**You, Me, and Dr. G**

by bibliomaniac

**Summary**

"Your name is (Y/N), and you deliver water, and you have a crush on a monster..."

The tumultuous love story of a person with no restraints and a man with far too many.

**Notes**

LOOK WHO IS SO IMPATIENT THEY CAN'T WAIT UNTIL FINISHING A STORY TO START ANOTHER ONE...

(HINT: IT IS ME)

i tried to make the reader character as different from the one in Story That Might Happen When You Date Sans as possible and i think i may have, in the process, created a monster? omg
Your name is (Y/N), and you deliver water, and you have a crush on a monster.

You see him every week on your route to deliver those big jugs of water for dispensers to office buildings. You don’t know what he is exactly. Sort of like a skeleton, maybe? Whatever, it wasn’t important. All you know is that you had a humongous crush on him and you wanted to have his weird monster-human-hybrid babies.

But maybe you’re moving too fast here. Let’s start from the beginning.

“You’re fired.”

Your mouth drops open. “What?”

“I said, you’re fired.” So that’s how you lost your dead-end job that you hated anyway but had also sort of really needed. You huff angrily as you scroll through job listing sites. “No sense for customer service,” your butt. You are the best at customer service. Okay, so, maybe you tend to say what’s on your mind, and maybe sometimes what’s on your mind isn’t always so nice. But you try really hard and that’s what should matter! Unfortunately ‘trying really hard’ doesn’t really get you jobs by itself.

You more or less absentmindedly send in your résumé to a couple of equally dead-end jobs that you will probably hate equally as much before turning in for the night.

Anyway, without going into the full details of the hiring process, you got hired to haul water to deliver to high-end offices so that rich people could stay hydrated or whatever. You don’t really care as long as you make money.

You memorize the boring route by the end of the first week. By the end of the first week, you have also managed to make friends with the receptionist in that tech startup and make enemies with the yoga instructor along the freeway and insult the basic existence of a therapist. As one does.

“Can you tell me again how you managed to make a grown man cry?”

“It was an accident! Sort of. I just saw him, and I said, well…I may or may not have said ‘Nice Halloween costume’, even though it’s November but I mean I can respect that. And then, um, he said, ‘Excuse me?’ And I said ‘The mask is probably the coolest part’, and he said ‘That’s my face’, and a single tear ran down his cheek like in the movies, and I just said ‘crap’ and got the heck out of there. And now I have to see him tomorrow again and it’s going to be so awkward!”

The receptionist, whose name is Andrea, pauses to process all that. Then, she says, “You’re kind of a jerk.”

You hide your face in your hands and moan, “I know! I have no brain-to-mouth filter. Also I may be the Devil.”

“Well…good luck with that.” Andrea says, rather unhelpfully.

“With being the Devil or with the guy whose face I dissed?”

“Both. Now run along back to Hell or wherever it is you are when you’re not here bothering me.”
Okay, so maybe ‘friends’ is a loose term.

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The Next Day comes, and with it your impending (doom) meeting with the therapist with the weird face. You go through the other stops on your route, dawdling as much as possible at each, until one of the big office types yells at you and says he’ll report you to your supervisor if you don’t move along.

The therapist’s office is the last stop of the day. You can totally do this.

You totally can’t do this. You start speedwalking away from the door, as fast as you can while carrying three gallons of water.

That’s when you hear a vaguely familiar, cultured voice, saying hesitantly, “Would you like to bring that in? It looks quite heavy.”

You whirl around to find the therapist guy, head tilted, with an eyebrow raised curiously.

Your eyes widen, and you drop the bottle of water to the ground and bend in half in an approximation of a bow. “Oh my gosh I am so sorry.”

“Whatever for?” He sounds genuinely surprised.

“For what…I totally insulted your face last time! On accident, and I feel really bad about it, but I even made you cry, and—”

He interrupts you, holding up a hand placatingly, still looking somewhat confused. “I recall the incident, but you did not make me cry. I have terrible allergies, you see, and sometimes my eyes water. You have nothing to apologize for.”

“But I—you’re not mad at me?”

“You made an ill-educated comment about my face, which was obviously based on ignorance rather than malevolence, and then apologized. Why would I be mad at you?” He beckons you with gloved hands. “Please, do come in. I would love to chat if you’ve the time. I’m afraid you dashed off too quickly for me to introduce myself last week.”

Wonderstruck, you follow him into his office, lugging the water behind you. He calls out, “If you wouldn’t mind changing out the bottle, I could make you some tea, if you’d like?”

“Uh…no, I’m good, but thanks.” Is this guy a saint? You busy yourself changing out the bottle as requested, then sit in one of the chairs in what appears to be a waiting area.

He comes out of a room and extends a hand to shake. “Lovely to meet you. I’m Dr. W. D. Gaster, but you can just call me Dr. G.”

You numbly shake his hand and he smiles kindly at you. “And you are?”

“You have a really cute smile,” you blurt out.

Crap. Crap! You stare at your hands in horror. That is not your name or anything even resembling a name! Maybe if you just pretend you didn’t say anything, he’ll think he imagined it? Yeah, that’s a plan that should work. “Uh, I mean, (Y/N). Is my name. That is the name that is mine. (Y/N), that is.”
You look at him only to find him with his mouth open in an ‘o’, and a rather fetching black blush high on his cheeks. “Ah, well, hm. I…I see…Nice to meet you, (Y/N), and…thank you, I suppose?”

“That’s adorable. You’re adorable.”

CRAP.

His eyebrows come together in a bemused expression, and his blush only intensifies. “Oh my. I…I’m afraid I don’t quite know how to respond to that.”

You bury your head in your hands and groan, “Please just…don’t respond at all. I am so sorry, holy crap. I just don’t have a filter and it’s a problem and kill me, please.”

He laughs, a surprisingly musical sound. “Oh, don’t worry about it. You’re very honest. It’s a lovely quality to have. I was just surprised, is all.”

You may love this man. You preemptively throw your hands over your mouth so that you don’t say anything to that effect.

You get the feeling that you’re going to have a bad time.
Chapter 1: Level of Acquaintance

Chapter Notes

blegh this is not at all the sort of character i'm used to writing so if i'm making them
inconsistent please do tell me!

#weudforever

“Andrea, my darling, apple of my eye.”

“Oh. It’s you.”

“Yep!” You hop up onto her desk and grin at her.

“Don’t you have a job to do?”

“Not until they notice that I’m still here. Anyway, I wanted to talk to you.”

“Joy.”

You catch her eye and look very seriously at her, then dramatically proclaim, “I’m in love,
Andrea.”

“Are you now.”

“Yes! With the man I insulted.”

Her eyes narrow. “Wait, how did that happen?”

“He’s perfect is how it happened. I apologized, and he was super nice to me about it, and he
offered me tea.”

“And now you’re in love.”

You consider, then hedge, “I suppose it depends on your definition of ‘love’. Does ‘I want to put
him in my pocket and feed him little breadcrumbs all day’ qualify?”

“It might qualify you for a restraining order.”

You pout. “Oh, don’t be like that, Andykins. I know you’re jealous, but you needn’t be petty.”

She heaves a sigh. “You seriously don’t have to be somewhere else right now?”

You’re about to smile wickedly and respond in the negative, but then you see the office manager
squint out her window and her eyes widen, then narrow dangerously.

“Actually I have to be anywhere but here exactly right now. But it’s been a pleasure talking with
you as always, Andrea. Love you!” You blow her a kiss, then run out of the office, slamming the
door behind you.
You think you are probably the best friend a harried receptionist could have.

It’s Tuesday, and you get all of the stops on the route done in record time in your hurry to see Dr. G again. You end up getting to his place around one in the afternoon. On your way in, you pass by a person chasing after a crying short skeleton. The atmosphere around them is very tense. If it were any other day, you might give them both a thumbs up for good juju, but instead today is the day you get to see the love of your life again, so you’re in a bit of a rush.

You find Dr. G sitting in his office, massaging his temples. By way of introduction, you say, “I saw a skeleton coming out of here. Friend of yours?”

“…Something like that,” he responds, sounding very tired and more than a little bit sad.

You frown and, without invitation, flop down onto the couch adjacent to him. “I know that tone of voice. You’re in a bad mood. What’s up?”

He startles, then looks up at you and gives a very strained smile. “(Y/N), I hardly think that’s an appropriate question given our level of acquaintance.”

“Appropriate questions are for nerds,” you intone in a deep voice. “I think it was our good friend Wilhelm Wundt who said those immortal words.”

He smiles more honestly this time. “Was it now.”

“Yeah. Did you also know that he was totally together with our other problematic favorite, Sigmund Freud?”

“I was not aware of that, no.”

“That’s because it never actually happened. I ship it though. Two fathers of psychology, getting it on.”

He puts a hand to his mouth and, honest to goodness, giggles. “That’s terrible, (Y/N).”

You grin at him happily. “See? There’s the smile I know and love.”

He blushes and smiles shyly, looking at his hands.

“Aw, and there’s the cute blush too!”

Privately, you think to yourself that if you could make someone as cute as that laugh and blush every once in a while, your life must be going all right.

When you look at Dr. G, though, his face is hidden behind his hands. What little you can see of it is dark black, though.

You quickly go through a transcript of your past thoughts and groan mentally. “Crap, I said that out loud again, didn’t I.”

“You did, yes.” His voice is muffled by his hands.

“Well, it’s true though! You’re a really cute person. I just sort of…” You gesture imprecisely. “Want to miniaturize you and carry you around all day.” Andrea’s comment from yesterday occurs to you, and you blanch. “In like the least creepy way possible, I mean! If there even is a not creepy
way to take that. You know what, just pretend I never said anything.”

He’s peeking through his fingers, but he’s smiling again. Finally, he removes his hands back to his lap and, in a much more collected voice, says, “No, I shan’t. It’s very flattering, after all.”

You gape at him. “Flattering? Most people say, well, they say ‘please just leave’ or ‘I’m going to call your supervisor’ or, uh…”

“Well, I think your behavior is nothing if not charming. It’s refreshing to be around somebody so honest, especially…” He turns away and looks out the window, then looks back and gives a small, painful smile. “Considering some of the people I know. They’ve, ah, difficulties in that department.”

Dejectedly, you say, “Well, I definitely don’t. It kind of sucks sometimes. Other people can think through what they want to say before saying it, but I think it through and then realize while I was thinking I’ve already said it.”

Lightly, he reaches across and pats your knee. “Well, as I said, I don’t think it’s necessarily a bad thing."

You duck your head and smile to yourself. Nobody’s ever really said that before. “Thanks.”

“Think nothing of it. Ah, but have I kept you from your work? I apologize.”

You leap up in realization. “Oh! Work!” You quickly change out the water, then sit back down again. “There. This is my last stop of the day, so…”

“Would you like some tea this week, then?”

“You know what? Why not. A cup of your finest leaf water, sir!” You beam at him, and he chuckles.

Going into another room, he calls out, “Leaf water, you say…well, all right. But I’ll have you know, tea is much more than that. It’s a way to relax, a method of improving relationships between individuals.”

“So does that mean our level of acquaintance is going up then?”

“I suppose you could say that.”

You pump your fist in the air and cheer, “Yes!” You hear his laughter from the other room, and it warms your heart.
Tuesdays become your favorite day. Which, you reflect, is pretty amazing, because Tuesdays suck.

You finish as early as possible every Tuesday to catch Dr. G on his lunch break, and then you have tea together. He turns out to be quite the enthusiast, and earnestly teaches you about different kinds of tea and how to brew the perfect cup and it’s adorable.

(You tell him so, and he blushes and says, “Someday I’ll get used to you saying that.” You say, “I hope you don’t.” He blushes harder.)

He also tells you more about his life Underground. You listen hungrily to his stories of all of the interesting monsters and about his work. To his surprise, you’re actually well able to keep up with all of the science talk.

“Why are you in a menial delivery job when you’re so bright?”, he asks once.

You just smile tightly and ask him to tell you more about the skeleton brothers. They’re your favorite.

You learn that Sans was the skeleton friend of his that you saw leaving on your third visit to Dr. G’s office. “Well, if we’re still friends,” he says glumly. “He’s quite angry with me at the moment.”

“How could anybody stay mad at you?”

“Oh, if I thought someone had done to me what he thinks I’ve done to him, I would be rather irritated too.”

“What does he think you did to him?”

It’s his turn to change the subject, and he does.

Sometimes it makes you sad. He clearly doesn’t trust you enough to tell you lots of things. You’ve been trying to ‘level up’ your acquaintance as fast as possible, but apparently it’s not fast enough, because there’s still so much to learn about him.

And you want to learn everything there is to know about him. Because with each Tuesday, you find yourself loving the mysterious monster more and more.

“Andrea, you know how I said I was in love?”

“Yes.”

“I was wrong. Now I am, though.”
“You say that every time I see you. Do you ever get tired of being wrong?”

“Nope!”

“Ask me if I ever get tired of hearing about your crappy love life. Go on, ask me.”

“Also nope!”

“Please leave.”

You want to respond with a flippant, “also also nope”, but the supervisor is glaring again, so you just clutch your hand to your heart and say, “Adieu, Andrea, parting is always such sweet sorrow.”

“That’s strange, because in my opinion, time spent with you is an exquisite agony.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment. Bye!”

She rolls her eyes and returns to her work. But—and she will deny this on pain of death—there might have been just the smallest of smiles on her face.

The turning point comes on another Tuesday. You change out the water like normal, but Dr. G is nowhere to be found. You consider and decide to go in the back rooms to look for him. You’re not exactly allowed, but you’ve never really been too concerned with what is and isn’t allowed.

You come to the end of a hallway, which has a big metal door. Through it, you can just barely hear a conversation.

“Not too well at the moment, actually. Someone’s broken into my private things.” Dr. G, whose voice is chillier than you’ve ever heard it.

“I didn’t break in! I snuck in, yes, but I didn’t break anything. Your security is awful, by the way.” A person whose voice you don’t recognize. You agree about the security, though.

“I’ll keep that in mind. Now, what to do with you?”

“Please don’t kill me.” You nearly bust up laughing. Like he could ever do something like that! Dr. G is the biggest softie you’ve ever had the pleasure of meeting. Well, probably. You suppose he could have a side Hannibal Lecter thing going on, but you’d like to think not.

“My dear ________, why ever would I do that? I’m not going to kill you. We’re going to have a little talk, is all.” That’s weird. This person’s name sounds kind of like yours. You shrug and continue listening. The person who you don’t recognize is apparently one of his patients. It gets really weird, talking about a game and about memories and you can’t really follow it all without context, but you’re definitely suspicious.

You have to clap a hand over your mouth to keep from yelping when you hear, “Come on. Let’s sit down and have that talk.” The door opens, and you scamper just in time into a nearby open room and crouch down on the floor. Footsteps pass, and you sneak out of the room.

Conveniently, you are just in time to listen in on the conversation in his office. You listen with growing interest to the whole explanation. This was what he hadn’t been telling you. This was his big, mysterious secret.

You had honestly hoped it was more exciting, but this was okay too, you guess. Multiverse shenanigans were cool and everything, and you definitely weren’t disappointed that he wasn’t
secretly one of the Queen’s spies posing undercover as a therapist.

Just kidding. You were a little disappointed.

You are interrupted from your thoughts by screaming.

Your eyes widen and you hide in the room where Dr. G keeps his tea supplies. You wait there for a while. You’re honestly considering going to sleep, because Dr. G’s office is always at such a pleasantly cold temperature, and it’s nice and dark, and—

The door opens. It’s Dr. G.

“Oh, hey!”

He rubs his temples. “I knew you must have been here when I saw the water had been changed out.”

“Just doing my job.” You give him a thumbs up, and he returns you a dry expression.

“Is part of your job eavesdropping on personal conversations?”

“Nah, that’s just a hobby.”

That gets a small smile out of him, and eventually he sighs, resigned. “I had been hoping to keep you out of all of this.”

“Don’t feel too bad about it. My specialty is kind of worming my way into things. Like apples, and hearts.” You wink at him and add in double finger pistols for good measure.

“Oh, whatever will I do with you,” he says fondly, and your heart swells.

Without thinking, as per usual, you blurt out, “Marry me. I mean. What?”

He just laughs and shakes his head. “You’ve such a strange sense of humor.”

“Haha…yeah…that’s me, bigtime jokester and all-around humor master,” you say weakly.

(Part of you is glad he laughed it off. The other part protests that you hadn’t been joking.)

“Well, all right. If you already know, I suppose it’s useless to try to keep things from you. I presume you have questions?”

“So many.”

“Well then. Let me make us some tea and then we can chat about those questions of yours.”

You sit down and start bouncing. “Ooh, can we have the rooibos chai again?”

He beams. “We’ll make a connoisseur out of you yet!”

Through a great effort, you keep yourself from quipping, “But can you make an honest man out of me?” Because, really, you figure there are only so many marriage ‘jokes’ you can sling around before they start to not sound like jokes anymore.
With the cat out of the bag, so to speak, you and Dr. G have so much more to talk about. He talks frankly about his time after he fell into the Core—about how difficult it was to exist as the only monster aboveground, about his loneliness and near all-consuming drive to free everyone Underground.

“I sometimes wonder if I worked so hard to free everyone so that I wouldn’t be so alone anymore. I fear that I might be quite a selfish person,” he confesses one day.

You shrug. “Apart from that being the most untrue thing ever said, why would it matter if that were your reason? Nobody wants to be alone.”

“I suppose that’s true, but—“

“Look, Doc, you’re under no obligations to be some kind of moral paragon. You’re not a mythical hero of yore, and this isn’t a fairytale. It’s real life, and in real life people get lonely. The important thing is still that you did free all the monsters. Doesn’t really matter why.”

He smiles softly. “How is it you always know what to say?”

You snort. “Me? I’m pretty sure I just say so many things that eventually some of them turn out well.”

“Well, now, if you’re not going to allow me to be down on myself, I won’t allow you to do so either. You’re quite special, (Y/N), and don’t forget it.”

You don’t think you’d be able to forget him saying that if you tried.

You also talk a lot more about his work as a quantum physicist. He takes you back to see the machine he built, and you ooh and ahh appropriately before asking to see the blueprints, which you spend a good few hours going over with him. He shyly shows you what he’s working on right now, a method of sustainable energy similar to what he was working on with the Core.

You’re poring over his notebook, full of scribbles and equations, when you squint.

“Hey, pencil, please.”

“Hm? All right.” He hands you a pencil and hovers over your shoulder as you erase part of an equation and replace it with something slightly different.

“Don’t you think that works a bit better?”

He looks at it, considers for a while, then nods. “You’re actually right.”

“Jeez, don’t act so surprised.”

He chuckles. “Oh, I don’t think you could do anything that would surprise me anymore.”

Your brain takes that as a challenge.
Without thinking much about it, as usual, you twirl around on the chair. He’s bent over, so his cheek is easily accessible, and you plant a big smacking kiss on it.

He stumbles backwards and turns a dark black. “W-what—“

“Did I surprise you?”

“Well, yes, of course!” He thinks it over and scowls at you. “Oh. Goodness, there is such a thing as going too far, (Y/N).”

“Oh, I could go much further.” You waggle your eyebrows at him.

This startles a surprised laugh out of him. “You’re incorrigible.”

“But that’s why you love me, right?” you say in a singsong.

He just smiles and shakes his head, and you try to pretend like you weren’t invested in his answer.

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Ever since that day, he’s acted a bit different. More distant, maybe.

You eventually get tired of it and confront him. “Hey, Doc. What’s been up lately?”

“Pardon?”

“You’ve been acting distracted every time we talk. Is something the matter?”

“Oh, no…I just…well, I suppose you’ve the right to know. I’ve been thinking about my work, and about that equation you corrected the other day, and…I’ve been considering hiring an assistant.”

You sigh, relieved. You had been worried he had finally gotten tired of you or something. “Oh, gotcha. What do you even do for that? Put up a Craigslist ad saying, “Wanted: very smart person to help genius scientist. Preferably hot. Enjoys long walks on beach—“

“Actually, I was thinking of asking you,” he interrupts smoothly.

You gape at him. “Me?”

“Well, yes, of course. You meet all of the qualifications I might be looking for. Though I’m just guessing about the long walks on the beach thing,” he jokes.

You continue staring at him.

“But more importantly, I trust you. Trust is very important in a working relationship. Plus, you’d be able to finally recognize your full potential. I can’t imagine you’re terribly challenged in your present employ.”

You immediately frown. “My full potential, huh.”

Your parents used to say that all the time. *You have so much potential, but you’re throwing it all away. Is this what you want your life to be? Stuck as a menial laborer for the rest of your life? Come on, you can’t really think—*

He appears to sense your tone, and puts up his hands to placate you. “I apologize, perhaps that was rude of me to say. It is of course your business what you do with your life. But I do think that you
deserve so much more than what you have right now.”

The voices of your parents echo in your head, and you cross your arms. “Why do you even care?”

“Why, because I care about you, of course.” He says this matter-of-factly, and as if it hadn’t just made your heart explode.

“Well…when you put it like that.” You scratch your head and look away. “Then yeah. I’d love to.”

He claps. “Excellent! I was rather hoping you’d say yes.”

“But you didn’t get down on one knee or anything,” you drawl, then curse yourself again. You needed to stop with the marriage jokes, darn it!

You nearly fall off your chair when he says apologetically, “I’m afraid I don’t have any knees.”

You splutter, and he continues to look sincere before breaking into a large grin. “I was joking.”

“O-oh.” You still reflexively look at the nebulous fog that makes up his lower half, then tear your eyes away. Bad! Bad (Y/N!)

Contemplatively, he says, “I really don’t, though. Have knees, I mean. Or feet.”

Well there go a few fantasies.

Chapter End Notes

i’m sorry i couldn't resist with that last line there

i just realized i’ve never said this on this story--guys thank you so much for reading and giving kudos and commenting! you have no idea how much it means to me, really. i love every single comment i get and treasure them as if they were my tiny children

also do u like my pseudoscience in this chapter lol i have no idea how science works

tumblr is anuninterestingperson if u want to ask any questions or talk to me or anything!
You give your two weeks notice at work the next day. They do not seem particularly sad, or surprised, to see you go. Good riddance.

The Monday after that, you swan into the tech startup’s office dramatically and lay yourself down on the front desk.

Andrea stares at you. You think her eye might be twitching. She should get that checked out.

“What.”

You pout. “Andrea, you could at least say hello to your best friend in the entire world!”

“My what now?”

You ignore her and proclaim, “While I love you dearly, I’m afraid it’s time to say goodbye.”

“I’m delighted, but least change the water out first. You do actually have a job.”

“Yes, I do! A new one. No water involved. Well…that’s not true, there will probably still be water in some areas, and I will still generally speaking drink water, and use water to shower, and be 70% made up of—“

“You’re leaving?” You pretend there isn’t a hint of excitement in her voice.

“Yeah, that’s what I said, isn’t it? More or less. Anyway, that means we’ll see each other less often.” You mime a tear falling down your cheek.

“…Less often?” The excitement is gone.

“Well, I still have to visit my bestie every once in a while, don’t I?”

“You really don’t.”

“Don’t be silly. We can manage the distance, darling. Other couples have made it work, so can we!”

Andrea sighs and massages her temple. “There’s nothing I can say that will dissuade you, I’m guessing?”

“Oh, Andrea. Why do you even bother asking these kinds of questions?” You call out behind you as you lug the water over and change it out.

Returning to her desk, you prop your chin in your hands and gaze at her.

“You’re creeping me out.”

“No, you’re supposed to say, ‘What are you doing? Memorizing me by heart?’’, and then I get to say, ‘No…I already know you by heart’, and then we hug and you go off to the war—“
“Do you ever stop blathering?”

“Not really. It’s my charm point!”

“Leave.”

You tsk. “Somebody never learned to use their nice words.”

“Please.”

Giving her a thumbs up, you cheer, “We’ll make a debutante out of you yet! Bye, sugarlips.” You skip over to the door and out it without waiting to see her reaction. You’re sure it’s precious, though.

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The weeks fly by quickly, and before you know it, you’re saying goodbye to Andrea—(“Please visit infrequently,” she says, resigned to her fate, as she should be)—and saying hello to Dr. G’s office.

He smiles at you happily and guides you to the back rooms. “I thought I’d give you the official tour,” he says. “I know you’ve seen most of this already, but please bear with me.”

“Bear with you? Where?”

His smile freezes for a second before he gives a fake little laugh.

You frown. “Okay, what’s wrong?”

He pauses. This time he doesn’t give you any crap about your ‘level of acquaintance’ or whatever, which you are very pleased about.

“Ah…that just reminded me of Sans, is all. We may be in worse shape than ever before.”

“Why?”

“He and _______ got together, around the same time as you overheard our conversation if I understand correctly.”

“That’s great!”

“Right, but that’s not the end. They invited me to dinner, and I’m afraid Sans didn’t take it very well. They fought, he broke up with them, and I was forced to pick up the pieces.”

“Oh. Yikes.”

“Yikes is right. From what I hear, they’re both in quite a state, and I can’t help but think it’s my fault.”

You immediately shake your head, scowling at him. “No. Bad.”

His mouth makes an adorable little ‘o’ shape, and he says, “I don’t believe I’ve ever been told off in quite that manner before.”

“Well, I’m glad I’m your first,” you say suggestively, then gape in horror. “Oh, jeez. Wow. That sure was a thing I just said. Uh, anyway.”
“Anyway, indeed.” He’s become much better at shaking off your comments, but he’s still a pleasant shade of gray.

“It’s not your fault, is what I meant to say. Sans has obviously got his own issues, and those are his own fault.”

“I…suppose you may be right, as usual. I still feel a degree of responsibility, though.”

You shrug. “I still think you don’t have to, but I can’t force you to do or feel anything.”

“Well, I’ll keep that in mind anyway. Thank you.” He thinks, then snaps his fingers. “Oh! I was giving you a tour, wasn’t I.”

He shows you formally around the office. You’ve already been in his laboratory, but there are a few other rooms left that you’ve never really had reason to go into. One is locked, and he explains, “That room is just honestly a mess.”

“I wouldn’t mind.”

“I would, though,” he insists, and you decide not to ask any more about the subject.

At the end, you both return to the lab together, and he proudly presents you with a white coat with your last name embroidered on the front right breast pocket. You gasp and stare at it. “It’s beautiful.”

“I’m glad you like it! I thought it might help you feel more official, or something.”

You put it on and beam at him. “Thank you. You’re really the best.”

He looks at you for a moment with a look in his eyes that you haven’t seen before and don’t understand.

You tilt your head. “Dr. G?”

He shakes his head and apologizes, “Oh, sorry. I was miles away.”

“No problem.”

“Now, let’s get started,” he says, and you’re for a second amazed that this is your life. You get to have an interesting job with an amazing guy whom you love dearly. You wonder what your parents would think.

You actually don’t want to wonder what your parents would think. But even the thought of them can’t wreck this wonderful day.

“Yes, let’s.” You grin at him, and he grins back.

Chapter End Notes

not-so-stealth quote from A Little Princess in there (EDIT: the 1995 movie, bc it was one of my favorite movies as a kid)

i’m trying to get this caught up to the other story timeline-wise btw so it might be two
or three more dr. g chapters in a row
You’ve never had more fun in your life. Working with Dr. G is like a dream. You’re actually excited to go to work every day. Partially because of the work, and partially because he’s there.

You wish you could tell Andrea how you’re falling more in Actual Love This Time with him each day. Everything about him is so endearing that sometimes you feel like you could burst from the intensity of it all. Some days you just want to scream “I love you!” repeatedly until he gets it, gets you’re not joking, gets you really do want to be with him. You’re surprised, given your predilection, that you haven’t done so yet. But maybe a part of you is a bit afraid that you could lose all this if you go too far. He hasn’t shown any interest, or anything, and you’re sort of starting to give up hope that he ever will.

But it’s fine. As long as you get to be near him, it’s fine. You’re fine.

( Maybe you’re not actually so fine.)

About two weeks after you start working for Dr. G, he excuses himself to have an appointment with one of his patients. He leaves you behind in the workshop at those times, but he always comes back precisely in time for lunch.

But today, he’s late. You frown. You are hungry and you’re not going to just start without him because that would be rude. Shrugging, you make your way to his office. The door is ajar, and you peek through it. He’s on the phone.

“No, it’s all thanks to you, really…I appreciate all of your help. It’s been lovely speaking to you. Have a wonderful day!”

He hangs up, and to your surprise, he grins, puts his hands over his cheeks, and starts rocking back and forth. You don’t think you’ve ever seen him so happy.

You knock lightly on the door. “Doc? You okay there?”

He startles. “Oh, my apologies. I’m late, aren’t I?”

“No, it’s okay. What are you so happy about?”

“Well…I was able to help Sans and _______ get back together, and I’m just rather pleased that it turned out so well.”

“That’s great!”

“Isn’t it, though?” He’s grinning again and swaying slightly. “I do love a good romance, you see. I almost feel like—” He stops suddenly and goes gray. “Ah, I…lost my train of thought there.”

You raise an eyebrow at him, and he shrugs apologetically. He’s acting suspicious, but you don’t really want to press the issue.

“Well, anyway, you want to get to lunch?”

“Oh, of course! I’m just miles away today, aren’t I.”
“Don’t worry about it. Let’s just do this thing.”

He stands, and you leap over to him and hook your arm through his. He looks questioningly at you, and you just smile.

You start walking. As you do so, you chatter mindlessly. “Today I brought the height of my culinary expertise: a sandwich. Not just any sandwich, but a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, made using only the finest dollar store peanut butter and the most premium of discount jellies…”

Dr. G is just looking down at your linked arms confusedly. You nudge him, and he blinks at you. “Um, yes…good.”

You laugh. “You weren’t listening to me, were you.” You push the door open for him, and he nods gratefully.

“I suppose not. My apologies once more. It’s just…” He gestures helplessly to your arms with his free hand. “Why?”

“Why, it’s improper for a young lady such as yourself to be without an escort!”

He giggles lightly. “No, but really.”

“I like being close to you,” you say frankly, then disentangle your arms and give him a perfunctory pat on the shoulder.

“Oh.” He turns black.

“Yeah, oh. Anyway. What’d you bring?”

“Just…” He takes a deep breath and shakes his head, his color lightening a little. “Just a salad.”

“Aw, come on, Dr. G. You always bring the same exact thing! Change it up a little. Like me. Yesterday I brought a Lunchable.”

He snorts. “Those things are barely food.”

“And yet my hunger was satiated,” you say prissily. “You bourgeois.”

“Excuse you!”

“I will not excuse myself! I will fight for the proletariat’s right to eat Lunchables!”

Your banter is comfortable and fun. You keep talking when you eventually notice that Dr. G has fallen asleep on his chair. You stare at him. He looks so peaceful when he’s sleeping. You smile fondly at him. Then, you roll your chair over to his and plant a gentle kiss on his forehead, removing your lab coat and draping it over him. Not that it’s cold in here or anything, but that’s what you do when people are sleeping, right? Put stuff on them?

After a few hours, he wakes up with a start. You look up from what you’re doing and grin at him. “Hey, sleepyhead.”

Groggily, he asks, “Why didn’t you wake me?”

“You looked cute.”

He frowns.
“No, seriously. I took pictures. You were drooling a bit.”

His hand flies to his mouth and wipes at it frantically. He frowns even harder when he discovers you were, in fact, telling the truth.

“Aw, lighten up, grumpyface.”

He glares at you, then his eyes go wide.

“What?”

“Oh…nothing…it’s just…nothing. Aren’t you cold in that?”

You look down at your attire. You’re just wearing a tank top and jeans. “Not really. I run hot.”

He mumbles something you can’t understand, and you tilt your head. “Sorry, didn’t catch that.”

“Nothing.”

Your eyebrows wrinkle together. “There’s a whole lot of nothing going on with you today, Doc.”

“Oh, let me be. Some days are just like that.”

“That reminds me of this one time, my parents—“ You trail off.

“You never talk about your parents. Are they…?”

You sigh. “Oh, they’re still alive. I just don’t talk to them. Or more like, they don’t talk to me. They are very disappointed, you see.”

“Why would anyone be disappointed in you?”

“Well… I was in college. Theoretical physics. I was set to graduate early, too, ‘cause I took a few college courses during high school. I’ve kind of always been a bright child. They had very high expectations.”

“And…?”

“And I dropped out.”

“Why?”

“I…” You look away. “I was very depressed back then. I didn’t really see the point in getting a degree when I didn’t think I would live very long. A few times, I… anyway. So I dropped out, they got pissed, but the real clincher was this family dinner, where the topic of monsters came up. I told them that I thought monsters deserve equal treatment like everyone else, and they told me I was a disgusting monster sympathizer, and I said yeah, pretty much, and they said it was the last straw and kicked me out.”

“Oh my goodness. I’m sorry, I didn’t—“

“Know? It’s okay. I’m over it.”

“But they—“

“I said I’m over it,” you snap.
Quietly, he says, “All right. I just want to make sure you’re happy.”

You give a lopsided smile. “Of course I am. I get to be with you.”

He darkens again, and you cheer and raise both of your hands in the air in triumph. “There he goes!”

“Hush.”

“Trying to silence the common man again, huh?” You fall easily back into banter. Your heart is kind of aching a little bit from telling the story of your parents, but the talking helps.

Dr. G gazes as you gesture wildly, in the midst of a rather facetious rant about the Man oppressing the working class, oblivious to the world, and he thinks about you.

Chapter End Notes

the jelly is raspberry because that's the best kind

lol look at me just throwing out tropes like they're nothing. boom, here's a sleeping scene. boom here's parent problems. (and boom there's another ship and boom just lost the southern tip and--)

also dr. g is hiding something from you...what could it be???????????? could it have???? something to do with the Mysterious Locked Room??!?!?!?!?!?!??!
Chapter 6: Friends/More Than Friends?

You need food.

You’ve been putting off going to the supermarket for, like, a week, and you’ve exhausted your reserves and your reserve reserves and you are hungry. Might as well bite the bullet.

You put on your coat and leave your apartment. You start cutting through the alleyway like you always do. You roll your eyes at anyone who tells you to take the longer way. Sure, you’ve been witness to more than your fair share of drug deals, but you figure that’s part of living downtown anyway, and you hate taking the long way.

You nearly step on someone.

Specifically, it is a human, who appears to be passed out in the lap of a skeleton. Do skeletons have laps? You want to sleep in Dr. G’s lap, if he has one. A question for a later time.

You contemplate leaving them there. It’s not really any of your business, after all. But you can’t really bring yourself to do it, so you sigh and prod the human in their forehead. “Uh…excuse me?”

Their eyes still closed, they inform you that they are sleeping.

You frown. “Maybe you should, um…stop doing that. Or, uh, do it somewhere other than in an alley.” That appears to get their attention, and they wake up, blinking confusedly at you.

Your eyes rake over their head, which is bleeding profusely (but then again, it’s a head wound, they’re always like that. Probably isn’t too serious. Worst case, concussion.) You are fairly certain they are not actually sleeping. “Sorry, it’s just, this isn’t really a good place to sleep. Plus, you’re sort of bleeding from the head.”

They clap a hand to their head and soon come back wet. Dazed, they say, “Oh. How about that.”

You wait silently. It looks like the pain hasn’t hit yet.

“Oh, jeez, wow. Ow. Ow that hurts.”

“There we go.” Your eyes flick over to the skeleton. You figure he’s probably a monster like Dr. G, but you can never be sure with skeletons. “Also, I’m presuming the skeleton was like that when you got there? Skeletal, I mean.”

They totally freak out, and for a second you’re concerned you were wrong, and that the skeleton used to be a human with skin and muscles and organs and stuff. Oops. There probably was a gentler way to break that.

You’re corrected when they call the skeleton by name. Sans? Wait, Dr. G’s Sans? This is probably his client. _______, then. Small world.

They banter back and forth a little bit, and you grin. Aw. What a cute couple. You can see why Dr. G was so happy about them getting back together. And of course, as per usual, you say exactly what you’re thinking. “You guys are cute. I mean, the grievous bodily injuries aren’t so cute, but
you know what I mean.” You hope they do actually know what you mean. It’d be really awkward if they thought, for instance, that you were hitting on them. You reserve your hitting for Dr. G. … That came out wrong.

Oh, speaking of Dr. G, you should check if they really are Sans and _________. “Hey, do either of you by chance know another skeleton-type monster? Very gentlemanly, very adorable, makes a killer cup of tea—“

You’re interrupted by a tall skeleton stampeding into the alleyway. He shouts ‘brother’, so it’s probably Papyrus. You’re kind of giddy for a moment. You’ve heard so much about them, it’s almost like meeting celebrities.

But you figure they probably need a moment together alone, so you say, “I’m guessing this guy knows you? Well, that’s my cue then. Nice to meet you guys. See you later.” You wink (oh, jeez, they really are going to think you’re hitting on them, nice going) and wave goodbye before turning and going back the direction of your apartment.

You suppose you can take the long way just this once.

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The next day, you skip in with a customary loud greeting. “Honey, I’m home!”

Dr. G looks up from his notebook and his eyes soften. “Good morning, (Y/N).”

“Guess what. I think I met your pals last night.”

“Pardon me?”

“Sans and _______. I met them. I think.”

“Oh, that’s wonderful. How did that come about?”

“They were in an alley outside my house.”

Tilting his head, he asks, “What were they doing there?”

You shrug. “Well, I mean, not much. Mostly being passed out.”

He gasps. “What?!”

“Yeah. Then I woke them up and then somebody who I think was probably Papyrus came running in and I left.”

“You left? Oh, goodness. I have to—I have to call them, I have to figure out if they’re all right—“

He takes his phone out of pocket, fumbling, and shakily dials a number.

You can’t hear the other side of the conversation, but you figure it’s probably Sans.

“I’m sorry to just call out of the blue, but—I just heard you were injured, and I—Yes, it’s me. I understand if you don’t want to chat, but please, are you all right? …Oh, thank goodness. I was so worried.”

He starts crying black tears, and your eyes widen. You’ve never seen him cry before.

“Yes, I’m crying! I said I was worried!”
He wipes the tears and sniffs.

“...Of course I still consider you a friend, Sans. You’ve always been very dear to me, and that has
never changed. ...Really? Oh, no, don’t be sorry. I should have tried harder to explain...wait,
really? O-of course...of course, I’d love that. Thank you. All right, talk to you later, then.”

He waits until the phone is hung up, turned off, and placed back in his pocket before breaking into
the biggest smile you’ve ever seen.

“What a lovely day this has become!”

He whirls and turns that smile on you, and you almost feel like shielding your eyes, it’s so bright.

He runs up to you and clutches both of your hands in his. “(Y/N), thank you. If you hadn’t told me,
I would never...thank you.”

“No problem. I’m guessing you and Sans are friends again? That’s great.”

Jittery, he says, “Yes, indeed. I’m rather happy about it.”

“I’m happy you’re happy. You deserve it. You deserve every good thing.” You smile gently at
him.

He stares at you for a moment, looking awestruck, then all of a sudden, pulls you into a hug. He
strokes your back firmly and whispers, “I wish I knew what I did to deserve you so that I could
keep doing it forever.”

You freeze, and he starts to pull back, stuttering nervously. “O-oh, sorry—I don’t know what came
over me—“

You pull him back to you and bury your head in his chest, swaying back and forth. You mumble,
voice muffled by his sweater, “I really do love you.”

“I apologize, I didn’t quite catch that.”

“Nothing.”

Chapter End Notes

i think dr. g probably gives the best hugs

btw, dr. g is demisexual and demiromantic. take that information how you will
It’s been two weeks, and Dr. G has been acting decidedly strange. He keeps avoiding your eyes, and he flinches and blushes slightly every time you touch him. Not that it’s not adorable, but you’re starting to wonder if you’ve done something wrong again.

You rack your brain. He hasn’t vocalized any complaints about your work, so you think it’s probably not that. You still flirted outrageously with him, but apart from the blushing, he had never seemed to mind that much.

The only thing you can think of three weeks ago that might warrant a change in behavior was your saying you loved him.

Had he been lying when he said he didn’t hear you? And why would it manner if he had? That definitely wasn’t the first time you’ve declared amorous intentions towards him, but…you suppose it is the first time you’ve said those actual words, in front of him anyway. Maybe he finally understood that you weren’t joking and got freaked out.

Honestly, you sort of don’t want to ask him just in case that is what happened. You don’t want to know if he’s disgusted by you. You can deal with him being strange as long as you still get to be with him.

But you still really want to talk to someone about it, and obviously your usual Talk-To Person Of Choice (namely, Dr. G) is not an option.

“Hey, Dr. G? I’m going out to get lunch today. Is that all right?”

He looks surprised for a moment, then maybe a little bit sad. “Well, of course.”

“Thanks, Doc. You’re the best.” You grin at him and give him a quick hug before running out, in the process missing him flushing a dark black.

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“Andrea! You’ve missed me!”

She looks up and her face falls. “Oh.”

“Don’t be like that. It’s been too long.”

“Has it, now?” She rests her chin on her hand, using the other hand to flip back her long hair.

“Don’t pretend like you haven’t been heartbroken.”

“Your ability to read people is unparalleled,” she drawls.

“I get that a lot,” you say modestly. (You don’t.)

“Is there a reason you’re here, or…?”

“There is indeed a reason, my dearest palfriendo. I wanted to go out to lunch with you and talk
about something."

“Do I have a choice?”

“Noo!”

She sighs. “I’ll get my coat.”

You take her out to a little café near to her office. You watch her lovingly as she eats a scone and sips her coffee (milk, no sugar). She finally notices and gives you a horrified look. “What?”

“Oh, nothing. I’m just happy to be here with you.”

The look on her face changes to a vague disgust. “Yeah, I’m not interested.”

“Please. You know I only have eyes for one person slash monster.”

She rolls her eyes. “Yes, I know. Your perfect doctor. Is that what this is about? Would you like to update me on how you’re actually really and truly in love with him this time?”

“I am, but no, that’s not what I want to talk about.”

“Then spill,” she says disinterestedly.

“So recently he’s been super weird. He jumps out of his skin whenever I touch him and he blushes more than usual and he won’t look at me. I’ve been trying to think of what I did, but all I can think of was this one time two weeks ago where I said I loved him but I whispered it so he didn’t hear me but maybe he did and I figure maybe he hates me now.” You say that all in one breath and start coughing at the end because you run out of air. Smooth as usual.

She stares at you, then throws her head back and starts guffawing. “Oh, this is precious.”

“What?”

“Honey, for someone so forward, you’re completely oblivious.”

“I get that a lot too.” (You do.)

“He obviously likes you. Duh?”

Your heart falls with a dull mental thud. You wish. “Hah. Andrea, you are a cruel mistress. He doesn’t like me. He can’t even look at me. Next theory. Perhaps he is being mind-controlled?”

“He isn’t looking at you because he’s embarrassed. From what you tell me of him, it sounds like it doesn’t take much for him to get that way. He’s like a little kid with a crush. It’s easier to ignore you than it is to admit he likes you. Boom. Can I go home now?”

“This isn’t actually funny.”

She sniffs. “You aren’t either.”

“Ouch, my heart.”

“You have a heart?” she asks in mock disbelief.

“Double hah.”
“Seriously, though. He likes you, so get over whatever your pathetic and inaccurate deal is and just run with it.”

You press your lips together and crush the fragile bloom of hope that says, but maybe…Because no. He’s never shown any interest before. Why would he start now?

“Well, that’s an interesting theory.” You check to make sure she’s done with her scone and coffee. “It’s been lovely, but I’m afraid my hour is almost up.”

She looks at the sky and mouths, “Thank you.” You blow her a raspberry.

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You get back to the office and can’t find Dr. G anywhere. You frown. He’s not in the workshop, he’s not in the tea room, not the storage room, not his client office, not the waiting area…it leaves only one place.

The Mysterious Door.

You didn’t really buy his messy room excuse. You’ve seen all the movies before, and you know he’s probably hiding a terrible secret in there. Something that he’s afraid he can’t show you because you’ll hate him. But you could never hate him, so you’re pretty much ready to make like a protagonist and open the door.

You get out a paperclip to try your hand at lockpicking, which you think you are probably good at, before a thought occurs to you. You shrug and try the doorknob.

It opens.

Inside, the lights are off, so you can’t really see too well. But there’s a bright pool of light, in which you find Dr. G reading a book in a big squishy-looking ottoman.

“Hey, Doc.”

He screams and slams the book closed, panting. “(Y-Y-Y/N)! What are you doing here?”

“I couldn’t find you anywhere else.”

“A-ah. Well…well. Hm.” He sighs and massages his temples. “I guess you’ve caught me in the act, so to speak. No use hiding it any more.”

He walks over to you and flicks on the lights, immediately hiding his face in his hands.

It’s…a library?

You walk curiously towards the books. Towards the right lies a copy of the DSM-V and some other psychology books, then physics books, then _Love on the Lake_, then—

Oh.

_Oh._

_Passion in Paraguay. A Kiss for a Killer. Motorcycles and Marriage. Romancing a Reverend._

At least ¾ of the wall is covered in bookshelves containing steamy romance novels.
You turn back to Dr. G in astonishment to find him peeking at you through his fingers, his cheeks jet black.

“…Dr. G?”

“I’m so sorry. This is so shameful. I never wanted you to see this.”

“This is what is behind the Mysterious Door? Your softcore porn collection?”

He gasps. “I-it’s not softcore porn! These are stories of people truly in love with each other, epic romances that can weather any storm! They are—” He cuts off and returns to blushing silently.

You take one of the novels out of the bookshelf and open up to a random page, reading out loud, “Her heaving bosom heaved, as so many bosoms have done before, but only this particular bosom could satisfy Anthony’s man log.”

“Th-that’s…you can’t skip to that scene, what’s important is their hard-earned love that leads into, um…that…”

You break out laughing.

“D-don’t laugh at me, please! That is very rude—“

“Doc, how could you think I’d judge you for this? Sure, these books are a little silly, but who doesn’t love a good romance sometimes? You’re so ridiculous for getting so worked up about this.”

He gapes at you.

“Dr. G, this is just another thing to add to the list of things I love about you.” You freeze. Crap. Crapcrapcrap.

But instead of freaking out like you thought he might, he just softly says, “O-oh,” like he can’t believe it.

Just continue on like nothing happened. Right. Laugh it off like normal. “You’re going to love fanfiction.”

“What is that?”

“Oh, my sweet summer child. Come with me.”

Chapter End Notes

i lied it's another dr. g chapter (and the next one might be too, i wanted to get it properly caught up in this chapter but it didn't turn out that way)

i made up all of those romance novel titles, so don't bother looking for them. also fun fact: the book dr. g was reading was called 'What is Love (Baby, Don't Hurt Me): A Guidebook for the Romance-Challenged'
You’re working late one day a week later when Dr. G checks his watch and startles. “Oh, dear!”

“What?”

“Sans invited me over to his house, and I’m late.”

“He invited you over? That’s great!”

He ducks his head and smiles. “Isn’t it?” He sobers. “But this is not the way to resume a friendship. What if he gets mad, what if he changes his mind—”

You make your way over to him and clap your hands on his shoulders. “Dr. G. Breathe, okay?”

“Breathing. Right.”

“You just apologize for being late and he’ll wave it off like it’s nothing, because it is. He’s still going to be your friend. Who wouldn’t want to be your friend? You’re the best there is.”

He blushes lightly and nods.

You move your right hand up to his cheek to make him look at you. “You’re going to do great. Don’t worry. I’ll be rooting for you, okay?” You hold his gaze for a moment longer before starting to remove your hands.

As you do, he hurriedly puts one of his own hands over the hand on his cheek. “Thank you,” he says softly.

“No problem,” you whisper, lost in his eyes.

He keeps staring at you, and his face is getting closer, and—

He breaks eye contact and pulls away, still gray. “I’ll, um. I’ll. See you tomorrow.”

“Yeah,” you call out as he leaves, then crumple to the floor, holding a hand over your mouth as you gasp for air.

What was that?

-----------

Dr. G is talking about you with Sans and ________, but you don’t know that. You are at home eating Cup Noodles.
You keep flashing back to the moment before he left. If you didn’t know better, you could swear he was going to, well…

But, you reflect, you do know better.

You sigh, throw the cup into the garbage, and start to get ready for bed. You change into an old tshirt and shorts. While you’re brushing your teeth, you space out again thinking about the feeling of his hand over yours. His hands are so big, they completely covered your own. And his face getting closer and closer and…

You snap out of it. No use thinking about that.

You get into bed, but you’re not sleepy, really. You feel electrified, like something is about to happen. You frown and flop over, burying your head in your pillow. And then over again. And again.

You’ve finally managed to get a bit drowsy when the doorbell rings. You groan. Just your luck. You get out of bed, yawning and scratching your head. You consider putting on a bathrobe or something, but it’s their fault for coming over so late anyway. They get (Y/N) Au Naturel.

You open the door, moaning, “What?”

To your intense surprise, Dr. G is standing there, out of breath and gray-cheeked. You straighten up immediately. “Wait, Dr. G? What are you—“

“I think I love you.”

You blink at him.

Your brain appears to have gone offline due to technical difficulties.

Finally you say, “What?”

“I said, um, I said I think I l-love you,” he says, much more uncertainly.

“Pardon?”

“Oh, blast this,” he says decidedly, and leans forward to press against…your cheek.

Your mind is still kind of blank, but autopilot switches on and you say automatically, “I think you missed.”

It’s his turn to stare at you blankly. “Missed?”

“Mmhm,” you nod, and step in close to him, wrap your arms around his neck, pulling him down to you. You look into his eyes, then slowly kiss him. On the mouth this time, thank you very much.

When you step away, you find that he’s turned black again. “Oh.”

“Yeah, oh.”

You both stand there awkwardly. He fidgets, then asks, “Can I come in?”

“Oh! Yeah, of course.” You move aside from the doorway to let him in.

You sit on your couch next to each other stiffly.
“So, uh…”

“I’m so—“

You both start speaking at the same time, and then clamp your mouths shut.

“You go first,” you say.

“Ah. Yes. Well. Um, I was just going to say that I’m sorry.”

“For what?”

“For, er…kissing you without your consent. That was incredibly wrong of me to do, and I apologize.”

You frown. “Not that consent isn’t extremely important, because it is, but I did kiss you back.”

“Still. I never even verified that you…return my feelings.”

You gape at him, then shake your head and put your hand on his shoulder so that he will look at you instead of down at his hands. “Dr. G, how could you even think…I thought I made it more or less clear from the very beginning that I was very into you.”

“I couldn’t tell whether you were being serious or not,” he mutters.

“I have not lied to you once.” You consider. “Well, that’s not true. You know three weeks ago when we were hugging and I said something and you asked what I said and I said nothing?”

“Yes?”

“It was not nothing. I was saying I loved you. So. Yes, I ‘return your feelings’, you big dope. I always have.”

He darkens. “Ah.” A lopsided smile slowly starts to steal across his face. “Well that’s…that’s very good.”

You say contemplatively, “I thought it was you who didn’t like me. I thought you were acting strange the past few weeks because you had heard me and freaked out.”

“No, quite the contrary. I am not very…experienced in these matters, you see. As a matter of fact, you’re the first person I’ve ever had feelings for in the romantic sense. I had previously thought I just didn’t…” He clears his throat. “In any case, it took me a rather long while to identify what it was I was feeling. I didn’t even really start to suspect it until three weeks ago, after I called Sans. I’m afraid I didn’t really know how to deal with it. But this evening while I was visiting with Sans and _______, I mentioned you, and they both could immediately tell that I felt for you more than platonically. My suspicions confirmed, I waited until I could get away without being rude, and I came here, and, well…”

“Here we are.”

“Yes, here we are,” he says softly, and moves his hand so that it’s covering yours on your lap.

You look down. “This is the first time I’ve seen you without your gloves on.”

“Oh, yes, the holes tend to…I’m sorry. Is it strange?”
“Dr. G, I can’t think of a single thing I don’t love about you. That includes your hands, holes or not.”

“Oh.” He smiles quietly, then squeezes your hand. You turn it around to interlace your fingers together.

You sit like that for a while, then ask, “Hey, can I try something?”

“What? Of course.”

You wiggle around until you’re oriented with your head in his lap. You grin up at him. He is startled, but eventually smiles back. “Hello,” he murmurs.

“Hello.”

“You’re rather adorable yourself, you know?”

“Why thank you.”

“Did you really mean everything you said to me?”

“Every single word.”

He teases, “Including the impromptu marriage proposal from the early days?”

You just smile mysteriously, beckon him down until his face is within reach, and softly kiss him again.

(The answer is yes, but he doesn’t need to know that right now.)

Chapter End Notes

i could probably end this right here, but i’m guessing that'd tick ppl off so i won't lol...
but for the record, this was never meant to be as long as the sans fic so it's coming up
next chapter will actually be sans this time, promise
The morning comes, and with it, the dim light of dawn. You wake up at the tendrils of light sneaking into the room through your closed blinds. You’ve always been an early riser, but today you’re glad for it, because you get to watch Dr. G as he slumbers quietly above you.

You had both fallen asleep in the same position as last night. You worry for a moment about Dr. G’s neck—it can’t be terribly comfortable sleeping upright like that—but mentally shrug. You can deal with that later. For now, you’re content just to gaze at his peaceful face, to listen to his soft inhales and exhales.

You have a good life, you think.

After a while, you drift back to sleep, calmed by his breathing. You’re jolted awake a few hours later by Dr. G, who is trying to extricate himself.

He stills and says regretfully, “Oh, dear. I’m so very sorry. I thought I’d make breakfast, but I didn’t intend on waking you.”

“Oh, don’t worry about it. I was awake earlier anyway.” You sit up and stretch.

“And you didn’t wake me?”

“And pass up the chance to watch you sleep again? I think not.” You sniff. “It’s like you don’t even know me.”

“I sort of thought since we’re, ah…together…now that that sort of thing might have passed.”

You grin. “Please. I’ll never be able to get enough of you.”

He flushes. “W-well then.”

“Oh, and also?”

“Yes?”

“Good morning.” You draw him into a slow kiss, which turns him even darker.

“Good morning,” he breathes, like he can’t believe this is reality. Then a thought seems to occur to him. “Oh, actually, I need to make a few calls. Would you mind taking care of breakfast? I hate to ask, but…”

“Nah, of course I don’t mind. Go on.”

You traipse to the kitchen and take a moment to yourself to squeal silently. This is actually happening! You woke up and he was here and you kissed him and he didn’t poof away or turn into a frog or anything. You perform a small victory dance to celebrate.

You’re doing what appears to be a mixture between disco and the can-can when you remember. Oh, right. Breakfast.
“Hey, Doc,” you call out, “Lucky Charms or Fruity Pebbles?” Two of your favorites. Only the finest for your beau.

“Neither of those are food, dear. Do you have any eggs?”

You squeal internally again about the ‘dear’, but sober quickly, because oh no he did not just. Also, why would you have eggs? You haven’t egged a house in years. You’re a freaking adult, for pete’s sake.

“Maybe?” you hedge, because there’s always the possibility. “Probably not.”

“I’m taking you out grocery shopping later and we’re going to get you some food items that are actually edible.”

Okay, you can only take so many insults against your beloved sugar cereals. You stomp towards the other room and mutter, “I’ll show you edible.”

You come up and hug him from behind. He yelps in surprise. “(Y/N), I’m on the phone!”

“And?” you respond flippantly, then whirl him around and kiss him for effect. He seems to want to protest at first, but after a bit his eyes close and he basically swoons in your arms. You are, you reflect proudly, just that good.

You let him go with a pat on the butt (or the area that you assume is his butt if he has one) and smile evilly as he takes a moment to return to himself. He coughs embarrassedly, sending a stern frown your direction, before straightening himself out again and returning to the phone. “I am so, so sorry.”

Distantly, you hear, “I’m guessing they’re the very good thing you mentioned earlier?” You preen slightly, because you are indeed a Very Good Thing.

“Well…yes. I’m afraid I fell asleep on their couch last night, and they never wake me up when I’m sleeping.”

“I want to meet them! We should set up a time for us all to meet. Like a double date or something.”

“Let me ask them.” He turns to do so, but is shocked to find you already right there, grinning. You wrestle the phone from his hands despite his protests and yell into the phone, “Yes! I’m so excited to properly meet you.”

He takes the phone back and glares at you. You put your hands up innocently and saunter back to the kitchen to prepare two bowls of Lucky Charms. You don’t care if he thinks they’re food or not; he’s going to try them and he’s going to like them.

He comes into the kitchen, presumably to protest about your phone behavior, when you present him with his bowl. “Eat,” you order. “They’re magically delicious.”

“Do I have to?”

“Yes.”

He sighs overdramatically and takes the bowl from your hands. Then he eats a bite. Then another.

“These are actually quite good.”

You clap. “See, I told you!”
“We’re still going grocery shopping though.”

“Fine,” you concede. “Now finish your bowl. It’s part of a balanced breakfast, you know.”

“Balanced my foot,” he murmurs, but does as he is told.

-------------

That evening, after you’re both finished working, you head to the grocery store. You’re in the pasta aisle (“No, (Y/N), ramen does not count”) when Dr. G gets a text.

“Oh!”

“What?”

“______ just texted me. They are wondering if we’d like to join them and Sans at the science museum.”

“Oooh! Yeah, of course! When?”

“They didn’t say…do you have any plans for Friday evening though?”

“Not really.”

“Then we can stop work early and go around 5. Does that sound all right?”

“Yes.”

He texts them back, then shows you the screen as the phone pings again. “Dinner okay?”

You huff. “When would I ever say no to dinner?”

“All right, then. That’s settled.”

You whoop. “I’m finally going to meet them!”

Dr. G laughs bemusedly. “You’re more excited than I’d expect.”

“Dr. G, I want to learn everything there is to know about you. That includes getting to know your friends. Of course I’m excited.”

He smiles, ducks his head. You take his hand and squeeze it. “Come on, then. Let’s get some more of your bourgeois food.”

Chapter End Notes

the ending is blah but whatever i am sleepy
You and Dr. G are waiting outside the museum patiently. Well, Dr. G is waiting patiently; you perhaps not so much.

“Where are they? It’s like five minutes past 5. I may explode.”

“It’s only five minutes. I’m sure they’re just running a bit late.”

“Maybe they’re making out,” you propose, mostly just to get a reaction out of Dr. G.

He does not disappoint. He blushes and nudges you gently. “Come, now. That’s hardly appropriate to speculate about.”

“We could make out,” you suggest, wiggling your eyebrows.

He blushes harder.

You bounce on the balls of your feet, then muse, “I wonder if they’ll like me.” You contemplate that statement for a second, then say cheerfully, “Who am I kidding? Everybody likes me!”

“I’m sure there will be no problems on that front. You’re very charming.”

“Shucks.”

Just then, you see them approaching. You note that ________ is fiddling nervously with the edge of their shirt. Aw, cute. You decide to break the ice by leaping forward to them and Sans and loudly proclaiming, “Sans! ________! I’ve heard so much about you both. And when I say so much I mean so much, I’ve been so hyped about this—“

The good doctor comes up behind you and clears his throat. You realize you’re probably rambling again. “Oh. Right. I’m (Y/N). And you already know my boy toy here.”

You don’t even have to turn around to know Dr. G is probably blushing. “Y-your what?”

You silently congratulate yourself for having looked up ‘boyfriend’ on thesaurus.com after you two got together. “Oh, you know. Paramour, lover, beau, bae—“ You pause, realizing you’ve run out of easily remembered synonyms. “Feel free to stop me anytime—“

Sans finally speaks. “inamorato.”

You like him. You hold out a hand for a high five in solidarity. “Nice one!” He returns your high five solidly, and you nod approvingly. It’s time to break out the skeleton pun you’ve been preparing for the occasion. “Hey, hey, Sans. You know why skeletons aren’t afraid of dangerous sports?”

“no, why?”

“Because they’re not spineless!” You add a silent drum riff in your head and wait for the inevitably positive reaction, because that was fricking hilarious.
“heh. not bad.”

Not bad? You reiterate, the joke—and you—are fricking hilarious. You’re about to inform him of this when _______ interrupts, “I’ll go get the tickets.” You mentally shrug. Probably for the best. This would not be the first fight you had gotten into over how funny you are. Not the way to make friends, or so you’ve been told.

_______ breaks off from the group to go stand in line while Dr. G talks about his current research with Sans. It turns out Sans has turned from the sciences, which Dr. G is surprised but polite about.

“it was hard to keep going after you…” Sans goes silent.

Dr. G puts a comforting hand on his shoulder. “I imagine. I’m sorry I kept it from you for so long, but I didn’t know how to contact anyone there—I promise I tried.”

“no, it’s okay. you’ve done more than enough. and anyway, if it weren’t for my current job we wouldn’t have moved, and i wouldn’t have met—“ He turns a light blue and glances almost reflexively over to the line, where ________ stands at the ticket counter.

“No, I understand.” You feel a hand go protectively around your waist and look up at Dr. G questioningly. He just smiles fondly down at you.

“Hey, guys, I’ve got them.” _______ has returned and is handing out the tickets to everybody.

“Thank you again.”

“No problem. So what is this even about, anyway?”

You light up. “Oh, well, Max Planck was this awesome scientist who originated quantum theory, which totally changed the way that we as humans saw atomic and subatomic activity.” You pause and try to think of a pun for Sans’ sake. “Well, not ‘see’, exactly. Observer effect and all.” You eke a fistbump out of Sans and Dr. G.

“Oh. Uh, yeah. Of course.” ________ is pretty evidently confused.

“yeah, his presence in history is pretty much…a constant by now,” Sans quips, and you crack up. _______ lets out a really fake chuckle. You stop laughing and frown slightly. You feel kind of bad. They are obviously out of their element here, but you don’t really know what to do to help. You decide not to say anything.

Eventually you get distracted from the issue by the exhibit, though. It’s really cool. They have some notes from Max Planck himself, some replicas of the equipment he used, and a lot of facts about his work. Sans is really into it. You can understand why—after being away from something you love for a long time, it’s easy to lose yourself in it again.

But at one point, you look back and see ________ trailing along behind a noticeable distance. You poke Dr. G, who startles. You gesture to them and jerk your head towards Sans. Dr. G nods, and lightly taps Sans, who stops right in his tracks to rush over to ________, who looks sort of like they’re about to cry.

“_______?”

They shake their head and come out of a reverie. “What? Sorry.”
“you okay there?” You fight the urge to clap a hand to your face. Of course they’re not.

“Yeah. Yeah, I’m…fine.”

“are you sure?”

They look up at you and Dr. G and their face falls. They snap, “I’m fine, okay?”

Then they run off to the exit. You immediately follow after them. You know moods like that, and it’s not good to be alone.

You get outside just in time to see ________ walking swiftly to their car. Sans shoots you an apologetic glance and Dr. G waves to say that it’s all right.

Mood soured, you walk silently to the car with Dr. G, who somehow drives without corporeal feet—you’ve never asked—and shut the door before bursting out, “We shouldn’t have left them alone.”

“_______?”

“Yeah. I saw them back there, I saw they weren’t into it. I should’ve said something. Jeez, I always say something, why was this time different?” You scowl. “I should’ve tried harder.”

“(Y/N), what—“

“Look, I know what I come off like.” You stare out the window. “I know I have this whole don’t-care-what-people-think, happy-go-lucky, oblivious vibe. But if there’s one thing I do care about it’s never treating people like they used to treat me. Like I don’t belong, or exist. I’ve been there, and it sucks, and today another person felt like that, and I could’ve been better and I wasn’t.”

Dr. G seems lost for words. “(Y/N), it isn’t your fault.”

“I know it isn’t. I’m just pissed at myself. Frick, I promised myself I would never be like them.”

“Like who?”

You don’t answer.

Chapter End Notes

(y/n) seems kinda like a big clueless dork and they are but they're also surprisingly insightful sometimes
You give them a few minutes to start cooking before you sneak into the kitchen. Sneak attacks cheer everyone up, right?

Instead, you’re treated to one of the most adorable things you’ve seen since Dr. G. _______ is singing passionately into their spatula. They look quite a sight in their apron, flour smudged high on their cheeks and forehead, hair pulled back from their eyes with a headband. You quietly take a picture—for Sans, you tell yourself—then interrupt, “Hey.”

They jump and turn around quickly. Their eyes are wide, and they start turning a delicate pink. “O-oh. Hey.”

Holy crap, they’re too cute. You are the luckiest person on this earth to be surrounded by so much cuteness, and you are dying. You sidle up to them and gush, “Are they red? They are, aren’t they? That’s adorable.”

They huff and look away. “I’m not adorable.”

Patently untrue, but you’re not going to argue the point. “Well, your cheeks are, at the very least.” They start to rifle around their spice drawer uncomfortably, and you take the hint and change the subject, sort of. “The good doctor, now, his cheeks are real cuties. Have you seen how he blushes? I die a little inside every time. I’ve made it my goal in life to make him blush as much as possible. So far, so good!”

“You talk a lot.”

Well, that’s just a fact. “Yes, I do!”

They laugh, and their whole face lights up. Even cuter that way, you consider telling them, but are interrupted by their, “And you’re very honest. I can appreciate that. I wish I were more honest.”

This sounds like a Conversation. You get comfortable on the countertop. “Then just say what you’re thinking,” you say matter-of-factly.

They scoff. “It’s not really that simple.”

“It is, though. That’s what I always do. It’s kind of a problem.”

“Well, I guess not all of us are so lucky,” they say bitterly.

You don’t miss their tone, but you don’t blame them for being worked up, either. “I don’t know if I’d really call it luck, exactly. I just figure there’s too little time in this world to waste on beating around the bush. Also,” you admit, “I have no self control.”

They sigh and it all comes pouring out—that they feel like there’s too much time, that they’re tired and bored, that they’re worried that the only reason they’re with Sans is because he’s interesting. It’s obvious this has been eating at them. You consider carefully. There are a lot of things to say—that you don’t think there’s anything wrong with Sans being a bright spot in a dark world, that these are all classic symptoms of depression, that you’ve been there before. But you don’t really
know if any of these things will help, and you want to help.

“—I don’t know why I’m saying any of this. I barely know you.”

“Sometimes,” you say, flashing back to your own experiences, “You just need somebody to talk to. Doesn’t really matter who.”

“Yeah, maybe.”

The silence stretches on as you think back on them.

Well. Her, really.

“You can’t just hold it all in forever, you know.” Yeah, you know, you tell her voice.

But you can darn well hold it in for a long time.

“So, what are you making?” you ask to distract yourself.

They startle and respond, “Oh…it’s a favorite recipe of mine. Dr. G didn’t really get to eat it with the others last time I invited him to dinner, so I sort of figured…”

You melt inside. Look at this super cute person caring for your super cute person like that. You want to hug them. “That’s really sweet.”

“O-oh…um, thank you,” they say, and look down at their hands, smiling.

That is fricking it. “You’re cute,” you blurt out. “I like you.”

“W-what?!”

You wince internally. Crap. You’d done it again. Well, no going back now, you guess. “I said you’re cute and I like you.”

“No, I mean. Why? I’m rude, and mean, and—“

“And cute, and I like you,” you say patiently.

“W-well—I—“

You laugh at their flustered state. It’s still cute. “You can just say thank you, you know,” you inform them happily, then decide you might as well leave them alone to process and to say hello to your other favorite cute person. You wink at them, then curse yourself again. Crap! They’re definitely, definitely going to think you’re hitting on them now!

Probably mostly because you are. Just a little bit.

Yeah, yikes, it is definitely time to get out of there. “I’m going to go check up on the boys, make sure they’re not trash talking us behind our backs.” Then you get the heck out of dodge.

-----------

As soon as you walk in the living room, Dr. G asks worriedly, “How are they?”

“Uh…well, a little bit flustered, but…”

Dr. G chuckles knowingly. “Could that have anything to do with you, perhaps?”
You hop in his lap and beam up at him. “Could do.”

He smiles back down at you fondly. “I can’t imagine.”

“What did you say?” Sans sounds vaguely suspicious.

“Oh, nothing,” you respond airily. “You know me. I could have said I liked their toenails, I could have proposed a foursome.”

Dr. G and Sans both choke at the same time, then turn their respective shades of black and blue.

You burst out laughing. “Holy crap, that was precious! Now I have to ask them for real just to see what happens, come on guys, please—“

“They are—were—my client!” yelps Dr. G, sounding very scandalized.

“That’s your only objection?” asks Sans, grinning lazily. He appears to have gotten over his initial embarrassment quickly. “because there are ways around that.”

Dr. G sputters. “I—I—“

“Yeah, Doc. Come off your ivory tower and join us.”

“I mean, you don’t have to…fourth yourself.”

“This is extremely—“

“Hey, everybody, dinner’s ready,” calls _______ from the other room. You see Dr. G mouth ‘thank you’ to the heavens.

You all file into the dining room, you grinning at Dr. G and wagging your eyebrows, him shaking his head firmly, still a dark black.
Chapter 12: Naked Mole Rats and Jealousy

Foursomes aside, you’re very hungry. You bounce on your seat until the food is set down, then hurriedly pile food onto your plate and take a big bite.

Eyes round, mouth open, you whisper, “I change my mind. I don’t like you. I love you. Marry me and cook for me the rest of our lives, please.”

They giggle, and you fall a little bit in love. “Aren’t you here with someone?”

“Don’t care. Feed me.”

Dr. G laughs and puts an arm around you tightly. “Don’t worry, they just do that. They proposed to me soon after meeting me as well.”

Aw, is he jealous? You kiss him on the cheek to reassure him, but can’t help adding, “Offer still stands. For both of you.”

Sans asks dryly, “but what about our baby?”

“Oh, right. Let’s all just get married then. I don’t care. Anybody opposed to Vegas?” You’re mostly kidding.

Dr. G raises his hand, and you sigh. “Dear, you need to expand your horizons.” Luckily he’s with you, so that shouldn’t be a problem! You are very good at expanding horizons.

“And you suggest I do so by getting married to my partner of one week and our friends in Nevada?”

“Isn’t that how most people do it?”

_______ is smiling about the conversation up until this point, which you count as a small success. However, their smile vanishes again, and you frown. Not good.

You look over at Sans, who is holding a silent conversation of some kind with Dr. G. At least they know about it, but you’re still left with a sensation of inadequacy. You’re already doing all you can do here, and it isn’t working. You steel yourself against the rush of disappointment and helplessness. It won’t help anyone if you get all down too, you tell yourself. Buck up, smile on. Think of something to say. You always have something to say.

“So, uh.”

All heads in the room raise to you expectantly. Crap, now you have to think of something actually interesting.

“Um…so I was googling naked mole rat eating habits the other day, yeah? And I press enter and Google SafeSearch fricking pops up, tells me it’s saved the children from the threat of mole rat nudity, and I’m like…don’t kinkshame me, Google. If I want my mole rats nude I will have them nude.”

Everybody continues staring.
“And who wants a clothed mole rat anyway, am I right? Part of the thrill of the mole rat is its complete lack of regard for conventions like clothing and traditional mammalian social structures—“Holy crap, tough crowd. Is anybody going to stop you? Please?

“—and it’s like, I’m all about the kind of society, because sure maybe you’re lumpy and dirty all the time but at least you have a perpetually naked Queen, which is hot I guess—“

Sans starts coughing intensely.

“You okay there, my man?”

“Please stop,” he chokes out. “There are certain things I don’t want to imagine.”

Dr. G, who is seated across from Sans, turns a deep black again and hisses, appalled, “Sans!”

________ looks between the two of them, then their mouth drops and they too color. They shove Sans, who has his hands up in a silent plea. “I couldn’t help it! Ow! It’s not my fault!”

You just sit and watch them all, slightly confused.

---------------

Dinner eventually ends—the worst part of every day, in your opinion—and it comes time to leave. _______ offers you leftovers, which endears them to you even more, and you hug them. And yes, maybe you are getting a bit too cozy, but it is still rude of Dr. G to strongarm you out of the way.

You seat yourself on the passenger side of the car, holding the leftovers like they are precious, which they pretty much are. You coo sweet nothings to them, and Dr. G scowls.

“I can cook too, you know,” he mutters.

This surprises a laugh out of you. “Yes, I know. What’s up with you today?”

“I just…” he huffs and glares at the road. “Never mind.”

“No, tell me.”

“I thought I was special,” he finally says hesitantly. “That the way you treated me…meant something.”

You frown. “Okay, we need to talk.”

“No, it’s not a big deal. I’m fine. I’m sorry,” he rushes.

“You don’t need to be sorry, and it doesn’t matter whether it’s a big deal or not if it’s bothering you. I’m not going to do this while you’re driving, though.”

You drive the rest of the way back to your apartment in relative silence. Once you get back, you put the leftovers in your fridge and turn to face Dr. G, hands on your hips. “So.”

“It’s really fine—“

“No, it’s not. Doc, does the way I act bother you?”

“Of course not!”
You stare at him levelly.

“Well…” He looks down. “Not when it’s aimed at me, anyway.”

You lead him to the couch, him still looking at his feet. “All right. So let’s talk about that, then.”

He laughs harshly. “I thought I was the therapist.”

You shrug. “Okay, then. How about you be a therapist and I’ll be your concerned partner who loves you? Because I do, by the way, even if I flirt with other people.”

His mouth twists, and you sigh and draw him into you, stroking the back of his head.

In a small voice, he asks, “So why do you do it then?”

“This is how I’m used to acting, Doc. I’m really open with my affection and I’m affectionate about a lot of people, and that’s probably not going to change. But the way I feel about you won’t change either.”

He burrows into your shoulder and mumbles, “I just want to be special to you.”

And your heart breaks. Because you’ve been here before, with the roles reversed, with you just wanting nothing more but to be someone that mattered to her, because that was all that mattered, because you wanted to matter…

See, you had a best friend, once upon a time, or you thought you did. You loved her dearly, and you gave everything of yourself that you had to her. “You can’t just hold it all in forever, you know,” they told you, and you told them everything. How it hurt to have everyone ignore you, to be that annoying genius kid with no friends. How your parents were never satisfied with you, how it made you wonder if you could ever be satisfied with yourself. And in return, they gave you… nothing. They left you alone and made you feel small and stupid and worthless. You never want to make somebody else feel that way.

You choose your words carefully. “Dr. G, of course you are. Of course you’re special to me. I love you. But that’s not what makes you special, and I hope you know that. You’re somebody on your own, without me, and I have to be somebody on my own without you too. I’m not going to make myself smaller for you, and you need to promise that you won’t either. That’s why we need to talk about these things when they come up, okay?”

“Okay.”

Chapter End Notes

the last bit might read kind of weird, but i cut up what was going to be a much longer storyline and mashed it in here so that's probably why.

the story about google safesearch censoring my search for naked mole rat eating habits is true and i have photographic evidence tyvm
The next few weeks are a bit difficult. Despite your reassurances, he still seems off—hesitant, maybe, more vulnerable. You don’t really know what to do about it, though.

It’s created a rough atmosphere at work. Gone is the playful banter, the comfortable teasing. Dr. G always seems lost in thought, and you don’t want to interrupt him, so you stay silent. It’s hard for you, seeing him like this. It’s like he’s not there at all.

He’s also been spending more time in his little library. He’s never said it, but you sort of stay out of the room nonetheless. It’s private to him, something of his own, and you can’t take that away from him. Still, every time he quietly excuses himself and shuts the door, you feel like he’s moving just a little further away.

Then, one day, the King shows up.

You’re engrossed in a couple of difficult equations when you hear from the doorway, “Howdy.”

Dr. G whips around to see the source of the voice. It’s a large goat monster, whom you vaguely recognize from some old news articles. The King of the Monsters.

Dr. G whispers, “Asgore?” First-name basis, you notice idly. Impressive.

“Gaster,” comes the low, booming voice, and then in a flash Dr. G has raced up to the King and is hugging him desperately. The King—Asgore, whatever—just beams and pats him on the back fondly.

Dr. G seems to realize himself and coughs, detaching himself. “My King. I’m sorry, I just—” He starts to tear up. “I didn’t know if I’d ever see you again. I thought—“

“I admit I was under the same impression. Imagine my surprise when Toriel mentions offhand that she had dinner with you.” Asgore gives Dr. G a level glance. “You let me think you were dead.”

“I’m sorry, it was—necessary. I had to complete my research, and then when you were all freed—“

“Which I understand I have you to thank for.”

“Oh no,” he waves off, blushing. “But I didn’t know how to get in contact with you. I tried, a few times, but I wasn’t sure whether you’d be receptive to talking anyway, I—“

“Asgore’s eyes crinkle up at the corners when he smiles down at Dr. G. “I’ve missed you.”

“I’ve missed you too,” Dr. G says softly.

Asgore looks around the room for the first time and finally notices you. “Oh, hello. Who is this?” He comes forward, extends a hand. Paw. Hoof? Whatever, again.

“(Y/N),” you say with a smile, happy to see Dr. G happy for the first time in a while, and take the King’s, um, appendage. “I’m—“
“My assistant,” Dr. G interrupts.

Your smile drops, and you feel a pang deep in your heart. “Uh, yeah. His…assistant.”

“Wonderful. Do I have you to thank, then, as well? For our release.”

“Oh, I wish. But I’ve only been with Dr. G for a while now,” you say sweetly, shooting a look at Dr. G to see if he caught your double meaning.

“Well, thank you nonetheless. I’m sure your help has been invaluable in other ways.”

“I’d like to think so,” you laugh. “Otherwise, why would he keep me around? I’m only his assistant, after all.”

You definitely see Dr. G wince this time.

“Oh, don’t sell yourself short,” Asgore says cheerfully. “Who wouldn’t want a bright, lovely young thing like you around?”

“Aw, thanks, Your Majesty.”

“Please, call me Asgore.”

“If you insist,” you say with a fake bow and a cheeky grin.

“I do,” he rumbles, looking into your eyes, and you shiver reflexively.

“Would you like some tea?” comes an abnormally high-pitched voice from behind you.

You look away from the King and see Dr. G with a very strained smile—more of a grimace, really—on his face.

Asgore turns from you as well and says, “I’ll never turn down a cup of your tea, Gaster.” He looks back at you and says confidentially, “If you hadn’t had him make you tea before, you’re missing out. He’s very good.”

“They’ve had my tea before,” says Dr. G, maybe a bit sharply. You frown at him. He’s being sort of rude, for all he’s offering tea like a good host.

“Oh. Then you know what I mean.” He pauses awkwardly, then asks, “Do you have any gold flower tea left? I know it’s been a while.”

“It has, but I save it for very special occasions, so I still have a bag or two. Enough to spare.”

“(Y/N), would you care to join us?” asks Asgore politely.

“Oh, I would, but—“ You glance at Dr. G, who still looks sort of weird. “I couldn’t.”

“Please, I insist.” He says to Dr. G, “I’ll refill your tea stock, too.”

“I should hope so,” sniffs Dr. G. “(Y/N), please do feel free to come along.”

“Okay…’ you hedge. “For a little bit.”

“Don’t worry, we’ll get you back to your work before you know it,” Asgore says lightly.

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Tea with the two men is sort of awkward, really. Asgore and Dr. G are chatting away like old friends, which you are happy to see, but every once in a while Asgore will try to integrate you into the conversation with a gentle hand on your knee or shoulder. Every time this happens, Dr. G’s face gets all pinched, and you have no idea what to do or how to respond.

Eventually, though, Asgore stands up, dusts himself off, and says, “Well, this has been a delight, but I have to get going now.” He turns to Dr. G and asks, “Do you have a cell phone number? I’d love to get in contact with you again soon.”

“Oh, yes, of course!” He fumbles to get his phone out. “I don’t quite have the number memorized, but—just put yours in my phone—“

They exchange numbers, when Asgore asks you, “And you, my dear, would you mind giving me your number as well? I need to keep track of this troublemaker somehow.” He winks.

“Oh, sure,” you say, confused. You tell him your number, and he puts away his phone. “Excellent. Well, it’s been a pleasure! Gaster, please do keep in touch, really.”

“Yeah,” mutters Dr. G, who looks cross again for some reason. “I will.”

You wave as Asgore leaves. Dr. G waits until he’s out the door, then hisses, “Your number? Really?”

You frown. “Wait, what?”

“You gave him your number.”

“He asked for it.”

“You didn’t have to actually give it to him!”

“Doc, I was just being polite. What is wrong with you?”

He paces around the room restlessly. “He was flirting with you.”

“He was?” you ask, genuinely confused.

“And you were flirting back!”

You gape. “I was not! Dr. G, is this what this is about? These past few weeks? You’re still caught up in the whole thing with _______?”

“_______, Asgore…who knows who else?” He snipes bitterly. “Do you flirt with everyone when I’m not around?”

“Of course not! Doc, I told you, it’s just how I am. It doesn’t mean anything—“

“Did we ever mean anything?”

Your eyes grow round in horror. “What are you saying? Of course! I love you, Dr. G. Haven’t I been saying that all this time? What will it take to make you believe me?”

He’s silent.

“I can’t make you believe me,” you say helplessly. “But—and I don’t mean this to guilt trip you or anything—I do sort of hope that you can trust me that I wouldn’t lie about something so
important.”

“It’s not that I don’t believe you,” he protests. “That’s not it at all.”

“Then what is it?”

“I believe that you love me. I just…” He exhales. “I just am having difficulty bringing myself to believe that you love me the way I want to be loved.”

You’re quiet, thoughts roiling. Finally, you say, a lot more calmly than you feel, “I assure you I love you the only way I know how to love anyone. If that’s not enough for you I don’t know what to say.”

“(Y/N)—“

“No. Doc, I need you to love me the way I am. Can you do that?”

“I don’t know!” he finally bursts out. “I thought I could, I thought it was like in my books, where love conquers everything, but—seeing you with other people—“

“I’m not with other people. I’m with you,” you interrupt.

He keeps going. “It just makes me—so mad! Maybe…” He clams up.

“Maybe what?”

“Maybe this was a mistake. Maybe I’m not cut out for relationships after all.”

“Fine.”

He frowns. “What do you mean, fine?”

“I mean fine. I’m not going to argue with you about this.” You massage your temples and pretend your heart isn’t breaking. “Come back when you’ve decided whether you can do this or not. Because right now, this, this isn’t fair to either of us. Okay?”

He seems like he’s about to protest, but instead he just silently nods.

“Okay. Don’t expect me in for work tomorrow.” You storm out, fuming, and let that take you all the way to your car.

Then you break down.

Chapter End Notes

lol i bet y'all are going to be pissed at me

ITS OK I CAN TAKE IT...

(anuninterestingperson on tumblr as always for yells)
You go home and throw a few dishes, because that’s what people do when they’re angry, or something. Nonbreakable dishes, of course. You’re not made out of money. And, in the end, you’re not really that angry, either.

You mean, you are mad. You’re mad that he can’t see things from your point of view, that he can’t just trust you, that he can’t just love you. But at the same time, you understand that things aren’t always as easy as ‘just’. It’s obvious he has his own problems and that he has to work through them in his own way. Same goes for you. You can’t begrudge him that.

You’re mostly just sad things have turned out this way. Life isn’t as fun without Dr. G in it. Part of you wishes that you could just go back and say I’m sorry, I’ll change, I can’t be without you. You know you’d be miserable, and that someday you’d slip up, and it would just hurt you both again. You can’t do that to yourself, or to him.

After what you decide is a tactful three days, you go back into work. His eyes widen when he sees you. “(Y-Y/N)?”

“Before you say anything, I’m not trying to force a decision on you. But I’m also not going to stop working just because we’re having a tiff. You need an assistant, and I need a job. Okay? It can be as simple as that.”

“All…all right.”

“Thank you.” Your hand almost goes to his cheek, as per habit, but you stop yourself. You both stare at your hand, frozen in midair, until you retract it.

Working together is awkward. You knew it would be, but you also refused to just stay home and feel sorry for yourself until he came to a decision. Who knows how long he’ll take? So you take it in stride, stay quiet, and hope he decides soon.

Things come to a head one day a few weeks later, when Dr. G gets a phone call.

“Hello, Dr. Gaster speaking…what?! They’re…are they all right? …No, of course. Of course. I’ll see you then.”

He hangs up and turns to you. It seems for a moment like he’s forgotten how talking to you works, but then he clears his throat and says, “________ is in the hospital.”

“What? What happened?”

“They were stabbed.”

“What?! Are they okay?”

“They’re stable. Toriel wants to know if we’d like to come by this evening.”

“Yeah, yeah, of course.” You don’t know Toriel from anything other than Dr. G’s stories, but you know that she’s close to Sans. “Why didn’t Sans call himself?”
“Toriel didn’t say, and I didn’t ask. I’m guessing he’s rather distraught at the moment, though.”

“Fair enough.”

You work through the rest of the day in silence, as has become the norm, but you notice Dr. G seems more agitated than normal. He keeps making small mistakes. You wish you could go over and hug him.

And when have you ever stopped yourself from doing what you want before? You roll over to him on your chair, then give him a quick, awkward side hug. “Hey. I’m sure they’re okay.”

He freezes, and you pull away sheepishly. “Sorry.”

“No, it’s…it’s fine. Thank you.”

As soon as you can, you both drive over to the hospital where _______ is located. You head together to their room and find a goat monster—must be Toriel—as well as two kids and a tall skeleton that you recognize as Papyrus. Sans is at _______’s bedside.

Toriel notices you and Dr. G. “Oh, welcome! Gaster, it’s been too long,” she says warmly. “And who is this?”

“My…” He hesitates.

“Assistant,” you add, so he won’t have to. “And friend of _______ and Sans’.”

“Oh, of course. It is lovely to meet you.”

“Same goes here. You’re very pretty, by the way.”

“Oh, well, thank you,” she says, surprised.

“Just telling it like it is,” you say with a shrug.

One of the kids tugs on Toriel’s sleeve and starts signing at her. You have no idea what they’re saying, but they punctuate it with a pointed look at you.

Toriel frowns. “My child, you really must stop doing this.”

Dr. G interrupts, “I’m afraid that wouldn’t work out well, Frisk. They’re…otherwise involved.”

You look at him. He blushes and looks away. The kid—Frisk—looks between you two and starts grinning, signs something again.

You raise an eyebrow, but let it be.

A doctor comes in the room, and Dr. G excuses himself to go talk with him. You hear something from out in the hall about ‘laparotomies’ and decide to look it up on Wikipedia. You’re bored, after all, and why not? Maybe it’ll come in handy someday. Dr. G eventually comes back in the room, looking very grave, and you move on to other Wikipedia articles.

Through all of this, Sans just sits quietly, with his hand in _______’s.

“Sans, you have to eat something,” Toriel speaks up.

“no. what if they wake up?”
“They will still be here when you get back,” Toriel says sternly. “I’ll even call you, if you want. But you are no good to them half-starved.”

Sans frowns, but at a look from Toriel, sighs and gets out of their chair. He trudges outside with one last glance back at ________.

Toriel exhales. “Finally.”

“I’m bored,” says the other kid, whose name you still don’t know. “When are they going to wake up?”

“Give them time. They need their rest to heal,” Toriel says.

“Okay, but my phone’s going to run out of battery soon, I’m just saying. I’m a child, we’re menaces when not distracted.”

You can sympathize. You are also a menace when not distracted. “Hey, if you want, you can join me on my journey through Wikipedia. Right now I’m learning about meatuses.”

“Ooh,” they say dryly. “Exciting.”

“Not really, just fun to say. Meatus. Meatus meatus meatus—“

Amid your chorus of meatuses, ________’s eyes flutter open.

Chapter End Notes

you can indeed get to the word 'meatus' from the wiki entry on laparotomies, js

writing how (y/n) reacted to the whole thing was hard for me bc they're a lot further along in dealing with their anxiety and depression and i am. not? lol? so im like 'how might a well-adjusted person react...' so idk if it's realistic or not but heyo here it is anyway

my friend wanted me to get them back together in one chapter but i got distracted by writing about hospitals lol sry. and also sry for...i know that for those of u that read my sans story its probably boring for u to get the story rehearsed but it sorta has to be done to a certain extent for those who dont read it, plus it gives me something to anchor off of? so. but i promise the hospital scene wouldnt be here unless it were relevant to this story as well!
Chapter 15: Reconciliation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You immediately stop, and everyone stares at ________.

They blink slowly as they take in their surroundings. “Aw,” you say, “Look at that adorable confused sleepy look. I just wanna pinch their cheeks.”

“Um…hi?”

The ensuing scene is very heartwarming, if you count a little kid tackling a patient and them making a sound like a dying platypus as heartwarming. Sans comes back in at some point. His face lights up when he sees ________ is awake, which is touching.

They reassure Sans and everyone that they’re all right, which seems to irritate Sans.

“stop saying that. you’re alive, but you could have been…it hadn’t been for that person…”

“What person?”

“some person in the complex reported a noise disturbance, made a real fuss about it, and the police showed up. they were able to stabilize you and get you to the hospital quickly. whoever did it was already gone, though. do you know who it was?”

They say something about a Dr. Arzt and possession. Your ears prick up, so to speak. Possession? Sounds interesting. You don’t know who Dr. Arzt is, but--

“You were stabbed by your THERAPIST?!” exclaims the kid. “What the crap! I’m going to find them, and I’m going to kick them. In the shins. Hard.”

Oh. Their therapist? That really, really sucks. You’ve had plenty of therapists, but not one of them has bothered to stab you, which is actually pretty amazing when you consider how irritating you can be. If you were your therapists, you would consider stabbing yourself once or twice. Takes some guts to actually do it, though.

Speaking of guts, ________ says, “Later. Right now I wanna hear what they did to me.”

You brighten. It is your time to shine.

At some point, you get bored and fall asleep, more for something to do than out of actual tiredness. When you wake up, it’s to Dr. G shaking you. You’re still barely awake as you’re dragged out of the hospital room, Frisk in Dr. G’s other hand.

Dr. G takes a few deep breaths before turning to you. “I’m going to go back and just check real quick to make sure they’re all right, I just don’t feel comfortable leaving them like that—“

“Go, go. I’ll stay with the kid.” He smiles gratefully before rushing off.

The kid pouts and pulls out a tablet. “Frisk. My name is Frisk.”

“Yeah, sorry. I’m still sort of out of it.” You yawn to prove your point.
“It’s okay.” They’re silent for a moment, then, “So what do you think of Gaster?”

“Dr. G? He’s pretty great.” You smile tiredly.

“Do you like him?”

“Yeah, of course.”

“No, I mean like like.”

You snort. “You’re a bright kid, aren’t you? It’s sort of complicated, but yeah. I do like like him.”

They grin. “Why don’t you tell him?”

You sigh, run your hands through your hair. “I have. Lots of times. He sort of has a hard time believing me.”

“Why?”

“It’s a bit hard to explain properly, but…basically I don’t have a problem with ‘like liking’ multiple people, and I’m pretty open about that. He’s worried that if I like another person, it means I like him less.”

Frisk frowns. “That’s silly.”

“Maybe, but it’s not silly to him, you know?” You see Dr. G walking back down the hallway towards you with a strange look on his face. “Hey, Doc. Are they doing okay?”

“Yes, they’re…fine. Sans is with them.” He pauses, turns to Frisk. “All right, your mom’s in the cafeteria with your friend and Papyrus. Want to go meet up with them?”

They smile and sign something. Then, their eyes dart back at you and their face turns somber. They sign something else.

Dr. G looks taken aback. “Is that so?”

Frisk again.

“I do, but…”

Frisk scowls. Their hands move quickly and sharply, and they end with both hands on their hips.

Dr. G laughs and puts his hands up. “All right, all right. You’re right.”

Frisk nods sternly.

“Okay, then. If that’s settled, let’s get you back to your mom.”

You walk to the cafeteria with Dr. G and Frisk. You don’t really talk, but the silence is more comfortable than it has been in a while. You drop Frisk off with Toriel and make your goodbyes before heading back in the direction of the garage.

You’re both at your cars when Dr. G stops you. “(Y/N), wait.”

You turn to him, questioning.

“You…told me to come back when I had made a decision. I think I have.”
You raise an eyebrow. “So?”

He takes a deep breath. “Looking at Sans and ________, it made me start wondering what I would do in the same position—if you were grievously injured, if there were a chance I could lose you. I realized that if that were to occur, I would be quite…distraught. I don’t think, honestly, that I would be able to manage. And it made me think—I’ve been able to weather these past few weeks because you’ve still been by my side, albeit in a slightly altered capacity. If you weren’t there, I don’t think I could stand it. I…don’t know how we’re going to get through this. I still don’t know how to reign in my jealousy when it comes to you. But I think the salient point here may not be whether I know how to do it but whether it can be done, and whether I think it’s worth doing. And I believe it is. I believe you’re worth that effort.”

You take a moment to process all that, then step closer to him and take his hand. “That’s honestly all I needed to know.”

He smiles, looking relieved. Then he hugs you tight. “I missed you,” he murmurs into your shoulder.

“I missed you too. And,” you beckon him down to kiss him on the mouth, then look into his eyes. “I’ve missed that.”

He turns gray. “Oh, dear. I had almost forgotten.”

“Forgotten what?”

“How…forward you are.”

“Oh, I can be a lot more forward than that.” You smile wickedly. “Wanna see?”

“We’re in a garage!”

“So were Rose and Jack,” you say, wiggling your eyebrows suggestively.

“Who?”

“You haven’t seen Titanic? I know what we’re doing tonight, then.”

“I’m not sure I want to now.”

“You’ll be fine, dear,” you say airily. “It’s just sex.”

“You—you want me to watch a sex movie?!” he screeches, voice increasing in pitch.

You break into hysterics. In between guffaws, you gasp, “Holy crap. A sex movie, he says.”

“What—I—“

“You’re too cute, Doc.” You kiss him on the cheek. “Don’t worry. It’s not just sex. There is also lots of death!”

(Later, when you hit the aforementioned garage scene, he squawks and hides his head in a pillow while you laugh, and it’s almost like the past few weeks hadn’t even happened. Almost.)
frisk told dr. g that (y/n) really cared about them, then asked if he loved them back, then said 'no buts, if you love them nothing else matters'. if u were curious

this will probably be ending in a few chapters just to give you fair warning! i contemplated ending it here with a different ending but decided to use a plotline i wasn't sure about instead so. ye
Okay, so maybe you’re overdoing it a little bit.

You don’t think Dr. G’s face has been a normal color all day. Between the kisses, and the random declarations of love, and the sweet nothings, and the propositions, he’s been doing a lot of blushing.

But you can’t help it. You’re finally allowed again, and it’s wonderful. A part of you wonders if you’re covering up your lingering sadness and hurt by being overly affectionate. But so what if you are? You both know all too well that your problems aren’t fixed, that’s obvious, but you can still love each other in the meantime, right?

You roll over to him on your chair and look over his shoulder. “You messed up that equation there,” you murmur, dropping a kiss over his turtleneck.

“It’s not my fault,” he protests, voice high. “You’re being incredibly distracting.”

You laugh, low and devious. “Mmm, I would hope so.”

“This is still a work environment, you know.”

“I’ll stop if you ask.”

“Would you really?”

“Of course. I’m not going to force myself on you, Doc.” You frown at even the thought and push yourself away from his desk, starting to roll back over to yours.

He stops you in your tracks by taking a hold of your hand. “I…didn’t actually say stop,” he mutters, blush high on his cheeks.

You grin. “Why, Doctor. But this is a work environment.”

He hesitates, then brings your captive hand up to his mouth and presses lightly against your knuckles. “I know.”

You smile softly at him in response.

The weeks pass by while you and Dr. G learn to be comfortable with each other again. You tone down the blatant affection, if only slightly, and he reaccustoms himself to your behavior. At night, you visit each other’s houses and talk quietly. He’s been reading about polyamory, so he asks questions that have come up during his reading and you answer them as best you can. The rest of the time, you talk about whatever catches your fancy, just getting to know each other better.

One night, you’re cuddled up against each other when he asks, “Where were you in college? Before you dropped out, I mean.”

You sigh and nuzzle into him. “I guess credits-wise I was something like a second-semester junior. Why?”
“Well…I’ve been thinking.”

“Have you.”

“Yes, and I was wondering if…you’ve ever thought about going back? Finishing up your degree?”

You still against him. “Not really. Again, why?”

“I just think it would be good for you. You’d have so many more options, (Y/N).”

You pull away, searching his face. “Has my work been unsatisfactory?”

“What? No, of course not, my goodness—“

“Then why would I need other options?”

He pauses, choosing his words carefully. “I’m not saying you need anything, (Y/N). It’s just…you’re so incredibly bright. I worry that I’m being selfish by keeping that all for myself.”

“I can make my own decisions, you know. And I’ve chosen you.”

“I know, I know! Please, (Y/N), just look at this rationally for a moment—“

“Oh, I’m being irrational now?” you demand.

“Yes, actually,” he says placidly. “I’m not telling you to do anything. I’m only asking that you think seriously about the possibility.”

You growl, wanting to pace around angrily, but trapped by his arms. Gradually, you calm down. “Even if I wanted to—and I’m not saying I do—I don’t have the money. I’m already paying off student loans, I don’t need more.”

“I do, though.”

“I beg your pardon?”

“Have the money. The GOLD to dollar exchange rate is quite favorable right now, you know, and all I would need to do would be to return to my old residence Underground, pull up a floorboard, and voila. I’ve ran the calculations, there’s certainly enough for one year of schooling.”

“I can’t ask that of you. I won’t.”

“You’re not asking, I’m offering.” He kisses you softly where your hair parts. “Please, just think about it. No pressure, okay?”

“…All right. I’ll think about it.”

“Thank you.”

You take your time thinking about it, but luckily, Dr. G meant it when he said he didn’t want to pressure you. You look into various programs—which are the best, which are the cheapest, which might even be willing to accept a college dropout—and weigh your options.

A few weeks later, at the office, you make your decision. Finally, casually, you say, “All right, I’ll do it.”
“Do what?”

“The college thing.”

His eyes light up in understanding and he beams. “Wait, really? Thank you! Thank you, thank you —‘ He gets off his seat and gathers you up into a hug. “I promise, things will be better this time. I’ll make sure of it.”

You laugh into his lab coat. “Doc, why are you thanking me? I should be thanking you. And let’s be clear on one thing here. I’m not doing this because of some crap ‘you’re keeping me from realizing my future’ thing. You are my future, okay?”

(You hope he doesn’t look too much into that statement, as much as you hope it is true.)

“But. I think I’ll be more helpful to you with a few classes I’ve looked into, and that’s appealing to me. Plus…” You shrug. “I sort of want to prove to myself that I can do it. So.”

“Of course you can do it. You can do anything,” he says affectionately.

“Except for get you to tell me your first name,” you gripe. “Seriously, how bad could it be? W.D., right? Wanky Dildo?”

He turns gray. “Dear heavens, no.”

“That’s the worst I could come up with,” you confess. “So anything else is better than that. I’m just saying.”

“…Wing Dings.”

“Gesundheit?”

“Wing Dings. My first name is Wing Dings. Please, feel free to laugh now.”

You take his face in your hands seriously. “Hey. I’m not going to laugh. Because you are…”

He waits hopefully.

“The wind beneath my wing dings,” you finish with a grin.

He scowls. “You’re the worst.”

You kiss him perfunctorily. “But you love me.”

“Unfortunately.”

“And I love you, Wing Dings Gaster.”

He groans. “You’re never going to let me forget this, are you?”

“Nope!”

Chapter End Notes
hey look who finally updated this

for those who dont read my other stories thats where ive been sorry;;; and sorry this chapter is kind of discombobulated, it was hard to get back into the swing of things

credit for the wind beneath my wing dings thing has to go to my pal pixelized, who brought it up a while back
A few weeks later, Dr. G asks you to accompany him on his journey to the Underground. Of course, you accept. You feel a bit awkward knowing that the only reason he’s doing this is to fund your college education—what little of it there is left, anyway—but you’re excited at the prospect of going to his old home nonetheless.

“What is it you’re so worked up about anyway?” he asks curiously as you’re hiking up to the apex of Mt. Ebott. “It’s just an old, abandoned apartment that happens to have been a place where I once lived.”

You take his hand, swinging it back and forth rhythmically. “I’ve said it before, but I want to know everything there is to know about you.” You squeeze his captured hand. “It’s exciting simply because it is a place where you lived once. It’s a part of your history, yeah? And I’m happy that I get to be a part of that.” You grin at him, then keep going.

He stops in his tracks, and you’re pulled backwards by your connected hands. “Whoa. Doc? You okay? Need a rest?”

“I’m fine, it’s just…” He shakes his head. “I still wonder how it is that I came to have you. You are far too good to me.”

“I’m only as good to you as you deserve, and usually worse,” you say dismissively, starting up the hill again, but he still doesn’t move. “Doc?”

“Oh…yes. Sorry.” He continues after you, but slightly behind, and you can tell that there’s something still bothering him. You figure he’ll get into it when he wants to, though.

The rest of the walk is mostly quiet, but the view more than makes up for it. You stop for lunch at the top of the mountain, then continue through a long passageway, which Gaster explains used to contain the Barrier. You come out into a large throne room covered in golden flowers.

“They’re so beautiful,” you say wonderingly as you kneel down to inspect one.

“Not beautiful enough to warrant all the destruction they caused,” he says gravely. “Come, let’s move on.” He doesn’t bother explaining himself, and you don’t bother asking.

After a short walk, you come to his residence, which was a small place within the castle. It’s incredibly dirty, but other than that, it looks pretty close to his apartment Aboveground.

“Sorry for the mess,” he apologizes. “For obvious reasons, I hadn’t really prepared for visitors.”

“No, don’t worry about it. I love it. It reminds me of you.”

“Old and worn out?” He doesn’t really sound like he’s joking.

“No, silly. It’s warm, and complex, and beautiful.” You hug him happily and look up into his eyes. “I’m really glad you trusted me enough to bring me here. Thank you.”

He chuckles softly. “I’m not sure it’s something you should thank me for, but you’re welcome
nonetheless.”

“Dr. G, every moment spent with you is a privilege. I’m never going to stop thanking you for allowing me to have you.”

He’s silent, and you start to step away, but he holds tight.

“Dr. G?”

“I don’t understand.”

“Pardon?”

“I just don’t understand what you see in me,” he continues, frustrated. “Look at me.”

“I do, frequently,” you say laughingly.

“No, (Y/N), look at me!” Shocked at him raising his voice, you look at him. He lets go of you and gestures to himself. “What do you see? What is there about this broken, scarred, shell of a monster that is somehow appealing to you?”

You frown. “Okay, this sounds like a Conversation. Let’s sit.” You guide him over to the couch and plop down. He follows reluctantly. “Dr. G, I could go on for ages about what it is I love about you. I love your kindness, and I love how passionate you are, and I love your endlessly clever mind, and I love your sense of humor, and I love how you treat your friends, and I love how you treat me. There’s more, but I’ve told you all of this before, so I’m guessing that’s not the problem. So, tell me. What is it about yourself that makes you think you’re not worthy of being loved?”

He’s quiet for a moment, but you don’t mind waiting. Finally, he says, “(Y/N), you’re so special. You’re this lovely, effervescent, shining thing, and I’m just…me. I’m an old, failed monster with a dark past and an uncertain future. People like me, people who have done the things I’ve done, we don’t get to have people like you. It’s not right.”

You process this, then sigh. “Okay, there are so many things wrong with that statement. Like, for one, why are you putting me on this pedestal? I’m not special. I’m not some perfect, unattainable being. I’m a person, and I’m a person who has made some mistakes and slipped up sometimes just like anybody else. But more importantly, I’m a person who loves you, and who has chosen to love you. You don’t get to take that away from me just because you think you’re not worth it.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to—“

“You don’t have to be sorry, I know it wasn’t your intention. But please just know that whatever it is you think you’ve done, it will never be enough to keep me from feeling the way I feel. I chose you, and I will continue to choose you. Please let me have that.”

Of all the responses he could have chosen, you’re not expecting him to surge forward and kiss you desperately, molding up against you like you were made to be together like this. He presses you down into the couch until you’re breathless.

“Doc…I love you, and I love your newfound confidence, but…”

“But?” he murmurs, nipping at your jawline.

“But this couch is gross,” you say reluctantly.
“Oh!” He immediately gets off you, blushing. “I am so sorry.”

You twine your arms around his head and kiss him sweetly. “When we get home, okay?”

He smiles. “Yes, that’s right. Home.”

Chapter End Notes

"brin are you ever going to stop writing hastily cut-off makeouts"

(the answer is No)
Chapter 18: Graduation

Skip forward about a year and a half, and it’s time for graduation. You were actually pretty proud of yourself for sticking with it up to this point. You had had your fair share of ups and downs, but with a lot of determination and the help of Dr. G, you had gotten through it.

You’re out on the field now, waiting impatiently for Dr. G to show up. You’ve sort of been planning something special for when you finally graduated. Fingering the ring in your pocket nervously, you exhale heavily, when you see Dr. G—

And, behind him, your parents.

He smiles weakly. “Surprise?”

“(Y/N),” says your father slowly. “Congratulations.”

“We’re proud of you,” says your mother.

You laugh, high-pitched and harsh. “You’re proud of me, huh? Well thank goodness. I can die happy now. Doc, sidebar?”

He comes forward awkwardly, and you certainly don’t miss the looks your parents give him as he draws close.

“My parents? Seriously?” you hiss.

“(Y/N), I just thought—“

“Thought what? That they might be willing to reconcile now that I’ve done what they wanted and graduated?”

“Well…yes. And I thought part of you might want them here?” He reaches up a hand to trace your cheek. “Please don’t be mad.”

Leaning into the touch, you sigh. “I’m not mad, I guess, just…”

“Care to explain what it is that’s going on here?”

Rolling your eyes, you face your father, taking Dr. G’s hand defiantly. “Pretty sure it’s exactly what it looks like. Use your brain.”

Your mom gasps, while your dad rumbles, “Be respectful,” then makes a disgusted face as he eyes you and Dr. G together.

“Friends?” ventures your mom hopefully.

“Oh, sure, mom. Except with lots more kissing,” you say sweetly. “And sometimes we do more than kiss—“

Dr. G interrupts, blushing. “Sir, ma’am, we’re dating. And I actually wanted to ask—“
Your mom looks like she might faint. Your dad growls, “You’re dating this—thing?”

You feel the blood rushing in your ears. “Holy crap, dad! He’s not a thing, he’s my boyfriend, and I love him. Stop being so tetraphobic. It’s embarrassing for everybody.”

“You want to talk about embarrassing? Embarrassing is shacking up with some monster just to get back at your parents—“

“Not everything is about you! I’m not with him because of you. I’m with him because, as previously mentioned if you were even bothering to listen, I love him—“

“Please stop.” Nobody pays any attention to Dr. G’s quiet plea.

“Love? Those things can’t feel love! They kill children—“

“What are you, five? You know the king was acquitted just as well as I do—“

“Please, stop!” booms Dr. G, and everybody falls silent. You’ve never seen him look so intimidating. He towers over everyone here, and the nebulous material that makes up his lower half is roiling. “I brought you both here because I thought you might be willing to look past your differences to be happy for your child, who has overcome extreme difficulty and hardship in order to get to this point. I see I was misguided. I apologize for my oversight.” Taking your hand in his again—you had dropped it at some point in order to gesticulate wildly—he smiles coldly at your parents. “(Y/N), let’s go. Good day.”

“Wait, please,” whispers your mom.

“Why?” you snap.

“I’m sorry. He’s right, we should be happy for you. I don’t understand why you’re with this…" She swallows hard, then ekes out, “gentleman here, but that’s not the point of this.”

“Mom…”

“But, dear—“

“No. We’re going to celebrate this occasion. (Y/N), would you be willing to come to lunch with us?”

You frown. “Can Dr. G come?”

“Yes, of course,” says your mom, looking like the words physically pain her to say.

“…Then all right.”

Lunch is an awkward affair, mostly quiet. At some point your father starts interrogating Dr. G. Who are you, what do you do, what are your intentions?

Dr. G answers with surprising aplomb. “My name is Wing Dings Gaster, but I’m mostly known as Dr. G. I’m a quantum physicist presently working on alternative energy sources. (Y/N) has actually been my assistant for the past two years or so. And I intend on marrying them.”

He says this very straightforwardly, and you squeal inside. You’ve talked about it before at this point, of course, but it still amazes you that he wants to be with you as much as you do him.

“Marrying…them?”
“That was actually part of the reason I asked you both here today. I wanted your blessing, so to speak.” This is news to you. He squeezes your hand under the table.

“Our blessing?” says your father incredulously.

“Yes. But let me please be clear. I will marry them regardless of whether or not you approve.” He looks your father dead in the eye. “There are some things I am simply not willing to give up.”

“But—you—“

Dr. G smiles cordially. “Something (Y/N) has taught me is that they don’t enjoy other people questioning their decisions. They’ve decided to be with me, to my immense gratitude, and I will stand by that decision even though I don’t understand it myself.”

Your father looks outraged, but is speechless. He just keeps making sputtering noises.

Dr. G dabs himself one last time on the mouth with the napkin, then rises. “Thank you for lunch. (Y/N)?”

You stare at him, awed, then start to follow him out the door.

Your mom is the one to stop you again. “Will you…invite us to the wedding, please? I don’t approve still, don’t get me wrong. But…I would still want to be there.”

“…Sure, Mom.” You give her a hesitant hug, and she beams, then rushes back to her husband, who looks nigh-apoplectic.

As soon as you exit the restaurant, you go up on your tiptoes to give Dr. G the big kiss you’ve been waiting to give him since you saw him on the field. “That was actually surprisingly sexy,” you murmur.

As expected, he blushes. You don’t think he’ll ever stop, but honestly you prefer it that way.

Chapter End Notes

*just throws out clichés everywhere* *just frickin lobs them at u*

one more chapter!
You link hands with Dr. G and grin at him. “You ready?”

“As I’ll ever be, I suppose.”

You both walk forward and push open the doors simultaneously.

You’re greeted by the heartwarming sight of all of your friends. Most of the ones you know really well are up at the front already—Papyrus and Sans are your best men, and Andrea is your maid of honor. _______ is up there too, but you’re not sure what to call them. Person of honor? Best person? Whatever, they’re there and they’re smiling and it’s sweet.

You honestly had never expected a big wedding. You hadn’t been all that kidding when you mentioned Vegas. But your mom got involved and absolutely insisted, and then she teamed up with Dr. G—they’re getting along pretty well these days, all things considered, after they bonded over their shared love of sappy romances—and before you knew it, they were gushing about pastels and flowers and cummerbunds. You figure if it makes Dr. G happy, it’s worth it.

You check his face as you walk down the aisle together. He catches you and smiles softly, squeezing your hand. You pass by your parents in the first row—your mom is crying, no surprise there, and your dad is scowling, but you can tell it’s mostly for show. He has his video camera out, and he wouldn’t bother recording if it actually bothered him that much. It seems nobody can resist Dr. G’s charms for long, you reflect happily.

Speaking of Dr. G, he’s pulling you up onto the raised stage and looking at you expectantly. Asgore, who is officiating, clears his throat. “I understand you’ve written your own vows?”

“Yes, we have,” you affirm. Dr. G had gone all starry-eyed at the thought of vows—apparently not common in monster ceremonies, but almost ubiquitous in his romance novels—so you had consented to do them, but the writing-your-own thing was your condition.

You go quickly over what you want to say in your head, then take a deep breath. “Doc—no, Wing Dings—” He makes a face, but it’s affectionate. “I knew pretty much from the second time I met you that I would love you forever. There’s something about you, you know? You’re the kindest person I’ve ever met, and you believed in me when nobody else did, you supported me through every challenge. You took a lonely, bored water dispenser and somehow saw something more, and now I’m the happiest theoretical physicist the world has probably ever known. Also—“ you grin wickedly—“You’re super hot.”

He blushes and makes another face, but soon resumes his look of quiet adoration.

“There are so many things I’d like to promise you. I wish I could promise you that we would always be happy, or that we would never fight, or that we would never have trials. I can’t promise you any of that. But—I can promise that through everything, I’ll stay with you, by your side where I belong. And I’ll try to make you smile every day, and try to make you blush even more often. Not just because it’s cute, which it is, but mostly because it makes me happy to see you happy. But most of all, I promise to love you as best as I know how. And…” You run out of steam and conclude awkwardly, “Yeah.”
You’re pretty sure your father facepalms at that.

You peek up at Dr. G, however, and he’s beaming. Then he pulls out a sheet of paper from the pocket of his tuxedo and clears his throat. “(Y/N)...I wish I could say I loved you from the moment I met you, but frankly, it isn’t true. The first time I met you, and the second time, and perhaps even the third, I was absolutely flummoxed by your existence. Charmed, yes, but confused. I had never met a person quite like you. You’re brash, and bold, and you move forward where I cower behind. But—in a way that at first seemed contradictory—you’re also considerate, and kind, and somehow you managed to light up my life in a way I had never even thought possible, especially for someone like me. You brought happiness into my life in so many different ways. But, perhaps the most—and the most shocking—is that you made me...no, allowed me to love you. I don’t think ours is the kind of epic romance that people will read about someday, but I also don’t think it needs to be, because you will always be enough for me and more. I promise that I will be with you for as long as you let me stay, and I promise to love you with every fiber of my SOUL.”

That’s the cue that both of you had agreed on. This is, Dr. G informed you, the key point of monster marriage ceremonies and more or less the main event. You close your eyes and concentrate hard on focusing all of your being into a central point, beaming it outwards, and...

You open your eyes and your SOUL is there, a cheerful orange, bobbing slightly in the air. Dr. G’s is a mottled dark purple, with several cracks spidering across the surface, but it’s still the most beautiful thing you’ve ever seen. His SOUL advances towards yours and the two press together, entwining. Suddenly, the biggest rush of love you’ve ever felt comes over you, so intensely you worry you might fall to your knees. Dr. G supports you with his hands around your waist, though, and a strong sense of calm comes over you, still tinged with that feeling of love, as the two souls recede back into your respective chests.

Asgore smiles beatifically at you and Dr. G and says, “I suppose this is little more than a formality at this point, but (Y/N), do you take Wing Dings Gaster to be your husband?”

“I do. Definitely.” He hands you your ring, and you put it on, feeling like your heart might burst.

“And you, Wing Dings Gaster, do you take (Y/N) to be your spouse?”

“Absolutely.” You pass him his ring and he slides it on his left ring finger.

“Well then, by the power vested in me as...well, the king of all monsters, I now pronounce you married. You may now kiss each other.”

And, dipping him into a long, slow kiss, you think that you can’t imagine anything feeling more right.

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The reception is well underway, with lots of food and laughter. It’s all very fancy. Your mother must have had fun.

(And Dr. G, too, you think with a wry smile as you see him debating the merits of tea over coffee with your mother.)

You see ________, and your face brightens. You take the flowers out of the vase on your table, shake the water off perfunctorily, and sprint towards them. “Hey, ________!”

They turn towards you. “Yeah? WHOA, WHAT—”
“Catch!” you yell, chucking the flowers at their face.

They are saved by Papyrus, who comes out of nowhere and skillfully catches the flowers. “HO HO! YOUR SNEAK ATTACK WAS NO MATCH FOR THE GREAT PAPYRUS! I HAVE CAUGHT YOUR BOUQUET!”

“Yes, you have,” you say dejectedly. “Papyrus, do you have a significant other?”

“A SIGNIFICANT OTHER WHAT?”

It’s going to be forever until Sans gets off his butt and proposes, then. You groan.

“why so blue?”

“I have so many dreams, Sans,” you say sadly. “So many dreams.” You stare at him sternly and say, “Like godchildren. When will you let me have my dreams, Sans?”

“whoa, what—“

_______ blushes and pulls Sans away. “(Y/N), stop defiling the skeletons!”

The corners of your lips curl up deviously. “Never.”

Speaking, again, of defiled skeletons, Dr. G is coming over to you and whispering, “It’s time for toasts.”

You let him lead you to the head of the table while everyone else collects themselves and sit down.

Your mother goes first, then your father, who is considerably less complimentary. Then goes Sans, who tells some embarrassing stories about Dr. G, then ________, then Papyrus, who pats his pocket, which has a thin square-shaped bulge in it, and says mournfully, “I MISUNDERSTOOD THE POINT OF THIS EXERCISE.”

Andrea isn’t going to deliver a toast at all, but you elbow her and she glares at you, then stands up. “I hate this couple and all that they stand for, but they offered me free food.” She pauses, then adds reluctantly, “And sometimes they’re not completely terrible. Thanks.” She sits down with a thump, and everyone claps bemusedly.

You mime a tear running down your cheek. “Andrea, you’re even worse at giving speeches than me.”

“Shut up,” she snaps.

The evening ends with the first dance between the newly married couple. You’ve been practicing for this for a while. The good news is Dr. G doesn’t have any feet to step on, so you figure you’re safe.

He cradles you close to him, and you sigh into his shoulder, swaying together. “Hey, Doc?”

“Yes, my dear?”

“I love you.”

“I love you too,” he says softly, and presses a kiss against your forehead. “I really do.”

You let the moment last a bit longer, then, “And tonight I’m gonna—“ You start whispering into
his ear.

His entire face turns black. “(Y/N)!“

You laugh happily. “Just keeping my promise to make you blush as often as possible, Doc.”

As he splutters, you hope for a lifetime full of this. You think that’s more than enough for you, too.

Chapter End Notes

do course there's a wedding i'm the sappiest piece of crap

and there we are folks! thanks again so much for being with me on this journey. i love all of you! please feel free to drop by anuninterestingperson anytime! i take requests js ;)

EDIT: the real conclusion:

[3/18/16, 10:50:06 PM] pixelized: briiiiiiiin the wedding chapter was amazing
[3/19/16, 1:57:24 AM] Brin: omg for a sec i read that as ‘the weeding chapter’ and i was like. oh crap i dont remember writing that
[3/19/16, 1:58:19 AM] Brin: thats right folks, this the final chapter of ymadg is 1.4k words of S T R A I G H T W E E D I N G A C T I O N
[3/19/16, 1:58:30 AM] pixelized: XD
[3/19/16, 2:02:25 AM] Brin: You link your work-gloved hand with Dr. G’s own begloved hand and grin at him. “You ready?”

“As I’ll ever be, I suppose.”

You both walk forward and push open the doors simultaneously. You’re greeted by the soul-crushing sight of the worst weed problem you’ve seen in years. Asgore called you over in a panic, saying their partner caused some sort of difficulty, but…this was beyond comprehension. Everything in the garden was weeds. “******* didn’t mean to, I’m sure, but…” Asgore wipes a tear from his eye. “Instead of using weed killer, they somehow tampered with it to form weed grower. My years of careful work, gone…”

******* is in a corner, sobbing. “I swear I didn’t mean it! I was just trying to make a more effective formula, and—the beautiful flowers, now—“

What a talent, you and Dr. G think, also simultaneously. Scary.

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