And it was your fault.

How in the fuck was this my fault?

You were boring.

Someone wouldn't cheat if they were contented and happy with their partner.

...
You're pathetic.

Boring.

Weak.

Moron.

I can't help it...

Worthless piece of shit.

No one will ever love you.

I know!

You moved your bandaged hand around, trailing your vision up your forearm. Your other hand hesitated as it traced the faded white scars, bad memories flashing in your mind like small blasts of pain.

Forget.

Forget.

Trying to forget got you into this mess.

The scars...

They were your own fault.
You winced, and steered your vision clear of the old scars.

"Um, M-Miss (Y/N)?" A soft voice asked. You perked up, and noticed a yellow dinosaur monster that had entered the room. She was about your height, hardly an inch short.

"Oh! You must be Dr. Alphys?" You asked anxiously. The dinosaur smiled a timid smile, and nodded, pushing her glasses up against her face.

"Y-Yes, I am," she stuttered again. You wondered if it was a nervous tick or just a stutter she had. Either way, you didn't pay it mind. "I-I'm here to assess your brok-broken bones."

She sat down, and held her four-fingered, scaly palm out for you. You placed your bandaged hand in hers, staying quiet as she unwrapped the stained material.

Your hand looked gross, to say the least.

It was swelled where the bones broke, and the blood had dried all over your skin, which painted your hand a reddish pink while the swelling and bruising tainted it a bluish yellow.

"O-Oh my, and y-you said this was a ha-hammer that did this?" She lifted a couple fingers, analyzing the breaks amongst the knuckles. Wincing, you nodded, and made a small noise of affirmation.

Humming in thought, she let go of your hand, and scurried her way over to a computer.

"H-How did the hammer h-hi-hit your hand exactly?" She asked you, typing away at the keys. You felt your breath stammer at the question.

"I was just, um, hammering a nail, and I accidentally hit my hand with it, then I dropped the hammer and it hit my hand again." You attempted to use your old story, and your hopes soared when Alphys kept typing furiously.
Then she stopped.

"Wait," she paused. "Y-You said you dr-dropped the hammer on your hand a-again?" You nodded weakly.

"I-I-I'm sorry for pry-prying again, but I'm n-not entirely sure that w-would make sense." She turned her chair towards you, giving you an apologetic smile. "H-How would the hammer have dr-dropped on your hand if y-your hand wasn't un-under it?"

When you only stammered out fragments and blushed up an embarrassed storm, burning all the way up to your ears, Dr. Alphys smiled softly at you.

"Y-You didn't break your hand with a ha-hammer, did you?"

_Sympathetic, understanding._

She was making you feel horrible.

_Good._

You sighed.

_Come clean, slut._

"No," you muttered. "My boyfriend cheated on me, and... and I got really mad, so I punched my counter."

"Ouch."

At her short response, you perked up. She turned a tomato red, completely contradicting to the bright golden scales you had been talking to.
She scratched her scalp nervously, and faced back towards her computer. You swore you saw a bead of sweat trickle down her scales.

It was quiet for a bit.

"S-So, when you p-p-punched your counter, w-was it immediate pain?" Her voice was meek again. You nodded.

It went silent again.

You looked over your bruised and broken hand again, trying to ignore the pressure in your knuckles.

Dr. Alphys sighed.

"I'm sorry," she muttered. "I-I get really nervous a-around people, a-a-and I don't know wha-what to say most o-of the time." She had stopped typing, but was still staring solemnly at the keys.

*Hey! She feels like you, fuck up!*

**Does she have anxiety?**

You felt a half-hearted smile cross your lips.

"Yeah," you said softly. "I get that, too. Don't worry about it." She was turned towards you, staring surprisingly into your eyes. She ended up smiling back at you, then turning back to her computer.

After another few minutes of silence while Dr. Alphys typed on the computer, she came back over to you.

"Okay, I-I just need a few me-measurements of your hand a-and wrist so that I can safely atta-attach a robotic stabil-stabilizer." She swiftly drew her measuring tape out a few times across your broken hand, then scurried back to her desk.
You were left a little confused and worried, but you didn't say anything.

In a little less than ten minutes, she came back over to you with a metal hand.

She had *made* a metal hand for you in *a little less than ten minutes*.

"S-So, this hand should connect to your wri-wrist, so that e-every movement you make will mi-minimize the amount of e-effort you have to use."

You widened your eyes.

"And you just made that?" You were extremely interested in how quickly she did it. She giggled nervously, pushing the glasses on her face back up.

"O-Oh, it was n-n-no big deal," she scratched the back of her neck. "I-I've had to make it b-b-before, so I just re-remembered how to put it to-to-together."

You had a gaping mouth in awe, and you were just looking at her.

"That's so cool!" You squealed. "Sorry, I, um... That's just awesome!"

Dr. Alphys's scales shimmered a salmon's tone, and she laughed nervously while avoiding eye contact with you.

"O-Oh, th-tha-thanks! It's r-really easy to at-attach too!" She smiled pleasantly at you, obviously grateful for your gushing.

**But come on.**

She *made that in like ten minutes!*
She's brilliant!

She gently placed the metallic figure on your knuckles, which immediately adjusted and began glowing a soft yellow around where you had broken your bones.

You tried to straighten out your fingers carefully, and you were delightfully surprised when the contraption moved with you, easing you through the movement.

You curled your fingers as much as you could, rendered, once again, baffled at how well the contraption was doing to help. Your pain had significantly decreased, and the machinery would glow a brighter yellow in the spots it seemed to be painful.

"Whoa," you breathed. "It doesn't hurt like at all." You turned your hand over, happy that it was working so well.

"O-Oh! Yes, it is using m-mo-monster magic so that it will heal ra-rather quickly," she explained. "How-However, it isn’t as much magic a-as a normal monster has on ha-hand, so it'll take a b-bit longer to he-heal."

"About how long will it take?" you asked her.

She hummed in thought, then gave you an iffy motion with her hand.

"Ro-Roughly a week," she said. “S-So-Sorry it’ll take so long.”

Your mouth hung open.

“Just a week?” You stared at the glowing hand again. “That’s so quick!”

Dr. Alphys blushed again, smiling nervously while avoiding eye contact. She fiddled with her thumbs, and it seemed she wasn’t able to wipe the smile from her face.
"O-Oh, th-tha-thank you!" She squeaked out. “I-If that was all you ne-needed then I can wri-write up the cost and sen-send you off.”

You thanked her again, adding in a few compliments here and there about her brilliance. She scampered out of the room to grab the paper she had typed up, leaving you alone for about a minute.

She’s so nice.

Yeah, maybe we should hang out with her sometime?

Are you kidding me? You’re annoying. There’s no way she’ll want to hang out with you.

Maybe!

When she entered the room again, you made a decision to ask her to coffee.

"H-Here’s the cost, and y-you can just take that to the fro-front,” she said. “It was s-so nice meeting you!”

She had on a bright smile, and it just killed you to see her so happy. You wished she would smile more. It really was a pretty smile.

“Hey, Dr. Alphys?” You stood from your chair. “I was, um, wondering if you wanted to maybe get a coffee sometime?”

At that, she turned a shade that could give a tomato a run for its money.

"C-C-Coffee? Li-Like a date?” She stuttered out, then stammered on some mumbles that were definitely not English.

“Oh, no!” you corrected her. “Just as friends. I just really like talking to you.” Alphys sighed in
relief, then nodded.

"S-Sure," she agreed. “H-Here, I’ll give you my n-number.” She grabbed a pen from her desk and jotted a number onto a scrap of paper.

You thanked her again for everything, and left the hospital room. You looked at your hand which held the cost for the trip, and braced yourself for a $2,000 cost.

**Total cost: $350**

What?

*There’s no way this thing on your hand is anything short of $1,500!*  

You checked over the paper again, looking to where she’d put the metallic support down as an extra thousand.

But it didn’t say it.

It only said that the treatment costed two hundred, and an extra 150 for the visit. You smiled happily, over the moon that it was hardly anything.

You couldn’t wait to thank Alphys in person.

**Chapter End Notes**

alphys is so awkward and i fucking love her like a little sinful bean with her hentai and shit. but she’s so cute!!
New Roommate

Chapter Summary

you need a roommate... and you’re scheduling interviews... who will you pick? and you get a text!!!!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You needed a roommate.

Your landlord had snarled angrily at you after waiting about five minutes of you rummaging through your wallet for every scrape of cash you could muster.

If you were going to be able to pay next month’s rent, you’d need to find someone else to help.

At that moment, you were scrolling through your three options for a new roommate, in hopes that you’d be able to decide right there.

Your first option was a twenty year old guy that was ‘in between jobs’, meaning he couldn’t pay the rent.

Great.

Your second option was a twenty one year old college dropout that worked at a local grocery store. They could pay rent.

A maybe.

Your third option was a fish monster (whose age you didn’t know) that picked up a lot of little jobs, but focused on being a fitness trainer.

A probably.

You had decided to call each of their numbers so that you could schedule a personal interview for each of them. You needed to meet them in real life.
First, was candidate #1: Neil.

You dialed the number given on his profile, and pushed as much anxiety to the back of your mind when he picked up.

“Uh... hello?” A cracky and somewhat high-pitched voice answered.

“Hello! Is this Neil?”

It stayed quiet for a bit, then you heard what sounded like a yawn.

“Yeah,” he finally replied. “Who’s asking?”

“Oh, I’m (Y/N), and I saw your profile online looking for a roommate,” you explained. “I was wondering if you would be okay with coming to my place for an interview for it?”

The line drew silent again, void of any noise for a solid ten seconds. You thought he might’ve hung up.

“You mean like right now?”

You made a slightly frustrated face, and pinched the bridge of your nose.

“No,” you simply said, releasing the pinch. “I mean whenever is a convenient time for you, but weekdays are a no from me.”

Again, a long silence.

“Is tomorrow at noon good?” He finally asked. You immediately accepted, remembering that would be Saturday.

“Yes! Tomorrow at noon is great! I’ll just check with the others and I’ll get back to you shortly. Thank you so much!”

He responded short and lazy, hanging up only a second later. You had a wide smile on your face, eagerly relieved to get such an easy answer. Tomorrow at noon. All you needed was the okay from the last two candidates.

And that brought you to candidate #2: Sophie.

You dialed the number, and after several rings, someone finally picked up.

“Who is this?” A sharp voice snapped. You flinched at the sudden and harsh tone that they used, but minded the fear to answer.

“I’m sorry for disturbing you, but I’m (Y/N), and I’m looking for Sophie? I saw your online profile and I was looking for a roommate.”
After a short second, you heard the other line audibly relax.

“Oh,” she muttered. “Sorry, I get a lot of wrong numbers. And yeah, this is Sophie.”

You breathed out some heavy nerves, finding a smile to cross your face.

“Oh, nice to meet you,” you greeted. “I was wondering if an interview would be alright with you?”

She hummed, and quickly replied, much to your liking. She was making this way easier than Neil.

“Sure,” she said. “When would it be?”

“Is tomorrow at around 1 alright with you?” You winced, almost knowing she would decline the date already.

“Yeah, I’m good for tomorrow,” she responded easily. “Heh, that’s lucky since my schedule is pretty packed. Got the one time I was available.”

You chuckled into the phone, practically making a ‘phew’ sound.

“That’s great!” You beamed. “Let me check with one more potential roommate, and I’ll get back to you shortly!”

You hung up after the both of you had said goodbye, and sighed with a large grin.

“One more,” you whispered, scrolling through the website for the last number.

Final one, candidate #3: Undyne.

The phone rang once before someone picked up and practically yelled into the phone, shattering your ear drum.

“Hey there, stranger!” They bellowed. “What can I do ya for?”

You flinched at their loud tone, but readied yourself to reply.

“H-Hello! Is this Undyne?” You asked.

“You betcha!”

“Great!” you smiled. “I’m (Y/N), and I was looking at your profile online, and I’m in need of a roommate. Would tomorrow at 2 be good for an interview?” You winced again, nervous she’d say no to the date.

“Yeah, punk! Tomorrow sounds great!” She agreed. You chuckled out a grin.

“That’s awesome!” You found her enthusiasm contagious. “I’ll get back to you shortly on the whereabouts of the interview. Thank you so much!”

“No problem, punk! See ya then!”

You hung up.
That was way easier than you expected.

Like way easier.

You sighed, running an exhausted hand down your face.

It was 5:52 P.M., and you were spent from the chaotic week you’d had. Not to mention, not seeing Henry was new. You had gotten used to waking up to his sleepy face in the morning. He was always so peaceful.

”Nope,” you cut your thoughts as soon as you realized you were reminiscing. “Nope, nope, nope, nope, nope. Can’t do that anymore. Can’t think about him.” You whacked your head with your palm, hoping that your attempt would throw yourself off.

However, your mind was soon thrown off its rails when you got an unexpected text.

**xxx-xxx-xxxx: hey**

You stared at the notification, wondering who it could’ve been. Maybe a wrong number? That would be ironic considering Sophie had just mentioned wrong numbers, and they don’t happen to you all that often. You dig into your memory for anyone that might’ve gotten your number.

Sans.

**We gave him our number.**

**Was it him?**

You typed up a reply.

**sweet tooth: hey, don’t know this number. who’s this?**

You noticed the name for your contact, and immediately typed up another reply.
sweet tooth: nvm, i think i just figured it out, sans :)

xxx-xxx-xxxx: heh u got me

You changed his contact so it wasn’t just a random number.

slippers: so i was wondering if you wanted to meet at grillby's for a drink or two?

slippers: pfft nice contact for me

You smiled at the screen, and bit the inside of your cheek.

It wouldn’t hurt to grab a drink with him.

Yeah, might be fun.

Surprised he even wanted to hang out with you though.

Yeah, but hey, we miss his puns. And his consoling warmth. And his face. And his hands. And his d—

Whoa. Chill out and take your head out of the gutter. What the hell was that?

You flinched at yourself.

Holy shit. What was that?

There’s no way you missed his... his... his that much.
Yeah, but that night... It was one of the best nights you’d ever had. You had never felt so... so... wrecked. So... dominated.

Okay, stop. What the hell?

I don’t know!

sweet tooth: sure! a drink sounds good... this week’s been kicking my ass :P

slippers: that sucks :/ wanna talk about it at grillby’s?

sweet tooth: i’ll beatcha there ;)

slippers: if i win, ur buying first round

sweet tooth: ur on!

You slammed your laptop shut, grabbed your phone, and sloppily rushed out of your apartment. You stumbled down the staircase, giggling childishly on the way down. Your purse was loosely slung around your shoulder, and your hair was in a mess since you didn’t have much time to get ready.

Rushing to the bus stop down the street, you rifled through your wallet for some cash to pay the bus driver.

You pulled a ten out, and grinned excitedly, wanting to beat him. You checked your phone to see if the bus would come soon.

5:58 P.M.

Uh oh.

This would cut it close.

You broke into a faster jog, shoving your phone into your purse pocket so you wouldn’t drop it.
You were so gonna beat Sans.

Chapter End Notes

i had to rewrite this chapter three damn times so i hope it came out okay and not rushed or sloppy. i got really angry on the last time, so i hope the quality didn’t diminish. also, every single one of your comments makes me so happy you guys don’t even know! it’s the best feeling to see your feedback, so don’t be afraid to comment! i love them!! <3
Sans was riding his motorcycle to his flame friend’s bar, going over a million times in his head about whether it’d be weird or not to meet the person you hooked up with one time and haven’t talked to since. Thankfully, the morning after ended on a good note, but Sans was so nervous he’d never talk to you again. When you actually answered his texts and agreed to come, well, Sans had a smile he was sure wouldn’t fall off.

When he first met you, he took it upon himself to cheer you up. He wasn’t really sure why, but seeing you so miserable just made his SOUL ache. As a comedian of a Saturday show, although he loved puns, he wanted to make you laugh. He wanted to distract you from your problems.

But he didn’t mean for it to turn into a one night stand.

That was the worst case.

Sans had a great time talking to you, and he wanted to befriend you. He wanted to have you as a friend. He did not want to fuck you the first night you met.

_just like you did those other girls when you were bored. except those were on purpose._

_i wasn’t bored with (y/n)..._

Sans would be lying if he said he wasn’t immediately attracted to you. You had this glowing thing about you... he couldn’t quite pin it. But, he did know that he thoroughly enjoyed chatting up with you. When you returned the puns he had thrown at you, and then made him choke on his ketchup, Sans knew he’d love getting to know you more.

Then you kissed. Sans hadn’t exactly meant for that to occur, since he didn’t think his pickup line idea would work.
Then that eventually led to fucking you senseless.

Sans knew it was a bad thing that he was doing it. He knew it. He shouldn’t have.

But it was impossible to convince his drunken self to get off you when you were just so irresistible.

You had your hand on his thigh, and that was enough to stir up the magic in his pants. And when he got a taste of you with his tongue, that was all he needed to lose control.

The last few days, he had been rather... tired. His mind had trailed back to you once or twice, and he had wanted to talk to you again.

But he didn’t have the balls to ask.

After mustering up as much courage as he could manage, he sent you a text.

He just wanted to see you again, if he was honest. He missed your giggle, your sweet smile, your cute figure, your sense of humor, and your throaty moans that he had yanked from you that night—

*nope! that’s a nope! sans, you sound like a fucking creep!*

*i didn’t even realize i said that—!*

*yeah well don’t you go fucking this up like you do every other thing in your life.*

Oh, yeah. Sans had anxiety.

All he had to do was shut his nerves up while he talked to you, which was going to be impossible. So he’d just have to deal with it.

He hadn’t noticed the amount of time he’d spent thinking to himself when he came across Grillby’s bar. Inconveniently, he parked his motorcycle nowhere near the entrance, and thus had to walk for a bit.

Sans had decided to give you a fair fight for who would end up buying first round, and decided not to just teleport. And anyways, teleporting drained him of most of his magic, and he couldn’t be tired for his little lady.
wait what.

where in the hell did that come from?

i don’t even know!

what was that?

well, get your god damn head out of the gutter and don’t screw this up.

she’s not yours, so don’t go acting like she is.

--------

You were tuning in to some 90’s rock from your earbuds, and, at that moment, you were listening to Say It Ain’t So by Weezer. The chorus came on, and you started humming quietly along.

Then your thoughts wandered.

That never was a good thing.

Would it be weird to meet up with someone that you had fucked within three hours of knowing them?

No, just don’t make it weird.

After all, you and Sans had clicked well, and you’d want him as a friend nonetheless.

And you had started to miss him. You missed his puns, that stupid grin, his oddly deep yet smooth voice, his glowing tongue, his huge di—

Whoa! Slow down, reel back.
You can’t go thinking like that.

Let’s take a breather and calm down.

You turned up the volume on your headphones, ignoring the rest of your odd thoughts while you sat on the bus.

~~~~~~~~~~

You had arrived at the bus stop that was close to Grillby’s, and you thanked the bus driver for the ride. Your feet landed on the hard pavement with a slap, and you sped walk in the direction you knew Grillby’s was. The cool air of the approaching night slithered around your bare arms, hugging them in layers of goosebumps.

You were bopping your head to the beat of your music, ignoring everyone else that was walking on the sidewalk near you. It was just easier that way. Because that way, you didn’t have to awkwardly look at people and do a half wave or force a smile. You could just stay in your own little bubble and leave them in their’s.

You noticed a glowing sign in the near distance that read Grillby’s Bar and Grill, and a small smile crossed your face. You picked up your pace, breaking into a quick speed walk in hopes he hadn’t already won. The sign drew closer, and your smile grew wider.

You turned into the parking lot, noticing it had a few cars parked around, and you hoped none of them belonged to Sans. Your speed walk turned into a staggered jog, going back to a walk every so often.

Finally, you reached the doors to the place, and you were greeted with the warmth of the inside. It smelled of comfort and fries, which was one of the best smells in your opinion.

You waved to Grillby, who gave you a nod of acknowledgement in return. You did a quick glance around the bar, and noticed there wasn’t a Sans in sight.

Breathing a victorious laugh, you took a seat at the bar. You had beat him! He owed you a drink, and you had picked up a menu to see which drink you wanted to buy for free.

You noticed one that was called ‘Night Sky’ and in the description, it read ‘Contains vodka, monster magic, crystal sugar. Stir until given galaxy effect.’

You scanned for any other drinks that would catch your eye, but that one seemed to stick. You decided to order that one when Sans arrived.

“how’s it going there, sweet tooth?” You heard a familiarly low voice muse in your ear. Your neck hairs stood on end, and you had to bite your lip to cover a shiver when his warm breath hit your skin.
“Whoa, that was weird. Just calm down.”

“Just checking out what drink I want you to buy me,” you winked at him. He smiled at you, and took the seat on your left.

“Which one did ya have your eye on?” he asked, looking at the menu in your hands. You pointed with your uninjured hand at the one that said ‘Night Sky’, and beamed at him.

“I love galaxy shit,” you gushed, feeling your eyes sparkle just at the mention. “The stars, the sky, the colors— everything about it is just so beautiful.”

Your thoughts wandered back to a time when you lived somewhere less known with your family. It was you, your dad, your mom, and your little brother. Your dad had gotten you hooked on astronomy, and took you up to a little lookout to stare at the stars on a clear night. It was gorgeous, and stars had fascinated you ever since.

“Yeah, I’m a pretty big fan of space myself,” Sans shrugged. “If ya really like it as much as your saying, then that drink’s perfect for ya.”

You grinned like a child, thoroughly excited about this new drink. Sans beckoned the flame bartender, who was washing a glass with a dish towel, over with a small wave.

When he was standing in front of you, ready for your order, you gulped, and smiled a nervous smile. Your nerves fluttered in your belly, and you used your healing hand to point at the menu.

“Can I have a Night Sky please?” Your timid voice added to your anxious expression, but Grillby didn’t notice, and only nodded.

“Yeah, I’ll take one of those too,” Sans said nonchalantly. “Put ‘em on my tab, grillbz?” The way Sans said it made it seem like he was almost asking “for old times’ sake”, but he didn’t say the words. Though, Grillby’s reaction made it seem like it was for something they had done before. He sighed, yet there was something humorous about the way he did it. Like he was smiling.

He chuckled, and walked back to the bar area.

You put the menu away, using the hand with the machine on it to do it. After you had set the menu down, a cold grip on your forearm made you flinch. You looked up to Sans, who was staring at the contraption that was glowing faint yellow around your knuckles.

“Did something happen?” His voice, deep and serious, asked you, staring into your eyes.

You yanked your hand from his grip, looking at him with a timid face.

“Please don’t grab me like that,” you told him, holding your hand close to your chest. “And it was nothing. I just... hit it with a... a hammer.”

Sans was gazing into your eyes; his dimming eye lights were making you nervous. With a want to leave the subject, you scratched your arm and shifted your vision like you always did.

“C... Can we drop it now?” You looked at him with a slight wince, knowing he wanted to continue with it.

Thankfully, he didn’t. Instead, he shrugged, and turned back from you.
“sure, i’ll drop it.”

Well, it was way too quiet after that. Not a single word passed between the two of you, and you were too busy clenching and unclenching your fist to try to spark another conversation.

Great. It was awkward.

The horrible, deafening quiet was snapped by two clacks on the counter of glass. Grillby was standing there, having just set the drinks down. He gave you both a salutational nod, and briskly walked off.

You stared at the drink in front of you, mesmerized by the strange blackness that filled the fancy glass, with a weird layer of bright blue and purple hues blending at the top.

There was a small metal stick that was sitting in each of your drinks, obviously for the stirring. You stirred it lightly, still staring intently at the dark drink in front of you. Soon enough, the top layer of the drink swirled into the dark liquid beneath it.

Oh, it was magical.

The blue and purple made intricate yet random designs in the black, and the sugar crystals stood out like little stars inside. Surprisingly, stirring the blue and purple didn’t make it mix, for the colors only danced around each other. It looked just like a starry sky on a cloudless night.

~~~~~~~~~~

Sans felt guilty that he got overly protective about your injury, but the fact that he didn’t know how it happened only worsened his concern. He didn’t even know you that well. He just... Why did he have an urge to protect you then?

He turned away from the thought, staying quiet.

But when you got that drink...

And when you made those adorable starry eyes at the starry sugars...

Sans couldn’t keep his eyes off you.
what is this?

dammit, ya can’t act like this after what ya’ve done.

Sans forced himself to look away from you, but every so often, he’d steal a glance from your awe-struck face. God, you just looked so adorable.

“This is amazing,” you whispered. Sans hadn’t even realized how long he’d been staring at you until you had said that.

“yeah,” he agreed, swirling his own drink. “grillbz is really good with his mixes.” Stealing another glance from you, Sans watched as your fingers traced the crystal sugars in the glass.

He couldn’t stop himself, so he just leaned close to your ear, and whispered, “ya know, sweet tooth, it might taste good, too.”

He noticed a shiver that snaked down your spine, and only chuckled.

“I know!” you protested, finally taking the magical glass into your hand. You swirled it once more, and took a sip.

~~~~~~~~~~

It tasted like literal magic.

The alcohol in the drink was noticeable, but not overbearing, and it slid down your throat so easily. The sugar in the drink added to it, and it was sweet enough to hook you, but it also had a slithery bitterness that made it incredible.

“Holy shit, that’s good,” you said almost immediately. You took another long sip from the drink, and then set it down on the counter.

“i guess ya could say it’s out of this world,” Sans grinned. You giggled, and shoved him playfully.

“So, tell me,” you mused, sipping your drink once more. “How’ve you been since I last saw you?”

Sans shrugged, setting his own drink down to answer you.

“i’ve been good,” he said. “i mean, i’ve been bored, but it happens. just been kinda tired.” At his words, you found yourself sighing in sympathy.

“Yeah, I’ve been tired, too,” you responded. “Seems like ever since Henry cheated on me, I can’t find the motivation to do jack shit.” It wasn’t a lie. You had been going into work with hardly any energy, and the bags under your eyes were darker. You had been getting to sleep at the latest hours,
finally shutting your eyes near 2 AM.

“oh, yeah,” Sans muttered. “how ya been holding up from that?” You wanted to raise your injury and say ‘obviously not good’, but you couldn’t do that. He wouldn’t care about your idiocy.

“I feel basically like shit,” you admitted. “It fucking sucks. Then he comes by the next day and doesn’t even apologize.” You had a scoff in your voice, yet you knew you still loved him.

“But,” you started. “I just... I’m so mad at him, and yet I’m still in love with him.” You swigged the beautiful drink, wanting to not mean your words.

“It’s stupid, right?” You were asking him, though it was directed more at yourself. “I should hate his guts. I should want to just... I shouldn’t want to get back with him. I shouldn’t miss him. Right?” You sighed, an apology waiting on your tongue.

“it’s okay,” Sans spoke before you got the chance. “breakups hurt like hell. having your heart ripped in two sucks ass, so ya shouldn’t feel so angry at yourself for missing your ex. excuse me if i overstep some boundaries, but loving someone takes time. when they tear that out from under you so easily, it’s tough to get back up.” Sans was empty-socketed, sending a grieving glower towards his sparkling glass. It was odd; you couldn’t exactly tell, but it seemed there was more than what he was letting on.

He’s been through something.

What has he been through?

“Sans?” you asked him in the softest tone you could muster, laying a gentle hand on him. “What’s going on in that big empty skull of yours?” You tried to lighten up his mood. His smile wasn’t the childishly genuine grin he always wore, it was a low dropping smile. As if it was bordering on a cold frown. And yet, it wouldn’t fall. It was so damn forced, but it wouldn’t give out.

Sans’ eye lights returned, though dimmed, and he stole a small glance from you before scratching at his neck.

“ah, ‘s nothing to worry about,” he shrugged off. “not yet at least.”

You were about to ask again when he cut you off.

”now let’s drink our shitty problems away.”

Chapter End Notes

hope u like! each and every one of your damned comments makes me so fucking happy you guys don’t even know. i love hearing from you guys. constructive criticism is very much appreciated <3
look like someone has a little too much to drink... uh oh... and with all those interviews tomorrow?? what will you do??????? :0

“Obviously I had to kick him out,” you vented. “So now I’ve got three damn interviews tomorrow for people wanting to be my roommate.” You and Sans had been sharing problems, complaining about anything that was going on that made you fucking pissed.

Sans hummed in response to your anger, sympathizing with you by offering small notes of acknowledgement.

You took a hard drink from your rum and coke, downing the liquor at the thought of having to decide between some strangers. You had had several drinks, bordering drunk, definitely tipsy.

Usually, you didn’t like telling people about everything you’d go through. You hated knowing you were another burden on someone’s back for them to worry about, so it was easier to keep shit to yourself. But Sans asked you about how you were doing, and when everything flashed in your mind about the past week, you wanted to scream. So you agreed only if he’d tell you about the shit going on with him. If you were going to be a burden, you at least wanted to take some stress off his shoulders.

“Okay,” you set your drink down. “Your turn.” Sans squeezed a bit of ketchup down the hatch, and shrugged.

“Alright,” he set the bottle down to face you. “so i got a brother that wants me to stop being such a lazy bones, as he calls me, even though i’ve got like three side jobs and standup every saturday.”

“Wait,” you paused him, immediately interested. “You do standup?” Sans’ sockets lost their pupils, and his face glowed the shade of blue gatorade. He embarrassedly chuckled into his hands which were covering his face.

“No,” he lied. “of course i don’t. i sit down.” His voice was muffled, but he was obviously lying. Very obviously lying. Except about the bad pun. You perked up with a gaping beam, shocked about it.

“No way!” You exclaimed. “That’s so cool! I’d love to see one of your gigs! Where do you perform?” You were smiling widely, eagerly excited to learn about his standup act.

“ya actually wanna see it?” Sans finally asked from behind his hands. “i’m not really good or anything... it’d probably be a waste of ya time.”

You giggled, and playfully nudged him.

“Are you kidding me? Hell yeah I want to see it! It sounds awesome!” Sans smiled with an
embarrassed twinge at the corner of his mouth, scratching the back of his neck.

“aw, ya flatter me, sweet tooth,” he grinned at you. “i mean, it’s not anything big... and i’m not very pun-derful... but i like doin’ it at least.” He wasn’t looking into your eyes, obviously anxious about it. Trying your best to be supportive, you beamed at him again.

“It sounds great, and I’d love to see it. Where is it?” You took a small sip from your drink while he told you about it.

“just at that bar down the street. on the corner, y’know? i start at 6 every saturday. ya don’t have to come though. if ya can’t make it, don’t worry about it.”

You made a scoff noise.

“Like I’d miss it!” You winked at him. “I can’t wait.”

Sans gave you a surprised and appreciative smile, and you noticed a light blue tint his cheekbones.

Cute.

What?!

Oh shut it, you know he’s cute.

You’re drunk.

No, tipsy.

No, you were tipsy— now you’re drunk.

He faced towards the bar again, and you both took a sip from your drinks.

“‘kay, your turn,” he nudged you. You hummed.

“Well, Henry stopped by a few days ago,” you muttered with a strong eye roll. “Didn’t even fucking apologize. Swear to god, that asshole never gave a damn about me.” Your voice was singed with poison, eyes almost shattering your glass with the glare you were sending it.

“What happened?” Sans asked you quietly, seemingly not wanting to upset you. Unfortunately, you were pissed at Henry at that moment, and it fueled into a heated rant.

“Dickhead comes in and asks me where I was! He has the balls to act like I can’t be trusted when he
fucking cheats on me! I shouldn’t be screaming about him like this, but, damn it, I just can’t believe him.” You beckoned Grillby for another double, losing the fear of embarrassing yourself to the alcohol heavy in your system.

“that wasn’t... the day i drove ya home... was it?” Sans winced. You sighed in response— almost comically.

“You beckoned Grillby for another double, losing the fear of embarrassing yourself to the alcohol heavy in your system.

“Yep,” you seethed between clenched teeth. “Bastard guessed what happened. He called me a goddamn hypocrite! Like I’d ever do what he did!” With a raised voice and a riled attitude, you grabbed the glass Grillby just served you and downed it all in one go. The burn of it felt like fire in your throat, and your features pinched together in a tight wince.

“Ugh, I got so mad at him that I punched my counter! I’m such an idiot!” You hissed.

You froze.

“wait, what?”

Oh, shit.

“...” You couldn’t say anything. So you didn’t. You stayed silent.

“did ya say ya punched your counter?” His voice wasn’t light anymore. It wasn’t a soft, warm, comforting sound that made you want to spill your guts about every little fucked up part about you. It was almost disbelieving. Betrayed.

Hurt.

“ya punched your counter, and ya lied to me about it, huh?” Sans asked slowly, and when you didn’t answer, he spoke again. “why did ya lie to me?”

You stumbled around in your head for a sentence to get him off your back. What would you say?

“I just... I-I don’t know... I didn’t want... I didn’t... didn’t w-want...” Your voice trailed off as your cheeks turned beet red, guilt and anxiety eating you whole.

Idiot.

You lied to him.

He was your friend and you lied to him.
“didn’t want what?” he snapped. Oh, god. He wasn’t happy anymore.

“I didn’t want you to... to worry. I’m sorry, but I’ve just... I’ve got so much going on, and I’ve already been so needy and annoying, a-a-and I just didn’t want to... I didn’t want to bother you anymore, I guess? Sorry, I’m just... I feel like I’ve already been so shitty to you—“

“hey,” Sans interrupted your rambling. “listen, (y/n), ’m sorry for making ya nervous. i was just worried about ya.” He brought his thumb up to your face, gently wiping away what you realized was a tear drop, but his thumb still lingered on your skin. It trailed down the side of your cheek, caressing your chin like a feather. When Sans finally snapped out of whatever trance he was in, he pulled his hand away in a flinch, and his pearly white bones colored into a light cerulean shade.

“it’s just that... i wanna help ya, sweet tooth. but i can’t help if ya keep every little thing to yourself. if ya don’t want to tell me something, don’t. i’m okay with that. just please don’t lie to me again. i want... i want ya to be okay.”

You nodded, staring into his eyes for longer than you realized. After his strange touch to your face — which you didn’t mind for some reason— you found yourself wanting more.

“Thanks, slippers,” you smiled half-heartedly. Sans gave you a more genuine grin, letting your nerves cool. “And it’s your turn.”

Sans hummed, and then made a face as if remembering something foul.

“my bro has this guy he likes, and i’m not the biggest fan of him,” he grumbled. Your eyes widened a little. You were familiar with the LGBT community, but it still made your heart all giddy when you heard about something new with it.

“Your brother is gay?” You bluntly asked, only then realizing how rude it sounded.

“I-I mean it’s good for him, and I think that’s pretty cool, honestly. Sorry, I don’t hear a lot about that stuff much.” Sans grinned at you, almost humorously.

“heh, yeah he is. sort of. he kinda likes everyone, so he doesn’t just like guys. and his... whatever the guy is... a robot. he’s a robot, and the robot is gay. flamboyantly gay.” Sans chuckled with you, but only then did his grin become slightly strained. “but that’s not the problem. the problem is that the robot my bro likes is... i don’t trust him. he always says he’s a star, and i’ve known enough about you humans’ celebrities to know that they aren’t all super selfless. i don’t want my li’l bro’s heart to break.”

You smiled at him sympathetically.

“That’s so cute,” you responded without thinking.

Thank you, alcohol.

Sans turned to you, obviously surprised, making you flinch at yourself.
“I-I mean— I didn’t mean to—! I didn’t mean it like that! I swear!—”

“pfft- heheheheh!”

He was laughing?

With such a contagious laugh of his, you found yourself letting loose a little, and joining in.

“sweet tooth, it’s all good,” he assured you. “don’t worry so much.” He patted you on the back, then checked his watch.

“holy shit,” Sans muttered. “it’s already two a.m.” Your eyes widened, and you finished your drink.

“I have interviews tomorrow!” You exclaimed. Dread set in to your system, like an alarm clock that didn’t have a snooze button. “Crap, I have to get home!”

You stood from your chair quickly— and quite recklessly— only to stumble over and nearly fall.

The only things that caught you were two big-boned arms hooking around your waist to stabilize you.

“careful there, sweet tooth,” he warned. “you’ve had a bit to drink. you’re in no condition to drive home.” His arms left you with a lingering sense of comfort, and a drizzle of disappointment with the lack of touch.

“I didn’t drive, I took the bus,” you told him.

“even worse. lemme drive ya home. my bike is just outside.”

You contemplated your options, though with the staining alcohol in your bloodstream, being near Sans for longer was the winning choice.

*Get a clear head. You are just friends, so take your head from out of the gutter.*

**But he’s been so nice to us!**

“I guess,” you caved. “It wouldn’t hurt.”

Sans smiled, and you both made your way towards the exit.

“see ya grillbz!” Sans called.

~~~~~~~~~~
“Whoa,” you mumbled. “Your bike is really cool.” His motorcycle was a shiny black, only interrupted by a slick white stripe that followed the side.

“heh, thanks,” he grinned. “glad ya think so.” He swings a leg over the bike, settling on it comfortably. He waits for you to do the same, even going so far as to hold his hand out to you for assistance.

You eventually get seated, and just then did you realize how close the both of you were sat. Your front was flush against him, legs grazing the backs of his. It felt nice, for some odd reason, to be so close to him.

Your thoughts were interrupted when Sans handed you a black helmet.

“here,” he offered. “keep your head safe, sweet tooth.” You plopped the helmet on your head, fastening the strap to keep it there.

“Thanks,” you said.

“and unless ya want to fall, i suggest ya hold on to me.”

Thankful he couldn’t see your face, you blushed up a storm, as if your face was on fire. You wrapped your arms around his torso, hugging yourself close, but still trying to keep some distance.

“L-Like this?” Your voice came out meek and unsure, clearly as a result from being so close to the skeleton.

“yeah, that’s, um... th-that’s fine.”

Sans revved up the engine, causing it to roar.

“ya ready?”

Probably not.

“Hell yeah!”

You started moving, speeding out of the parking lot of Grillby’s and towards your house.

It looked really cool, if you were being honest. The street lights gave some illumination for the city you were riding through, but just enough to make out roads and others near you.

A chill rushed over your vulnerable skin, encasing you in the cold winter wind. You regretted not bringing a jacket, but your apartment wasn’t too far. You’d be fine.

Still in a drunken state, you laid your head on Sans’ back without any warning, and you let your eyes flutter with fatigue.

It was calming, weirdly enough. Sans felt like a big pillow underneath you, and he was so warm, too. You hadn’t noticed Sans’ subtle flinch when your head rested on his back.
Eventually, Sans pulled up at your apartment, and the bike slowed to a stop.

Your arms reluctantly detached from your heat source, and hugged your torso in search of warmth.

You hopped off the bike, stumbling over your feet on the way down.


“ya okay?” Sans asked you with a cautious grin. You nodded, unfastening the helmet from your head and handing it back to him.

“I’m great,” you told him, turning around to trip over a curb.

You were caught before your face could connect with pavement— once again— in the arms of the skeletal friend you had made.

“i’ll help ya inside,” he said. You didn’t argue, and only continued to walk with him, ever so often coming close to tripping up again.

You came up to your door, and fiddled with you keys in your pocket. Pulling them out, you scrambled them into the hole, and opened the door.

“Thank you,” you slurred barely. “That was so much fun. We should do it again some time!” Sans chuckled, and let out a yawn.

“no problem, sweet tooth,” he shrugged. “just glad ya had a good time.”

You shook the smile off your face when a realization hit your features.

“Oh, my god, what am I doing?” You muttered. “You should stay the night, Sans. It’s like 2 in the morning, and your house is kinda far.”

Sans waved it off as if it was nothing.

“nah, don’t worry about me,” he smiled.

You shook your head in denial.

“No, it’s late, and it would be very rude of me not to,” you grabbed his hand. “Come on, I don’t mind.”

You turned on some of the lights in your home, still holding onto Sans’ hand for some reason you weren’t sure of at that moment.

“nice place,” he murmured. “but that doesn’t mean i have to stay. i can totally go back to my place, it’s no hassle.”

You refused immediately, insisting he stay the night for the sake of his safety and need for sleep.

“Honestly, I don’t mind at all,” you told him. “Do you need anything else before you go to sleep?”

You led him to your room, kicking some small piles of clothes out of the way.

”nah, i’m good,” he yawned. “are ya... are ya sure it’s okay if i’m in your bed tonight?” You shrugged it off.
"I don’t mind at all. Make yourself comfortable.”

You flopped in the bed next to Sans, pulling yourself under the covers for much needed warmth.
You found it kind of strange that you were sharing a bed with someone you had slept with once and only hung out with once after that (this was that time), but you were a bit too drunk to care. Your cold and intoxicated brain also decided it was a good idea to scoot closer to him in an attempt to get warmer.

"Good night, slippers,” you murmured sleepily, letting your lids drop.

"good night, sweet tooth.”

Chapter End Notes

i love u all so much u don’t even know! writing this book has become a way to cope with my depression, although mild. i have had many days where i’m just so unmotivated... i can hardly get out of bed, food doesn’t taste good anymore yet i still eat, and i just stare at myself and cry... but every time you guys leave me comments, i get so overwhelmed with joy that i tear up. it makes me so happy to know i mean something so anyone out there. it’s the best feeling ever. hope u enjoy more!!! <3
First Interview

Chapter Summary

u have an interview with neil!!! and a small talk with sansy boy :) plus you nearly have an attack when you try to ask a question. i’m sorry :( 

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sunlight streamed into your room in thin lines through the blinds, slivers of light covering you in small warmth. Your eyelids opened just enough to glance around in exhaustion. Immediately, something caught your vision.

Because it was right in front of you.

You were cuddled up with Sans’ arm which he had probably unwillingly offered you in his slumber. He was facing the ceiling, though his head had slumped to face you.

Your eyes took the shape of saucers, shock and nerves filling your every fiber. You withdrew yourself slowly from his smooth arm, wanting to leave him to be peaceful. He was quiet— soft breaths making his rib cage rise and fall calmly. You wondered how that worked for a second, but the thought quickly left you as you tried to get out from the covers.

Did anything happen last night?

No... I don’t think anything did. I can’t remember it all.

Let’s hope nothing did.

He stirred again, curling over to where you just were. He mumbled little nothings in his sleep, humming out small sounds.

And you were staring at him.
You flinched, and your cheeks heated up to a light pink. Checking your phone for a time, you cursed under your breath when you realized it was already 11:16. You had roughly 45 minutes to get your place ready for interviews.

Scrambling out to your kitchen, you grabbed a banana from the counter for breakfast. You rushed around the small area to put away a couple bowls, a glass, and a few plates. As you grabbed a sponge, you started washing the mound of dirty dishes lying in your sink.

In a short ten minutes, you had scrubbed clean each and every dish that had been sitting there. You yawned, but pushed forward to your living room for more cleaning. A couple blankets were scattered unceremoniously across the couch, which you quickly picked up to fold. The pillows had fallen or were shifted, so you moved those into place after you folded up the blankets.

You sped walk over to grab your broom, doing a light sweep of your apartment in record time.

It had just turned 11:38, putting you high stress mode to finish up the cleaning. Thank god your apartment wasn’t big, and all you had left was to tidy up the bathroom and wipe down the counters.

You worked for the next fifteen or so minutes straightening up little things, getting around to the bathroom and the stained counters, and fixing up small clutters to make the place look more open—despite its size.

After you had finished, you checked your phone, pleased when it read the time of 11:54. You collapsed to your couch, taking heavy breaths with your thorough yet speedy cleanup.

After a short minute of relaxing in the cushions, you walked over to your kitchen to have a small, yet more filling breakfast than your one banana earlier.

You prepped some coffee in the maker, watching the hot steam slither off the dark liquid. It was calming to you, to watch the coffee fill the mug. It eased your fast heart, if only for a moment.

The quiet in your silent apartment was interrupted by the light and lazy footsteps from near your bedroom.

You turned your head, meeting eyes with the lazy skeleton’s.

He was wearing a tired smile, sockets half-lidded with lingering fatigue. He leaned against the worn doorframe, arms crossed carelessly.

“mornin’, sweet tooth,” he spoke in a husky voice, as if listening to a voice of the bass clef. It still held its smooth consistency, akin to caramel’s rich warmth, but it sounded like chocolate. Deep and dark, yet keeping that warmth of beloved caramel.

“Good morning, slippers,” you smiled. “Coffee?” He pushed himself off the peeling paint of the old frame, and moseyed over to you.

“sure,” he hummed, a short response that finished with a yawn. You handed him the coffee that was accessorized with ribbons of steam curling in the air, and reached into your cabinet for out a second mug to make more.

With a quiet clinking noise, you set the mug down, and picked out another coffee mix. You refilled the coffee maker, and started it up to brew yours. The dark stream that filled your (F/C) mug made the familiarly soothing flowing noise, easing you from your nerves for another time.
“d’ya want me to show ya how to make it like i did?” Sans snapped the silence that sat vulnerable between you both. He was nearer than you had realized; his head was hardly four inches from yours.

Your breath hitched, the relaxing noise of coffee suddenly becoming a mere background sound to the internal spike of anxiety that had the same effect as a heavy metal concert.

Why was it so nerve-wracking?

Just be normal. Calm down.

It’s just Sans.

Yes, it was just Sans. The goofy skeleton you fancied that one night at the bar. The same skeleton you had kissed the first night you met. The same skeleton that protected you from some douche on a sketchy street. The same skeleton who you cuddled with that previous night and the morning of in your deep sleep.

You gained a fraction of your voice back, yet you didn’t hesitate to try and shut your confusing thoughts that had been pooling around for a while.

“Y-Yes please,” you stuttered out, a bundle of nerves catching your tongue before you could save it. “It was really good.” Your nerves swallowed down in your throat, dying out with the new memories in your head.

This is the same skeleton that told you puns to make you stop crying. The same skeleton that hadn’t an idea of where to drive so he drove around without direction for five minutes. The same skeleton that wore slippers out of the house because he didn’t think you’d notice them.

He shuffled slowly away from you and towards your fridge, allowing you to catch your held breath. You recalled him saying something about putting brown sugar in the coffee, so you searched in your cabinets for the bag of it.

Sans had found your creamer, and placed it on the counter near your coffees. You set the bag of brown sugar next to the creamer, and looked up to him for the next instruction.

“okay, so ya wanna pour enough creamer to make it this sort of color—” he pours some creamer in — “then ya want to stir about a spoonful of brown sugar in...” He does so.

You copy his movements, glancing back to his cup to make sure you were doing it correctly. He pauses to wait for you, and as you finish up stirring the small bronze crystals into your morning
you glance back at him for a final ingredient.

“ya don’t happen to have any monster food here, do ya? cinnamon, more specifically.”

You tutted your teeth in frustration, knowing you didn’t have any. Then, as bright as day, the memory flashed in your head.

“Oh! Actually, I do!” You almost squealed. You scurried over to the cabinet with spices, pulling out a small container of cinnamon that read a disclaimer of ‘Monster Food - does not contain same nutrients as human food, made almost purely from magic’.

“I went to the grocery store and didn’t check the label so I just threw it in my cart. I realized when I got home it was the wrong one.” You smiled giddily. “I’ve never been so relieved to have gotten the wrong type of food.”

Sans chuckled at your little story, and the grin he gave you let you know he was loading up a pun.

“i guess ya could say it was a bean-ificial im-pasta,” he winked. You put your head in your palm, cringing at the bad puns.

“That second pun doesn’t work! We’re making coffee!” You groaned, taking you face away from your hand to scold him.

“then why are ya smiling?” His cocky grin was beaming with arrogance, and you knew that he knew his puns were bad. Despite it, you turned away, fighting down a humored giggle.

“i knew ya liked my puns a latte,” you didn’t even have to see his face to know he winked.

What a moron.

Yeah, but he’s a cute moron.

Stop calling him cute.

... But he is—!

“Shit!” you cursed under your breath. You had started scratching your arm; your gaze fixed on the coffee in your hot mug. The yellow glow in the metal had kicked it up a notch, brighter than its usual nightlight dimness, and akin to more of a lightbulb.

“(y/n)? ya okay? did ya burn yourself?” Sans’ tone was collected, but he had stressed his point by calling you by your real name, and leaning to look into your eyes. It sounded a bit strange from his mouth, since you were a little more used to the ‘sweet tooth’ nickname.

“Sorry, um, yeah. I’m- I’m fine, just hurt my hand a little.”
“oh, uh... okay,” he backed up. “are ya sure? do ya need something?” His voice was calm. Still very calm. It reminded you of the only time you’d seen him get angry. You wondered if that happened often.

“I’m fine, I promise,” you assured him, shoving your glowing hand away from sight.

Just in time, there was a rapping on the door, interrupting Sans from asking you anymore.

“Oh, crap,” you hissed. You turned to Sans. “You don’t have to leave yet, but would you mind just sitting in a different room for a second? This shouldn’t take too long... I hope. You can use my shower if you need to.”

Sans furrowed his brows.

“are ya sure? i could just leave, ya know? it’d be no problem.” His assurance gave you nothing, and only made you want him to stay more.

“I swear, I’ll be done with the first person in just a bit,” you told him, going over to the door.

With the change in atmosphere due to your urgent tone, Sans ceased his protests, and sat in your kitchen.

You opened the door, letting a rather scrawny-looking guy into your apartment. He had the face shape of a long oval, and shoulders that had the width of a throw pillow. His skin was the color of snow, despite some freckles that were scattered in fews. Short stubble was noticeable around his jaw, but too short to be called a beard by a long shot. His lips were in a thin, pale-pink line, unamused. Heavy bags clung to his tired, brown eyes. His nose was bigger than his other features, and you tried to not stare at it for too long.

“Hello! You must be Neil!” You cheerily greeted him. His response lacked when he only gave you a nod and grunt in return.

You stepped out of the way to let him in.

“Make yourself at home!” You beamed, way too excited for an interview. He had a gait that was pricked with exhaustion, not alike Sans’. Sans walked around lazily, sure, but it was chilled, not on the verge of falling asleep.

You grabbed your coffee from the counter, and brought it over to the glass coffee table to set down. He had slumped into your couch, but you didn’t mind much. You sat down.

“So, I only have a few major concerns, and then I just want to, um, get to know you? I guess?” You inwardly cringed at yourself, and noted that he seemed rather unresponsive. He didn’t answer, or even differ in facial expression. You awkwardly continued.

“Okay, so, would you be able to afford the rent?” You clasped your sweaty palms together, attempting to ignore the growing tightness in your throat.

He shrugged.

“I just got fired, and I haven’t found another job yet, so probably not for a while.” His oddly pitched voice sounded nonchalant about not being able to even pay rent.

“Oh,” you shortly replied, disappointment clear. “Okay, then.” You glanced back to the table for a minute. Slightly surprised that he was so open about not being able to do one of the most important things in a roommate, your standards dropped for his next couple of answers.
“Are you generally helpful around the house? Like cleaning stuff up, rinsing dishes, just small things?” You asked. “It’s not a super big deal, but I don’t want to be the only one cleaning around the house.”

He laughed lightly, and scratched the side of his neck.

“No, not really,” he chuckled. “I’m kinda lazy honestly. I’ll help sometimes, but I’ve been told I’m fuckinggross.” Wondering how he’d ever gotten through interviews before, you continued.

“Would you be willing to go grocery shopping? Running errands is something I don’t get to do much because I’m busy a lot with work, so any small help is great.” You were pretty desperate for any sort of salvageable portion of him in case the next two candidates ended up to be a flop.

“Yeah, I guess,” he shrugged. “Could you teach me, though? I’m living with my parents right now and they sorta do everything, so I don’t really know how.”

You almost laughed.

But you maintained composure, and only gave him an almost expectant stare, hoping he was joking.

He wasn’t.

“That... If you end up being my roommate, then sure.” You had zero expectations left. Zilch. Nada. Nothing.

“Okay, Neil, tell me a few things about yourself,” you had practically given up, but maybe he wasn’t a shit human. You picked up your coffee, and started sipping.

“I’m good at guitar, or at least my friends tell me. I’m pretty... adaptable. I can get used to different places, uh, easily. I’m a big fan of RPG games, and Xbox and shit. I’ve been single for a year, so I’m down for anything. I’m a shit cook, but I can make mac and cheese, and I can tie a cherry stem in my mouth.” You stayed quiet for a few seconds.

“Oh, you finished,” you muttered, then set your mug down. “You know what? I think that’s all I needed, so I’ll get back to you shortly on the details, and I hope you have a good day.” You stood from the couch, gesturing for him to follow, and head towards the door. He trudged along, asking you questions about how it would work.

“So we just share a room? That’s pretty dope, just saying.” You nodded with a hum, practically shoving him out the door. He was in the middle of another pointless sentence when you shut the door in his face, leaving him outside without so much as a goodbye.

You took a deep breath, and made a quick decision that he would, indeed, not be your roommate.

Those answers!

He didn’t even try to lie!
Props for being honest, but...

WHAT THE HELL?!

You blew out your breath, and turned to see Sans’ amused skull staring back at you.

“wow,” he grinned. “and here i was thinking i was rough to live with. how did that guy even make it to your final list?” You fought a smile, and protested.

“I don’t know! I couldn’t find a lot of people that were good, so I just... oh, shut your mouth!” You hissed at him playfully when he started laughing. His laughter only continued, dimming down after you joined in.

“okay, well, how many more ya got?” He was wearing a lingering grin, just a pinch wider than his neutral.

“Two more,” you sighed, walking over to sit on the couch. “Sophie and Undyne.” Sans flopped lazily next to you, wearing a more casual grin.

“well, ya better hope those turn out better than— wait, did you say undyne?” His smile twitched into an unassured wince, and his odd change in tone made you only slightly nervous.

“Yeah,” you replied. “Why? Do you know her?” You sipped the warm coffee in your grip, looking at Sans for an answer while you did.

He chuckled, despite nothing funny being said, almost like an embarrassed laugh.

“yeah, actually,” he scratched at his collarbones. “my bro was really close with her. they did training together and whatever.”

You hummed, still drinking your coffee.

“so,” he clasped his hands together. “what’d ya need to talk to me about?”

This was when it became hard to speak.

Your hands clammed up, a cold sweat sweeping over you like wind. The words you had been wanting to say died off in your throat, coming out in only small fragments and frantic gibberish.

“I-I wanted to ask you for... it was about... it wasn’t for anything, I-I-I meant it was like... it’s just a question I have? I guess? I was wondering if I... i-if we...” Your voice came out dry and anxious, like dead leaves in the fall under a boot. “I like... ha-hanging out... with you. So...” You winced.

“Can we just forget about that night because I really want to be friends and I feel like it’s weird and everything and I just like...”
Sans was smiling amusedly at you, waiting for you to finish with an aura of humor.

“everything good now?” He grinned. You chuckled, but your face was pounding with nerves and your heart felt heavy.

This topic had been nagging you since last night. You loved talking with the dork, but the stupid tension sometimes arose or pressured your heart with thoughts of his body on yours again. Sweat and saliva intermixing in the fest of passion and pounding. Sweet fulfillment brimming you with each thrust inside—

And that was the problem.

You got lost in that night. *The big regret.*

You just wanted to be friends with him.

*But would he feel the same?*

“listen, sweet tooth,” Sans took a breath as he shifted. “i like hanging out with ya, too. if we just need to forget that night so we can still hang out, then i’m good for that.” Every time there was a mention of ‘that night’, you felt an embarrassed blush singe your cheeks, if only for a second.

A brighten in your eyes and smile was your exertion of relief and excitement.

Almost unable to control your giddiness (for some odd reason), you thanked him religiously, and wrapped your arms around his bulky framed torso.

He flinched from under you, kicking your nerves to tell you to get the hell off him, until he gradually returned the hug. His bone arms were comforting to you.

You squeezed him ever-so-slightly tighter, then let go.

“Thank you so much for being so understanding— you’re so awesome about all this honestly.”

You swiped a hand down your face, feeling like he should’ve been scared off by you already.

“I really enjoy hanging out with you. And I want to do it again sometime. Would that be okay?” Your heart felt like it weighed a ton, singeing nerves hammering with each word that escaped your mouth. The fear of being rejected by someone who you got along with so well just tore you in half.

“totally. if ya ever wanna hang out, just shoot me a text.” He stood from the couch. “i like being friends with ya.”
Your heart fluttered like a wild animal in a cage, his words driving into your brain and melting there. You didn’t want to forget them. He made his way towards the door, and you followed.

“anyways,” he said. “i’ll see ya around, sweet tooth. i’m glad i could espresso how much you bean to me.” He sent you a wink, and a giddy giggle bubbled past your lips.

He turned to you for one last goodbye before he left, and pulled you into a soothing embrace. With a calm smile, you hugged him back.

“thanks for having me,” he waved as he walked out your door.

“See ya, slippers!” You called as he hopped onto his motorcycle, and you could’ve sworn you saw him wink at you again.

Chapter End Notes

LOVE YOUR COMMENTS!!!!!
i say that every time but i meAN IT!!!!!!
<3
<3
you all mean the wORLD TO ME!!!!!

this chapter is kinda glitchy so sorry if anything turns out weird or something isn’t highlighted :/
“Okay, so, would you be able to pay rent?” Your voice was firm, but nerves tickled the sentence so you didn’t sound confident. Sophie looked at you as if you were joking.

“Of course I would. Who would want a roommate who couldn’t even pay rent?” You laughed with her, deciding against bringing up your last candidate for the roommate position.

“Yeah, you’re right,” you chuckled. “Next question— do you generally help around the house? Like cleaning up small things and... that sort of stuff?” You made an elaboration gesture with your hands, then put them in your lap as she began with her answer.

“Most of the time, yes. Sometimes, I’ll accidentally leave... like, say, a cup lying around. But— I never do it on purpose. And if I ever notice it, I clean it up right away. Also, I keep my area rather clean and tidy, so you don’t have to worry about any mess I leave. Even if there is a mess, I’m a clean freak, so I’ll deal with it.”

“How about cooking?”

She lost your gaze, looking to the coffee table with a nibble on her bottom lip.

“Uh... I can... make cereal? Sorry, I’m not the... best cook. I’ve lived off ramen and bagels for like the past year or so. I’m not... great... in the kitchen.” You giggled lightly, and shook it off, telling her it wasn’t a big deal.

“I’m a crappy cook too, if I’m being completely honest,” you winked assuringly. She chuckled with you, and you continued on.

“How about errands? Would you be alright with running to the store now and then? It’s hard for me to do that kind of stuff, but I mean, I still get around to it. It’s just inconvenient, y’know?” She smiled, and cut off your rambles by replying with her own answer.

“Yes, I could do that. I get it, though— errands suck. I wouldn’t mind it too much as long as I’m not the only one suffering every so often.”

“Oh, of course I’d do them, too, but it’s nice to have help.”

She nodded, telling you that she didn’t mean to say that she’d be the only one working.

“I just meant that I would be cool with it as long as we shared. But yeah, I’m totally fine with going on little runs here and there. Is there a specific store you usually go to for food?” She seemed like she wanted to know for future reference, but you didn’t mind. You thought she’d probably end up becoming your roommate anyway.
“Oh, yeah, the one that’s on the... the corner? Y’know? Around the block just past the breakfast place? It’s a Kroger, I’m pretty sure.”

“Oh,” her smile faded.

You said something wrong. You offended her. She hates you. You scared her away, you fucking freak.

“Is- Is something wrong? Sorry, I’m sorry, but did I say something? I’m really sorry, I don’t—”

“Correct me if I’m wrong,” her sharp voice cut through your shaky one, easily shutting you up. “but the one that sells monster food?”

Surprised with her concern, you obliviously replied with a silent nod, awaiting her explanation.

She sighed, almost frustratedly? Weird.

Had you... Had you said something? Did she not like monster food?

“If we end up as roommates, could we go to a different grocery store? Maybe one that doesn’t sell food for monsters.” She was wearing a look that you tried to decipher. Maybe it was disgust? Or a wince?

“If you don’t mind my asking, then why would you want to?” You didn’t want to be rude, maybe she just didn’t want to mix up food.

Like you seemed to do all the time.

“I don’t really...” she glanced around the room. “What’s the word— associate! I don’t like associating with... monsters.” As if it left a bad taste in her mouth, she cringed as the word ‘monsters’ came out.

“What?” You almost laughed, trying to lighten the awkward scene laying out. “Well, why not?”

She looked at you like it was obvious.

“They’re not very clean. They have fur, like animals. They have scales, like animals. They have webbed feet, paws, slime, fangs, claws... Should I go on?” She asked as if you were dense.

Offended on behalf of every good monster you had met, you gaped, and shook your head.

They are not animals,” you said. “They are mature and sophisticated, just like humans. Most humans at least. You can’t base your opinion off something from... from what they look like.” She
soured up, and looked at you condescendingly.

“They were underground for... what was it again? A hundred years?”

“A thousand,” you broke her strong voice with your tightly wound cold contrast. A challenge, almost.

She narrowed her eyes.

“A thousand years, then,” she said. “They haven’t lived in a real society for a thousand years. And you think they’re sophisticated?”

“Yes, I do,” you tried— you really tried to keep yourself controlled, but, damn it, that Sophie girl was being a real pain in the ass. A shitty racist? She’s out for the running of roommate. “They are honestly nicer than most humans, and they don’t act like... like shallow assholes when they meet a new person.”

The grinding venom laced in your voice was accidental, yet you weren’t going to apologize for it for as long as you lived. A scowl had settled on your face while you sat in a cold, dead, aggressive silence.

Right as she took a breath to begin speaking again, you growled,

“Get out.”

She scoffed, and— dare you say— snootily left your apartment.

A bitter blanket encompassed your body and mind, cradling you like a child and whispering sour words into your ear.

“I hate people sometimes,” you murmured. Frustratedly, you crossed Sophie off the list for roommate. You could deal with some things, but a racist was too bad.

“Alright, let’s hope Undyne can salvage this,” you were holding on by a last little string of hope, but your grip with firm.

You checked your phone for the time while waiting for her.

2:45 PM

One can only hope.
A loud banging on your door made you jump ten feet in the air, and quickly hop off the couch to answer this Undyne character.

As you swung the door open, you were greeted by a six foot tall blue fish woman. She wore grayish-green cargo pants with a black tank top and army boots. She had hair the color of a shimmering stop sign that swayed gently behind her. She was wearing a large smile, teeth sharp and pearly white.

Her hand shot out.

“Nice to meet ya! I’m Undyne, what’s your name?”

You took her slick scaly hand into yours, giving it a nervous shake while she rattled your entire body.

“I’m (Y/N),” you told her, the fact that you had already said your name over the phone slipping your mind. “Oh— please, come in!” You moved aside to allow her into your apartment, watching her movements as she glanced around. There was a gleam in her eye that had caught your attention, and you drew back to it when she turned to you.

“Alright! So how’s this working?” Her smile hadn’t faded, the muscles in her cheeks flexing so hard you thought they could hold barbels heavier than yourself.

“Oh! Um, you can just take a seat on the... on the couch. We’ll get started in just a minute. Would you want anything to drink? A water maybe?” You fiddled with your fingers, anxiety kicking it up three notches. You would’ve missed her answer if she weren’t so loud and boastful just in her tone, as you were busy fighting off hundreds of anxious voices in your head.

“You got tea?” She asked you, a shimmery shine reflecting off of her perfect bright teeth.

You nodded furiously, scurrying into the kitchen in hopes of making sure she enjoyed her short visit for an interview. Considering you didn’t know much about her, you hoped she would be the one to room with you.

“Is... um, is green tea alright with you?” You stammered out, a shaky grin loose to your face.

“Yeah!” she said. “Sounds great!”

You took a deep breath, and began boiling the water.

~~~~~~~~~~

“I hope this is alright with you,” you smiled timidly, setting it on the coffee table with your new coffee. “But I’d be careful, it’s kinda hot—”

Before you could finish another thought, she had swallowed down at least three large gulps of the steaming tea. Your mouth was agape, waiting for her to yell out in pain. She gave you a different reaction.

“That’s some good shit!” she slammed the mug on the table, nearing a crack on its cheap surface.

With wide eyes, you shook yourself back to reality.
“Um, thank you!” you squeaked. “Is it not hot?”

She nodded with her big grin.

“Oh, it’s hot,” she assured you. “but it’s really good! I didn’t want to set it down.”

You thanked her, relieving your nerves enough to move onto the next topic.

“Okay,” you clasped your hands. “Are you able to pay rent?”

“Definitely!” She boasted. Her unwavering voice was contagious, and your mood shifted.

“How about chores around the house? Cleaning, picking up after yourself, cooking?”

“Hell yeah! My last house was clean as a whistle, and I assure you I always pick up my shit. I can cook loads of different meals, and my friends are great at that, too, so I’m always learning new recipes. Come on, give me a hard one!” She rubbed her hands together, expecting a challenge. You chuckled nervously, and asked her about running out to stores.

“I get around to it, but with two people in the place, I wouldn’t want to be the only one.”

“Oh, totally! I love to do stuff that keeps me busy. It’s kinda hard for me to sit still sometimes, if I’m honest. Getting outside is a great thing for me. So, yeah! Running errands is like one of my favorite things to do!” You were astounded by her eagerness to get out of the house, since it took you a lot of convincing by either lack of food, a broken phone, or someone you wanted to see. Work was so much effort for you; you hated waking up early.

“That’s... awesome,” you almost whispered, stars shining in your eyes. Her laughter booked through your small apartment, and you flinched at the volume.

“What? Was your last roommate a lazy punk? Fuhuhuhuhu!” She slapped her knee, then began calming down. “Never seen someone look so happy to have a roommate so eager to leave!” She continued laughing, obviously joking around and teasing you, so you bounced a couple laughs.

*Your last roommate?*

*He wasn’t lazy.*

*He was so energized that he eagerly went behind your back.*

A cold anger swept your features, replaced with an all-too-phony smile to not set Undyne off.

“Anyways,” she wiped a fake tear from her eye, “what else did ya need to know?”

You removed your nails from your reddened arm, wincing internally from irritation.

“Oh, just some things about yourself! If you’re alright with sharing a bed— since I... I couldn’t afford two—, what kind of meals you usually make, your daily routine maybe. Just anything that
might be useful if we live together.” You were positive Undyne would end up becoming your roomie, and you had no problem with it. She seemed rather nice, though overbearing. Confident, yet contagious. You found yourself mimicking some of the emotions she portrayed subconsciously.

“I have a really good friend named Papyrus, who visits for cooking lessons all the time. He and I are really close, and I like to hang with him. I usually wake up at around 6:30, but I’m trying to get myself to wake up a few minutes later. I head to work pretty early, but I only stay until four. I go on a morning jog, and I drink tea usually. I watch anime, so I love ramen too. I’m great at self-defense, and I’m trained with spears. And if you ever need a gal pal, I’m right here!”

She bumped her chest with her hands for emphasis, giving you a grin way too big for your mouth muscles. You chuckled, and went over your options.

A slack off that couldn’t pay.

A racist that could pay.

Probably the most energized creature you’ve ever met that can pay and do everything.

Wow, this sure was a toughie.

**********

“Yes, Monday morning, try to get all your necessities over here, and I’ll help you unpack in the evening,” you shook Undyne’s hand excitedly, grinning at her with both your lips and eyes.

“Gotcha! See ya then, roomie!” She waved to you as she dashed off, her shimmering red hair flowing behind her in a perfect ponytail.

You took a breath, letting your smile ease—but not fall, and closed the door into your home. You checked your phone for a time, running a hand over your face when it said 3:13.

You picked up your cooled coffee remnants in its mug that sat on your coffee table, and finished it off, despite its temperature. A wave of exhaustion smacked you in the lungs, pulling air from you and draining your limbs of energy. You trudged to the kitchen for a snack, and let your lidded eyes flutter. Yawning, you opened the cupboard for something small, just enough to satisfy yourself for half an hour.

You settled on your favorite snack, and brought it over to the couch to begin eating it while watching a mindless movie. Your brain wandered while the movie played on, small things playing in your head as you stared at the screen, not taking anything in.

When a joke was said, you were reminded of something.
Sans had comedy night that night!

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the short chapter :( i’ll make the next one longer!!!! i swear!!!!!
Chapter Summary

you have a bad attack over simple things after you forget to take your pills. you didn’t realize it would be this bad, and so you made half-assed apologies to a friend all-too-familiar with unkept promises.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Your gut clenched with laughter, pinches at your cheeks from the smile that refused to fall. You sipped at your moscato, taking it bit by bit to keep yourself mostly sober.

You were at the bar on the corner, watching Sans’ comedy act that was overwhelming you with giggles and guffaws with each punchline delivered. He was obviously enjoying himself, the happiest you had seen him in your short time of knowing the humorous (or should you say humerus) skeleton. His toothy grin was wide and eager, relaxedly spilling jokes while loving the audience’s cheers and claps and echoes of laughter.

You ordered some food to keep yourself from getting hungry while you wiped forming tears from your eyes. Your beam could not have been removed from your lips any time soon.

“so i ask this guy at my hotdog stand, ‘well, what can i getcha?’ and the guy says, ‘well, whaddaya serve?’” He makes a face as if he was looking at the guy he spoke of, a confused expression settling on his features.

“What did he want me to say? ice cream? prime rib? it says ‘hotdog stand’ right above my head.” He lets the audience chuckle and gets ready for the next part.

“‘i sell hotdogs, like the sign says.’ then this guy says, ‘well, don’t ya sell anything else?’ now, this might be a valid question in some cases, except for the fact that i had a menu right below me, too,” Sans chuckles with the audience, and continues, “which literally says ‘hotdogs and ketchup if ya want it.’ so, no, i didn’t sell anything else.”

You let out small laughs, readying yourself for the punchline.

“‘no, do ya sell any other foods?’” Sans acts like the guy asked him again, and makes a face to the audience, only to get ready for his next line.

“So i say, ‘well, i sell hot-cats!’” He pulls a hotdog out of you-don’t-even-know-where, and gestures to its tiny cat face that’s somehow on a side of the hotdog meat. You buckle over, wheezing with howls erupting from your mouth.

Needless to say, you had a punny night.
“I didn’t know you were so good at standup!” You punched him lightly in the shoulder, and he gave a shy chuckle in return, scratching the bones of his neck.

“thanks, sweet tooth,” his bones glowed a dim cyan. “glad ya enjoyed it.”

“Are you kidding? I can’t wait for the next one!” You sipped more of your moscato, finishing off the glass finally.

“aw, thanks, sweets,” he winked at you. “anyway, enough about me, how’d the interviews go?”

“Good! Undyne is my new roommate since one was a racist and the other was that slack-off, so I’m pretty excited.”

Sans chortled, and tried to call a waiter over to the booth you had sat at.


“well, it’s good you’re excited, but be prepared for... some eventful times. she’s pretty outgoing and eager, and her SOUL trait is justice, though her magic comes from her excessive kindness.”

“SOUL trait?” You asked.

“yeah,” he said. “you... do know what a SOUL trait is... right?”

You shyly shook your head, feeling like an idiot for something that Sans seemed to act like was such... basic knowledge.

“oh,” he shrugged. “i kinda forgot SOULs aren’t as important with humans than with monsters.” He chuckled again, a twinge of embarrassment nipping at his voice.

“well, basically, the SOUL is the culmination of your being— everything ya were, are, and ever will be— and undyne has a SOUL trait of justice, so she uses kindness magic on people to judge them, sort of. depending on what they do, how kind their SOULs are, she’ll either trust them, or hate them. she wants justice to be served to everyone, and when people prove kind, she believes that they are good people. does that make sense?” You cautiously nodded, the new information finding a place into your mind to settle down. “Sort of.”

“yeah, that’s good enough for now,” he shrugged. “SOULs are a really hard thing to understand completely, and there are a lot of things that i just explain as ‘magic’.”

“So everyone has a SOUL?” With such a lack of knowledge on the topic, you readied yourself to interrogate the hell out of this poor victim for more information.

“yes,” he said. “there are different colored SOULs too.”

“How do I see my SOUL?” you asked. “Is there like... a thing I can do to pull it out?”

“oh, um, yeah,” his cheeks glowed like an old lightbulb that had dimmed, yet still shed enough light to shine on your face. “but SOULs aren’t really... normal things to... i don’t know, bring up? they’re kinda—“ he gives off an awkward chuckle— “private things, y’know? it’s a pretty intimate topic. similar to, in human culture, talking to a significant other about... something sensitive, i guess.”
You quickly resign from asking more questions, untended ideas and theories bouncing around like balloons.

“Oh,” you shortly respond, unsatisfied yet nervous. “Okay.”

With your accidental tone that sounded akin to what a child would use when a parent just told them to stop asking questions, you saw Sans’ face wince up in guilt.

“but if ya really are confused, i’d be fine with answering some more questions.”

You brightened.

“Really?” Cheery and hopeful, you grinned. “I’m sorry, but SOULs are just so fascinating! Plus, it’s a pretty cool thing to know stuff about in humans. Not a lot of people are good with SOULs.”

“it’s good,” Sans just grinned. “what else do you want to know?”

“Can a SOUL be different colors? Like two or three different colors?”

He shrugged.

“kinda. the SOUL is the color of your most prominent trait. usually, people only have one, but sometimes, there are traces of other traits within. it’s a really cool sight actually, but it’s rare.”

“I remember hearing somewhere that SOULs can damage,” you said. “Is that true?”

“ya sounding like some sort of reporter,” he joked, pulling at his collar. “and yeah, it is. they can crack if put under trauma. doesn’t matter if it’s emotional, physical, or mental. SOULs bear the vessel’s sins and all the shit they go through. the cracks appear when that breaks them as a living being.”

Your mouth had parted since the answer was similar to what you had expected, but the dark answer still left you somewhat shocked.

“Wow,” you muttered. “That’s pretty sad.”

“yeah, when cracks become too deep, that’s usually when the being’s sanity begins to drop.”

“Oh,” your voice lowered to a faint whisper. “That’s... really dark.”

“yeah, sorry,” a bead of sweat trickled off his skull. “i studied a lot of shit back in the underground. there were a lot of... morbid details.”

“What did you study?”

“a lot of science-y shit. physics, chemistry, astronomy, statistics, yadda yadda yadda. i studied some monster and human culture, too. but this is probably boring ya, so tell me a little bit about yourself. did ya go somewhere for school?”

“Actually, yeah, I went to (Name of College), but I couldn’t find any work in that, so I took up a job at a coffee shop so I had enough money to split the rent with my ex.”

Progress.
It’s progress.

“mm,” he hummed. “ya got family? i’ve only got my bro.”

Taken off guard by the sudden change in topic, you babbled out little fragments as a response.

“Family? Me? I— uh— I don’t have... well, I do, but— what about you?”

Breathe .

“No, I’m really— I’m not interesting— I want to—“

Recalibrate .

“What else did you study? My path was boring. Did you study— Was there anything else— How did you get through—”

“whoa, ya okay, sweets?” His soft voice shattered through your quivering reciprocate. “you’re starting a lot of sentences and not finishing any of them.” His tone turned light, a sign to try to get you to soften up, but when you tried to laugh, your throat squeezed up and you only got out a squeak.

“I—I’m— I’m fine. I swear.”

Short and frail, you didn’t offer any reassurance in your answer.

What’s wrong with you?

Why don’t you pull yourself together, huh?

What’s so goddamn nerve-wracking that you can’t speak right?

My pills.
I forgot to take my pills.

Hastily pulling your purse from below you, you rustled through it recklessly. Your hand was shaking with nerves as you searched for the small orange bottle that was hidden in the depths of your bag.

You could hear Sans trying to get your attention, but his tone was distorted... unclear. You couldn’t decipher anything he was saying.

Get the pills.

Get the fucking pills.

Your breath shortened. Your hands lost coordination. You couldn’t see anything in the bag. Everything was a blur of nothing. Where were your pills?

“I’m- I’m need to— bath- bath... room. Where?” You could hardly look up to meet his eyes.

His voice was still too unclear to hear anything, but he pointed, so you followed where he gave you a direction.

Stumbling off your chair and nearly knocking it over, you found your way to the bathroom by the glowing yellow sign near the doorway.

You whimpered air into your lungs.

You were so close.

You grabbed at the slick doorway, digging your hands into the wood to stabilize.

Rugged breaths continued scraping out of your throat.

You shoved the door to the bathroom wide open, falling into it. You found that the bathroom was completely vacant, but you still recklessly opened a stall. You were shivering.

Shaking.
You threw the bag to the ground, shuffling your hands aimlessly inside the contents. Teardrops dribbled off your chin. Your breath was tight.

Finally, your fingertips found the plastic container. You yanked it from your bag, dropping it to the floor on accident with your haste. You scrambled to pick it back up and open it, every part of your body shaking and losing control.

After a painfully long time of struggling to open the pill bottle, you poured out several onto your palm, going on to put the extras back.

It took longer, and you just realized that you’d have to swallow the pills dry. You let out a bubbled whine, not in reaction to the realization, but more of a cry of desperation to finally calm yourself.

The pills landed on your tongue—dry, and chalky. You mustered as much spit as you could, and swallowed the distasteful pills.

Everything seemed to finally quiet down.

The pills hadn’t taken effect, but the knowledge of the fact that your mental illness had been tended to was calming. Knowing the pills were getting into your system was calming.

Knowing you’d be back to normal in a few minutes was calming.

Knowing you’d be free from those attacks whenever you took those small little pills was calming.

Your breath returned.

You wiped small tears off your cheeks.
You gathered yourself off the restroom floor.

You set the pill bottle back in your purse, fingers calmly wrapped around the container. You had control.

**It was over.**

**Relax.**

*Don’t forget your pills next time.*

~~~~~~~~~~

You knew there would be questions, but you didn’t know how many.

“sweets? is everything alright? ya scared me there, not gonna lie. but that doesn’t matter— are ya okay? (y/n), are you okay?”

His voice was familiar to you. Not that he’d used it before, but that you’d used it before.

Self-control seeping out with each unanswered second rolling past. The want to stay calm and chilled had fallen off the table along with the want to keep your worries tucked away. Fear trickled down each letter for the opposite position involved, and with each tick of a silent clock in your head, the more fear you felt drip down between the words themselves.

“I’m okay,” you said. “I just forgot to take my meds this morning. Nothing big.”

Sans stayed quiet for a second. His expression hadn’t changed— hadn’t relaxed from its tensed wince of concern he was wearing.

“are ya sure that’s it? was it something i said?” He had more control. That was clear enough.

He was still worried, but he was setting back up his table, self-control sitting near the edge.

“Yeah, totally,” your words were nonchalant. Why were they so contradictory to the thoughts hammering into your skull? “I’m completely fine, I promise.”

“can you really promise that, though?” You looked to where Sans’ white pinpricks of eyes would be... only to be left fearful at a sight of empty sockets. It was as if you were staring into a void. A very filled void. A void filled with empty, broken promises. A void filled with regret.
What were you looking at?

Why did he tear your statement out by its weekly drawn seams?

How did he do it so easily?

“Yeah,” you lied. “I’m totally good.”

“are you?” His question seemed daunting. The slower pace of the two words etching his point even further in your brain. “you aren’t a great liar, (y/n).”

What was this?

Was he mad?

“Sans?” Meek. Small.

don’t make promises you can’t keep, sweets, especially concerning your fragile mental health. don’t tell me it’s no big deal when you broke down right in front of me. it’s not no big deal. that’s scary, sweets. i’m worried about you. first, you break your hand after your shitty ex, then you break down in seconds because of i-don’t-know-why. so, please, don’t promise to me that you’re okay when you aren’t. i’m worried, alright, (y/n)?”

And there were the tears.

Chapter End Notes

i’m so sorry for the wait!!!!! i wrote this at 3 in the morning so i hope it’s of decent quality and not fucking shit bc i haven’t edited it yet (i know- bad move) but i should get to sleep and i hope u like also i love all of u to pieces with all my heart!!!!!!!

❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤❤
Dodged A Bullet... Sort Of

Chapter Summary

sad chapter :( but it’s okay! next chapter will have an explanation. i’m fighting through this shitty school block that’s not giving me time !!!! >:)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I... I’m...” Hiccups. “I- I’m so—” Wails and babbled sobs. “—sorry!” Wheezing breaths entered your lungs as you cried, desperate attempts for oxygen following tears that streamed like waterfalls. You had never cried so uncontrollably in recent years.

Sleeved bones grabbed you into a tight embrace. You returned the gesture as tightly as you could, muffling your audible moans of apologies into his shirt material, and wetting the cloth in the process.

You felt like a baby.

You were clinging to him, like a child to a mother.

The worst part was that you didn’t want to let go.

You just wanted to cry.

It was like he could read you like a magazine.

You hadn’t felt so understood... for lack of a better word, in forever. It always went: ‘Are you okay?’ and you always gave the same ‘Yeah, just something small. Nothing to worry about.’

Never, had you ever, been confronted so accurately or with such worry in your life. You wondered why he understood your lies so quickly.

You gripped handfuls of hoodie into fists, giving up thick wails of defeat. Your nose was running onto his sweatshirt messily, but you couldn’t stop yourself. Why couldn’t you stop yourself?
You felt like you had betrayed him. You felt like he couldn’t trust you because—if you were honest— you wouldn’t either.

Sans was quiet while you mumbled helpless nothings, only offering small hums and whispers into your (H/L) hair.

After about another minute of you letting out soft whines and half-pronounced apologies, you had calmed down... enough. Enough to at least get a few enunciated words across.

“How did—“ sniffle— “How could you tell?”

“i’ve...” he took a breath too deep to not be hiding something behind it. “i’ve been in a similar place before... and i know how awful it is.”

He took hold of your hand in both of his, showing you how much bulkier his bones were than yours—how strong he was.

“as a friend, (y/n), i’m beggin’ ya to let me help ya through this.”

White hot memories scorch on your arms, pains continuing from the past feeling of just wanting to give up. Previous times of succumbing to everything engulfing you until you just dropped.

“I can’t ask you to do that,” your eyes glossed with fresher tears. “I couldn’t...”

The blade slid so easily over your skin, opening gashes deep enough to melt you in pain, but not enough to end it. Not enough. Nothing you did was ever enough.

“please, sweets,” he was hardly smiling anymore. It was desperate, pleading... scared.

You release a worn sigh as the cut finally scars over with the others... after months had past. The faded whitish tint to the closed cut would be there to remind you of your hopelessness, your effortless failure in wanting to continue on.

Blurred vision distorted your view of collapsing into his arms again, apologizing out weak but repetitive yeses. Over and over and over.

You were never enough.
“even if ya just need someone to talk to, don’t hesitate to call me over, ‘kay?” He looked into your puffy eyes for assurance.

“Thank you,” you whispered hoarsely. A fresh sting against the backs of your eyes let you know that you were falling back to your old crybaby ways. “for everything.”

He opened his arms timidly once more, offering you a third hug for that night.

With a light snuffle and a feeling of weakness, you caved into his irrationally comforting embrace. His hoodie had a smell, an odd but not unpleasant aroma to it, that smelled of warmth. Faint car engine, ketchup, and... maybe pasta?

You inhaled his scent deeply, scrunching up fabric into your palms while your breath blew out shakily into his shoulder.

When you both finally drew away, you felt emptier, but it was like you were on a high. There was a small contented smile resting on your lips of your tear-stained face, and it made no attempt to fall. You felt exhausted, yet you had never felt lighter. Even though it would pain you to will enough confidence to let your problems out into the open, it was nice to know someone was at least going to be there. You felt rather happy. Well, that’s a little bit overdoing it... you felt better... you felt improvement.

There was a friendship.

You weren’t alone.

“i’ll see ya around, sweets,” he gave you a grin— a look that you could cherish. Reassurance warm in his pupils, and his smile so sweet it could give you a cavity.

“Bye, slippers,” you smiled back. “See you later.”

And with that, you watched as he sped away on his motorcycle, jacket whipping behind him in the night wind.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

You checked your phone for a time, but found something much more shocking ruining your home screen.

Henry: I’m sorry, baby [6:28 p.m.]
Henry: (Y/N)? Please pick up [6:31 p.m.]

Henry: Where are you? [6:32 p.m.]

Henry: Come on, (Y/N), answer me [6:35 p.m.]

Henry: Are you with someone? [6:36 p.m.]

Henry: Did you have another one night stand? [6:36 p.m.]

Henry: Are you kidding me? [6:37 p.m.]

Henry: Now you’re not answering [6:38 p.m.]

Henry: Fucking rich [6:38 p.m.]

Henry: After everything I’ve done for you [6:38 p.m.]

Henry: You can’t get over my one mistake [6:39 p.m.]

Henry: I was so patient with you [6:39 p.m.]

Henry: I helped you. I basically saved you, and this is the thank you I get? [6:39 p.m.]

Henry: I made one fucking mistake after three years and you act like a fucking bitch to me [6:40 p.m.]

Henry: You’re a fucking whore [6:41 p.m.]
Henry: *I wasted three years on your sorry ass* [6:41 p.m.]

Henry: *Thanks for fucking nothing* [6:42 p.m.]

A trembling hand—

your trembling hand—

was covering a shocked mouth.

Yes, you had dodged a bullet...

But *had you really*?

It was **three years**.

That bullet had already wounded you.

You hadn’t dodged a bullet, you had *numbed yourself to the pain*.

You had ignored obvious signs of agony and shit, instead calling them “minor bumps in the road”.

You opened up your messages app, and went into your ex’s contact. You pressed on their picture of you two sharing a kiss somewhere romantic, and went into the info about them.

You changed their name to ‘EX- Do Not Text!!’ to save yourself from future regrets.
You changed the picture to nothing, letting it become a blank icon of a silhouette. You saved their contact, then you pressed Block User.

*Progress.*

You’re getting *better.*

After untangling them for about a minute, you plugged your earbuds into your phone, and began listening to some soothing songs as you watched the city pass by.

~~~~~~~~~~

You set your purse down by the front door, gazing around to the new emptiness of your apartment. Some pictures had been taken, some unnecessary reminders of your ex pulled from the scene.

*This was good.*

*A fresh start.*

*Right?*

You took a deep breath, and sat in your kitchen. You didn’t have work tomorrow, but you did have an appointment with Dr. Alphys about your hand, which had healed over in an amazingly short amount of time. You were able to flex it and move it about without any pain. There were some things that hurt when you pushed the healing muscles too far, but otherwise, you were feeling completely renewed.

You pushed yourself off the kitchen stool, tiredly rubbing your eyes as you entered your room. A yawn stretched through you while you lifted your top up, fatigue gnawing at your limbs.

As you finished your nightly routine, you collapsed onto your mattress, finding comfort in the better relationship that had established between you and Sans.

~~~~~~~~~~
“AH! HOW DID YOUR COMEDIC ACT GO, BROTHER?” Papyrus’ voice echoed through the house, but Sans had become used to the tone his brother couldn’t hide.

“good,” he grinned. “that, uh, human i told ya about was there.”

“REALLY?!” The excitement that bursted through Papyrus’ voice made Sans feel better, for sure. His brother’s relentless support in almost everything he did was what kept him going most years. When they were younger, and Sans had to be the provider for his baby brother, he wanted to make sure Papyrus knew every dream of his was important. After they had grown up and moved to the surface, Papyrus had been helping Sans through his rough times with his encouragement. Almost like payback for Sans, but with good intentions.

“heh, yeah,” he felt his bones warm pleasantly. “she seemed tibia having a good time.”

“SANS IF THAT WAS A PUN, I SWEAR TO ASGORE—”

“what? ya didn’t find it humerus?” Sans had a shit eating grin on while his brother fought a smile down. “come on, you love ‘em.”

“I DON’T AND YOU CANNOT PROVE OTHERWISE!” Papyrus protested, furiously cutting up vegetables. Sans chuckled, and sat down at the counter.

“Well, anyways, we had a little chat, and we’re pretty close now,” he said. “but, she’s... she’s not doing great, paps.”

Papyrus wore his SOUL on his sleeve, so any and every emotion he felt was right there for you to see once he felt it. He was definitely concerned.

“GOODNESS! IS SHE OKAY? WHAT HAPPENED TO HER?” His hand slowed down with the knife on the vegetables, worry distracting him from his task.

“she’s been through some stuff,” Sans wasn’t giving a grin. “her boyfriend cheated on her after a good three years. she’s taking meds to help herself, but she’s in a bad spot. if i could check her SOUL, then i’d know for sure, but... i think she...”

Sans couldn’t seem to get the words to mold together. It was like they couldn’t. They wouldn’t. He didn’t want to hear them.

“It’s Cracked, Isn’t It?” Papyrus’ soft tone startled his brother. He couldn’t recall the last time it had been so quiet.

“probably,” he sighed. “and she’s been keeping it closed quarters, so no one but those meds have been helping.”

A deep breath from the younger skeleton slid into the silence.

“Yes, That Could Not Have Been Good For Her SOUL. Especially Since Her Power Is Greater Than Monsters, Right?”

“yeah, she’s got a lot of personality in that thing. if it damages too much, she could be in for it. and those shitty pills aren’t doing much.”

“Oh, Goodness, I Hope She’ll Be Okay.”
Sans stared apprehensively at his hands.

“me too,” he muttered.

~~~~~~~~~~

There you were, crying.

But that didn’t stop the apologetic smile that pushed its way to your face.

You stared at him, lids growing heavy, clenching your chest where your SOUL would be.

This couldn’t be true.

You weren’t dying right in front of him while he just fucking watched.

No. You weren’t dying.

No. He wouldn’t just stay there.

But he couldn’t move.

Terrified, his feet stayed glued to the ground, unable to process what the hell was happening.

It was only when you uttered a whine of pure agony that Sans finally was able to move towards you.

He collapsed on the ground, pulling you into his arms. With fluttering lids, you mustered a half smile.

“I guess... shit... I finally... broke, huh?” Your voice sounded just above a whisper. It was scary. Sans was terrified.
“no, no, no, sweet tooth, come on,” he rested your head in his lap. “come on, keep your eyes open.”

You winced again, but your pained expression vanished once you saw the fresh wave of terror strike his skeletal face.

“Hey,” with much effort, you laid a frail hand on his cheek. “Why... are you cry... crying?” Your thumb wiped a tear away.

He hadn’t even realized.

He sniffled, leaning into your weak palm.

“please,” he whimpered. “please don’t leave me.”

“Don’t...” Your voice was hoarse, hardly audible. “Don’t cry...”

“(y/n), please,” he cried. “not again... i can’t lose you again...”

And just like that, your SOUL snapped straight down the middle, shattering into tiny pieces right before Sans’ eyes.

Chapter End Notes

every single comment makes me squeal, so don’t be afraid to comment!! i love constructive criticism too so please help me out here!! i’m only a freshman in high school bro!! :D
Sans felt especially tired that morning, and for good reason too. After all, it was just past four AM. Nonetheless, he was brewing himself a cup of coffee at the early hour, fighting to keep his sockets from shutting. As the steam curled up into the dim kitchen air, Sans stilled. His mind was too sleep deprived to start racing or even freak out over the fear of you dying again, which had overtaken his dreams.

He was only reminded of a blurry memory of you.

Not pain or the want to see you, or even an ache about the breakdown you had had earlier.

He was just thinking of you.

“why does the most basic morning drink make me think of her?” Sans muttered to himself. “how’d i let that happen?”

He sipped the scorching coffee, unaffected by the obnoxious temperature. It warmed up inside of himself, keeping his thoughts on the image of you.

A lot of stuff made him think of you.

Coffee, sugar, comfort—

Little tidbits of himself were laced to you. He couldn’t even think about Grillby’s without hoping you might meet him again.

On a frustrated mind, Sans grumbled, and gulped down a majority of the caffeinated drink. He didn’t want to see you in his dreams again.
Because he knew the next time it happened, it would be worse than what he just witnessed.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

You allowed the creamy drink to slide burning heat down your throat, closing your eyes briefly.

But the coffee wasn’t the only thing that burned.

Your eyes were dry and burning, too.

Maybe from the fearful crying you did after you woke up screaming about your dream. Or, nightmare, rather.

You were battling with fatigue at the unreasonably early time you had awoken. You didn’t want to go through such a... a vivid dream again.

It was... *too* real.

The weirdest part was the fact that Sans was there.

*Why was he in your morbid nightmare?*

You pondered for a while, eventually giving up after no reasonable answer was presented. Although, that didn’t stop you from continuing to think of him.

It was... strange... that you had gotten on so well with someone in such a quick time. Not that you were complaining or anything. Sans was an amazing companion, and he was very... caring? Was that the right word? Yes, it was. He seemed to honestly understand you. He wanted you to feel better. And he felt the same as you with wanting to... to forget the first night.

You shook your head to free yourself from the thought. It didn’t disgust you, per se, it just made you feel dirty. Wrong. You weren’t that type of person.

The idea of sleeping with someone the first night you met them made you feel odd, like a different person. And rather violated in a sense.

The idea of sleeping with Sans, though, wasn’t as bad. He didn’t disgust you, and, weirdly, you didn’t feel so dirty after doing it with him. You felt closer to him. That was rather strange.

Nonetheless, you were glad he agreed to forget the night so you both could continue on with each other without that awkward burden in between.

A soft smile rested on your lips. He was really understanding. When you asked him, he seemed to completely understand...
But... wait, what had he said again?

“if we just need to forget that night so we can still hang out, then i’m good for that”

...

Why did it sound like he didn’t want to forget it?

“if we just need to forget that night... then i’m good for that”?

Did he not want it to be forgotten?

Had he wanted to let the awkward energy stay?

He hadn’t sounded like he would’ve suggested it.

“i like being friends with ya”

Or had he just not wanted that part of your relationship to die yet?

You shook off the thought as soon as it came, assuring yourself that you were just crazy and sleep deprived.

But it was becoming harder to find other reasons for him saying something like that.

~~~~~~~~~~

It was 9:02 AM.
You were absolutely *exhausted*.

You had already been up for almost four hours, energy coming from the last three cups of coffee you had downed.

Your appointment was at 10 AM, so you were awake for it, but, damn, were you going to be fighting to keep your eyes open during it.

You’d leave in a couple minutes with the drive being long, but you were having trouble willing yourself to get in the car. The bags under your eyes were getting heavier—harder to lift.

You heaved yourself off the couch, trudging over to your purse to sling it over your shoulder. You slipped on your old tennis shoes, and used a hair tie off your wrist to tie your hair up in a bun.

You shoved your phone into your jean pocket, yawning as you opened your door.

~~~~~~~~~~

“You’re completely healed up!” Alphys bared her softened sharp teeth in a grin at you with the news. She rolled her chair over, and helped you unlatch the machinery.

“Really?” you asked, reciprocating her excitement. “Just like that?”

“Yep! The fractures in your knuckles he-healed up really quickly since they were so shall- shallow. You’re as good as new!”

You moved your fingers around in front of your face, just testing how well they had fixed up in a week.

You really had healed in only a couple days. When you curled and uncurled your fingers, the lack of pain or soreness made you gape even wider.

“Thank you so much!” you exclaimed. “This is so convenient. And I thought I was gonna have to wear a cast for like six weeks.”

Alphys chuckled timidly, rolling back over to her computer desk to lay the contraption neatly in a drawer.

“Your fractures, although there were many, were s-s-small. And who wants a completely dis-disabled arm just for a few broken knuckles?” She gave you a warm smile, and you could tell she
obviously didn’t enjoy smiling often. It was forced. It was the familiar “I don’t know you all that well but I want to come across as nice so I’ll put on a smile to hide awkwardness” kind of smile.

You, personally, had mastered that smile quite the time ago, and you could read it easily from others.

“Yeah, you’re right,” you agreed, smiling in return. You recalled the last time you had seen Alphys, and how you had intentions of hanging out with her for a coffee if she was available. “Hey, Alphys?”

The stout dinosaur perked up, a curious expression filtering her face.

“Are you... working late tonight?” You felt nerves bundle up in your gut, despite Alphys acting similarly to you when it came to socializing.

“O-Oh! Um, n-no? I get off at... at 3 today. Someone else is p-p-picking up the later hours. Why do y-you ask?” Her thumbs fiddled together, stumbling and rubbing against the other without control.

“Would you want to grab a bite to eat? Maybe at like a sandwich place or something?” You found it harder to meet her eyes, which had widened considerably.

“I-I-I... U-Uh, sure! Yeah, of c-course! I-I just— um, w-w-what time?” She fumbled around. As hard as it was for you to match her eyes, you could tell she was having 10x more difficulty.

“What about 5?”

“At 5...” she mumbled to herself. “Would it be ok-kay if my, um, my girlfriend came? She’s really cool, I-I swear, but I told her I’d do a movie... movie night with her tonight. B-B-But I really want to get some food! Don’t get me wrong! I-Is it okay if she comes?” You waved your hand at her as assuringly as you could.

“Totally! Oh, definitely!” You repeated. “Yeah, yeah, but if tonight isn’t good, we can reschedule?”

“No, no, no! D-Don’t worry about Undyne, she’s really sweet, I swear!” She babbled on. “M-My girlfriend, I mean.”
“Wait a minute,” you paused her abruptly, surprising the both of you. “Your girlfriend’s name is Undyne?”

“Um... yes?” Her voice shrunk in on itself at your accusation.

“Is she a tall blue fish woman? With red hair?” You asked, off the last subject and onto this new one.

“Yes???” Alphys replied again, still wearing her confused mask on her voice.

“She’s my new roommate!”

Alphys’ timid confusion melted away in a fraction of a second.

“She’s your what?!”

~~~~~~~~~~

“My roommate,” you squeaked out. The nerves landed into your gut like a brick, making you wonder if she wasn’t supposed to know that about her SO.

Alphys turned a bright red, scaled almost catching flame she was so angry.

“She told me she was fine! She told me she was doing great financially and didn’t need any help with going through the fact that she got laid off as being a monster on the police force because she told me she was going to be fine and that everything would figure itself out if she just trained enough —!”

Alphys took a deep breath.

Her scales shimmered lighter, glistening back to their original sunny color.
“I-I’m sorry... Sh-She had told me she would be fine, and that getting laid off wasn’t a big deal. I didn’t know she didn’t have a place to... to stay.”

“Oh, don’t worry about it, uh,” you were rather unsure how to react, but you wanted to comfort her. “I’m sorry about that, though. I didn’t realize she had gotten laid off recently. She told me she was a personal trainer.”

Alphys nodded.

“Yeah, she works at the local gym, bu-but she only got the job recently. She’s gone a bit without... without a proper pay.” She sighed to herself.

“Well, considering I’m bringing my g-girlfriend— the scales on her nose bridge glimmered a soft peachy color— “Would you want to bring a plus one a-as well?”

You were caught off guard, and almost got a word out to decline her offer, when she said, “You p-probably should. We’ve been told we make people seem like third w-w-wheels, but I mean I don’t want to force you, it’s just that... Well, we’ve been dating a couple years now, a-a-and it’s just nice to have some freedom with it. U-Undyne was the coolest person I knew when we were underground, and sh-she was so beautiful, too. She reminded me of this one girl— from an anime— who was a... a warrior!”

Alphys rambled about her girlfriend and the anime for a couple minutes, but halfway through her little tangent, she flushed the same color as a stop light.

“Oh, my,” she squeaked. “I... I got pretty heated, d-d-didn’t I?” You chuckled lightheartedly, and shook your head.

“Don’t worry about it,” you assured her. “We all have things we’re passionate about.”

She laughed nervously. “Yeah.”

It quieted down to a deadly awkward silence. The only noise that filled the room was a light scratching sound from your arm.
“U-Um, you know what?” you shattered the quiet of the doctor’s office. “I might bring a friend.”

“Oh! Good idea!” She smiled excitedly at you, showing you her front two teeth that were slightly more pronounced than the rest of her pearly whites.

You knew just who to bring.

Chapter End Notes

I LOVE YOU GUYS!!!! LIKE MY HEART EXPLODES EVERY TIME I SEE A NEW PERSON COMMENT!!!!!! AND THE PEOPLE THAT ARE STICKING AROUND I LOVE YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART!!!!
You waited patiently, turning off your phone and going into your cabinet for a small snack.

Only a minute later, you heard a notification ring your phone.

**slippers:** yeah i just got off the morning shift, whats up?

You smiled nervously, hoping he wouldn’t find it too weird to go out for a small meal with your doctor and her girlfriend.

Actually, now that you thought of it, Sans knew Undyne, who was Alphys’ girlfriend, so he might’ve known Alphys?

It was probably a stretch. What if they didn’t know each other when monsters were underground? You didn’t know. Grasping at straws wouldn’t solve anything either.

**sweet tooth:** i’m going to a dinner with someone i met and they’re bringing a plus one
slippers: oh nice

sweet tooth: thanks! i was wondering if u wanted to be my plus one?

You waited a moment for another reply from Sans, another hefty bunch of nerves grabbing at your gut.

slippers: sure ... i’ve been meaning to get outta the house anyway

sweet tooth: great! we’re grabbing something small from a not very fancy place around town, but we haven’t discussed yet

slippers: making plans last minute, sounds like something i’d do

slippers: how calen-dare you step onto my lazy territory

sweet tooth: that was a very week attempt at a pun

slippers: aw c’mon sweets i know you love to year my great puns

sweet tooth: alright you’ve got me there

slippers: heh nice

slippers: so when r we leaving?

sweet tooth: we’re meeting around five, so i’m leaving early to catch a bus

slippers: y’know i could just give u a ride right?
slippers: fr it’s no problem

sweet tooth: u don’t have to do that! taking the bus is fine w me

slippers: nah it’ll save time and that way u can tell me where to go in case i’ve never heard of the place

sweet tooth: oh ok - but honestly u rly don’t have to do that

slippers: nah dw about it. it’s rly no big deal

sweet tooth: well alright - but if it ends up becoming an issue or burden, let me know bc u don’t have to give me a ride

slippers: c’mon sweets giving u a ride somewhere is nothing

slippers: don’t stress urself out over it, k sweets?

slippers: i’m serious (y/n)

sweet tooth: thank you

sweet tooth: for this

slippers: no problem - can’t wait to see u again

And there he goes again, with his words jumbled in your mind that had odd possibilities that you couldn’t decipher. His use of your real name again caught your nervous attention, and found a way to stray it to comfort and reassurance.
You felt like you could trust what he said.

**sweet tooth:** *see u in a bit :)*

You hadn’t realized that while you texted him the last message, a smile has maneuvered its way to your lips, and a blush mantled onto your cheeks.

You shook your head, letting a yawn prick tears in your eyes. You typed in a new number to your contacts, and sent a text.

**xxx-xxx-xxxx: ***hey! this is (y/n) from the doctor’s office and i was wondering where you’d want to meet up for a bite?*

You took a deep breath, and sat down at your counter, finally getting on to eating the snack you had taken out.

You didn’t have to wait long for a reply.

**xxx-xxx-xxxx: ***Oh, hey! Thanks for texting!*

You changed the number’s contact.

**alphys:** *Anywhere that you know of that is good should be fine!*

You thought for a second. What place was good for a casual outing?

Muffet’s, Grillby’s, or maybe that sandwich place you had been meaning to try?

You told yourself to go safer, to pick somewhere you were familiar with.
No sandwich place.

Muffet’s Bakery or Grillby’s Bar and Grill?

Muffet’s, although it was amazing, was more a dessert place than a place to grab real food. You usually went there after work for a sweet snack.

Grillby’s it was, then.

(Y/N): how about grillby’s? u ever been there?

alphys: I haven’t actually— but I remember the place from the Underground!

alphys: Is it good?

(Y/N): very - they serve all kinds of drinks, and the food is great. not super healthy, but i love it for snacks to grab when i’m relaxing

alphys: Sweet! I love comfort food. Do they happen to serve spaghetti though?

(Y/N): i don’t think so?? but he might have like ... a certain dish of pasta maybe ... idrk - i usually just get (burger or fries) with some (condiment)

alphys: Oh, that’s okay! Undyne is just a really big fan of making spaghetti lololol but she likes a lot of different foods! We eat out all the time

(Y/N): aw that’s sweet of u to look out for her!

alphys: ( ´ω´ ) Thanks - she’s usually the one that helps me out all the time lol
(Y/N): lololol can’t wait to see u at grillby’s!

alphys: Same here!

You turned your phone off with a light breath.

Then you turned it right back on.

You opened up spotify, and turned on your playlist that you used when you just wanted to think in the vast world of music.

You grabbed a pair of headphones from your room, and quickly rushed from your house.

You wanted to think.

~~~~~~~~~~

Your footsteps were soft on the grass; the only sound coming from it were the dead blades that crinkled underneath your shoes. The air grew dense and almost humid, and the warmth of your sweatshirt seemed loose.

Slowly, you pulled the earbuds from your ears, and shoved them into your pocket. You footsteps had stopped, only because you were met with the familiar melancholyy sight you had seen so many times.

After taking a deep breath, you treaded a couple more steps forward before stopping again, but that time, you let your weight fall to the ground.

You sat in a crisscross manner next to the uniform rock that had familiar letters carved into it. The rock you had sat next to many times before.

Suddenly, heavy emotions that were buried in your heart leapt out, and bit at your eyes.
The ground under you was getting some rain, but it wasn’t from the clouds.

You were silent while a soft rhythm of pattering water drops landed on the yellowish brown grass blades beneath you.

Your voice, as soft as the sound of your tears, broke through the quiet peace.

“Hey, dad,” you spoke, a quivering tone. “How are you today?”

~~~~~~~~~~

You waited a couple seconds for his shy response before speaking again.

“I’m doing better, I think,” you sniffled. You could see his patient smile in your head again. His eyes crinkled like paper at the corners, teeth straight with a faint cream tint. He would cock his head and ask, ‘What’s eating you up today, cinnamon?’

“Henry and I broke up last week,” you muttered. “And if I’m being honest... I’m not over him.” Those creepy and douche-like texts he sent you last night we’re stuck in your brain, but you couldn’t seem to see them. They were there, bright as day, but you didn’t want them to be real. If they were real, you had a reason to hate him. You had a reason to stop loving him.

But you didn’t want that yet.

Or maybe you did.

“Well, it wasn’t a mutual breakup, anyways,” you mumbled. “He cheated on me.” Those thick words rippled through your throat. They made you angry— angry at Henry.

That’s good.
Better than wanting to forgive him.

“I know you never met Henry,” you sniffled. “And you’d probably just be telling me he wasn’t worth it right now.” A tiny smile pinched your cheeks.

“I thought he was the one,” you whispered to the gravestone. “Every day we spent together felt amazing. I mean, I didn’t get those crazy butterflies that I used to get when we were first together, but that was because I was comfortable with him and all. But, we’re done now. We’re done, and I’m getting over him.”

You took a deep breath, though the air trembled in your throat.

“Sorry I didn’t bring you any flowers today,” you said. “I’ve been... really distracted.”

Even without his blanket-warmth-like tone asking you about the details, you could hear him. You could hear the sound of his voice that sounded like water off rocks. Relaxing, yet coarse in the undertones.

“I met someone new,” you smiled, eyeing an oddly shaped cloud in the sky. “Well, we met on a bad night, but we’re friends now, and he’s really cool.” You felt a heat center itself in your chest, something pleasant that resonated through your body.

“He has a really good sense of humor, and we have some stuff in common— Oh! And he does standup! I saw him do it one night, he was hilarious. You would’ve loved it. He also drinks ketchup? Weird, I know! But hey, you would’ve had someone to share your love for ketchup with. Even if you don’t drink it by the bottle.” You felt lighter.

Your breaths were still shallow and unstable, but you were getting there. Your lips had fallen in a contented state, no longer frowning, or biting down to prevent tears.

“I miss you, dad,” you mumbled. “A lot.” Your throat got hoarse as a lump formed without your consent.

“I miss seeing you. I miss watching TV shows that mom wouldn’t approve of when I was younger with you. I miss when you would drive us to those tournaments that were way too early in the morning for us to be completely awake so everything was funny. I miss you blasting the volume to
songs in the car that no one knew but you because they were popular when you were in high school. I miss you telling me riddles that I was probably way too young to understand when I was younger.” Tears spilled down your cheeks while hiccups bubbled out between broken words. Your bottom lip rolled under your teeth as you tried to bite down oncoming waves. It didn’t work.

“I was doing okay,” you hiccuped throatily. “I was. I really was. I mean, I have new friends and all, and I’m really getting around my anxiety, but I really didn’t need Henry to absolutely betray me like that.” You pressed your palms to your wet eyes, smothering the teardrops around your cheeks with the attempt to remove them altogether. Your skin felt hot to the touch, bothered by the saltiness of your tears.

Your sigh broke into another sob.

“Sometimes,” you whispered. “I wish I could hug you one last time. Just once.”

You stared into the cloudy sky, finding shapes and animals in the organic figures of the white cotton. Your relentless waves of grief shortened up, leaving trails of waterfalls down your cheeks.

“But, I’m healing.”

The wind whistled near your ear, and your (h/c) hair brushed in front of your eyes. You pushed it back, and took a few steady breaths.

“I have a new roommate,” you said. “Her name is Undyne. I’m going out with her and her girlfriend later, and that guy I talked about is coming, too. We’re heading to a bar, and I’m hoping that Undyne and I get to spend a little time getting to know each other.”

You felt that you had updated your father on enough of your life, so, gradually, you rose to your feet, and looked back at the tombstone. You wiped a couple tears away from your vision.

“See you later, dad,” you half-smiled, pressing a kiss to two of your fingers, then tapping the tombstone with them.

And with that, you walked off more exhausted yet lighter than you felt before.
i’m so happy so many people enjoy this book because honestly, it makes me so happy
i’ve affected so many people. especially with how sweet and amazing you all are <3333
also - little life update - i’ve been befriending a senior at my school (he’s my sister’s
friend) and i’m heart eyes for him!!!! he’s so sweet and funny and chill and i’m 😊😊😊
but he’s way out of my league so i’ll just not try especially since i’m a freshman and
he’s a senior and that’s a three year age difference :D but things are looking... better :)

NEXT CHAPTER HAS THE DINNER !!!! :)))
Dinner with the New Friends

Chapter Summary

dinner time!! i feel like all my chapters are super angsty ./ maybe i’ll make a halloween special!!!! hehehehehe !!! >;) anyway, plans coming for next chapter!!!! ALSO THIS OTHER REALLY GORGEOUS SENIOR NAMED SOPHIE THAT I MIGHTVE ALREADY MENTIONED HAS BEEN TALKING TO ME A LOT AND I GO INTO A BI PANIC WHENEVER SHE COMES CLOSE AJD I WROTE A SMALL SONG ABOUT HER AND I SWEAR IM NOT A FREAK ITS NOT LILE “oh i love you and when can we be together” it’s like... cute. i might add the lyrics in the notes one day :) anyway - hope this is ok :P

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The clock on your wall ticked the seconds by, and as it struck 4:58, you felt your never-ending supply of anxiety leak into your brain.

What if he cancelled last minute?

You checked your phone— no new notifications.

What if he hated being around you?

You checked your last texts with him, but your breath still shallowed.

What if he got in an accident?

What if he crashed?

You started scratching your arm. 4:59.

What if—
The doorbell rang.

Waves of relief rushed through your bones, only to be replaced by more nerves.

What if he hated your outfit?

What if he thought you looked like shit?

What if Undyne and Alphys ended up hating you?

You set a terrified hand on the door handle, and opened it to reveal the punny skeleton, himself.

He was wearing jeans and a black tee, with a mustard yellow jacket over. The look, although different, complimented him, and you were impressed.

“You look good,” you smiled. That earned you a grin in return, and a comment that made your insides scamper around.

“probably not as good as you, sweets,” he winked. You felt a soft blaze ignite in your cheeks, and you gave out a giddy giggle.

You were wearing loose jeans that had tears from mid thigh down to lower shin, and they showed off your legs quite well. You had spent a good four minutes admiring your bad boys in the mirror. Your top was a tight t-shirt that had a vintage Coca-Cola logo whose front you had tucked into the belt of your jeans. But you let the rest droop over the belt loosely. You had tied your hair in a tight bun with a couple frayed strands hanging out, and you were sporting some black high top converse.

“Aw, thanks!” You stepped out of your house, shutting the door behind yourself.

You and Sans started walking side by side to his motorcycle, and you were having trouble keeping a smile from your face.
“how’s your day been?” he asked.

“It’s been alright,” you hummed. “I accidentally woke up really early today, but I couldn’t go back to sleep because I was afraid I’d...”

dream about you again

“I’d... miss my appointment.”

“oh,” he said. “sorry about that. if it makes ya feel any better, i woke up way too early, too.”

“Really?” You were a bit surprised. “What for?”

~~~~~~~~~~

“guess i accidentally changed my alarm or something. but then i just couldn’t shut my eyes.”

bullshit. you know full well you just didn’t want to have the image of her dying in your arms again.

Sans hid his fear for your protection behind acts like keeping his hands free from his pockets, and staying a couple inches closer to you than he’d like to admit.

He knew it was silly, but...

He couldn’t risk it.

~~~~~~~~~~

“i just realized how much we’ve seen each other recently,” he chuckled. “i don’t know that i’ve ever been this friendly with someone.” His voice sounded somewhat surprised, but you could’ve sworn it seemed... too smooth off his tongue.
“Oh, you’re right,” you gave off a small laugh. “Yeah, this is something I don’t usually do.”

“I’m just... not used to this sort of stuff... I guess?”

forget

The memory clawed its way back into your head before you could shove it back.

You forced out a cough to makeup for the odd cutoff of your laugh.

“so who are we meeting with?”

You thanked anyone above for that transition that Sans handed you.

“Undyne and my doctor, who is Undyne’s girlfriend.”

“good for undyne,” Sans hummed. “she always was the brave type. ‘m happy for her.”

You finally approached the motorcycle, and Sans handed you a helmet. You took it from his hands, then winced as you remembered your hair.

“Shit,” you mumbled. “I’m wearing a bun.”

“what’s up?” Sans asked.

“I don’t want to screw up my bun.”

Sans shrugged, “just wear it down.”
After contemplating your options for a short couple of seconds, you grumbled, and reached to take down your bun.

“Just don’t make fun of my hair.”

“no promises,” he chuckled, and you could hear the wink in his voice.

You got the hair tie out, and wrapped it around your wrist, then you proceeded to run your fingers through your hair a couple times to calm it down.

“Alright, how do I look?” You weren’t very happy you had to take your hair down, but if it looked okay, then why would it matter?

Blue cheekbones and two dilated white pupils caught your attention.

“you look really good with your hair down.”

...

You could’ve given a tomato a run for its money with how damn red you probably looked.

You giggled timidly, shying from his stare.

“D-Do I really? I don’t usually, um, wear my hair down.”

“oh, um—” the sound of bone scraping bone could be heard— “ya really should. it looks... really, um, nice like that.”

It was awkward for a couple seconds, but it wasn’t a simple ‘the conversation ended and now I don’t know how to revive it’ awkwardness.
It was more of a... *certain* tension.

A different sort of silence in which a lot could’ve been said. Wanted to have been said.

It was weird.

“you can put the, uh, helmet on now,” he ripped the silence apart, but the tension somehow stayed. “where are we heading anyways?”

You had put the helmet over your head, and fastened the buckle underneath your chin. “Grillby’s, actually. I didn’t want to go somewhere where I might’ve gotten something I’d hate.”

“heh, good choice then,” he grinned. He dropped the helmet onto his bare skull, and fastened the little buckle. “let’s head out.”

He swung his leg over the bike, revving up the engine with a quick flick of his wrist.

Then, he held a hand out to you.

You put a hand to your chest in mock impressment.

“Such a gentleman,” you said in your most old-fashioned voice, suppressing a very perseverant smile.

“why, thank ya, m’lady,” he tipped his head to you, winking as he noticed a small snicker slip from you. You took his hand and, as elegantly as you could muster your limbs to follow, hoisted a leg over the side of the motorcycle.

Sans let go of your hand after lingering for another second to assure your balance.

He revved up the engine again, and asked, “ya ready?”
You wrapped your arms shyly around him, feeling another tension rise with your front pressed against his backside.

_Why were you so nervous to make sure you wouldn’t fall?_

You couldn’t answer yourself.

“I hope so,” you smiled, preparing yourself.

“don’t worry, sweets—” he lifted his feet to the pedals— “i’ll be careful.”

~~~~~~~~~~

It was really pretty. The sun was slipping down to the horizon ever so slowly, and it hit the town at a really nice angle to illuminate the streets. It was chilly, but the light of the sun that swept over your arms did serve some warmth, if only barely.

As you approached the familiar road near Grillby’s establishment, an oddly lukewarm wind brushed your skin. It passed quickly, but it left you with a ripple of goosebumps.

Sans parked the bike in the lot, and helped you off as well. He unbuckled his helmet while you struggled with the plastic.

“C’mon,” you grumbled, still fiddling with the troubling puzzle. “Just... damn it.” You let out a frustrated sigh of defeat, and looked to Sans in immature embarrassment.

“Can you help me with the helmet?” you mumbled like a small child. You heard the ringing of Sans’ voice in a humored laugh, followed by his agreement.

You... You liked his laugh.
There wasn’t much to it,

but it made your insides all fuzzy and bothered.

And... And you wanted to... hear it more.

But you were distracted when his face leaned closer to yours. His pupils focused below your chin, on the buckle he was unlatching, and you had your head tilted a bit higher to give him access. You tried to ignore the temperature burning up your face.

You heard the satisfying click, and Sans backed up off you, taking the helmet from your head. You released a breath you didn’t even realize you were holding.

“there ya go,” he smiled.

Unfortunately, your nerves didn’t ease up when Sans jokingly lent you his arm.

**Why did he have to be like that?**

**Was he really that charming?**

He fought down a giggle, you could tell, especially since his grin was gleaming with humor. He looked really... silly.

You couldn’t stop a snicker from let loose, so you succumbed to his playfulness, and linked your arm in his.

“Why, thank you very much, good sir.” You couldn’t keep a straight face.

“yes, yes, of course, m’lady,” he went on, voice breaking in a chuckle. You had a few more laughs on the way inside to Grillby’s.
You felt a rush of... something... in your veins. Like a bright flash of... hope. Maybe this night could be fun after all.

~~~~~~~~~~~~

“okay, hold on a second... lemme jus— i-is it working?”

“Yes! It is!”

“okay, are ya ready?”

“Yes! I’m so excited!”

“okay,” he chuckled, still deeply focused.

You handed him a drink with two straws, and, just like you asked him to, he put the two straws into his empty sockets. It was odd, seeing again his threatening no-light-in-the-socket look, but this time, he wasn’t using it fueled with anger.

With a furrow in his bone brow through concentration, you saw the drink slowly slide up the straw and into his sockets, but you couldn’t see it go anywhere inside. It just disappeared. Like magic.

The drink was slowly going down in content, and you were sure he was actually drinking it.

“Oh, my god,” you whispered, an itching smile tweaking your lips.

He took the straws out of his sockets, and his pupils quickly returned.

“i think it worked,” he said. “i can still taste it.”

You laughed, and nodded.
“That looked so cool! And you actually were drinking it?!’’ You could not hide the surprise if you wanted to.

“i think so,’’ he laughed with you. Just a second later, you saw him wince, and his face cringed up.

You calmed down, concern growing through your humorous smile.

“Sans? You okay there?’’

He took a large inhale, looking like he had every bone in his face flexed and mouth wide open.

Then, you heard (and saw) the mother of all sneezes.

His whole body moved with it, and—to add some disgust—whatever amount of drink he had swallowed through his eye sockets shot straight out of his nose cavity.

Thankfully, he had grabbed his napkin before the sneeze attacked, and prevented most of the liquids from spewing onto the table. However, it didn’t stop you from hearing the absolute explosion that he screamed out.

Almost immediately afterward, Sans froze up, face as blue as a berry.

It was silent for almost five seconds when...

“Ahahaha!’’

You had burst into uncontrollable rolls of laughter. Right after you had begun howling in fits of giggles, Sans followed. His snorts and hearty bellows alike your own would leave you with an afterglow.

You were both buckled over, rocking back and forth with your shrieks and giggles.
“I... I guess there are... some side effects?” You spluttered through your fit. Sans wiped some forming faint blueish tears at the corners of his sockets.

“i guess so,” he started to calm down, but there were two wide smiles still lingering on either of your faces. “some s-eye-d effects.”

You groaned at the pun, but it kept the smile to your face.

“That was awful.”

“Well, you’re smiling, so it was pretty good,” he cheekily grinned. “iris my case.”

“Remind me again why I invited you of all people.”

“cause ya love my amazing jokes,” he winked at you, and you shook your head, tutting your teeth.

“Nope,” you hummed. “That’s definitely not it.”

“my... amazing magical abilities,” he smiled, making you laugh. “that... makes me spit my drink out of my nose.”

You shared a laugh again, and the two you had been waiting for finally showed face.

“Hey, punks!” You heard a powerful voice boom nearby you. Undyne scooted into the booth on the opposite side of you and your plus one, close to the wall. Her date, Alphys, soon followed, looking rather dressy for somewhere like Grillby’s.

She was wearing a pretty floral top, sheer, and a black jean skirt. She looked modest and cute. She rocked it.

Undyne, however, took a more brave option with a black leather jacket, and a white t shirt that read,
‘Soldier on the Streets, Biter in the Sheets’. Plus some camo jeans that were decorated with shreds and rips. Her shimmering red hair was curled into loose ringlets at the edges.

They seemed like opposites.

Cute.

“Hey, Undyne! Glad you could come!” you greeted her.

She was about to answer when your date’s name fell surprisingly out of her mouth.

“Sans?” She asked, an excited grin captured on her face. “I didn’t know you were coming!”

“Hey, undyne,” Sans grinned lazily at her. “how’ve ya been?”

“Great! Kickin’ ass as a fitness trainer, and I got my favorite gal by my side.” She hooked an arm around Alphys, planting a kiss on the side of her banana-yellow face.

“Oh, Undyne!” she squealed. There was a bright smile shining on her relatively sharp teeth.


“’s been great, tibia honest.”

You snorted.

“Still got your puns, huh?” Undyne’s amused tone cut through with a laugh, and you looked to Sans for his answer.

“heh, yeah. i’m in some prop phase, and i’m having a grate time although it’s a little cheesy.”
You snorted into your hand again.

“so it’s going great. this one even came to one of my acts.” He nudged your side, grinning a grin that made you feel warm. Friendship.

“Yeah! I did!” you exclaimed. “He was really good! I haven’t laughed so hard in like forever, and I would totally go again.” You smiled contentedly at the memory.

“Have you guys been to one of his shows before?”

“Ugh, I wish!” Undyne groaned. “I’ve been so busy lately with trying to stabilize with a job, and finding a place to stay—”

“In which, you c-could’ve just asked me,” Alphys bitterly interrupted, surprising you. With her stutter and nervous tendencies (alike yourself), you found it hard to believe she could put spine in her tone, so when you heard the venom seething from her words, you quieted down.

So did Sans.

Undyne picked up on it, and the boisterous fish woman seemed cautious. You swore you saw a bead of sweat trickle down her forehead.

“Yeah,” she hummed, pulling at her collar. “I guess I just... forgot?” She winced up, and you felt a bit out of place. You didn’t understand what exactly was going on, or how deep this went. Sans didn’t seem to either.

“You f-forgot that we’d been dating for two years?” Alphys stared at her fingers, which were tapping each other at a record speed.

“N-No, no, I didn’t mean that,” Undyne tried to be reassuring, but you could hear the fear of slipping up biting off segments of sentences that Undyne was clearly unsure about.
Sans nudged you under the table.

You stole a quick glance at him.

‘what do we do?’ He mouthed over.

All you could do was shrug.

Thankfully, before any more awkwardness could befall the table, the green flame waitress that had served you and Sans your waters returned.

“Hey there! Do you guys want anything besides waters for tonight?”

You didn’t feel like you should say anything first.

“I-I’ll stick with my water.” Alphys’ stutter was hardly nervous anymore. You felt uncomfortable.

“I’ll take an iced tea.” Undyne told her, her courageous and bold front almost completely gone.

“I’ll have your Night Sky,” you smiled at the waitress, trying to not put the lack of energy to mind.

“ketchup,” Sans lazily handed his menu back to the girl. “and i’ll take my usual.”

“Right away! I’ll be back soon!” She hurried off, giving you all another smile before she left.

And it was back.

As a pathetic attempt to break it, you sparked up a conversation with Sans.
“So, what’s your usual?”

“burger and fries, decked in ketchup.”

“Wait, so is ketchup a drink or condiment to you?” You were lost. Sure, you liked wine, and it could be good in some steaks or sauces, but to drench food in wine? That was a little much.

“both,” he winked. “tastes good, so i get it on like everything.”

You shuddered. “Haven’t you ever gotten sick from it?”

He laughed a laugh that meant ‘I know something you don’t.’

“i’m a skeleton,” he chuckled. “the only sickness i can get is a hangover.”

“Really?” Undyne laughed. “That’s the only sickness you can get?”

Sans thought for a second.

“maybe a cold... or allergies. i haven’t really gotten sick before.”

At that, you muttered, “Lucky,” with a grumble. “Being sick is the literal worst.”

“oh?” The question tipped off his tongue. “what’s it like?”

“Headaches, stomach pains, stuffy noses, runny noses, itchy eyes, excess fatigue, nausea, sneezing, coughing, throwing up, sore throats, should I go on?”

“She’s r-right,” Alphys nodded. “I’ve seen those a-and even worse from ill humans.”
“damn. ya got it rough then. the worst i get are bad headaches and the occasional sneeze. i think i might be able to throw up.”

“You can throw up,” Undyne stated, almost in frustration. “Papyrus wouldn’t stop bitching about it to me for days. How drunk were you that day?”

“Oh jeez, i forgot about that,” he laughed, slapping a palm to his forehead. “i, uh, don’t remember. all i can remember is that my tab got triple what it usually gets on a night.”

You gaped, knowing he went through about two or three bottles a night from the times you had drank together. You chuckled out a surprised breathy laugh, in awe.

*Three times* that amount?

Nine bottles maybe?

You couldn’t handle all too much in your system, so you didn’t try to press yourself. Sure, recently you had been quite reckless with your sensitive alcohol immunity, but you hadn’t drank like it in quite a while. But, if you had fed yourself, say, nine shots—or nine glasses of wine—you’d be blackout wasted passed out over your toilet in the middle of throwing up. Considering that he only threw up once, in itself, was surprising.

“What’s up with the face, sweets?” Sans winked at you. You flushed, caught in your shock with mouth still hung open like a fish.

“Sweets?” Undyne smirked at you both. Then, Alphys gasped.

*Oh no.*

“A-Are you two... t-together?” Her cheeks pinked up.

But they weren’t as pink as yours.
“N-No! No, no, no, we’re not— w-we aren’t... um, we’re not dating! I swear!” Oh, god, could you have been any more insistent? You sounded like a seventh grader when your friends teased you about a fake boyfriend. You were jittering up for such immature reasons.

“Whoa, (Y/N), don’t freak out,” Undyne laughed. “It was just a joke.”

“yeah,” the low ringing of his voice melted in your ears. “ya good?” By melted, you meant that its outer exterior dripped off to show his true feelings. You heard his fronting fake concern reveal the true hurt behind his baritone thickness. It was a raw question, sounding like asking “did you really mean it?” but how could you respond to that?

You weren’t together. You were friends.

Just friends.

Right?

Yeah, that’s what you agreed on. Maybe you just read him wrong. Maybe you were overthinking.

You should calm down.

“Sorry, sorry,” you shook your head. “No, yeah, I’m good. Just, overreacted. My bad.” You laughed it off, and to your relief, you saw Alphys and Undyne visibly relax.

“S-Sorry for putting you on the spot like that,” Alphys gave you an apologetic smile. You waved it off.

“Nah, don’t worry about it. I’ve been pretty jumpy all day.”

You didn’t see Sans relax.
Conversation had started flowing naturally, your anxiety thanked god for that, and you all had shared a couple of laughs from old stories. Overall, you were having a fine time, and you were so happy to have met such amazing friends. Sans’ stupid puns had made you snort more times than you had wanted to admit, and Undyne had boasted her ability to chug down several drinks in a row, all the while challenging you to a couple shots. So, with Alphys, you had thrown back a couple of Grillby’s “Monster Vodka” shots. Apparently, back in the Underground, a couple of human vodka shots were enough to get a monster wildly drunk, so the ‘Monster’ in the name meant that it contained a beastly amount of alcohol.

And it sure as Hell did.

You knew it wasn’t one of your brightest ideas to, once again, test how far your fragile alcohol resistance could get you, but then again, you were with friends. After your Night Sky, which you had admired for a while, you warmed up to the idea, so a couple shots didn’t bother you.

Plus, you had let loose. Anxiety had fallen off your shoulder at some point during your drinking, and you were openly laughing and snorting at jokes.

You felt warmer. Comfortable, even.

“Oh, oh, oh! (Y/N), you’ll love this story!” Undyne giggled, making you all giddy inside. Hearing that around people you were warming up to made you feel... apart of it. It felt like going on a picnic, in that, you felt comfortable and mostly at ease. You felt content.

“So, we had a little get together one day in the Underground, right?” She started. She was already fighting down laughter, you could tell, so the story had to be hilarious. “And Sans here brings his really nice telescope that he bought when he was super into science, like the nerd he was. We were all excited to see our cave crystals up close, and finally, when the time comes, this bonehead pulls out his expensive ass telescope, and guess what?”

“What?” You were on the edge of your seat.

“No one can see shit out of it,” Undyne was wearing a full blown shit eating smirk, giving Sans a mocking taunt. “This comedian had painted the part that you look through with red paint to get at the kid, and forgot to wash it off!” Undyne was bouncing with laughter, and you quickly joined in,
laughing into your palm to muffle the noise.

“But, hey, that’s not all,” Undyne gave you another challenging grin, looking at Sans in friendly teasing. His face was glowing dimly blue, but he did a nice job of hiding his embarrassment behind his hands. “He tried to save the night by picking up some stuff to wash it off, but he used up all his magic by the time he got back, so little hero over here didn’t even get to see the crystals. Poor knucklehead fell asleep.” She laughed at the blue-faced skeleton, who wore a cringing grin at the memory.

“i thought i was real funny teasing the kid, and it was really funny in the moment,” he winced, defeatedly giving off two chuckles. “damn my unmotivated self.”

You snickered about the event, glancing at Sans after he confirmed its truthfulness.

A thought crossed your mind.

Maybe that wasn’t great, considering your drunken state, but you listened to it.

Why didn’t he just say lazy self?

It wasn’t a big deal...

But he could’ve said lazy self instead of unmotivated. Yet he didn’t.

He’s unmotivated?

You... You stopped calling yourself lazy after you had been diagnosed with depression and executive dysfunction, to which you knew you had a task that you should’ve been completing, and you knew you could’ve in that moment, and yet your body just refused a will to get up. It was the strangest form of lack of ability. The task at hand would be so clear, and simple to complete. Say, taking a shower. You’d know it would be there. You knew you’d have to shower, and yet, your body refused to listen to your head, which would be screaming, “You need a shower. Take a shower. Take a shower. Take a shower. You need one. Take a shower. Come on. Take a shower. You need a shower! Take a shower! Get up! Go to the bathroom and take a shower! Come on!” and on.
You were unmotivated.

Everything was a blur.

Days passed. It felt the same.

He felt like that?

No, you were jumping to conclusions.

But depression was common. Who was to say it wasn’t common in monsters?

And hadn’t he said stuff like that in the past?

How about when your mind wandered in the car, and you had started crying. Sans immediately assumed he was at fault.

“i’m so sorry, if i did something again, or if i said something... oh god, please, (y/n), just please say something, please, i’m so sorry”

He was begging you for forgiveness for something that he wasn’t even sure he committed.

*Immediate blame on himself.*

“when they tear that out from under you so easily, it’s tough to get back up”

*Trouble bouncing back.*

He’s been through something, possibly traumatic or damaging, and he must’ve had quite the battle
trying to get back to normal.

He... There was no way he was fine.

*But you weren’t about to talk to him about that.*

*How do you bring that up?*

“Hey! I jumped to a few conclusions and thought that you might be severely depressed, or worse! Do you wanna confide your darkest secrets in me to help you feel better?”

*Maybe not the best way to go.*

*Maybe something along that.*

*No, don’t do that. You guys are hardly close. That’s too much to ask from him.*

*Come on, just ask him.*

*No! Don’t do that! You’re at a dinner!*

With the burning of previous shots still trickling in your throat, you kept a neutral expression while you looked to Sans, who felt your eyes, and turned to return your gaze.

He gave you a smile, a lingering sign to show someone had just shared another story, and a silent question of “why are you looking at me?”

You just smiled back, giving him a silly grin instead of unleashing a question swimming around in the pool of wonderment that filled your head. He smiled a bit wider at your silent action, and that cooled off some steam clouding up in your brain. He faced back towards Alphys and Undyne, laughing on about some new story about tomatoes.
You couldn’t rid the question—

what was he hiding?

Chapter End Notes

oh jesus it’s been quite some time. but don’t worry, i’m getting a blast of energy and (i know i say this a lot) but there SHOULD be a new chapter around tuesday!!! i’m so sorry, but school and everything is killing me and i’ve had near no free time :( (i love you all though !!! i hit 2000 hits !!!! i love you guys !!!! and how many kudos was it?? 135?? more???? i can’t believe that!!!!!! <3333 thank you guys for enjoying my share of skeleton love <3 :) hope this is good
Chapter Summary

i was so close to making a good chapter. so close. if i had just tied the ending up, but that’s okay. i’ll be better next chapter!!! and i’ve gotta stop with all this goddamn angsty shit. also making the reader an alcoholic like jesus. anyway - u and sans admit some things to each other, but nothing happens past it. hope u like ! <3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“See you tomorrow, Undyne!” she slurred, drawing out the ‘S’ sound. After a small while, the alcohol really started kicking in from the shots, and she and Alphys had been drunkenly snickering together for a bit.

Sans offered her his arm so she wouldn’t stumble around to the motorcycle, and she looped her entire arm with his, practically holding his hand.

“Thank you for helping me walk, slippers,” she giggled. He grinned.

“no problem, but next time, i’d cut back on the alcohol. or just, don’t try the monster vodka again.” She snorted.

“Why shouldn’t I?” she looked up at him with a big dopey face, and he looked away, bones blueing.

“it’s kinda strong... and it’s used generally by monsters that... are tryna forget something.”

She gasped.

“Can my memory be erased?”

Her laughed, but shook his head, and tried to explain it to her.
“nah, it’s just... like they wanna forget something that happened, so they use that sort of drink as a way to... distract themselves.”

“I wanna forget Henry,” she murmured, looking at the pavement and curling up closer to his arm. “But! I haven’t been missing him much now that we’re hanging out more! And thank you, for coming to Grillby’s with me.” She had a childish grin back on her pretty lips again, obviously the thought of her ex had come and gone like a bad aftertaste.

Sans forced back his magic from gathering in his face, nervous he looked like a lightbulb.

“i’m happy to, sweets. i like hanging out with ya. ‘m glad we’re friends.” Uh oh, was he pushing it? He should stop saying you two were friends out loud. Did he seem clingy? He should just shut up. He shouldn’t—

“Me too,” she leaned her head on his shoulder. He heard a breath emit from her, and his thoughts immediately scattered. “I like talking with you.”

**OH FUCK SHE’S SO CUTE BUT SO DRUNK SHIT JUST GET HER BACK TO HER PLACE**

“o-oh,” he stammered. “thanks, (y/n), it means a lot.” She flustered him up easily, and he hated it.

Drunkenly admitting that she liked talking to him was definitely enough to make him catch on his breath—not to mention, enough to dart his white eye lights around the scenery, trying to avoid glancing at her. It was honestly insane how much he cared about the movements he would make, and how much he cared about how much they would impact their relationship. If this were back in the Underground, with the kid, and the resets, and all his friends... he wouldn’t care what came out of his mouth. It would reset anyway. Sure, he wouldn’t do anything too rash because for the couple of days, or weeks, or months, or—even sometimes—YEARS of torturing paranoia of wondering what would make the kid reset, he wanted to at least have some friends around him to keep him feeling at least a sense of false security. But it was just him recklessly being himself. He never spent a second thought on most of his decisions.

But at that moment? With her looping her arm into his for balance and leaning on him right after she had admitted that her ex of three years didn’t seem like a big deal with him around?

He didn’t exactly want to screw these times up.
Why?

He couldn’t answer that. He didn’t seem to have one. Either that, or the one he was thinking of was too difficult for him to come to terms with.

Instead, he blamed it on his want to at least leave a good impression on people.

“Do you ever just... wish for something better?”

Her removed voice of hope made Sans look at her in slight concern. It wasn’t everyday he heard someone who wore a lot of fake smiles openly start bubbling about what they wished from the world.

“as a guy who lived somewhere trapped in a separate society for most of his life,” he couldn’t help but sprinkle a bit of his old hopeless self in, “i think i know the feeling.” It was depressing. But if she wanted to talk about shit on her mind, well, the last thing Sans would do was shut her down.

“Oh, yeah,” she mumbled, sadly. “I’m so sorry about that.”

great, now she doesn’t feel like she can talk about her problems.

“well, i’m here now, aren’t i? i’m good.” He hoped he could salvage whatever she would open up about. Trust might not come easy to her, but he wanted to help her. “what do ya wish for, sweet tooth?”

She was quiet. The sound of their footsteps in sync on the pavement approaching the motorcycle lightly filled Sans’ head.

“Something different,” she spoke.

“what do ya mean?”
“Everything I do... it feels routine. I take pills every morning, I get ready for work, I stay for hours, I get paid enough, I go back to my apartment, I eat a small meal, and I crash. Restart.” She said it all in a pent up tone. She probably felt like that: wound up.

“Same with my younger self. I’d wake up, get ready for school, drive in, stay for too long, drive home, do homework, crash.” She sighed.

“I want to own a bike,” she sounded far away. Metaphorically, of course. She was right next to him, after all.

Her voice sounded like it was reminiscing a memory from another life, though, and like she couldn’t be brought back down.

So Sans didn’t bring her back down.

“A cream-colored, brown-seated, 1950s-looking bike. I want to put a picnic basket in the basket, and I want to ride to a hill somewhere, away from everyone else, and just sit. I want to sit on a breezy day in a jacket, eating grapes and peanut butter sandwiches, watching the clouds pass and birds fly, and leave everything behind.” Her voice cracked. “I want to see my dad again. I want to eat with him. I want to see the stars with him again, and watch him get all excited when I asked about them. I want to listen to him go on about them and how mysterious they were. I want to show him a Night Sky.” A hiccup babbled out. “I want to watch the sun set, and listen to songs that make me cry while it happens. I want to... to... I...” Her voice trickled into weak sniffles and soft, broken cries.

~~~~~~~~~~

Pain.

It pained him to see her like that. He felt it in his SOUL even, the low and steady thrum of defeat that encompassed hers, weakly throbbing out melodies of melancholy and ache, just barely getting through.

Despair.

She had lost most hope. He wondered if it was purely the alcohol that was swaying her moods, or if
she was literally just giving up in his arms. Either way, it was reminiscent of dark times he had been through as well, and seeing her like it was... SOUL shattering.

**just give up... i did.**

“Why... Why do you ha-hang out with me-e?” She sobbed, stopping in front of the motorcycle, and letting thick and heavy tears spill like her eyes were cracks in glasses. “I-I’m worthless. I’m nothing. All I do is cry, a-a-and whine, and complain, and cause proble-ems, and I... I’m terrible.”

He didn’t know how to stop her.

So he just told her to.

“stop,” his voice came out raw, frail. It sounded akin to a person standing at the edge of a cliff, one small shove could make the difference. One more word would make the difference between shaky but still, and cracked and fallen composure. “i... i can’t... listen to ya like this anymore.”

Her shoulders fell even more.

“n-not like that! i-i didn’t mean it like that.” He sighed, feeling like he’d already lost his grip on her slivered will. “i meant that i... can’t let ya keep hating yourself. the shit you’re saying, it just... it isn’t true, (y/n). plain and simple.”

He took her wetted hands in his, preventing her from wiping away anymore of her sloppy tears.

“ya... you’re probably my favorite person to talk to. and ya don’t just cry. i know because when i see ya smile—” he leaned barely closer— “your real smile, it’s unforgettable. it looks... great on ya. and... i know ya don’t just complain because... because you’ve listened to me bitch about my brother, my work schedule, my brother’s crush, and a shit load more. ya’ve been going through a lot, too, (y/n), so your complaints are warranted. after all, who would be completely fine after they were brutally betrayed by their partner? no one. considering ya haven’t slashed his tires or burned his shit or whatever, ya’ve been pretty damn mature for the most part. and... you’re not... a problem causer. the only problem... that ya’ve caused...”

She looked into his eyes, her reciprocates red, puffy, and harboring runny mascara that left faint tracks of black cascading down her cheeks. But, besides physical appearance, they had hope. His
words... had given her hope. He felt his face burn with nerves as his next couple of words slipped out without his consent.

“... is how much ya’ve made me care for ya.”

Her eyes widened, breath cutting short in shock.

shit, was that a good thing?! damn it, sans, you fuck everything up! this is why you stopped caring! because when you do, every decision is wrong!!

“You... really care for me?” she whispered, a stutter faint between some words.

wait.

was that... a nervous stutter...

or a drunk stutter?

oh god.

“yes,” he answered, gripping her hands tighter. “i... i can’t watch ya break yaself. i... i care too much to watch that happen. and... i care more than i should.” He shouldn’t have done that. Confessing to someone who’s drunk and not making normal decisions was a rocky move.

“Why shouldn’t you care so much?”

Contradiction. The actual question would’ve sounded rude and almost narcissistic, but the way it moved off her lips? It was more than a question of self-worth.

It was a question of background.
“i’ve... tried to care about others before... but... every time i do... something happens to them. and now, i care too much about ya. if something happens to ya, i... i don’t know that i’ll be okay.”

She stared into his sockets, tears bubbling up to the surface of her eyes, but before they could slip—

She let go of his hands and wrapped her arms as tightly around him as she could, pulling him closer with each mewl she let muffle in his jacket.

Sans wrapped his arms right back around her, grasping at her hair and her shirt, clinging to her. He tucked his skull into the crook of her neck, taking inhales of her scent, of her bittersweet, vanilla and coffee bean, late night popcorn aroma. She smelled like her voice, like misery hidden under sweet deceptions. It was everything Sans had felt resonating from her, and he couldn’t get enough of it. In fact, with how much had been said, and the intensity of their embrace, Sans felt blue tears spring to his squinted sockets, and he held her tighter.

(Y/N) returned it, burrowing her head closer into the fluff of the collar of his jacket.

There were whispers exchanged between the two, sorrowful, needy whispers of desperation. Desperation for care.

“i can’t lose you, too,” Sans cried. “i can’t lose ya, sweets.” Sans found warm and wet comfort in her hug, from his tears that soaked into her shirt to her soft skin that pulled him somehow closer. He didn’t even realize she could.

“You won’t,” she sniffled, ragged breaths shaking from her lips. “You won’t. I’m so sorry.”

~~~~~~~~~~

You were still letting quiet tears trickle and fall off your chin while your arms stayed snaked around Sans’ body. Your head leaned on his back, eyes shut and still they burned.

You felt so tired. Sitting on the back of a motorcycle, resting your legs only relieved you of slight fatigue, but, being pressed against the one monster that understood you, you didn’t mind sitting there longer.
He pulled up by your apartment, and gradually, the bike stopped. Your eyes fluttered and blinked open, half-lidded. After a moment of silence, of sweet shallow breaths, you picked your head from his backside.

There was a fragile, yet alarming, touch on your thigh. It didn’t scare you. It was treating your skin like a piece of glassware, of chinaware.

The touch lingered for a second, asking if you were okay, telling you he cared, before it rose off of you.

You stood up, following the movements of your sober confidant.

Tranquility sat in place of conversation, but you didn’t mind. There was nothing awkward about it, surprisingly. It was only... peace.

After you were footed at your door, you looked to Sans with your apprehensive irises.

“are you okay, (y/n)?” he asked lowly, knowingly.


He debated something in his head, and, for a second, you believed he was lying to you earlier. His white pupils glanced carefully between your blotchy and irritated counterparts, then he sighed.

“okay.”

~~~~~~~~~~

There was something easing, cooling even, about having sobbed your heart out to someone who somehow understood your agony—who understood how defeated life could make you. Additionally, sleeping next to them that same night was pleasant. For you, it was comfort cuddles with heavy-set bones. It was subtle delight in a steady rhythm you could hear from you-couldn’t-trace-where, which was oddly melodic to your ears. It was his yellow sweatshirt draped around your body. It was the smell of him biting into your sheets—into your pillows—so you’d still feel him in
your bed for days on. It was his feet sometimes straying off and touching yours, reminding you that bones weren’t all that warm. It was snuggling into his chest, feeling the ridges of his ribs.

It wasn’t weird.

It was everything you needed then, and everything you had ever needed.

~~~~~~~~~~

I woke up to someone gently shaking my arm, but considering where I was, it could’ve only been one person.

“Hey, Sans,” a voice followed with the touch, slow as honey. “Wake up, slippers. I have to leave for work in a bit, and I don’t wanna leave you here.”

My bones groaned as I rose up to sit, a try of resistance to the inevitable end of sweet sweet sleep. I stretched, and a couple of my joints popped back into place. There was a peak of sunlight cascading into the room through the blinds, illuminating (Y/N)’s face.

“Good morning, sleepy skull,” she giggled. “There’s some coffee waiting for you in the kitchen. I don’t know what else you like, but you’re welcome to have whatever is left of my ketchup supply. I don’t use it often.”

That was something to wake up to.

**can i wake up to that every day?**

*keep dreaming.*

**i was trying to.**

“can ya come over here?” I gestured to the space I left between my legs at the edge of the bed.
She followed as I asked, and stood in between my kneecaps.

I let my arms sleepily drape around her body, pulling her familiar scent into mine. She didn’t resist, but instead, she hooked her arms behind my neck, caressing the bone. Caressing my sensitive bones with her soft fingertips.

**wow that feels nice.**

**are her hands really that soft?**

**stars, they’re like baby pillows.**

My skull nestled into her belly, and I sighed into her top.

“Thank you for staying over,” she whispered, and there was a sprinkle of shame in her voice. “I know... with all that’s happened... it was a lot to ask, and I’m sorry—”

“i’m gonna stop ya there, sweets,” I cut her off. Kinda jerky, maybe. But not for the reason. “i’m here for ya if ya need someone, okay? don’t feel bad about asking for help. like i told ya last night, i really care about ya.”

“You say that a lot.”

“and i’ll keep saying it ’til ya believe it.”

Chapter End Notes

i’m so sorry for making u guys wait so long for last chapter. this is a gift for u guys bc i feel so bad. also - this is well written until the end. i’m proud of this shit yo. love u guys. 2000 hits, 30 bookmarks?! seriously!!!! i love u guys!!! AND i love u guys. just wanted to say it again!!!! <3 <3 <3 this slow burn might get a little toasty... pretty quickly!!! :D
Not A Chapter! (Don’t worry, it’s good news! sort of )

Chapter Summary

hey guys! disclaimer and announcement!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

hey everyone! you guys are being so amazing by being so damn patient and i’m so sorry for taking so long, but !!!! in good news!!!! i have the next several chapters mapped out, but writing is just taking longer than i’d hoped. they might be shorter chapters just so i can get them out to u guys.

also!!!!

i love constructive criticism. if u guys notice something in my writing i could improve upon, please let me know!!!! <3

however, if you just comment on my work to tell my book to suck nuts because of a plot point, i’m fine with you leaving. i’m trying my best on this book, and everything is mentioned in the tags, so if u have certain things that derail you from the book or make you not want to read it, i understand, and i’m sorry my book isn’t for you. but please do not comment that my book is boring and lame and unoriginal. i really am doing my best to work on this book whenever i can, and i’m working to put my best writing in. please. let me write in peace.

for those of you patiently waiting for a new chapter, i can assure a halloween theme chapter by friday, and if i’m lucky, a chapter adding to the plot by sunday :) love u guys! i’m feeling a lot better!! i’m still in my depression, but my days feel less gray, i’m more in touch with my emotions, i don’t hate myself when i look in the mirror, and i made a good volleyball team for my club! my crush is talking to me and who gave her the permission to bE THIS HOT!!! she’s literally amazing and i’m in love 😊 anyway, love u guys!

Chapter End Notes

<3 i love u all!!!
Oh My God, They Were Roommates

Chapter Summary

i’m so sorry for making you wait longer. i got sick on wednesday, but it was minor so i assumed i could work. on friday, i stayed home from school and even today, i feel like shit. i’m in horrid pain but !!!!! i will!!!! get that halloween special out!!!!!! next chapter i post will be in spirit of the holiday i am (currently) ten days late for :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Here,” you said, taking the box off her hands. “I’ll take this to the bedroom and start unloading your stuff.” Undyne gave you a wide grin, and stacked two other boxes on one she was already carrying.

“Gotch! I have a few things I’ll start unpacking in the bathroom, and... some extra glasses and plates and shit.”

You nodded, and trudged with the load of clothes to the bedroom you’d end up sharing.

You set the box down with a thud, heaving a sigh after it landed. You opened up the drawers that used to harbor Henry’s clothes, and started folding her tops to fit in. A few were shirts you had seen in stores, and others just looked like athletic shirts and tank tops. You figured that made sense.

After a bit of folding and sorting into drawers, you picked yourself up off the floor to hang up the fancier clothes she brought. Then, finally, you finished with the clothes. You gave a huff, and headed back to the car to grab the rest of her stuff.

A slap of cold air whipped at your face, and instinctively, your arms hugged your torso for any warmth. Thankfully, you were wearing a jacket against the harsh winds, so at least you had something to protect your arms. But, quite embarrassingly, the jacket wasn’t yours. It wasn’t your ex’s either, thank god.

It was Sans’s.
His jacket from yesterday, the bright mustard yellow sweatshirt itself, was providing sweet, sweet comfort upon your sensitive arms. It was reminiscent of the cuddling between you and Sans last night. You put your hand to your mouth in embarrassment.

*It even smelled like him.*

The odd mixture of ketchup, bar stools, and gasoline, but besides that, it smelled like the comfort you always found in him. The smell of crying your heart out while you hugged him, the smell of holding him tight on the back of his bike, the smell of everything sweet to you.

It was so dizzyingly euphoric.

There was a soft smile on your face as you walked back inside (Undyne had already taken all her stuff back inside apparently). It seemed that happened more often. The smiling.

Undyne was putting a couple of different mugs in the cabinet with yours, and you went over to help with the other dishes to put into the cabinets. There were a couple of Tupperware containers and a few convenient tea bag holders.

“So you’re a tea gal?” You asked, finding an open spot in the small cabinet.

“Fuhuhu, yeah. It’s a bit of a shocker I’ve heard.” She laughed, easing into a simple conversation. “People expect me to drink something stronger, or as they like to put it, something a little less girly.”

She gave a huff, and you sympathized with her by letting her continue.

“Is that a thing up here?” She sounded annoyed, like she had been wanting to ask the question for some time. “I mean, I guess I knew that humans wouldn’t welcome us with open arms considering history, but making fun of people for being women? Is that another degrading thing?”

You gave an equally as frustrated sigh.

“Yeah,” you stared at the counter for a second. “It’s a stereotype, y’know? Females are the weaker sex, so calling someone a woman means they’re weak. It was started by some jackass who probably
got dumped or something. It’s actually taken a lot to get us to have the same rights as men. Kinda stupid if you ask me. There shouldn’t have been a difference in the first place.”

“That’s utter bullshit. What good would come of that?” She agreed. “All it’s doing is making half the planet upset and treated unequal. That’s just... so dumb! Like... what else would it do? Make the men feel good about their sorry asses? That’s so stupid!”

“Exactly,” you said. “It’s something that just sort of makes me sad to think about. Anyways, when did you start liking tea?”

Wow you’re great at conversation.

“Well, when I was little, a shopkeeper from the Underground took me in,” she sighed. “My parents had died in battle, and Gerson had just gotten back, found me hysterical.”

She stopped taking things out of the box for a moment.

“When I lived with him, the guy let me have some of his tea that he got from Asgore. He and Asgore were on pretty good terms considering he was known for being dedicated to serving for the monsters. I got to meet the big pushover a few times for tea. So, yeah.”

“Oh,” you weren’t sure what to say exactly. “Undyne, I’m so sorry about your parents—”

“Bah, it’s in the past now. I was a bit too little to even really remember them, if I’m honest. Sorry for getting all sappy on you.” She had a gleam in her eye again, and you were surprised to see her smile reached her eyes. “Anyways, I’m seeing a lot of coffee mugs in here. You a coffee person?”

With how quickly she glossed over her past, you thought it was best to continue conversation lightly.

“Yeah,” you chuckled. “And I work at a coffee shop, too. I basically run on coffee.” This received a chuckle in return, and Undyne asked, “What else do you usually eat?”

“Well, if I’m just tired, ramen for dinner. Cereal is one of my go-to’s for breakfast, and spaghetti for dinner if I want leftovers. After work sometimes, I’ll head to a bakery down the street for a muffin or
something. Also, I probably have ice cream in the freezer.”

“You’re healthy,” she joked. “I like ramen, too, though, and I can make some bomb ass spaghetti. But, you know, Muffet was pretty popular in the Ungerground. She had a scary ass pet though. That cupcake thing was like her baby, but everyone else was scared shitless of it.

“But besides those, I know a really good sandwich shop on the corner we could go to like... once a week or something? I don’t know. Whatever ends up working. I’ve got a good feeling about you, (Y/N).”

You smiled at her, a happy smile shining off your face right at her. She already liked you. Maybe things would be alright.

“Me too, Undyne.”

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Roughly a month later...

“I’m in the mood for a muffin. How about you?” You huffed, staring at the mouthwatering muffin in the window of Muffet’s.

“Sure! We’ve been pretty good this week. We deserve that damn muffin!” You nodded with her motivational way of talking, and excitedly walked through the doors to greet an tired looking Muffet.

A sweet aroma of everything heavenly in the world swirled up in your head. You could practically taste the (F/Dessert) on your tongue.

You waved as the door hit a tiny bell, alerting the spider girl. Her head rose, all five exhausted eyes glancing in your direction.

Her expression changed quickly, overflowing with relief and happiness while she rushed over to greet you.
With all six of her arms, (it would be eight, but she’d rather keep her feet on the ground) she engulfed you in a monster hug—literally.

“Oh, Miss (Y/N)! I’ve missed you, dearie!” You returned her excitement, warmly greeting one of your few friends in Ebbot City.

“Sorry I haven’t been visiting lately—money’s been tight.” You apologized, and she immediately drew away from the hug.

“Tight? Dearie, tell me you’re feeding yourself! Nope, this settles it, one (F/Dessert) for you on the house! Fuhuhu~!”

“Oh, it’s really no big deal, Muff—”

“No, no, no, dearie! Unacceptable! I won’t let any of my customers go hungry! Especially you, (Y/N)! I will be right back! Oh, and for you, Miss Undyne, you seem like a salted caramel lady. I will bring out a good dish for you as well!” She scurried off to her kitchen, giggling all the way there.

“So,” you heard Undyne hum. “You and Muffet are pretty close.” You chuckled, a few memories replaying in your head of you meeting Muffet, and then later on, becoming a regular at her bakery.

“Yeah,” you smiled, almost sadly, “she’s been there for me through a lot.”

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A warm summer breeze wafted past your arms, brushing your jacket up with the light wind. Your shoes held a constant sound of patter against the sidewalk, filling the air just like the busy cars next to you did.

But you couldn’t hear them.
Your were drowned in your own headspace, staring at the sidewalk three feet in front of you.

It was the day right after your father’s funeral. You were in sensitive mourning.

So, with tears just brimming your lids, you numbly shoved your weight against the door to Muffet’s. You felt raw.

You walked up to the counter, and silently waited for her to approach.

When she did, all five of her eyes held a different layer of sympathy.

“Dearie! Is everything alright?” She asked, but her voice lowered, trying not to stir attention. You hesitantly shook your head, vision blurring with oncoming tears.

“Do you get off soon?”

She nodded, eyes understanding.

“Of course, I’ll... I’ll be right back. Go ahead and take the booth near the windows.”

You nodded, “Thanks, Muff.”

You sat where she told you to, fiddling your thumbs while you waited. What were you even going to do here? Make her pity you?

No... You needed company. You’re allowed to need help.

Just talk to her.

“How are you, dearie? You seem upset. I brought you a spider doughnut.” She set the doughnut on the napkin she had brought, and folded a pair of her hands on the table. Another pair of hands
rubbed your back in light, soothing circles.

So, you spilled your grief.

***

“That’s cool. I’ve never personally known her.” Undyne nodded. “But she’s really compassionate. I mean, giving people free food when they don’t have a lot in their pocket? That’s some saint shit right there. I don’t remember her being like that back in the Underground.”

That made you a bit interested.

“Wait, really?”

“Yeah, when the kid, now our ambassador, was in the Underground, they battled Muffet. Apparently Muffet was giving ’em easier attacks if they paid for it. But, it kinda made sense. She didn’t have a lot in her pockets. Pretty broke I’m sure. She’s been having luck here on the surface though.”

You felt sympathy for Muffet, as you were oblivious to her past self since she didn’t like talking about it.

“Oh, she usually doesn’t talk about it, so I had no idea.”

“I get that. Alphys is the same way. She was apart of some bad experiment in her old lab, and she refuses to get into details. It was... a really hard time for her.” Undyne smiled after she finished talking. “I’m just happy she’s back to her normal self. I thought for a while that she’d never work in a lab again. She was terrified. But, thankfully, she’s back to spending hours on her laptop bingeing TV shows, and picking up extra shifts for her coworkers.”

You felt a warm sensation fill your chest.

“I’m glad she feels better,” you said. “She’s very good in her field. My hand healed up in a week with her help. And, I’m pretty did it was broken in, like, three different places.” You moves your
hand around to emphasize it. It felt new.

Undyne boomed in laughter.

“Oh my god, yeah, she’s like insane with that shit. One time, I when I was training with Papyrus, Sans’ brother, I strained my shoulder.”

For a second, you were thrown into your own headspace at the mention of Sans. You were getting a picture of his brother, Papyrus, who you assumed to be sort of scolding, hard-working, friendly, buff skeleton. You had been gathering from Sans’ and Undyne’s stories. Plus, since Sans had some heavy-set bones, as you liked to call them, you thought Papyrus might.

Then you thought about Papyrus being in training with this butch, Undyne, and then the thought of Sans trying to workout popped in your head.

With your knowledge, he was powerful. He absolutely demolished the guy who assaulted you some time ago. But, he was also tellingly lazy. From his moseying gait, to his slow, baritone voice, to his thrown back collapse into cushions, he didn’t seem like the type to workout. It was almost comical in your head.

“She had some sort of adhesive pad that attached to my scales, and that thing healed my shoulder in like two days. It was amazing. I was back to kicking ass with zero problems.”

You laughed, fascinated in more of Alphys’ work.

Muffet scurried up to your table after you and Undyne talked for a bit more.

“Here’s one (F/Dessert) for you, Miss (Y/N), and a cream and caramel filled doughnut with a drizzle of salt and sugar for you, Miss Undyne. Enjoy the treats, dearies!”

You thanked Muffet, and happily dove into your dish.

“I’m so excited that it’s Friday tomorrow,” you grinned. “One more day of this work week, then it’s the weekend!” You loved the weekend. More recently, you and Sans had been hanging out a lot,
and you had attended a couple of his comedy acts on Saturdays. He loved seeing you there, and sometimes, he’d pop in a joke that had happened between the two of you, almost like a special feature because you knew him. It made you excited to attend.

“Yeah, me too!” Undyne flashed a wide grin. “Alphys and I are planning something big for our two year anniversary.” Your mouth gaped.

“Oh my god! Congratulations! That’s amazing!” You felt enormously happy for the couple, especially since Undyne had been such a help to you, and Alphys seemed to make Undyne very happy. You were just elated for the pair.

“Yeah, and um,” Undyne stared at her doughnut, smiling timidly. “I’m gonna propose to her.”

Your jaw dropped.

“Oh. My. God.”

You could not contain your ecstatic squealing.

“Undyne! This is huge!” You grabbed her, pulling her into a bear hug. “I’m so happy for you!”

“Aw, thanks, punk,” she fidgeted with her fork. “You think she’ll say yes?”

You almost laughed. “Undyne, considering the way she can talk about you for hours on end, I’d say your chances are pretty damn good.”

You saw the shade of her scales darken along her cheeks.

“She... talks about me?” She sounded very nervous, which didn’t happen often.

“She adores you,” you assured her. “Trust me, you’re making the right decision.”
Undyne smiled, and in that moment, you felt so balanced.

~~~~~~~~~~

Later that night...

You took another bite of your sandwich, then set it down on the plate in your lap.

A buzz in your back pocket alerted you, and you shuffled around to take your phone out.

**slippers:** hey r u busy on saturday

You thought about it for a moment, and then remembered you literally don’t do anything.

**sweet tooth:** well i was gonna go to see my friend do a comedy act at a bar while getting drunk, but what did u have in mind? :)

**slippers:** lmfao there’s a party being held by an old friend of mine at her mansion

**slippers:** wanna come w me?

You flushed a light pink.

Whenever he invited you places, you couldn’t help but feel a little bit... cozy inside.

**sweet tooth:** yeah! totally! that sounds awesome!

Well, you threw subtlety out the gate quite the while ago.
slippers: nice. i'll send u the info tmr or smthn. see ya around sweets

Sweet.

Chapter End Notes

this is shitty. and i’m sorry. i think my fever is affecting the way i write. anyways, i’m so sorry. i hope u guys like the good parts. oh and you remember the girl i drooled over? well, she’s bi like me!!!! i didn’t tell her i was hopelessly in love w her, but i am so glad she understands me and i am falling deeper in love w her. anyways. i am working very hard thru my fever and i’m so happy u guys were so supportive last chapter!!!! love u all <3

End Notes

hey! my first story so go easy :) love whoever ends up reading this!! <3 love ur comments!!

CANT BELIEVE I HIT 200 KUDOS!!! <33333 YOU ALL GIVE ME LIFE

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