### Bloody Lily, Blue Flames

**by Bloodpix**

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Your some freaky-deaky who enjoys the dark side (not star wars.) and revels in the thought of blood and gore. Though it can freak you out, the general concept intrigues you.

Your going to become a botanist with a side hobby of artistry. Everyone hates your damn guts because you freaking em out with your deaky.

With nobody in your life as you begin your second year at college, your life is about to take so many weird steps, turns, and throttles you will be on your @ss asking where you were when you havent even left the room you were in.

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You meet with the known Undertale monster gang, slowly and surely. Things happen that will change your college life. LITERALLY.

Notes

First fanfic ever. I kept having so many stories going through my head and I just needed to put 'em down on paper ( in this case, digital paper )! Sitting here in my official office chair pondering if this is a good story, if it worth it. You need to let me know. I NEED YOUR CRITICISM!! I can make the images in my head, but sounding smart and helping your mind as you read? I want to be able to have you read this fluently and have whats going on in this story in your mind ; you are part of this story.
I need your help to do that.
Sorry to get all sappy, but its the BLOODY truth! Hahahahha~ { My name is Bloodpix. Imma go shoot myself. I cant make jokes or puns for nothing. Please dont hate me Sans fanpeeps; I will do my best to not make his puns stupid T~T }

Please leave me notes on what you think of the story, where it could / can go, and what you think I could improve on. PLEASE. DOO ITTTT -death stares- Do it =_=..
ALSO. I just put tags I plan to put into the story later. They aren't all just jammed into this one friggin' page. Jezus no. I will make sure to mark any chapters that will contain anything sexual but just think that every chapter will have swearing and dark stuff. Just think it ( lulling you into false security...)

Onto the story.
Who are you?

Two months. It has been two months since the news of a ‘magic barrier’ coming down at Mt. Ebott that shook the world. Monsters, legit monsters like the ones they think of for cartoons and horror movies, started appearing. You are a college student at a now well-known Monster and Human college. Plenty of monsters started enrolling here to learn more about humans, though a lot got chewed and spit out within the first week. Tended to be because of the jerks, bullies, even the faculty. For a college with high standards and such a positive outlook on not judging people by their appearance, they didn’t give them much of a chance.

You came here to be a botanist but also as an artist. You loved to draw. Got in with impeccable grades and now here you were. Your dorm. Though it wouldn’t be yours alone for much longer. The dorm manager had assigned a new dorm mate to you during the morning roll-call. You knew they wouldn’t stay with you though; ask for a transfer. No one liked you. They feared you. Perfectly good reason since you could name every bone in a human or animal, locate the pressure points in any muscle, even how far an individual could contort before breaking. You would ramble on about how they would feel pain, the beauty of the blood spilling out or bruises forming. You were sort of…sick.

You sigh, knowing that whoever is coming in tomorrow will likely be sick of you by the end of the week. Huffing about, you scan the room you had taken the day to clean.

Cleaning tomorrow would be terrible, I need at least 13 hours of sleep you imagined. You liked to sleep. It took you away from reality. Though often the reality was better then the nightmares you experienced, but you loved nightmares. They weren’t predictable like those qu-
tap tap tap

“Hmm?” you mutter. A slight tapping at your door jogged you from your minor mind tangent to wonder if you had misheard something. Surely not, nobody but an idiot would dare come meet you at this hour. Looking over the clock on the bookshelf. 7:34 PM. Weird. Past in dorm curfew. Curiously, you walk over to the door; almost creeping along to stay silent. Slowly, you place your ear against the hard edge of the door to listen, and you hear someone stuttering to themselves, but you cant make out anythi-

KNOCK-

“ Agghhh!” You fall back on your butt, getting a ear-full of a vibrating and loud door. Suddenly shaking gasps and “ Oh my GOSH! “ can be heard from the other side. You mutter small swears under your gasping breath, greatly startled, the mind and heart pumping adrenaline as you nearly jumped out the slightly open window. Slowly you rise and quickly grab the doorknob to swing it open to give a little earful to the unwanted guest. But you freeze.

There, standing at what you know is 5’2” ( you know this is her height….because you know your height…) is a small stout monster. A reptile lizard of sorts with spectacles and a rather nice lab coat. Underneath she bears an anime shirt with a cat woman on it and a long blue skirt. She is quivering and sweating and gasping for words. Staring at her, you realize you are giving a heavy grimace and have probably just scared the sweetest little muffin you have found at this college thus far. Nearly looked like she would pee herself, when she started to mutter something.

“Oh-um. So so sorry about that um, you are..?” you ask gently gesturing to the monster. You had no qualm as from what you knew of them. They tended to be little sweet treats with wanting
nothing more then to share their joy and friendship with humans. Though majority of humanity thought them disgusting. Plenty of people had formed these anti-monster groups, and the shit you heard on the news of what they did never sat well in your gut.

“I-I-I-Im Al-al-ephyssss an-and uh-uh-uh-im loo-looking for ummm r-r-room 3-39 . It-its m-m-my new d-dorm b-but th-those girls didn’t g-g-give m-me m-much hel-“ her stuttering matched rhythm with her rapid shaking. She seemed immensely shy and when she talked of those girls, you knew exactly who.

The trash bag bitches down the hall who seemed to want to learn nothing but how to make a guy moan louder while hiding him in the room and how to scare the shit out of the rest of us. Truly trash.

Though you were also shocked. This was your new dorm-mate? This small little monster ( cant call her small if she is your height DINGUS!!) who was practically causing an earth quake with how bad she was shaking. You didn't want to believe it, that maybe there had been a mix-up. But behind her was a suitcase. You heaved a heavy sigh trying to stay calm because your adrenaline was still reaching peeks.

*You HAVE to calm down. She is tense enough already.*

You knelt down, looking up to her like a child as she refused to look you in the eye. You knew her type. Drastically shy and afraid of everything and everyone, and you had just made the worst first impressions. So, putting forth your best smile, you looked up and said “ Ya this is room 39. Sorry I scared you so bad, its fine. You want to come in?”

Slowly, she met your gaze, more sweat forming over her face. Looking at her, someone would think you threw a bucket of water on her for how much she was shivering and damp. You gently gestured this little monster named Alphys in to your dorm, suddenly hearing snickers down the hall. As the shy monster stepped into your room, you leaned out and noticed the trash down the hall. You made a mad glare at them and they all beelined to their rooms.

Finally you huffed out a puff of anger ,pulling her suitcase inside the doorway, and closed your door nearly with a slam. This made the little guest jump and had flung your gaze over at her in shock and then worry.

*You shouldn’t take out any anger you have right now otherwise she might have a poor heart-attack!* you tell yourself.

You looked over at her and she was marveling in awe at the size of the rooms. It was a 3 room dorm for each 2 people. The living room was rather quaint with floor to ceiling windows and a giant calico curtain to shield out any light or spies. The floor made of a mud brown wood that glistened nicely against the purple to dark blue carpet you picked out. On the carpet was a beige loveseat that had an attached lamp-stand that had a genuine rare lava lamp that was in the shape of a cat. You loved that lava lamp with every fiber of your being; one of your more treasured items. The TV was screwed into a stand that had plenty of bookshelves surrounding it, and it neatly matched the wooden floor. You had an easel set up in the corner near the TV and the curtains that you hadn’t had time to remove, so you had just put a cover over it to keep from people seeing what you were drawing. Attached to the living room was a tiny little kitchen with two counters as beige as the loveseat, with dark mahogany doors. A 3 door fridge was plugged in next to a 4 burner stove; above said stove was many cooking utensils that dangled from the rack you had installed to make finding things easier. All the higher shelving units weren’t used as often since you need to get on the counters to reach the bloody things. The only downside was no dishwasher, but they did provide a nice sink that also came with a trash disposal.
She did a few turns looking around. Then her gaze froze as she looked up. You had forgotten. You had drawn some..unpleasant art of human and animal skeletons and muscle matter with too much blood for a sweet-pea like this. They hung above the mini hall to the dorm door and you had put them up there so long ago that when you cleaned for the upcoming housemate, they completely slipped your mind.

Looks like you are losing this little sweet pea of yours before the day even ends. Known her not even a matter of 3 minutes and already she thinks your disgusting! you mutter in your brain. It was true. You saw the sweat build more on her scaly skin as she just kept staring. You didn’t want to be judged like this. It was a sick hobby sure, but you didn’t have to keep them there knowing it would likely deter anyone from being your f-

“D-di-did you m-make th-those?” she said shakily still staring. You fumbled around, stuttering yourself. The first nice person on the campus and you were scaring them with your weird knowledge and hobby!

“Ahh, uh yes b-but! I can tell they really f-freak you out so just gimme a second and I will take ‘em down! “ you run in and struggle to reach them. You manage to grab one. It’s a blood splatter stencil with a zombie hand with half of the ulna split off and a few of the fingers phalanges poking out. Tons of black splatter is everywhere to show the hand had been cut off brutally by something giant and sharp.

Ahh man. Its dusty you inquire before realizing your sick obsession and place it on the ground to continue removing them.

“Th…this is-“ she starts to mumble, nearly a whisper. You turn to glance at her and she is carefully running a scaly..claw? finger? I don’t know, but her hand is running over it. You flinch and a wave of red embarrassment hits your face.

“Im so sorry! I have this weird thing f-for human anatomy and structure. Im sorry…”you solemnly say with a tinge of sadness. Even though people knew of what you talked of, they would be mortified to knew you drew and painted the same thoughts and hung them in your bloody room! You only had 2 canvases framed in your dorm that weren’t of something dead, dying, or cut off and bloody. On top of that, only one of those canvases had no blood on it whatsoever.

How could I make such a stupid mistake as to not take these down. My brand new roommate will hate me but how could I have been so stupid as to not even consider taking them down ; easing them into what I like !?!

Your head is reeling. You are choking on a lump curling itself uncomfortably in your throat as you hold back your red cheeks and growing tears.

You are a sick human being.. you remind yourself in your head making you want to crumple into a ball “ No!,” you tell yourself “ im just drawing what comes to mind! I didn’t mean to-”

You’re a disappointment, a failure. A sick failure at that. Why do you remain here? There is nothing for you here. Not for a gross inhuman person like you. So leave. Leave.

LEAVELEAVELEAVELEAVELEAVE-

“Th-this is amazing!” you hear as you brace yourself for the bombardment of judging and hatred.

...
“… come again?” you say quietly glancing over at the monster. She has the biggest grin in the world on her face. You look to her, dumfounded; confused.

“This is in-incredible! You really d-drew th-this?!” she looked and was practically yelling at you. Her eyes were full of amazement, a giant smile on her face. You wondered if she didn’t know what it was.

“You have real t-talent at drawing!” she beamed.

Your heart throbbed. Grabbing at your chest and suddenly sinking to your knees stretching the rest of the legs back and to your sides. Crushing your shirt were your heart was you felt it pounding out of control, as if it would jump from your chest and leave you to die there with so much joy. So much joy in such a long time. Nobody had ever reacted like this except for your professor and…

“A-a-are you ok?” she carefully places the painting down and brushes the minor dust she received from holding it onto her lab coat before rummaging over to where you had sank.

You were laughing. Giggling more or less, but loud giggling. She looked at you concerned. You turned to face her with a cracked smile for a mouth, giant tears welling and falling down your face as you continued to chuckle, trying to contain yourself and your sad joy.

“Yo-you DO know that’s a cut off h-human hand RIGHT!?” you practically begged. It was in your voice. You didn’t want this to be a sick joke.

Quickly she rapidly shook her head, making you wonder where her neck was “ N-no! B-b-but it looks like such a b-beautiful piece, like in a m-museum!”

This makes you start cackling, laughing harder then you have in ages. She slowly starts to catch a snicker in, due to the contagious hyena laughing in front of her. Then, it happens. You snort. You cover your blushing face that is rampant with tears to cover your mouth and nose. You start to wheeze and snort. This is so fucking embarrassing. You haven’t snorted in 3 years. She is now laughing and sitting on the ground as well, though she is still very nervous and sweating, but she seems much less tense.

You sit there with her giggling for a few more minutes before wiping away the tears of joy.

“You honestly l-like it?” you look at her with longing eyes.

“O-oh yes! Even t-though I didn’t k-know that was i-it i-it-it still looks n-nice!” she says, wiping away happy laugh tears.

Your heart sinks to a happy place. You are, for a moment for the first time in the past 2 years, filled with determination.
Lilies for your Trouble

Chapter Summary

You have finally met Alphys, the first of many people you will get to know. You show her more around your quaint little dorm, sharing some secrets, common interests...and some of the past nearly slips out.

Chapter Notes

Please remember to let me know how im doing in the comments. I really need it T__T I plan to be making on of these a day at least, but if there is anything coming up that could possibly effect that, I will TOTALLY heads up it in the End Notes. I cant tell you when Sans will show up...you get Alphys. ALPHYS IS A SWEET LITTLE SUGAR MUFFIN SO NO COMPLAINTS. BTW, this chapter is hella friggin long. Good luck little Pix's. Fly and read~ Also. Your totally gonna hate me. You will see why.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Finally, scrambling off the floor you look towards the new company – no – your new roommate, Alphys and lend her a hand off the floor.

“W-well. This has been the most interesting introduction I have ever done!” you gleefully say, with a big smile. She doesn’t hate your art. She likes it! She’s okay with you! You beam in your brain, feeling the joy through your whole body, removing that pesky shallow clump of anxiety from your throat disperse.

But how long will it last? You practically snap your neck.

How long will it last. Even if she doesn’t think these are weird, you haven’t even said a word about everything you know… freak.

This bloody voice in your head was going to be the death of you……literally. You almost let that anxiety wad (Ew.) reform. But you pushed it aside as she shakily grabbed your hand, still snickering about the little laughing fit we had just had.

“T-these are really n-nice though.” She informs you as she holds the painting up a little closer to her. Your blushing comes back, minor embarrassment that someone has taken such a distinct liking to your work. Wait.

“ OH MY GOD.” You yell. She nearly jumps a foot in the air clutching to the painting for dear life. “ I haven’t even told you my name!” you begrudgingly beam. How could you not tell your new roommate your damn name! You back up away from the shaking monster as she notices and puts down the canvas safely against the wall. You put out your hand for an eager handshake and say “ Im Jane. I am studying biology of plants and humans, and on the side painter.” You explain as you keep your outstretched hand from shaking. You haven’t had a roommate let alone a friend to
chat with in years. You didn’t know what should and shouldn’t be said. Though she was just as nervous, apparently.

“I-im Alphys. I-I was the royal s-scientist in the u-underground. I-I am studying u-uhm human anatomy a-and physiology…oh! I also a-am focusing o-o-on general s-sciences.” she also explains, wearyly taking your hand for a gentle handshake.

“Oh that’s cool! I am really good with human anatomy so if you need any he-WAIT WHAT?!” you nearly throw her into the air when you throw your arms back at hearing the news. “The…THE ROYAL SCIENTIST?!! KING ASGORE ROYAL!?” Your on the verge of screaming. You just shaked hands, with second hand royalty….holy kiwis in coconuts your sweating more then her now. OKAY.

“Y-y-y-yes..I-im sorry.” She pleads as if she had done something wrong.

“Oh no no its just I..I have never shaken hands with someone of such high stature. I had heard of that scientist but I didn’t know your name... WELL! This is a good day for me I guess!” you suddenly beam.

“h-huh?” she looks at you confused. You carefully step closer, pointing at her with excitement.

“Not only did I get a cool new roommate , who also was a royal scientist, who ALSO likes my art, BUT TO ADD TO IT.-“ you point to her shirt, excitedly “-YOU’RE AN ANIME FAN TOO!!” you squeak.

Not even 5 seconds goes by before the anime rambling starts. She turns into a whole different person when she talks about anime. She is going on what feels like a tirade, but a happy one? She has so much enthusiasm over this anime she is watching, this Mew Mew Kissy Cutie , then goes on about how the 2nd in the series has been such a let down compared to the first. You try to understand, but you look it up and you cant seem to find it. Must be monster only~ Oh well. You tell her about 5 series your watching at the same time and you SWEAR she gets stars in her eyes. You can tell. She is going to be your friend.

Finally you both settle on the loveseat and watch TV. You rehung your canvas back on the wall, made some quick mac’n’cheese with chicken and broccoli that apparently she adored. She then took about 4 ramen cups out of her suitcase, along with…action figures? You were fine with that. You were sharing a dorm, she could put things in here. It honestly wouldn’t matter considering you had 2 little devil plushies on your bed. One of a trick or treat bat and the other a half skeleton half skin devil. They were adorable and reminded you of home…

“I-im so glad t-that I get to be r-r-roommates with someone l-like you, Jane!”

You practically blushed. She was, in fact, pretty flipping cool. You science talked while eating your dinners and when you looked at the time you nearly screeched. It was nearly 11P.M. YOU HAD COLLEGE TOMORROW ! You ran around frantically, trying to explain to her that you had classes already set up. Then a thought occurred to you that you hadn’t thought about.

“Hey , Alphys?” you asked with a flat tone while cleaning your plate in the sink.

“Y-yes?” she replied as she put her fork into the sink to clean, but you take it and clean it off with a smile. She smiles back as she tosses out her ramen cup.

“If you were the royal scientist, why do you need to go to college? You are pretty smart from what
"I hear."

"O-oh. Th-the humans d-don’t think its p-proper of me to be in a h-high mainten-nence science facility w-without a uh-uh proper college p-permit. T-they said I-I was going to be sent straight into 4-4th year?" she questioned.

Your mouth practically unhinged and fell into the sink. "Th-they jumped you into 4th year?!" you hollered. Though if you kept this up you would be in deep shit with the dorm-management tomorrow morning for roll-call.

She looked over to you, absent mindedly not understanding what that meant.

"Did they seriously just hand you a Bachelors Degree!?" you gently yelled under your breath.

"A-ah! N-no. Im j-just starting for that t-this year. T-they said if I did w-well enough, they would t-though."

You nearly dropped your plate on the ground. She must be a crazy smart. She looked to you your mouth wide open and gaping in disbelief, and a look of concern took hold of her face.

"Y-your jaw? You okay?" she asked with more concern taking hold causing her to begin profusely sweating.

"Oh sorry. Don’t mind me , I am just uh….hanging around.” You try to dismiss it.

Was that seriously an attempt at a pun.....you. Corner. Now. Ugh. You felt like the corner. You traced your eyes slowly over to hers. She didn’t have the slightest clue. You heave a sigh and turn off the sink.

"You know that if you fail at a bad pun its PUNishable by death?" you explain as you walk by defeated. Why try to be funny? You didn't NEED to be funny. SHE LIKED YOU. Not like that like but as like a friendly like. Brain. Turn down. Stop your shit.

"Oh my god not you too!!" was squealed from behind.

"Huh?" you moan as you groggily glance over. Your sudden sleepiness had taken over. You were setting 2 alarms to make sure you woke up.

"You made 2 puns! Y-your just like a fr-friend I know!” she says trudging over. You can see she is exhausted too. She walks past you into the ivory bathroom where she gawks in awe again. A semi glass shower stall awaited inside, with a countertop sink and a very pristine white toilet. The shower curtain that you had hung up featured a ton of different anime logos and symbols that you loved to watch. The mat for the bathroom was your favorite though. As she continued to be amazed at the fact you could probably easily fit four people in the one bathroom made for one at a time, you squeezed by to turn on the shower. You soaked your foot in the shower and shot her a sneaky smile. She looked at you, perplexed.

"Is it n-normal to wash your f-feet before bed?" she asked, curiosity perkred.

"No,” you replied “but I carry a trick up my sleeve so when you do shower you wont freak.”. She stares at you baffled as you turn the water off. Then you step onto the matt with your wet foot and wait for a second. As you take your foot off the matt, a red imprint of your foot is left on the matt, and Alphys practically screams.

"OH GOD JANE YOUR FOOT IT-IT-ITS BLEEDING!!" she wailed.

You ran over to her and forcibly covered her mouth with your hands.
“No no no no im fine! It’s the mat!” you say, a grin plastered on your face. She looks at you stunned and confused. You gently grab her hand and run it under the faucet. Then you to her to touch the mat. She very carefully does so and when she pulls back, a little scale ridden hand mark lays on the mat next to your foot indent. She gasps, startled and peering at the mat.

“I-i-is it made of s-some sort of magic?” she implies, picking the mat up to thoroughly examine.

“Noppe. I got it off of E-Bay. When anything water related touches it, it turns red! Like blood! Its pretty cool!”

“This is t-truly incredible!” she said louder then you would have liked as she continued to stare at it. You suggested she did that later though as you both needed to sleep. You pointed to where the room to your bedroom was and she walked over with joy. She had forgotten so you picked up her suitcase. It wasn’t overly heavy but still enough to awkwardly stumble you to the side from the off-balance.

You were rewarded for carrying her suitcase by another giant awe struck gaze of the bedroom. There was a massive dresser that almost looked like 2 because it molded inwards in the middle to differentiate one side from the other. It was nearly as black as the dark side of the moon, you told yourself the first time you saw it. There stood 2 more floor to ceiling windows with red velvet curtains having them practically closed tight. More of your ‘amazing’ paintings where hung around but you figured it would be time to take some down since you finally would have a roommate. She needs plenty of space for her things as well, so you need to get rid of a bunch of your stuff probably . In 3 of the corners there was a dark tall metal lamp that illuminated almost an orange tint due to the cover being all orange floral patterns. The walls were almost a greyish blue but with the orange tint, they merely appeared grey. The floor was a darker beige then the orange and purple rug gave the room a little pop from the dreariness. The previous owners or whoever decided grey was a good all around color? No clue, but they didn’t listen to the manager back then who told ‘em they cant paint the room and then leave. Yet they did, and you were stuck with taking it off before leaving permanently. That time would come.

You carried her things through the room to the side of the dresser and set them down carefully incase she had anything fragile inside. As you looked back over at her, sheer exhaustion taking the majority of your face leaving you looking like a moron, she also looked over-whelmed. Probably all the paintings. They were disturbing. That one over there was of six little satans getting their heads chopped off and shoved into a door to heaven yet the angels had been corrupted so now they stuck their heads on pikes…

*I hope she lets me keep that one ..unlikely though.*

“W-wow Jane. You r-r-really like gore and f….flowers?” she said perplexed.

Only 2 canvases in your home had the main point being the flowers, and they were from a contrast project you had done. They were 2 lilies, one on each sketch. They weren’t done by paint but stencil and colored pencil. One was of a ‘Forever Susan’ and it had begun to wilt and blood dripped off its leaves. The other was a White Navona that had caught fire. A blue fire. Her attention was stuck to them and you felt for some odd reason a need to explain.

“Ah-hah. Those are from my first year in this school they wer-“ as you walk over to explain, you let out a needy yawn. You needed to sleep so badly but felt compelled to explain.

“We had a project to show our past, what we compelled towards, what we loved, and what we feared. What we thought was a dark and light side to a certain thing in life. For instance someone showed the seasons and their beauty, and how they could kill.” You saw her slightly jump at the
word kill. You furrowed your brow, knowing you would have many things to explain to your new roommate about why you chose the lily.

"Lilies here are often used for funerals. When they bury dead humans…” she gave you a sad tired look. You looked back at her, ready to finish it, but you choked. Literally, the muscles in your throat twisted in on itself and you stopped breathing for a moment. She looked at you with mournful eyes.

"Why lilies? D-did some d-"

"Ahhh~“ you yawned forcefully. You looked at the monster, scrunched in concern and sweat. You shouldn’t of said anything.

"Its fine. I will tell you maybe more later, but right now we both need to go to bed. I sleep on the top so I guess that’s good.” you utter as you notice that Alphys’ legs are not probably meant for climbing the ladder. Her feet might not even fit because the ladder is too thin, and you definitely wouldn’t want her to get hurt if she woke up and fell off. Besides; you called dibs.

As you sluggishly climb the tall bed into your mattress your greeted with your pluses and a giddiness fills your heart.

"A-are you okay, J-Jane?” Alphys practically whispered. You looked down at her, your eyelids had already begun to close and you were passing out without even getting under the sheets . Just falling asleep on the railing. She was unpacking her clothes into one side of the dresser, sending you a weary yet concerned glance.

See. You shouldn’t of said anything about the lilies.

"Ya. I’m fine.” You mutter, slowly fading into the dreams and nightmares you seem to seek. Though you pry at your eyes to stay awake. You don’t want today to end.

"Alphys, did the-“ you pause and give out a pretty big yawn that causes your jaw to crack and you scratch your face. “ Did the um…dorm manager tell you that we have a rollcall every morning at about 8:30? Or that because its your first time in, you aren’t allowed to have anyone but your dorm mate in the dorm for a month?”

She looked at you, shocked, and then practically weeping.

"Wh-what!? I..I cant see any of m-m-my friendssss-“ she began to heave as sobs started to come out. She obviously hadn’t heard.

You slug your way down the ladder again and head over to the crying girl. You very carefully and gently hug her, because you are too tired. She blushes a dark red and orange tint and starts stuttering rapidly. You shush her again.

"I know how hard it is going to be without being able to see your friends…… I know far too well. I will try and help you through the first month. They turn off the general internet for the dorms at around 10 PM each night. Once that month is over, you can have friends over, but they need a visitors pass. The are lenient on girls with visitors passes but guys…they don’t like ‘em in the dorms..” your words are just quick mumbles as you find yourself resting more then huggin’. She is very comfy, and warm. You always liked the cold more then the heat. You hated the heat… but she was just…comfortable.

"You missing your booyyyfrrieeendd??” you lazily groan with a hint of mischievousness in your voice. Surely the Royal Scientist had a partner.
“O-o-o-o-o-o-oh no!!! I-I-I h-h-h-ha-ave U-U-U-Undyne…” you marvel for a second at how unusual that is for a guys name… then it hits you. What if its not? No… you pick up your heavy head and look at her. Her face is turning beet red and she is still stuttering.

“Alphys……are you a lesbian?” you ask with a small smile.

“A-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah u-uh-uh-uhm w-w-we-we-well-“ Aww she is. Your heart just melted. She is the cutest of the sweet peas in a pea pod. You can totally imagine it now. More then with a guy. You giggle and hug her again, now like a leech.

“Aww that’s so sweet. Well they turn the =yawn= internet back on around 8 A.M. You can talk to your GIIRRLLLFFFFRIIEEEENND then~” you conclude. You didn’t think it could, but her face got redder. You thought she might pass out. But you did first. The sleep anxiety hit you like a wave, and you fell asleep right there hugging Alphys…

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

“Run.” There is fire in front of you. Dark red flames licked by blue. The house.

You have to get in there. You have to save them. You are determined to save them! You yell for his help-

But nobody came…

You turn to look for him, and when you glance back, the fire is gone. Carcasses burnt and putrid lay in your wake. The blood from the bodies is sizzling and bubbles, almost burned. Bones are visible and barely any clothing left on them…or skin.

You almost vomit, reeling back in sheer agony and disgust.

You back right into a sharp stabbing pain. You hunch over, in extreme amounts of pain. Screaming and crying, trying to clutch your back. It splits.

“Your broken.”

“Your dying..”

“So stay dead.”

“They were going to die eventually” “You couldn’t do ANYTHING” “You are useless” You scream, the blood gushing from your back as something feels at your inner muscles, grabbing your spine and sharply stabbing it.

You feel his presence behind you, but the pain its unbearable.

There is knife there. In front of you. A ‘means to an end’ just within reach, laying in front of the carcasses you once knew.

“Do it.”

You take the knife

“Die.”
You plunge the knife into your heart.

You wake up screaming bloody murder. Something underneath you screams bloody murder. You find yourself flying backwards in a heat of sheer terror skimming your hands over the floor in fear that he is right the-

CRASH

Your out like the light that lands on your head.

Chapter End Notes

Yes. I named the reader. Shackle me in the sin shackles. That is all I think I deserve to go to hell for. Other then being shit at puns.
I was so SO distraught on wheter I should name the character or not. But scenes meant for later kinda look weird when you put ______ or ( Y/N ) {Your Name} . Kinda less dramatic =3=" Like imagine for the whole thing of Titanic with subtitles, instead of Rose and Jack they used ______ and (Y/N)......-shudders- so many name calls Q~Q"

Also - this will totally sound weird but im crunched in a ball, with my legs in the air balancing my laptop on my feet to warm them. You should try. its actually very soothing.

Chapter 3 will likely come out today. Im just throwing 'em all out! Whether I time jump or minor time jump is all dependent on how warm I can get my toes T.T

See ya in maybe a few hours~
Forgotten Flames

Chapter Summary

Some past shit comes up. Yaaayyy. Is this going to be the only time this character talks about their past for an extensive amount of time? PROBABLY NOT~~
Told ya....SLOW.

Chapter Notes

Holy friggin hell I have chucked out 3 chapters rounding to about 3000 words a chapter in the same friggin day. I need. I need food. I need sleep. AGH. NO.
DETERMINATION SPURS ME ON... and the fact my leg fell asleep long ago.
P.S Holy shit this chapter was 4000 words. Kill me =-=
P.P.S Also, I took some tags and characters off the list. Not saying I aint adding em, but I may not get to it. I might forget and overlook. DO YOU SEE HOW SLOW IM GOING?!?! Imma forget something! I will probably repost tags once I know its a positive, like some of the sex stuff tags and shyt. Sorry, but its better then saying its there....and then having you wait like 20 more chapters for anything like that to even happen ( Seriously, its going slow. I get the sick feeling I myself wont make Sans seeable an option til like friggin chapter 10...lets change that~)
P.P.P.S Thank you for the comments thus far. I will take them all into account and I truly appreciate the criticism Im bad with not repeating but from what I hear you guys really enjoy and are enraptured ( HAHA!!) by my story. That makes me so happy you dont even know~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Your jostled awake by a shaky rough hand. There in front of you is Alphys… why is she crying and who is that person behind her? Ahhh my head hurts, and my left eye is only showing things in red. It hurts. Its hurts. Im sleepy. Goodnight.

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

Alphys had passed out after you passed out on her. She awoke to you laying on top of her on the ground. She began to panic as she couldn’t worm out from under your heavy grasp. She noticed you crying and sweating and cringing. She was embarrassed but greatly concerned. Then a pounding at your door came.

In sudden flight mode, she began wailing and screaming. This awoke you and you seemed to be as terrified as her. She wathed you practically fly across the floor and into the hard dresser. The lamp fell on you and she screamed.

“WHATS GOING ON IN THERE?!?” a loud deep womans voice yelled as someone had broken down your door. They stomped into the bedroom where you laid there bleeding and Alphys was trying to shake you in sheer panic.
“J-JANE! J-J-JANE!! Answer m-me!” she screamed, shaking you harder. No movement. Blood seeped down from your head and Alphys thought she had killed you.

“What happened?! “ The dorm manager now kneeling next to your unconscious body checked your injuries.

“She-she-fell as-asleep on me an-and-and then I p-p-panicked and s-sh-sh-she panicked a-a- and the d-dresser – she-SHE IS SHE O-O-KAY?!”

The manger looked at your head and scoffed. “ You idiot. Getting yourself hurt again are we? Even in your damn sleep?” she hoisted you up and carried you over to Alphys’ bed. “You know how to apply pressure?” she practically demanded giving an angry glare at Alphys.

“Y-y-y-yyes b-bu-but I haven’t e-“ she was stuttering, shaking, terrified that you had ‘fallen down’.

The manager pulled out a large handkerchief and applied it to the small gash in your head. She then motioned for Alphys to hurry over and push on the handkerchief for her. Alphys came over quickly and with practically thrashing hands held down the handkerchief that was slowly being soaked in your blood.

“Hold it there, I’m going to get her medical supplies.”

“W-w-wha-“ before she could sound her question, the giant manager who looked like she was part of the military ran out faster then she could say ‘What?’.

She began to hyperventilate as she held the fabric to your head. She was freaking out and she wasn’t meant to be a healing doctor but a scientist with a doctorate degree! Those meant two different things! But still she looked at you with tears in her eyes, seeing your chest going up and down as you breathed. You were alive.

Two minutes passed and the manager finally returned. She noticed how your eyes were moving around under your eyelids, which meant you weren’t totally unconscious. Just knocked out. She breathed a heavy sigh of relief which gave a shiver to Alphys who noticed the dorm manager coming back. She nearly sprang to her feet to ask so many questions but remembered her job and continued to hold the handkerchief down. The blood had soaked through the cloth and was on her hands. It gave her shivers down her back. The manager was quickly unwrapping two band-aids. Alphys gave her nearly an earful.

“BAND-AIDS?! YOU GOT HER B-BAND AIDS?! She needs a HOSPITAL!!” she was fuming and crying.

The dorm manager laughed at the sudden bravery of the small monster. She was so soft spoken. She had guts after all to scream at the one who said where she could live. She lifted your hair and showed Alphys that the lamp had only left two very minor gashes that the combined blood made it look like a lot. You also weren’t in a coma, merely knocked out. Alphys was crying and breathing heavily with stagnant breaths.

“So-so she doesn’t n-need a hospital?”

“Pfft hell no. This idiot hurts herself more then four times a week! Unlucky accident. Don’t be so shaken ,tyke. Its never serious, and the cuts are merely the little edges on the lamps that hit her upper forehead. NOW!” she raised you up and placed you back into your individual bed without breaking a sweat. Alphys immediately thought that this towering woman was Undyne incarnate…it scared her a tiny bit. “YOU, need to get to your class sign-ups if im not mistaken Ms. Scientist!”
Alphys was confused. The sign-ups were not until noon and it was……
……
……when did the clock say 1:00P.M?

You stir angrily in your bed with a headache the size of friggin Mt.Ebott.

You awaken to stuttered talking and laughing, and then high pitched robotic screams. You groan angrily as it increases the magnitude of your headache. Heh. Magnitude. Headache VS Ebott. Write that down later Jane. Ow.

You raise your whole body, though your head is begging to just plummet back into the pillow so nicely cradling it. But you knew you hadn’t set your alarms, and was panicking.

“J-jane! Your up! Thank g-goodness! One second !!”

Well she sounds giddy. What happened? You scratched your head. OW. NOPE. NEVER AGAIN. You glanced over at the clock with a great fear in your mind. It read 7:35. You breathed a tiny joyful sigh. You weren’t late, but you had to hurry. You groggily climbed to the ladder with your terrible headache.

The painkillers are in the bathro-

“How does that work? The manager said she doesn’t turn the internet on til 8:30 so how is there a voi- CLOCK.

You ran over to the windows and opened them begging to see sunlight for the first time in a while. Stars and shadows.

“AWW FUCKKK” the scream hurt. No screaming ; understood.

“J-Jane. Hang on Un-undyne im putting the phone d-down! Jane!?” she quickly waddled over to you and took your shoulder. “Whats wrong?”

“Alphys why didn’t you wake me up !?” you were somewhat sobbing and frustrated. You had slept for almost an entire day. Not nearly as bad as that one time you intentionally slept for 3 days, but that wasn’t now. This was now. That test you missed was not now. IT was EARLIER. A VERY IMPORTANT TEST. THAT YOU SLEPT THROUGH. Ow. Thinking. Thinking hurts. Everything hurts.

You gripped at the top of your head not directly where it hurt in frustration.

“J-jane you woke up. You f-f-fell asleep on me and I passed o-out on the g-ground. But you t-threw yourself b-back and hit the l-lamp. I thought you had ‘f-fallen down’!” Alphys babbled over minor tears and shaking. “The dorm m-m-manager came in and b-bandaged your h-head. I c-couldn’t wake you u-up. I didn’t g-get out until 1 m-myself! But J-Jane! Your pr-professor agreed to hold onto y-your exam until you were w-well again!” Alphys began to smile weakly and she tried to hand you the painkiller and a cup of water.
You stared at her, taking in all that she had said. You didn’t miss the test? He really rescheduled this? Did I seriously die and go to bloody heaven?!

“I-I managed to talk him i-into it since you’re his f-favorite student!” Alphys was much more thrilled but still somehow carried a air of concern for your well-being. It was kind. It was Alphys. Alphys saved you from failing that test. Tears had now overwhelmed you and you hugged her; Alphys jumped nearly spilling the water.

“THANK YOU ALPHYS OH THANK YOUU!!” you hugged her tight. You weren’t sure if she knew the importance of that said test you missed. It would determine if you got a chance to increase your bio grade to a high enough level that they paid for your lunches. She had no idea how grateful you truly were, but you didn’t want her to. Didn’t want her worry, or pity, or money. Just her hugs that seemed so warm.

“HEY. HELLO. ALPHYS?!!? ALPHYS WHATS GOING ON?!!?”

You swear you could hear someone softly yelling as you and Alphys held a minor sob hug. You then looked at the side table that Alphys had brought in with a few other things that finally arrived for her official move in. Her phone was shaking with whoever was on the other side. You were intimidated.

“Uhh Alphys, I think someone is IN the phone.” You stared at the device that kept vibrating with a tiny yelling voice from it.

“O-o-oh! Oh gosh!” she gently pried away from the hug and grabbed her phone and began apologizing and holding it away from her ear.

You gave the small dino-like monster a happy stare, seeing her apologizing so heartfully, but she had a huge smile right across her face. As you came closer, Alphys looked very nervous. She leaned over to you holding her hand over the speaking end.

“I-i-im talking with m-m-m-my G..G-gi-girlf-f-f-f-friend. S-s-she wants to t-talk to y-you t-though.” she whispered, gesturing you the phone. You took it reluctantly, still intimidated that it had the voice power to vibrate aroundn on their own. Did she date a Banshee? Did those even exist in the monster world? Anything was possible. Next you will see skeletons doing that skeleton dance. Or zombies doing the moonwalk….okay hopefully not that one.

You slowly but surely placed the tiny cellphone to your ear.

“H-h-hello-“

“WHERE WHEN AND WHY DID YOU TOUCH MY GIRLFRIEND, DO YOUHAVEANYIDEA WHO YOU’RE GOING TO BE DEALING WI-“

“AAGGHHHH” the booming voice was directly in your ear and you nearly threw the fucking phone. It made your headache worse. You looked at Alphys who tried to give you a reassuring smile.

Thanks for the warning there, Alphys. Your girlfriend is TOTALLY a banshee with a fucking megaphone next to the phone.

You glared at the phone and grew an evil sneer. You lowered the phone volume to 1.0 Muahahahaha. You nearly muttered it as you joyfully put your ear back to the phone.
"Hello is this Und-"

"YOU BET YOUR ASS THIS IS UNDYNE YOU FUCKING SLEPT ON MY GIRLFRIEND IMGOINGTOBREAKEVER-"

Why. Why. You had bled enough today. Why must you bleed from your ear too. You gestured to Alphys that the volume button didn’t work. She looked at you puzzled but concerned since everytime you tried to speak with Undyne you winced.

“I-i-it was already a-at 1..” OH. GREAT.

“Alphys. Does she LIVE in your bloody phone?!” You practically snarl as you hold the speaking end.

“I-I had accidentally m-m-mentioned how you p-passed out on m-me and she got r-r-really mad...I-I’m sorry.” Aww. Cutest of the sweet peas being down was not okay with you. You straightened yourself out and hit the speaker phone defiantly. You practically lurched back as you let out a near same volume scream directly into the phone away from Alphys.

“IF YOU WANNA KEEP YELLING GO AHEAD BUT YOUR ON SPEAKERPHONE NOW SO YOU WILL HURT HER EARS TOO YOU JERK!!” you gave a obnoxious huff that you made sure was heard. Silence. Silence. Had it worked? Alphys looked stunned; shaken but mostly stunned. Looking at her stunned face filled you with a larger twinge of fe-

“What did you say to me punk.” The voice came back monotone but you practically could feel that they were glaring at you through the phone. You started to shake.

You needed to fix this situation. It wasn’t getting any better if you kept a yelling contest going with this chick and kept scaring your new roommate.

“Look. It was all an accident and I had no clue it happened until I just woke up 5 minutes ago. It feels like someone split my head open with a brick and I am just trying to understand everything, so can you please quit yelling? I am sorry I fell asleep on Alphys. It was an accident and nothing happened.”

More silence. Why did you suddenly hate these awkward silences?! Before you dreamed of nothing but sheer silence!

“Alph, you there?” the voice said, less monotone then before.

“Y-y-yes Undyne!!” she wadded over to where you stood insisting to take the phone. You gladly gave it to her, but watched intently.

“She really didn’t do anything to you right?” she asked. Her voice had more feeling in it, less like your crazy dorm manager and more like a young adult. A tough young adult. Young manager? UGH. NOPE. IMAGE LEAVE. MANAGER IS LIKE FRIGGIN 47.

“N-no Undyne. It r-r-really was an accident, I told you…” she said, practically pleading to the other line.

More silence occurred. Was this normal……..It didn’t feel it. You had made things awkward.

This is your fault. Everything is always your fa-“

“Fine. But I’m still gonna get mad at this roommate of yours when I meet her in a month!!” the
voice known as Undyne barked out. Alphys grew a smile and sweat began to finally disappear from her. The conflict was resolved.

“Hey, other nerd!” she barked again.

“U-Undyne your on s-speaker phone we both h-hear you al-“

“GOOD. I MUST DECLARE WAR OPENLY!!” she declared.

What?

“Should you touch my girlfriend again HUMAN I will be forced to beat you to a pulp!! So BACK OFF!!” she said louder, and then laughing over the phone.

“Alphys.” You said. Your voice and head hung low.

“Y-y-yes?” she uttered hesitantly, noticing how you hung there.

You looked at her. Your eyes looked like they carried blood-lust intent. A hunger. Alphys flinched and started to back up, scared. You slugged over to her zombie like.

It hurts. Make it stop. NOW.

You closed in on Alphys who had cornered herself. She was saying something but you couldn’t hear it. Not anything. Your eardrums were shot from those screams. You saw her, quivering in the corner, wondering and then spoke-

“Alphys.” You muttered not you being the one with nothing but a monotone…tone.

“W-w-w-what!” she stuttered, a terrified look on her face.

You breathed heavily, a slight flush growing over your face.

Just take it…

“Alphys, I..” you said lowly. She shut her eyes and cried facing the corner her arms held low and her hand over the speaking end. You couldn’t even hear Undynes screams of concern and warning at this point.

You needed it.

...

…..”Alphys”

“Can I have those painkillers now?” you say, minor bit of the lust faded. Now it was replaced with the fact that the migraine threatened to cause you to pass out from sheer pain.

“H-h-huh…” Alphys looked at you and watched as you slowly took the painkillers from her claw, which dripped with after-sweat. You didn’t care. You popped it open and pulled out 2. Then you calmly walked back to the side table and grabbed the water she had placed to the side to gulp it down with the medicine. Once you finished, you waited, and looked over to Alphys. She looked like she was about to piss herself, quivering in the corner. Confused and uncertain, still having trouble hearing, you pointed to the kitchen.

“Im going to make some food. Want anything?” you said openly. She shook her head violently
while continuing to stare at you. Oh well. You left to eat.

You fell asleep at the table you had eaten at to only be awoken by Alphys at 10:30 P.M. She looked greatly concerned. She only then sat down and shared with you how dead your eyes looked as you approached her.

So that’s why she was backing away from me.

“Hahaha sorry about that Alphys! I uh really needed that medicine. The headache was driving me insane.” You light heartedly chuckle, though Alphys’ concern for you only grew.

“Jane.” You were shocked. She didn’t stutter. “What happened to you? In your past I mean…”

You sighed. You knew this would happen but on such a bad day…

“Y-you don’t need to delve deep b-but I am here to support you…that’s what friends are f-for.”

You looked to her, tears instantly filling your eyes. Friend. She called you a friend…

Its just a trick you fool. She will leave you just like that o-NO. She wouldn’t do that. She was a monster. Monsters were nice, nicer then any human being. You could trust Alphys. She was your fellow nerd, anime fan, roommate, art fan, and now friend. You could tell her, even a little bit. No. You had to.

“When I was 7 u-uhm…I had a older brother of 15 and my mom and dad. My brothers name was Kevin. My parents were scientists. Though my mom was more of a botanist, she helped my father. They wanted to use technology and nature to see if they could affect time. They wanted to be able to do something, go back in time, and do something else. It was their dream.” Alphys gave you wide eyes of worry, the tone in your voice likely made it hard enough to not start crying. It was strained, the lump was there again ; choking you. You were now openly crying but you didn’t care. You had to tell her.

“My bro, Kevin, was uh- very mentally ill. He had delusions and no common sense. The doctors said he was a delusional and they should watch him carefully. He got madder the longer it happened. He would throw tantrums and uh –the lump tightens and you try to clear your throat and wipe away tough tears- he would break things and hit me.”

She looked at you like you were a very expensive broken vase. Like you were a fragile thing that she had to help. But there wasn’t anything she could do, so you just stared down at the table to get that pity stare out of your mind. You knew it wasn’t a pity stare, but it felt like it. You forged on.

“One day, I was returning from my friends house. I saw smoke in the direction I was headed and I feared that someone had started a forest fire. I ran and ran. The thing on fire was my house. I almost broke right there and then, but then I saw my brother, watching the pyre grow. I ran to him tugging at his shirt. He was home with mom and dad. I was begging him to tell me where they were. He only hugged me tightly and started mumbling. I couldn’t understand him, and my neighbors were running over to us to get us away from the searing heat. But the heat isn’t what I felt Alphys.” You looked at her. She was silently weeping. Damn, you really didn’t want her to make that face. You broke out in tears and the rest felt so strained and rough. You couldn’t hold in the pain anymore, it came out with your voice.

“My brother took a knife and he plunged it into my back! He LITERALLY stabbed me in the fucking back. He was the one who set the house on fire! He had stabbed my parents and left their bodies in the house and he set the house on fire!! THEN! He turned me over and I was desperately
screaming and crying and he slashed openly at my back telling me I was fucking tainted blood. I nearly went unconscious. If I had, I wouldn’t be here. My neighbors were screaming and running at me. My brother flipped me over in the dirt again and attempted to plunge his damn knife right into my heart. I pushed against his hands, straining my back that was rolling my back wound open in the dirt. He was screaming at me to die. He finally managed to thrust the knife into my chest at my fucking heart but the neighbors tackled him and held him down……Alph-“ She had stood up and was on you in a flash. She was hugging you tightly, apologizing for something she had nothing to do with. She just held you as your tears were everywhere. You were totally soaked.

“I-I-I woke up and I was still there infront of my fucking house. The fire department had come. T-They put out the fire. They dragged my parents b-b-bodies out. I saw them Alphys. I saw their dead c-corpses, charred and boney and my mothers was still on fire. A low b-b-blue flame. My father was oozing blood everywhere still and it bubbled from the heat. I looked at m-my dead parents and my brother was cackling, calling them t-traitors!! HE HAD NO RIGHT!! HE HAD NO RIGHT ALPHYS!!” You were now clutching her so tight you feared you would break her skin. She was sobbing with you , but you were screaming and wailing. You finally told someone. Not even your professor knew that much.

"I woke up in the hospital a-and they were amazed I was fucking alive. They kept saying I should be d-dead. The knife came within 1.5 inches of my heart Alphys. I was 1.5 inches from being dead Alphys.....I didnt want to die!!” You were a wreck. Broken. There wasnt any fixing it. The scars were there, the pain was out in the open, and the tears made you tired. Tired of crying. Eventually you passed out.

You woke up on the loveseat with Alphys, both of you sopping messes. Your headache still remained, but you think it was because of the depressing time you had just put Alphys through. You leaned over at the clock trying to focus your vision. It was almost 9. You stood, carefully freeing yourself from Alphys’ clutch. You pulled blankets off her bed and covered her in them and looked at the weekly schedule. You were stuck home til you recovered and Alphys didn’t have class until further in the evening. You let her sleep. The dorm manager had left bandages outside your door and snuck in your house to make sure you were both here. How do you know. She left a stupid note on your front door, winky face and all. Wow. Just.....wow.

You suddenly felt a deep pressure in your heart. You grabbed at it, with note in hand, tracing the scar with regret. You began to cry and almost fell to the floor when you heard it.

We hate him. Kevin...

A sudden strap around your patience snapped. You felt it. You immediately grabbed a stepladder.

Gone. Gone. Gone. Get rid of them. DO IT.

You were breathing heavily lifting and moving things around. The moment last night had filled you with an incredible determination. You were no longer dwelling on this. You were hurdling this. All the weird dark bloody muscle masses. Gone .The satan heads on pikes. Gone. The stencil of the zombie hand. Don’t move it. Alphys said she liked it... Things were about to change.

You heard Alphys grumble awake, and you nuded her up.

“Hmm c-can I please sleep a little m-more?” she pleaded half asleep.
“Sure Alphys. Go sleep in the bedroom. I have work to do out here.” You replied.

You heard her depressingly moan as she stumbled into the bedroom with her pillow and blanket.

You uncovered your easel from the corner and looked deep into it. A house dripping blood from the windows with gentle blue flames stood there, and you had the perfect idea how to quench it. (Note to self, write that down Jane.)

An hour went by and you had finished the pencil drawing of the house. You pinned it into a canvas and hung it in the bedroom using the stepladder. You heard Alphys stand and her pillow dropped. You turned to face her, tears all over your face. However, you gave a wide grin and did a little “Ta-Dah” movement with your arms. Alls that remained on the wall, were the Two lilies that had a free air to them. Below, their roots seemed to seep out of the painting and into the burning house below it, covering the house with its roots; absorbing the blood and flames...

You were filled with the determination to make them proud of you. To not dwell on your brother. To move on.

“I still c-cant believe your m-making that story so dramatic..” she openly said with little tension.

“Well I thought it was pretty fucking cool! I just had like a DING moment and I was like “ FUCK DIS. FUCK DAT. FUCK YOU KEVIN!!” and what-not.”

“Alright alright.” She chuckled staring down into her Mew Mew Kitty Cutie custom mug. “ A month already huh…it went s-so quick.”

“Jesus Christ STOP REMINDING ME. I feel like a year older everytime you mention it. Get happy! Your GGIIRRRLLLLFFRIEENNND is coming over today!”

The blush on her cheeks was almost as bright as a cherry, and you smiled an evil little grin at her. She had been calling her friends once every two days because her phone bills woulda killed her for how much time she spent in one call. I never bugged her about who she was talking to but her face often formed from concern, to immediate joy, to panic, then back to a gentle smile. Truly the cutest of the peas in the pod.

KNOCK KNOCK BAM!!

Not even 3 knocks in and the door to your dorm room swung across the mini-hall that lead to it, stopping near your feet as you sat in a beanie bag Alphys had brought.

“What’s up you NERDS!?!?” the half fish woman with one eye bellowed openly in your doorway, muscles bulging out of a tank top even though it was only 40 degrees out. You felt like you were in for a bad time.

Chapter End Notes

AWWW SHIT ITS BASICALLY BEEN 3 CHAPTERS OF ALPHYS ONLYYYY~~
But. Now you know at LEAST Undyne will be in the next chapter ;) Will anyone else ?!??......IDK I havent though of it yet. Get back to you on that tomorrow ( today = 29th AKA first publish day~ )
Im also getting a headache the magnitude of Mt. Ebott, so im off to go swig some
water and painkiller. BUH-BYE~~

P.S Someone make a fucking like dorm manager version of Undyne XD Just bigger and burlier XD
**FINtastic**

Chapter Summary

Undyne makes her appearance into the life of Jane. With her fist.  
More problems concerning the college life that doesn’t feel like college is addressed.  
And more problems considering what’s going to happen with Jane.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the comments guys. Freely leave them. Seriously, please. I have been getting sick tips and have been trying to pound a chapter out each day. Writers block will hit me soon enough, as soon as my leg wakes up (hehehe reference =u=)  
I am doing some jumping ahead. I will make a chapter soon for Undyne X Reader buddy buddy time. This was sorta that, but I wanted to give more main story shyt so I threw that in as well.

P.S I just found out I can make something and then have the site post it on a certain day…I feel stupid. LEARNING, but stupid.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You shake with minor fear and worry at the fact that:

1. That door coming off its hinges was going to be on your head with the dorm manager.
2. This woman was terrifying and loud.

She walks inside with a chuckle, Alphys has perked up and has quickly clung onto the fish monster. She stands there hugging the surprised monster, who then picks her up as though she weighed 10 lbs. and begins swinging her in a circle with pure bliss and glee.

“Alphy!! How are you hun?! Oh god damn I missed you so much!” the fish screams while snuggling and pecking kisses rapidly at Alphys. Alphys is giggling and turning redder at each loving peck, giving one gentle kiss to her partner before being back onto her stumbling feet.

*We aren’t ready for this...*No shit. You gaze at the fish monster who still has their attention set on Alphys. She has an eyepatch over her left eye, strange fin like..ears? A long crimson red ponytail has been tightly pulled back behind her head, leaving her blue scaly face open to examine. Her single eye reminds you more of a cat; the pupil black and feline like and the surrounding iris a pale yet deep yellow. Her smile reveals she has what look like shark teeth, giant yet carnivorous. A chill goes up your spine imagining the brutality of it should she bite down on somebody; the amount of blood and flesh ripped off. You feel her eye meet yours and her gaze goes from loving to terrifying and evil.

“H-hey.” You clumsily wave now gawking and shivering in front of the fallen door. When had you found the courage to stand?
She approached you slowly with that stare which you took to glance away from her direct eye. You took in more of her features. Her biceps and triceps had a bulge to them, but not as if she was a body builder, just enough to look intimidating. Over the span of 2 seconds you noticed her fists much more as they were not soft but didn’t have claws as she then made contact with your face. You flew back into the bean bag with a heavy grunt and astonishment.

*Way to go. She said she would break you a MONTH ago.*

Suddenly the sheer pain in your face becomes apparent and you squint your eyes and muffle a scream as you put a hand to a bit of your cheek. It was already swelling and stinging. Hopefully your teeth stayed in.

A deep guttural chuckle came from her. She now stood, a dark silhouette standing above your sprawled figure, with her one unstaring eye. A sudden toothy grin with a hint of yellow was plastered over her facial region almost from fin to fin.

“Soo THIS is your roommate Alphys? The infamous JANE??” she lulled aggressively. Her smile never wavered, nor did her gazing eye. You had hoped that the aggressive human manga and anime collection Alphys had compiled hastily set in the shelves around the TV would distract her. You learned much of this fish named Undyne from Alphys. Picked up her knowledge of humans from anime from what you knew. This certainly felt like one…

“N-nice to meet you too” you mutter, grasping gently at your stinging cheek.

“P-p-please don’t h-hurt her Undyne.” Alphys croons. Little late, Alphys…

You hear a roar of laughing and look up at the monster. Her silhouette gone, she extends a blue arm in your direction. You take note of the minor webbing between her fingers, and the gills protruding out under her top. Her face is maybe a foot away as she bends over to yank you out of the bean bag and continue laughing hysterically as you gently cup your cheek.

“Sorry hun! Needed to teach this punk a lesson for that time over the phone. You don’t scare my girl ever again!” she was barking yet happy now. Flung to your feet, you gently nod and look at her. With concern and worry, you extend a hand gratefully. You feel terrified and yet enthused by Undyne, even though it felt as though your jaw bones and muscles were cracking off your head. She seemed to make a good friend if you stayed on her good side; the punch was well deserved anyway.

“I’m Jane. You owe me a ice pack.” You say, with your arm extended.

“HAAHHAAHAHA YA PUNK!” she grips your hand and violently shakes it with enthusiasm. You feel 3 bones pop. She then brutally hits your back with a very rough pat. All air from your lungs just vanished, causing you to nearly bend over, hacking up a lung.

“Alphys told me a shit ton about a Jane. Though you wont likely reach the status to be my best friend—” she stands beside you now as your catching the breath you had lost, and hurls an arm around your head to grasp your opposing shoulder—“ you and me?! Were gonna get REAL close!!” she says proudly, clutching your body close as your dry heaving finally ends.

Every muscle in your body is screaming at her, but your heart and brain tell you she just doesn’t hide her strength or opinion. Great. You glance hopelessly at Alphys and mimic the words ‘HELP ME’ pleadingly. ‘FIGHT ON’ she mouths. Thanks Alphys. Team player til the very end.
You, Alphys and Undyne end up in the college cafeteria around 2. Thanks to Alphys talking to your bio. professor about that test, you passed bio. with a high enough grade for free lunches and your art professor claimed to have a great surprise for the top 3 students in his class. The announcement board in the cafeteria showed no implications that he was ready to announce who they were, so you sighed and picked a small table to sit with your new friends. The swelling in your cheek had stopped ,thankfully, allowing you to painfully open your mouth to chew. Glancing to Undyne who was taking in the size of the pristine cafeteria, and then to Alphys who appeared shaken as she ate.

“So punk!” Undyne revered loudly “I hear you have been sticking up for my girlfriend. What’s the situation?”. Her voice turned hollow. Her eye was blank with anger and she sounded like she was asking for a battle plan. But you knew of what she sought. After everyone noticed Alphys wasn’t going anywhere, she was happy, and that she was hanging out with me, assholes had begun bullying her. The little nicknames we were given were ‘ Alphys : The First Class Ass ‘ and “ Insane Jane”. Was this a fucking middle school?!

“Well-“ you start, peering at Alphys still shaking-“they have been harassing her, calling names, someone tried to push her on the stairs-“

“They WHAT?!!?” Undyne screamed; standing, fuming. Her angry flaring gaze went to Alphys. Apparently she had only mentioned things were tough. No details.

“U-U-Undyne y-y-y-your voi-“ Alphys murmurs can hardly be heard over Undynes growling. Her eye sparks and turns to the cafeteria, who is either staring at her or snickering.

She angrily plops into her chair, her teeth grating against themselves before chomping into her meal. She looks to you still pissed off, but gestures wildly for you to continue.

“I started to notice and I have been just glaring ‘em off since. They wont come at her usually if I’m there.” you inform her, hoping to quell her anger. She looked at you, almost confused. Confused since you had no apparent muscle nor evil intent. It was true you had no visible muscle, but you were pretty strong too.

“J-Janes r-really good at u-um deterring h-humans…” Alphys adds, looking pretty miserably at you. Undyne is looking between the two of you, more confused “ Huh?” she says, mashed fries in plain view as she opens her mouth, a mini glob of drool rolling to her chin before aggressively wiping at it.

“J-jane scares t-them off Undyne,” Alphys implies, with a frail joy to her voice “ peacefully a-and with w-w-words!” Undyne just looks at you dumbfounded.

“Oh! Like Frisk?” she booms, feeling like she now understands everything.

“N-no..nothing l-like Frisk…” Alphys calmly denies.

You hear it before you see it. The sharp clacking of heels coming from behind you. The high pitched laugh that sounds more like TV static, and the light chuckles following behind it. Candy. Fucking Candy. Leader of the trash down the hall. You carefully glance behind you and see her and her little entourage of girlfriends. She has a purple tank top with a deep V-neck on underneath a 75% see through tight sweater that does practically nothing for this cold day. Her skirt is even more outrageous with dark pink belt sashes on the sides and it doesn’t even hang low enough to cover her panties that she casually openly flaunts to all the guys. You turn to Alphys in disgust, who has taken notice of her, and tries to make herself smaller then she is. Undyne catches on to the trouble and spots your firm hatred though you cant see her.
Undynes fist begins to glow. That’s new you ponder before she puts it to the hardly seeable side and summons a glowing spear. NOPE. DEFINETELY NEW!! You quietly panic, flailing at her to stop whatever she is fucking doing. Gritting her teeth, anger clear in her eye, she fazes the spear out of existence, though glares at you. You gesture to her that you got this, and clear your throat as they come closer.

“OhohHO looky here. The monster freaks are in the fucking cafeteria~” Candy’s voice is enough to break a window should she jump another 5 notes. High and weasely yet so on top of the world. “Who’s the new fucking freak you have now JANE?” she cackles slamming her hands on your table. You notice from the corner of your eye that Undynes teeth seem to grow more with every second yet she is comforting the scared and fidgeting Alphys. Bringing your attention back to Candy, you notice she has about 3 layers of makeup just smacked on her face, making you want to lean away in disgust.

“Candy, if you put on any more fucking make-up you wont even turn 30 before your looking like your great great grandmother in her grave.” you imply ; ignoring whatever she said. She gives you a disgusted look.

“Where have you been Jane? This is the fucking expensive Vigoureux brand my boyfriend Sam got me! It wont cause the wrinkles you’ll fucking have keeping up that ugly, old lady, scowl!” she chuckles and her entourage almost makes that famous “ OOOoooooooh” sound, but your cutting them off.

“Oh Sam? I thought it was Justin. Wait. No was it Albert, Mason, Barrel, Luke, Peter, Jake, or Charlie that was in your room yesterday? You should really bind their mouth a little more Candy; I could hear you straddling them all the way from my room.” you give her a dirty stare. She is sweating now, angry.

You peer over to Undyne who is looking at you in speechless joy, but your not out of the woods yet. You are suddenly hoisted up at the collar from your seat. She doesn't dangle you off the ground, thought she is 4 inches taller.

“Think you’re a clever little BITCH aren’t you Jane? Your nothing but a sicko! I can have as many fucking guys as I want. I can even get them to fuck you over. You want that, don’t you Jane? You little fucking creepy whore.” she is growling, digging her fake manicured nails into the collar of your shirt and reaching your skin.

Fuck off.

“Candy. Fuck off.” Is the mutter that escapes your mouth as you give her a deadly stare. You feel rage building, darkness growing. You grab at her barely existent sweater yourself and lift it high enough that she has to lean back onto her tip toes to stay to the ground.

“ Fuck off before I think of 10 different ways to slice open your fucking throat, rip out your high pitched buzzer attached to your damn vocal chords and feed them to Louis and Seymour. Fuck off before I cut off these breast implants from your pectoralis and sew them to the same ass you think everyone should kiss. Fuck off before I shove this knife down your larynx while cutting open and stabbing you through the neck. I'll drag your mangled bleeding corpse to your poor daddy and tell him you thought it was just another cock.”

She is now staring at you, eyes glossed with fear. Her entourage has goosebumps.

“I can jab my finger on a certain muscle and paralyze you from the head down. You feel rage building, darkness growing. You grab at her barely existent sweater yourself and lift it high enough that she has to lean back onto her tip toes to stay to the ground.

“ Fuck off before I think of 10 different ways to slice open your fucking throat, rip out your high pitched buzzer attached to your damn vocal chords and feed them to Louis and Seymour. Fuck off before I cut off these breast implants from your pectoralis and sew them to the same ass you think everyone should kiss. Fuck off before I shove this knife down your larynx while cutting open and stabbing you through the neck. I'll drag your mangled bleeding corpse to your poor daddy and tell him you thought it was just another cock.”

She is now staring at you, eyes glossed with fear. Her entourage has goosebumps.

“I can jab my finger on a certain muscle and paralyze you from the head down. I hear some people never recover. So want to try? ....No? You get near my fucking friends again, Candy? I vow they
You growl out your final sentence as you drop her miserable collar. She gives you a glazed fearful stare, holding her neck, gulping for air. Practically stomping away now, the entourage quickly crowds around her saying whispers of fear and paranoia. You sigh and settle back into the seat to realize the bitch had ripped your shirt whilst clutching the collar with her nails. You ignore it and take a sip of your watered down soda, looking to Alphys to calm her down. You are met with screams.

“THAT WAS FUCKING AMAZING!!” Undyne bellows out, slamming her webbed hands onto the table, making you jump. “YOU JUST MADE THAT BITCH EAT HER OWN WORDS!! AND THAT THREAT?!? HOLY SHIT DUDE!!” she was thrilled and shaking. You couldn’t tell if she was scared or excited. You glance to Alphys giving you a hesitant smile and “T-t-thank you, J-Jane” along it.

You, Undyne and Alphys spend another 2 hours in the cafeteria. You explain your strange hobby of blood and guts loving to Undyne. You're given a giant smile back, saying “It's cool you know so fucking much 'bout other peoples muscles and organs!!” and “Can you really paralyze someone for life?! THAT SOUNDS AWESOME!!”. The majority of the time, Alphys is quiet, smiling at how much you and Undyne have bonded.

Finally you all return to your dorm, and Alphys shows Undyne around the rooms. She didn’t get a chance last time, and from what you understood, she was coming over to visit nearly daily.

As she showed her around, you uncovered your easel, hoping for some privacy. Your art professor had set up a huge assignment that was a huge risk and challenge, but would almost guarantee you would be one of the top 3 in the class. The assignment required you to draw a monster in your life that showed their inner most talents. Professor was taking advantage of all the hatred given to any monsters who remained in the school and was trying to teach a lesson, you guess. The huge problem was, you couldn’t reuse someone if you had already drawn them. The last project was of a close friend in their element, and you had painted an Alphys surrounded by chemicals and beakers boiling. Smoke floating through the air in an illusion of color and shapes; Alphys sweating profusely, but smiling. However, the only other monster you knew was Undyne. Could you ask her of this? You felt bad just coming up with someone with super power who didn’t even exist… you would wait.

An hour later, Undyne stormed into the door followed by Alphys. She had gotten permission to stay the night by the dorm manager. When you asked how, she roared at how the test was to beat her in an arm wrestling competition. She was beaming of how tough an opponent the manager proved to be for a human, as you shrank into the corner thinking if she had used her full force to pound your cheek in today. As Alphys was cooking half monster half human food that consisted of vegetables and fish (?) Undyne came over to you and stared at your untouched easel.

“What’s that?” she groaned, confused. You sighed and turned to face her, just as much confusion on your face.

“I don’t know yet. I need to draw something!!” The stress was definitely building. This project was due in 3 days, and you had literally nothing.

“Oh? Whatchya drawing?” she replies and sits in the bean bag that she pulled up.

“I need to draw a monster that I know with their special talent. I can’t use Alphys because I already DREW Alphys and the only other monster I know is you….” Hey Undyne, can I dr-“ you hesitantly ask.
“NO.” she barks. You groan. “My only talent is fighting and being a fucking fierce cook. That and I can summon a shit-ton of spears~” she cackles as she summons a mini spear to spin freely between her fingers.

“But Undyne! I don’t know any other monsters!!” you are almost on the verge of stressful tears. If you don’t hand in a project, it will be a shit-stain on your grade report. Maybe enough to take away the free lunches.

*Give up. She isn’t going to help you…*

You groan and collapse to the floor, holding your head in hands, choking on a nervous clump in your trachea. She takes note of you and flips open her phone.

“1-10. Pick a number.” She smiles yet grumbles.

“Wh-what?” you mumble.

“1-10. PICK. A. NUMBER.”

“Oh uh..um…6?” You reply, confused. She flips her fingers over her phone and silently counts out loud. Her grin grows as she passes you the strange monster cellphone to view. You nearly drop it in astonishment. There is a picture on the cellular device.

Two skeletons are looking at the cell. One looks extremely tall, and he appears to have a giant smile on, though his jaw bone is so far down and there isn’t any ligament holding it to his skull. His sockets aren’t normal size, they are tiny and hollow, yet he seems to be making a raised eyebrow expression without eyebrows! Surrounding his cervical vertebrae is a crimson scarf with rough ends and a few tattered holes. Covering from his clavicle to the end of his thoracic vertebrae is what seems to be a suit of armor. His pelvis and coccyx are covered by an amusing little metal plate of blue and gold and it reminds you of a speedo for a second. His hands freely on his hips? Hip bones? Though his hands are covered by giant red mittens, that match giant red boots that go up to his tibia. He looks adorable and is posing dramatically causing you to giggle.

To his right is a much different skeleton. With a TONGUE?! A blue one at that! He is licking at an ice cream (Or a nice cream- the new frozen treat brought in by monster society-commercial has a sick jingle~) This skeleton is much shorter then the other, giving you hope he is shorter then you. His jaw bone is practically stuck in a smug smile, and the ends are kneading into expressions of an even bigger smile? His tongue somehow materializing from the back of his non-existent throat. Is his face made of fucking clay?! His left eye socket is winked closed, the right looks like he is raising an eyebrow that doesn’t exist! It displays a white pin inside which you can only assume is what must be his…eye? He isn’t clad in any cute armor. His bones must be bigger or something because he looks wider then the other; at least his jacket makes it look so. He is wearing a giant poofy blue snow jacket, with beige fur surrounding the rim of the hood. He has one bony hand shoved in his pocket, they other gripping at said cone of the frozen treat while some drips down onto his phalanges and metacarpals. What’s holding him together, you ponder. He has a white t-shirt from what you can notice on underneath his blue parka. He is wearing what appear to be black gym shorts adorned with two white thick seams going down the sides. They don’t go any farther then his fibula ( SMALLER PERSON HOPE REKINDLED! ). But then there are a set of white loose socks covering his tarsals, and on his general feet is a pair of slippers! Who wears slippers in fucking public like this?

You marvel at the two, Undyne drinking in your stunned and perplexed expression. “That’s who your going to draw!” she says.
“What?” you ask. You were too busy staring at the picture and all you heard was ‘draw’.

“Those two are who your going to draw!!” she repeats, louder; a grinchy grin curling onto her face.

“WHAT? I-I cant draw these guys! I don’t even know them and I don’t know their powers and I just-” you start rambling. You are seeing these two for the first time. Your still amazed there are actually skeleton monsters. Your first cartoon crush was Jack fucking Skellington! You adored skeletons, but the only ones you knew were model ones. You were practically panting with over-stimulation at their mere existence. WAIT.

“Do they know the spooky scary skeleton dance!!?” you beg with excitement.

“The what?” You practically slap her on the way by as you speed run to your room ,running back with your laptop. You show her the video and she looks at you like you’re an idiot “Um, no.”


“Anyway they are really fucking cool! The tall one is Papyrus and the little idiot is his older brother Sans! They can pull out bones everywhere! Papyrus is good at making bony traps, and Sans has these things that look like animal skulls called gaster blasters that shoot FUCKING LAZERS!! I heard he is teaching Pap how to do it too! That’s fucking awesome talent!! On top of that, if you think its talent, Papyrus is a great cook and trap expert, while Sans….plays the trombone, makes bad puns and sleeps a shit ton. BUT STILL!! Their left/right eye glows when they use their magic and its really fucking cool! DRAW THEM FOR YOUR WHATEVER PROJECT!!” she is screaming with joy.

“B-but… I would be lying to my teacher. I haven’t ever met them before…” you sadly reply.

“Ah you will meet ‘em eventually. Any friend to one of us tends to meet the whole crew! You would meet ‘em even if you hadn’t seen the photo! Right Alphy?!” she yells to her girlfriend cooking in the kitchen.

“Its t-true Jane. T-they would come s-see me sooner o-or later.” She says, setting plates filled with what can only described as fish stir-fry, then question if a fish monster is fine eating fish…

“A-are you POSITIVE?” you ask one final time.

“OMG JUST DRAW ‘EM! They wont even have to know! Course it would break Paps’ heart. He loves to model!!” Undyne grins going on a tangent of how Papyrus is the Great Papyrus. You sit down to the okay fish stir fry as Alphys and Undyne spend more time talking. You are hard in thought on how to approach this. You have been given permission by Alphys and Undyne to draw these two, but you feel bad...

“I feel like I’m using their bodies without their consent…” you remark out loud. You realize what has been said cant be taken back, nor can the puzzled and embarrassed stares that are then set upon you. You hide your face in shame and blush.

“Oh hohoHOOO JANEe~ You sly human!!” She smack pats you on the back with a minimal blush of dark blue on her blue skin. Alphys is also covering her face, and she suddenly begins mentioning fanfictions and grows into a deep reddish orange blush. Dinner is good and awkward as it should be...

You spend the next hour just repeating “Are you sure?”’s to Undyne while researching a similar shape to the said ‘Gaster Blasters’ to include. You also ask for any sort of side details you can about their powers and what not, saying you might make EXTREMELY minimal changes to
things. Finally, while those two have fallen asleep in the bunk bed, your on the verge of passing out. You make a pretty good sketch in your sketch book of the two skeletons and leave color marks with your pencil for the different shadings and magic. You leave notes and tidbits to help in the morning, as you plant your face to sleep in the fuzzy rug. You feel wrong still about doing this, tomorrow is Sunday and you will have all of tomorrow to work on sketching it. The canvas has to be done by Monday, you repeat in your head. Today marks the end of 1 of the 3 days you have, leaving you 2 days to draw two skeletons in armor and slippers throwing magical bones and dog skulls that shoot lazers.

........................................

Never thought that would be a thought in your head before sleep.

Soon your out-cold on the fuzzy rug of your living room, in the crescent moonlight thrown from the open curtains onto your sleeping body. Your at peace.

Chapter End Notes

OOHH SNAP BOTH SKELETONS HAVE BEEN MENTIONED BEFORE
CHAPTER 5 OOOOOOOOOOHRRHHH
OOOOOHHH COLLEGE BITCH BEING A BITCH OOHRRHHH ( Seriously she is based off a real girl I knew in fucking college. Absolute queen of the garbage. Everyone hated her and yes she did have an entourage and use weak nicknames that made her more of a middle-schooler.
Will Candy be coming back? Fuck yes. In a good way?......No.
I am unsure how much conflict to put in the next chapter. It may have a ton, or very minimal. There will be burns, and I will attempt jokes -gets magephone- I REPEAT. IM ATTEMPTING JOKES. EVERYONE BE WARNED. THAT IS ALL~

P.S : Who noticed I use a magephone instead of a megaphone B) DONT LIE.
Chapter Summary

Art. Art is a stresser. Know what happens when you get stressed? You get sleepy REAL easily.
Know what this chapter is going to do?
Make you sleep. You are about to bathe in the stress pool.

Chapter Notes

Fuck dis shit im out. Nuh-uh. I stressed myself out writing this. The writers block is coming.
P.S : HOLY FUCK ITS 5,000+ WORDS. WHY DO I LET THIS HAPPEN!?? NO. NO. NEXT CHAPTER IS GOING TO BE 3000 OR LESS FUCK IT!!
P.P.S : Very minor (super minor) sexual theme in this chapter. There are boobs. (+ thinks of the boobs song on NG...)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You rouse from your drooling sleep to find you're no longer on your comfy rug, but in your comfier bunk. A simple shrug escapes followed by a sigh at the realization you probably need to wake up to ask how you ended up there. You carefully and groggily climb out of your bunk, nearly trailing your blankets and sheets that are tugging at your feet.

Even the bed is saying come back... You glance to the clock. 8:30. Just go back. Laze the day away. Not possible. The painting.....uuggghhh FUCK.

You drop down onto the cold floor, instantly sending a cold shiver up your spine. You glance to look at Alphys and are nearly too overwhelmed to keep a straight face.

Alphys is laying on her side wearing one of her Mew Mew Kissy Cutie night gowns she said her robot made for her? And the completely nude blue finned Undyne is behind spooning her, while reaching around and gently holding her partners breast. You flush and turn away to give them privacy, and hear Alphys mumble happily in her sleep. You giggle a little shielding your eyes from being able to see Undyne. You had forgotten she BEAT the manager to sleep-over.

Carefully and quietly you approach Alphys and shake her free hand. She looks to you and gets a weak smile on her face, confused and sleepy.

“Hey Alphys” you said, with a slight grin on your face. You had been learning some shit and you couldn’t wait to unleash hell.

“H-hmm?” she silently stutters, rubbing her eyes. Still oblivious.

You take a deep breath, holding your excitement.
“I heard spooning came after forking.” You are trying to hold back a smile at your strange sense of humor.

“W-w-what?” She asks trying to move, then finally realizing what you said before dismaying at her situation. Her face heats up so quickly and the sweat pouring off her looks like she plans to make a mini puddle by the time she escapes.

Undyne stirs and tries to find where her spoon just went, patting the mattress to find her. Alphys is breathing and shaking and hiding her face in embarrassment. Totally cutest of the peas~

“Alphys, you got to get moving. Your class starts in half an hour girl!” you explain as she suddenly is sweating for a whole new reason. She practically jogs to the bathroom to shower.

Undyne has covered herself with the sheets but surely sits up questioning where Alphys was. Another chance has arisen.

“Hey Undyne?” you whisper about 3 feet from her trying to not peek at her parts, however your mildly curious if she actually has nipples.

“Huuh?...Punk? W-where’s Al~“ she says wiping at her eyes, the sheets nearly exposing what is not meant to be exposed to a friend you just met yesterday.

“I need your help.” You giddily ask, trying to contain your giant grin.

“With whaat im TIRED.” She angrily flops back under the sheets covering her head and facing the wall. Here it comes~

“I cant find my watch, and I need your help. I just cant seem to find the TIME.” you exaggerate the joke, but you kinda need to sense she isn’t willing to hear. You continue to hold chuckles….

Silence…

…

“Wait.” You cant hold it anymore.

Your laughing on the ground clutching your stomach and tears forming. Undyne is now wide awake, covered by the sheets, and giving the best “ You little shit” grin you could’ve hoped for. You snort. Nope, fit of giggles here we come. You are on the ground hiding your face in the orange and purple rug, crying and laughing while trying to hold back snorts and wheezes. The embarrassment…was it worth it? You hear it before you see it, Undyne is screaming in shock and laughing along with you. You think its mostly because you cant stop snorting. It takes five minutes to resort to little giggling fits.

“Oh my GAWD Jane!” Undyne is wiping the tears that never fell away from her eye “ Are you SERIOUSLY another fucking copy of Sans!?” she asks, though she is lowly chuckling herself.

You had heard that Sans ( the skeleton? ) was a huge pun master. You had also heard that most everyone like his puns, but you weren’t great with puns. Usually anyone who heard yours found them stupid, and then no one even knew you tried.

Alphys had barged back into the room to find her socks. She had the college uniform on, which sort of reminded you of anime high school uniforms. The top was green with a yellow adorned sash around the bottom. The skirt was black and because she was so short, it went practically to her calves. Undyne gave her a finger whistle and Alphys grew bright orange.
Undyne gets up to help her stumbling girlfriend find a pair of socks, and you look away because the fish has nothing but the sheet from the bed to cover her.

“Alphys this punk is trying to pull jokes on me like Sans. Atleast she doesn’t sleep like him.” Undyne notes.

“O-oh no s-s-she does. If s-she rolls her h-head around by accident s-she usually passes o-out on the 3rd s-spin. She tends to d-do that when s-she is s-stressed though…” she replies to Undyne. Undyne looks at you like you’re an alien suddenly before spotting a pair of socks for her love. She brings ‘em over and slips them on her feet. This totally reminds you of Cinderella when the prince slips the glass shoe on her feet, but less talking mice…were there talking mice monsters? Anyway, they do it much cuter.

Alphys has to rush and she gives Undyne two giant pecks on the cheeks and one on the mouth before blushing and running out. You both giggle at it, and as soon as the door to the dorm shuts, Undyne is almost LITERALLY on you.

“Do the head thing.”

“W-W-WHAT?!” you wail backing away. You see it. She does in fact have nipples. OKAY. OKAY. FISH NIPPLES. NOPE.

_Someone needs to burn my retinas or send me back in time. I need that outta my mind._

“I don’t believe her! I usually trust her, but are you as bad as him!?” she is asking very loudly.

“Undyne put some bloody clothes on!!” you shriek as you cover your eyes with your hands. “B-besides its not like I can just do it just to let you watch!”

She backed away from you concealing herself in the sheet, harrumphing away.

You nearly were assaulted by your roommates fish-monster girlfriend in the nude. Way to start the day. You head out to the living room to leave Undyne to change, before asking if she wants coffee. She thoroughly demands milk and honey put into it, which leaves you shrugging. Her tastes.

As the coffee brews, you pull out some mugs to use. However, for more food storage reasons, Alphys decided that anything made to eat/drink from goes in the upper-shelves. You carefully climb onto the counter to reach up to the shelf the mugs lay on. You notice in the back one of your favorite that could help inspire your painting. A skeleton mug. The general mug is the skeletons face and the handle meant to look like a crack in the side of its skull from an angle. Blood color leaks off the edges down the side of the skull, and there is a top to the skull. It’s in the shape of a bloody brain. This is your favorite mug of all time.

Carefully returning to the ground, you find Undyne reaching past you with long arms. She has a white tank top with her belly gills exposed, and a short pair of yoga pants tight on her legs. Did she pack those with her? You then take more time to digress to the fact that she must nearly be 6’ tall. You are saddened.

“Cool mug.” She comments quietly, looking at you in a curious stare.

“Ya its my favorite.” You put down the mug and turn to her. She has pulled out Alphys’ Mew Mew Kissy Cutie 2 mug. The pink cat paws almost make you giggle out of control every-time. Turning back around to the coffee maker, finishing touches going into the pot. Suddenly you feel a wet pair of scaly hands rubbing your shoulders. You nearly jump, but they greatly start relaxing
“Shhh im just trying to help you relax~ You have a big assignment due and it seems REALLY important~!” she says in almost a coo. You fight the urge and flee the attacker. She just raises her hand innocently with a big grin on her face. Your neck is sore, full of stress, so you slowly twist your head around a little after she leaves a few kinks in the ba-

Undyne watches as you squirm from her massaging grasp. Last time she did that for Sans, he was almost out like a light. Guess you weren’t as bad as Alphys made you to be, she thought.

She watched as you rang the back of your neck with a hand, slowly rotating your head and your other hand set on your hip. The coffee maker is done and Undyne is next to it so she pours her mug first. She likes her mug choice. She reaches behind her for the milk she had pulled out of the fridge.

SMACK

She nearly splats the milk down onto the counter, summoning a spear and going defensive mode. Then she sees it.

Your on the ground, face first, snoring.

…..

“……ARE YOU FOR REAL PUNK OH MY FUCKIN’ AHAHAHAHAHAHAHHA”

Undyne is on the floor wailing and crying as she laughs harder then she has in a long time. She takes two minutes to catch her breath, turning to you chuckling harder in sheer joy.

“He-he-hey puunkkk hahahaha w-wake uuupp ahhahahaHAHAHAHAHAHHA” she starts back up again. She found her new favorite thing.

You wake up on your back, Undyne looming over you chuckling. It scares you. You get up quickly and away from her, remembering what happened in the bedroom.

“Jane..you ahhahaaah you really do pass out!?” she is chuckling, trying to form sentences under each heave for air. Your confused, and back track your actions. Then it dawns on you.

“Oh god I rotated it self-consciously?!? ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!?” you scream with a tad of anger, as Undyne cries and laughs hysterically.

When your brother had done that…thing… it messed up the nerves in your general back. The pain caused by stress turns into aches that reach the base of your neck. You would rotate it often to destress, and you almost always just immediately fell asleep, no matter where or what you were doing. The nerves at the base of your neck would over stress you to think you needed sleep, which you constantly back then did .You had done it while crossing the road and you collapsed right then and there, nearly run over. Old habits never die out. You had been trying to break this habit thanks to the dorm manager, who kept finding you collapsed inside your dorm, which explains why the key for your dorm is the easiest for her to find.
Embarrassment hit you like a wave. It nearly made you start twisting your neck again, but you just stretched your arms. Still tiring, but not pass out wise. You stood and passed Undyne crumpled into a giggling ball of laughter, sweat and tears to claim your needed coffee. Before you left you looked back to her, her fit of laughter finally died down. Then it dawned upon you. A giant grin escaping before you could stop it.

“I have a painting to do, so excuse me but I have bigger fish to fry.” You say, holding the chuckles. Undyne is on the floor again dying, screaming “YOU DID NOT JUST SAY THAT PUUNK!!” before hyena laughing some more. Revenge. Another one dawns to you; today is your joke day.

“Undyne, you should drink your coffee if you want revenge. Its bitter sweet.” You hear more boisterous roaring from the kitchen floor. You end up at your easel, with the previous sketches ready. You had informed Undyne that you need privacy and if she can leave her alone for 3 hours, it would be okay. Quickly chugging down the coffee, you got to work, going for a different style and using dark tones involving just color pencils and rubbing. It was going to be a long day, but Undyne was kind enough to lend you her phone in case you made any adjustments to Sans and Papyrus’ characters.

It turns out thus far really nice. You hear the door to the dorm unclick and you recover the easel, not wanting to spoil the surprise. Besides, it isn’t complete. Undyne nearly full throttles out of the bedroom to hug Alphys who returns exhausted, her lab coat tied around her waist. They both clash bodies and land on the hardwood hugging, as Undyne places a multitude of happy kisses on Alphys to try to resurrect her from exhaustion and fatigue. Undyne had made dinner plans with Alphys to go to a bar nearby to relax, but you denied their invitation, intent on finishing. 10 minutes pass by and you see them both exit the bedroom dressed to impress.

Undyne is wearing her infamous black tank top coupled with a denim jacket. Her jeans are nearly black, but with a hint of blue, and she has a pair of heeled army boots on. Alphys walks out hand-in-hand with her, dashing a pretty red to orange dress with a long black unbuttoned cardigan to keep her warm. She is in a cute little red and black striped flats, clutching a red purse. They contrast very nicely. Almost makes you want to freeze them there and paint them. Alphys glances at your staring and adds to the blush already put on her face. Undyne looks at you plainly and almost worried.

“You sure you aint comin’ Jane? she asks.

“Nah thanks guys, but I have to hand this in tomorrow.” You groan and sigh. The look at you worried. You have hardly eaten and sleep has been fatiguing you ,but not stopping. Got to make your friends smile dammit…

Skeletons…

“Tibia honest, the sleepiness is trying to carpal me into bed. Im just trying to think about things more humerusly.” You say, threading a smile across your face. You didn’t even need to look that one up. Body part jokes are easier.

Undyne is pinching at bridge where her nose would be, starting another fit of laughter, and Alphys is giggling.

“You just like a human Sans!” Undyne says proudly snickering and guiding her date to the door. You felt a snap in your heart, but you hold back. You wave to them as they open the door to leave.

“We will let the manager know, and I will take the full blame punk! Be back round 10! LATER!”, “B-by Jane!” and with that, the door closes with a slam.
Your just like a human Sans! ; just like Sans!......just...like...Sans..."

You collapse. Holding your heart. She didn’t mean it like that.

Maybe not......but what’s the point of you...if they have him?

Shut up. I am their friend. We are different in some ways!

How so? From what Alphys has said, you are more alike then you imagined. They only say it now because you’re having fun, letting loose the puns you wished to share with friends you might never honestly have.

Shut up.

He plays the trombone? You used to play piano ; gave up. He makes puns? Your only just getting into that again. You both apparently sleep exuberant amounts of time. You both have skeletal frames......you both have a brother.

“STOP IT!!” you have thrown your readied pencil set to the ground and have scrunched up, balancing your head on your knees, desperately covering your ears to no avail.

He has magic. You’re just a human. He is a monster, their own kind. He is better known AND loved. He was here first...you’re just replacing him for Alphys til he finally comes to fucking visit. You know it. YOU KNOW IT. THEY ARE MERELY USING YOU AS A REPLACEMENT. YOU’RE NOTHI-

“Th-this is amazing!”, “You have real t-talent at drawing!”, “Who is Louis and Seymour?....Oh-oh”, “ YOU HAVE WHAT??! Punk that’s friggin’ AMAZING. LEMME SEE!!”

Your standing, retaking your pencils scattered about. The memories. You are different from him. You are your own person. Maybe not perfectly unique, but you are not him. Emotions seep into your hand, practically drawing the picture in your mind.

“ J-jane are you o-okay? ”,”You can talk to m-me......i-its what f-friends do..”, “You likely wont reach best friend status, but you and me?! We are gonna get REAL close!!”

You can feel the hot tears, but they don’t halt your hand, nor faze your vision. The image is so clear. He has magic, he has a brother who loves him, he is a monster, he is strong. That makes you different, but there is so much more. So much more out there, that you seek and desire to understand. The bones, the skulls, the grain work, the fuzz on his hood, his armor, the blasting lasers synchronizing, its all there. Its there. Every time you take a breath it vanishes but it feels as though your watching them use it right now, in your mind. You hold your breath, practically suffocating, not wanting to miss a single millisecond. The bones, the rattling, the color, their strength, their love, their determination!, Their-

Souls.

You freeze and gasp for needed air…

You…you had finished the drawing. But…you went too far… You cover it, sweating, ashamed that you probably just ruined everything. Why? Why did you do that. They never mentioned that…

The stress of possibly messing up the entire drawing hits you like a tidal wave. You don’t even
have a chance to realize your rolling your head. And it only takes a single turn to knock you out, falling back onto the loveseat.

Undyne and Alphys return home, Alphys is minorly drunk, and Undyne holds the door open for her. Alphys nearly drops her purse when she sees you, limp and snoring on the end of the loveseat. Alphys hurries over to you while Undyne closes the door and trails behind.

“J-jane? Jane w-wake up.” She is beside your head, clutching your shoulders with a gentle shaky hand.

Your eyes flutter, and the stress turned into a migraine. You hadn’t eaten anything that day; just coffee. You look to Alphys who is beside you, Undyne behind her. You give a pained look to Alphys and try to ask her for the painkillers, but no words come out. Though Alphys gets the idea.

“U-Undyne can you go get the u-um the T-Tylenol from the bathroom and b-bring her some w-water and a r-ramen noodle c-cup?” she kindly asks her date while shaking.

“On it Alphy!” Undyne starts running around the house in her high-heel military boots. You are sort of jealous of them, while Alphys carefully attempts to pick you up to lay on the loveseat. Intentions are noticed and you push yourself off the ground to assist the process.

“W-what happened J-Jane?” she asks, concern filling her eyes.

“F-finished…painting…I fucked up Alphys…I fucked up.” Tears began to cling to your eyes. “I..I drew their souls without even a-asking what they l-looked like…if they had any -sniffle- to make things w-worse I drew yellow fl-fl-“ the words wore you down, sounding less like explaining and more as whining.

Undyne has returned to the sobbing puddle of whining that is you, with water and pain killer, ramen on the side at the ready. You take the medicine and chug it down, relieve and hoping it works fast.

“So did you finish it!?” Undyne boasted. Her volume of curiosity rang through your ears, and you looked at her miserable.

“I..fucked up…I drew too much..I didn’t..” suddenly you couldn’t breath through your nose, but you were forcing it, constantly sniffling and trying to cover your mouth from the pitiable noise.

“J-jane..” Alphys was rubbing your back. She looked to Undyne for worried help.

“Aww c’mon punk it cant be that bad!! From what I have seen, you make good shit!” she strolls over to the covered easel. You notice to late in trying to stop her from unveiling it.

You had done research. You had drawn the backdrop as to where the magical barrier had fallen, showing a black hole leading out of the mountain. Right outside it you had dramatically drawn Sans and Papyrus, standing on the cliff outside the hole. They stood separate and sideways, aiming their glowing hands and eyes toward whoever stared at the painting. From the black hole you could see two ‘gaster blasters’, hazy in the background, shoot lasers that then twist and synchronized together and felt as if they had shot out of the top of the painting. The wind was blowing, throwing the elongated scarf papyrus had to his left, not blocking the view of his orange glowing eye that seemed almost electric. You had put more ancient glyphs that had appeared on the royal windows on his armor, after hearing he wanted to become a Royal Guardsmen. Sans’ read differently. Darker. The wind pitched his hood up against his skull, though through the fuzz
you could see his flaming blue eye, the other darkened and empty. That same giant clay like grin was plastered to his shadow hidden face. His parka was zipped up, and you had shortened his shorts more…short. His slippers turned into torn up high tops that matched his attire ; blue and white. You had put souls out in-front of each brother; an orange and a blue. Finally, beside them were flower beds of buttercups found on the mountain, the wind blowing stray petals freely around them.

You had done far too much. The flowers didn’t need to…the souls…you just-

“THAT ISN’T FUCKING GOOD SHIT THAT SHIT IS FUCKING INCREDIBLE ,ARE YOU SERIOUS!?! WHAT THE SHIT ARE YOU CRYING ABOUT!?? ITS BEAUTY?!?” Undyne was screaming. “OH MY FRIGGIN HELL IT LOOKS SO FUCKING GOOD!!”

Looking to Alphys in confusion, she was also taken aback by the frame.

“J-jane..thats beautiful. It is perfect! J-JANE! That’s PERFECT!” she says, growing louder and joyous, pointing proudly at the canvas.

“Its…..perfect?” you ask, sniffling. “ B-but the flowers and t-the changes with the shoes and the s-scarf-“ you tried to insist.

“YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE EXTREMELY TINY CHANGES. IT LOOKS BETTER THEN I EVEN COULD HAVE FUCKING IMAGINED. STOP CRYING YOU STUPID NERDY PUNK!! HAHAHA!!” Undyne tackles your amazed body into the ground with a hug. Alphys strolls gently over to it, still staring.

“THAT PICTURE THERE IS TOTALLY GONNA BE THE BEST IN YOUR CLASS PUNK!! I CALL IT NOW!!” she boasts happily while picking you up and swinging you about, mid hug, as if you were a rag doll. You felt like you would vomit up the nothing that was in your stomach. Ramen smelled so good.

“I didn’t fuck up…” you gently tell yourself after being put down.

“No no Jane! I-its great. Y-you even got their s-souls right!” Alphys is behind you, steadying as you begin to slump down from how woozy you felt. You couldn’t go from being more miserable to being so happy if you ever wanted to. You hugged both of them near to you now. Undyne grew a giant grin, Alphys blushed and patted your back reassuringly. You were laughing and crying and grappling your arms around their necks loudly saying between sobs, “ I DIDN’T FUCK UP!”.

After calming down and eating, and re-observing the piece, you wiped away your tired eyes and went to bed at peace. You were going to be okay. They said it looked fantastic!

They didn’t say fantastic. Shut your ass inner brain. It was close enough!

The next morning arrives. Undyne had to go home, actually beaten in wrestling by the manager. She had sworn swift revenge. Alphys was still sleeping, though she had no classes today. The clock said 9 A.M and you quickly and happily climbed out of your bed and readied yourself. Throwing on your green top holding off on the yellow sash. You slip on the black skirt, which is much different then Alphys’. The skirt you have on for your year stopped being made when mad teachers couldn’t stand the short skirts revelations. However, you didn’t have the money to change it, and you really didn’t mind. You pulled on light yellow knee high socks and your less bulky military boots. Finally you tied the yellow sash through the hoops meant for a belt. Truly anime like, but you liked it before you knew of anime, so HA!
You run to your easel and envelop your canvas in loose plastic wrap and then your art binder (huge thing they are...could hide a body in it...) before running to your art class. Everyone had setup frames for their pieces, you being one of the last to arrive. Taking it out and putting it on your display section, you wait for the teacher to arrive. You had to be present to explain. Your nerves were causing goosebumps, everyone else had done very good, though some were really questionable, then not. You can’t judge any of them for being fake because you didn’t know what type of monsters were out there. Your professor entered the room and immediately could tell 3 students had faked their characters, and told another 6 that theirs looked terrible before sending them out. Not even 3 minutes into the class. Don’t twist your head...

Just got to focus.

*You are too much nerves.*

“Jane.”

Don’t act innocent. You nearly drove me INSANE yesterday…

...Insane Jane?

I fucking hate myself..

“Jane?”

Jane. Wake the fuck up.

“Jane.”

Don’t act innocent. You nearly drove me INSANE yesterday…

...Insane Jane?

I fucking hate myself..

“Jane?”

Jane. Wake the fuck up.

“You are too much nerves.”

Don’t act innocent. You nearly drove me INSANE yesterday…

...Insane Jane?

I fucking hate myself..

“Jane?”

Jane. Wake the fuck up.

“I am up!” you grunt, noticing a sudden soothing laugh. Your professor is standing in front of you, Mr. George O’Neil. Loved his damn name. He is a very handsome man for being in his 50’s. He has a tight pony tail pulled back of brown with big strands of aging gray. His eyebrows aren’t too thick, dark blue eyes, minor stubble on his practically chiseled chin. Hardly any wrinkles on him. He wore a grey turtle neck today underneath a black trenchcoat. Same black formal pants as always. You just realized you were looking up and down your teacher and had bleated out your thoughts out loud. Your face went solid red with embarrassment.

“Still sleeping are we, Jane?” Ahh. His voice was so DAMN soothing~ FOCUS.

“ Ah um well eheheh...yes.” Attempt at denial failed. You must look stupid beyond belief.

“What am I looking at Jane? Tell me the reason why I flipping love this penciling you did. Lay it on me.” He looks to you, cracking a smile, while carefully investigating your art.

“Ah-um. I h-had made friends with my roommate, Alphys, the little yellow reptile monster? Y-yea.. any way she invited her friends over and I got to meet these two-“ Ohhh I hate lying to HIM. He is so nice, and handsome. He would understand. WHY MUST I LIEE1?!? “are recently met friends, Sans and Papyrus...they’re skeletons.”

You hear giggling in the room. Ughhh your face is breaking out.

“Tell me what these are here. Tell me the story, Jane.” he continues, sounding fascinated.

“Oh. They took part in the breaking down of the barrier at Mt. Ebott. The backdrop is the location where they walked out of. They have a lot of power, and from what I have heard , BECAUSE ... because magic isn’t REALLY allowed... that they can manipulate bones and summon these 'blasters' that shoot magic-powered lasers that have combin-“
More laughing. Ahh… You knew that was going to be a stupid thing to say. ‘They shoot magical lasers’ Hole. Crawling into a fucking dirt hole.

Mr. O’Neil stern stares the gigglers, and looks back to your piece, studying it with a smile. He gives you a gentle nod.

“It came out looking great Jane. Wonderful job! You can head back to your dorm now. I will announce something important over the college news around 1. Be sure to listen in.” He reassures you with a wink, gently tapping your shoulder confidently.

You nearly hug him. You nearly cry. But your too fucking excited that you run back. You storm into your room, only to find Undyne and Alphys making out. Again. You giggle and turn away. Alphys is freaking out and Undyne is cackling like a mad-woman.

“Snuck back in I see Undyne!” you say, going over to give her a hug.

“Came back for Alphys and a round 2 against that tough human lady in charge of this joint!” she said, squeezing your back.

“H-h-how did your c-class go J-Jane?” Alphys asks, the blush slowly dissolving from her orange face as she beams at you.

“OMG. He said that there would be important news on it at 1ish. IM SO FUCKING EXCITED!!” you start squealing, which apparently prompts the others to squeal along with you and group hug.

You hang out, talk about what could happen, talk about how cool and HOT Mr. O’Neil is despite his age ( to which Undyne only has more laughs ) and just eating lunch. 1:13 hits and the TV’s turn on and changes to the college broadcast channel.

“This is Mr. O’Neil reporting in on the most recent Monster project for class 209. “

You all got really excited and squished onto the loveseat. You gave up trying since it was too small and just sat on the carpet below them. Undyne had a bowl of popcorn at the ready.

“I have picked 5 people who truly impressed me today. Their art-creations are above average and they have a bright future ahead of them. Here are the lucky ones : Shen Miau, Taylor Purtole, Brian Algorel, Jane Ki-“

“AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH” everyone burst into screams and hugs. You don’t even hear the last person since you are all still screaming and cursing with joy.

“Now I know your all excited, I am as well,” he continues “but this assignment has another surprise to it.”

“AW SICK THERE A PRIZE?!?” Undyne screams, and you and Alphys try to shush her.

“The names I have said are going to have their works put up for a short time in the Girteli’s Art Museum. It will be a public ball with refreshments and food. Those I have named must attend AND bring the people presented in their canvases as well!”

Huh.

“There they will be judged by true judges, and multiple prizes. Whoever is chosen as the grand winner will receive the keys to the entirety of lab 43, my old art room, to use however they see fit. The ball takes place this Wednesday and is a formal event. This is a monster friendly ball, so anyone is allowed in. However! Should your friends displayed not arrive, I will have to disqualify
any of the people I named from the prize-pool... See you all then!” Transmission ends.

.........HUH.

“HUH!?!” You grab the TV. “ NO. NO YOU SEXY BASTARD. NOOO TAKE THAT BACK. NOOOOOOO!!! DID HE JUST FUCKING SAY I NEEDED THEM TO ATTEND!?!?” your shrill voice is cracking.

Alphys is in a state of worry and shock. Undyne has thrown the popcorn everywhere and is laughing on the ground hysterically.

“Oh my fricking christ hahahaha you hahaha you have to invite them to a ball to show them you drew them and they don’t even fucking know your name aahhahahaahahaha!” Undyne can’t control herself.

Alphys is looking at you. Your eyes dead and cold.

No. NOOO. HOW COULD YOU INVITE PERFECT STRANGERS TO A FANCY BALL SO THEY CAN SEE YOU CREEPILY DREW THEM AND KNOW WAY MORE THEN YOU SHOULD!?? OH GOD. OOH GOOD.

It’s over. My life's over. Fuck dis shit, I’m out.

You purposefully roll your head and you’re out like a light.

Chapter End Notes

Oh. My. Fuck.
Did I do goodz? Did I make good jokez? No?..............fuck you T-T I tried so hard.....I was rolling my head after this chapter. I had wanted more in it, I had even set a reminder to myself: Stay under 4000....I hit 5000 and I just kept going. I hurt. I hurt everywhere. Uhhuhuh.
Next chapter might not come til later into Feb. 1st because I just....I need like 2 days of sleep FFS.
You’re awaken only 3 minutes later by a very nervous Alphys. You know what just felt like a dream really happened merely from Undyne. She is rolling about in the same fit of giggling and crushing the thrown popcorn into bits on the ground. Stress ridden tears start to flow over your face. You rush to your phone, and attempt to dial your teacher.

Straight to voice-mail.

*You fucking sexy shit face…you’re so fucking dead to me…*

You collapse, clutching the cell in your hand tightly. Undynes roaring laughs have died down and Alphys is still in a state of disbelief.

“W-what am I going to do…” you mutter, clasping your forehead in your hands. You want this
nightmare to end; and you fucking loved your nightmares.

“W-w-well w-we can c-call th-“ Alphys whispers as she stands shaking next to the loveseat.

“How?! To tell them what?! ‘Hey uh sorry to call so suddenly, but I need you and your brother to come to a monster ball at a museum to look at a painting my roommate drew of you. Totally not a creeper’?!’” you screech. You’re panicking and shaking like no tomorrow. But if you don’t get this, you don’t even want to imagine what your report will say.

“I-I don’t even have a formal d-dress… nor the money f-for one… I don’t I-I-“ you sadly ramble. You really didn’t have the money for this. It was difficult; college and work. Especially with such a high-paying college. You had used what your family had to get in and stay alive, and you paid with your grades. Should they go too low, they could expel you without a second thought. Nobody would take you in. No other relatives other then an Uncle who was in Asia.

Nobody came back then…nobody will come now…

“Ahahhaa Jane, Punk, Buddy! Don’t you fucking worry! Me and you are going to go shopping!!” Undyne hollers. She stands next to Alphys by the seat, catching her breath from the fit of laughter.

“Undyne I don’t have any money to go shopping…” you solemnly comment.

“Don’t sweat it punk! You have been taking care of my girl Alphys for the first month of human college! You DEFENED my girlfriend from those assholes down the hall! IM PAYING for your fucking dress and shit! I owe you!” she is strolling over to you with an enormous smirk across her face.

“Undyne no I-I cant le-” you attempt to defend but she throws an arm around your neck; accidentally cutting off your air for a second, leaving you gasping. Never were you going to get used to her strength.

“J-Jane, I th-think it would be g-good for you. I-I know you have m-money problems…” Alphys adds.

“H-how..” you mutter, astounded she found out. You hadn’t planned to tell her; to worry her with your problems.

“I-it was obvious… y-your science professor t-told me w-when I a-asked her to hold that t-test for you before… She w-was worried too…”

Ms. Loote. Note to self: Never trust her with personal information. EVER.

“Well, its settled! I’m taking you dress shopping!! No ifs, ands, or buts!!” she constricts herself around your arms, lifting you off the floor with ease to hug tighter. Your bones crack in dismay. You can hardly believe this is happening…your first shopping trip with a friend…and she was paying…

“T-thank you so much…” Comes out more of a blubber then a thank you.

“Alphys!! You try and get a hold of those numbskulls while were gone!” Undyne glows. A pit of worry grows in your chest, but then you recall how Alphys had said they would come visit eventually. Maybe that would work…This could work. Embarrassing to the end, but it might.

“Heh heh”
“Hm? What is it punk?” Undyne stares at you, smile withdrawing.

“Numb skulls…” you mumble. She releases you from the tight embrace and you painfully plop to the floor in minor giggles and pain.

“Tender moment is dead Jane. Nice job.” She gripes.

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

You didn’t know Undyne had a drivers license ‘til you saw her shiny blue car. It was a 2015 Porsche with a retractable roof. The seats lined with black leather, minor studs poking indents near the bottom like a belt. Its rims where a faint silver that matched the steering wheel.

Intimidated by how much you imagined this single car cost, you glanced towards Undyne who was already unlocking the car.

“You didn’t know Undyne had a drivers license ‘til you saw her shiny blue car. It was a 2015 Porsche with a retractable roof. The seats lined with black leather, minor studs poking indents near the bottom like a belt. Its rims where a faint silver that matched the steering wheel.

Intimidated by how much you imagined this single car cost, you glanced towards Undyne who was already unlocking the car.

“W-where did you get the money for this? I thought monsters came to the surface 3 months ago… H-how?” you were astounded, taken aback. You had never been allowed in such a fancy car. The only other that came to mind was your parents old corvette. The one thing you had left of them not burnt from the house. Though it was in safe storage, license plate removed for whenever you had the time to worry about driving.

You stroll to the car and carefully tap your feet before sitting in the plush yet rough seat. It felt extremely comfortable, and your body nearly gave in to believing it was a mattress. The stress wasn’t helping. Then the roaring ignition ( which totally suited Undyne ) revved the car into action, which startled your hands as you fumbled to hastily buckle your seatbelt. You had a bad feeling.

“Well in our currency we used gold coins. When we tried to use them up here, they said they were worth a ton, so they traded it for human cash! Most monsters had a lot of coins!” she said, a wide grin growing. You then vaguely remembered that she had one eye and tightened your seatbelt in concern.

Then she excelled. Excelled at proving your thoughts wrong, as her driving was deadly to your physical and mental well being. She was nearly 20 miles over the speed-limit. She had a road rage like no other, but she won every yelling fight. Ran a few red lights on the way. By the time you reached the store, all color had drained from your face, shaking and still clutching to the main console and door handle for dear life. How had no police caught us. Why didn’t police catch us… she probably would’ve sped away from them anyway…

The door handle was lurched from your grasp as Undyne had opened the door for you. She looked at you, puzzled. Guess she didn’t hear your blood-curdling cries to slow down over her hysteric joyous laughing fueled by her speed.

With a sick ache in your stomach, Undyne walks you wobbly into the boutique.

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

Alphys didn’t know what to say.

She had been writing down different ways to invite them, while seeming insistent, but wasn’t sure whether to mention you drawing them or not. She hadn’t asked before Undyne had dragged you from the dorm.
She knew that Sans wouldn’t be thrilled. He disliked attending formal events and wasn’t as keen to enjoy art like Papyrus. But if she could manage to win over Papyrus to come, Sans would too. He would be overly protective of his brother. Though to get Papyrus to come, she would likely have to mention your picture. Torn and uncertain of the proper way to go about this, she stares at the monster cell-phone for minutes, hearing the clock tick away. Every tick giving birth to a new bead of sweat on her head.

*J-Jane needs them to attend. She needs them! B-But, she is s-so ashamed that she drew them w-without knowing anything…Ooooh.*

In concern, she texts you.

Alphys : 2:19  
{Jane? Wht shuld I doo!? Can I tell thm or not!?!? >~<}

Jane : 2:23  
{If you have to! They will find out either way and i will die and join the skeleton ranks. i will die of emburasment no mater how they come, but if they don’t then im ducked!! T_T}

Alphys : 2:24  
{Ducked?}

Jane : 2:24  
{ DUCKING auto-correct! i put in fucked* and it fixed it.}

Jane : 2:25  
{ FUCKING**}

You had given the approval, so with a shaky set of taps, she calls up the sklebros house phone.

--“HELLO!! THIS IS THE GREAT PAPYRUS!! WHO IS THIS?”

“H-hi Papyrus! I-i-its Alphys. H-how are yo-

A shrill scream of joy comes from the phone.

--“HELLO ALPHYS!! HOW GOES HUMAN COLLEGE!!?”

“Its g-going well! B-but please le-let me t-talk Papyrus..” She is hesitating, nervous of how to word this.

--“NYEH?? ALPHYS? IS SOMETHING THE MATTER!?” Papyrus is greatly concerned. Alphys is sweating profusely and summoning all her courage and determination. She balls up a fist.

“C-c-can you and Sans a-attend a human and m-monster b-ball this Wednesday!?” she says, raising her voice. She doesn’t intend to, but it was forced, and the news is put across. “ I-its for an a-artist g-group. I-I would l-like it if you BOTH c-came…” mutters are all that come out.

--“A BALL?? ARTIST BALL !? THAT SOUNDS AMAZING!! I WILL ASK HIM!!.....SANS!! BROTHER!! ALPHYS WANTS TO TALK!!

An agonizing minute goes by…

…

--“sup alphys?” a familiar deep voice resonates through the phone with a chill.

“S-Sans! How a-are you?”

--“well, i was sleeping, but papyrus told me to put it on hold.”
“S-sans-“

--“it seems this is my calling.”

“Really Sans?..” A low chuckle erupts from the other side.

--“hey sorry, i don’t know when to draw the line.”

--“SANS!” Papyrus is heard returning, yelling after hearing his brother throwing puns. His grr’s of anger are clear and grating.

“Sans really!” Alphys is smiling but not in the mood. Her goal is her first priority.

“Sans c-can you and Papyrus c-come to my college o-on this W-Wednesday?”

--“hooo….hmmm…why so soon? dont get me wrong alphy. aint saying i dont want to visit your snazzy school but uhh -yawn- i have things on my schedule to do…sooo-“

“If its sleeping, that’s n-not a schedule t-thing! Please S-Sans. I need both you AND P-Papyrus to come and only that day!” Alphys is desperate, and she knows what’s coming next.

--“why so soon? something happen?”

Oh dammit. “W-well……there i-is an art exhibition a-at umm..umm the Girteli’s Art M-Museum that night. I-its monster f-friendly!”

A sharp intake of air can be heard before a low hum of deciding.

--“sorry alphy. i aint into the thought of departing the comfy house so soon. its too soon. we made plans with tori and the kid for dinner. go with undyne. aint she up visiting?”

“Y-yes but I NEED y-you and Papyrus there! S-seriously. Toriel and F-Frisk can come too, and we can g-go to dinner a-after!! Toriel l-loves art and im s-sure there are things for F-Frisk to explore. Oh p-please?”

--“and why do you need both of us so desperately , hmm?”

Nope. Got to tell him.

“M-my roommate had to draw a c-canvas of a monster that a-affected her life. S-she couldn’t r-reuse me, an-and Undyne didn’t w-want to be drawn, s-so Undyne told h-her to draw you two…”

Alphys begins explaining, suddenly shocked by Papyrus.

“I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, HAVE BEEN DRAWN!?! IS THIS ‘ROOMMATE’ A HUMAN?!?”

Papyrus’ excitement vibrates the cell in Alphys’ claw-like hand. She just had to get Papyrus on her side to convince Sans. Though it would be difficult. Sans could deny it, or even not attend. He trusted Papyrus with Alphys and Undyne. He had to know…more then probably should be told.

“Y-yes. S-she did a a-amazing job! B-but her p-professor t-told her s-she had to b-bring the m-m-monster s-she drew or else i-it would effect h-her grade. I-if her grade d-drops, she wont g-get free lunches S-Sans. She has m-money trouble as is…P-please Sans. I-if you d-don’t come, s-s-she will be heart b-broken! S-She has worked s-so hard to protect me and h-help me. We didn’t k-know about you both needing to b-be there! If Papyrus would be enough I-I wouldn’t be a-as-asking so m-much of you b-but-“
“aah alright alright alphys. were gonna go.” He sighs and gives in to Alphys’ breaking plight.

“WE GET TO GO TO A ART MUSEUM AND SEE ALPHYS AND HER ROOMMATE, BROTHER!!?”

“ya bro. it’s a long drive so get packing. we’ll grab a nearby hotel for a night.”

“AYE-AYE BROTHER!! NYEHEHEHEH!!” Alphys can hear Papyrus banging rapidly as he scales the stairs of their 3 story house.

“O-oh thank you Sans! J-Just so you know, it’s a f-formal event..”

“aah alphy…you know formal shit doesn’t suit me.”

“Y-yes I….Really?” Alphys catches it too late. He dissolves into a deep chuckle. “B-but thank you s-so much Sans. She will b-be so happy and relieved to h-hear. Y-you two will get along so well..”

“ya ya. imma put this as an ‘you owe me’ on mettatons list to make up for the art and the formal shit.”

Ahh. Mettaton was going to have Alphys’ neck for this. But she had to help you. She owed you so much. You protected her, helped her, taught her the safe people from the terrible, where to not wander. You were a truly good friend.

“I-im fine with that. Thanks a-again. B-bye!” she quickly hangs up. Just as she does she receives a text from you.

Jane : 2:41   {Hey hun! Its undue!!! They say anything!?!?}
Alphys: 2:42   { Undue? Butt YES! They said yes!! Thyr coming!}
Jane : 2:42   { DUCK YAAAAA!! NICE WRK BABE!!! TINS OF KISSES WHEN WE GWET BACK!! <3333}

As your trying on about 10 different dresses that had been wildly selected and thrown at you from Undyne, she suddenly is screaming and stomping about happily.

“What? What!?” you ask, concerned that she will quake the store to the ground. Your in the changing room with nothing but a bra and pants on. She jumps through the curtain and grapples onto you. The phone lost between your cleavage is freezing cold and wet from her hands.

“ALPHYS GOT THEM TO AGREE TO COME!!” she cheers, “THEY ARE DRIVING UP TONIGHT AND WILL BE ATTENDING ON WEDNESDAY!!! WE FUCKING GOT THEM TO COME PUNK!! ITS GOING TO BE OKAY!!” continuing her screaming joy, she doesn’t care that your half nude trying to fish the cold appliance out from your bra.

“R-REALLY!?” you yell suddenly, giving up on the phone. May it rest in peace…

“FUCK YAA!!!”

You give her an intense hug, ignoring everything else, nearly sobbing as you and her dance and scream with joy in the changing stall. A woman , fed up with your racket, barges in to see. As soon as you stop and stare at the women who is completely flushed, you realize your pants had fallen down revealing your dark somewhat laced underwear. It wasn’t any help that you were arm-locked
with a fish-monster who looked disgusted that she would even think of peeking. She leaves in a hurry and you feel your phone alarm go off by accident, and your breasts start replaying the rap from Octopops in Naruto (Weee's and all~)

You reach into your valley and fiddle with it to turn it off. Undyne stares at you, giggling and trying to not look down. A pun arises.

"What? I'm just fishing for my phone." Undyne is giving a giggly boo as you try to hold in a snort.

Eventually you separate and continue to try on dresses. Though you go through nearly 20 and you have turned them all down, she gets mad and barges in again.

"Why can't you pick one?! They are fucking AWESOME!!" she says, giving you a toothy scowl. She walked in at a bad time. In the changing stalls there were always full body mirrors. You hated them with a passion, but especially these ones. They had multiple circling in different angles to help show your entire body without having to crane the neck or head to thoroughly stare at the total results. However, standing there with nothing but your undergarments, alls you could see were all your nasty scars. Undyne could see them now as well, as she took more care in taking in your bodies misshapen skin.

Above the left breast was a single finger long scar left by the knife he had attempted to kill you with. It still ached of metal and burns. The lighting didn't help to take away the fact you had cut you wrists and upper legs in the past, leaving them somewhat scarred as well. Though they were tiny, and hardly notable; easily mistaken as stretch marks. Your back wasn't resembling anything of the sort. You had counted. 18. 18 long gashes covered your entire back, some overlapping, barely leaving any smooth skin. It really seemed as though something had ripped it off like a band-aid and forced the skin into rapid regrowth. Indented and rough, the nerves no longer existed. You didn't notice Undyne had been touching your back with sad curiosity til she spoke up and you glanced at her through the mirror. Her eye was mournful yet glazed with anger. Mostly confusion though.

"What happened to you." Undyne's monotone voice didn't help calm your existing nerves. Gently she felt at your back, and you ignored for there was practically no sensation at all to her wet webby hand.

"My brother." Her eye shot to the mirror to look into your eyes. They were beginning to bubble up tears. "He was 15 and I was 7. He was mentally ill back then. He had uhh-“ trying to clear your throat, that sad stress lump had returned. “he killed my mom and dad, and burnt down the house. Then he did this and this.” You say with a pained cracking voice. Pointing to your chest scar and back, Undyne drops her hand, balling them into fists.

"And what happened to this piece of shit brother…?!“ her angry aura could be felt without even needing to look her way or in the mirror. The air was pulsing with magic.

"He should have died." Quietly, with no emotion, an angry mutter escapes your lips. “They would have given him the death penalty in court, but because he was mentally ill, they put him into life imprisonment. But their terms for that flipped around too. They said I need to visit twice a year to help ‘rehabilitate’ him into society.” Eyes filled with tears, you jerk around to face Undyne, who is confused and still mad. She doesn’t understand any of what your saying, but you clutch onto her, desperate for any form of consoling.

“They want to try to let him out of prison!! After what he did!! Its madness! And I have to be the one who goes to him. Me! The sister he betrayed and tried to kill! Its just- I cant-“ your sentence cuts short as attempts to stifle the tears and snot from dripping onto the floor or onto Undyne take
priority over the needed hug.

No longer do you feel the magic radiating energy from Undyne. Just wet hands holding you close. She doesn’t know what to say, you can tell. She might not even fully understand. Yet she is consoling you. You couldn’t ask for anything more from the brief amount she knew.

After a minute of drying the face, Undyne pushes you back and does a few turns around your body. You don’t like it, you feel embarrassed and depressed about your scars and underwear. Finally, she snaps her fingers and runs out of the changing room. You hear rummaging around between clothing racks, and upset women loudly complaining at probably Undyne running through the store rampant.

“This one!” she yells out near the front you assume. The stomping comes closer and you begin your brace for impact. As you open an eye, she merely hands you a beautiful dress without coming in.

“Punk put that on! I am going to go find some shit that matches it!!” She storms back off.

It’s a gorgeous knee-length lilac with the bottom poofed out. The end of the poofs each had a silver lacing that appeared as vines at the ends, resulting in a cute shimmer at the slightest turn or shake. The top of the dress gave more of an Victorian vibe then anything. Thin silver vines climbed upwards from the light gray sash attached to the bit before the Victorian. See-through sleeves came up the sides; not thin enough to be a tank top but not t-shirt length. These type of sleeves weren’t needed to keep the dress up, but more as a form of shawl as it circulated to the back. The back was beautifully laced, giving it a crocheted layer of loose white fabric that blend inwards.

As you put it on, its practically a perfect fit, and conceals the majority of your scars. Its absolutely dashing and brilliant and you do mini flourishes and spins to admire the poofs shimmering effect. Undyne returns and starts wolf whistling. Your face gets pretty heated.

“Feels like I just entered Hotland! Hot-DAMN! I got to take a pic for Alphys!!” she insists as she pulls out her cell’s camera. She takes maybe 20 photos. Excessive but she is happy. As she sends the picture to Alphys, you notice she brought a pair of dark purple heels that look quite masochistic. Along with that, there is a beautiful tiara like head-band which doesn’t scream tiara, and a pair of armlets shaped as silver vining golden flowers; the stigma and anthers barely sticking out black. Its so gorgeous, but you feel terrible. You cant let her get all this for you.

The dress is enough. You have a quaint pair of silver heels back at the dorm...somewhere.

“Undyne the dress is perfect, but I cant get the rest of this stuff. It wasn’t what I came looking for.” A sudden pun pair hits you, and you try to hold back a smile.

“Although it seems sew perfect!”

“Alright. Its fucking perfect! Be right back!!” Undyne yells before running to the front. Not even a reaction to the joke she was so rushed. It felt like she tugged at something on you, but you just ignore it and carefully wriggle out of the wondrous gown. You scan it for the price tag, worried that it may be overly pricey. Its not there? Probably should ask the front its worth. You find Undyne at the checkout counter beckoning you over. You carry the dress and the add-ons with you, intending to put them back.

She grabs the dress and the add-ons and plops it onto the counter.

“Alright, that tag earlier was for the dress. Now I just needya to get all these other things and we
are good to go!!"

A wave of realization hits you and you attempt to reach the counter for the items.

“Undyne no! I don’t need them I only need the dress!” Suddenly, she has your arms locked behind you with one arm and is swiping her card the next.

“Undyne stop! I-I don’t need that much!”

“Yea yea sure whatever yea-“

Undyne ignores you. Attempting to break free just results in a cracking of the shoulder. By the time your released, they have cleanly bagged the dress to prevent anything from dusting or dirtying it and have put the rest of your items in a separate bag.

“Undyne, no, please. I appreciate it, but I don’t want to owe you for this more then I already do!” you say, practically begging. Not even knowing the prices of what everything was until you snatch the receipt she tries to crumple and throw away.

Dress : 159.99$
Heels : 58.90$
Jewelry : 121.79$
Accessory : 69.00$
Clean Fee : 35.00$
Total : 444.68 $

“ HOLY SHIT UNDYNE TAKE BACK THOSE HEELS AND ADD-ON STUFF!!” you bark as she is already stuffing everything into the car. Your frantically scratching your head as to how that jewelry cost so much other then it being real in some way.

“No fucking way nerd! It all looked perfect. Now get in the fucking car!” she yells, revving and beeping the horn. She begins to blast the music to ignore the rest of your futile screams. There’s no winning this, is there? Cant believe your allowing this.

You get in the car, and strap in quickly. She takes off almost at 30 MPH before you even get buckled, bobbing her head and sticking her tongue out while blasting “Highway to Hell”. Out of the blue, she yells before leaving the parking lot in her dust.

“BY THE WAY,SICK PUN IN THERE NERD!!”

Chapter End Notes

-looks at 4000 word chapter-
....This...This was supposed to be under 3000......Why. Why do I do this to my fucking self. WHY CANT I STOP?? ARGHH ENINGSPIRG. NEXT ONE IS GOING TO
BE SO FUCKING SHORT.
2000 NO MORE. I WILL REWRITE IT LIKE 3 TIMES IF I HAVE TO TO MAKE
SURE.
( Then the next chapter will be the Ball scene and its just going to be like fucking 7000
words so why bother (Bl...
-sigh- What do I do's? Make normal 4000 word chapters or split it up, make one really
short and one extremely long? Long is painful, but then its all out there....however...I
wanna leave you guys hanging..so I might do 3 chapters *U* buahahaha~
Though it likely wont matter since I am totally free tomorrow I will likely just write all
fucking 3 tomorrow ruining any cliff hanger what-so-ever....FUUUUU-

ANYWAY~~~ Leave comments PLZ <3

---Dress Design ( UNDERSTAND THIS...I had to look up things that matched what I
imagined. It isnt a true dress from what I could find. I also dont know how to rename
link soo... Though it would look fucking awesome (Bl Gonna have to imagine the
vines and what not without me. Like I said, freestyle it \=3=/ ) :
+++I drew one. I relooked at the links I thought of putting in and just drew fucking
one. Sorry I cant draw for SHIT, but its easier then just giving you a shit ton of links
and going " Use your IMAGINATION." Sorry (Model is a general model, not Jane ) :

(Here's the shit that equaled the dress. Armlet and not included in pictures, but heels
and tiara are. Cant draw heels or tiara..):

----Dress : http://g01.a.alicdn.com/kf/HTB1BE1rJXXXXXXc.XFXXq6xXFXXXz/-font-b-Junior-b-font-Lavender-Short-Bridesmaid-font-b-Dresses-b-font-Knee-Length.jpg
{Look more like C, but frills of D.}
----Victorian(ish) top : http://www.victoriana.com/Fashion/Images/1867_1.JPG
----Shawl : http://image.dhgate.com/albu_122443178_00/1.0x0.jpg
----Heels : http://www.polyvore.com/cgi/img-thing?.out=jpg&size=l&tid=160304895
----Tiara? : http://76.my/Malaysia/faux-pearl-rhinestone-copper-bridal-tiara-headband-imoment-1204-04-imoment@1.jpg


**Tuesdays Suck.**

Chapter Summary

Tuesday? Yaa FUCK YOU. Thats what you'll be saying by the end of this.

QUICK QUESTION:
Anyone know if there is a way other then importing of how to get different fonts to work? For papyrus, I wanted to use...well Papyrus. Even Gaster might make an appearance, but their fonts don't work on here. Any ideas?

Chapter Notes

Hoooo the writers block was strong today. As soon as I finish a fucking chapter, I get a basis of like what I want to put in the next one, and make a word limit. I stayed close to the limit and got all I wanted in this one, but MAN it took me 3 hours. I kept wandering to youtube to listen to music and mull over the story in my brain. Multiple chapters a day is looking better then one a day =_=" Stressful.

Anyway, keep leaving comments, it makes me happy to see the Kudos rising, and hell people are bookmarking my shit Q~Q? You have no idea how happy I am~ That viewing rate and Kudos is what makes me go, "Fuck it. STORY TIME!!"

And boy did I give you a story.

AND A TAG~

---

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Arriving back at the dorm, you rush in to your room and give Alphys a giant hug. Never had you been so thankful of her. Undyne asked to use the dorms shower, and Alphys showed her in. Returning to the car, you carefully collected all of the shopping items. Undyne had also gone grocery shopping ; mostly for her and Alphys’ noodle supply, though she had been kind enough to get you a supply of microwave-lunches and cereals. Took you two trips back and forth considering that one was for the groceries, the other was for your ball items. As you returned, Alphys finally saw the dress and nearly screamed.

“T-thats beautiful!” she exclaimed, coming closer to feel the fabric.

“I know! I kept the receipt though. I have to pay her back, she got me WAY more then I really needed..” you said, carefully putting down the remaining items.

“AAAAAAAH WHAT THE FUUCCKKK!?” screamed Undyne, causing you and Alphys to both hit a cord of fear and run to the bathroom door. As you swung it open, Undyne was hiding behind the shower stall door, mouth gaping while staring at the floor. Alphys tried to rush in but Undyne protested, and materialized a spear.
“DON’T ALPHY!! THIS RUG THING SOMEHOW DREW BLOOD FROM ME!! ITS EVIL!!” she yelled, stabbing at the rug.

Oh…I forgot to tell her that it turns red when hit by water…

You burst out laughing, collapsing at the door and Undyne stares at you, practically aghast. Alphys has walked over the mat and gone to explain and reassure. She even examples by taking small amounts of water into a cup and dripping it onto the mat. Undyne is perplexed, then amazed. She then uses it as an art board for stomping her feet and punching in handprints.

“Oh my SHIT Jane, this is SO FUCKING COOL. CAN I HAVE IT?!”. Enthused and happy, you and Alphys leave her to dry off. Luckily, no fish tits in your face today.

When did that become a thing I thought was good to not have, and why is it a thing…

Remainder of the day goes by, somewhat expectantly. Attempts to call your teacher are in vein, so you will visit his office tomorrow before your evening Science classes. Undyne loses to the dorm-manager with wrestling. The manager practically takes her under her wing to train in the multiple attack arts. She apparently mentioned sumo wrestling, and for the majority of the night, you couldn’t get the stupid image of Undyne and the manager in sumo suits, fighting, out of your head. Undyne leaves for the night, leaving you and Alphys to get done with homework and eat dinner. Alphys has been quite good at learning things on your own, but still quietly asks for your help of the human anatomy. Whenever you talk of it though, you find yourself on an endless tangent of subjects relating to her question. After the assignments are done, dinner is eaten, but your still not riveting towards sleep. Todays been too overwhelming, and though your love for the bed is a passionate one, you take up Alphys’ offer to watch some anime.

If your endless talk is of the anatomy, Alphys’ is of anime. After two episodes of this one she found, where the characters fight over marked down bento’s, she goes on for 10 minutes of how it went, what she liked, how Undyne would love this, etc..

Finally, the clock hits 10P.M which means fuck it, sleep. Alphys prepares her nightwear as you turn out the lights ; careful to not peek. Luckily, the main dorm-executives decided everyone should have closets, in case they want things hung instead of folded. Alphys has taken the majority of the closet though, as you don’t have much to hang anyway. A few of your old paintings and a couple of board-games brought over by Undyne are placed in the corner, dubbed as your side. The only things hung there are your brand new dress and your uniform for school, though Alphys doesn’t have much either. A few out-night dresses, her uniform, and a couple sets of night-gowns.

“I-I wonder i-if we could f-fit Papyrus and S-Sans in here…” she says, still astounded that the damn things are 6ft tall.

“I didn’t know you had thought to hide a skeleton in our closet, Alphys.” you chuckle as you leave the last lamp alone, since Alphys usually turns it off.

“Oh no! I-I j-just thought that since i-its so t-tall and w-wid-“. As she slips on a gray night gown, she fumbles with her hands, face flushed an orange-red of embarrassment.

“Haha its fine Alphys. I knew what you meant, im just teasing you girl..” is the sudden groan that escapes as you scale the bed, seeking your pillow in the slowly consuming darkness.

“Y-yes of course..”

“Alphys –yawn- I really don’t know how to repay you for getting them to come…”
“O-oh Jane no! I-I owed you f-for defending m-me this past month…”

“You don’t owe me nothing for that!” you growl, leaning your head over the rail, your messy hair falling to gravity as you give a stern stare at Alphys who has already gotten under her covers. “That’s what…friends do, right?” you mutter, followed with a confused smile.

*It has to be what friends do. I want nothing more then for her to be safe here…*

“Yes and I a-am just paying y-you back. S-s-so….thank you.” She says, returning a heartwarming smile. Ahhh, this little lovely otaku. That innocent smile would melt anyones heart. Unnoticed, you return the same smile to her and then utter “goodnight..” before curling under the blankets, squeezing close demonic plushies with a tiny squeak.

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

It’s burning. Everything’s burning.

The museum. Its caught flames.

Your trapped inside a room with a window at the door. Desperately banging at the door for anyone still remaining. Attempts to grab the handle are met with sheer burning pain. Your gaze finds it, and the metal handle is melting from the engulfing inferno. Cornered in this small room, you feel shivers going down your spine as heated sweat drips from your brows and arms. Terrified, you walk slowly into the back corner, clutching your head.

KNOCK KNOCK

The door lets out a deafening knock as if someone was beating it with a club. Praying someone has returned for you, you carefully run to the door and knock back.

“PLEASE! IS SOMEONE OUT THERE?!” you call. You gaze out the liquefying glass, out into the hot flames. There, untouched and unspoiled, is your canvas. The flames ignore it, almost licking at its corners, but never touching.

A darkness then looms beyond the window, taking your breath as you gasp and back up. You can still hear the flames, but you cant see them, just a black nothingness. You step closer, with concern and fear. The blackness forms a light blue glowing circle, a blaze with a magical blue flame.

“Jaaaaaneee” it says in a devious dark voice. You know that voice.

Terrified, you cry out redundant pleas to stay away. As you wail, a knife begins plunging into the door, splinters flying inwards. Smoke begins to fill the claustrophobic room, slowly suffocating your lungs.

Huddled into the corner, you cry and face away from the agonizing flames and voice. You know what’s to come of you.

“JANNNEE~” shrills the voice, increasing its speed at gutting the midst of your protecting door.

It all goes black. You stand, eyes shaking with tears and fear. Your nowhere. It feels like nothing more then a black-hole. In this place…you no longer exist.

You hear a faint clicking and static, and a dark purple glow in the distance.

“H-Hello?” But nothing forms physical words. Suddenly, the ground beneath turns to water.
Weightlessly, you sink into it, liquids top hardening like ice. Any attempt to hit it is futile, you know, without even trying. You float, running out of held in air, and you hear a faint flick of a lighter.

The sea of black you trapped in catches fire, and you burn to ashes.

Awoken by the ominous nightmare, you throw your sweaty head out from your pillow; hair sticking to your face. Gasps for air taken shallow and rapidly.

That.....was far beyond anything before.

Clumsily pulling hair from your sweat dripping face, taking note of how your hands shake feverishly. The clock only reads 3 A.M. You climb out of your bed, noticing Alphys still dormant under her covers, light snores in the air around her.

Atleast one of us is having pleasant dreams...How long has it been since a nightmare startled me so much...I need air.

Slipping on a pair of socks, quickly slipping on a tank-top and long soft pajama bottoms, you make your way into the dorm hallway.

Seeing as how it was one of the warmer spring nights, you cautiously open one of the hallway windows to breathe the fresh nighttime air. You would have stayed in your dorm, but it was a tad too chilly for Alphys' liking, so this was a better solution.

That dream, that...nightmare. It was unique. You had never been to Girteli's Art Museum, atleast not that you recalled. That dream felt so real though. Like it was a premonition of what was to come, mixed with your past. Any art museum as beloved as the Girteli's would've installed plenty of sprinklers incase of such an out of control fire, not to mention the fire-department was nearby. Your brother...that was and wasn’t him. That fucking voice might belong to the weasel, but not that unforgiving eye. It felt as though it had pierced your soul.

In your mind relapse, nothing would’ve prepared you for what came next. Someone grabbed you. Forcefully.

They full throttled their hand to your throat. Your face slammed into the wall beside the window, as a fear and pain struck through your heart. The nightmares choking hold had come back. You grasped at the hand holding the passage of air. It was bigger then your tiny neck. Slowly you were lifted off the ground and higher, still unable to break away.

“OOhhh the creepy little whore picked a BAD time to walk on out her cave.” Came a low coarse mans voice. You recognized it. One of Candy’s ‘boyfriends’, Michael. Must have just finished with her, spreading her bullshit talk of you wherever she wanted. You pry at the hand, for any form of air, but only receive another slam against the wall.

“I just got out of having a pretty HOT night with Candy buuut-” his voice was lustful as he took in the prey he had caught. “I never banged a short creepy bitches hole. Must be my lucky morning.”

Suddenly his other hand grabbed your ass with a tension, digging its nails through your pants. His over-sized body pressed into you, his erection clearly noticeable through the pants cloth. He squeezed your neck tighter, causing vision to fade as he delved under your tank to grasp at your breast. He painfully pinched your nipples, causing you to reel your head back in pain. He took it as a pleasurable delight, continuing to yank at the tender yet hard flesh.
“Who’s there!?” came a loud call from down the hall. The manager was doing her rounds, shining a flashlight directly at you. Her face contorted from fear, to fueling anger as she stormed in your direction.

“Shit!” Michael threw you to the ground, yanking open the window beside you. Your gasps for air followed by bright light caused you to flinch. As you slowly sat up, the manager was beside you, radioing to a fellow colleague to ‘catch that son of a bitch’. Tears welled in your eyes. Uncertain and afraid of what would have happened you grapple the manager, who flinched in surprise, as you cry and held her for safety and comfort. She picked you up like a crying toddler and shushed your gasping.

“You’re alright kid…you’re alright. C’mon, let’s get you something to drink huh?” her reassurances were rare. She was the closest thing to a mother you could think of, and she certainly made you feel like a 5 year old, carrying you through the building. If not consumed so by the terrible fear of dying or being raped, your face would’ve been flushed with embarrassment.

She prepared a mug filled with hot chocolate. You’re sitting in the main office, the security and other managers questioning you, though the manager knows the details and doesn’t pry any more out of it. You’re guaranteed that Michael will be expelled, though it does little. He is merely one of many that you’ve dealt with. Mind has gone blank from thoughts of nightmares, fire, death and rape. You're stumbling through the day as if you still don't exist; trapped in that black space, drowning.

Before you can even rethink the date and time, you’re standing before Mr. O'Neils office, a hand extended as it knocks against the door. Pulling back, you finally feel whole for the first time that morning. The door opens, and there stands your professor. He gives a hearty smile and ushers you inside.

“How are you Jane?” he asks, pulling up a chair.

“Huh? Oh im uh…..im good…really.” When did you have a scarf? Glancing underneath, you see the finger bruises left on your neck. Oh.

“You seem very out of it. Tea?” He offers you a small mug filled with tea, but all you can find yourself doing is shaking in decline.

“I was wondering why you hadn’t told us about the art museum sir….” you breathe, his eyes on you. You really liked Mr. O'Neil. He was very kind to you during class and always felt like a kindly father figure. Though he was very touchy. Often patting your head or holding hand, giving personal reassurances, but this was normal. He gave a studious laugh and gave a heartwarming gaze as he approached your chair.

“If I had, people would have over-stimulated their brains. I understand the college student mind. Enough stress is there with normal assignments, however, if I had made mere mention of a prize I wouldn’t of been able to discern those who have the talent and the patience for friendship from the selfish. Of course-“ he closes the distance, holding the arm of your chair, 2 feet from your face. “I had NO doubt you would materialize something as breathtaking as you did.” He gives a sensual smile.

“But sir, what if those friends aren’t nearby? It was pretty difficult to get mine to both come, so what about the others?”. The question had been nagging your brain. Why pick a date so close to the assignments due date? Awfully rude, also considering he was taking it up as a grade.

He leans even closer, making you a tad uncomfortable.
“Jane, Jane, Jane. You should understand… Any professor loves to at least once enjoy watching his students…squirm.” His tone of voice was only described as thirsty. You stood, coming very close to his face, but unwavered. He flinched back, but not breaking his happy sneer. This wasn’t usual for him. He was sweet and fair. He made it sound as though he knew everything about you, and he likely did. A gripping hand felt at your throat, causing you to clear it nervously.

Leave. He isn’t right in the head…

As you passed beneath him, muttering a “Thank you, sir.” under your breath, you grabbed the door-handle.

“Jane.”

A sigh escaped your lips. It was a long day, and his strange game was badgering you into a pit of annoyance. You turn to face him, and he practically seductively sat on his desk. Your face lit up.

“See you tomorrow night.” He gestured a farewell, tea in hand.

“Y-yeah.”. You withdraw hastily from the room, covering your blushing face.

That’s not normal of him. That was FAR from normal.

Your pace quickens as you find yourself running to your science classes. The clock you passed read 1:37. You were 7 minutes late. This was a fucking terrible day…

I just want today to fucking end, get Wednesday over with, and fall asleep for FUCKING ever!

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

Returning to the dorm wasn’t a good idea.

Alphys had called Undyne for help because you weren’t anywhere to be found in the early morning. Usually you’d have breakfast and sit to read more of her manga collection until she had to wake up. She had panicked at the fact you didn’t return for 2 hours before she called Undyne. As you entered the dorm with a low “Im back…” you were met with Undyne tackling you, and Alphys trailing behind, muttering something.

“Jane! A-are you okay?” she said, Undyne jumping off you with a worried and mad glare.

“Where the fuck were you!? Do you have any idea how worried you made Alphys!!! You better have a great fucking story expla-“ her words cut off. Your scarf had fallen off to the side, revealing enough of your neck for Alphys to lose color in her face. Undyne grabbed one of your shoulders, staring with deep concern.

“What the shit happened?!” she shouts. You throw her a tearful look. She was mad, but she nearly looked on the verge herself. You couldn’t hold it anymore.

“I had a nightmare this morning.” You began, holding tight to Alphys’ hand as she was weeping softly.
“I stepped outside for some air…and there was a student in the hall. He tried to rape me.”

“W-WHAT!?” was the amazing scream that came from Alphys. “W-W-Why didn’t you call for help!? I-I-I would ha-“

“ALPHYS. He was fucking choking me. How do you want me to call for help if I can’t bloody breathe?!!”

“But h-h-how did you escape? A-Are you okay down……there?”

“Yeah Alphys…manager came just in time…”

“Who was it.” Undyne’s sudden growling voice joined the conversation.

“Who the fuck did it Jane? I will gut ‘em.”

“He is getting expelled Undyne. The bruise will be gone soon. C’mon guys…I just want to forget about today. I’m exhausted…” you comment, taking a shaky breath. You tap Alphys’ hand to reassure her followed with a forced smile. You peer to Undyne, gritting her teeth.

“Expelled? That shit should go to JAIL!!” She was barking mad. You agreed, but there wasn’t much you alone could do but go to a trial, if they held one. You reached up and flick Undyne’s head. She staggered back, in surprise.

“If you want to make me feel better, you best go finally beat the manager in wrestling. Girls sleepover would totally cheer me up. A little alcohol sounds good too.” You say, genuine grin this time.

Never had you seen someone go from depression, to surprise, to sheer determination in 10 seconds. Undyne was good at proving you wrong. She pulled you into a tight hug, popping some bones in your back. Almost throwing you back, she gave a look of joy and screamed a hearty laugh.

“YOU GOT IT PUNK. I WILL KICK HER ASS!!” were her final words before racing out the door with a battle cry.

You looked to Alphys, worried sweat beading on both of you. Alphys gave you a hug and through the rest of the night, many sorrys. You were afraid to sleep, so you had downed almost 8 coffees in 2 hours. Undyne managed to beat the manager finally, after the minor speech you gave. Can’t wait to see what they fight over next. Midnight had hit before anything registered.

*Today is really the ‘this day didn’t fucking happen’ day, isn’t it…*

Undyne and Alphys were passed out in the bean bag. Undyne was on bottom, she had drank a few beers and passed out, head flung back. A giant glob of drool had run past her eyepatch into her hair, giving you a giggle. She had Alphys cradled in her arms and she gracefully fell asleep on her chest. You took a picture with your phone. It looked like a blue turtle with a yellow shell. It was so fucking adorable. You made it your caller picture for Undyne. You reviewed the fact that your phone now had people to call other then professors and your Uncle (though the connection was shit…) There was Undyne and Alphys.

Approaching your bed, phone in hand, you couldn’t hold back a weak love filled smile. Your canvas really made sense. ‘Monsters who affected your life’. Alphys had told you, with the help of a child named Frisk, and many others including this Sans and Papyrus, they made it out. If they hadn’t helped, you would never know Alphys, never met Undyne through her. Undyne then led to you discovering this duo of skeletons who you knew would open your world even more. There was
only good things in store for your future, you believed.

Crawling back into your bed, you clutched close your plushes, hoping for comfort. The bruise was pretty dull now, beginning to fade. Monster food did in-fact help. You fell asleep determined for tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

Holy shit.
Fuck Tuesdays =3="
I already have the majority of the Ball Chapter ( AKA FUCKING NEXT CHAPTER ) set up. Its going to be 2 parts. No way am I making just one giant chapter ( 'less you want that. If you want that, better comment quick. ) It would be like 8000 words ;easily.
Thats up to you.
Its a maybe if I make another chapter tonight and if I do....fuck it idk.
Lemme know what you think.
Wake up.

Chapter Summary

The big day has arrived.
Though your not you.

Chapter Notes

Cryptic summary = Reader is viewing from Alphys POV for majority of chapter
Leave some comments =3= I like em (gently rubs comment bar) ooooh yeah O.O"
P.S : No. I cut it up. This woulda been weird to translate to the ball, I didnt wanna. I DIDNT WANNA T^T
So this chapter is literally the lead up to a bigger chapter. How big that chapter will be?...IDK I told you I might need to break it up into parts!
P.S.S : SEE?!? SEE?!? I CAN MAKE SHORT CHAPTERS!! ALMOST 3000 WORDS ( BUT NOT~)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“hey…wake up.”
A voice? A low deep voice. Someone was poking at your head.

“alphys? i can see your bone tired, but uh…that aint a bed.”

That pun. Oh…Oh no. No no no no no-

Alphys woke up ,wide eyed to Sans kneeling over her with the same devilish grin. Papyrus was
frantically running around the dorm room, taking in all the sights as quietly as possible. Sweat had
drastically grown on her face.

“W-W-W-What are you d-doing here, S-S-Sans?!” frantic cries of confusion.

“hey, you invited us to have a ball, didn’t you?”

“Oh my shit – SANS!” Undyne jumped from underneath Alphys, grabbing the skeletons skull with
surprise. His eyes went pitch black almost immediately. The leap from underneath lead to Alphys
rolling to the floor, still curled into a ball.

“What the f-“ Sans swiftly covered Undynes mouth with his skeleton palm, tilting his head towards
Papyrus who was quietly beaming at all the mugs.

“Why are you h-here? You’re too e-eary!” Alphys, face heated from the position she was caught
in, stood firmly. “T-the ball isn’t until l-later!” A sudden realization hits her. The clock. She hastily
rushes towards the clock near the TV. 8:25. OH NO. THE ROLLCALL. The manager never
waited for you and Alphys and would just open the door and scour the rooms. She had walked in on Alphys while she showered once, no hesitation. Panic overcame her.

“BROTHER!! LOOK AT THIS! THIS MUG IS A SKULL WITH A WEIRD MARSHMELLOW ON TOP!!” Papyrus said. Said is a rather wrong term, as Papyrus’ voice is as loud as Undyne’s car; and that’s when he is just normally speaking. He was making too much noise.

“marshmellow?” Sans was next to his brother in an instant, looking at the mug. Immediate shock of what it was hit him, snatching the mug from his brother and nearly throwing it in the fridge.

“SANS!! I WAS LOOKING AT THAT GLORIOUS MUG!!” he screeched. He was too loud! The clock. Agghhh.

“sorry bro. it was so cool i couldn’t handle it.”

“SANS!!”

Past the low guttural laugh of Sans and Papyrus’ screeches of woah, a sound most foul came droning through the room.

KNOCK KNOCK

“AAHH!!!” Alphys without thinking rushed to Undyne. “Get you and them i-in the closet and shut t-them up!!” she hastily whispered to her lover before flying to hold the door.

“You two! C’mere!!” Undyne shushed both of them taking one bony arm each and rushing the bedroom. Inside you were snoring. As Undyne filled Sans in on what needed to be done, Papyrus hadn’t gotten the memo.

“OH HELLO HUMAN!! I AM THE GREAT PAPY-“

Squeak.

You had thrown your half-devil, half skeleton plush instinctually towards the skeleton. It landed gently on his face. Undyne and Sans took in what had happened.

“Alphyss….turn off your alarm. I have like 20 more minutes.” you grumble, falling back asleep with a louder snore.

Sans’ eye flared blue, insulted at what had happened. Undyne grabbed rapidly at the two shoving them in the cramped closet.

“SHUT UP YOU TWO OR WE ARE ALL DEAD. That woman manager is no joke!” she quietly hissed.

“Alphys? Whats all that racket!? The manager was stomping into the living room. Alphys had held the door as long as she could, noticing the open bedroom door and no sign of any of her friends, she felt safer. Should the manager find men, let alone non students without a visitors pass, they would be pulverized to dust. The thought sent a shiver down her spine.

“JANE!?” she yelled, storming into the bedroom. Alphys followed behind and looked at the closet. Sans’ eyes stuck out like an eerie sore-thumb. Alphys gave a quick gesture for him to turn them out, and he did. A faint silhouette of Undyne holding a hand to Papyrus’ mouth was somewhat visible. Papyrus had to crouch inside, for he was just too tall.
“Alphys, I heard more noises in here. Was someone in he-“

Squeak.

The other plush; the bat with the 'trick-or-treat' on its stomach, landed smack in the manager's face, ungracefully falling to the floor. Undyne was trembling, holding her laughter in to the best of her ability. Sans was sweating from the uncomfortable situation, and Papyrus was confused, yet remained silent. Alphys…Alphys prayed for your life.

“JAAAAANEEEE!!” The manager's booming scream shook the entire dorm. You sat up, hair tangled crazy in your face, sudden great fear contorting it. “FRONT AND CENTER STUDENTS!!”

Alphys quickly took place in front of the manager, facing towards the closet filled with friends.

THUD CHNK.

Alphys warily turned around to see what the ruckus was. You had lazily fallen out of your bed face-first into the hard-wood floor. Your legs fell against the ladder, and held you up. Arms thrown to the sides almost uncomfortably, as you just stay there stunned. Alphys is panicking, Undyne is quaking, holding laughter with tears. Sans is holding a laughter in too, Papyrus giving immense concern to the sad human. Even the manager looks concerned. That is, until you let out a snore.

“J-Jane…n-now isn’t the time for s-sleep…” Alphys wearily says, shaking her hands in your direction as if to awaken you from a magic spell.

“Shhhh.” The manager taps Alphys' head, and passes her calmly. “Don’t wake her juuusst yet.” A chill runs up everybody’s spine. The manager takes hold of your feet and quickly drags you to the bathroom.

“Ahh uhh m-miss m-m-manager!?”

“Alphys.” the manager looks back, mischievous evil eyes staring back “Don’t move. Also get her uniform for me will you?” she continues to drag your sleeping corpse.

As soon as out of site, she open the closet to see everyone. Undyne and Sans are trying to control fits of laughter and Papyrus tries to speak, but is hastily shushed by Alphys. She reaches past them and grabs your uniform.

“P-please just h-h-hang on a little l-longer o-okay?” Everyone gives a quick nod and is enclosed again in the mildly see through closet. Undyne removes her hand from Papyrus’ face to cover her own.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH” The shower can be heard running suddenly. She has just put you into an ice-cold shower. You are cold. You hate today already.

“GOOD. NOW. LETS GO BACK.” The rushing water stops, and Alphys returns to standing in the front of the closet, to try and hide her friends. You’re dragged back in the room shivering, your face covered with wet hair. Plopped on the ground, the manager throws you a towel to dry off on.

“Now that I have your ATTENTION,” she yells, motioning Alphys to resume place in line, “Today, is an EXTREMELY IMPORTANT DAY, Jane. Now, WHY, aren’t you making it good by actually being AWAKE for your morning rollcall, HMM?!?” she is belittling everyone.

“I-I-I didn’t s-sleep w-wellll and I-I d-d-don’t need to g-get ready for the bb-bb-ball until f-f-
fiiiiiveeee.” You’re shaking, clutching the towel around you, Alphys trying to rub your arms in an attempt for any heating friction.

“S-shes really s-sorry manager..” Alphys whines, though is shut up with a stern glare.

Undyne isn’t laughing anymore. She is rather clutching her fists in anger. She hated how the manager was treating you both. She had come to believe she was a fair, just woman. Someone who sought to better themselves and their skills everyday. This was just more bullying. Sans was also fuming a little, but didn’t get mad enough to glow. Papyrus merely was concerned, wanting to reach out and hug the small human. Neither of them could distinguish your face from the closet, and your hair covering you.

Sans takes the tyrant’s fit as a time to re-examine what he came here for. You. You had been all Alphys and Undyne spoke of when asked what was good about this place. Other then Alphys’ classes and the dorm manager being strong, they always mentioned you. He took in your shaking figure and unseen face. Your hair was damp and dripping from the shower, though most covered your facial region, keeping you hidden. He held in a laugh, noticing his favorite thing. You were shorter then him by a few inches. He suddenly felt like Greater Dog in his armor comparing to Lesser Dog. Short people got it ruff. He didn’t stare inappropriately, but noticed you weren’t skin and bones. A big tank top on and little booty shorts that left a minor blue blush cross his face. Though there was a strange small line on your upper leg, not your shorts. He tried to lean closer, but faded back as the manager gave you and Alphys another earful.

“I know she is Alphys. BUT! Your professor demanded words with you, AND since HE isn’t allowed in here, I need you up and ready. C’MON!!” she grabs you by the arms, standing you up straight. Suddenly, gently enveloping you with another towel, a gentle smile on her face. The gentleness lasts 3 seconds. The next she is rapidly rubbing and drying you with both towels. It will likely leave rug burns everywhere. You try and escape, but wielding a sinister grin she holds your body in one hand, and starts undressing you in another. This was normal.

Alphys rushes to cover the closet as best she can so to hide her friends scars and indecency, though the skeletons already had the memo to not look. Undyne was holding giggles again, watching you wildly squirm as your manager was putting your clothing on for you.

“ENOUGH JUST LEMME GET FLIPPIN’ DRESSED!!” Is the shout you give, only to earn you the floor in your face, yet again.

“Fine. You have 1 minute kiddo!” she heartily laughs, leaving the room.

Alphys looks to you in a shocking concern. You’ve run to the bedroom door in nothing but your bra and skirt, shutting , locking, and barricading the wooden door. Letting out an angry groan, you flop onto Alphys’ bed to resume your sleep.

“J-J-Jane you really need to get dressed.” Alphys stutters, still covering the door.

“Alphys. Its 8 in the damn morning. Im too tiireeedd.”

“J-Jane we have company..”

“Huh?” You glance to her, half asleep and puzzled. “ I didn’t see anyone in the living room.”

“R-remember what you said yesterday?”

“Hmm..”
“About me thinking a-about hiding a skeleton in o-ur closet?!”

“Oh ya! That was really-“

“I found out I can fit t-two and Undyne.”

…

…

“You wha-…”

**KNOCK KNOCK**

“JANE. YOU DONE!?”

“Uh AH UM AHH YEAH UM ONE MORE MINUTE PLEASE THIS UHH BRA YEAH UHH ONE MORE PLEASE!!!….ALPHYS IS THERE!? IN THE-“

“J-just please get dressed…”

“OH MY FRIGGIN- ALHPYS!? WHAT ARE THEY –gasp- ARE YOU KIDDING!?!” Your loudly whispering, quickly covering your breasts and crotch though not visible. Anger and a red-pink blush flushes over your entire face.

“You expecting a bow-chicka bow wow punk?” Undyne snorts ,holding in clear laughter ,and a deep chuckle comes from within. You quickly put on your uniform, cursing under your breath. Your face feels like someone dumped lava on it.

“Alphys if there ARE those……visitors in our CLOSET, you had best get them OUT.” You grit your teeth trying to not scream.

“I-I-I know!! That’s w-why they’re i-in there!!”

**KNOCK KNOCK**

Quickly, unblocking the door and unlocking it, suddenly your grabbed under her arm again, wriggling for pointless freedom.

“Alrighty Alphys! I will bring her back later, m’kay? Im in such a good mood that I will even let Undyne stay the night if she so wants without taking me up on that Judo fight.”

“Ahhahaha-hahha o-okay t-thank you miss!”

Just as soon as the chaos ended, your agonizing screams for release disappearing into the hall, the door slammed close to the front, and Alphys nearly collapsed from the stress. The closet opened, but with a careful silence to it. Papyrus was told he cant speak.

“so uh…that was interesting.”

Undyne went to her girlfriend, gently shaking her stunned face to reality. After ensuring she was alright, she broke out into her held in hysteries.

“wow. i didn’t know how much more i could bear of that old muscle-man.”

“SANS!! THAT WAS A FEMALE!!”
“Pa-papyrus shhh please! S-she is still nearby..”

“AH! YES.. YES SORRY.” Though it was still very loud, it sounded sadder. It was hurting his pride most likely.

Squeak.

Papyrus accidentally stepped on the small plush he had been gently struck by, and viewed it carefully.

“So that uh roommate of yours? her attitude gave me some shivers.”

“Really dude oh my GOD. Did you SEE her face-plant!? AAHAHAHA” Undyne was losing control.

“T-that was awful. I-I hope she didn’t h-hurt herself.”

“she is probably fine alphy. tibia honest, i have a bone to pick with her.” He was getting very full of himself. He also was holding back laughing at the retake image going through his skull of you falling on your fucking face and resuming your snooze.

that’s what happens when you hit my bro. get dunked on kid.

“BROTHER! LOOK AT THIS SMALL ANIMAL CREATURE THAT SQUEEKS!” Papyrus cries with joy, handing the plush to Sans. He almost wants to rip it in half, but examines it with newfound curiosity. Its an adorable little devil plush ; red with wings and horns and a little fang under its big blue evil eye. But the other half of the devil has no skin, and instead the outline of its internal skeleton shrouded by black. He is puzzled by the strange creature like object. Alphys takes Sans’ interest and furthers it.

“Y-yeah! S-she really likes g-gore and anatomy. She also l-loves H-Halloween. T-That mug f-from the kitchen was h-hers too..” She opens the closet more and digs deeper, Sans and Papyrus taking interest as Undyne left to go make food ; her stomach besting her.

Sans takes a moment to actually take in the art above the closet. The lilies are there and below it the burning house. He is perplexed by them, and manages to make out your miniscule signature on the frame. He remembered the words Alphys had said to convince him to come. She was having money problems, and this would affect it. Though, these flowers and the house…it reminded him of what she said, giving him a rattling of the bones. He felt something, staring at those flames, covering his eye.

guess i will talk about that eventually…

Alphys pulls out older paintings from the wall she’d insisted you hold onto. She pulls it out with a smile to show her friends, and everyone has a different reaction.

The painting is of skeletons coming from the earth, breaking out from their coffins. One has emerged and under the moonlight, slowly reforms muscle, blood, and skin. Papyrus is giving it ooo’s but Sans is giving it a deep stare, searching for a hidden meaning. He wasn’t great with ‘understanding’ art, but artists were always mentioning them containing ‘hidden meanings’ and ‘emotions’ that true artists could notice.

“ehh. i don’t see much alphys. aint a huge artisans freak. so the party is at, uh, 7?”

“Y-yes.” She replies, carefully returning the artwork into the dark closet, “When y-you get to the
d-door just tell them y-you’re r-representatives for u-uh M-Mr. O’Neils c-class. They will l-let you in.”

“alrighty. paps, we got to get going.”

“BUT SANS!! WE SHOULD CHECK ON THE HUMAN!! SHE WAS SHAKING AND COULD HAVE INJURED HER FACE!!”

“D-don’t worry P-Papyrus. Jane has been t-through worse…” Alphys mentions, suddenly looking away with concern. Sans notices, but doesn’t feel he should dig into it.

“Alright cmom paps. i see youre havin’ a ball but we dropped in at a bad time.”

“SANS!!” Papyrus is gritting his teeth, his eyes bulging out comically in dismay from his sockets.

Without another pun or nyeh, they vanished.

Alphys grudgingly walks to the living room, hand on forehead to wipe the stressful sweat away. Undyne is playing with fire as she cooks an omelet.

“T-this wasn’t h-how I wanted this day t-to start for her…” Alphys painfully sighs, trudging into the kitchen to Undynes side. “S-She is already so stressed with t-the exhibition and the classes…I feel t-terrible.”

“Sweetie, NO!” Undyne stops her passionate cooking to take hold of Alphys’ face, staring deep into her eyes. Both ladies blush and share a gentle kiss for reassurance.

“You didn’t know they were gonna come here! You cant just blame yourself like that! Besides, Jane will be FINE. She has Asgores heart, and Toriels crazy strength.” Alphys giggles thinking of you, part of the royal family.

Another smooch on her head and Undyne resumes flipping the omelet onto a plate and preparing another for Alphys.

“So……is she always like that…the manager?” Undyne sounded displeased and sad.

“L-like what?”

“She was…bullying Jane, right? She was pretty harsh, with the shower, to the rapid rub…Hun, is she like that with yo-“

“Oh-oh no! M-manager is a wonderful w-woman. She admits t-to being rough on J-Jane and only Jane…” Alphys hugs Undynes side, sweetly blushing at the embrace.

“S-she told me she thinks of her a-as a daughter. S-so she w-wants to give her tough times and f-fun times. T-they are v-very close.”

“Heh. Alright hun,” Undyne reaches a hand around to squeeze Alphys closer to her side, rubbing her back gently, “But, we didn’t get to finish our business last night since we both fell asleep so after breakfast, we are TOTALLY picking up where we left off!!” Undyne throws her a wink (blink?) and Alphys melts into a puddle of embarrassment, using the fridge to cool her. Undynes boisterous laughter echoed through the building.

Chapter End Notes
Mind is garbling. Too much to put in..not enough chapter space...EEEEHHHHSRNGLSRNGISRNDIVIOdddddfffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffff-Bloodypix ( DEAD )

You cant end it now...stay determined. There like 30 more chapters in your fucking head wake the shit up, Pix!!
Bell of the Ball

Chapter Summary

The ball comes around. What will Sans and Papyrus think of the frame. What's going on with Mr. O'Neil. How will things get handled...IDK :P

P.S : POV changes a shit ton this chapter.

Chapter Notes

HOLY SHIT. 10333 WORDS. BOW DOWN, RIGHT NOW.
I spent, 10 hours writing this. No joke. Everytime I had writers block I just jumped to youtube and then listened to youtube for a little bit then was like FUCK NO YOU NEED TO BE PUMPING OUT WORDS DAMMIT, and then I went back wrote a sentence and immediately repeated that over and over.
Fuck man.
Please leave a comment and kudos. I worked real hard on this chapter guys T_T
P.S : Thats 10,000+ words, so sorry, tonight ( 2/4 ) im not going through and fixing every little thing. Maybe tomorrow (2/5) m'kay? MKAY.

Finally released from the evil clutches of the manager ( duhn Duhnn DUUUHH ), you're directed back to Mr. O'Neil's office. Hesitation halts your hand as it reaches for the handle.

What if he isn’t him again? Yesterday......was weird, to say the least... He may have had an off day, or your mind was becoming perverted to simple acts of kindness. You couldn't just judge him. O'Neil was likely your favorite professor other than Ms. Loote.

Ms. Loote was very heavy-set in terms, but her motto for whenever people talked about it was “My weight only equals the percentage of love I have to give this world.”. She should be a fucking motto writer; your respect for her was awe-inspiring. Though she sometimes metamorphosed into a rampaging giant when there were...minor chemical mistakes. She also happened to be the founder of the minuscule Botany Club. Though there were scientific classes for it, her Botany club took place outside the college, in the farther off wildlife forest. You're favorite assignment from her was to pick a plant as your own, and nourish it for years to come. The mere thought of it reminded you to feed Louis and Seymour. Studying living plants, leaf sketches to trace the flow of its veins and know its exact origins, being part of the nature? It was breathtaking to say the least.

O'Neil was a different sort of breathtaking. For being in his 50's, he was probably the most swooned over professor in the whole damn campus. He was tall and broad, minorly muscle built. His dark brown hair with the streaks of greying silver pulled into a loose ponytail. He looked absolutely dashing in everything, but often wore simple things : single color tie, white button up or turtleneck, and black sleek pants. His community view on general arts wasn’t to be taken lightly considering how highly regarded his contemporary realism and expressionism pieces were. Likely,
a greater portion of his works are in museums, even in Girteli’s no doubt. His art style was beautiful and yet…unnerving; usually depicting older woman in barely anything.

*Its always a bit odd, but hey, what he prefers isn’t where I should judge him. Its art, its his skill, so just open the bloody door and greet him as if yesterday didn’t happen. It already doesn’t feel like it fucking did…*

Almost throwing the door open, you step into what you were expecting. He was in his seat, with his thin reading glasses, reading the newspaper with a coffee cup leaving a light trail of steam above. He peered over, and that pleasant smile warmed his face.

“Hello again Jane. I’m glad you could come. Sorry to ask Gloria to wake you so early.” Gloria was your dorm managers rarely used name. Apparently hating the name, she nearly threatened everyone in the dorm to just call her the manager. “Please sit.” He gestured to a soft chair in front of his desk, laying the newspaper to the side.

“Good morning sir. Why did you call me here so early?” you questioned. Usually he didn’t want anyone coming to him before noon. ‘Early minds tend to wander where they shouldn’t dwell’ he had soundly quoted on the first day of class. Though, most girls there were probably just melting into little puddles of hormones hearing his alleviating voice.

“Its about yesterday. When you mentioned that some people wouldn’t be able to bring their… muse…I thought it over, considering the dates and times carefully. From what I understand, you’re ready for tonight ; your representatives are coming, yes?” he had stood and took hold of his coffee, taking a slow almost audible sip, casting an eye over you.

“Y-yes sir, I was merely concerned about the others…” you mumbled. Embarrassment filled your cheeks. You hadn’t gotten much time to make yourself look nice. Your uniform was sloppy, the socks you had didn’t match, and your hair was a warzone of knots and frizz. You wanted to curl up and die.

“See, this is what I adore about you Jane-“ he set his coffee down, taking seat in a chair about 3 feet from you, giving you honest loving looks. Almost a precious look. It was honestly extremely alluring, “, even though your classmates tease you, and I know about the bullying which I wouldn’t BELIEVE was even a thing that existed at such a fine institute!” he gently places a firm large hand on your shoulder, “You still look after them. You don’t abandon them from your thoughts and contemplate on how to seek revenge. You’re a very kind and strong willed young lady, Jane ; a great head and brain on your shoulders, you’d persevere through anything.”

“Oh.” The flushing tingle over your face is probably a fucking target, planted there. He can see it, you’re thrilled to hear his kind and empowering words. “Thank you very much, Mr. O’Neil. That’s beyond kind of you to say.” You fidget with your fingers, gently pinching the tips of your flesh covered phalanges.

“I am sorry about yesterday. It seems I had made you uncomfortable, yes?” his grip on your shoulder tightened very mildly.

“Oh no sir! I was okay, I just wasn’t umm…feeling well.”

*You fucking liar. WHY ARE YOU LYING. He is a good guy, you can fucking tell him! EVEN HE NOTICED!!*

“Yes. I had heard about the incident not long after you left my office. Im extremely sorry. You probably didn’t want to be touched by anything resembling a human male after such a terrifying
experience.”

*OH MY SHIT HOW DOES HE FUCKING KNOW?!?*

Your face in fact could get redder. Placing your hands over it, he believed you were distressed and on the verge of sobs. Carefully, he rotated your chair and pulled you closer. He held you in a gentle hug, his arms reached around, completely enveloping you in his grasp. His hands were sweaty, clammy in fact.

“I-I understand this probably isn’t helping you, but it’s supposed to be reassuring if that makes any sense…” he held tighter as you tried to free your face from his chest. Your face was filled with blood, almost like a nose-bleed would pop out any second. This was too much for your heart. You needed air.

“T-thank you for your concern sir. I-I really should get back to my dorm…” you say, gently trying to make it apparent you want out of this very hot embrace. He wasn’t taking the hint immediately.

“Okay. You inform me of any troubles should you have concerns.” Finally, he backed off, and you scooted away very quickly to only then stand, clutching both hands tightly behind your back. The incessant shaking had made them clammy and hot.

“Y-yes sir. T-thank you sir, GOODBYE!”

You yelled, and ran for the door. Once outside you ran the opposite direction of the dorms ; the thicket. You needed to breathe. Going to the thicket was like a forest ; left you breathless, calm. You needed ITS embrace more then anything right this second, trying to still your out of control heart. Felt like a painful lump trying to bust out, pressing at the scar as an advantage point. Adrenaline and blood was rushing through your body like the giddy tingle of alcohol surging through your system.

Finally reaching a less dense part of the thicket, trudging through dead plant-life and bushes, you reach a grassy opening with giant trees. Your favorite place to clear your head. Careful to not lay in any animal droppings, you plop into the gentle green untrimmed grass. It threatens to calmly swallow you whole, your uniform camouflaging into the surroundings. The wind bites at the grass, having it flick a tickle over your skin. The breeze whistles in your ear, whispering to close your eyes. There aren’t any problems here. This place was your stress relief sanctuary ; yours alone. You slowly fade into a light sleep, recovering from this mornings fiasco.

The sound of your phone playing a slur of anime song jingles awoke you. Reaching into the pocket of your miniature bag, you pull it out and answer, knowing its Alphys.

“Hey Alphys, whats uh….up?” You were groggy. This place was pleasant. Wake the hell up brain…

--“O-oh J-Jane! I-Its almost three t-thirty..”

“Oh okay.” You check your watch the verify it, and she is right.

--“Wh-where did you go?”

“Ahh I am just…relaxing. Hey, want to come to the botany shed with me? I need to introduce you to Louis and Seymour. I have a key to it~”

--“O-oh. I-is that okay? W-wont Ms. Loote g-get upset?”
“Ya. She knows I need to get in there constantly, that’s why I have a key. Besides, if your going to be a member, you might as well look at what its like in there, right? We need to get ready for the ball so after the isit, we head straight to the dorm, okay?” Reminding yourself that you had been asking Alphys to join the club made you happy. She wasn’t as much into botany as you, but just desired to experience all sorts of foliage and forms of life. It was sweet. Though the reminder of the ball cramped at your neck.

--“O-okay. I-I will meet you there..B-bye!” she happily finished, turning the phone off first.

Getting up from your impression in the grass, you slowly made your way back to the campus. Visiting the shed would likely be your last happy memory of today, afterwards you probably were going to faint from stress and embarrassment. You took the walk time as a chance to relive the past couple of days. The sudden stress of them seeing themselves drawn, the need to not disappoint your teacher, the amount of people who would judge it…your mind was reeling. How had they even gotten in your dorm?! Was there a fucking secret underground tunnel from the boys to the girls dorms?

Alphys was standing at the shed door, in her uniform, smiling and easing her agitating grasp of her hands to rest peacefully at her side.

“H-hey jane. I’m really nervous, but excited!” she corrects herself. Of course she was nervous, the place had 3 bloody locks to it. Ms. Loote, you and one of the other founding members had the keys.

“W-why do you have k-keys for all these l-locks Jane?” she politely asked.

“Well, I need to get in here often to nourish my plants. They are too big and heavy to move out of the shed for right now, so Ms. Loote considers them the Botany Club mascot.” You breathe with joy, already having 2 of the locks peeled off.

“T-them? Y-you named your p-plant?”

“Yes~ You will see why.” You gave her a not so subtle wink, and the final lock was off. Opening the door, the wafting aroma of flowers gushed out, and Alphys was amazed and giddy. A large variety of wild flowers, endangered plants, topiarys and trees were inside. The shed wasn’t full glass, just the roof. Ms. Loote kept careful track of all the life in here, putting a note infront of each breed and species of flower and bush. Alphys seemed really interested in the Hibiscus’ and Poppy combination of one filled pot, giving you a chance to slip away. You turned a corner, and a giant smile grew on your face.

“Alphys, c’mere!” you cheered, inviting the little scaly monster further in, her eyes still wandering about the leaves scattered gracefully over the wooden floor. You were reaching into a tiny refrigerator and pulled out a bucket of sardine pouches. Suddenly, Alphys shrieked, grabbing your arm hastily, shaking absolutely mad.

“J-JANE!! WHAT I-I-IS THAT M-MON-“ her eyes were as wide as plates, on the verge of tears. She must have finally seen Louis and Seymour; your mutated conjoined venus-fly trap plant/pet. You put a gentle shoulder on her hand and shushed her, slowly turning her back to your behemoth.

“J-JANE!! WHAT I-I-IS THAT M-MON-“ her eyes were as wide as plates, on the verge of tears. She must have finally seen Louis and Seymour; your mutated conjoined venus-fly trap plant/pet. You put a gentle shoulder on her hand and shushed her, slowly turning her back to your behemoth.

“That is Louis and Seymour-“ you point to each naming, and she quickly nods, still terrified. No doubt, because they were both the size of a small potted tree….with 2 gaping mouths instead of fluffy leaves, “They are my venus fly-trap experiment, okay?” You turn her to you and she looks less worried and more confused.
“Ms. Loote a while back had us pick a plant to nourish and help grow. Venus fly-traps often aren’t messed with, they are generally much much smaller! But with Ms. Loote’s permission, I was allowed to conduct minor growth experiments. Okay?” she gives a quick nod, the cogs in her brain trying to understand fully, “well the experiment ended up increasing their general awareness; it made them smarter in a sense. They react to their names, they are somewhat trained, and they actually can liquidize and eat meat!” you gesture to the sardine pouches.

“Just think of them as a plant dog or whatever.” you pat her shoulder and make your way to the towering plant. Alphys actually follows you, intrigued, but fear still on her face.

“I-Is it s-safe to l-leave h-here? It w-w-wont hurt u-us will i-it?…I don’t t-trust f-flowers too m-m-much..” Memories of Flowey start to go through her brain. He was safely potted and is in the kind care of Frisk; rehabilitating him on kindness.

“Safe? Pshh from what I know, yes. Hey guys~ They like to nibble on your hand sometimes though so uhh stay back like 3 feet if your REALLY worried.” You nonchalantly open the sardines, and the plants begin to move in rhythm, a gentle and slow gyrating curiosity. They were hungry.

The experiment didn’t go as you had wanted. They gained sentient understanding, could freely move more, they actually grew feelers that more resembled teeth. Their mouths could easily hold both of your hands. Yet you and Ms. Loote learned that they gained a better understanding. You informed her no further experiments were to take place until how this had all happened and what effects it would have on the community knowing you made THIS. An aware plant adapted so that it dissolved meat for nutrients…that would go over really well. To add to it, they understood commands, like a puppy. You were training a venus fly-trap for fucks sake, this wouldn’t bode well in the public at all. Luckily, the growth of the plant had stopped, however resulting in it being too big to transport alone.

“T-this is incredible. Its almost like-“ Alphys rambled, venturing warily closer.

“Magic. I know. That’s what Loote said…” With their mouths open, you freely tossed the stinking sardines in. Usually 4 each was enough, but Seymour was greedy. He would close the distance slowly and surely, making progress towards the can of sardines. Louis was already shutting the hatch to begin the dissolving process. You merely watched him egg forward as Alphys was almost beside you, worry causing sweat everywhere.

“J-Jane…”

“Shh. Just let him.” You whispered, not wanting to scare her. This was normal. Truly, like a dog, he gently nudged to fingers of sardine hand with a feeler.

Alphys was staring in amazement, and then in complete panic. Seymour (you had named this head supposedly) had clamped down on your sardine arm. The pressure was a minor bit painful, but he wasn’t trying to dissolve your hand. It tickled a little, his feelers.

“OH-OH-OH NOO J-JANE!!” Alphys was panicking, attempting to pull at your waist to see if the arm would come free.

“Seymour! Seymour let go and you get 2 more. Let go!” You gave the mouth a stern gaze, and slowly but surely, your arm was released. Alphys was pale as you nonchalantly threw two more sardines in.

“Jeez he got dissolving acid on my arm. Greedy bastard…” you complain, walking to a nearby sink to rinse your arm.
“A-are you o-okay? Is i-it dangerous for your h-health?” Alphys was beside you the whole time, concern gripping her face as she watched you cleanse your arm.

“Oh ya. I’m fine. We should get back, to the dorms.” Quick to change subjects, you hadn’t anticipated him to grab you so. Then again, he wasn’t honestly trained in anything other then ‘Seymour’, ‘Open’ and ‘Let Go’.

“O-Oh yes. U-Undyne said she will help w-with your m-makeup.”

As you relocked the door, you froze, and gave her a glare that read ‘Your doing what now?’ Alls you got in return was a smile. She knew you hated make-up.

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

When you and Alphys finally returned to the dorm, the amount of make-up laid out in front of the TV on coffee table was unavoidable. Undyne had neatly organized everything into general groups when you walked in. You had no doubt that Undyne was good with make-up ; she constantly had it on. She was a very beautiful monster without it, but she put enough above her eye to accentuate it perfectly. She looked to you, and nearly screamed. Your hair with the knots and frizz? Add sticks and grass to it. You hadn’t considered it was the wet season, so the majority of your back had been laid out in the dew covered grass. Your arm had a minor reaction to the dissolving acid so it looked like a minor sunburn covered it, and your uniform just added to the ‘you look like shit’ vibe.

Before you could say a word, she threw you into the bathroom, ungracefully and painfully landing on the mat with a shiver of pain in your tailbone.

“YOU SHOWER, SOAP, LATHER, SHAMPOO, CONDITION, SHAVE, AND EVERY-FUCKING ELSE!!”

You found yourself laughing pretty hard. You hadn’t expected Undyne to be so uptight about your appearance, though admittedly, peering in the mirror, you looked like shit…and smelled it too.

But we checked for droppings…Doesn’t matter. Shower now.

The luke-warm shower and after-steam was good for the cramping stress in around your collar bone. Not wanting to pass out in the water, you opted to instead carefully and slowly drag a pushed hand down your neck to where you could still feel. You took care to untangle the knots and the conditioner helped remove the surplus of tangles and outside substances. Your shampoo smelled of chocolate cosmos giving you a pleasing grin, almost hungry for it. While lathering, you contemplated how much you would likely eat and take home with you…if they allowed it.

Stepping out of the shower, the fogging steam is very welcoming clinging to your dripping body. What isn’t welcomed is Undyne busting the door down with a brush and hair dryer. Barely flinging a towel around your privates and going wide eyed with embarrassment.

“PUNK! Alphys told me ya aint a friend to makeup! We are going to make you so fucking hot, SO C’MERE!!” she pries at your towel insistently, pulling you into the living room with a pair of towels set on the ground for a sitting spot. Alphys is standing nearby with her laptop open.

“You guys don’t need to do this. I am so fucking thankful for the dress already, I mean-“ your words are coming out under a single breath, trying to fight back the happiness you feel. Even when you had your family, you hadn’t had many female friends, let alone ones who liked girl things. Growing up with more of a masculine look on the world per say.

“N-Nonsense Jane! T-This ball is v-very important, and we are your f-friends! I am s-so excited to
put your hair u-up!” Alphys was still skimming through different ways to braid and bun hair, Undyne had left you sitting on the towel cushion, shortly returning and gently laying the dress out along with all the other things she had graciously bought you.

“We need something to go with the headband…thing and her dress. I will dry her hair, you keep hair hunting babe~” with that, Undyne gives her a gentle peck on the cheek, Alphys responding with a giddy blush, before Undyne makes her way over to you with a hair-dryer. The hot air coming from the appliance causes you to gag, harder to breathe, and forcing your eyes shut. You always just towel dried, it resulting in less frizz and less gagging pain. Pure hatred to the summer air fills your head as Undyne wildly feels through your hair and scalp to hasten the process. She is obviously enjoying herself enough to give you a quick noogie.

After much complaining, Undyne decides to turn the intensity down on the drier, considering all was dry except your body and tips. While you take the gentle care to caress the towel around your body, careful on your back to not irritate the scars, Alphys is going over hair choices with Undyne. A thought strikes you, and a sudden anguish rushes over you. You don’t have any bra’s without straps. As if on cue, Undyne throws a strapless bra in your face, a toothy grin smearing her face, eye squinted. Looking at the bra, you glare at her concerned before speaking.

“How do you know my fucking bra-size.” You ask. It’s a perfect size, a white with a minor lacing at the middle near the valley between your cleavage. She then throws a matching set of underwear that just openly lands on your head. Undyne gets a real kick out of it, like its glued to your head.

“Did you really just buy me a lacy set of underwear Undyne?!!” you yell, ripping off the undergarment from your head, hiding them in shame and embarrassment.

“Heheh punk, c’mon put ‘em on! We need to dry the rest of your hair and brush it!” she says, giving a happy glance to Alphys who is still roaming the web for hair-styles.

“Fine but don’t look!” you groan, turning around. When did it become okay to just change in front of them? All of your defenses were down. You didn’t see it coming.

Undyne came behind and playfully grabbed at your bra-covered boobs. Letting out an embarrassed shriek, you attempt to pry at her webbed hands. She just laughs and continues groping freely. Alphys turns away, bashful and blushing, stuttering something about yuri fanfiction. Undyne finally ceases her molestation to return to her darling to continue the act with her. You look away to give them privacy, but you can hear Alphys’ wails of confused heated babbling and Undynes laughter.

Finally, they pick a hairstyle, and come at you with what feels like 100 bobby-pins. Undyne was set on giving you a side-mermaid tail, which was funny considering it was more suited to her – name and hair wise- though it looked beautiful. It took an agonizing hour of “DON’T MOVE.” and Alphys over-going the instructions to Undyne multiple times. You couldn’t see all of it, but the end was viewable, your hair resembled gorgeous brown scales. Undyne demanded and ignored any complaints as she carefully filled the braid with light sprinkles of sparkles. She gave a look to Alphys who proceeded with a thumbs up, to which Undyne jumped with joy and squeezed your shoulders. They almost popped.

Finally, the difficult part. You kept wincing back as Undyne came at you with a array of different make-up materials and eye-lash clasps. It was terrifying to say the least.

“Punk. Don’t close your fucking eye for ANYTHING.” Undyne hissed before practical stabbing your eye with a eyeliner. Beauty was pain, yes? Fuck beauty. After more screams of damnation from you, more focused sweat from Undyne, and Alphys concerning that you weren’t meant to
wear eyeliner, the torture ended. Heaving a sigh of relief, you realized she had tons more to apply.

*She is going to send me to an early grave. She is attempting to help you look pretty. Though I wish her luck…*

Carefully, she puts concealer and other skin applicants over your face and the majority of your rash-like arm. Alphys fills her on how it happened, and she squeezed your arm in excitement.

**“YOU HAVE MUTANT PLANT MONSTERS?!? I WANNA FUCKING SEE!!”**

“Ow Undyne! You're gonna break my bones!” you cried, attempting to free your arm from her bruising grip.

“Don’t be such a wimp, punk.” She complains, continuing to make your arm look exactly like the other.

“S-should we put concealers on y-your s-scars?” Alphys asked, curiously and sadly looking at your back.

“No it should be alright…Undyne picked a dress that covers it pretty well.” You gaze behind you with a docile smile. She takes note and fetches her own dress. She decides to wear a black and blue gown, having a separate blue shawl along with it, the dress forms her body nicely, also concealing her tail. The blue reminds you of the ocean, the bottom slightly frilled out, like a samba dress. Imagining Undyne and Alphys doing a tango makes you chuckle, which is followed by a flick of the nose.

“Don’t move.” Undyne growls, now prepping blush and eyeshadows next to her. She eyes her date, and a blue blush flushes over her face.

“Y-you look really good babe.” Aww she STUTTERED. That was fucking adorable. She notices your ‘awwww’ eyes and practically jabs you with the lilac shadow brush giving a fake ‘oops’ before giving another toothy grin. Attempts to rub the pain away are met with more nose flicking. Over another painful hour of makeup application and making sure everything is in place, your locked into the bedroom to put on your dress.

“You have 5 minutes punk! I gotta help Alphy with her BEAUTIFUL face, so hurry and get fucking dressed. Its almost 5:45!” she then runs off to Alphys who was carefully applying eyeliner and mascara.

Taking a moment to catch your breath on how fleeting the whole process had been. Painful, annoying, but you felt different. Alas, you were banned from peering into a mirror until they saw you, so you carefully slipped the dress on. A smidge on the tight side around your bra; it had more volume then the other you’d worn to the fitting. Sure enough though, it slipped up your figure like a latex glove. You peered down to it and gave another twirl. It was beyond words quite honestly, and you owed Undyne so much for it. Well Alphys too. Hastily, and without touching your face, you side-sweep from your face to concentrate on lacing and strapping your complicated heels on. While pulling up the armlets, you test walk in the heels. It wouldn’t be as bad as you thought, but already the painful thought of blisters later on welled over your mind. Giddily slipping on armlets you reach for your bedroom door when a sudden stress urge hits you.

Your going out, to a fancy museum, to show two random skeletons monsters that you drew them, and everyone is going to see it. Your LITEARLLY going to be judged. Your professor will be there, they will question you, you will probably stutter and say something stupid. The thoughts rise up quickly, and the stress almost causes you to vomit. Holding tight to your neck, you have to
relax. There's nothing you can do about it now…

Except die…

Shut the fuck up that isn't a choice either!

Yes it is.

ARGHH. Angrily opening the door and ignoring the stupid voice in your cranium, you walk out to see Undyne is dressed nicely too. She has let her hair down and a large crescent bang comes around the side of her face, covering her eyepatch. She is wearing a tight red-orange dress with a black leather jacket, and boot-like heels. She turns her gaze to you and nearly breaks your ear-drums with the scream. Alphys notices you and she is jumping up and down, excited. You squeak the shrilled blood from your ear and Undyne pushes you hastily in the bathroom.

“Oh my god punk they will EAT YOU ALIVE!!” Undyne cheers, blush hitting her face.

Before questioning what she means, your staring in the mirror of the bathroom. Your face looks so natural, yet you know there's make-up everywhere. Your eyes look bigger, the eyeshadow and liner gracefully enveloping it with a light purple and black shadow color. Your lips have a darker lip gloss over them, making them appear red and wet, yet perfectly plump. Your cheeks have a sprinkle of blush on them, which is your own as you continue to take in your appearance.

The dress truly matches your set, and your hair just comes to the tip of the dress next to your breast. The armlets fall into place nicely and you feel watering tears gather in your eyes before turning to Undyne with disbelief. She did this. Your friend made you look amazing.

“Punk don’t you DARE fucking cry! I might have put on water-proof makeup but it won't work all night. FREEZE THE WATERWORKS.” She is holding your shoulders, but she looks like she will cry any second as well.

“J-Jane you look splendid!” Alphys chimes in, standing purse at the ready.

“T-thank you both.” You sniffle the tears back, eventually dissipating and never touching your make-up. Undyne carefully places your tiara into your hair, and grabs your wrist with a tough yank. Nearly stumbling over your heels, she rushes to grab her purse and cell before all heading out the door.

“C’MON PUNK WE HAVE 15 MINUTES TO FUCKING GET THERE. HUSSLE UP.”

You nearly begin sprinting. The car ride alone is 10 minutes, and imagining how busy the place will be fills you with dread on the mere thought of the traffic.

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

Sans is looking down at his 3 piece suit. He shouldn’t of let Paps pick the formal attire for him. Eyeing the clock, he decides its best to probably change now. The white button up was expected, but not the baby blue vest and dark blue jacket. Slipping on the dark navy blue pants, he fumbles around with the tie. He decided long ago that he wasn’t going into the scientist study program with Alphys. He intended to make sure everybodies lives were stabilized before even considering furthering his education in the scientific studies. Unlike Alphys, he had to take care of Papyrus. He was too ignorant to the evil of the aboveworld. Not realizing it, Papyrus had peered into his room to notice him stumbling aggravated by the tie.

“BROTHER, ALLOW ME!” Papyrus insists, walking into the room. Toriel was kind enough to
design him a set of royal guard armor. It was considered formal as it was the queen's guardsman armor, and Papyrus was fired up with the privilege to wear it. It covered the majority of his skeletal structure, though he had removed his signature mittens and boots. Replaced with a tighter set of silver gloves and dress shoes. Sans took in the sight of his brother, then growing a proud smile as he strolled over to him.

“heh, thanks pap. little tied up here.” He punted, giving a wink and shrug to his brother. However, he laughed. Papyrus. Papyrus knelt to Sans, straightening and adjusting the tie.

“NICE ATTEMPT BROTHER, BUT! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WONT LET PUNS RUIN THIS GLORIOUS KNIGHT!! NYEH-HEH-HEH!” Papyrus was chuckling at his own pun, and Sans gave him the proudest wide eyed grin possible. By the time Papyrus had managed to make a nice tie shape, he and Sans were laughing. Looking at the time though, he noticed it was 6:25 and was recalled Undyne saying that Alphys said that you'd said to her, that traffic was going to be shit.

“paps, go tell toriel and kid we are ready to go and she better get that motherly road-rage going.” He groaned, slipping on the jacket and lacing his shoes.

“OKAY SANS!!” Papyrus rushed downstairs without another word.

Sans let out a low sigh. His mind wouldn’t stop thinking of all the bad things that could happen at the ball. But Paps was too excited to see it, and he was curious to meet you; the one good thing that Alphys and Undyne kept mentioning. He keeps telling himself inside that he is only attending the exhibition because Paps is super excited for it, Tori and Frisk were glad to even be able to come, and he wanted Alphys to stop whining. But in truth…from that one shared phone-call he had with Alphys…he was minorly concerned. You were apparently having money issues, this seemed very important, the way you acted with Papyrus wasn’t on purpose or anything of the sort; a sleepy haze, unknown and no harm meant. Your paintings were…bizarre to say the least. He wasn’t sure if it was a grand idea taking his brother to see them possibly forming muscles in a pale moon. The thought sent shivers down his spine. He wouldn’t dwell on it. He needed to help you. You, the girl he had only witnessed as a sleepy young adult who shivered under the cold water, held together by a mere towel. He would go if that would make you happy. You being happy meant that Alphys and Undyne were happy, and maybe he could sleep right know he didn’t just fuck over your chances.

“BROTHER!! THE VAN IS READY, HURRY SANS!! WE WILL BE LATE!!” Papyrus yelled through the front door up the tall structured house.

Teleporting to the base of the stairs, he left the home.

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

You were beginning to hyperventilate. It was 6:45, you had gone through the judging process. The museum wasn’t open to the public yet, but any monsters who were under the ‘reservations’ list were already inside.

The judging nearly had you melting into a puddle. Your nerves were screaming at the back of your neck, nipping at it like a ravenous dog. They had gotten close, gently touched and examined, giving a ‘hmm’ or an ‘I see’ every minute. Every minute felt like 10 years though. These were legit judges, taking over the entire aspect, as luckily your teacher was there to better explain the piece. Instead of your “skeletons shooting magic lasers” he eloquently opted for “these skeleton like monsters posses vast amounts of magical fire power allowing them to freely call forth these animal-skulls that shoot forth a beam of pure magical energy that is charged and swirls into a
combined mix of sheer power.”. SO much better put. Then again…if you thought about it, he was just saying more big words that meant the exact same thing, but atleast he wasn’t stumbling over HEELS.

Why heels. Why do you hate me oh so much…

After the judging, the art pieces were hung back up and the general public was allowed in. Of course any-monster and human who wasn’t under reserved had to pay a minor fee, but it wasn’t more that 5$ and considering how much was being offered in here ; the food, the history, the sheer amount of art? You believed it was a blessing. Mr. O’Neil after the judging spent 10 minutes or so complimenting your appearance, but then ending with a sullen warning. If any reservation monsters didn’t show by 7:15 he would have to deny that person any prize or reward , considering that’s when the judges were handing out the prize ribbons. So here you were, in a corner of the art gallery, far away from your piece and the rest of anyone who would in fact recognize you.

The proding stressful pain was crawling up your back, as you sat on a bench, hunched over, in the old Japanese painting wing. Many different dynasties of art hung here, your favorite likely being the Mughal animal pieces. Your cell began to sing an anime tune, and a gasping flush covered your face to not only silence it, but pray that what you hoped it said was good news from Alphys.

Alphys <3 : Hey, we all made it!! We met the bros inside! Jut in tyme!

You were on the verge of joyful tears, til you remembered they would see the painting. Taking careful steps in your wobbly heels, you walked to the abstract section. It divided the judging area with nothing but a wall, and the fear of looking and hearing people judging your piece was enough to stop you. You reseated yourself, hands carefully covering your face to hide your stupid shame.

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

“WE SEEM TO HAVE BARELY MADE IT BROTHER!! WE MUST HAVE SCARED THE POOR HUMAN!!” Papyrus yells, having people suddenly stare at the booming voice followed by looking up at the towering skeleton. Sans merely shrugged and caught sight of Alphys and Undyne.

“There you are! Oh Alphys, Undyne, a pleasure to see you both again!” Toriel was dawning a fetching long sleeved white dress with a floral patterned embroidery surrounding the skirt that reached down to carefully cover her pawed feet.

“Papyrus! FRISK!” Undyne lunged forward to hug her eccentric friends and begin the ‘cool’ talk which was yelling from Undyne, talking loudly with joy from Papyrus, and then both shutting up to read Frisk’s sign-language. Followed by cackling laughter and tight hugs.

“O-oh Sans, t-thank you for both coming! I-I was worried y-you had forgotten…” Alphys trailed off, looking at how dressy Sans actually was. He shoved his hands in his jacket pockets and merely gave Alphys a wink.

“well don’t sound so blue al.” he smirked, taking in how she looked pleasant in her blue dress. Toriel gave out a light chuckle, taking notice of how much attention their rowdy group was grasping . Alphys embarrassingly pushed at her dress, thinking it needed to be straightened. Undyne hastily hooked an arm around her and gave Toriel a quick bow.

“Hey your majesty, glad you could make it too! You guys gotta come check out the punks work! IT WILL BLOW YOUR FRIGGIN’ MINDS!!” she screamed, which earned her a stern shush from some other art-fiends.
“heh i don’t know undyne. i was hoping to look at the skulltures first.” He gave out a hearty low chuckle, but was silenced by Papyrus taking hold of his brothers hand and pulling.

“COME BROTHER, HURRY. I WANT TO SEE HOW WELL THE HUMAN DREW I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, AND SEE IF SHE MADE YOU AS LAZY AS YOU TRULY ARE! NYEH HEH HEH!” Papyrus gave Sans no time to reply, literally taking hold of him in one arm and hastily following Undyne as she ran through the halls with Alphys. Alphys was desperately fishing her phone out to text you between strained breathing. Toriel and Frisk followed close behind.

“TA-DAH!!” Yelled Undyne, wildly flailing webbed hands at your canvas.

Sans and Papyrus went speechless, Sans gently eased to the floor by his brother who calmly stood beside him taking in the penciling. They recognized the opening to Mt. Ebott, enraptured by the strong stances given to them as they faced the viewer as if they were the very sun they sought all those years. Papyrus took in how similar his armor in the drawing was to his new armor, almost shedding a happy tear. He loved the extended scarf which reminded him more of a cape, the blaster in the backdrop shadowed still by the mountain. He truly looked like a royal guard, a confident happy one at that.

Sans took it in, a tad unnerved by the flowers, but mystified by how bad-ass he looked. The flame in his eye appeared more intense, reminding him of the lily on fire back at your dorm. His dark expression gave him bad memories of the resets and frisk, but he knew this was different. Papyrus was there in this, he was happy, and they were outside, and ready to tackle the new world. He also took into appreciation howdamn good you made him look in hightops, making a mental note to look into new forms of footwear possibly later.

“IT…ITS BEAUTIFUL. I CANT..IT IS……CAN I HAVE IT?” Papyrus collapsed to his patellas, letting happy sobs out as he gazed at it longer.

“heh. wow. that’s uh…pretty friggin’ amazing.”

“I had no idea your dorm-friend was so talented Alphys! Congratulations to her indeed.” Toriel beamed, she was taking in the painting as well, especially liking how the brothers looked so happy, and the detail put into the flowers.

What they hadn’t noticed was frisk was jumping with boundless joy, and Alphys had also collapsed to her knees, tears welling in her eyes.

“Alphys? Hey babe whats wrong?!” Undyne was beside her immediately, concerned for her date. She was sobbing and blushing very hard, pointing towards the bottom of the frame. Frisk had run to the bottom of the frame and was tapping a small ribbon. It read ‘1st Place – Jane Kiel’

It took everyone a moment to take in that Jane had gotten the first place prize.

…”

“OH MY FRIGGIN’ GOD THE PUNK WON IT?! I KNEW IT HAHAHAHA!!” Undyne was yelling and squealing as she grabbed Alphys to hug and swirl with. Alphys was a multitude of emotions and felt it best to let you see this with your own eyes instead of texting you. Papyrus joined the group hug with Undyne, wailing with prideful tears.

“I AM SO HAPPY FOR THE HUMAN! WHERE IS SHE!? DOES SHE KNOW!? WE MUST CELEBRATE! BROTHER, THEY LIKED HER DEPICTION OF US!!” Papyrus was squealing, which got another aggressive shush from the gallery, but nobody cared. Frisk was doing jumps and
twirls as if he had on a tutu, which resulted in a stern but happy glare from Toriel. Sans couldn’t be happier. But you were nowhere to be seen.

“S-she is probably over b-by the food.” Alphys finally muttered, wiping the tears from her cheeks.

“WELL LETS GRAB THAT PUNK HUH!!?” Undyne said, rushing towards the food section.

“I , THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL STAY GUARD UNTIL THE AMAZING HUMAN RETURNS! NYEH-HEH!” Papyrus fixed his posture and stood still beside the painting, keeping a friendly eye out on the crowd of people passing around. They were more intimidated then curious of the tall armored skeleton.

“I think I will go and observe the floral assortment paintings. Frisk, would you like to come with me, or stay with Sans or Papyrus.” Toriel calmly asked.

Frisk began signing very quickly, though it was known that because Frisk seemed to have magic in his soul, enough to battle and fight with, that they could read his thoughts if he focused them to them in speech. He just preferred signing.

‘I want to go see the colorful weird paintings!’ he signed.

“Do you mean the abstract section, dear?” Toriel corrects, to which Frisk nods happily “ Well im sure your Sans can take you there, right Sans?” she gave him a heart-fluttering smile he couldn’t possibly say no to.

“heh, alright kiddo lets go. dont get too abstracted though, m’kay?” Frisk nodded, grabbing Sans’ hand and following the ceiling signs. Sans was glad it wasn’t far, but they had to pass a river of people to reach it. Sans very hastily teleported passed the wave, receiving a angry pat on the skull from Frisk, who puffed their cheeks in retaliation.

‘You know your not supposed to teleport. People will get mad!’ Frisk signed.

“heh, sorry kid. its just easier then dealing with that.” He says pointing back to the worrying crowd. Papyrus is giving him an angry glare, knowing what he did. Sans takes the kids hand and hurries to the abstract section to avoid his brothers angry eyes.

Frisk is enthralled by all the splattered colors and brisk lines. He is running about, examining with enthusiasm all the colors and arrays of art here. Sans looks puzzled, trying to see what the point in throwing paint at a board can do. He feels a sudden pull at his leg from Frisk, and glances down to him.

“whats up kid?” he asks, giving a genuine smile. Frisk points to a bench, and as Sans follows his finger, he is shocked ; bones dusted blue.

On a bench sits a woman with a enamoring dress on, hair braided neatly to the side, bracelets on her upper arms of golden flowers. She almost resembles a human princess, from one of those Disney movies Frisk loves. Sweat builds on his forehead now as he takes a gulp, reaching for the handy handkerchief in the suits pocket. Without knowledge , Frisk runs over to the woman before he can stop him. She is depressingly staring at the down as if she likely was just dumped, and wanting to pull the kid away to give her space, he carefully walks forward. He doesn’t notice at first, but the closer he gets, the more he takes in her curves and how well the dress suits her. Forcing himself to look away, Frisk comes running back.

‘She is sleeping.’
“huh?” he walks quicker over to the woman, taking in her slow breathing. Then he hears a miniature snore come from the tiny person, and he holds in a chuckle.

*how can someone sleep here...i don’t think sleeping here is a good idea.* Slowly he sits beside her, gesturing to Frisk to continue exploring, that he can handle this. Reaching to her shoulder, he gives her a decent shake.

“hey, lady, this aint no place to pass out.” He teases. She shoots awake quickly and looks to him. He blushes at her face. It has a gentle amount of contouring makeup over it, with shaded lilac eyes that match her dress. Though she appears on the verge collapse and it almost feels like she is looking past him.

“O-oh im sorry. T-thank you mister…” she says, giving a low yawn before slowly twisting her neck.

“alright? okay.” He stands and begins to walk away. Frisk runs past him and when he looks over, the lady is falling backwards and Frisk is feebly trying to hold her up. Sans rushes to take Frisks place, hoisting the woman back into a sitting position. He snaps his skeletal fingers together infront of her face.

“hey, lady, stay with me. you alright.” Frisk sits beside her as she shoots awake, rubbing carefully at her eyes.

“Huh? Ya...ya ima... good. Im just uhh........stressed.” She says, feeling at her neck with her hand.

“you gonna be alright though?” he is concerned for this woman. Does she need a hospital? He ushers her to stand on her legs and she humbly obliges.

“Yes, yes thank you again mister.” She gives a yawn and begins cranking her neck around again. Frisk stands up first, giving her a worried glance, before going back to the colorful portrait he was gazing at before. Sans watches her carefully this time. On the 2nd swipe of her head, she slows, dropping it lowly muttering to herself. He stops backing up and leans forward to interrogate, when she lets out another whimpering snore.

“oh c’mon lady!” he is back to her side, hand around her back to grab her other shoulder “hey, wake up!” she jolts awake again, and unconsciously grabs his vest for support before yawning.

“Yes?” she meekly replies past her yawn.

“c’mon lady, you should get home. we will help you to the door, alright.”

“Hmm...what time is it?” she groans, reaching for her cellphone.

“its 7:30 little lady” he says, taking in her short stature even though she wears heels.

“Oh...so the judging is over...that’s good. You can leave me here to wallow away if you want...” the depression in her voice catches him off guard. This lady probably shouldn’t be left alone and in this state.

“hey, hey no worries we are gonna get you some friends and food and help ya home okay? hey, frisk, c’mere buddy!” Frisk runs over, the woman is now more aware. “grab her purse there buddy, okay?” Frisk nods, but the woman stops him, gently holding his shoulders and kneeling down to his height.
“Frisk? Are you……Alphys’ little human friend?” the lady quietly asks, looking at the child curiously. Sans takes it in, the mention of Alphys, knowledge of frisk, at the art museum, very sleepy. It hits him.

“Jane?” he asks lowly.

The woman looks up to the mans face for the first time and see’s he is the skeleton she had drawn.

OMG. OMG. OMFG. You shoot up like lightning, immediately recognizing the skeleton before you. This was the shorter older brother of the pair you had drawn ; Sans. Looking up at him, you are filled with embarrassment, and then fury.

“OH DAMMIT.” You yell, startling the skeleton, “ You were supposed to be shorter then me!! This is SO unfair “ you groan, holding your head in hands. Suddenly, the skeleton booms a deep hysterical laugh. You can see his bones rattling underneath his multi-layered suit. The kid , promptly now known as Frisk, is clutching at you, quickly giving hand-signing. You briefly recall some words but try your best to understand what he is saying. You’d heard he was mute and spoke with his hands.

“’hi, nice to meet you jane! you are alphys’ friend who drew that really pretty picture, right?!’ is what he said.” Relays the skeleton, giving the apparent wide cherry cat grin to you, his white pupils really there. He exists. He attended. You still had a chance. But the embarrassment consumes you immediately .

“Oh um I um yeah I drew that but uh…did..did you like it ?” Your rubbing the back of your neck, stopping any sweat from trickling down into the back of your dress.

“liked it? kid we loved it. my brother has nothing but praise for you. tibia honest, it was really good.” The pun hits you. You forgot he was the apparent pun-master. An undignified snort comes out, as you then try to hold in minor hysterical giggles, trying to figure out how to cover your face without touching it. Sans is looking at you wide eyed, then giving the biggest excited grin you had ever seen anyone give.

“did you just snort?” he remarked, causing you to flinch back in embarrassment.

“Im so sorry!” taking a deep breath, you have come prepared. “ I see you are very humerus yourself, mister Sans the Skeleton,” he perks up, smile widening, chuckles being held back, “ I have the backbone to attempt this battle, not to sound sternum though.” Neither of you can hold it anymore, as you both dissolve into a fit of giggles and Sans receive quick pats of disappointment from Frisk.

“aw c’mon frisk just a femur alright? don’t make me tickle your funnybone, you’re pretty good to rattle me up so.” He chuckles giving you a sultry wink. Holding in snorts is bad for your breathing.

After the fit of giggles, you Sans and Frisk make your way nervously back to the display after you shoot Alphys a text your going to check in on the results and you’d met the punmaster.

Sans holds your nervous hand the whole way, Frisk egging you forward as now the conga line of the crowd has dispersed. You turn past the wall where you know it is, and just keep your eyes closed.

“hey c’mon. how will you know if you don’t look at it.” he reassures you, guiding you with his
pulling arm.

“I don’t want to see. I feel bad enough just using you guys without asking!”

“SANS?! IS THAT THE HUMAN JANE?!” A loud booming voice much higher in altitude rans down on you, as if they had a megaphone.

“yea paps, this is the one who drew us.” Sans gently nudged you forward, and your eyes bulged open as a long pair of arms swept around you and lifted you off the ground tightly to a metal plate. It was equally as bad as Undynes hugs, but boney and metallic. You finally look at the towering skeleton, his sockets empty of any lights, but still giving expressions as any other human could: a giant boney smile, raised cheeks covering bits of his eyes, orange tears?, and eyebrow impressions raised. He hugs you tighter, causing the air to leave your lungs and nearly threatening to vomit up your guts.

“HUMAN JANE, I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WOULD LOVE TO HAVE THIS MASTERPIECE IN MY HOME!! MAY I HAVE IT WITH YOUR KINDNESS??” you have to cover your ears, much to the distress of the skeleton holding you.

“I-I AM SORRY HUMAN. I SHALL WHISPER NOW FOR YOU!” his whisper sounds like normal talking…did he just finish by saying whisper?

“Well Papyrus, if uh no one wants it, im fine letting you take it but…you really like it?” you question, the skeleton placing you down with surprise.

“LIKE IT? I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, ABSOLUTELY FIND IT TRIUMPHANT OVER ALL OTHER ARTS! EVEN MY LAZYBONES BROTHER COMPLIMENTED IT!!”

Realizing how much he likes it, no matter what the grade was, you would give it to this warm-heartless skeleton in your own heartbeat. If Alphys was the cutest of the peas, Frisk took the adorablest, and Papyrus had dibs on sweetest. Sans could have the puniest, and Undyne clearly had the toughest. The once before empty pod was filling, practically overflowing. You couldn’t hold back the warm smile brought to your face if you wanted to. **But it grew.**

There it was. A blue ribbon that read ‘1st place Jane Kiel’. You keeled over, but again, Sans caught you. A flustered groan of sheer joy rolled over your face, along with an exuberant amount of tears. You looked back to it, gently pinching your ticklish waist to make sure you weren’t dreaming or dead. It was real. Sans cradled you in his arms nervously as the tears flowed freely down your face.

After about 3 minutes of sobbing, Undyne and Alphys found you and were so excited. The rest of the night you spent with your new friends, celebrating back at the dining area with them. There you met Toriel, the Queen of the Monsters, and learned Frisk was the Monster Ambassador. You frantically began bowing to her, apologizing for having her come out this far on such a short notice. It was a 2 hour drive from Ebott to here from what Alphys had told you. The fact that they all came to see your painting really made you feel special and warm inside. You hadn’t felt like this in 15 or so years. This wasn’t a memory that would haunt you related to your brother or your parents. These were new folks, monsters, and they all immediately became your friends.

You, Sans, and even Toriel began throwing puns around, much to the sudden distress of Papyrus who apparently couldn’t stand them. You gave his armor a gentle rub of reassurance.

“Sorry Papyrus, but you cant **shield** our puns.” Sans and Toriel roared laughter and Papyrus’ eyes literally cartoon style bugged out of his head. Frisk was signing, and Toriel and Sans took it upon themselves to translate since your reading was off. Alphys and Undyne stayed to the side, though
you all started oooo’ing them whenever they got a little intimate.

Finally it was about 9:30 and your professor stopped by.

“Ah Jane, congratulations on winning!” he rested a firm and gentle hand on your shoulder, causing your face to flush and turn to see him. He had on a very handsome inverted tuxedo: the inside vest being black along with his pants, and the outer jacket white as a dove. Hair still pulled back, yet he had a set of glasses you didn’t recognize. Fancy.

“Ah thank you Mr. O’Neil! These are the friends I was telling you about sir. You remember Alphys, yes?” he gives a nod and a sweet smile to Alphys, who sweats and returns a forced smile back. “This is Undyne, Sans, Papyrus, Frisk and Toriel!”

“Toriel as in the Queen? Ah!, “ he gives a polite bow in her direction, earning a couple of lovers sighs from another table likely watching him,” An honor; truly. And you must be Janes muses! “he looked to Sans and Papyrus, though Sans was giving a weird scrunched face at him and Papyrus was actually emotionless. “I am so glad you both made it and enjoyed yourselves, however the party will be ending shortly Jane, and I need to show you around your new lab room.”

You had completely forgotten the first place winner would get his old art room for their own personal use.

“A-ah! Yes, Uh YES thank you Mr. O’Neil truly thank you” instead of shaking your hand, he gave you a tight hug, much to your surprise.

“If you all wish you can come to the college for view purposes. I will allow it until 10:30, but even I can’t keep Gloria at bay that long.” He gave a feral wink at you, sending shivers up your spine, and walked away, with a wave of a hand. Sitting back down, you felt eyes on you. Sans, Toriel and Undyne were nearly glaring.

“W-what?” you mumbled,

“nothing. from what i remember, professors aren’t that grabby.” Sans commented, diverting his gaze to Alphys.

“Hey punk. Alphys told me you and him were close…are you…dating that guy?” Undyne humbly asked. Your face reddened with blood and you shot up from your chair.

“WHY WOULD I!” you screamed into your hands.

“W-well he is very handsome human, but he seems much too old for you, child..” Toriel commented, giving a worrying gaze. You noticed Sans pupils were back on you again.

“No! No, I don’t think of him that way! He is indeed quite handsome considering his age, but there is nothing romantic going on—“ doing your best to do a low-deep voice of a mob member “strictly platonic.” It got you a giggle out of Frisk, but everyone but Papyrus was still worried. Papyrus ceased to amaze you. He had found the lasagna and had eaten through 3 squares. There were legit sparkles in his eye sockets. You would have to plan a day to just call up the brothers and talk about how they work, though it was incessantly rude. However, your inner anatomy functioning instincts were coming forth, and you didn’t want to pry and possibly offend them. You didn’t know how much they knew of your minor obsession.

Finally the time to head back to campus came and everyone got in their cars and drove back. You were sad to leave, to only find out with everyone begging in the back Toriel gave in and would allow Frisk, Sans and Papyrus to go with you to your dorm. As you quietly hurried everyone inside
you had to meet your professor in the lab wing so opted to just cut off from them mid walk. You let them all know you would be going to lab 43 for maybe 5 minutes, and pointed to where it was incase anyone had a problem at the dorm they knew where to find you. Still wearing the blistering heels, you ran to the lab to find the door unlocked.

Entering, the lights were out and you stumbled about in the darkness. Suddenly, the door clicked shut and the sound of the lock went. Before you could react, the lights blared on and Mr. O’Neil yelled ‘surprise!’. Taking a quick glance, he had cleaned it of all dust, organized the shelves ad even took out the old desks (you could probably fit Louis and Seymour in here if you wanted holy shit it was huge…). You blushed with the thought of how much effort he probably put into this, then worried about his possible straining health. He approached you, and he had taken off the jacket of the tuxedo, now wearing the undershirt and vest; adjusting the cuffs.

You ran a finger of the clean counters, beginning to contemplate where you would put your things. You look back to him, tears almost welling in your eyes from the amount of time and effort he likely put into this. Of course it wasn’t especially for you; it was for whoever won.

“Thank you so much for this sir. It really is a great honor.” You thank, staring out the windows. The thicket is seeable from here, giving you a wide angle view of the calming place you loved.

“I don’t think there is anyway I could repay you for this sir! I love it so much.”

“Oh im sure I can think of a way to let you pay me back.” His voice sounded darker. You were puzzled and turned to see him. He turned off the lights again, the only light illuminating the room was from the windows. His silhouette hanging back in the shadows, you could hardly make out him unbuttoning his vest.

“Mr. O’Neil? Its hard to appreciate the room without the lights sir. There is hardly a moon out tonight, and the lab rooms get honestly creepy.” You begin to stumble in the direction of the light switch, hardly able to see. Then a hand shoves you back against the counter before the window, tightly grasping at your wrist.

“M-Mr. O’Neil?! a fiery fear ran over you, goosebumps forming. He had taken his glasses off, and you saw his eyes looking at your figure intensely, closing the distance more between the two of you. Attempts at removing his wrist did nothing as he just would squeeze tighter. He was now right in front of you, holding a knee between your legs.

“Jane. I know how you can pay back this KIND gesture I have awarded you.” he grabs your chin, yanking your face to look at him. His eyes are drinking you in, a lustful grin on his face.

“You just need to let me have your body.”

Chapter End Notes

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW SHIET!
RAPE/NON-CON FINALLY COMING INTO USEE IMMA NEED TO ADD MORE
TAGS
OOOOOOOOOOOOO0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000000
- throws laptop-
Fuck dis shit im out. Im tired. 10 hours. my back. laptop. just...UGGHHHHG
Blood dies again.
Testing for Reactions

Chapter Summary

Your professor has not so nice intentions set upon you, as your locked in the dark lab with him; his greedy lustful eyes that of a demon. Will anyone come for the reader (Jane).

Chapter Notes

GUYS. TWO INTENSE CHAPTER IN ONE DAY. I had to add tags because of this man =3=


Make sure to leave those comments for me. I love em all :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

This was happening. Your 50 year old teacher was literally trying to rape you, and you didn’t see an ounce of this coming. It felt like a time-lapse had happen; he had both your wrists pinned behind you, standing firmly between your legs, nipping lustfully at your neck as all attempts to distance or be free from his grasp end fruitless.

“Mr. O’Neil-Wait-S-STOP!” you yell as he bites harder onto your shoulder, drawing blood and a wincing scream of pain from you. The sensation of his bite drives a shrill of fear through you, shaking your entire body as he encloses he body around you, quickly tying your hands behind you with his night black tie. He released your hands, and in that split second, you rammed your whole body into him, forcing him back. You blindly make a run for it through the darkened lab, but trip up, slamming face first into a cabinet. Groaning at the thudding pain over your head, you shriek with terror as he pulls you back to him by your bound arms. He thrusts you back onto the counter, your breasts taking the majority of the gravitational fall. Behind you, Mr. O’Neil is grunting, suddenly dragging your body closer to a chemical rinse sink to bind you there.

Trying to remain calm and strong, you flurry kicks at him as he binds you, arching your back for the best leverage. He impatiently grabs your throat and slams your face into the counter. The sudden concussion like daze drowns over you, groaning for some painkiller to stop the incessant throbbing in your entire head. Shaking from the daze, he has you pinned to the counter with himself readied at your backside, griping at your waist and letting out a heavy sigh. Trying to free your hands from the sink earns you a tight hand around your neck, and a calming shushing from your professor; your air-passage cutting off leaving you gagging a choke.

“If you would just comply, I wouldn’t need to harm you this way Jane.” he says, untightening his grip of your throat leaving you gasping for air, tears dropping with a silent plop onto the counter. He bends over your back, calmly coming to your earlobe and biting it hard. You flinch with intense pain, and even a hint of affection. Your ears were very sensitive. Trying to pry away from him only hurt as he bit harder onto the your helix. Your sweating, crying and trying to not panic is an
understatement.

“Now…just listen to me, and this can be pleasant, Jane.” he whispers lustfully, reaching to your stomach exploringly before pulling you back. The strains on your arms don’t let you go far, the pain tightening around your wrist.

“Please sir…please don’t DO THIS!! Stop….P-Please..” Choked words come out from your embarrassed sobs. He merely shushes you complaints while straining tighter around your neck as he feels at your stomach ; rubbing as if it ached from sickness.

“Shhh Jane. This can be pleasant my dear, but you must remain quiet…you are to be my next piece.” He whispers, running his hand up to your chest.

“All of the woman I have drawn have indeed been older. They were all mine at some point, but you,…-“ he breathes heavily into your neck with heated air, sending a tingle of fear up your spine, “…you will be the first young canvas in a long time…you’re different then the rest Jane…my current muse.” He moans. Though his words are like honey, your swamped and drowning in it. His voice used to sound so doubtless and calm, and now it threatened to devour your heart. He gripped tightly at your right breast, startling you into trying to escape his grasp. He watches your meaningless struggle with a sickly grin, and brings his pelvis against your strained legs. You feel him. A shower of embarrassment and fear wrenches at your heart.

He slowly works at your tit, giving a playful pinch now and then in the general vicinity of your areola, causing you to gasp. You don’t want to get off on this; you don’t like your professor this way, he is trying to fucking RAPE you! NON-CONSENT! Without warning, he grabs the front of your dress, hastily peeling it down to reveal your minorly laced bra. The realization that you had let Undyne pick your underwear reminds you of how scanty it is, as you hear a pleased laugh from behind.

_Well shit Undyne. THANKS FOR SHOPPING JUST FOR ME!!_

He kneads at your breasts, hitching your breathing as he releases his hand from your throat. He runs his index finger down your spine at such a slow pace, the annoyance leaves you attempting kicks again. He hitches the speed, grabbing greedily at your ass. He bucks his pelvis against you, exaggerating his growth underneath against your rear, causing your face to flush and weep.

Not hesitating, he pry’s off your bra, grasping wildly at your breast. Reaching under your dress, he feels your underwear, taking more interest in your shivering ass then womanhood as he continue to knead it, painstakingly ripping the underwear as maneuvers.

“STOP IT YOU SICKO!!” you scream. “SOMEONE HELP ME PLEASE”. Groaning madly at your screams, he un buckles his pants swiftly brings its around the back of your head as you call.

_But nobody came._

“HELP ME PL-“ are your final cries before he tightly binds his belt around your mouth, buckling it in the back.

“You just had to make things difficult, huh Jane?” he grinds he pelvis against you, lifting your frills to gaze at your ass, “ This could have gone so much smoother, if you would shut your fucking mouth. I am not some SICKO-“ he grasps the back of your dress, tearing it down your back revealing all your disgusting scars, earning you a disappointed look of disgust.

“-THIS is the sickening canvas I yearned for.” He groans , biting at your back. You flail and groan
against the leather shutting your mouth, though you can hardly feel the pain as he savagely gnaws at it hungrily.

“These nasty past reminders need a fresh mark – MY MARK.” He growls. Hearing him unzip his pants has you screaming and biting against the belt, though he grasps at your neck even tighter then before, leaving you gagging for air. He continues to chomp around your back, knowing you can hardly feel it as blood begins to surge slowly from each bite, he takes an animalistic liking to it.

The door is last seen flying and breaking against the window near your head, glass shattering and your eyes wide with fear and shock.

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

Alphys, Sans and Frisk are guided by Gloria through the college halls. Undyne and Papyrus remained back at the dorm to watch Ben-To, the anime you had insisted she would love, though it contained too much adult content for Frisk. Gloria, the manager, decided in their short time to allow them through the campus halls to look at classes for the possible future. Sans had made it clear he wouldn’t be signing up immediately but had taken a fascination with the surplus of courses available here.

Frisk saw the corridor that lead to where your lab was, and turned to Gloria with a giant innocent smile and began signing.

“heh. kiddo wants to go see the lab that professor was giving jane. that cool?” Sans says, looking towards the giant known as your dorm manager. Even Sans feared her; her biceps perked the veins in her arm alarmingly.

“Heh! Sure kid, but make sure to knock before entering alright? Don’t go any farther!” she allows and Frisk takes off running. “Don’t run in the halls squirt!” she echoes down at him as his pace slows. Alphys calls Sans over as they reach the general information of science board, which they both read over enthusiastically.

Frisk has approached the door, and hears voices inside. He reaches to knock but is drawn back by a scream.

“SOMEBODY HELP ME PLEASE!!”

It was your voice. Frisk, sweating and panicking races back down the hallway. He turns the corner huffing for air, noticing the group has slowly progressed further into the science wing. Frisk gathers all his determination and speeds quickly at them, ignoring the weight of breathing on his lungs. Sans hears his tiny foot steps and turns to see the kid frantic.

“kid. whats the matter? science labs giving you a scary reaction?” He chuckles, but Frisk grabs quickly at his arm and begins to pull, sweat and fear taking over his face. Sans notices and begins to sweat too.

“kid. kid whats wrong?” The signing is done so fast, he just reads what Frisks thoughts are screaming.

“Janes in trouble! She screamed for help!”

“janes in trouble? what?” Sans is grabbing the kid, looking for more information, but that’s all he keeps repeating. Without a second thought, the manager goes rushing by, skidding against the floor, quickly turning down the labs hallway. Sans ( not being allowed to use magic SUCKS ) and Alphys run behind, Frisk trying to catch their breathe on the way while still grasping Sans’ sleeve.
Gloria arrives at the door and hears muffled yells. Without a second thought, she body slams into the door which goes flying off the hinges. She stops and takes a sharp intake of air at the scene before her. Sans and Alphys catch up and see the horrifying sight.

Mr. O’Neil has you bent over on the black glossy counter by the windows. The windows glass that shattered from the door, covered your body. The beautiful dress Undyne had chosen was pulled half off, revealing your privates. With a hand hooked around your panties and throat, the arm leading to the professor, looking back in horrified shock, which is then filled with sullen anger.

“HIDE THE KID BONEBOY!!” Gloria screams, dashing into the room, fists raised.

Sans obeys, taking Frisk and pulling him away from the doorframe, not looking at the fight what he just witnessed. Fear and concern stealing the grin from his face, he looks to Alphys, terrified and covering her mouth as she watches the proceedings.

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

Seeing the dorm manager kick down your door ( your new room ) and sheer pure anger over her face leaves you the happiest to that situation in a while. Tears of sweet joy coat your face, ignoring the minor pain of some glass cutting your arm. It was nothing compared to the emotional wreck you were. Your professor tries to make a hasty escape to a window ; unsure if he recalls we are 4 floors up from the ground. But the manager doesn’t let him. She pins him to the ground and unleashes a flurry of punches towards his face. He whimpers and screams how he is innocent, and the manager screams at him pointing at you.

“DOES THAT LOOK LIKE SOMETHING SOME INNOCENT MAN WOULD DO!? YOU FUCKING FILTH- I WILL KILL YOU!!” she gives another punch, uncaring of what trouble it will cause her in the future. She only cares about giving this asshole what he deserves. 2 more punches in the face and a proceeding to the gut knocks him out, lumps and bruises swelling over his face. Alphys was to your side, trying to readjust your skirt and front to cover your privates before fiddling crazily with the belt around your mouth. Finally released from the leather, you give her sobs of thanks.

“J-Jane! I-Its okay. F-Frisk found you! We would have p-passed but F-Frisk came to c-c-check on you! W-were here now! I-its over!” she cries, tears falling from her scaly cheeks as she pulls over a stool to stand upon increasing her reach to the tie binding your hands.

“T-Thank you Alphys oh thank you-“ you weep out with hiccups and sighs.

“Code 8-6 ; code 8-6 to Bailey and Moscoe. I have apprehended George O’Neil; he is unconscious. He advanced sexually upon Jane Kiel in lab 43. I need an ambulance and police cruisers here immediately. Im bringing Ms. Kiel back to her dorm until they arrive. Do you copy this Code 8-6 call?” Gloria is using her radio ; Bailey is the head of security here and Moscoe the main guard at the front.

“Copy code 8-6 Gloria. Is Ms. Kiel injured fatally in anyway?” shrills the radio. The voice must be Baileys, its almost as nasally as Papyrus’. Free from the tie, which left an intense burning rash on your wrists, you fling yourself onto Alphys, weakly, divulging into hysteric tears.

“Negative, nothing fatal. Possible rape victim, will not question further at this time. Moscoe, did you call the police?” she barks angrily, tension growing as she restrains O’Neil to a desk.

“Police are coming, ambulance will be a little longer. Bailey, you should retrieve O’Neil from lab 43 and bring him to the front. I will keep the gates open and ready for their arrival. Any other
victims, Gloria?” is Moscoe. He has a thick Spanish accent that doesn’t carry over the radio apparently.

“Negative. Restrained O’Neil inside the lab, im returning Ms. Kiel to her dorm to apply any necessary first-aid. Will radio any further discoveries. Over” she clicks the radio to her side and rushes to you. You look up at her with fearful eyes, and she is giving a pitiful stare that can easily be read as she is blaming herself subconsciously.

“She carefully scoops you up bridal style, taking note of the minor dress rips, the teeth bites; the ones across your back bleeding from the tender flesh. She grits her teeth and covers your front with a towel and starts fast-walking out the door with Alphys on her heels. You grip around her neck for support and safety, tears staining your vision.

Sans and Frisk catch sight of you being held and carried out by Gloria and follow swiftly next to Alphys. Frisk runs further ahead to see your face.

“what happened?!” Sans requests , looking to Gloria and then to Alphys.

“No Frisk! He…He didn’t do that.” She quiets down the more she says, making sure to keep pace with Gloria and avoid Sans staring gaze. His eye sockets go dark and he cant see the back thanks to Gloria’s giant arms. He hovers insistently closer to Alphys who merely whispers at him.

“I shouldn’t be the one to tell you that. Just…please don’t say anything about it to her. And…” she pauses, looking to him, pupils dim in the back of his sockets.

“Try to not use your powers in front of her.”

Toriel is waiting outside the dorm for Frisk, but is horrified when she notices you ; bloody and whimpering against Gloria. She quickly opens the door and gives Gloria a barrage of questions, though the manager refuses to say anything ; deafened by your sobs and cries the whole walk.

“Mrs. Toriel, the police will be here shortly, hopefully followed by an ambulance. If you see any officials show them this way in the hall please.” Without another word, Toriel gives a hard nod and returns to the door, hoping and praying they arrive quickly.

Papyrus and Undyne were on the verge of sleep. Were being the keyword. Undyne saw you, the blood, and the distressed face of Alphys and put it all together that you were hurt. Papyrus took in the scene not as quickly, nodding off almost before he had jumped to his feet abruptly.
“What happened!?” Undyne yells, beckoning to Gloria she can hold you. Gloria takes no doubt in her, carefully handing over your frail and shaking body to her. She surveys you, her eye wide and diffident. Gloria rushes to the bathroom to get a wet wash-cloth to clean your bleeding wounds.

“M-Mr O’ Neil h-had her p-pinned on a c-c-counter.” Alphys informs. Undyne brings you over to the loveseat that Papyrus has generously cleared, confusion and concern giving him a noticeable frown and frantic “nyehs” under his breath.


“NO!” she stomps quickly back into the room, multiple wet clothes in hand and kneels beside you. Your back is fully exposed, giving Sans and Papyrus a clear view of the pasts carnage. Sans white pupils no longer exist, taking in the inhumanity of how irregularly cut and scarred your back is.

“No magic. Police will be here any friggin’ second and I don’t need innocents trying to help going to jail over stupid things!” she hands a wet cloth to Alphys standing beside Undyne cradling your head in her lap “Alphys I need you to apply that to her neck bites and wrists, okay?” Alphys nods, shakily taking the cloth and pressing into divots of your necks collarbone. The warmth is soothing and stops the blood flowing.

“You two, kid, Undyne and Toriel need to get out of here.” She barks, ordering your friends to leave.

“WE aren’t going anywhere! You expect us to just leave her like this!?” Undyne shouts, fuming beside Gloria.

“Yes! Its best to not get involved. The kid is minorly important but they wont care they will just question him til its midnight. He needs rest and I don’t want to involve him in this. Batter you for hours with repeating questions they will!” she snaps back, a tint of tears leaving her eyes thinking of how helpless you were as she carefully applies a cloth to your back.

“sorry manager, but uh i aint going nowhere. paps, you go with tori and the kid and get home safely, alright bro?” sans looks to his brother, dark pupils barely lit.

“BROTHER, I , THE GREAT PAPYRUS, CANNOT ABANDON MY FRIEND IN-NEED. ITS TRUE… I KNOW NOTHING OF WHATS GOING ON, BUT I WILL NOT LEAVE HER SIDE UNTIL SHE IS WELL AGAIN!”

Frisk chimes in behind Papyrus “If I hadn’t asked to go down, we wouldn’t of found her! I have to tell them that!”

Sans merely sighs and scratches the back of his skull. “kid c’mon. you wont get much sleep”

“Im in 3rd grade sans! Im determined to stay up!” Frisk communes as he then strikes a heroic pose, earning a giddy applause from Papyrus. Sans holds in a chuckle.

“ME AND FRISK HAVE AGREED TO STICK BY THE LITTLE HUMANS SIDE BROTHER!” beams papyrus, joining in on the heroic pose.

“fine, fine but you better uh tell tori kid . she’ll be bucking mad.” Sans snickers, earning him a groan from Papyrus and a light disapproving pat from Frisk follow by a soul “ boo” as he runs to Toriel.

Shortly after, the police arrive and they brought a gurney for you. Papyrus insisted the humans be
careful with your back, as they carefully lay your unconscious body on the rolling bed. As they cart you out, Sans gives you one more stare before walking to Alphys and Undyne. Gloria is attempting to answer all the questions for the police to free everyone from the questioning.

“when do you plan to tell me what all of that was back there? not trying to be nosey.” Sans quietly mentions, pointing to his back. He wasn’t expecting to get any laughs, but not even a hint of a smile crosses either of the monsters faces.

“Get out of her business Sans! Now isn’t the friggin’ time for puns!” Undyne quietly scolds him. He knows that far too well, but he can’t think of anything to cheer them up. Alphys looks miserable.

“Her brother.” Alphys replies, looking slowly at Sans with miserable eyes. Sans pupils vanish, and he twitches back.

“wha-….what do you mean her br-“

“She told me. L-long ago. Her older brother w-was mentally handicapped.” She began to weave the tale, looking at him with pellets of tears dropping from her eyes.

“He killed b-both of her parents, setting their house on f-fire. He slashed up the majority of h-her back, and nearly killed her by stabbing at her h-heart.” The tears flowed free down her cheeks as she sniffled back sobs. Undyne, though still scowling at Sans for being so out of line, comforts Alphys with a gentle hug around her stubby neck.

Sans was soaking in the information. Eyes blank, face scrunched into an expressionless nothing. He visualized it, but deterred it immediately, the thought too painful to bear. Yet you had lived it. You had lived it, and the reminder of it was there for the whole world to laugh at, while it was a miserable reminder of your painful past.

With Gloria answering the majority of the cops questions, and O’Neil stuffed into a squad car, the monsters questioning took little time. It was clear that Undyne, Papyrus and Toriel had nothing to offer, and the questions on Sans and Frisk were short since they didn’t see much of it ‘go down’. Alphys got the only brunt of it, considering she helped Gloria the most, also informing of how Gloria beat him thoroughly. Though it would likely get her in trouble, Gloria admitted to it and detailed the whole thing over to police again, constantly taking notes. Finally, the majority of the police cleared out; you had arrived at the hospital and O’Neil sentenced to jail to await trial. As the last of the cops dispersed, Gloria turned to the monster full dorm and gave an aching sigh.

“None of you are leaving until she comes back, are you?” she groaned, rubbing her forehead in dismay.

“heh. nope.”

“I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL WAIT FOR THE RETURN OF THE TINY HUMAN!! NYEH-HEH-HEH!”

“Mom! We get to sleepover?!”

“Oh I suppose we can stay, my child. Alphys I hope this isn’t too much of a bother…”

“Oh n-no! I j-just don’t k-k-know where everyone w-will fit…”

“HEH! You have 2 beds, a couch, 2 bean bags, and a couple rugs. I CALL ALPHYS!”

“Ugghhh” the stress of the situation is driving Gloria mad.
With a hearty sigh, the manager allows the sleepover, leaving to send e-mails to any knowing security and Ms. Loote, of your absence. Undyne and Frisk show everyone but Alphys the rug trick, to which everyone starts screaming of how the blood is being sucked from the human into the rug. Papyrus takes firm hold of Frisk and turns away, as Sans and Toriel nearly summon magic to destroy it. They are reassured by Undyne, who sweats nervously at the magical tension in the air.

Everyone agrees that Frisk and Papyrus should get the beds, and Frisk greedily takes your top bunk, playing happily with the demented and loved plushies. Sans and Toriel read them to sleep, and once everyone is snoring or nyehing, they quietly make for the door. Toriel stops in her tracks to take in the one thing in the colorful room. Your paintings.

“They are so beautiful…and yet so sad…” she says, holding the location of her soul.

Sans reviews over the pictures, and is reminded of what your past was.

*That must be her home....*

“The lilies she drew are stunning. I never knew she had such a taste for blood and...blue fire?” the word shocks Sans as he peers at the lilies. Someone had made fun of him once, saying if he ever managed to get a date, he would have to give her lilies to join him in his grave. Lilies, the flower of death. He looked, sweating and worried at the flowers, especially the one enveloped by blue flames.

*That must be why Alphys said...*

He gulped, and Toriel took notice. With a gentle paw, she holds Sans hand, giving him a reassuring smile before ushering them out the bedroom. Toriel was given the love-seat with pillows and blankets to spare. Alphys laid back on top of Undyne in the turtle-style like before. Sans slumped back into his own bean- bag and stared out the window.

The imagery of you and that fucking asshole professor kept popping into his mind, and a grimace grew on his face. He groaned and ran his hands down his eyesockets to the base of his jaw. He shook the vision from his thought, and remembered you back in the museum. How he met you, how funny you were during dinner. You’d suffered so much, yet smiled so genuinely. He admired you.

He thought of that pun-war back at the the museum and fell asleep with a earnest grin.

That night, he had no nightmares in what felt like forever, because you raced through his mind with your smile.

Chapter End Notes

Dawww. He has feelings without realizing he has feelings. YAAayyyyy -happily claps hands like seal-

Chapter 11 comes out tomorrow, though it might be earlier or really later (Going to see Kung Fu Panda 3 GUYS~ Alls I got is squeels of joy. Last movie was EXTREMELY underrated since it came out the same time as a new one people thought would be better. But it was tons worse~ GIVE IT A CHANCE~ Great story Q^Q = Peace.)
Patient

Chapter Summary

Jane awakens in the hospital; an undesired place of bad memories and reminders of the future. The doctor comes in with the news she doesn't want to hear.

(NOTE: This chapter isn't TECHNICALLY required. It's more Deep Angst with a tiny glance at Sans slowly developing feelings, and how close you and Alphys are. That's about it)

Chapter Notes

Holy. Fucking. Shit. I am SOO SOO SOO FUCKING SORRY. I can't believe this took me 3 FUCKING days to write.
The 6th I was sick, and when feeling better I went out with my cousins, and they kinda got me drunk =3="
The 7th was superbowl, also, jesus christ can the TUMBLES AND INVALID PASSES STOP!? GAAHH.
(Also, Talib that first 10 minutes was fucking ridiculous. Cool the man hormones )Bl)

Also, this was an INCREDIBLY hard chapter. I was doing so much hospital research for it, it was driving me NUTS. It's totally not ENTIRELY required, but I think its good addition to the story. I promise, the angstness will ease up a little. Less life crisis' please~

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

There's a static sound in the room. You open your eyes onerously. With a mild yawn, craning your neck in multiple directions is all you can do. Adjusting to the intimidating bright light, the white ceiling and smell of medical supplies nearly wrenches you back to your senses.

No. Not the hospital. Please NO.

Nope. Fucking hospital. Beside you is a blue curtain, someone beyond groaning angrily at the TV for lack of working channels and constant static. Beside that, next to your bed, is a white nightstand, a miniature cactus with a giant green card gently laid on a brown dolie. As you try to reach for it, you realize that your arms are strapped to the sides. Oh, this again. Fucking brilliant.

As if reading your mind, your family doctor comes in, frowning at you till reaching the end of your bed. Her name was always hard to pronounce: Doctor Leasoft. Though she constantly pronounces it as Laya-Soot. Pretty much you just called her Soot, and she was fine with that. You had come in so many friggin' times it grew on her.

“Planning to get the x-ray and removal done today, Jane? Or we putting it off again, presumably?” she complains, though her voice is very normal and soothing. She nods her head at the cactus, feeling you glaring lightning at her, with a kind smile.
“Your professor dropped it off.” You twitch, recalling of last nights events. “Ms. Loote if I recall…” she muses, visibly watching you relax against the pillow with a relieving sigh. “So yes or no to the removal?”

“I will only get the x-ray. After that, im out.” You groan, trying to shimmy your hands out of the leather locks.

“No you aren’t dearie. Every time you come in here I need to urge you to get that blasted surgery Jane. If we don’t get that metal all out, it will put you down longer than any sleep-week. Pretty sure it’s the reason you were in a comatose state for 4 days, dearie.” She says, gently smacking you with the clipboard lovingly.

4 DAYS?!? SHIT. Throwing the voice away, you try to remain calm on the surface while conversing with the doc. Now isn’t the time to be adrift mentally.

“Ya ya I know. ‘Jane, get the surgery, the consequences for not are too great!’ , ‘Ms. Kiel the surgery is needed to keep you alive and well’ and you expect me to just forget that little TID-BIT?” you ask, giving a sterner glare that the Doctor fully accepts with a frown.

“Unless you’re here to tell me that the possible DEATH RATE-“ you emphasize, bucking your head off the pillow “for said ‘life-saving surgery’ is below, 85%, ; thanks but imma pass. Again.”, throwing your head back down, you glare away from the doctor. Nothing is more miserable then when she gives you a sad frown for refusing.

“So….if its BELOW 85?” she questions, leaning further on the bed to read your facial features for a sign of hope.

“……if its below 75 I will give it more thought.” Is the whispering groan of annoyance that leaves your mouth.

“ALRIGHT!” she jumps from the bed, leaving it squeaking. “ By the way you have an adorable little visitor. A monster ; she said she was your room-mate. She okay to come up?” she asks, throwing a devilish deriding smile your way, leaving you questioning as to what she plotted.

“Yes dear jesus YES.”. Hearing that Alphys has come to free you from this nightmare is the best news in the world.

“Haha okay I will tell her to leave~” she mumbles, holding her hand close to hide her devious smile as she hastens out the door.

“SOOT IF YOU THROW HER OUT IMMA THROW YOU OUT THIS WINDOW!!” you yell back, earning a loud yell from the elder across the curtain. All you hear aside from it is the doctors teasing, dark, hysterical laughter.

Turning to reface the windows, the primary thought is of your chest. The doctors hadn’t removed all the metal from the stab wound nearing your heart. You were too young and fragile ; still developing, so they left it alone, assuming it wasn’t life changing. Later, they found three metallic shards ; each the length of a screw, embedded inside. If not treated, in your later years it would threaten your general health. Not only due to the heavy metal poisoning , likely culprit of your constant drowsiness, sensitive teeth, forgetfulness, and often colds , but it could kill you physically. The shards weren’t lodged in muscle, just tissue ; a softer tissue. Slowly over time, they have all either said ‘they moved closer’ or ‘ its farther’, but it never changed the lethality of it. The surgery took 1.5 inches away from your fucking heart.
I didn’t nearly die to just say “hey sup jesus?” to come back, then have the universe spit at me screaming “WHY WONT YOU STAY DEAD?!”

Its true you didn’t have to fret over the payment for said services ; when your uncle ( bless the only remaining family member not incarcerated ) caught ear of your situation, he vowed to pay any expenses. Your doctors had to keep in close touch with him, which was funny considering he couldn’t be farther away. He defined himself as a ‘scientific explorer’ – he traveled the globe, searching freely off the governments radar to mix and discover new life. The vast amount of money made from said discoveries was immediately donated towards advancing tribal-like villages scattered around the globe. Should he come to visit, he would likely drive your friends away ; very anti-social, tested on monsters, made the WORST jokes, and believed the world revolved around him, the sun. Though you loved him to the core. He was rowdy, always tough as the next strongest metal, but so wise as if he had lived for thousands of years. Looking up to him was the best, though it was often met with joyous laughter of his superiority over you…

Cutting your thoughts was the quick snap of the hospital door. Alphys rushed to your side, heaving a giant bag filled with papered documents over her shoulder. In her claw, she carefully balanced an adorable pink and blue spotted ceramic pot, beautiful vibrant purples and yellow daisies mixed in as they barely jut off the pot. She’d done her research, earning her a grateful smile, as she gently lays them beside the cactus.

“J-Jane…h-how are you feeling?” she mumbles, grunting as she drops the bag beside her. It sounds like it weighs 20 lbs as it drops to the ground.

“Oh Alphys thank you for the flowers…Im uh…pretty good honestly. Just woke up.” You grumble. Even though you’d apparently slept for 4 days, it didn’t seem to do anything for the exhausting yawn you produced.

“T-They said you were in a c-coma…I-I researched it while you were s-sleeping…it’s very similar to ‘falling down’ i-isn’t it?” she says, looking at you dismally.

“Oh my christ can I keep one friggin’ secret? What happened to ‘patient confidentiality’?!?” you bitterly groan, realizing soon after that Alphys likely hurts for not telling her sooner. You groan and wipe your face, carefully sitting up ; an excruciating task to say the least. Your upper back is physically screaming at you for laying so still, though Alphys helps you with a gentle heave at the forearm. She assists you in sitting up, in which you realize that she undid your leather shackles.

“N-no! Ms. Loote t-told me when we came t-to v-visit last. Everyone is r-really worried…Never seen Undyne c-cry.” She rambles softly, though upon hearing your stomach growl she pulls out a neatly wrapped custard bread. Greedily taking a big bite to soothe the growls, you throw her an amazed stare.

“I got Undyne to CRY?” you mumble through your mouthful.

“Y-yes. She freaked when I discovered the association b-between this ‘coma’ and monster ‘falling down’…”

“Whats ‘falling down’? A monster sleep?” you carefully question, considering the topic made Undyne weep.

“W-Well…..sigh- W-when a monster ‘falls down’ its u-usually due to overage or illness, sometimes I-I didn’t know the cause. B-But they will suddenly c-collapse, falling per-say into a deep s-sleep. A few days t-tend to pass and then t-they scatter into d-dust. T-that’s what h-happens when we d-die.”
The sudden realization of the fact that if you were a monster, and should this of been like this fatal ‘falling down’ you’re friends must be vivid with emotion. Another thought popped into your brain, leading to words.

“H-How many of them think I f-fell down?” you warily request.

“E-Everyone..”

“Well shit.” The curse is followed by a sharp shush from the elderly neighbor.

“I-I was going to call them concerning y-your condition. T-they had work and errands to r-run so they l-left for home. B-but I will let them know your stable!” the word stable reannouncing in your head. You should probably tell her…hell with all Ms. Loote seems to not hold, she probably friggin’ knows.

“I’m not…stable though Alphys.” You whimper, glancing away after swallowing the last bits of custard bread. The tiny smile she had made immediately drops.

“I…I know. T-the metal…” Yep. They just cant keep any of your business as YOUR business.

“Alphys, understand this. I would LOVE to get this sh-…these shards-“ you correct, considering your neighbor is fed up with you,” out, but I didn’t practically die to just die again as they are trying to save me!” Your gritting your teeth, stern but upset, because the worry for you is so clear on her rough face it makes you want to punch whoever would cause that ; except its you doing that. Alls you can do is sigh and force a happy smile.

“Alphys. I will be okay. I told the doc’s if the possibility of not dying was better, I would relook the options. Every other time is far too risky for anything to get done. When a good time comes, I will rethink it; I swear. So please - stop making that face…” You put your hand gingerly on hers. Her eyes carefully drop little tears upon the joining hands, nearly causing your own to surface. At the final shaky breath, she grows a weak smile back, wiping her tears with her free claw fingers.

“Okay Jane…” she says, looking pleased in a sense. She pulls out another custard bread, leading to a sudden rapture. Custard bread is so fucking delicious. If she pulls out fucking pocky I will be on clo-………..Oh fuck yes.

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After an hour of munching on custard bread and pocky, your nurse having briefly come in to get real food into your digestion to help reset the cycle, Alphys is excused back to her classes as the x-rays take place. Your doctors inform you that the results of blood work and x-rays should be in the next afternoon but its easiest and safest to remain in the hospital. Remarkably, you agree, giving you plenty of time to go over all the papers.

The bag Alphys had so kindly lugged in contained all Science homework assignments, information regarding what was to happen with your art classes, and letters from your friends. Even one from your uncle, who attached a stuffed rabbits foot key-chain inside his for good luck. It was disgusting to say the least, but very thoughtful. All your monster friends had written individual letters besides Sans and Alphys, though the green card beside the cactus contained students and friend ‘get well soon’s everywhere. You assumed the very lazy semi-illegible one was Sans as it was displayed directly below Papyrus’, encasing the two was a box emphasis of bones. Undynes signature was sharp and nearly pierced the paper, concluding with a fish with bicep fins drawing . It was extremely amusing. The majority of the rest were classmates, teachers, and botanist club mates. After giddily reading each letter, you groaned towards the homework. Ms. Loote never lets
up, you remark, glaring at the 30 papers that you wish would combust. With a heavy sigh, you began the grudging labor of science. Alphys and Undyne shot some texts to you before the internet would cut off, saying goodnights, missing you, and a couple jokes. A random number had called and left a message a few hours back. It was an unknown number, but it was a 3 minute message so it wasn’t one of those blasted machine messages. Confused, you go over your voice-mail to find out who the culprit is.

--“HUMAN JANE?! THIS IS THE GREAT PAPYRUS!! ALPHYS TOLD US YOU’RE AWAKE! I AM SO GLAD YOU DIDN’T FALL DOWN HUMAN…I WOULD BE VERY UPSET. YOU ARE MY NEW HUMAN FRIEND, I WOULD NOT WISH FOR YOU TO BE HURTING. WHEN YOU RETURN FROM THE LAB YOU ARE STAYING AT, I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL GIVE YOU MY BEST SPAGHETTI YET TO HELP YOU HEAL! IT WILL BE AMAZING FRIEND!! SANS! SAY SOMETHING!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!hey kid….uh…hang in there, alright?... aint the time t’ be ‘falling down’ …just remember kid…dont…don’t start skullking in ther-SANSS!! hahaha…i mean it must suck, having the nurses call all the shots. SANSS STOP!! YOU WILL UPSET THE HUMAN WITH YOUR TERRIBLE PUNS!! haha aw cmon paps, just throwin’ a lil’ funnybone aro- NYAAAAGH HUMAN I WILL FREE YOU FROM THIS SUFFERING!! RECOVER SOON FOR SPAGHETTI!!hahaha- *beep**beep**beep*”

…where do I begin?

You cant help it. The abrupt ending, the heartfelt Papyrus, Sans’ retched jokes? You keel over laughing, earning a deserved angry groan from the neighbor, but it doesn’t stop you. You’re grabbing at your gut, attempting to hold in the raucous giggles to the best of your ability. Once you wipe the tears from your eyes, you favorite the call and resume the tedious work. 1:26 A.M hits before you realize it, as you fall asleep with paper wildly scattered about.

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

The afternoon hits, when you’re hit by a clipboard on the head, rousing you eventually. Its Soot, and she is wide eyed and smiling.

“What? Its too early for thi-“

“63%”

....

………

………well that’s the lowest its ever been.

“Fuck it. Do it.”

The strength of the hug and the amount of information she then throws at you is too much for a tired brain to comprehend, so you just nuzzle back to sleep knowing it will happen tomorrow.

However, your awoken by Alphys, shaking you frantically.

“Y-you’re getting the s-s-surgery T-TOMORROW?!“ she looks so pale and confused, heavily panting and sweating as she raced over immediately after her classes hearing the new from Gloria.

“….yep.” you reply, giving her a questioning look, as if she has gone crazy.
“B-but you s-s-said you wouldn’t m-make i-it! P-please!” she pleads, tightly holding your shoulders.

“Alphys, please…They told me the likelihood of me dying was 63%...63%!” you reason, and she looks flabbergasted.

“63!? T-That’s above 50 Jane!!”

“Yes it is. 37% likelihood I will live. BUT!” you sit up, enthused almost, “it’s the second lowest number I have gotten, and the last was 79 Alphys. 79! After that test, it skyrocketed up to 93%!! If it does it again, I would KILL myself.” Your holding her now, she is trying to plead with her eyes, but they are brimming with tears.

“B-B-But..”

“No Alphys. I have to do this…Trust me, I would much rather it be lower, but it’s the lowest I have gotten EVER. Its my current best chance, and there will be some pretty fucking good surgeons.” You expect the harsh groans, but you’d forgotten they carted your neighbor out to freedom already. She finally slumps into a chair beside the bed, rubbing her face stressfully and clearing it of tears.

“Alphys, please. Trust me and the doctors. I need you to trust the doctors since im going to be out cold.” You imply, thinking about how much it will hurt subconsciously. She attempts a sad glare, but you only give her a wide smile.

“It’ll go by faster then you know it!” you beam. She finally gives in. However, there wasn’t technically anything she could do other then attempt to persuade you. She sniffs, knowing that visiting hours are nearly up and gives a unflattering gaze.

“I-Im going to call everyone o-okay?” she insists.

“No Alphys. If they are busy, I don’t want them worrying. Undyne is the only one allowed! You told me before it takes FOREVER to get here from your home. I don’t want them to waste gas or anything.” You reason.

“You’re n-not a waste of g-gas!” her voice is filled with anger, which surprises you. Its practically a shout, if it wasn’t so mumbled and whimpering. She stands abruptly, giving a sad gaze as she reaches the door.

“Im still calling t-them.” With that, she leaves.

You groan and murmur while wiping at your cheeks. This morning doesn’t even feel like it happened. Everything is about to change. This could go really bad. You clutch the rabbits foot and pray towards the window. Not one to usually pray, you hope this is a sign your not ready to converse again with the other side…though did chatting with skeletons count? The thought of the bro’s passing on messages to the afterlife amused you enough to sleep.

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

You awaken the next afternoon only to find they are stabbing you with needles.

“Sorry! Sorry.” Says one nurse, the other giving a relaxing sigh and easing your nerves.

*I didn’t sign up for these fucking ridiculous wake-up calls…*

“Ms. Kiel, the doctors are going to start your surgery in an hour” She calmly says, though she
doesn’t receive a calm response. You woke up as they are trying to put you under. Fucking brilliant. You basically just slept the past day away. You try to struggle, but of course Soot reapplied the leather bindings. Glancing at the clock, it reads 10:49. You tried to recount how much sleep you’ve gotten the last 2 days, but you can’t recall anything.

“How…how long was I sleeping?” you ask, trying to reach for the nurse not stabbing you with a needle.

“Ms. Kiel I need you to relax. You’ve been slipping in and out of comatose state during your sleep. You drifted back into it 4 days ago. Your scheduled surgery was meant for 3 days ago.” She informs you, gently stroking your hair back as she applies the anesthesia mask. Alls you can groggily manage is to roll your head about in utter defeat.

“Your friends are going to be waiting for you when you’re all done, m’kay?” This nurse is very good at her job, but then not.

“Who camee?” you blubber, anesthesia kicking in faster then you’d hoped.

“A lot of your good friends came. They were mostly monsters. Umm there was a reptile…a fish lady…two skeletons—“

Oh fuck me.

“a goat? A really tall lady goat with a kid…your nice teacher who brought the cactus, and your uncle informed us he would be here soon.” She happily finishes, suddenly taking in your terrified face.

“MY UNCLE?!” you lurch forward, painfully digging the needle into your arm, trying to undo the straps frantically. The nurses begin to panic, trying to relax you.

“Its alright hey hey calm down!” the kind one is easing you back, though your huffing in the gas hastily in your heaving panic.

“OH gosh sorry” this nurse just wants to keep stabbing you, doesn’t she.

You’re laid back and the grogginess hits you. Sleep is great, but this isn’t sleep you look forward to waking up from. Then again, you had to wake up. To Alphys, Undyne, Papyrus and Sans…Toriel and Frisk. They were going to be there…hopefully.

“D-Don’t let m-my uncle s-see them pleeassee.” You beggingly mutter, fighting the anesthesia.

“D-Don’t let m-my uncle s-see them pleeassee.” You beggingly mutter, fighting the anesthesia. Should he meet them, you fear he will drive away all of them, judge them and you. Your new friends were too important; they had given up these days to come and support you, you couldn’t ask for much more.

Everything began to blur together. They were transporting you to the operation room. With the little awareness you have left, you vaguely make out Papyrus. That or its another see-through 7-ft guy with a vibrant orange scarf swaying in the non existent wind. He attempts to rush for you, but a little blue figure holds him back; likely Sans. That’s all you can make out before the doors open, the lights blare into your face, and you close your eyes.

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Papyrus and Sans both sit back down. Alphys is twitchier then usual, comforting and being comforted by the on and off Undyne. Frisk is napping upon Toriels lap, who is carefully brushing hair from their face.
“Will the human be alright Sans?” Papyrus hardly ever lowers his voice. This is more of a whisper then when he is intentionally whispering.

“ya bro. humans got more determination than we could handle. shes in good hands bro.” Sans mutters, though he has his doubts. Alphys had only shared your health issues with him and Toriel. You were crazy. To go to the hospital over that fucking incident, to then go into life-threatening surgery was unbelievably stupidly crazy. But he didn’t know you.

He wants to though…

Everyone remained in the waiting hall for what felt like an eternity. Allowed past visitors hours, everyone was basically asleep besides Toriel and Sans. Sans had dark circles before, but it now appeared he had bigger eye-sockets. Toriel took notice over her book and gave a worrisome grin.

“Sans, you should rest. I recall you having 3 scheduled jobs set tomorrow, correct?” Toriel inquires, giving a gentle yawn herself.

“heh, i put ’em off. besides im pretty tired” Toriel holds back a chortle, as Sans give her a sly and weary wink of the eyesocket. “whats keepin’ the monster official up?” he playfully points, as Toriel bookmarks the chapter she had previously been reading before flaunting it.

“ Its about anti-gravity. I know how you enjoy your gravitational powers and science, so I gave it a whirl. Turns out its impossible to put down.” She snickers, earning a low chuckle from the skeleton, his ribs shaking slightly under his parka. Accidentally, they hit the back of the wall, earning an unpleasant yet mild crack that didn’t hurt, but made enough vibration to shake Toriel into worry. Sans catches her stare and gives her a fake smile, rubbing his ribs gently beyond his shirt.

“heh im fine, just a little rattled. if i did break a bone, i will know to marrow.” Sans jokes, earning another silent laugh from Toriel. The fake smile doesn’t hold well, as he continues to brood on how the surgery is going. 6. 6 hours without any word.

“You’re greatly concerned for her, aren’t you?” Toriel sighs, giving him a gentle gaze. His white pupils shoot to her, fixing his smile.

“Don’t lie.” Her interjection cuts off his sentence. He looks to her, pupils dim and smile strained.

“What do you mean?”

“I saw how you stared at her during the ball.” She says, giving her own slippery smile. He flinches, a minor blue blush running over his cheekbones.

“It was gentle, warm, and curious. I nearly thought it was for Papyrus, but whenever she made a joke, your laugh was louder then his groaning.” She says, giving a giddy glance to Papyrus and back. Sans is slowly pulling his hood overhead.

“Whenever she did that adorable little snort, your grin got wider and wider ; feeding off it. You like her, don’t you?” she simpers. He is completely hidden behind the blue hood and brown fuzz, though his face is a deep blush of blue, resembling the sky surrounded by cloud. He musters minor courage to look at Toriel, but is greeted with a grin similar to that Grinch character.

“its uh….snorting…ya…um…..” he mumbles, fidgeting in his jacket. How can he tell her that your
snort is better than any laugh, any applause, and is the perfect reward? How he loves it as much as Papyrus loves spaghetti?

The operating room occupied light turns off, catching Toriel’s eye, as she gently glances over. Uncertain, she makes no movements or no mention. She looks to Sans, though he can’t see much hiding under his hood and looking away in embarrassment. Alphys gently stirs, hearing the rustle of his clothing. A few nurses hastily round a corner with a trolley of equipment, catching everyone’s attention, as they carefully enter the operating room. Alphys has baited breath as she carefully sits up, her attention entirely on the door; Undyne clinging to her side, fumbling about in her sleep with groans. Finally, your family doctor emerges, removing the medical mask from her face and reviewing a clipboard.

“D-D-Doctor?” Alphys manages, no longer able to hold that breath. Though its no higher than a whisper, in the quiet hall it practically echoes. She catches it bouncing, and directs her attention and movement toward the monster group. Alphys and Sans abruptly stand, Toriel remaining in her seat to cradle Frisk closer.

“Ah, how are you doing Alphys?” she whispers, approaching quietly.

“U-Um im w-well……i-is J-J….J-Jane o-okay?” she mutters abruptly fast. Her and Sans are both forming sweat nervously as the doctor just intakes their concern. She gives a gentle smile and reviews her clipboard.

“The surgery was a success dear. She will wake up in a day or two, extremely sore no doubt. Should pass that by though with about a week’s worth of rest.” Alphys finally breathes, Sans grabs a handkerchief from his pocket, quick to wipe his skull. Toriel gives a sigh of relief, gently transferring Frisk off her lap to stand.

“Thank you so much for this, Doctor Leasoft. If she cannot repay the surgical bills, I will gladly take it upon myself. She has been so pleasant to us it’s the least I can do.” Toriel offers, but gets a shake of the head immediately.

“No need ma’am. Her uncle is here and agreed prior to pay for the necessary procedure costs and any additional medicines.”

“H-Her uncle? I-I thought h-he was in A-Asia..” Alphys mumbles to herself, not realizing how her quiet voice is like Papyrus’ in this silent hall.

“He was, but from what I hear he flew in. However, Ms. Kiel told the nurses to keep you separated from him for now.”

“separated?...is he dangerous?” Sans cuts in, suddenly concerned for their safety.

“The most the nurses heard from her before she was put under is ‘that jerk will drive my new friends away’. Now im going to drive you away because you all look terribly exhausted and should be headed home.”

“C-Can we s-see her before w-w-we leave?” Alphys kindly asks, holding in her tears. Undyne is finally moving about, from all the echoing but hasn’t said a word.

“Hmm…I don’t see why not, but she won’t be awake. Just wait for them to bring her out, I will let them know. Afterwards, please proceed home carefully. Goodnight.” She says, swiftly walking back to the room to tell them of the patient waiters, to scurry out and down the other end of the hall.
Sans and Toriel slowly wake up Papyrus and Frisk. Though after hearing they get to see you, they didn’t react sleepy at all. Undyne looked emotionally exhausted, and Toriel had left but returned with coffee and tea; honeyed tea for Papyrus and Frisk. Finally, after another 5 minutes, 3 nurses roll you out carefully with a breathing tube coming out your mouth. The nurses halt near the company and allow them 5 minutes under close observation by them.

Toriel picks up Frisk to level with the bed, as he gently squeezes your fingers, careful to not touch your heartbeat monitor upon your index. Toriel gently brushes the strands of hair from your face, watching you slow intake of breaths. They move away for Undyne and Papyrus.

“Dammit punk! Don’t you EVER scare us like that again! Y’hear?!” Undyne barks, but is quickly shushed by the nurse entourage.

“Human. Sleep well, and we will have spaghetti later…whisper” whispers Papyrus, after carefully bending over to close in on your ear. He sits up and gently pats your head, taking in your sleeping frail body. Undyne comes over and gives the wimpiest punch to the shoulder possible before making way for Alphys and Sans. Though they care deeply, they take a scientific view of the situation as well. Never seen surgery performed; monsters didn’t have the technology to keep them alive in such a state, the only strong enough substitute was determination.

Alphys took in as much as her tear-filled gaze could before finally breaking a little. You were one of her closest friends; brute, protective, smart, funny, and accepting of monsters. She hated seeing you strapped to a breathing machine, how there was dry blood remnants under your hospital gown, and how you wouldn’t share anything about your life til it was happening around you. It reminded her of Sans and his need for secrets. She looked to him as he took in your sleeping form as well.

Sans’ stare differed. He had taken in the scientific possibilities, how tough and tenacious human souls were. He could see plenty. But not yours. Yours was hidden too deep to see, and he wouldn’t just lurch it out of you to delve deeper. He looked at how peaceful you were, and remembered seeing pictures of people in coma’s online. When he’d heard, he did coma research, and saw plenty of pictures of people just sleeping. It truly was another form of ‘falling down’ but for humans, and they tended to last longer with the medical help provided. But he didn’t want that. He needed you to wake up, to ask more, to understand more, to know more, about you. But he was good at that… he was made to be patient. Heh, patient. He ran a bony finger down your cheek and stepped away; the 5 minute duration up. The nurses quickly surrounded the rolling bed and returned you to your room.

Everyone sleepily returned to their residences. Toriel, Frisk, Papyrus and Sans didn’t have important work tomorrow, and had found a lovely inn to stay at over the weekend. Undyne had basically earned her way to being allowed to sleepover every night, more fight in her each time. She and Alphys stayed in the dorms, not using your bed. Alphys planned to bring more custard bread and maybe your plushes tomorrow or the next day.

She hoped you would wake up soon.

She had so much to tell you.

And she wanted to meet this uncle of yours.

Chapter End Notes
Fuuuuucckkk this chapter.
Was so fucking stressful and long. I nearly deleted it and remade the entire fucking chapter, but then I couldn't concept what I want to do in the next one so easily...now could I B1?
Will try and have the next one actually up tomorrow....
( But I have friends I need to chat with, games I want to play, family I will be seeing midday for the majority OF said day, sooo the next chapter if its not out tomorrow, should be by 10th. YEP. )
You wish it was just someone decided it would be absolutely hysterical to take a kango drill and dig at your heart. You wished that’s what was there, because it fucking felt like it was. On and piercing, your tired painful groans turn into louder grunts and heavy breathing of sheer agony, straining to not clutch at the stitches. A nurse beside you quickly straightened and soothed you, while hitting an array of buttons on a wall-mounted board. Breathing was the worst. You wished you stopped breathing; a fleeting thought however, as that would be unconducive progress. Tears overrinn in your eyes, solidly shutting them together, feeling as if the lids would superglue. Gasping on painful stinging air, you grab the bars of the bed, in search of pain relief. Your doctor and more nurses rush in, screaming about directions and orders. They struggle to secure you down once more, flailing. Skin sensitive and clammy, painful and throbbing on beat with your heart. It was trying to jump out of you.

Finally, the nurses administer a strong pain-reliever, however it makes you incredibly numb. Once relaxing, the doctor sends the majority of the nurses back to normal work, leaving the first and prior to stay with you. Soot stands beside you, rubbing your sweat coated hair from your face.

“Morning sleeping beauty. Or should I call you the beast?” she giggles, and if you weren’t restrained and felt like your limbs still existed, you would gladly uppercut her. Alls you can muster is a grunt as a paiful ache throbs in your chest.

“Iiss it ouut?” you slur, no longer able to feel the majority of your face. The painkiller worked well, but it still felt as if someone just dug a hole to your heart to let it see the light, and you were being burned from the suns rays. A throbbing sweltering burn, slow and deep. Leasoft takes note of your talking attempt, and shush’s your slurs.

“Yes, they’re out. You’re done until your monthly check-up to check the healing progress.” She chimes, ignoring your groans of retaliation. “You can leave tomorrow if your so desperate. The surgery was clean, but not quick. If you still want them, we kept them bagged for your brothers
next parole hearing; a reminder to the judges no doubt.” She recalls, but you struggle and gaze away, thoughts of the final bits of your brother that had physically been killing you inside, was finally gone. He couldn’t harm you anymore, though his actions were carved into you…

“I wiiill keep ’emmm. Thankk uuuuu..” you garble, a tiny amount of drool nearly escaping your mouth, as your tongue ceased existing and your lips felt on the verge of popping from over-swelling. “Cannn I eeaatt-t? Pweeaazz?” you beg, giving your best groggy puppy eyes.

“I don’t think you can keep anything in you right now Jane. Your tongue is lolling out your mouth.” She claims, you giving your best effort to pull it back in.

“Buutt SsoooT. Im ah staaahrvinnngg aartists.” You pun, growing a wide smile, as you are unknowingly pronouncing your T’s. She gets a kick out of it and shortles some at your slurred joke.

“Sure Jane. I will get you some ice-cream. Just chill m’kay?” she chortles, letting a hearty laugh out as she leaves. You glare wavy lightning at her, vision ceasing to work. Everyone just starts making puns as soon as you restart. GREAT.

After an hour of relaxing, trying to keep ice-cream in your mouth, and coming off pain reliever slowly, finally the aching in your chest calms. You only glimpse at it as the calm before the storm. Tonight or later on would probably be more agonizing torture. However, something else is here to fill the hole above your heart.

“HUMAN!!” Papyrus busts down the door, piggy-backing a Frisk who carefully ducks below the low-built door of your room. He carries a sack-like bag, carefully displaying books and board games brimming for freedom. Frisk carries a pot with a golden flower inside. You almost think it is scowling at you…that’s before you realize its literally is. This flower is glaring daggers into your eyes. A face planted (heh planted…) where the disk-flowers would be, as white as Toriels fur. The petals a vibrant yellow gold shimmering and physically shaking, its leaves folded inward similar to arms being crossed. You cant pry your eyes from this magnificent monster life-form.

“HUMAN, I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, HAVE BROUGHT PUZZLES, GAMES, AND FRISK! FRISK BROUGHT FLOWEY!!” Though Papyrus’ voice was booming and excited, you could tell he dismayed and struggled to stay happy seeing your condition. Who wouldn’t? You had an IV drip jabbed in your arm, an EKG keeping pace of your heartbeat, and a respirator left in your nose to assist breathing control. You were tired, hair somewhat messy, still sweating, and constant winces of pain and hissing probably didn’t help your case of trying to look alright. He carefully put down Frisk, now no longer trying to hide his sadness. Frisk joined, seeing you paining his soul. The flower in his hands visibly gazed elsewhere purposefully.

“HUMAN…HOW ARE YOU FEELING TODAY? WE…WE WERE VERY CONCERNED FOR YOU…” though loud, Papyrus was gently kneeling beside, unsure and panicky as you settled into a sitting up position. Frisk thought quick, placing the flower onto the table besides you and adjusting your pillow for more comfort. Sitting up was excruciating, but you wouldn’t lay there for either of these two. They were, after all, the adorablest and sweetest of the pod. Thinking of the pod, the rest were in or just outside the doorway, looming in wait as if requiring permission or a secret password to enter. Finally groaning and settling against the pillow, you give them both a weak smile.

“Not even a hole cut to my heart can keep me down after I see you guys.” You pat Papyrus’ gloved hands, ruffling at Frisks loose hair, earning a hearty giggle. You hear a groan of disappointment
and shoot you eyes to the pot.

“Frisk, this human is depressing and stinks. I don’t want to be here, I might get infected.” It rudely states, giving you a glare of anger and apprehension. Though if you were anything like Papyrus, you had stars in your eyes as you nonchalantly grab the pot and closely inspect the being, not caring of shooting pain from quick movement.

“What are you? You are absolutely fascinating!!” you say, gently feeling at its leaves, though it gives an angry slap at your prying fingers.

“DON’T TOUCH ME YOU SICK HUMAN!!” it screeches, and earns a angry stare from practically everyone, though Sans does more then stare. Before you realize, he is holding the pot outside the now open and breezy window, threatning to drop the poor thing. It looks terrified beyond belief.

“who said she was sick? i dont see anything here sick but your attitude.” His eyes are dark, nonexistent ears not hearing the forgiving pleas of the plant. Toriel practically snarls at him, holding close the flower. The flower nuzzles close to the mother figure, and Toriel starts a small tirade of anger upon Sans who grows more sweat on his skull every second. Carefully drawing your attention away, Undyne and Alphys approach the bed beside Papyrus.

“T-That flower is F-Flowey. I-I m-made him..” Alphys answers, you shooting her an amazed look.

“You made a sentient being in a flower?! Alphys that’s so flipping COOL! Why didn’t you tell me?!” you beam, seeking answers as a botanist and scientist. However, it was also rude considering he was a monster in a sense.

“That flowers got bark and bite.” Undyne quips, knowing how uncomfortable Alphys is about explaining the creation of Flowey. “Short version ‘s the plants Toriels son who ‘fell down’, Alphys tried to save him but he ended up in the flower. Went crazy in the underground ; tried to kill us all but Frisk spared ‘im . He doesn’t have a soul, and we haven’t been able to get Asriel outta ‘im.” She states, rather bluntly as you rethink that. This flower attempted to kill your new friends previously, was Toriels son AKA a prince, and was soulless sentient being. You couldn’t hold back your cackle. Alphys just gave you a happy smile, though Papyrus and Undyne looked at you as if you’d lost your mind. Though with Sans, it was infectious, he himself starting a low chuckle. Toriel merely looked confused, though gave you Flowey to you after gestures for him. Holding the retaliating life close, you gave a genuine smile to it, receiving a baffled stare in return.

“I can’t say how much of a little inspiration you are. Im a botanist ; I LOVE natural plants and studying such things. Forgive me for prying, I just am marveled at how you work, what you’ve been through. You are something I have imagined to create for so many years, and here you are, in my shaking hands. Though you have a bit of an attitude!” you inform, giggling slightly. “However-” you clutch the pot tightly, threatning to crack under your fingers anger fueled pressure. The life notices, suddenly afraid to meet your gaze ; it should.

“Should you threaten to kill my new friends again, I will dissect you and feed whatever your innards look like to my babies~” you muse, though the face upon the flower seems to pale, shivers of the petals indicating his fear of the situation. However, Papyrus ruins the moment.

“HUMAN, YOU’RE A MOTHER?!” he screams, standing up quickly, shocked at the news.

“Huh?!” Undyne follows him in astonishment. They both cover their mouth’s hastily, as to not create too much noise.
“I-I think she means Louis and S-Seymour…right?” Alphys comments, quietly compared to the muffled screams behind Papyrus’ gloves.

“Yeah Papyrus! They aren’t my biological babies. I just call them my babies because they are precious! They are more…pets?” You comment, though unsure. It felt wrong to call them pets, considering they still were plant-life…just sentient plant life.

“that don’t sound certain. if theyre pets, theyre pets.” Sans presses.

“Well they aren’t NORMAL pets…” you correct, sweat accumulating on your brow. You carefully hand Frisk back Flowey, who gives a sudden harrumph.

“Hardly afraid of whatever mutts you have, human.” Growls Flowey, folding its arms.

“Ehhhhh” you eerily reply. It notices, nearly flinching at the dark grin you have grown. “ Alphys.”

“Y-yes?” she notices your dark smug grin, not liking where this is going.

“I was supposed to feed them yesterday. I don’t know if Ms. Loote has the time or knowledge I haven’t fed them. Can you go for me? They know you, they wont…bite.” Your grin grows wider, your evil eyes holding on the little flower, unsure of your intentions. “Why don’t you take Undyne and FLOWEY here to go get them some grub?...Seriously its Saturday, im supposed to be feeding them grubs today. They will hate me later.”

Undyne gives a confused and concerned look. She doesn’t want Alphys near anything that MIGHT not bite. But then she thinks on it more, an almost literal lightbulb appearing and going off above her head, before she gasps and starts yelling.

“OH!! OOOHHH YOU MEAN YOUR GIANT MONST-“

“Shhhhhhhhh Undyne Shhh. Yes.” You shush her, not wanting to ruin the evil surprise. This freaks the tiny plant more. If it had a bladder, you hoped it would be pissing itself with the face you’re getting. For almost a split second, you catch a glimpse of tiny Toriel’s face looking miserable ; a child of sorts. Though, its replaced quickly with a scowl you’re coming to understand. It only makes you grin wider.

“heh, got a skeleton in your closet?” Sans jokes, but the devilish grin you give him sends a shiver down his vertebrae.

“Oh they’re better then a skeleton~ They don’t break an entering into a womans dorm first thing in the damned morn-“ you review, but are quickly shut up with a skeletal hand. It catches you, and your struck smitten again. Ignoring Sans’ nervous chuckles and Toriel’s confused stares that slowly grow angry, your looking at a living beings skeletal hand. It fascinates you. Unlike with Papyrus, who didn’t show his hands, you couldn’t appreciate all the minor bone and indents. Sans almost always hid his hands in his pockets, but now they were there right in front of your face. ON YOUR FACE. You gently grabbed it and mentally started reading off individual phalanges, muttering under your breath. Sans quickly pulled away, fear and embarrassment rising as he, Undyne, Alphys and Flowey stormed out of the room, leaving Frisk, Papyrus and Toriel.

“I-Im sorry…did I offend him?” you ask, trying to process all that happened. You had completely zoned everything out reading his phalanges and metacarpals.

“Offend him? Oh no dear. He took Alphys and Undyne with Flowey to go feed your pets. Though, I believe it was to escape the need of an explanation as to what you meant by ‘breaking into a womans dorm’. ” Toriel replies, sidling up to opposite side of your bed. “Can you please explain
though?” she was giving you a gentle smile, but you felt a fiery maternal rage growing in the back. You weren’t sure if telling her would be wise; your new friends likely a pile of bones on the floor later. However you were already too deep to avoid it, and you physically couldn’t run away.

“AH! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, HAD THOUGHT IT WOULD BE BEST TO VISIT ALPHYS AND THE HUMAN AT THEIR APARTMENT!! SANS TOLD ME IT WAS TOO EARLY, BUT I WAS SO EXCITED! WE SHOWED UP AND EVERYONE WAS STILL ASLEEP, SO WE HAD TO HIDE AWAY FROM MISS GLORIA. ALPHYS HID US ALL IN THE CLOSET. WE WERE SO SNEAKY!!” Papyrus burst. Oh sweetest of the pod…why..?

Toriel gave you a careful glance, and you nodded that it was true. It brought back up the question of how they had gotten in your damned dorm anyway, considering they were monsters, boys, and no passes. Baffled, but you let it slide. From what you heard, Sans was the one to ask about how they got in. Toriel merely sighed and returned a gentle smile at you.

“Well, I know you have been through a lot, my child, but Papyrus and Frisk brought some games to play incase you were well enough.” She said. Child? You were past your teenage years, but remembering that she was hundreds of years older then you, and a natural mother figure, you would let it slide. In her eyes, even an elder might be a child.

“Well I would LOVE to do some card games and puzzles.” You say, looking to Papyrus who was beaming with joy, fiddling through the sack of puzzles, and Frisk who had carefully jumped and plopped his kiester on the edge of the bed, kicking his little feet.

“VERY WELL HUMAN!! PUZZLES ALWAYS HELP ME FEEL BETTER WHENEVER A SPECK OF SADNESS COMES OUT! IT WILL SURELY AID IN YOUR RECOVERY IN PLACE OF MY AMAZING SPAGHETTI! NYEH HEH HEH!!”

You and Toriel giggled, watching him enthuse and try to pick a puzzle board, as Frisk just kept staring at you. Giving him a quick look, he was looking at your chest, presumably at the bloodied bandages. He looked so serious, and taking advantage of Toriel trying to assist Papyrus in choosing a puzzle, you nuzzled forward into his head.

“Don’t worry. It doesn’t hurt right now. Im sorry if it scares you…” you calmly say, trying to ease the childs fears. He is using a handy clipboard with paper on it the doctors gave him in place of sign-language. Easier communication you presumed. He scribbled something down and showed you the paper, trying to read the semi-scribbled writing.

Wheres ur soul?

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

After a tiring and hasty sneaking session, Alphys and the others arrived at the botanist shed with your set of keys. She had to retreat into the dorm to retrieve them from behind one of your canvases, where it was always hid. She’d left Sans, Undyne and Flowey near the shed in a bush, and as she unlocked the doors, she signaled them to hurry in. Undyne held Flowey and did a sick barrel roll, at the expense of a freaking out flower, and Sans slowly walked in, earning a disappointing boo from Undyne, and Alphys followed in last, locking one lock inside to ensure no one would find them.

Undyne gave a whistle after looking inside the botanist shed. It was a little hot for her, but the moisture in the air made up for it. Sans looked very hesitant around all the new plants, as did Flowey.
“This place is awesome! This is your club, Alph?” Undyne remarked, turning to Alphys who was turning a bit red with blush.

“Y-Yes. Though i-im not an official m-member yet.” She replied, getting a toothy grin that she loved so much from Undyne who then continue to survey the room.

“any of these things like that weed?” Sans remarks, gesturing to Flowey.

“You idiot. Im not a fucking weed!” Flowey barks, but gets a stern single stare from Undyne for swearing. Was a habit he was getting broken in for ; not swearing.

“U-Um…only o-one.” Alphys admitted, earning a quick worried glance from everyone.

Alphys didn’t want to mention it but to better show it, as she carefully brushed passed them into the back. Undyne followed close behind, tense for what she knew was in here. Flowey and Sans were much more hesitant, as they were in the dark about what was your ‘pet’, but followed nonetheless. Alphys opened the nearby fridge and fished out two cans of sardines. She remembered you saying that you had a tiny grub farm in a container of dirt and grass. She carefully took the lid off and eyed the gross wiggling creatures that were left hanging on the edges. She plucked out as many as she could and put them in the bucket with the sardines. She turned the known corner, and there almost proudly stood Louis and Seymour, awaiting their meal. Glancing forward, she wasn’t as scared as before of the towering foliage, that gently swayed at knowledge of the bucket. She made a cautious was towards it, only to jump to a excited and terrified screech from Undyne.

“IS THAT IT?!?! OH MY SHIT!! SHE WASNT FUCKING KIDDING! HO-O-OLY SHIT!!” She laughed, approaching her girlfriend and concerning more for her safety as it moved freely. Alphys giggled, thinking at how curious she looked at it. Sans didn’t give a similar reaction. He and Flowey sat near the corner, his pupils disappeared and he was hesitant to approach the giant. Flowey looked speechless and gasping for the words.

“a-alphys.” Sans stuttered ; catching that he was never one to stutter-“whats..that.”

“W-Well…-“ she pointed and explained-“This is Louis and t-this one is Seymour. They a-are Janes plant e-experiment and her p-pet.”

“ah. okay. yeah. sure. i aint okay with that thing.” He stated, gently taking it one step at a time.

“Oh whats it doing?!” Undyne gasped, watching Louis slowly open its mouth-trap.

“A-Ah!” Alphys gasped, putting the bucket down carefully and prying open the sardine cans. Undyne took the hint and helped with the other as Sans took tentative steps closer, his pupils dark but existent, watching its every move. “W-We need to feed t-them.”

“So spray the stupid thing with some water. Why are you taking out more smelly fish when we already have one?” Flowey spewed, earning another pissed glare from Undyne and a cracking clutch at his pot from Sans. He truly wasn’t in a place to be making rude remarks. Sans finally was beside the girls as they finished opening the cans.

“J-Just w-w-wait here…” Alphys said, carefully approaching past the 3ft range Jane had told her about. She didn’t know how long you would be unable to come see them, so if she was going to have to do this, she had to become comfortable around them and they needed to know her. Though she didn’t want to be known. She took a shaky breath in, a foot away from Louis who was ready. As she tried to lift her arms, Undyne tried to step forward to do it, but Alphys retaliated.

“N-No Undyne! I-Its not safe!” she ordered, stopping Undyne in her tracks. She wasn’t used to the
bossy side of Alphys.

“If its not safe, why are you getting so close to it!?”

“B-Because Jane can do this n-no problem. I...I don’t know h-how long she will be gone. If it’s a w-while, I need to get respect f-from them. P-please. You cant hurt t-them. N-No matter what!” Alphys pressed, Undyne taking the hint and gently backing back to Sans.

“Allright...but don’t get hurt.” She growled, keeping a close eye on her. Alphys blushed at how protective Undyne was of her now that they were an official couple. The thought of being a couple with the one she admired and loved made her whole face heat up. But she shook it and concentrated. From what she knew, Louis was the nicer of the two; obedient. She had a stool that wasn’t overly stable against the rocky ground in order to reach the trap. She kept a count of how many sardines she threw in for Louis and patiently waited for them to close.

Nothing happened. Then it hit her. Literally. Louis gently nudged her, and Undyne held back from running over as Alphys gently wobbled from the push. She had forgotten to give them the grubs. Carefully she fished a few of the wriggling bugs from the bucket and threw them in along the sardine. Louis’ mouth closed rather quickly, giving Undyne and Sans a chill. Now came the tricky one; Seymour.

Alphys took a gulp of courage to steady her voice.

“Seymour.” She said, carefully turning to the other head as Louis backed away. Seymour slowly drew closer to her face. “O-O-“ she stuttered, before taking another breath and looking at the slow moving plant. It had bitten down on you, and the most that happened was a minor rash. She was a woman of science, perils such as this were nothing but a minor hurdle. She cleared her throat and gained back her confidence. “Open, Seymour.”

…

……After an agonizing ten seconds, Seymour obliged and slowly opened his mouth. Alphys could make out the feelers, much more teeth like then Louis. Undyne and Sans had unintentionally gotten closer to examine: Undyne because she was worried for Alphys and thought this was really cool, and Sans was a scientist previously and tried to figure out how this functioned.

“it can hear?” he quietly asked, looking to Alphys for answers.

“Y-Yes. She said to t-think of him as a p-puppy…” she replied, hesitant of him. She turned to Undyne who was staring at the feeler teeth. “U-um hey may b-bite me…”

“Huh?!“ Undyne gasped, almost pulling a spear from the air but quickly shushed by Alphys in a panic. She wasn’t sure if loud noises triggered anything.

“I-Its fine! Its not r-real teeth. He is just...n-nippy.” She reassured, but Undyne was still wary.

“Let me do it then babe.”

“N-no Undyne. H-He might think your h-hand is a sardine and actually d-digest it..”

“This thing will digest my hand in its mouth?!“ she backpedaled, Sans giving more wary glance to still opening maw.

“L-Look. I will feed him, a-and if he b-bites on my arm, don’t do anything! P-please.” She pleads.
“Babe, I aint letting this plant bite you!”

“I-I need to do this! He b-bites Jane o-often but he doesn’t h-hurt her. Just if h-he does d-do something, don’t move or t-touch anything. He will l-let go.” Before Undyne can protest, Alphys turns back and starts carefully placing sardines in Seymours mouth. His mouth flinches a few times, making everyone else flinch in panic, but nothing eventful occurs. Flowey gives an exaggerated yawn from the ground where he is placed, and Undyne rolls her eye at him. Sans has taken caution to the wind as he carefully inspects Louis, the gentler of the giants.

Finally, keeping count with two extra sardines, Alphys throws the remnants of the grubs in before giving a shaky smile.

“G-Good boy.” she says, trying to step down. But the stool wobbles, throwing her off balance. Veering forward, her coat sleeve brushes a feeler, and Seymour slams shut with her arm in his jaws, slowly lifting her off the ground. She lets out a panicked yelp, Sans and Undyne immediately at her side.

“alphys!” he yells, grabbing her legs which are slowly being lifted. Alphys is hyperventilating and shaking.

“YOU OVERGROWN PLANT, LET HER GO!!” Undyne roars, forming a spear and aiming it at the base of the moving traps mouth.

“D-Don’t hurt him! You will pierce my a-arm!” Alphys snaps, irritating Undyne.

“THEN WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?!”

“S-stop screaming Undyne please!” Alphys yells, surprising Sans and Undyne. “I’m f-fine. Please r-relax.”

Undyne is breathing hard, trying to calm down in a fit of rage.

“S–Seymour. Let go….Let go Seymour.” Alphys commands, shaky but commanding. Seymour slowly begins to lower her, careful hold on her arm to assure she doesn’t plummet to the ground. Sans releases and watches her come back, and Undyne is beside her settling point. As soon as Alphys’ feet touch the ground, Seymour carefully opens his mouth, releasing her arm. Undyne immediately picks up Alphys who gives a protesting squeak, and moves to the opposite side, followed quickly by Sans.

“Are you okay? Are you hurt?! Let me see your arm!” Undyne complains gesturing for her partners arm. She views it and reels back, Sans coming closer to investigate in awe. The coat of her jacket dissolved under the acidic saliva, her arm coated in the substance that seemed to not threaten to break her scaled skin.

“I-Its fine. I’m fine. I-I just need to run it under s-some water.” Alphys protests, trying to stand and is openly assisted by Undyne. She rushes to the sink and turns it on hastily in a semi-panic. Alphys giggles and with her not saliva covered arm, holds her hand.

“I’m fine Undyne…” she whispers, giving a calming smile that finally leaves Undyne sighing in relief. She bends over and gives sloppy but loving pecks all over Alphys’ head, leaving the monster blushing red-orange as she cleans her arm of the grime.

“so that happens a lot?” Sans chimes in, pointing to Seymour.

“Y-Yes. Its not his fault. H-He technically caught me from falling on the ground…it w-would have
hurt more if he hadn’t grabbed me. It was probably because I grazed over his feelers…”

“Well, next time you need to do this, call me. I don’t trust ‘t.” Undyne said, holding back a growl thinking of the event.

“O-okay…” she replied. It meant more time for Undyne and her to spend together, even if it was helping feed your pet plant.

Undyne nodded her head in approval, trudging over to Flowey and grabbing him. A hint of defiance as she pulled the pot up, but she ignored it and group left the shed.

Flowey was scowling, but earlier during the chaos, he had the widest grin in a long time. He watched Alphys squirm for freedom after he’d knocked over the stool with his vines, but was sourly disappointed when a PLANT couldn’t even manage to give him some torturous enjoyment. Buzz kill.

You watched as the rest of your friends returned, though it was very late. The hospital was a half hour drive, and they had spent another two hours roaming the canvas with Gloria since last time had been…interrupted. You immediately took note of Alphys’ coat being half dissolved, and held in a chuckle.

“He bit you too?” you smirked, earning a gentle smile from Alphys. Undyne, wasn’t smiling after that. She rushed you and grabbed at the collar of your hospital dress, slightly lifting you from the mattress.

“You knew?!” You gasped as her grip brushed the stitched wound and you writhed in pain quietly beneath her. She gasped at the realization, carefully putting you down.

“Shit! Shit im sorry! Shi-“ she kept muttering and you flew a hand to her tooth mouth to silence her before pointing to the old neighbors bed. Papyrus and Frisk were laying there for a nap, and Papyrus had begun to shift to all the ruckus, but remained dormant. You and Undyne sighed as the pain flowed through your whole body.

“Yeah…I-I warned you Alphys…he’s uh…a little ankle biter.” You comment, Undyne suddenly slack jawing towards Alphys who looked very shy, “though im guessing from your reaction and the fact that your sleeve is dissolved, you got real close.”

“Y-Yeah. It r-really didn’t hurt. Tingled a-actually.” She sat on the edge as you looked at the handy work the acid did.

“You watched as the rest of your friends returned, though it was very late. The hospital was a half hour drive, and they had spent another two hours roaming the canvas with Gloria since last time had been…interrupted. You immediately took note of Alphys’ coat being half dissolved, and held in a chuckle.

“Yeah…I-I warned you Alphys…he’s uh…a little ankle biter.” You joked, trying to catch a steady breathing and not clutching at the wound. Alphys had rushed over in your distress and you waved it off.“ Im fine. Deserved it sorta.” Sans walked over and placed Flowey beside your cactus, taking in the sleeping duo before turning his attention to your paling complexion of distorted pain. He hated that face.

“But you knew? He would bite her?” Undyne growled, remaining quiet.

“No, not if she stayed at the 3 ft line. I told you, you can just throw food in their mouthes from their.” You comment, Undyne suddenly slack jawing towards Alphys who looked very shy, “though im guessing from your reaction and the fact that your sleeve is dissolved, you got real close.”

“Y-Yeah. It r-really didn’t hurt. Tingled a-actually.” She sat on the edge as you looked at the handy work the acid did.

“Looks like I owe you a coat though. Or would you rather keep it as a memento of battle?” you let out a tiny laugh, clutching your lower chest to still your pained breathing. The storm of agony was coming back slowly, just like you’d predicted.
“Memento s-sounds good. I-I can just cut the other s-sleeve and use it for a s-short sleeve coat..” she smiled, looking to Undyne who was finally smiling as well.

“wheres tori?” Sans asked out of the blue.

“She went to get drinks and snacks. You’re in huge trouble when she gets back though; had to tell her the whole shicket with you and Papyrus in the dorms.” You remind, him suddenly groaning and hiking up his hood to cover his sockets. “You two can go get some if you want. Though you might not want any grub.” You beam, earning a groan from Undyne and Flowey, and light chuckles from Alphys and Sans. Even Papyrus groans in his sleep at the pun.

“Oh fine, but I aint eatin’ none of those gross little bugs! C’mon Alph!” and without another word of protest or stutter, Undyne bridal carries Alphys out the room, clicking the door behind her.

Now its just you and Sans in the room ; though technically Flowey is there, and Papyrus and Frisk are sleeping. You look to Sans, and he almost looks like he fell asleep against the wall, only leaving Flowey to converse with since he is atleast looking at you. But with an odd expression.

“You’re a sick human, you know that?” he complains, leaving you arching your brow in wonder before settling your hand on your chin, elbow on leg in curiosity.

“Oh and what am I sick with?” you reply.

“You’re as bad as Alphys.” You twitch to think of what the little muffin has to do with any of this.

“What makes you say that?”

“You experimented with that plant like Alphys experimented on me. Trying to give it unnecessary life.” You nearly reel back. He look at you, expecting you to retaliate at how your not Alphys, how its not your fault, all the defenses he can pry at opening. He knows Sans isn’t asleep, but Sans is just as curious as he to discover more of you to explo-

“Why would you say that? Your life and theirs aren’t unnecessary!” you bite back, earning a shocked expression from the flower.

“I admit, I experimented on a living natural thing that shouldn’t probably of been tampered with. The experiment was to give it growth, not a conscience. When I first saw you I immediately thought of them : you were made, you grew unexpectedly, and you adapted to survive.” You say, admiring the flower who has the smallest amount of blush on his face. “I wasn’t lying earlier. You are fascinating, and very admirable for everything you have been through.”

“Y-….You…”

A clatter hit the floor, perking Sans and Floweys attention and you just gazed as Frisk had dropped his little talking clipboard on the ground. Sans moved, which shocked you more, to retrieve it, as Papyrus rustled about and pulled Frisk practically inside his armor.

“Hey. That’s a private conversation right there mister.” You say, puffing your cheeks and putting your hands on your side. It was the clipboard Frisk had used to communicate with you. Sans didn’t listen and read it over. Not long after, his pupils contract to little specks, which fly to you, sweat forming hastily on his skull. He is beside the bed in a literal flash, and before you can question what happened to make him move so fast, he placed both his arms beside your body and stared closely at your chest. It wasn’t as much awkward as embarrassing – he was staring directly to the middle of your cleavage.
“W-What?” you asked, confused. No response. “S-Sans?” you reach for his shoulder but he swiftly grabs and holds tight to your arm.

“where…” he mutters, leaning back and glancing over your entire body.

“Where what?!?” you respond, but try to keep quiet to not alarm the sleepers.

“Hey, bonehead, what gives?” Flowey asks, genuinely wondering.

“wheres your soul, jane?” he finally replies, looking you dead in the eyes. It startled you. He’d obviously read your conversation with Frisk; how he couldn’t see your soul, explaining what a soul was to a monster, what the colors meant, and a reminder that he couldn’t see yours. He’d said Sans was better at seeing them, but if he wasn’t seeing it, it filled you with a bit of concern.

“I….I don’t…” you mutter, unsure.

“OOOhhhh the human doesn’t have a soul?! That’s rich!” Flowey boasted, and immediately felt the pressure of Sans’ gaze. He turned back to you, backing up and glancing more openly at you, a slight ounce of terror in his face.

“i….i don’t understand. i don’t see it…”

A small panic filled your heart. The soul was supposed to be the very essence of your being, yet the one guy Frisk said could likely see it, wasn’t seeing anything. It filled you with sheer dread to think you were made of nothing.

Where is it…

Chapter End Notes

WHATS IN THE BOX?!? Not your soul =3=
Where is it? *U*? What does it look like~
The Sicklings

Chapter Summary

You're not comfortable with any of this situation, honestly.

Chapter Notes

Hooo boy. I made this two parts. My inner laze being like "Friggin' hell I aint making 7000 words today. I am LITERALLY FINALLY seeing KFP3 ( Cuz SOMEONE didnt take me last time. )"
But as always :
Im sorry this took a little longer and it resulted in a short chapter, BUT , I totally plan to start the next chapter tonight. It might even come out Sunday ( if not really early then much later, but still Sunday :P ).
I appreciate the comments and the kudos <3 Bookmarks are hella sweet too. I just cant even TuT
SO YA. CHAPTER ~

EDITED NOTES : Welp. Aint seeing KFP3 today.....-throws everything into the -12 degree wind outside- GUESS YOUR GETTING A CHAPTER FUCKING SUNDAY!! GREAT. AWESOME. FANTASTIC. SPECTACULAR. I really wanted to see it T.T

What…… what do you MEAN where is it? I don’t flippin’ know!” you growl, shocked at the turn of events. Sans sweat was pooling, but his white pupils were flying about your body, desperate even.

“you…you have to have one…i don’t…” he mutters, not calming your slight panic. He stands there, trying to wipe the sweat from his skull, Flowey chuckling to himself, when Alphys, Undyne, and Toriel pop back into the room. Undyne doesn’t scream, probably informed by Toriel of the nappers.

“My child, they were selling fruit milk in the cafeteria and offered me som-Child?” Toriel questions upon seeing the spikes of tears in the corner of your eyes. Flowey isn’t laughing anymore as Toriel comes beside you, gently brushing your hair. She was so nice. Would make the perfect nurse honestly. Motherly nurse.

“J-Jane, Sans..whats wrong?” Alphys asked, trying to shake Sans from his muttering fit of confusion.

“Alphys……I…I don’t have a soul…” you fret, everyone in the room suddenly reacting the same as Sans ; fear and concern written all over each of their faces.
“What?! That’s impossible!...Right?” Undyne snaps, suddenly lowering her voice for the nappers who hardly stirred at the ruckus beside them.

“i..i cant see it…” Sans kept muttering, still looking at your chest. It was painful, seeing him so distraught. Frisk had written down, that if he wasn’t able to see a soul it could mean two things : A. It was too deep and Sans could see it or B. It was gone. It wasn’t good for your heart...unless you discovered to be lacking that as well, however the EKG proved you otherwise.

Alphys approached you carefully, and looked very closely at your chest, Toriel still beside you, squeezing your hand with reassurance.

“J-Jane…im going t-to try and f-feel for it…p-please don’t f-freak out. I w-will try to not touch y-your wound…” Alphys muttered, gently bringing her hand to your chest. Before you could rethink the sentence, she carefully placed a hand in the middle of your chest, accidentally brushing the stitches. A pained hiss and groan escapes and she shoots the ‘super sorry ‘bout that’ look at you before proceeding.

You feel it. A low, deep pulse inside you. It flutters, like a butterfly, a butterfly on fire. It then feels like that butterfly just split you in two, tugging you apart. You reel back, clashing and biting teeth together in agony, trying to not scream. Alphys immediately stops whatever it was doing and flinches backwards, eyes wide with confusion. The torturing tugging stops, eating all your strength away, close to the point of fainting.

“Its t-there…” she breathes, everyone visibly relaxing, Sans letting out a depressed sigh. Flowey actually scoffs at you ; prick. Your energy slowly drains from you, steadying your breathing to pace your heart. Sleep closes in slowly, a looming shadow hanging over tired and pained eyes. Alphys and Toriel are talking to you, caressing your hair and hands, but you’re too far gone. You can’t feel it anymore, welcoming the sleepy shadow taking hold of your eyes.

Toriel notices your slumber first, silently informing the adults, who carefully gather the more child-like. Papyrus stumbles out, yawning wide and dragged comfortably on Undynes shoulders, Toriel cradling Frisk like an infant. Sans and Alphys leave, holding the door for the others as they leave. They take one last glimpse to your slow breathing rest before silently shutting the door.

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

“what is wrong with her soul?” Sans says quietly, walking behind the group in the hall beside Alphys.

“I-It was so small…so sad and deep...I-I don’t know.” She responds, a quick glance back to your room from the corner of her glasses, before returning her gaze to the hard-tiled floor.

“is it viewable?”

“N-Not in her current c-condition Sans. It...It could k-kill her.” He winces, taking a slow deep breath resulting in a heavier sigh.

“is...is there anything we can do?” He asks, looking to her for answers. He doesn’t know why he cares, why he’s so curious, but he wants to know. He needs to know.

“I-I could m-make a device that c-could s-show it. I-It could take time though…”

“need any help?” He asks, but Alphys shakes her head.

“T-thanks b-but I need to stay o-on school grounds t-this week and guests a-aren’t usually allowed
to assist in experiments…” She sighs, thinking of all the upcoming general, bio, anatomy and scientific tests, exams, and reports due.

The groups reach their cars, and Toriel offers to drive, Sans looking exhausted takes the passenger seat, letting Frisk and Papyrus rest against each other. Tonight they had to return to their home outside Ebott. Sans almost tells a pun, but the shadow of sleep takes him as well, leaving a content and sleepy Toriel at the wheel as Undyne approaches the window.

“When’r you plannin’ to stop by again?” Undyne quips, a exhausted smirk on her face as Alphys takes the drivers seat of her quaint convertible Buggy: as deep blue as Undynes scales, eyelashes attached above the headlights, anime related trinkets scattered about the dashboard.

“Oh Undyne…I have so much to attend to with Asgore considering the human government. More monster protection rights, possible laws to be passed ; there’s too much. Frisk has school all this week, but hopefully Sans and Papyrus will find a chance to visit.”

“Huuhh m’kay. See ya later!” She yells, running and jumping abruptly into the seat beside Alphys, leaning over for a quick peck on her cheek. The cars finally disperse and go their separate ways.

Waking up the next morning is terrible. Your chest is still thumping painfully, nearly causing you to lurch forward and clutch the nothingness. That’s what you feel: a deep nothingness. A void of sorts stuck inside your chest, trying to rip you apart like a black hole. The nurse notices your movements, and immediately administers the pain-reliever before the true pain kicks in. Luckily this time, it doesn’t leave you slurring, tongue laying freely. Even idle chit-chat between you and the nurse begins.

“I just want to let you know, you’re completely allowed to leave, BUT..BUT. Doctor Leasoft suggests you stay a few more days, for a quicker recovery. Don’t want to have you leave to force you back, with possible side-effects or issues. It would be best to monitor your progress…” she says, giving a sickly sweet smile. Did she drink honey instead of coffee to get through her day? Her smile is so forged off the desire for a paycheck you practically see it twitching.

“Ah…sure. I don’t mind staying…I guess.” you yawn, carefully adjusting into the bed again to better stretch. The nurse gives a heartier honey smile, before giving a quaint laugh.

“Ahhh~ I love this little dancing flower you have!”

“What flow-“ you turn to see her gently tapping a golden flower with a happy face on it. You immediately sweat, disbelief and stun wiping over your exhaustion. It was Flowey. It was totally Flowey. He was fucking bobbing his head back and forth pretending to be a fucking dancing flower. Holy shit.

“Its so cute~” she says, giving it another tap~“Almost feels real.” She inquires, another bead of sweat forming along your head of many. Then the sheer irony of this situation hits you. He’d been forgotten here, and to not be thrown to the curb, he had to act innocent and not living. You watched as sweat beaded onto his petals, biting your knuckle to depress a growing laugh.

“Ya. Totally. Adorable~” you coo, nearly breaking that plastered fake grin off his flower face. This is comedy gold.

“Alright, I left some food for you. Please try to eat it all, okay?”

“Yes~” you smirk, waving her goodbye. Seconds pass by, each moment you just rumble laughter.
inside while staring at the flower, waiting for it to crack. Not even 5 seconds go by, and an immediate scowl adorns the once happy face, tiny thorn covered vines protruding from the dirt, and a foul devilish shriek of pure hatred erupting from the hissing pot. There’s no way you can hold in your boisterous laugh; no matter how much it hurts the wound.

“THAT BITCH WILL FUCKING PAY WHEN I SEE HER NEXT!! TAKE THAT SHIT FAKE SMILE AND TEAR IT APART!! AARRGGHHH!” Flowey starts flailing his vines about, not caring of your close vicinity. You rub tears from your eyes, calming and chuckling at the poor thing. Then a tirade of puns and inside jokes flood your mind, and you can’t contain it anymore.

“Why so serious?” you growl, impersonating Joker to the best of your abilities. Vines wrap around your arm immediately, stabbing thorns piercing your arm, however the painkiller makes its almost non-existent. However, you wince, to prove a point.

“I will slice you open first, YOU IDIOT!!” He snarls, baring fang like teeth in his wicked expression. The pressure on the vines increases, threatening to break.

“Did Frisk forget you were here?” you ask, hesitant. The vines immediately go slack, rolling off your arms. Floweys face is one of depression and regret suddenly.

“I knew it…” he whispered, not wanting you to hear.

“Knew what?” You ask, reaching the slightly stabbed arm towards him to only get slapped away.

“That he DOESN’T NEED ME around! FOR ANYTHING!! He left me with YOU! HE DOESN’T CARE!” he screams, a hint of a tear welling in his supposed eye. Voice changing more and more.

“No…No no no no.” You repeat, and you find yourself picking the pot up and holding the flora close. “Frisk was so exhausted, im sure he didn’t even think it through…it was late, everyone was on edge, no one was thinking. I mean look-“ you back him up onto your lap, gesturing to your body “-left me here too!” And for the first time, the Flower smiles…even laughs a little.

“Yeah. You can stay and rot in here though.” He replies, shocking you but only adding fuel to your giggling outbursts.

“Start talking like that and I will barrage you with jokes!” you notify, carefully pulling the food on the other side of you closer: mashed potatoes, broccoli and very tiny pieces of chicken, beside it a water and orange juice. Nearly has you drooling seeing the array of food considering the most you’d recently had was ice cream, custard bread, and fruit milk. Flowey makes the weirdest stomach gurgling noise ever, and immediately pulls himself in embarrassment into the dirt. The dirt, however, isn’t deep, so his eyes and top petals stick out adorably in a manner. Its enough to make you cave as you gesture to the food with a fork.

“Want some?” you ask, a frail smile of hope on your face. Discerning what you assume is a nod, you pick up some potato and broccoli and bring it over. He quickly pops his head out, takes the fork in and the food, plopping right back down. Minor chewing noises and shifting happens beneath the dirt.

“I…Yo-…….How long will I be stuck here?” he murmurs, poking his golden petals out far enough to reveal his mouth. He sounds almost like a young child now; likely the prince that Undyne had told you about finally speaking up.

“I cant tell you…I don’t have anyway of reaching Alphys; they wont give me my phone…” you reply, taking a miserable bite of your food, looking at the dejected face. “But I can tell you this-“
you interrupt the sadness, beaming a smile on your face.

“Leaving you here wasn’t **plant.**” You snicker, his face suddenly turning devious and hateful again.

“If you start throwing fucking puns at me, I will seriously kill you.” He threatens in a deeper maniac voice.

“Hey, if you wanted to kill me, go right ahead.” You reply, unbuttoning your top to reveal the stitched bleeding wound. The flower eyes it and releases more vines; though they are without thorns.

“My heart. Right there. You could kill me now if you wanted. My IV and this respirator could do, but you LITERALLY can worm inside and squeeze my heart if you wanted.” You beckon showing the raw flesh under the stitches. He hesitates, a flinch and confusion across his face, and you notice it. He isn’t pure evil. He doesn’t want you dead. If he was, he wouldn’t dare hesitate. You settle, letting the cloth recover the gash and look to him.

“Flowey.”

“W-What?”

“…Lets be friends.”

“HUH?!” He cries, reeling his head back in disgust. “Why in the FUCKING HELL would I be YOUR friend!?”

“Well-“ you mutter, putting your head in your hand, elbow against your thigh, “You called me sick yesterday and that’s technically true, and Sans said your attitude was sick. We can be sick freaks of doctor testing together!” you holler, giving a genuine smirk. You hadn’t made any friends who knew the stress of check-ups, appointments, and all that shit. But you felt it in your heart, that this flower, this child without a soul, just needed to understand the world in a different view. Your views of the world was somewhat distorted and influenced, but it would make things more comfortable and easier. He only gazed at you, dumbfounded, before muttering to himself.

“You’re an idiot.”

“Ya, well, YOU’RE stuck with me! Im YOUR idiot for the next couple of days. Hopefully Frisk will get a chance to come pick you up by then..” You offer him another forklful of food, not wanting to starve your new odd friend. He questions it, but still takes the plunge and eats it. The giddy feeling of helping someone so hurt and distrusting of the world is exhilarating.

Over the next few hours, you talk and joke with the flower, especially over the nursing staff. Mostly groans and angry thrashing of disapproval followed by freezing everything to avoid the nurses catching him. Its all fun and laughing for you, and you always spy that stray smile he doesn’t think that’s showing. You manage to convince the nurse to let you play with your laptop and headphones, luckily brought by Alphys. They even have Wi-Fi here! One of the first things you do is try to identify what flower Flowey is, what breed, what type of monster, etc. He sits beside your shoulder, grunting and making hateful comments about the ridiculousness of the internet, but he is totally enamored with it as you press on. He’d been trying to get under your skin with sly talking and hateful thoughts of mistrust, but gave up soon as they only fueled your laughter. It didn’t stop him from trying though, especially when he saw your Facepage account.

“Those people are your supposed friends? Whats an actual friend, honestly? Heh…From what I
know…only Frisk and the idiots have come to see you, so does that truly make them friends? No messages, no posts, nothing involving you…” he inquires, a filthy sly grin smearing his face. You groan in protest.

“They are all busy Flowey. Im glad there aren’t message or posting about me. I cant wait to get out of this crummy hospital ; not that I don’t appreciate the Wi-Fi but I hate that medicinal smell, death and injury in the air….”

“That has nothing to do with what I said.” He coos, knowingly trying to whip at a nerve.

“I know the majority of them aren’t friends…that we hardly talk, and its more among the lines of acquaintances who talk every so often..” you remark, feeling miserable at your friend count compared to the reality of it. Scrolling through the pages, you locate an animation for an old song: Skeleton – Kate Nash. The vague memory of it has you clicking it, Nash one of your old freaky favorites. You happily mumble the song, remembering its odd tone and darkness hidden.

It suits really well, reminding you of Sans and Papyrus. How the skeleton as the child gets older complicates their feelings towards him….How the likeliness of going out into public with him will result in odd stares, but you wouldn’t want to explain or let go. He was a good friend and honest, funny and als- oh no this part. Flowey loved reading the lyrics of the singer threatening to smash in the skull and all the skeletons bones in their sleep. To your surprise, you recall the lyrics perfectly. You recalled them only because you imagined it being your brothers skull, but if you mistook it for Sans or Papyrus…you would never live it down. Flowey and you were silently singing the lyrics. That’s the only part he sung. He was quivering in self thought, and you made a point to smile. You knew this song well, and you placed a headphone around him to hear the end, mumbling the words more aloud.

“They are my friend……and I could never bring your life…to an end……Skeleton you are…you are my frie-e-e-end……and I will be there for you until the-e end….” you sing low, but as the tempo picks up you grasp at Floweys little pot to lift him to your face before singing ever so louder.

“And even though…When I take you out, you got me~ You’ve got me standing in an awkward position with un-wanted attention and a need for explanation-But I could never let you gooo… And that is all I kno-o-ow~” you serenade, softly repeating the final lyrics and holding the confused and frustrated flower close. He snarls, but you just pet the back of his petals, humming the final bit to yourself.

“I hate you, you stupid fucking human..”

“Your close to my heart. Go ahead – dig in~” you remind, chuckling at the pun, hugging closer the soulless flower.

…”

“Idiot…” a scowl grows across his facial features. You lean him back to fix the distasteful frown.

“Water you talking about?” you chuckle, earning a ticked slap of the leaf.

The rest of the night, you spend time talking, explaining about the entirety of the anatomy, structure, life structural supporters of the human body, EVERYTHING. He revels in it like a hog revels in mud bathing. Its so strange talking about the darkness and hatred of the world, and the exuberant amount of ways to kill humans with someone as enthused as you. Eventually you both fall asleep, him laying in your arms, completely forgetting to attempt contact about Flowey
The pain in your chest almost didn’t exist the whole day.

Chapter End Notes

Daaawww they like the thought of blood and gore together =u=.
Anyone ever heard that song? Its pretty demented, but its pretty fucking catchy.
And HA. NO TECHNICAL CLIFFHANGERS~ You guys get the good life =u=
Dorm Days are Rough

Chapter Summary

You (Jane) escape the hospital with Flowey. TO THE DORMS!

Chapter Notes

Happy Valentines Day guys! -shoots heart out because fuck it love hates me-
...........Now that we got that shit settled.
I didn't lie. I literally worked on this - its 2:10 in the morning here, I jsut couldn't sleep so im like FUCK IT. MAKE THE NEXT CHAPTER. I gtg in the afternoon anyway.
FUCK IT! So here it is......yaayyyyy
Possibly expect another on Monday =3=!? No promises. If not Monday, def^ Tuesday...
Enjoy. Or dont. Hate me. This one has more SHIT. XD

DONT FORGET TO LEAVE ME COMMENTS Q~Q

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Three. Three days. Three fucking days of just you and Flowey, sneakily hanging out in your hospital room. No possible way to contact anyone other then your laptop, but since Alphys had so many exams and Undyne actually had WORK to go do ( fucking miracles…) you couldn’t reach to anyone. By the second day, it was pretty pointless, and after the first, even Flowey gave up trying to find an escape. You’d actually bonded fairly well over the three days. However, how he was now was definitely not how he’d arrived. Someone had left a mentally unstable women in the spare bed. She became extremely terrified of Flowey, the staff thinking she merely went insane. During the night, she broke his pot and attempted to stomp on him, but he didn’t fight back because of a nearby nurse. They removed the woman hastily for her health, and Flowey had slipped into your bed, nothing but roots and vines and a freaked out flower. It amazed you that he didn’t require earthly nourishment to survive, but he was a form of monster so it made minor sense. He remained in your bed until the three day period was up, hiding around your waist and stomach lines while you breathed fresh air in forever.

The staff had been kind enough to lend you crutches, and you assured the nurse and staff that your friends would be picking you up. You lied. You knew Undyne and Alphys were busy, and Sans, Papyrus, and Toriel were NOT about to drive 2 hours to just chauffer you to your dorms. So you trekked painfully back. A tickling wriggle came from your gut, as Flowey crowned his head from the sleeve of your shirt. He’d actually become extremely generous and forgiving, even GENTLE ; carefully avoiding your removed stitched wound. Though still healing, you no longer required pain reliever to get through the day without being incredibly miserable.

“Can I finally get out of your nauseating clothes?” he groans, turning his frilled yellow petals around, sending a tingle as it brushes your under-arm.
“Hey! They are freshly laundered thank you. And ya, if you want to see the blazing sun.” you mutter as he twists free from around you, steadying and curling around your crutch for a better angled view. He looked like a parrot almost, if the loathsome scowl wasn’t there.

“Where the hell are we?”

“We are going back to the dorms, where I will call Papyrus or Sans to come pick you up.”

“Why the shit cant you call them NOW?!”

“BECAUSE my fucking phone ran out of battery and Alphys didn’t know I needed my charger. Everyone is super fucking busy right now, so you will have to wait a little longer.”

“My patience with you runs thin, you imbecile.” He grumbles, earning a giggle from you.

“Your efforts to thwart me are…infertile.” You chuckle, earning a hiss of disgust and pitiable whips on the shoulder from non-thorned vines.

“Boo.”

“Hey, that was a better one!” you mumble, trying to convince the audience. They aren’t convinced. Oh well.

“Dude, when I get home, BEFORE I call…I should totally show you what a fucking Carnivine is. It reminds me more of Louis and Seymour, but your kinda like him too!”

“Carni-what?” he asks, suddenly afraid as you start to make poses he recognizes all too well.

“POKEMON! Gotta catch ‘em all~ Ooohh your my best friend-In a world we must DEFEEND!” you shout, striking crazy poses to embarrass the flora. They’re screaming and red as a strawberry. They look away, giving a pouty face and sheer disappointment to the moron they have been stuck with. However, since the pot smashing incident, he’d learned more then you’d hoped.

“So when are you going to tell me whats up with your fucking back?” he drones, halting your already slow progression. He takes note of it, but doesn’t say anything.

“I will answer your questions if you follow through with a knock knock joke.”

“Fucking deal……………………DO IT.”

“hehehe. Knock Knock.”

“Who the fuck is there?”

“Nana” He looks at you worried.

“Nana who?”

“Nana your business kid.” You chuckle, giving a playful flick on his vines. He flails angrily and wraps his vines around your neck a little tighter then you’d wanted.

“Oh I always wanted a choker.” You giggle, sudden bursts of air ceasing from the grasp being too tight. After almost 10 seconds of no air, you pat his vines quickly for surrender, and he obliges. He even throws a riddle at you.

“What do you call a man with a wig on his head?” he mutters, hoping you wont reply, but you ask
what. He had been doing it more often, and they often resulted in both you smiling.

“Aaron.” He chuckles, giving a dark glare at the nearby gym. You didn’t get it, but he must be recalling someone he knows, so you laugh anyway. Probably someone with glorious locks floating in nonexistent wind like Papyrus’ scarf. He’d looked up a lot of sick ones, age inappropriate ones, and you kinda just went with it. Nothing you did could likely make him stop, except Toriel, but she was hours away. Passing a bar, a amazing joke comes into your mind to share as the campus enters your view.

“Okay I got one. A man walks into a bar and sees a jar filled to the brim with cash, and a horse in the back. He asks the bartender about both, and he points to the horse saying “The cash inside goes to whoever can make that horse there laugh.” The man ponders, and comes up with a brilliant idea. He goes to the horse, and while no one is listening, he speaks to it. Suddenly an outrageous laugh rings out from the horse, laying on the ground clopping his hoof to the ground as he laughs even harder. The bartender and patrons congratulate the man, and he leaves with the cash.” You pause to catch your breath, Flowey not noticing.

“That’s it?” he gripes, giving a ‘your stupid’ look.

“No. So, a week passes and the same man comes back, taking note of the horse still in the back, and the even bigger jar of money on the counter. The man asks the bartender what its for now, and he replies “Now you have to make the horse cry.” He says. The man doesn’t hesitate and goes back to the horse. A chuckle escapes the horse, the man merely approaching. While no one is looking, the man says nothing. Suddenly the horse is horrified, weeping in the corner. The man walks away triumphantly and takes the jar. Before he leaves the bar, the bartender asks him “How did you do it? Make him laugh and cry?” -“ you turn to Flowey, enraptured and seeking the point of this incredibly lengthy joke.

“The man turns to the bartender, a smile spread wide over his face, and tells him, “I told him I had a bigger dick then him. Then I proved it.”"

Flowey burst into hysterical laughter, tinges of evil cackling concealed inside making you question if you should be saying this to a form of child, but with all the shit he has said its really nothing THAT offensive. Neither of you paid mind to your labored breathing as you carefully managed to make it into the campus. Passing the main gate with the lucky student ID in your pack, you usher Flowey back into hiding as Moscoe can be seen through the glass doors, reading a newspaper as always. Sneaking by is impossible, and he immediately recognizes you, gasping and hurling himself from his slumped chair.

“June! Whu-When…Please tell me you didn’t wuhk here.” He begs, giving a concerned face and glancing toward your surgery wound.

“Hahahahaha – yes.” You admit, hating lying to Moscoe. June is his official nick-name for you; Moscoe having immense difficulty with the pronunciation of A’s ; a real challenge unless silent. If Sans had flesh, and was more Papyrus’ height, with a minor lisp, he would be Moscoe ; minus the puns. He was a giant, stomach rounder then any Santa clone, and sweetest security guard ever. He was pretty tough as well, but nowhere near the managers veining muscles. You often called him Marshmellow, and he loved it so much, he got another name-tag pin for fun named with the written name ‘ Mr. Marshmellow Moscoe’.

“You should huve husked someone to pick you up! I could huve come! You uhlright?” he asks, coming over to check any weakness of knees, sweating, breathing, anything giving him an excuse to walk you back to the hospital. He worried too much.
“No uh im gonna go sneak back into my dorm. Don’t tell anyone for atleast….4 hours? I needa – fake yawn- I needa nap, y’know?” you whisper, giving him a wink. Moscoe was good with secrets. Apparently better then Loote or Soot when it came to not sharing personal information. He just gave a ooohh and a hard wink. It was as obvious as Papyrus who says whisper after he ‘whispers’.

Rounding past him, you make a minor more hurried crutched walk to the dorm. Candy’s goons were likely everywhere, and you were far FAR from the mood of talking them down. Flowey maneuvered around under your clothing, peeking under your shirt for fresh air. It tickled a ton, and the crutch accidentally bumped right into the soft tissue. Nearly collapsing to the ground, you hug the wall, panting and calming the persistent pain.

“Did I hit it?” Flowey asks, though no real concern on his face. You shake your head in denial, carefully working back up onto the crutch for more comfort then the cold floor offers. You finally reach the dorm and quickly jingle out your keys. The thought of your soft mattress, phone charging, no one interrupting definitely doesn’t steady your shaky hand. Taking a deep breath, a flare of pink catches your eye, and with a quick shot of the eyes, Candy can be seen down the end of the hall muttering with her entourage. Its enough to make you snap, jamming the correct key in, throwing open the door and hurdling in. Slamming the door tight, you lean against it, out of breath and struggling to hide the paining sweat across your forehead. You rest, closing your eyes and taking deep brea-

“J-Jane?!” comes a familiar stuttering cry, as Alphys runs to view you slumped and exhausted at the doorway. A very tall figure appears behind her, and before you can even say ‘oh fuck why’, Papyrus lifts you by both your arms and hugs you tight.

“HUMAN!! YOU HAVE RETURNED!! WE WERE JUST COMING TO VI- OH GOD HUMAN IM SORRY!!” Papyrus squeals as you worm in agony from the hug, his bones and armor jabbing and pressing firmly at the wound. He places you down, and holds you steady as you wobble to regain your footing that’d been literally swept away. Sans and Undyne are behind them, looking dumbfounded in a sense.

“W-What are you d-doing here?! H-How did you g-get here?!W-W-When-“ Alphys is muttering, coming in extremely careful with a hug around the waist. Its comforting, and you feel Flowey wriggle to avoid her gentle squeeze. Why hasn’t he shown himself yet?

“Ahh…I uh..I walked.” You admit, Undyne roaring with rage.

“HUH?! YOU’R IN NO CONDITION TO WALK, WHAT THE HELL R YA THINKING?!! You coulda just CALLED PUNK!” she screams, pulling at the loose hair she had let free from the tight ponytail. It was cool how the side bangs just covered the scarred eye.

You groan and wring your wrists “I couldn’t. My phone died, and I didn’t have my charger.”

“kid, you should head back to the clinic. best place to recharge after all.” Sans jokes, getting your first pissed off stare. You think it just made him happier to know that it didn’t work ; meaning he would likely do it again. However, you do start giggling wildly and moving about as Flowey wriggles under your shirt. You can feel his pure hatred for that joke, as you look between your cleavage to see him pretending to gag. Or he might be gagging from lack of oxygen ; you cant discern it.

“Ah, Sans-Papyrus. You left a leech at the hospital with me.” You report, pulling your shirt up enough to reveal a tad of your belly, and Flowey wrapped tightly around your waist. Everyone looks utterly stunned.
“F-F-FLOWEY?! WHY ARE YOU ATTACHED TO THE HUMAN!?” Papyrus bellows, grabbing his face with his gloved hands.

“Frisk accidentally forgot them at the hospital in my room. I had to hide him for the time being because I couldn’t use my phone to call. Sorry…” you report, Flowey sneaking up your back and wrapping around your neck like a choker. Everyone looks concerned, concerning you to what the issue is. Was this not normal for Flowey?

“F-F-Flowey w-was left i-in the r-room?” Alphys stuttered, uneasy about how close Flowey is to a human.

“Mhmm. We became good pals though! Told dark jokes, harassed him with jokes, shared ways of how to murder people, that one Nash song about sk-” you start listing the activities but Undyne cuts in.

“MURDER?! WHY THE HELL YOU TELLING THIS FLOWER THAT?!?”. Alls you can do is shrug.

“Well he threatened to kill me, but he had every opportunity to; my heart was literally right there, a hole already cut to it. If he REALLY wanted to, I gave him every chance. HOWEVER! Since he didn’t, he is my friend. Simple as that.” You said confidently, but Undyne and Alphys didn’t look confident. Papyrus had stars in his eyes again, and Sans’ eyes were….gone. A chill ran up your spine, seeing nothing but empty sockets ; void of their usual white pupils. His gaze was hard-wired to Floweys grip around your jugular, and you felt Flowey tense slightly to it.

“J-Jane…w-we made a m-machine. I-It can see souls, supposedly.” Alphys says, walking away to retrieve the device. A shudder goes up your spine. Alphys loved to make gadgets of sorts, but the last one blew up in your faces. Literally. It wasn’t that she was BAD at building things ; she was extremely intelligent and always thought things through. She’d made a fridge to keep things warm instead of cold, but there was a miscalculation to the difference between Fahrenheit and Celsius. Safe to say, it was a **combust**. Everything she made always had a minor problem with it; the tiniest of things. You were afraid if she pointed it at you, your soul would explode. Then again…….no stop that thought. It literally fucking could.

She brings it before you, almost resembling a giant lensed camera, but the technical buttons were replaced with a touch-screen and there were adjustments attached to the end. She looked to you if it was okay, and you honestly had no idea. Did you want to know what your soul looked like? It wouldn’t hurt you supposed, but decided to ensure yourself.

“I-Is it safe? Has it been tested?” you ask, wary as she preps it. Papyrus had left in a rush to start cooking spaghetti, but Undyne and Sans stayed near. Sans slowly kept creeping closer, likely coming to swat away Flowey, still noosed around your neck firmly.

“Y-Yes. Undyne l-let me use it on h-her.” You look to Undyne, thinking of her as a willing guinea pig, then an immediate image of Undyne wearing a guinea pig costume pops in your head and its too much to handle. An adorable hilarity. Sans had creeped close enough to make you speak up.

“Sans. If you want Flowey, just ask.” You say, looking into his sockets that finally returned to the blips of light. He turns away, muttering. “What was that, mr. skeleton?” He sighs, and turns back around, cheshire smile back in business.

“i was going to say you looked a little **tied** up there.” The bad pun leads to Flowey hissing next to your ear, hiding behind your head from the skeletons gaze. You weren’t enthralled by it, but return one none the less.
“haha Sans, very punny. Its okay, I have him wrapped around my little finger.” You say happily, pointing to your neck. Flowey hisses and starts pelting you with angry attacks of his leaves. Only two taps hit your head before he ceases. If looks could kill, Sans’ stare of putrid rage and unforgiveness was likely the source. It penetrated past your head, reaching your mind with a chilling goosebump up your arm, then hitting Flowey. With that, he retreated back into your shirt, and tied around your waist again. You look to Sans, who looked stunned, only answering with a shrug.

“A-Are you ready Jane?” Alphys asks, setting the camera towards you.

“No day like the present I guess. I would say hit me, but please don’t- chest still hurtin’ here.” You remark, laughing it off a little.

The tiny machine makes a whirring noise, prepping before the flash you suppose. The flash hits you, nearly causing you to keel over; its way too bright. Found the flaw. You rub your eyes, pondering how it didn’t blind Undynes final eye, and look to Alphys. She looks slightly irritated, mostly confused.

“wheres it?” Sans asks, looking at the device.

“I-I don’t know. I-Its in there – I felt it. T-This is supposed to show a- any sign of magic surrounding t-the soul…” she gestures to the camera but looks down at the floor “ b-but its not picking up hers… and I-I don’t know why…” she sighs, rubbing her temple. Sans is puzzling over it as well. Undyne not reveling in the scientific workings of all this, and opts to help fuel the fire underneath Papyrus’ pasta.

You clutch your shirt, where your supposed soul lays, and wonder if its all just an illusion. Alphys takes another picture, just in case, but to the same results. You blinded and nothing coming up.

Flowey being around you or not apparently wouldn’t falter it, seeing as how his soul doesn’t exist, therefore cannot permeate the air to fog over your own. While Sans and Alphys discuss it over, you scoot into the house, but not finding the time nor strength to actually lift your legs. They went to sleep without you; unfair bastards. Taking note of their conversation as much as you can, Flowey seems to quake the longer they calculate. Then he snaps.

“OH MY JESUS WE DON’T NEED A CAMERA TO SEE HER FUCKING SOUL, YOU IDIOTS!” he yells, sliding up to between your breasts. You would say it feels wrong and perverted, but suddenly, you don’t feel much. Flowey thrusts his head out of the collar of your shirt and jabs his vines into your chest – not piercing your flesh, but enough to knock the wind out of you. There is a sharp tug, and the feel of something drifting and tearing apart inside you, forcing you to wail and lurch your back into the hard wall. Sans and Alphys aren’t nearby and immediately take notice as you struggle and writhe against the wall. Undyne runs to your side, but halts as her eye bulges. The agony subsiding slightly, you take notice that Flowey is now in your lap, staring intently at something in front of you, and as you look, your heart breaks into every possible piece.

Flowey has vines wrapping around a invisible force field, holding up this dark figure, almost resembling a cartoon heart. But it doesn’t look like that anymore. Only the quarter that glows.

Three fourths of what you assume is your soul, is overspread with cracks and tears, drifting helplessly to the side and a disgusting deathly grey. Its strung to the last colored quarter, a few bright red lines like tendons holding them together. The last quarter is purple, but its also littered with cracks that oze a contrasting green. Your soul looks sick and weary. Looking at it is sheer torture, as you find yourself grasping your mouth and tears streaming down your cheeks. You’d heard from Alphys that past can hurt the soul in many ways – and you knew exactly what this was. It was him. You hadn’t gotten rid of all the things killing you. He left you with this. He killed your
soul, and it was aching to just be put to rest. You reach out to touch the faint purple glowing bit, but Flowey stops you. He is gazing at it like a jewel, but it’s a saddened gaze.

Alphys approaches like it’s a nuclear bomb. She has tears in her eyes as well, as she look to you and back at it. She is putting it together in her head, you can physically see it. Papyrus had nearly dropped his plate of spaghetti and stood greatly disturbed besides Undyne, who looked like she wanted to throw the entire building. Sans approached quickly, passing Alphys and stopping abruptly before it. He held out his skeletal hands for the soul, the vines surrounding it suddenly spiking with thorns, coming dangerously close to the floating remains. Alphys’ breath hitches in panic.

“F-FLOWEY NO!” she yells, covering her mouth quickly and sobbing over her scales. Sans hesitates, before slowly reaching for it.

“let it go. you’re hurting her…” he growls, glancing at you. The longer Flowey held your being within his grasp, the more lightheaded you went, the pain and memory slowly subsiding. Flowey didn’t want to let go – he didn’t want to let anyone but him have this. You had trusted him enough without even understanding his motives that him pulling your soul out didn’t result in a confrontation. You truly trusted him, but he knew his grip was weakening you. Sans interrupted again, grabbing a vine despite the thorns protruding.

“l e t  i t  g o . N O W.” is the deep predatory growl that escapes his non-existent throat. Flowey hesitates, but gradually gives in, slicking away the dangerous vines, and looking away from the group and to you. You’re breathing heavily, eyes too heavy to keep open. Sans gently envelops the soul, immediately pouring some magic into it; attempting to revive it from its dead state. It sends warm shivers through you, even pleasurable. You don’t fully understand the euphoric wave of calming that rushes over you, but its so welcoming and blissful, you breathe a sigh carrying a blessed moan over silently.

Then your harrowing past hit you like a bullet train. Your brother. The house burning down. His stabbing and cutting and screams. You watching them pull your parents corpses out. The funeral. Visiting your crazed brother often. Your loneliness. Repeat. It all repeats and you break. You crumble under the previously suicidal memories, agonizing depression stealing that peaceful warmth that spooned you. Through your tears, Undyne and Papyrus is prying Sans away, his hand grazed along the black shattered piece that dangles off the side. He is shaking erratically, tears and huffed sobs escaping as he stares at you with disbelief. The only thing you see staring back is a daunting cyan blue eye, flaming magic licking at the sweat flowing by the socket. It reminds you of your mother – burning that low blue flame on the ground, dragged from your house.

Its enough to make you vomit or faint. You choose to faint.

Chapter End Notes

So, you hate me yet? Is it a technical cliff hanger? I dont think so =3=
We are broken, reader. FUCKING BROKEN!
Join together readers - revenge on the brother *u*
ConSOULing

Chapter Summary

In which you vomit. Yay.

NOTE: I updated it with some extra content near the end involving the night-terror Sans had, and because I posted it so late last night and a lot of people probably would miss it, I updated the update date too.
No new chapter yet I'm afraid : Brooding on it.

Chapter Notes

Holy shit guys THE ACTUAL CHAPTER IS FUCKING HERE.
Thanks again so much for the support guys - I was in and out of this. I had 2000 words out and I just felt unmotivated by this chapter in general before the shit storm. Then the shit storm hit and I was even LESS motivated.
However, I promised the latest I wanted this out was Thursday, and it's still TECHNICALLY Thursday, so BAM. TAKE IT. TAKE MY MISERY CHAPTER OF SHEER MISERY.
Seriously, this chapter got some major feels throwing Bl

ALSO:
Thank you everyone who commented on the message I posted. I have never felt more determined to get over this while still grieving (is that wrong?)
I attended a candle lighting for my friend, they earned $5635 for funding his funeral process and what-not. It was very sad, but so many friends and family came.
You guys supported me through the comments more than a few friends have over some tougher years; and you guys hardly know shit about me.
So again, thank you so much for your support - I kept all the heartfelt comments you left in my inbox - NEVER FORGET T^T

Enjoy the chapter <3 Please leave them comments ~ I really do love reading comments

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hey! Punk! Wake up already c’mon!” yells a familiar voice.

Though hard to discern considering its directly thrust into your ear canal. You jolt up, and harshly end up head-butting directly into Undynes steel-strong forehead. She doesn’t flinch from the contact, but from your sudden rouse of energy. You however are reeling back from the impact, stinging tears into your eyes as you choke a gasp out. Muffled surprises and name callings echo out into the room, barraging your still shrilling ears that haven’t come down from Undynes screech previously. You grumble curses under your breath, rubbing your forehead and looking about the
room. Undyne’s face is a mere foot away from your face, feline-like eye focused on you. It’s extremely unsettling you regard, slowly inching away from her looming gaze.

“Hey punk! You alright?” she asks, though her facial expression doesn’t change to match the unease in her voice. “C’mon punk, wake up.” She repeats, slapping both sides of your face. You assume its her reassuringly patting the groggy expression off your face, but fuck it feels as if she is bitch slapping you; your cheeks agreeing turning a miserably pained lobster red in mere seconds. She takes note of the hand prints a little late.

“Ah. Sorry.” She apologizes, though she holds back chuckles that fill the remainder of your face with a bright red blush. Extending a helpful arm, you grab it willingly, shaking the ringing free from your ears as your practically thrown to your heels. Back on solid ground and immediately whisked off it yet again. Papyrus wrenches you into the air, holding your small frame from under your shoulders as if you were but a infant. Your face to skull when you notice bright orange tears streaming from his sockets. Skeletons can cry? Though you cringe as his bony fingers through his innocent gloves brush near your newly forming scar; him too preoccupied to notice your discomfort.

“HUMAN, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, THINK YOU SHOULD RETURN TO THE HEALTH LAB FROM EARLIER! I. WE DON’T WISH YOU TO FALL DOWN AGAIN!” he squeals, replacing the ringing that had faintly subsided. “YOU SEEMED SO SAD ON THAT ROLLING BED…” though his voice carried strong throughout the room, his words were filled with apprehension. Looking to his face, it was contorted into a sad frown, his brow ridges curved upwards. If he had eyes, you believed them to quiver with anxious fear. Carefully patting his shoulder, you gestured to the scar and he instantaneously freaked out before carefully replacing you to solid ground.

“OH HUMAN FORGIVE ME!! I MUST TAKE YOUR HEALTH INTO BETTER CONSIDERATION!” He panicked, and you only replied with a pained laugh.

“I-Its all good Papyrus. Nothing bad. I’m not falling apart at the seams, see?” you remind, slowly lifting your arm to crack the collar enough to show the stitched tissue. Though still tender, it was raw and dried of blood. At the pun, you heard a familiar deep laugh that stirred a punny fire in your chest.

“heheh, sew it seams.” He returns, reusing your own unintended pun back at you. With a quick wink from the eye socket (how the FUCK..), you realize what he meant, reveling in a sudden silent giggle.

“NYAAAAAHHHH SSAAANS! NO PUNS, PLEASE! THE HUMAN SHOULDN’T HAVE TO HEAR YOUR TERRIBLE JOKES!!” Papyrus wails, flailing his hands into the air nearly contacting with the ceiling. The brothers actions merely result in more knuckle biting laughter as you try to hold back the impending embarrassing sounds. Alphys comes beside you, feeling your neck with a cold finger, causing you to jump in retreat only making her flinch as well.

“I-Im sorry. T-There was lint…” she meekly replies, and you just return a forgiving smile. Undyne comes behind nearly slapping your back in friendly approval, but quickly changes motions to extremely gently placing a tough hand on your shoulder.

“Man, I wasn’t expecting to see your soul so early punk!” she asserts, widening her smile, uncaring of the blood running from your face immediately as she goes to the brothers. Blue flames. Thornling vines. Shattering amounts of pain. Your mothers carcass. The repeating thought tips you over the brink, flight taking your feet. Alphys is the only to take note of your color change and
fleeing to the bathroom. She follows posthaste as you slam the door shut, alerting Undyne to the sudden slam and taking notice of Alphys jiggling the bathroom doorknob, pleading.

*We fainted to avoid this. Why did you have to go remembering that shit?! HUH?*

Alphys finally busts the door open with a helpful kick from Undyne, both glaring as you heavily heave out your innards into the toilet. Salty tears drip wildly off your face, mixing with the snot and saliva dripping from your mouth. You shake wildly, trying to calm your shivering heat from the intense pulled force. Alphys kneels beside you, demanding Undyne close the door and block the brothers entry as she grabs a convenient glass off the sinks edge and filling it with water. Bringing it to you, you can only reply with deranged sobs and another round of vomiting.

“HUMAN? UNDYNE, IS THE HUMAN ALRIGHT?!” Papyrus asks, rapping on the door non-stop.

“Y-Yeah Paps. She’s uh…-” Undyne stutters and is cut off by you throwing up more acidic stomach fluids along with the meager amount you’d eaten all day. “-…Shes good.”

Alphys slowly strokes soothing lines into your back whilst holding your hair behind you, keeping it out of projectile range. You had heard true girl-friends hold your hair back while you drunkenly vomit while giving you reassurances and laughing about it. Was this technically the same thing, minus the drunken mess you should be?

“What is that sound?” Papyrus asks, skull pressed against the door with a loud thunk. Undyne has locked the door to keep them out, but is still pressing heavily against it to halt any thought of kicking it down.

“Its uhhh… I don’t honestly know what she is doing Paps. Why don’t you go back to making spaghetti?!” Undyne questions, taking the consideration of the skeletons favorite dish being in the fucking kitchen, “T-Take Sans with ya too! You should tell him ‘bout those sauces you cant WAIT to try putting in your GREAT spaghetti!” she lays on, thickly pronunciating the GREAT as a useless reminder. Though it works, and the skeleton gasps and heartily Nyehs before squabbling with Sans.

“SANS! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, NEED YOUR FINE BROTHERLY ASSISTANCE FOR ONCE! AND WITH MY GREAT SPAGHETTI NO LESS! THIS IS A TRUE HONOR YOU WONT PASS DOWN BROTHER!!” Papyrus shrieks, delight and stars filling his sockets. Sans had been standing beside the door, considering what was happening on the inside, which he could discover for himself with mere teleporting. That wouldn’t work well though considering how much Undyne wanted Papyrus away from the action, so he decided to comply to her wants.

“heh, okay bro. though any spaghetti that aint belonging to you is merely an *impas*“

“BROTHER IF YOU FINISH THAT SENTENCE WITH A PUN I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL BANISH YOU FROM ASSISTING ME. I DON’T WISH TO BANISH YOU BROTHER, BUT YOU WILL FORCE MY HAND!” Papyrus ends, covering the pun with his booming voice. Sans can see the discontent in Papyrus’ face, and gives in.

“Alright, ‘lright.” He replies, slowly making his way to the kitchen why Papyrus scurries in delight to share the new sauces he has discovered with his dear brother.

With the outside situation under control, Undyne and Alphys return to helping you and your messy situation. Undyne fishes a tissue box from underneath the sink and hands a couple to Alphys hastily. Alphys wipes your face of tears, shushing your pained sobs as gently as possible. She was
the only one who apparently knew the process of vomiting, but had never generally experienced before. Monster food dissipated when eaten, monsters consuming the magic and having no need for stomachs. Though monsters had found a similar way to break down human food as well, fragments of magic laced into the dishes unknowingly. In short, monsters really didn’t throw up because they lacked a digestion to pull the vomit from, while humans as she was taught in her human anatomy class, do.

You sat back on your heels, knees edging into the base of the toilet, accepting the tissues thankfully. The tears had stopped, but your throat burned like lava was rising inside. You gulped at the water, spitting it into the dirty remnant toilet to flush down. You weren’t swallowing the water until the vile taste and burn was washed from your tongue. It took, 3 cups of gargling and spitting, but eventually the cold liquid quenched your heated cough, causing a groan of relief and pleasure to escape as you moved from your heels to leaning against the wall, knees in front of your face. Slow breathing was good, and the girls were kind to not ask questions as you escaped that fiasco.

Your cheeks lined with dry tears and red, cough strained and throat tight. Your hair was frizzing about as you sniffled silently sipping gratefully at the convenient glass of water and friends who you could rely in. Finally, finding stinging words, you muttered a cracked voice.

“S-Sorry ‘bout that…” you relay, getting an angry look from Undyne.

“What the hell you sorry for? Did your stitch things come out? What happened?!?” Undyne questioned, unsure as to what occurred to your body.

“J-Jane threw up Undyne. Its w-when a human’s stomach acid and contents are suddenly forced up and out of their system. The muscles around the stomach contract and it’s a sickening feeling of..nausea?” she asks, coming off her non-stuttering scientific chatter to question the word. You’d been a big help in her understanding the human anatomy. Lost on words, you meekly decide to give a quick nod, nursing the water for its cooling effect.

“So you threw up acid and food from your stomach?” Undyne questions, to which you give a validating nod. “Cool.”

“I-Its not cool. Its supposedly very p-painful.” Alphys corrects, Undyne suddenly feeling and looking guilty.

“Woops, sorry punk. But how’d it happen? Can you summon throw up freely?!” Undyne squeaks, a flicker of amazement flashing in her eye, marveling at the possibility of an acid spitting human similar to that of an anime character she vaguely recalled.

Your breathing slows, as you guide your head side to side, similar to that of shaking away your sleep deprivation. Without realizing, you slowly roll your head and neck in circles, but thankfully Alphys stops you quickly. She rests a trembling claw-hand upon your shoulder and questions you.

“W-What caused it?” she humbly asks, voice soft.

“I…F-Fire..-“ you stutter, shakily gesturing to your left eye, “ S-Sans socket was…blue and..f-fire..it…it reminded me of…of h-her..-” you recall, shuddering and turning back into disgusted sobs.

“Huh? He used magic when ‘e held your soul. ‘course his eye would glow.” She nonchalantly remarks. Undyne takes not of your sudden paleness, matching that of the said skeletons, and Alphys pulls her to the side, careful to whisper.
“H-How m-much has she told you about h-her brother and p-parents?” she whispers, Undyne confused but recalling your changing-room breakdown back at the boutique. She replies as quietly as possible, leaning her lips to brush against Alphys’ ear, her face turning rosy.

“She told me that fuck..killed her parents, burned down the house too.” She growled, anger clenching her jaw tight recalling the miserable state you were in upon telling her.

“W-Well….t-the flowers in our bedroom a-are symbolizing h-her parents, okay?” She relays, Undyne nodding in understanding but failing to put the pieces together. “W-Well the white one i-is her mother…and when t-they found her she was s-still on fire…a b-blue fi-“

“OH MY FUCKING SHIT!!” she yells after hastily rearing away from her lover ; still delivering a shriek that rings her surroundings. Without another second wasted, Undyne throws open the abused bathroom door and runs to the kitchen. “SSSSAAAANNNNSSS!!”

You get up a follow out the door, trying to cease the disturbance. Alphys rushes past you, your courage failing you as you decide peering around the corner to the kitchen to be more tactful. Undynes got a freaked Sans by the collar bone, hoisting him up to her eye level. Papyrus is trying to fan the figurative fire that is Undyne, fury enveloping her face as she screams out her animosity of his actions.

“NEVER USE YOUR MAGIC INFRONT OF JANE AGAIN OR I WILL DUST YOU SO FRIGGIN’ FAST!!” she threatens, shaking the baffled skeleton. Papyrus has bones hooked under her shoulders, pleading desperately. Undyne ignores the skeletons struggles and forges on her tirade.

“Do you have ANY IDEA what you DID?! WHY THE HELL DID YOU TOUCH HER SOUL?!” she screams. Sans’ eyesockets go pitch black.

“i-i…i-“ he stutters, unable to reply to the crazed fishes demanding questions.

“U-Undyne p-please s-sto-“ Alphys whispers, gently tugging on her lovers shirt hem. Undyne painstakingly slowly relaxes, but is still vibrating with rage.

“Your damn magic SCARED her, YOU IDIOT. If you do that again I swear I WONT be so KIND.” She finishes, dropping the shocked skeleton to the floor, ungracefully hitting his coccyx with a thud against the hard-wood floor. Papyrus steps aside as Undyne storms back to the bathroom, only to catch you peeking around the corner.

“Punk, go back in if you aint ready, m’kay?” she groans, rubbing her forehead and brow. Looking back to the kitchen, Papyrus was assisting Sans up. Sans shot a look to Undyne of confusion, but immediately met your gaze. His eyesockets went hollow again, quickly averting away from your gaze, visual beads of sweat suddenly drawing down his widened skull. For a monster without any nerves or glands, how did he manage to sweat as much as Alphys? The pinpricks of his eyes were dull, appearing sunken in, and his sockets furrowed in guilt. Again, inspect skeleton anatomy at a later date. The tension between the kitchen and bathroom was practically palpable, and you needed to cut it down like butter.

“Hey h-hey im fine now!” you reassured, releasing your unknown tense grip of the walls corner to bring yourself more into the open. Flashing Undyne a convincing look didn’t manage much, but Alphys rubbing at her forehead and brow.

Papyrus must have been literally blind to not notice how tense everything still was ; erupting immediately into screams of joy.
“I DON’T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED, BUT I KNOW WHAT CAN FIX ANY SADNESS OR ANGER!! MY AMAZING FANTASTIC SPECTACULAR SPAGHETTI!! NYEH HEH HEH!” he boasts, Sans giving a not so hearty laugh in response. Very forced, but full enough to convince his eager brother its genuine as he doesn’t question the rustic smile. Hearing of the spaghetti is practically a god-send after emptying the majority of the food you’d managed to hold down back at the hospital into the toilet bowl, which upon recalling, forced you to rush back and flush the contents hastily. Returning, Papyrus was already pulling plates and glasses from the cupboards, everyone gathered at the small table and love seat in the living room. Alphys demanded to sit between Undyne and Sans, both taking opposing sides on the cushions, ignoring one another. Deciding to not walk into that mess, you scurry to the kitchen to see if Papyrus needs any assistance, to find him giddily staring at your skull-mug with the brain lid.

“Ah. You like my mug?” you comment, the skeletons eyes gleaming stars as he beams and holds the cup high above similar to a famous lion cub.

“ITS BEAUTIFUL HUMAN! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, HAVE NOT SEEN SUCH AN EXQUISITE MUG SINCE ASGORE BROUGHT ME AND MY BROTHER A MATCHING PAIR. THOUGH IT WAS WITHOUT THIS STRANGE TOP. MAY I PERSUADE YOU TO DIVULGE THE USE? IS IT A TRAP?” Papyrus tangents. He suddenly went on and on about it possibly being an ingenious trap to secure liquid inside and use post-haste against an attacker: it was then that the cinnamon bun was dubbed the trap expert because he sounded as ecstatic as Alphys going on an Anime spiel. Finally, your forced to cut him off after he devises of what dangerous traps can be hidden within.

“Uhh…Payrus. The lid is only meant to keep the hot moisture in; insulate it from the cold?” you correct, the skeleton shooting a confused look for a moment, then shrugging his clavicles absently and forking out plates of spaghetti.

Your appetite drops at the mere sound. Spaghetti isn’t supposed to sound that solid when it hits a plate…right? It reminds you of a brick. It has no odor. That’s terrifying in itself. There is a red sauce in the pot, pieces of tomato burnt and pooled inside, resembling more of a stew or broth. Sliced uncooked ham has been chopped and scattered into the concoction known as your meal. Then the shiny glint of silver catches your eye, a dread surfacing over your face. You’d heard that monsters could technically eat anything because they didn’t have general stomachs and forms of digestion but…you couldn’t hold the nail-biting question in anymore.

“P-Papyrus?” you ask carefully, trying to not offend his methods,” Is….Did you..Did you POUR a jar of glitter in here?” you manage, picking the shiny tinted foil from a plate. Papyrus looks at you, unfazed by the recoil of doubt your managing into a smirk.

“WHY YES HUMAN! SPAGHETTI AS GREAT AS MINE NEEDS A SPARK IN ITS LIFE, AND FOR SOME ODD REASON I CAN NEVER MANAGE TO GET IT TO SPARKLE LIKE THOSE COOKING SHOWS DO, SO I JUST PUT IN MY OWN!!” He glees, taking the sparkling foil jar that had been the source of the ‘secret ingredient’ and gestures you it. “WANT EXTRA?”

“No! No t-thanks though.” You reply, desperate to avoid anything else not technically edible. Papyrus scoops (chunks? plops? Its too solid to scoop like it should be, ) up a hefty plate for everyone, besides you and Alphys. Alphys never eating much and you begging for a smaller serving due to an upset stomach; technically not entirely false. Granting Papyrus permission to fill your mug with cocoa for himself is the giddiest he had been other then discovering lasagna.

You sit opposite of Sans and Papyrus, Papyrus taking the floor while his brother sits above him on the cushions as you repeat the same action with Undyne. Sans’ pupils aren’t existent still as he
stares into nothingness, and Undyne decides to break the tension by offering to watch a horror flick. Horror flicks are the WORST. You scare way to fucking easily, and with the intensity of calm rage ready to burst sitting directly above and behind you, it wasn’t relaxing at all.

Staring down at your plate, its unsatisfying to say your merely intimidated by it. It has spaghetti noodles, like any spaghetti would, but has no aroma besides the uncooked ham bits with burnt tomato chunks oozing off the edges. This was the true horror flick. Memory of the elated Papyrus ecstatic to have you taste his famous spaghetti reforms in the back of your mind, and you pull yourself out of your trance and shovel a forkful in ; images of that motto “Be a man and grow some balls.”

You don’t want balls anymore. You’re not a man. Coconuts just shrank into peas. Electing to be a bitch instead starting now.

How…the fuck…do you make spaghetti crunchy?

Undyne chortles behind you, holding in despicable laughs at your paling complexion, cheeks chipmunking the inedible cuisine for sheer life. You nearly keel over and escape to the bathroom, when a familiar starry gaze in a small set of eyesockets falls on you.

“HUMAN. HOW IS THE SPAGHETTI?...WHISPER” Papyrus silently beams, leaning over the coffee table half way, gloved hand covering the side of his mandible so the couch can pretend to not hear or understand him. He looks so excited and enraptured to hear your praises, you can’t shoot the cinnamon bun down with negativity.

Resummon the coconuts.

You swallow, instantly regretting life. A far to big chunk of ham lodges in your throat, desperately tapping Undyne’s leg for assistance, not wanting to spook the skeleton waiting for his response. Undyne gives a hard kick in your back, actually shooting a pained nerve through your spinal cord, forcing open your throat and to swallow. The aftertaste is equal to the taste of vomit from earlier. Tears well in your eyes, and you pull the best forced whimpering smile you can despite the pain and disgust.

“ ‘S good.” you silently reply, coughing some as Papyrus giddily leans back to his spot, digging into his masterpiece. Wary of his constant stares, you chug down the minor water glass you’d opted for, regretting it so much and not wanting to be rude host to stand and block the view mid-movie.

Undyne, the stealthy goddess of fish, takes your plate hastily and replaces yours with her finished one, swallowing down the rest of yours before Papyrus can even wonder. The movie ends, not revealing as many and terrible scares as you’d presumed to be, and Undyne turned on the lights again.


“Oh n-no Papyrus i—g—good.” you stutter, extremely insistent to avoid anymore taste testing. Sans seems to be in a calmer mood then before, as well as Undyne, but Sans still refuses to greet your rare gazes. Once again, his sockets show a darkness you can’t describe, though his signature toothy smile lays on his skull. A thought suddenly jogs into your mind, recalling only one other incident he made that face.

“Wheres Flowey?” you request, everyone visually tensing at the flowers name. After a concerning
minute, Alphys provides a strange answer.

“I-In the c-closet.”

“Huh? Why the hell is he in the closet?” you ask, forgetting everything and walking to the living room closet. Opening it, the flower isn’t inside, so you assume it must be the bedroom closet. Approaching the doorknob, Sans finally speaks up in his own unique way; appearing in-front of the door blocking your entry.

“don’t go to that little prick.” He objects, brow-bones creasing down in hidden rage, smile threatening to fall. His voice baritone and dark sends a questionable shiver through you, somewhat thrilling.

“Excuse me, this is my bedroom. I will only oblige if you will tell me what happened earlier; when he pulled out my…” you stop, clutching your chest ; wary of the stitches. Your soul. The words relapsed, failing to escape as your lip quivers ever so slightly. He sweats more, averting his frustrated gaze to the outside, rain starting to gently pat against the window panes in the black night : the moon hidden behind the storm clouds containing its brilliant glow. He steps aside, allowing you entry as if he were a bouncer.

“That’s what I thought…” you scoff, a huff of irritation at the lack of knowledge not halting your progress into the room.

Carefully sliding the door open, you notice the golden glow of his petals, him facing the wall. He’s been replaced into a pot of true hilarity. Painted on with little hand-prints (likely Frisks) and flower patterns are the distorted words “Naughty Pot”. It makes you snicker with a minor slip of a snort, the flower twitching to the sound of your laugh and dipping his front further into the wall , slumping uncomfortably against a pair of your old boots. A light patter of water falls onto the boots, elicited from the flower. You sit outside the door, cross legged staring at poor soulless being.

“I never believed in that old shtick of “The monsters under the bed” or “The monster in the closet”. Yet it seems both came true - one sleeps regularly under my bed, and I have had two skeletons and a fish lady in this closet at the same time ; now a little flower getting my boots all wet? This is madness!” you quote, chuckling to yourself, a small whimpered mutter coming from inside. It drives you to lightly wrap warm fingers about the pots frame, hoisting the flower from the darkness and into your lap, specks of soil escaping the water drain slowly. You turn the flower to face you properly, his miserable face returning to that similar to Toriels, dry tear stains covering the majority of the flowers features, crusting against the petals and soaking into the dirt. His gaze meets yours, more tears rampaging from the poor things eyes before it finally breaks. It vines quickly around your torso, crying sobs into your dampening shirt. Muffled ‘Im sorrys’ are caught as he presses needingly into your stomach.

Sans approaches beside you, startling you as your gaze rakes up to his. The light glows have returned in his eyes, warily watching the flowers actions. He also looks……guilty? Frustrated? Irked? Its more sad then anything, but there is a aching anger still, the crack of his fists forming in his jacket pockets. You opt to ignore his concerns, hesitantly stroking the back of the flowers crying head. After three minutes of comforting and shushing the crying childs tears, Sans finally speaks.

“hey, uh….not to soil this tender moment, but uh……paps wants ‘ta sleepover. that…cool?” he mutters, scratching uneasily at the back of his skull.

You cant hold in the snort from the pun though, looking to him angrily for indeed breaking the
tender moment.

“Sans, it’s not a good thing to have so many monsters in my dorm room, let alone male monsters, let alone OVER NIGHT.” You remind, chuckling as he finally beings to relax into his element.

“heh, your manager already allowed it. doesn’t want to see you all bonely.” He jokes, winking slyly earning another undignified fit of snorts from you.

“You’re a heartless comedian, huh? Was in the middle of some consouling here.” You fight back, with a bit of sass. Sans gives a playful groan of approval, before divulging into a fit of huffing giggles. Even Flowey returns a childish groan of disapproval with a familiar gagging sound. A loud grand disapproval sound escapes from Papyrus who stands behind Sans in the bedroom doorway.

“HUMAN! PLEASE DON’T TORMENT US WITH A PUN-WAR WITH MY LAZYBONES BROTHER!” he begs. Sans gives a delighted sneer.

“heh, sorry paps. i was bone to be punny.” He retaliates, Papyrus shrieking his name. The taller skeleton yanks his brothers head into the air; freaking you into believing he just removed his brothers skull. He’s squishing the skeletons facial features that actually give and mold like muscle, scrunching his cheeks inwards and sockets forced to squint while he chuckles without regret. Every action these brothers do make you wonder so much more about how they are made up ; though knowing Sans, he would just say “heh. magic.” in very unspecific detailing. You give in though, to the brothers. If manager was fine with them staying, you would deal with any of the other dorm-mates bullshit should they find out. Unlikely so, considering how friggin’ sneaky these two were apparently ; Sans practically appears and reappears at will.

A similar sleep-style as before takes place, however rooms divided by gender. Papyrus insists on sleeping on the floor, to which you discover he’d brought a sleeping bag, disregarding if he could even stay or not. Sans takes the loveseat nonchalantly. Alphys and Undyne cuddle in their bed, Undyne careful to snuggle closer to her mate, a fit of nervous giggles and blush as you crawl into your hammock bringing the very silent Flowey with you. After much MUCH denial of all the events prior and many more childish apologies from the Flower, you gain the majority vote to let him stick in your bed for the night. Alphys turns off the light, leaving the room to the quiet until Undyne roars her bed-shaking snores. How does Alphys sleep at all without ear-plugs?!

Eventually, despite the noise and bed shaking, Flowey and you drift into sleep, nightmares welcoming you to a different scenario, leaving you pleased none-the-less.

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He can’t forget. Its plaguing his nightmares now. You. Your past. The shit that he’d seen as he touched your soul ; the stupidest thing he could have possibly done thus far…

“Kevin! Wh-Where’s mom? And Dad?! KEVIN!” . You’re sobbing and he is hugging you. The enormous flames of the house making you appear as black silhouettes dancing against the towering flame. Sans can make out the knife before it hits, everything seeming to slow as his screams of warning fall on deaf ears.

Then you shriek, blood spraying wildly from your back. Its horrifying. He can’t use his magic. Something is holding him down, leaving him trapped to watch your child self suffer against the blunt blade. You’re so helpless : pinned against the greater weight and size of your brother; resembling a shadowed demon against the flame.

You squirmed out from him, too weak and terrified to gather the courage to run. He easily catches
you and erratically slices at your back, blood splaying everywhere, even at Sans feet.

“You aren’t my sister! Your tainted! FUCKING TAINTED BLOOD! DIE!” he screams. Your body is going limp, less movement at every passing second. He can’t close his eyes; his sockets wont close and the tears and shrieks wont stop. He is as helpless as you.

Your brother flips you over, aiming the bloodied blade over your heart. Your slender arms meet his, stalling for time. Sans is desperate as the blade inches closer. He rips at the sludge holding him down, it sends searing pain through his legs but he isn’t caring. He has to do something; anything. An all too familiar cry echoes out, and you’ve been stabbed in the chest, your brother darkly pleased. Sans can’t force anything out, his mandible dropped to reveal his canines, weeps of pain escaping as the cyan tears stream down his cheekbones. The last thing he see’s is an old man tackling your brother, you wrenching the knife out of your chest and rolling to your side, facing him. True misery and pain in your face, hits him right in the soul, as he watches to slowly bleed out, clutching his sternum where his heart would be should he have one.

Then everything hazes. It blurs, and time speeds by. The brother goes from on the ground to tied to a tree. More people surround your stilled body in blurs of fright and screeches. The fire grows in size. Until red trucks with water hoses approach and douse the flames.

The time blur stops, leaving Sans sweating and confused. He can move, the puddle that resembled blood dissipating and revealing his feet, he doesn’t take a millisecond til he is running to your side. Heavy breathing, eyes barely open and conscious. ‘How had you the willpower to survive?’ he thought. He only then saw it. Your soul. The damage and cuts inflicted on it were too great. You were broken to every extent. But something else was wrong….your soul.

It was green, the color of kindness – not the faint purple hue he’d seen before. He was so confused – why was your soul green?

You moved. Your head slowly turned, facing the doused house, as wild tears sprang from your eyes. Your neighbors screamed in protest and fear as you reached out weakly to something. Sans looked up, and everything he’d questioned dropped from his mind.

Your parents remains were being carried out of the house. The neighbors were backing away in shock and horror, some taking miserable aggression out on the giggling mad man tied to the tree previously known as your brother. One body oozed blood, a man from the looks of it, likely your father. His flesh was crisp and burnt, bubbling pools of blood spilling into the dirt and fiery flesh causing gags amongst the horrified crowd. Even Sans could smell it, hiding his nasal cavity meekly behind his jacket sleeve; to no avail though as the stench wandered the air.

Then another body was pulled. Not as much pulled as thrown. In shock, what minorly resembled a woman spontaneously combusted as the yellow jacketed men carried her out. She combusted into a low. Blue. Flame.

Memories hit him like whiplash.

“Try not to use your powers in front of her.”

“They are so beautiful…and yet so sad…”

“Lilies; the flower of death.”

“NEVER USE YOUR MAGIC IN FRONT OF JANE AGAIN – you SCARED her!”

He understood. He understood everything. Why you rushed to the bathroom and came out looking
like you’d just been through hell and back. How you looked at him with terror. His magic was scary – well less his magic more his eye pulsating for using his magic. It was a perfect correlation to the sickly flame emanating off the woman’s body before the yellow-jackets put them out.

A flash of light happens, and Sans finds himself in a hospital again. He is sitting in an unfamiliar setting, hearing a slow beep. He looks down and sees your poor body, strewn under sheets dyed red partially from your wounds. The beeping was connected to your heart rate…and it was so sickly slow. A calendar rested nearby: it read 3 months later. How did he know? He didn’t have any knowledge of when it took place. It just said in big letters 3 months later…this wasn’t right.

He looked to you, and his soul skipped a pulse. With every hesitant breath, your soul pulsed. It pulsed purple – perseverance. Every beat turned the soul more of the violet hue, and forming a deeper crack almost down the middle. It ate at your green kindness; you were adapting while in a coma. Eventually, he witnessed it. Your soul broke, a quarter remaining and you groaned and struggled under the sheets. Red strings of determination held the soul together with the departed nothingness that was once you. The rest filled in purple, the green remnants hiding inside.

“You’re amazing y’know. You adapted to survive.” You repeated your praise of Flowey in his head.

You opened your eyes, and as he looked into the glossed over gaze, he was sent back. Back into the nightmare of what had happened. But this time it wasn’t yours.

He stood over the CORE. Papyrus, nothing but a babybones, grappling his brother’s arm frantically as the machine began to quake. A thought of someone exited his mind, unsure as to the train of thought he felt he was on, tears unknowingly staining both his and his brother’s cheeks. He didn’t understand.

Another jump left him in front of the inferno of your house, but you were nowhere and he seemed closer. Something grappled his arm; Papyrus, still a babybones. His shrieking cries weren’t registering, Sans busy drinking in his surroundings and himself. He felt off, oddly wearing an old lab coat back from his scientist days in the underground.

“BROTHER! SANS! WHERE ARE OUR PARENTS?!?” yells the tinier Papyrus, shocking Sans from his daze. He tries to turn to reassure him, but he pulls his brother into a hug, holding him closer and closer. Papyrus clutched at Sans’ lab coat, holding his brother close as he shook with heavy orange tears staining the white fabric. Sans wanted to unknowingly comfort the little brother, to rub the back of his skull soothingly as he knew he loved. But it would happen, no matter how he willed it. He felt wrong. Something wasn’t right.

He couldn’t move.

His mind fought against his body, no longer responding to what he was saying. A second of doubt flashed a sickening image, as if deja-vu had struck him with lightning swiftness. Even a moment went by where his brother was replaced by the sobbing image of you, pressed against his sternum sobbing for solace. Papyrus was replacing you..and he was replacing...

No. NO. NONONOONO!

He screams in hopeful denial, shaking and crying as he watches his own bony hand lift the knife behind his defenseless little brother.

“PAPYRUS!! PAPYRUS NOO! NO PLEASE!! ANYTHING BUT THIS PLEASE!!? PAPS!! GET AWAY FROM ME PLEASE!! PPAAPYYYRUUUSS!”
He howls with regret, closing his eyes, wishing it away. This was worse. This was so much worse. This was on equal ground with the resetting nightmares that were reoccurring.

He opens his eyesockets hollowly, cerulean tears staining over the fading orange.

But there was nothing but dust in the wind and a bloodied knife in his shaking palm.

“PAAHPPYRU-U-UUUSS!” he sobs, shaking uncontrollably. Firm hands grip him; your brothers smiling face inches from his as he squeezes tight his humerus into his rib. His smile was all too familiar, sickening and disturbing - enough to destroy a monsters sanity of thousands of resets. The one of a familiar foe he wished would cease haunting and plaguing his new life that had just moments ago shattered away. They let go, cackling as the brother fell into a darkness that somehow grew darker and foreboding. He shivered, fetal positioning himself as the darkness slowly consumed his soul. Flickers of sky blue fading away as a voice all too familiar echoed louder. The blackness forms and constrains him, threatening to break his round frame. A deep static chuckle erupts from the shadows in the darkness, a disheveled and cracked skull looking down at him with a sickly grin he couldn’t place. He couldn’t place anything. He felt nothing in this - the void. No air, no feelings, just…..empty.

Papyrus’s soul glows instantaneously from the darkness, the familiar flame it was shedding warmth over Sans quivering helplessly in the darkness. It approached him at break neck speeds, familiar deafening screams echoing out to him til a warmth of kindness washes over him, and his eyes flare open with an intensity and magic knew well. Night-terrors.

“SANS! ITS OKAY! ITS NOT REAL!! I’M HERE SANS!!” Papyrus shrieks. Sans blinks, and finds himself held tightly by the dearest one to his heart that he had just…he’d just…he……he can’t hold it. He mutters his brothers name, stroking his innocent tear filled face, taking in his unchanging features. Tears spring down his cheekbones, thoughts of what he’d done to his little innocent brother desecrating his mind.

“BROTHER…Brother…It was another nightmare, yes?” he questions silently, releasing his intense grip on his brothers arms. Sans pulls into his brothers loose shirt that replaced his armor, grasping wildly at his back as he mutters and sobs into his sternum, vibrating the taller brother. Papyrus glances around as the magic held items drop to the floor abusively – his brother easing out of his traumatic dream. He meets your terrified gaze, standing in the bedroom doorway shaking and uncertain. Papyrus gives a weak smile and a consoling rub at his brothers heaving back, as he gasps for air through his tearing sobs.

“Im here Sans……I promise.” He soothes, rubbing gentle circles into the brothers back against his t-shirt. You, noting this as a more personal moment, return to your sleep, concerned thoughts leading to possibly necessary questions. But not now.

Not when his brother looked so broken…

Chapter End Notes

Holy shieet. IDK when next chapter is out, but likely late friday or early evening saturday….if not…I will post something in the end notes with a little shit spiel about what’s going on.
Moms been sick so im taking care of her, thats why it might be late.

Leave me them comments, also if anyone has good puns, im all ears. I am bad with puns, the majority I have researched ( except the title. Fuck that came to me and it was FUCKING brillaint =u= Flowey gets ALL the consouling. )

ALSO. I think it would make more SENSE if I provided shit to the story. I do have a deviant art with really bad drawings, but thats cuz I dont draw : I sprite in a sense. I also have a tumblr (never thought I would say that Bl )
So I just decided FUCK IT : If ya wanna check out my shit its below. ( NOTE : I aint doing this to advertise. I will rarely RARELY do this O_O")

Deviant Art : Bloodypixie666 ( latest addition = Maplestory Sans Sprite )
http://bloodypixie666.deviantart.com/art/Maplesim-Sans-Undertale-591864987?
ga_submit_new=10%253A1455930439

Tumblr : Bloodpix ( NOT THAT I EVEN REALLY POST ANYTHING : If ya wanna chat or anything, im doing that. )
Worst Morning Ever

Chapter Summary

You wake up. You wish you didn’t.

MINOR. EXTREME MINOR: Sexual play.

Chapter Notes

Holy hell I spent my ENTIRE Saturday just STARING at a blank word page. I had a extra detailed page of what I wanted in this chapter ready, I had the whole day to myself, and I knew I had to write.

BUT. I . JUST. COULDN’T.

IDK why. I knew what I wanted. It was there, available. IDK WTF is wrong with me.

So I started this at like 10 p.m and wrote it all and now here it is, first thing in the fucking morning of the weekend.

( Im off to see deadpool in 10 hours and I need to sleep and shower and eat. Fuck me. )

BTW, I didn’t get even a quarter of the shit I had planned to put in this chapter, IN THIS CHAPTER.

That is how much FUCKING detail this chapter is.

However... However.

If you REALLY REALLY don't want another explanation of the readers past, I SUPPOSE you can scurry over to the next chapter once its out and just tell yourself ”Hey, Now Sans Paps and Flowey know bout as much as Alphys. ONWARD.”

But then, why would I make this chapter if it didn’t throw FEELS.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A wet dream.

That’s the best you could describe as to what you’d last remembered before waking up. It also described what you’d woken up to.

Flowey was for the most part molesting you. Vines dug and tickled underneath your breasts, seeking their coverage for warmth; not surprising since for no apparent reason it was 5 below outside. Flowey’s face was nestled in your valley, golden leaves poking enough out of your shirt to inform you of the unwanted actions. You groggily turned about, a sound in the background drowning out, as you sleepily rubbed your eyes. Taking a grumpy glare at Flowey, you noticed he seemed disgusted and distressed, his leaves attempting to cover non-existent ears. You shifted to sit up in the blankets to question his placement, but everything in your world froze.

A wet spot. Carefully and cautiously picking up the covering blankets, a glistening spot remained in the sheets below nearly making you just cry from embarrassment. You’d been aroused by a euphoric dream you hardly remembered, with a child monster sleeping around your body. This had
to be a sick joke. Saying you never had them was an understatement, but it must have been intense enough to make a minor puddle in the sheets of your embarrassing pre-cum. Oh sweet Christ, did you have an orgasm in your sleep?! Looking guiltily at the flower, you mouthed an ‘im sorry’ that was returned with a confused glare. Why was he confus-

“A-Aahh….Ngghh”

Oh my fuck no.

“The-aahh….th-there..”

OH MY SWEET SHIT NO.

Visual beads of sweat ran down your face, an immediate realization dawning onto you.

You’d had a wet dream over hearing Alphys and Undyne getting it on underneath you. YOU’D GOTTEN WET THANKS TO YOUR LESBIAN DORM-MATE MONSTER FRIEND. HOLY SHIT.

You nearly slammed your hands to your face to cover the extending blush to your predicament. A liar you would be if this hadn’t happened before. HOWEVER, that time you were in another room, NOT ABOVE THEM.

“Ahhaaahh U-Und-nnnngghh”

Oh sweet smart Alphys…why have you forsaken me to this torture? You pleaded ,closing your eyes and covering your ears, that maybe they were climaxing soon and you could get off this extremely awkward arousal. Oh god did you need to get off. Arousal came harder on you then it likely was meant, and you knew every second you wasted whimpering here, the worse the stain in the sheets would be.

“Shh A-Alph….I got ya babe..”

Undyne, it is way too early in the morning to be sexing you gir-

VVVVTTTTTT

VIBRATOR. NOPE. NOPE OUT OF THIS RIGHT THE F**K NOW.

Gathering all the courage from your tolerance of the morning noises, grasping the poor plush and throwing it hard to the ground as a sacrifice. It must have registered before it hit the ground, because the vibrator was off instantaneously and sheets being thrown about with whispered curses sprung to life beside the newly noted heavy breathing. Breathing air of relief, you loudly creak next to the ladder, Flowey still intensely wrapped around you, quieter then a mute Alphys.

“I-Im going…to shower.” You remark, climbing down the ladder quickly and not peering over to the completely covered roommates bed, awkward wriggles and curses still emanating from below. Recalling that the brothers had stayed the night, you promptly free yourself from the embarrassing wet panties and slip on a pair of gym shorts ; made to absorb sweat and hopefully…other things. You dared not replace your undies because you were showering anyways and you didn’t want 2 soaked in one day. Though the shorts were tight, accentuating your ass in an eagerly sexual way that made you confident about your features. Though, there was no one to sexually absorb into it, nor did you want to, so you disregarded it. Grabbing Floweys ‘naught pot’ ( Frisk is a fucking genius for making this.. ) you reach the door and halt before the knob.
“You two better remember that the bro’s are here. I will be back in 20 minutes, so please be done.” You retort, hastily driving open the door and closing it gently taking notice of Papyrus working diligently at the stove.

Flowey unwinds from around you, slipping into the soft soil with a disgruntled sigh. You leave him on the coffee table, and give him the shushed finger to the lips as you tip-toe behind Papyrus’ focus. Taking note of the lack of smell coming from the kitchen, you didn’t see Sans anywhere; kitchen, loveseat, nowhere. The clock read 8:52, so Gloria had probably already blasted through and just didn’t wake any of the bedroom dwellers. He easily could have left: You’d found out the night before that Gloria had provided Undyne, Sans, and Papyrus permanent passes onto the premises. Apparently all thanks to Undyne besting her 5 times in a row in different forms of quarreling. The ‘battles’ were so intense, the mere remembrance of it as Undyne detailed threw her into an outraged excitement, suddenly leaving her punching into the rug with enthusiasm. You decided to not question it, proceeding to the bathroom to ease into a warm shower and rid yourself of the embarrassing aroused juices.

Entering the bathroom with a stretch and yawn, you heard the dripping patter of water off a faucet. Sans likely washed up before heading out, or you needed to call-up a repairman. The air was muggy and warm, which was pleasant after the cold floor shook your feet and numbed the toes. Closing the door behind you with a firm lock; ensuring no one interrupted your disapproving release in the warmed stall. Masturbating in the bathroom isn’t cool, but it wasn’t going away, and no other room was usable. The bedroom was apparently taken, and even if no one was home, the Living Room was the stupidest place to do it: the front door hardly seemed to exist the way everyone just barged in, and the loveseat would be the first thing they see before you raunchily draped on it pleasuring away. Bathroom wasn’t great either, but the sexual tension was tightening and you needed to spare these shorts their misery.

While in the bathroom, you took your morning medical requirements: painkillers if necessary, but the secret stash of antidepressants in the corner cubby you’d made. Alphys couldn’t know; this was the one thing you were determined to not worry her with. Though, it was a very obvious thing you needed, so you questioned if she knew without even seeing it. Helped with your PTSD and suicidal thoughts, but never cured; just another concealer to help hide the pasts scars. Popping the tablets in your mouth and guzzling openly from the sinks faucet to wash it down, you stripped off your tank top to reevaluate the scar damage. The new stitches worked well, the raw flesh was filling in underneath at an aggravating slow pace, but enough to be able to remove the medical string in a few days. There were indents underneath your breasts where Flowey had locked around you, though if somehow ANYONE saw you could likely blame a tight bra. Ceremoniously, you turn around to the back/not back. As ugly and distorted as ever. Everyday you pushed into the middle of the pool of scars, counting and naming your vertebrae individually. It was a ritual that made you feel less broken, and even with the intense heat and wetness pooling in the sopping shorts, it soothed you. If you pressed hard enough against certain nerve points, you could feel the pressure slightly, but by that point you would bruise the tender skin.

The dripping from the faucet grew more scattered and uneven, echoing out into the bathroom more as you withdrew the shorts to the side: you needed those when you went back to your room for a proper change of clothing. Sitting on the lidded pristine ivory toilet, you tested the waters. It was instead a waterfall, which gushed as you casually stuck two fingers in with a pleased groan that’s a tad on the overly audible side. Pulling out, your fingers glistened with the sticky saliva, tracing a sturdy line back to your entrance. True disappointment washed over yourself for getting horny on Alphys’ adorable relationship. You’d dreamed of a relationship such as that; limitless and open, shared feelings. Any relationships you had prior counted as pity-buddies or sex fiends, which you never let escalate to a sexual level. That...’incident’ with your disgusting professor was likely the closest to anything remotely sexual you’d ever go through for the entirety of your life. Virgin til
death you supposed.
Not wanting your messy slime drip everywhere onto the lid, you shimmy to the door, humming a tune as you approach the towel rack. Taking your fuzzy soft purple towel, you take note of the absence of Alphys’; likely in the drying process or something but still odd since it was there every morning. Alphys was proficient; not usual of her to forget to hang up her shower towel. The dripping was picking up pace, and you concerned that a pipe might be loose, but it was coming from the shower you’d planned to use as a cold counteractive to your knotting heat below. Wrapping a towel around your naked form, you approach the shower door when someone jimmys the doorknob, before rapping softly with a tuning knock.

“HELLO? ARE YOU IN THERE S-“ Papyrus questioned, jimmying the knob again but cut off by your reply.

“Oh sorry Papyrus, its me! I was just about to get in the shower!” you reply, approaching the shower.

“OH HUMAN! IM SORRY, I THOUGHT SANS WAS JUST IN THERE!” He replies. A fearful jolt shocks through you as you step onto a wet splotch left on the color-changing mat outside the shower. Warily picking up your foot, you realize that the majority of the mat is tinged a blood red. The mat from your studied knowledge only retained color for 10 minutes before it would dissolve and return to a pearly white. One thing was made clear other then the wide red drips left scattered about it: a bloody skeletal footprint.

Holding fast your towel, you slam the separating door open of the shower, face as red as the mat as you come eye to eye-socket with an exageratingly sweaty skeleton, blushing an azure dust about his entire skull. He has robed Alphys’ large pink towel around his ribs, draping down below his patellas. He’s covering his mouth, hints of a shocked frown on his face, as more beads of sweat and shower water drip off his skull and ribs to the off-beat of the non-existent leaky faucet. Your gazes were locked, suddenly him scouring his pupil pricks up and down your barely concealed body: your towel not even making it halfway down your thighs.

You slam the door closed, huffing out of a breath you’d held, muttering curses and fears as you rush back to your clothing.

“i….im so…im so…so sorry…i thought i…the door-i..” he mutters, deep voice echoing against the dewed tiles.

“Oh my flippin- NRRGGHHHH” you grumbled, using the side wall to redress into your tank top and soaked shorts. Your words failed you, embarrassment fueling your need to escape. The door separating the shower from the rest of the room was crystalized glass, so he likely couldn’t properly make out your skin. BUT. BUT! BUT you’d been a fucking IDIOT and thought “Hey, might as well TOUCH myself in the bathroom!” and didn’t think twice about ensuring the area was safe after not seeing Sans anywhere! If you’d fucking continued, YOU WOULDA MASTURBATED 5 FUCKING FEET FROM A FUCKING SKELETON YOU HARDLY KNEW. WHAT THE SHIT?!

Dressed in the little you had, you unlocked the door, the beet red of the blood flowing in your face likely apparent from the crystalized door.

“TELL ME NEXT TIME!!” You shriek, slamming the door and pacing over to the loveseat to sit in absolute embarrassment and shame. This was one of the worst mornings you’d ever honestly woken up to. Its on par with when Gloria ran you under ice water after apparently pelting her in the dome with a plushy. You’d woken from a wet dream, your roommate was having play-sex below
you, you went to masturbate in the bathroom and a fucking skeleton was hiding inside – WHAT NEXT?!

Mind questions are answered when Papyrus kneels in front of you, with a confused expression.

“HUMAN! WEREN’T YOU TAKING A SHOWER WITH SANS?” he asked, Flowey snorting a withheld laugh and gazing at you like a confused creeper.

“NO! I-I-I didn’t k-know he was in there!” you cried back, tears of humiliation springing into your eyes. You held them back, willing them painfully so to not worry Papyrus. You leaned forward, rolling your neck forward and dropping your face to your hands, Papyrus taking an initiative and stroking your back.

“JANE, WHATS WRONG? YOU SEEM UPSET.” Papyrus mentioned.

“Im…Im just tired Papyrus. I will be fine I just need to relax.” You mutter, not even glancing up to quell his uncertain stare mixed with concern.

“IS THIS HELPING RELAX YOU, HU-JANE?” he corrects, widening his circles as he strokes your back rhythmically.

“Is what?” you question, looking up to see he has a arm draped around your back and is making circles over your tank-top. “ Oh…Oh Papyrus its fine…I uh..I cant feel it….at all.”

He retracts so fast it reminds you of measuring tape as he snaps back.

“OH WAS I HURTING YOU, JANE?!” he questions, complete distress filling his empty sockets as you can somehow tell his eyes (if they naturally existed) were frantic.

“No! no no no Papyrus! I just cant- the-the nerves in my back are shot.” You explain, Papyrus recalling your back all bloodied and scraped from the incident.

“WHA-….What happened?” he asked, his voice dropping decibels, similar to how quiet Alphys can be. It pained your heart to hear the shakiness in his voice, fear of asking present. You sighed and tried to imagine a not so graphic and emotional way to explain what’d happened. However, this time was more of an unnerving audience : Flowey was intrigued, Papyrus on baited breath, and to add wood to the fire Sans carefully slid out of the bathroom, eyeing your figure sitting exhausted on the tiny couch as he carefully meanders over to inspect the silent commotion. You run your hands over your entire face, clearing it of the tiring emotion and trying to concentrate a shy smile.

“It’s a long story Papyrus……too long and too cruel to honestly explain nicely” you tell, not wanting to lie to the dear friend. Papyrus was as innocent as an infant : fresh to the world, unknowledgeved, cherished and protected.

“P-Please Jane…Can I know? I…I , the Great Friend Papyrus, want to help you…” he begs, making you snap. You’re already going to have to tell Flowey, he wont shut up about it…and you trusted the brothers (even if one was a sneaky-shady in the bathroom). You give in, groaning and stressfully running your hand against the back of your neck.

“Alright…Alright. Get comfortable or something its uh…long and not pleasant…”

Papyrus cradles into the ground, sitting cross legged, snatching Flowey into his boned lap. Sans stands a little behind and beside his brother, refusing the seating offer as you glare quickly before taking a calming breath.
“When I was a little girl, I had a big happy family. We had a good life, a big home, and my parents made a lot of money back then. My mother was a renowned scientist who majored in botany – the study of plants. My dad was incredibly smart, he was good with machines and loved space and the study of time. They dreamed of making a time machine, the ability to go backwards or forwards to any given moment.” You tell, Sans sockets blackening as he looks at the ground. You ignored his behavior and continued.

“And then there was my uh…my brother.”

“OH YOU HAD A BROTHER TOO?!” Papyrus beamed, suddenly ecstatic that you shared something. He dropped that excitement when you couldn’t pull a smile to his joy.

“Ya I did Papyrus…he was older then me but unlike yours. your… your brother is funny, kind, and loves you very dearly-“ you detail, Sans pupils returning as he look at you in awe, a minor blush to the compliments spreading over his chilled cheekbones, “while my brother was uh…manipulative, angry, and despised my existence…” Papyrus’ face was sorrowful again, somewhat pitiable that your brother was the farthest thing from his own and you speaking of him filled you with sadness.

“He was mentally ill you see : bipolar disorder.” You say, though the confused stares returned obviously means they had no damn idea what that was, “It’s a chemical problem in the brain that can make you very angry and very depressed for extended periods of time. For instance say I had bipolar disorder. If I wasn’t having an episode, and Alphys asked me a question, I would just reply. If I was having a manic episode, I would get mad or snap at her, or worse…and if it was a depression episode, I could ignore her all-together, low and hateful of myself. Okay?” you explain, everyone understanding with a gentle nod.

“Okay, so my brother would constantly have manic episodes : he was always angry at everyone and everything, and it made him delusional and untrusting of everyone around him…….he eventually took it too far.” You end pointing to your back, hoping the skeletons will be satisfied with that much.

“What did he do?” Flowey speaks up, you immediately hating the plant with every fiber of your being. You now wanted to do the same as Sans before : take him by the damned stem and hang him from the fucking window. The face Papyrus was making clearly read he wanted to know as well though, Sans being unreadable ; again. You regained composure, breathed in nose out mouth, and tried to detail and not detail.

“Well, FLOWEY.” You growl, hoping he senses your soul threatening to stab him a million times over and more, “I was walking home one day from a friends house. When I got closer to my house, I realized the entire house was on fire…I ran over, ignoring my neighbors, and my brother was standing watching the flames…”

“I ran over to him, crying and begging to tell me where our parents were and he hugged me close……” you mumble, trying to break the upcoming well of tears, though Papyrus looked to be on the verge as well ; and he only knew the house was burning down.

“ He had a knife. In his hand. I didn’t see it.” you mutter, looking to the floor, not wanting to meet their faces as you hurried the explanation, quick shallow breathing between the short sentences you managed to form. “So, he stabbed me ; in the back.” You choke a sob in. Papyrus’ hands gripped tighter at Floweys pot, the flowers face actually expressionless. Sans sweat like a mad-man, his brow bones arched upwards, pained.

“He was yelling at me. Slashing at my back with the knife. He cut at me so much ; I lost so much blood and he killed nearly every nerve in my back….eventually he flipped me over and tried to kill
me; stab my heart.” You pointed to your scar, finally coming eye level with the skeleton, silent neon orange tears dropping rapidly while his eyes were strictly focused on you. You for some reason threw on a genuine smile.

“Course, we know he didn’t. Here I am, that surgery I got recently was to uh...remove the rest of the metal that got stuck inside....it was killing me essentially.” You mutter, smile falling as the rest comes up. You decide to tell a small lie, not wanting to visually attack the innocent skeleton.

“After all that, I passed out and woke up in the hospital a few months later. They told me....they told me that he uh...my brother...he killed both my parents and set the house on fire. On purpose.” You lie, Sans looking at you with confusion. You looking at him with equal confusion, what about your statement was confusing?! It was a lie, sure, but the technical truth as well: You left out the part how you knew they died and saw their bodies, but you didn’t know as much as until you woke up and they properly explained to you (the imbeciles telling a 7 year old such horse-shit after coming out of a coma...). Taking a deep sniffle, you force no expression; better then appearing miserable and crying.

“After that, my back healed up, but not fully. They couldn’t restore my nerves either, so you could pinch and poke me and I wouldn’t even know. Aaannddd that’s the story.” You end, feeling confident you didn’t become a heaving mess of snot and tears. Flowey looked at you baffled and Sans appeared pained; unable to meet your eyes. Papyrus flung the pot containing the evil plant to the ground, nearly breaking the ceramics as he jumped up onto his knees and pulled you into an embrace. He sniffled and tears coated the thin tank-top. He stroked the back of your head, phalanges shifting shakily through your disgusting hair (UGH SHOWER), pressing his teeth and head in the crook of your neck, holding close as he sobbed openly. Seeing Papyrus so miserable because of you wrenched at your heart; you shouldn’t have told him. Sans looked just as heart wrenched...except soul wrenched.

He didn’t know how to help calm his brother in this situation, because he himself could hardly hold back tears. The nightmares were so much worse. You’d been so strong and careful of what you said; even taken into consideration to not speak of seeing your parents bodies...You didn’t know about your soul, and that was something he would need to discuss privately later with Alphys, but right now he needed to try and reassure his brother alongside you that everything was better now.

“Wha—Wha-sniffle-What happened to y-your brother?” Papyrus wept, pulling back to wipe the tears from his skull. Your eyes bulged out of your head, tension growing, neck straining and stiff suddenly. Your throat became logged with a lump of fear, and dried up like a parched desert. You hadn’t seen this question coming...

Sans hadn’t even considered what happened to the scum known as a piece of your family. He hadn’t heard anything of it. Flowey pretend yawned, feigning no interest and replied for you.

“Isn’t it obvious, bone-head? Humans who kill humans are killed!” he groans, feeling intelligent and above the situation. Though he definitely didn’t expect your brother to be your traumatic experience from the past. It was gritty good story and plot if you thought about it, but he felt…empty and upset and unable to place the emotions he felt. He wasn’t meant to feel this.

“You’re wrong.” You grumble, looking to the floor. Everyone jerked, unsure and hungry for an answer.

“What you say is true: for his actions he was meant to be condemned to death sentence...however...however.” you repeated, gripping fists and trying to not blow a casket, break down, or in general melt down in front of your friends.
“They paroled him. He was instead given life imprisonment; he is never allowed out of jail. One condition for him to suffer there till he ROTS of old age is I have...” you recall, swallowing the lump of fear that was still attempting to choke you, “I have to visit at least twice a year. Parole hearings to try and reinstate him back into society. Everyone knows he won’t get out though, he’s a madman. It honestly just feels like they want to torture me more by making me go see his damned face.”

You curse under your breath, recalling your calming breaths and taking them quickly to not over-stimulate.

Papyrus looked shocked, Flowey was as well. Sans was on a whole different level. He was literally on a different level – floating half way to the ceiling, and clearly didn’t follow the same breathing techniques as you. Blue magic radiated off him like wisps of thick hairs, licking wildly at the air. Before you could meet his gaze, Flowey shoved a pillow into your face, vining it around your head so it wouldn’t dislodge.

“You might not wanna look at him right now, the idiots lost his temp-”

“T H E Y  L E T  T H A T  S C U M  L I V E ? ! ? ” Sans darkly roared, voice echoing about almost god-like as it stood above everyone, judging even. You fight to pull the pillow away, Papyrus yelling at his brother to come back and relax, the clenching teeth chattering with rage.

You stand and reach around, blinded and muffled by the pillow Flowey has tightly bound to your head, nearly cutting off air as it suffocates your mouth.

“SANS!! STOP, YOU WILL GET IN TROUBLE BROTHER! PLEASE!!” Papyrus begged, grabbing hold of Sans’ foot before it drifted past his extended reach. Papyrus gazed at him with puppy dog eyes, more tears forming and prepared to fall.

Sans can’t control all the emotions he is feeling right now, anger, sheer undying rage, fear, complete depression and sadness, the need to protect. He can’t understand it all at once. Its all for you. He hates that this happened, there’s nothing he could do to change anything! He doesn’t want to lose you, he hates how much sorrow you’ve let build inside, no one there to talk to you. He knew more then he should, and it was all his fault. Now he was reacting in a way that would get him in great trouble unless he listened to his pleading brother, and seeing you blinded by Flowey, he was reminded of his magic terrifying you. Without another thought, he dropped to his feet, cutting off his magical rage and was picked up in a tight embrace by his brother. The magic he’d had diluted into the air, and he huffed air rapidly to hold back screams of pain and rage. Papyrus rubbed his skull as he held his brother tightly to his sternum, calming words without his megaphone voice whispered softly to retaliate his fears and anger.

Flowey dropped the pillow from your face, you taking heavy breaths to regain lost oxygen, blinded by the immediate light in the room. Alls you’d seen were Sans’ floating slippers and now he was cradled in Papyrus’ clutches. You sighed, rethinking how this was definitely worse then the cold shower morning with Gloria and the plush. Atleast the plushie made it funny. The funniest thing about today was the skeleton you found in your fucking shower.

After some reassuring pats on the back from Sans, Papyrus felt comfortable putting down his disturbed brother, wiping tears from his sockets before they even had a chance. Papyrus turned to you, a kindled thought forming in his head.

“HUMAN!” Ah. His voice is back. You look to him with a smile, loving his brotherly connection as he stands tall above you. Sans had somehow materialized a glass of water and was chugging it down. You watched as nothing went through him, transfixed and fascinated thoroughly before Papyrus caught your attention again.

“I WANT YOU TO TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT!!” Papyrus gleefully yells.
Sans does a spit take, an immediate blush dusting his face.

“….HUH?!?”

Chapter End Notes

Hot damn Sans be pissed =3=
Look. LOOK. SEXUAL STUFF!!

Im really tired. I had Panera, it didnt sit well in my stomach, I threw up.
I got a 4th wall-breaking antihero movie to go see in half a day, so im outta here.
Next chapter might be up Monday or Tuesday.

P.S : I was awake til 4. A.M Yesterday ( today? IDFK ) and before I fell asleep, I put
my glasses on the side, a brilliant story idea popped into my head. I sat up, fished
around blindly ( no glasses = dumb and blind writer ) for an index card and marker,
and was like a foot away from it as I scribbled on the story. I actually fell asleep on a
miniscule high thanks to the markers stench ; it was awful.
Chapter Summary

The brothers learn more about you, including that you’d make a good housewife.

Chapter Notes

21st = 200 words
22nd = 400 words
23rd = 9,000+ FUCKING WORDS.
I went into WAY more detail then I wanted. Detail chapter. Its this entire thing. I even researched a shit ton for this.

Sorry its late. Hope the next one is out by Thursday if possible. Might be Friday though.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sans shakily wipes his face of sprayed water, astounded by his brothers pro-activeness. He blushed feverishly; though his taller younger brother was as cool as usual, smile brimming with delight and confusion at your startled gaping jaw.

“Pardon me again. HUH?!” you shriek, Flowey smirking and chuckling at the skeletons innocent and perverted actionous words.

“YOUR SHIRT HUMAN! I WOULD APPRECIATE IT IF YOU LET ME, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, GET UNDER YOUR SHIRT!!” he beams, not taking note of the fevering flush enveloping your face. Its so hot so suddenly, you press cold fingers to your face, hiding behind them to cool the overtaking heat.

“Eeehhhhhh didn’t know your brother was into humans, trashbag!” Flowey laughs, holding his petals to his eyes as if halting tears.

Sans would break the snide comment in a millisecond if he still wasn’t adjusting to the situation happening before him, a gurgle erupting silently as he attempts to find words to convey his bewildered and amazed thoughts.

“u-u-uh…p-pap?” he mutters, pinpricks shaky and breath hitched more then usual.

“Why the ffff-“ you squeal, catching yourself from the swear, un-needingly covering your non-exposed breasts bashfully. “ffff-frog do you want to take my shirt off?!” Sans and Papyrus glance to you, confused with the replaced word.

“FROG? WELL, IF YOU ARE UNCOMFORTABLE REMOVING YOUR ENTIRE SHIRT, I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, MERELY NEED YOUR BACK!” he replies, befuddled by the amphibian being placed in the sentence. Sans lets out a deep sigh, wiping away the accumulated
sweat and a tension easing to slack his eye-sockets again. Merely another question upon finally asking these skeletons for a magic/physical evaluation.

“M-My back?” you repeat.

“YES!! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, AM ALSO A SKILLED HEALER !!” he states proudly, striking a dramatic heroic pose as his bent carpus’ clank against his ilium, skull raised high as you can faintly make out a flowered glow spreading mystically behind him.

_Anime is real._ You mystifyingly gawk, watching the magical aura behind the skeleton dissipate as he offers a gloved hand.

“MAY I, JANE?” he asks, smiling proud. You immediately take chance at the kindness of the skeleton, fluttering your eyes happily.

“Of course!-“ you reply, a chortle growing deep inside “such a _skele-man~ “.you remark, Sans coughing on a giggle, Papyrus suddenly expressionless. “Or would it be gentle- _ton_?” you ask, muffling desperate giggles as Sans turns away, chuckling lowly. Papyrus drops your hand and turns briskly away.

“I DON’T LIKE THIS GAME.”

Its enough to send you both over, Papyrus fuming quietly at the pun breaking the kind moment. Flowey continues a groan he’d held since the start of the terrible puns, looking more disgusted every second. Their faces only fuel the laughs, and results with a snort, forcing you to fly back face first into the loveseat, chortling into the pillows and shoving a pillow ungracefully over your mouth to try and conceal the hysterical sounds. As soon as you snorted, Sans doubled over, landing with a thunk onto the carpeted ground, clutching at his ribs as tears of pained joy threaten to fall.

“I’M GOING TO FINISH THE COFFEE!” Papyrus screeches, having enough of the fit and walking around his brother.

“Awww Papyrus! Im so-haha-so sorry~ I would really like it if you did that, but wont you get in trouble for using magic?” you reply, breathing heavily to distill the still flowing giggles. He immediately spins around, grin pulling his sharp cheekbones, valiantly striking yet another pose as his Skeletor sounding voice grumbles out.

“NONSENSE! HEALING MAGIC DOESN’T TAKE AS MUCH ENERGY AS HUMANS BELIEVE – ITS SO SUBTLE IT CANT BE DETECTED!” he says, returning to the loveseat, prepared.

“I agree to this, but I wont take off my entire shirt and you got to SWEAR that this wont get you into any sort of trouble, m’kay?” you ask, looking seriously at the sweet skeleton.

“OKAY, AND I SWEAR! THOUGH I DON’T KNOW WHAT SWEARING HAS TO DO WITH THIS – ITS UNKIND TALKING BETWEEN PEOPLE YES?” he consults, turning you so your back faces him promptly.

“Well swearing is just words that aren’t nice, or meant for children or the innocent…” you reply, considering there’s a child who swears nearby, and an innocent skeleton behemoth sitting behind you, rustling with a soft fabric that isn’t your shirt.

“But what I meant is more of a promise. If I were to say “I promise to come” or “I swear to come” its generally the same thing. Promising something is more of a guarantee that something will get
done. Swearing is more of an overall oath. Does that make sense?” you question, tilting your head slightly to imply towards the taller skeleton.

“I BELIEVE SO! IT IS AMAZING THAT HUMANS HAVE WORDS THAT CAN MEAN SO MANY DIFFERENT THINGS.” He states, carefully lifting the shirt and rolling to the top to cease its descent as he worked his magic. God that was a great joke opportunity. You hold the shirt front at the base of your breasts, not wanting to reveal anything, when it hits you. You had planned to shower, so you had no underwear on – no bra. A silent flush fills your face a cherry red, as Sans joins beside his brother to recap the damage.

Maybe they don’t know ‘bout bras? That was true, brain. But Undyne and Alphys surely wore them, even Toriel. Sooo ya knooww….they might.

Your thoughts are pierced quite literally as a thin phalange spikes into your back, of course hitting a nerve, and you uncontrollably shake, biting harshly at your lip. It’s a warm tip, but the nerve isn’t a friendly one. The phalange flies away, and a concerned Papyrus shrieks.

“IM SO SORRY! DID I HURT YOU?!” he cries, unsure if touching you would make things worse, hands hesitating above your shoulders. You wriggle the stiff skin and groan quietly.

“Nah…im good. That was just uh….not a good nerve.” You reply, cold sweat breaking out across your temple. “You can keep going. I’m okay, really.” You insist.

Papyrus regains composure, carefully resting his whole boney hand upon your back. Sans watches patiently as his brothers magic slowly thrums a heat behind you, a soothing chill running up your spine. You sigh calmly, accepting the tepid magics heat spreading slowly over your scarred skin. Another thin hand joins, a index distal phalanx alone not poking or prodding, but snaking down the middle of your spine. He does it slowly, watching for any reactions, but your soothing in the warmth, unaware to his actions. He attempts something else, focusing his magic to the tip as he forges it down your spine again. He puts more pressure behind it, pushing cautiously at the skin.

Nothing.

The skeleton leans away, sighing and puzzling to himself over the problem in front of him. The warmth leaves, causing a shiver to occur to recalling the chill of the air around.

“heh, paps. losing your nerve?” Sans jokes, but the brother doesn’t even groan at the remark, stuck to his own thoughts. His smile gone, brows furrowed, thin finger clicking quietly against his skull. The sight is familiar to the elder brother, but thinking of its origins threatens to split his cranium open. Ignoring the thought, he turns to his neither amused nor upset brother, concern filling his soul as he examines your back before releasing a deep sigh.

“HUMAN, IT WOULD SEEM, I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, CAN NO LONGER CLAIM TO BE GREAT.” He regrets, Sans perking with tension immediately at his brothers remark. He was never one to speak negatively about people ; especially himself.

“p-paps, whaddya mean? you’re an amazing bro, cool to the bone, and a awesome cook!” he convinces, trying to read his expressions. You shudder at the mention of his cooking, though neither skeleton is focused on your reactions anymore.

“IT WOULD SEEM I CANT HEAL HER NERVES. I DON’T UNDERSTAND HUMANS ENOUGH TO PROPERLY HEAL HER. AND THE SCARS…….THEY ARE THE RESULT OF ALREADY HEALED SKIN, MEANING….” He mutters, sulking downwards to stare at the plush couch. Sans
has never seen his brother so defeated and hurt emotionally. It tears at him.

SMACK

“…..Ow.” you mutter, after swiftly turning and smacking both hands against the taller brothers jaws to hold his frame.

Papyrus holds tears within his sockets, complete confusion reaping over his face, as his brother shares with a hint of aggression.

“Papyrus the Skeleton! YOU are GREAT.” You state, glaring at his eyes, holding his bones tightly and not allowing any words of protest.

“So WHAT if you cant heal me?! Its an old scar, old wounds, and old dead nerves. On top of that, you don’t understand human anatomy like me and Alphys, so you wouldn’t even know what your looking for ; YOU’RE A SKELETON. You are the sweetest of the pea-pod and I REFUSE to let you skullk about! I WONT LET THAT HANG ON MY CONSCIENCE!!” you scream, shaking the skull gently to both sides with urgency.

“So! If you say you aren’t great, your just bringing yourself down more. Everyone knows your great, you’ve proven over and over your greatness. If you let one minor blunder take over your mind, you will NEVER advance forth to become something BEYOND great!”

You heavily breathe, taking sharp intakes as you drop your hands from the skull and abruptly sit up to the shock of the brothers. They are still taking in your words, Papyrus’ eyes have a single tiny sparkling star within.

“NOW THEN!” you yell, stomping your feet forcefully to the ground as you tug your shirt back down your back. “ I? I am going to take a SHOWER.” you state, glaring deftly at Sans. “Papyrus! You make that coffee you were making and I will make breakfast. No ifs, ands, ors, buts, and cans! I WONT HEAR IT!!” you scream, walking briskly to the shower, waving a fist in the air from the pent up aggression. “And Papyrus! If I come outta this shower, and you aren’t genuinely beaming about how GREAT you are, imma take 5 hours counting and naming EVERY BONE ON YOUR BODY!” you threaten slamming the door more then necessary. You lock it almost as quickly as it slammed.

You huff and run the sink water, rubbing away the anger and heat from your face with the icy liquid. It certainly wakes you, checking the stall for anymore skeletons before stripping and hoping into the lukewarm flow. The heat against your spine reminds you of the sweet skeletons attempts, and it fills your heart with hope and sheer joy. You weren’t expecting anything from it, but the fact that you could feel the heat was something in itself. You’d felt tinges of touches, so minor to the heat though that it wasn’t discernable.

The skeletons eager kindness to help anyone and anything was unnerving and concerning to say the least; what would happen if he was jumped by an anti-monster gang? You’d heard from Alphys how there were never dead monster bodies around; when monsters died, their magic leaving their soul, they would shrivel and be reduced to nothing but dust and ash. No way to tell how they died, no knowledge of who it might have been, and the wind could carry their remains away without anyone ever noticing their absence. The thoughts splinter at your heart, harsh images of your new found friends quite literally ‘biting the dust’ rampaging through your brain.

Escaping the heating shower to the murky condensating air does little to hush the thoughts as the cold breeze overtakes your skin, goosebumps forming wildly to assist the standing of miniature hairs. Quick to put on a towel around your body to escape the colds embrace, you shuffle to the
mirror, turning on the blow-drier that is too powerful for its own good. Your hair flings and frizzes the drier it becomes, flapping violently into the air like feathers threatening to fly.

Not one for appearances so early in the morning, you slide back into the reused shorts and tank, leaving the ends of your hair somewhat damp against your skin; nearly freezing as you exit the door. The cold air is wafted away by the coffee grinding smell that shrivels your nose. You hadn’t mentioned you don’t drink coffee; once down from the highs, it would further sink your early stage depression, so you opted for cocoa as a supplement replacement instead.

Walking out briskly to avoid frostbitten feet, you steal a quick glance to Papyrus fishing out mugs nonchalantly from the highest shelf. He was considerate of the fact that it was tougher to reach those as you and Alphys didn’t share his height and arm length. Sans was quietly sipping a coffee, reading a newspaper at the counter chair, watching over his brother who fought the urge to raid the fridge to prepare breakfast. Flowey merely stared out the towering windows, escaping everything around him and envisioning himself elsewhere; easily seeable even being so far away and unaware of his facial features.

Papyrus hears your hurried footsteps and turns hopeful as you begin to proceed to the door.

“JANE! ARE YOU POSITIVE I CANT MAKE BREAKFAST?!” he asks, humble but panicked, like this was eating him alive. His genuine smile had been there as he fumbled around with the mugs, but the thought of not assisting in some other way drove him insane.

“Nope. You can watch me make it if you want, but I am the ‘host’ technically, and me and Alphys are meant to take care of you guys; not the other way around. So get some hot cocoa or coffee and sit your hinny down.” You coolly state, miserable nyehs echoing from the kitchen. You rap three times against the bedroom door before entering swiftly and closing behind you.

And thank fucking god you closed that door quick.

Undyne is standing nearby the closet, nothing but a sexy red thong placed against her well tuned hips. That was it. That’s all she had. You briskly turned on your heels, face planting the door and groaning, covering your face that was likely the same red as the undergarments. Undyne chuckled evilly and threw on a tank top with a built-in bra.

“I told you guys 20 minutes, and I am PRETTY sure its been atleast half a friggin’ HOUR.” You drone, completely amazed at how long it took for them to consider putting on clothes. Alphys had classes soon for pete sake. Undyne quickly lurches you into a behind hug, practically collapsing your lungs as she lifts you up, cackling and wriggles her fingers into your sides. Before any protesting screams escape, your flailing wildly with laughter, trying to pry free from her unrelenting grasp. She collapses to her knees, still poking wildly at your ticklish points.

“Sthahahaapp STHAAAP AHAHAAA NOOO STA- IMMA PEEHAHAHA STHAAPP” you scream out, hoping and praying the tears, pressure building of closing your thighs, and the white flag you’re picturing are real. She finally releases you, dissolving into hysteric giggles as you clutch your chest, heavily in taking air.

“What was all that ‘bout out there?” Undyne asks, you managing a crying gaze as your smile scrunches your cheeks painfully. “I peeked out a couple times. One was Sans walking outta the bathroom AFTER you. The next was Paps TAKING OFF YOUR SHIRT!!” she squeals, giving a wolf whistle that nearly makes you want to slap her.

“OH my GOD no. I want to FORGET this morning EVER happened!” you groan, stumbling to your feet as Undyne makes her way to the bed, comforting the still embarrassed Alphys laying
underneath, quaking with regret.

“So, what happened?”

“Well first I woke up to you two.” Alphys shudders and Undyne chuckles heartily, rubbing guiltily at her neck, snaking a ‘sorry’ smile over her face.

“Flowey wasn’t liking any of it, and I had to get out, so I did. Papyrus was in the kitchen when I woke up and I just left Flowey and snuck in the bathroom. I got completely undressed and toweled myself, and when I opened the fucking stall to the shower, Sans was standing there like a deer in fucking headlights.” You growl, Undyne bursting into similar hysteries, rolling off the edge of the bed against her back and tumbling around, clutching at her ribs and quieting her giggles.

“OMG did he see your tits?!” she barks between laughs, suddenly stunned at how forward the skeleton could be.

“NO! I had a towel on! It didn’t make it any better though!!” you fuss, slipping clean clothes belonging to you from the dresser. Your teachers declared you still not well enough to come to classes, so the next two days you were stuck in your dorm, and going back would mean more piled homework assignments and notes to catch up with.

“Heeehee. SO WHAT NEXT?!” she cries, slamming her hands against the carpet as shit sits to attention.

“After that I went to sit on the couch, but Papyrus came over and I broke down infront of the sugarbun……ugh then he started rubbing my back nicely apparently and I couldn’t feel shit, and he got all upset.” You grumble, feeling around for a warm set of socks to counteract the cold wood and tiles beyond. Finally fishing out a pair, you smirk joyfully. It was an old pair of socks of ridiculous amazing proportion ; Papyrus was worthy to wear these socks. Knee highs with a laced boot impression on the front, knotted strings attached to the top to drive the point. Beside it were neon blue and white checkered squares and between the white squares sat a burly black mustache. Bought on a whim, the inside base had fuzzies perfect for the winter weather, but they carried the slight sense of a stripper. Not deterred enough to not buy them, and constantly wear them, as you quickly slip them on joyfully. Undyne gives another wolf whistle to the choice, but you continue the harrowing story.

“Afterwords, he asked me what happened to my back. Sans and Flowey listened in……” Alphys threw the blankets off, her being in the known Mew Mew night gown, a slight seductive bra strap slipped down the side as she looked at you with unease. “I told him as lightly as I could ; how my family was amazing besides my brother…he got so excited hearing we both had older brothers……” you murmur, staring deep in thought at a black and blue set of PJ pants that happily complimented and concealed your sick socks.

“D-Did you…tell him? T-The truth?” Alphys perks in, breaking the thought.

“Of course. I cant lie to the butterball; I would be immediately sentenced to hell if I did. I tried to let it slide that he just got really pissed one time and it resulted in my back, but Flowey wanted the good stuff I guess.” you sigh, maneuvering out of the girls sight into a blessed pair of underwear and the warm PJ’s.

“I told him the fire, the stabbing, etc. Didn’t tell him bout seeing my parents ; claimed I’d lost too much blood and I didn’t know ‘bout their deaths til I woke up in the hospital : technically not a lie. Sans was staring at me in disbelief, like he knew I wasn’t saying something! What the hell does he know?” you bite, fidgeting with a bra and returning to the view of the girls.
“W-Well he d-does know…” Alphys mutters, your face instantly paling.

“Wha…When- Did you-?” you stumble, gesturing to the girls. You didn’t believe if they’d told him.

“No no w-we didn’t t-tell him….h-he touched your s-soul…he likely s-s-saw what happened…L-LIVED what happened…I-I cant e-even i-imagine.” She whispers, turning away from your startled gaze.

“What do you mean he saw it? He LIVED it?”

“Well, punk.” Undyne interjects. “Monsters can feel souls and experience things from the past; emotions, memories, all personal shit. When he touched your soul, he started cryin’ out and sobbing, muttering to himself wildly. He looked like he’d just seen the world explode. Me and Papyrus had trouble shakin’ ‘im out of it.” Undyne stated, looking unpleased with the turn of events. Throat tightening with a lump of worry and regret you didn’t understand, you harshly swallowed it down, miserably breathing out words.

“He saw it……everything?” you ask, to which Alphys gives a shaky nod. You fall on your ass, gripping at your forehead, trying to calm your thoughts. You never wished your fate on anyone, not matter what. Yet you’d done that to Sans and there was no taking it back. It explained his freak-out last night, him crying as he held your soul, his reactions as you told the story. It explained everything, and broke you inside. There was nothing more to be done about it ; you would have to speak to him later about the matter, convince him the better of the situation if anything. You didn’t want to see him suffer over your problems and past. It pained your heart to even think it. Letting go a deep sigh, you ruffle your hair, continuing where you left off as you fumble back onto your feet to reach around for a shirt.

“Well…after I told Papyrus and the boys, Papyrus wanted to try healing my back. But it didn’t work ; I couldn’t feel anything. He doesn’t know where the nerves are, what needs to be done to fix ‘em, and you cant fix a fixed back – the scars show that its healed over, so there isn’t anything to heal.” You grumbled, Alphys suddenly deep in thought.

“Finally, I went and showered and swore to Papyrus I was cooking breakfast. He has been depressed about it, bout my back. Undyne.” You call, slipping on a loose thin sweater that did enough to block the chill. “He said he could no longer be Great.”

“WWHAAAAATTT!!??” She screams, tearing into a thin set of jeans before breaking down the door, charging towards the kitchen with a battle cry. Alphys had slipped into her school uniform when you weren’t looking, carrying a pair of socks in her clutches as you both walked out to the mess unfolding.

Undyne held the collarbones of Papyrus, dipping him nearly to the floor as she shouted raged encouragement and something about “training” to which the skeleton instantly perked up. Sans and Flowey hadn’t moved much, though Sans was now reading a science-fiction novel taken from one of the TV shelves instead of his newspaper. Alphys and you scurry into the kitchen, Alphys taking the needed coffee, whispering gently before bringing the mug to her rough lips.

“Young – S-Sorry about t-this morning…” she cringes, sipping away at the sweetened caffeine. You didn’t need to hunt for a mug, Papyrus was sweet enough to pull out the necessary amount, even a vine laced one for Flowey. You took the initiative and prepared both mugs with the hot cocoa formula, boiling water as you fiddled in the fridge.

You pulled the necessary ingredients : eggs , cheeses, strawberries and apples, milk, a head of
broccoli, lettuce, a cucumber, and stick of butter. Papyrus suddenly comes in behind you, trying to reach inside innocently with his non-covered skeletal hand. Its long and thing, matching to his figure, spindly even. You gently smack it out, closing the fridge behind you. Papyrus adorably clutches his hand, following your progress through the kitchen as you lay the ingredients out and reach for bread, cinnamon, and syrup. You wouldn’t have this spread available if Alphys hadn’t demanded you should make the dorm meals after trying some French toast you’d made. You had to make your own meals growing up, and you took a few classes to further your knowledge, however cooking was more of a side hobby then painting. Though you insisted to Alphys that she had been getting too much, she merely quipped back that it gave you more options to feed the both of them. You didn’t have any argument back, and required her to give you each grocery receipt so you could repay her later as a promise.

Papyrus took awe in your multitasking. As the water boiled on a back-burner, you readied a glass bowl and a wide pan, spatula and whisker prepped on the side. Quickly slicing the bread into thin strips, trailing a thin layer of butter on top. Whisking the eggs together with vanilla and cinnamon before draining a two cups of milk in. After thorough whisking, you spray the pan to prevent sticking before easing the bread strips into the bowl for a few seconds of soaking. You switch the back burner off just in time as the kettle begins to whistle. Pulling gently on the breads, you plop them into the pan, a harsh satisfying sizzle erupting and a waft of cinnamon emanating suddenly from the kitchen.

Papyrus has taken this enamored chance to stand back and watch from above, taking in your quick pace as you don’t hesitate or fumble, caution to the wind as you handle the knife with a hint of flair. You ready a second pan, smaller then the first. Quickly you chop at the head of broccoli, taking count and account of how much of the base and spears you’ve chopped off before halting to turn the toasting bread. Returning, you hastily cut at the cucumber, nearly halving the vegetable with nearly even slices. Dropping the cucumber and broccoli bits into a straining bowl, followed by lettuce, you rush the water under the vege-mixture as you return to again flip the cinnamon aroma bread. Back at the sink, you switch off the water, shaking gently to rid of excess water, before setting the bowl to leak onto a towel.

With one final flip, the French toast is ready, and you prepare a large serving platter plate, a minor indent in the middle as you empty a puddle of syrup into the center. Removing the pan and dimming the flame, you replace the pan instantly with the smaller of the two. Using tongs, you carefully place the numerous breadsticks about the syrup, dipping gently into the sticky sweetness. You sprinkle sugar carefully over it before running hands under rapid water to continue forth.

Dragging over a trash can, you quickly plop two pieces of bread into a toaster. Taking the moment, you pour the scalding water from the kettle into the mugs, steam and chocolate waving above as you place mini marshmallow in each to float. Stirring quickly, you test to ensure that the powder has completely dissolved before placing them into the microwave to insolate.

Turning to the low flame, you put the pan against it, cracking open two eggs and laying them delicately into the pan. As the whites and yolks cook, you spread cheese and the shredded vege-mixture into the center of the egg. Carefully, you flip the edge over, the yolks nearly clashing together and holding the prepped greens within. As the eggs cook, you cut off and out the stem attachments of the strawberries, chunking them and spearing on a toothpick and nestled between the French toast. You return to flip the readied eggs, and you slide them slowly into a plate. Repeating the same actions, you ready an over-easy egg filled with greens for everyone, besides Flowey who you’d planned to give only one egg.

Between each serving preparing, you toast bread for everyone, buttered properly and laying on the plates beside their eggs. Papyrus insists that everyone eats their meals at the same time, so you dig
out old insulators to cover the plates from the chill. He also keeps anyone from coming into the kitchen, even Undyne. He says he is learning and can’t afford any distractions, though Undyne is also eager to witness your cooking. The whole time, Papyrus makes small comments and tips, telling you to smash open the shells to be faster, and trapping the meal as it cooks. You wave them away, always explaining what your doing as he takes mental notes.

Finally, you prepare the apples, cutting them into those Japanese Rabbit Ear Slices. Alphys has grown addicted to them, saying its one of the only ways she truly enjoys apples. You can’t complain since she finally eats it besides her cupped noodles. The final eggs get laid out, and you smile and wipe away the accumulated sweat from the stoves heat. How does Toriel feed this many mouths on a regular basis?

“Papyrus, can you set the table with forks and knives? Butter knives, not sharp ones.” You ask, the skeleton practically exploding with joy as he swiftly rummages through the drawers for the requirements. Alphys had brought many things with her over time, and she insisted to get a table for 6 people; you hadn’t understood before, only now assuming she meant for when this situation happened. Nonetheless, she bought one, and matching chairs. It stood nearby the tall windows, your easel to the corner.

“EVERYONE!! JANE HAS FINISHED BREAKFAST! TO THE TABLE POST-HASTE!!” Papyrus shrieks, carrying a handful of utensils and the French toast platter in his other hand. He would make a very unique waiter.

You lift the incubators off the plates, testing with a wave of the hand that they still emanate enough heat, and to your joy, the covers didn’t fail; nearly as fresh as the last made. Replacing the incubators to surprise the guests you and Papyrus both take a plate in each hand, bringing one to set on the table. Sans and Undyne sit on one half, Alphys beside Undyne at the end and Papyrus across at the opposing, leaving you and Flowey by the windows. Papyrus sits down, very eager to dig in, but patiently waits for you and Flowey to situate.

“JANE, HURRY! I WISH TO EAT WITH EVERYONE, AND I CANT DO THIS WITHOUT YOU AND FLOWEY SEATED!” he calls, you reminded of the hot cocoa resting in the microwave as you make a final trip for those and milk incase of thirsty guests.

“Go ahead Papyrus, I don’t mean to egg you on, just trying to make sure we got everything.” Sans giggles, hand holding fork and knife and a gleeful smile erupted as he is also eager to see what you managed to make. Papyrus groans and sets Flowey on a stack of books with a napkin below, incase of soil spillage. Flowey tries to glance under the heat holder but Sans’ glare is enough gravity magic to cease his progress. At long last, you return to the table, handing Flowey a mug, to a sudden delight as he pulls it closer to warm his cold leaves. Sitting by the window must not have been the wisest of ideas. You remove the tops of each of the plates, taking in happy gasps and cries of joy, Sans opting to simply expand his eye-sockets. More questions for later. Papyrus cries, grappling you with joy.

“HUMAN JANE, YOU HAVE MADE IT SPARKLE!!” He cries, hugging tightly to you. You look to his plate, the heat had condensed the water enough to create a mild dew atop his eggs, and the direction the sun was hitting it caused a sparkle off the water surface. He sobs with sheer joy into your shoulder, Undyne still roaring about how good it looks without swearing. Alphys and Flowey looking on the edge, and Sans just smiles contently at you. Strutting back to the kitchen to return the tops into the sink, Papyrus groans at how he wants you to sit already.

As you lay the tops into the sink, Sans appears beside you, carefully digging through the fridge. Upset, you cross your arms and turn to the skeleton.
“Awful rude to wander into the hosts kitchen, tumble through their fridge without permission?” you assert, the skeleton merely glancing at you with that Cheshire smile. He pulls out his hand, waggling a bottle of ketchup in his grip.

“heheh, sorry, i tried to ask for it, but my voice didn’ **ketchup** in time.” he voices, his bones vibrating as he holds in a deep baritone chuckle as he closes the fridge and walks back to his seat. You follow behind, giggling behind your hand, but still upset at the rudeness.

Finally as you sit, everyone heartily digs in. Alphys thanks you for another great spread, loving the French toast combo with the strawberries, gleefully placing a numerous amount of bunny apples onto her plate. Papyrus’ entire face is one of never-breaking satisfaction and elation as he digs into the egg concoction. Undyne wont stop screaming about how good everything is, and how you made the anime apples. Flowey very quietly under the chaos grunts out minor compliments followed by much louder flaws he finds.

“This toast strip wasn’t dipped into the syrup as much as this one. That makes you a sick human being.” He relents to which you evilly smile.

“Yeeessss you will never have an equal amount of syrup on your French Toast : my evil deadly plan has been revealed, MUAHAHAHAHA!” you cackle, Flowey fake shuddering against the empty plot and grumbling as he munches away. You take a needy gulp at your cocoa regretting nothing….nearly regretting nothing.

“heh, kid, i **mustache** you a question.” Sans comments, winking and pointing to your lip where a chocolate foam has claimed as a home. You lick it away, embarrassed suddenly but ready to retaliate.

“Okay, just let me **mallow** out, ya?” you quip, gesturing to the dissolving marshmallow in your mug. His grin widens. Game on.

“heheh did you start making puns to try and be my **butter** half?” he replies, buttering his bread casually. He takes a bite, crisply chewing as Papyrus throws his hands rigidly into the air, screaming at the hate of breakfast suddenly.

“Im just another one that bit the **crust** in the pun world.” You reply, taking another swig of cocoa and apple bunny. Papyrus and Undyne are yelling that they are leaving to train because they cant listen to the ‘lovers pun quarrel’, Alphys hastily running out to make her classes. You two are too into the pun war to back out.

“that’s what **cheese** said. gimme something more.” He picks his and your emptied plates, stealing a french toast on the way. You regretfully follow.

“I don’t want to **taco** about it…” you eye ground-beef for dinner in the back of the fridge. Along side it is ba-

“aww cmon. don’t go **bacon** my heart.” You chuckle, he is holding the fridge open beside you.

“Just **beet** it.” you return, taking the vegetable that had somehow been fished out and left beside the fridge.

“don’t try to be some **impasta**. puns are a big **dill**.” He remarks, tapping against the pickle jar inside the fridge door.

“I know, I just like to say them. They make my feel **sunny-side up.**” You grin, putting away the
eggs. He smiles even wider, eyes becoming lidded with interest.

“i donut understand all food puns, ya’know?” he says, gesturing to a box of nearly hidden donut holes from a café. They were jelly filled powdered and cinnamon.

You freeze up, opening the freezer to refill the ice box. It takes you a second as you run water into the ice tray.

“I-ce what you did there.” You grumble, heading back to the fridge. You glance about, suddenly aware of the sullen silence other then your heated pun battle throughout the room.

“jane, seriously…” he grabs your moving wrist, nearly sloshing the carefully held water within the ice-tray about the floor. You turn to meet his gaze, and are met with a bun. “whats up, dog?” his grin somehow grows as you fake cry out a groan, wrenching away to place the water into the freezer to freeze. You eye a baggy in the back and as you pull it out, Sans reopens the fridge door, tossing something green about.

“our puns make a pretty good pear.” He winks, and it for some reason shoot a warm tingle throughout your body. You wont have this. You will fight until the bitter end! Nobody else is in the room it seems, so you don’t hold back.

“Bitch peas.” You resound, Sans going wide eyed and sweaty at your curse, quickly growling and scanning the room. Sudden fear fills his features, stiffening away as he quakes silently.

“w-where…..where is paps?” he frets, walking swiftly out of the kitchen to scan the room better. “paps?”

“Water you talking about?” you continue, running your hands under the water as you clean a plate. A boney hand grabs from behind, pulling you back swiftly enough to lurch the plate from your hands. It falls hard against the floor, shards painfully piercing your favorite socks and thin PJ’s, as your clutched closer to the looming broad figure behind you. Sans’ grip tightens at your wrist, not making eye-contact with you and bringing his head to the side of your neck, beside your ear.

“dishes not a game i’m about to play with you. where. is. papyrus?” he growls into your ear, teeth brushing against the helix. You’re practically putty ; weakness to the ears. His humming bones and deep voice don’t help as he just lingers there, your arm snatched fiercely and held behind your back. The phalanges threatening to break the skin around your wrist shrill your response.

“He said he was going out with Undyne. They left during the pun war!” you gasp, trying to not become overly sensitive at him looming so close to a tender spot. He immediately reels back, releasing your grip and sighing, rubbing angrily at his skull.

“shit…..im sorry.” he grumbles, though you don’t move from in front of his chest. You feel a warmth from inside him, not made by his jacket or shirt ; something beating and alive. You turn to face his chest, but double over, wincing at a sharp jagged pain from a piece of plate splintered into your skin. Sans takes note and freaks.

“оh fuck did i- shit!” he grumbles, picking you up with ease, he seats you against the counter, an ever so slight trail of blood leaking down to the ground. Sans shakes as he painstakingly pries the stuck shards from the cloth, a stain of blood etching through. His sockets widen, light pricks vanishing as he looks to the growing blood stain.

“ОH NO!!” you holler, pulling up your pant leg harshly revealing your socks slowly soaking in the blood. “Shitshitshitshitshit” you grumble, fumbling with the sock until its securely off your leg,
then you sigh with relief. Sans stares at you, pinpricks looking at the unique style choice as you run it under the nearby sink to drain the blood. You catch sight of him looking, and you gesture painfully.

“My favorite pair. Got a problem with that?” you remark, smiling earnestly to try and bring him back from his blood dazed stare. Nothing really hurt besides one that had lodged nearby your lateral ankle, turning and stretching causing a minor yet stinging pain throughout the better portion of your foot, likely hitting a specific nerve. However, nothing gashed or cut enough to not be covered by a band-aid.

Sans lowly bellows an erupting laughter, holding his head down as he clutches his jacket, huffing for air between his frantic laughs. Every second goes by irritates you more. Finally, you snap at the chuckling skeleton.

“What’s so funny?” you insist, puffing your cheeks and arching down your brows. Sans looks at you with excited pupils, and then to the fabric.

“y-you hahahaah your more worried about that sock?!” he cackles, pointing to the washing fabric. He tumbles to the ground, holding tight to his rumbling ribs, fighting tears he furiously wipes away. You grumble, recalling that his brothers absence alone had caused him into such a dark state. Now, here he was, laughing like a mad man about the floor, running the sock under cold water. Too many times have you had to wash blood stains from clothes, and it was more often then monthly. Course, you weren’t a monthly either – hindered by your past again, the psychological emotional stress apparently the cause of irregularity. No, it tended to be the fault of Candy’s crew, though it never stopped her threats and snide jokes, which meant you didn’t stop threatening to stab out her vertebrae and use them as cups. God you wanted a vertebrae shaped mug.

“Look can you go get me some band-aids from the bathroom cabinet?” you groan, sidling around the side to reach a cupboard. There was a bar of soap inside which would assist in removing the stains better then just merely running it with cold water. The fit of deep giggles vanished suddenly, you could hear it echoing out the open bathroom door. When had he left? It was instantaneous. You groan as you sit up with your knees against the counter, reaching for the higher of the shelves. Why the hell did you put things so fucking high up? Rummaging around, you use a wet hand against the clean counter to increase your reach, finally taking hold of the bar. Your hands wetness fights you, slipping underneath as you fall out, curbing towards the floor. “FFFUUC—“

Phwump.

You land bridal style into the skeletons arms, head instantly buried into the coaxing fluff of his hood, tickling at your nose as you carefully remove your face.

“heh. didnt know you’d be fallin’ for me so fast.” he comments, slyly winking as you agrivatingly struggle in his firm grasp.

“Oh COME ON. You can do better then cheesy pick-up lines, right?” you reply, him setting you back onto the counter carefully, rolling up the pant leg to view the damage. Nothing serious : few indents and only a few in need of a band-aid. You reach for the box, but Sans holds it further to the side, clearly out of your reach, giving it a alluring shake.

“i was serious about a question earlier so how ‘bout this? for every bandaid i get to ask you a question you gotta answer truthfully. sound fair?” he remarks, taking in your shocked face.
“Using a woman’s pain and suffering for answers? You ARE rude!” you cross your arms, looking angrily towards the sink as you unwrap the bar, carefully brushing away the stain with a gentle vanilla scent evaporating out of the bubbles.

“……I will answer them if you let me see and draw your arm and leg.”

Sans stiffens, a light cyan blush covering his face as he gingerly scratches the back of his skull.

“now why would you want that?”

“Because you and Papyrus are so interesting, I have a solid love affair with human anatomy, ESPECIALLY the skeletal frame, and I want to feel and count them.” you state blandly, though you realize what that could also mean for him, taking in his blushing face. What if this was crossing some form of boundary, or was in anyway sexual to a skeleton? Intrigue and curiosity fueled you to speak, but would you get satisfaction from this? He mulls it over, scratching unsurely at his cervical vertebrae.

“If you don’t let me do it to you, I will ask Papyrus. He will do it too – he loved getting drawn.” you threaten, finally breaking the shorter brother.

“fine. ya. sure.” he agrees, smile shifting slightly before kneeling before you, preparing a band-aid strip.

One.

“What happened to you after the……well after the fire and… your bro?” he questioned, immediate regret to agreeing to this sharing of information. You groan, rubbing cold fingers down your face, looking distinctly anywhere but his face.

“Well…I was put into foster care for about 6 years. Its when another family takes you in, but not permanently. Where I was sent, there were more kids then adults, and the adults didn’t care enough, leaving most the house work to the teens. Amazing the crones weren’t shut down.” you scoff, glaring at the bubbles in the sink. You recalled an argument where someone was trying to say Bubbles angrily, but you left the tangent, not wanting to divert onto an unnecessary story. Sans was covering the worst of the blood flow, the one directly below the ankle. He ensured it wasn’t too tight to allow movement, but continued to listen intently.

“Well…I was put into foster care for about 6 years. Its when another family takes you in, but not permanently. Where I was sent, there were more kids then adults, and the adults didn’t care enough, leaving most the house work to the teens. Amazing the crones weren’t shut down.” you scoff, glaring at the bubbles in the sink. You recalled an argument where someone was trying to say Bubbles angrily, but you left the tangent, not wanting to divert onto an unnecessary story. Sans was covering the worst of the blood flow, the one directly below the ankle. He ensured it wasn’t too tight to allow movement, but continued to listen intently.

“Its where I had to learn to cook ; had to feed the younger kids. Everyone there was their own person, their own family, I only had one friend in that entire place.” you recall, a smile breaking out onto your face. “Flynn. He was amazing, for a goth. Not one of those poser depressed , all black wearing, satanic ritual guys. He had his own style, though it did consist of much black. He was the most positive one there, and he despised the popularity ; rather sticking to the people who accepted themselves then trying to make himself something he knew he wasn’t. He was always cracking inside jokes, cheering up the children, and crap if he wasn’t an amazing cook and writer. God he wrote the most enrapturing books.” you recall, heart fluttering with the only sweet memories of your childhood. Sans looks at you, yourself unaware of the complimenting barrage you put on a man never before mentioned. Admiration filled your eyes.

“He got out of there. At least before me ; ran away while he could, swearing to talk to me as often as possible. We keep in touch, but he is pretty far off to the north-west. After that, I didn’t leave til I was certain that the kids had someone better to take care of them, and I got out of there too. Uncle found me about 2 weeks later after child-care services called me in. He hunted me down and gave me a stern screaming for sure.” you laugh, rubbing the back of the head where he’d smacked you nearly a thousand times that one day, cursing silently. It wasn’t child-abuse, it was just his stern
concern, and you were fully aware of how terrified he had been that the last innocent bit of family could be dead on the street. He had every right to smack you around…

“He bought me a little apartment in the safest part of town when I was 14, and I lived on my own. He would send payments every month to the landlord. They took good care of me. Worked two jobs beside school, saving up for college and food. I worked hard, didn’t make friends, and focused on getting perfect grades to ensure I got a good college. After I graduated, I spent another few years with a third job, finally using the sum my parents had left me to get in here. Any effects not blazed in the fire are still in my apartment……aanndd that’s it.” you finish, looking to Sans as he shoves fists quickly into his pocket.

“What happened to the ‘crones’?” he growled, but you shook your finger.

“Is that another question? I’m pretty sure this is limited.”

He huffs a heavy sigh before pulling out another bandage “no…”

You smile, inwardly thanking the skeleton for his assistance even though this was completely his doing.

“…Uncle confided to the kids who tattled on the old hags. They were put outta work and the kids were sent to the best foster cares around.” you smile, visual tension releasing as he sighs blissfully at the kids freedom.

Two.

“why can’t we meet your uncle? we heard you asked him not to be put anywhere near us when you were getting’ your surgery done.’

*Patient confidentiality. CONFIDENTIALITY PEOPLE. DOES NOBODY KNOW WHEN TO SHUT THEIR FUCKING MOUTHES?!!* you internally screamed.

“Because my uncle can be a total dick and mean it, but not mean to offend people. Like he will say openly that Papyrus isn’t as great as he is, which he can internally judge, but it will still hurt Papyrus’ feelings and he won’t know it til everyone is badgering him for being a douche. He makes bad jokes. Like you make the worst pun in the fucking world, he makes a joke that’s 3 times worse then that miserably failed pun. He um….” you catch yourself, unsure if it wise to continue.

“heh c’mon. kid. pal. chum. buddy. jane. **spill it.**” he chuckles water spilling out the mug you’d been distracted to clean.

“He experimented on monsters…” you grumble, Sans darkening and standing abruptly.

“he what.” he looms above, a dark resonating presence radiating off like magic. It feels like you’re the one to blame, you experimented on them, and your sins crawling up your back. You quake in fear.

“we were in the same fucking hospital as that—……that?!?” he repeats, anger and regret consuming the darkness, slumping his face into his hands, shaking away terrifying thoughts.

“He…He never killed them – they were all willing.” you comment, not seeming to quell the rage furrowing his bones. “He is a scientific explorer – he travels the world, discovering new forms of life never before discovered. He only took furs and feathers of monsters as samples, never harming and threatening their lives…” you mutter, though saying this to a monster probably wasn’t making anything better. Your uncle wasn’t great, but he could be worse.
“I know im making him sound like a terrible fucking person, but he genuinely thinks what he is doing is good. I will end it there.” you finish, looking away from the seething skeleton, angrily breathing and sweating.

His next question isn’t pleasant, the previous one already thrumming angered magic through his bones. It wouldn’t be easy, for you and him.

Three.

“whats going to happen with your brother. your not seriously going to talk to that murderer?” he comments, staring into your averting eyes with hope of denial. He doesn’t expect the words.

“Why don’t you know all this? Alphys told me ; how you touched my soul and saw my past. Shouldn’t you KNOW all this?! How I have to visit him every year for a parole hearing, how its necessary. It’s the governments choice, NOT MINE!” you cry back, tears flowing softly down your cheeks as you bite harshly at your lower lip. You shouldn’t bark at Sans for something that isn’t his problem, it will only make things worse in the long run.

Sans trembles, recalling your past and immediately covering his magic pulsing eye from your view, painful anger and memories creeping through his soul and mind like a plague.

“i…i didn’t see anything past the point of you waking in the hospital. it was so brief and so….god i cant even describe how painful it felt to simply watch……and then…….papyrus...oh god papyrus..” he sobs, falling to his other knee cradling his face behind his sleeve to conceal the magical flames spewing from his socket as his breathing hitches in pace. The sweat builds furiously and the memories scream through him, gasps of anguish and denial escaping as he fetals on the ground.

“Sans?!” you cry out, fumbling painfully to the floor, picking past the remains of the broken plate as you sit beside him and return him to an upright position against the stove.

“Sans? Sans look at me! Papyrus is alright!!”

“NO!” he yells out, never raising his voice before as it beats the brothers own in depth and resonance. The entire dorm likely heard his cries. “No NO PAPYRUSS-HHHMMSSHIT” he claws frantically at his cranium, a familiar blue glow seeping out past his sleeve, azure tears viciously dropping against the kitchens black tile.

He was reliving his nightmare right now. Right here. You knew too well from his cries that in his dream he was the one killing the innocent brother, taking your brothers place as himself, Papyrus - you. The regret fills your heart and you force his arm away from his face, prepared to face the fire outside the pan.

He stares with one unrelenting cyan blue eye, a deep blackness in the center that could pierce your mind with a black hole. A flaming magic flicks out the corner of the socket, hugging close to his skull and illuminating the darkened space beneath the counters. His other socket is a void of nothingness, empty of any light. The flames are something of beauty as you further inspect, noticing a thin lacing of yellow skipping freely in the dancing flames. You steal yourself, your fear, and hug close the weeping skeleton, magical crackling of fire snapping in your ear. Bringing your head to his right, closer to the magical eye, wasn’t your greatest plan, but there was no retreat. You serpent your arms under his, squeezing at the fabric of his back and clutching him close.

“Shh… Papyrus is safe. Im alive, so Papyrus is alive. Its all a bad dream…” you coo, guiding a shivering hand down his skull glossed with sweat. He threatens to rip your shirts back with his
grip, plunging his shut mouth against your shoulder-neck space, breathing heavily and whimpering as his tears finally slow and he regains composure.

“its…its-uhhgh- not a dream. it happened. to you. and i.. theres no changing it…..” he mutters dejectedly into your ear, a warmth spreading throughout your heart as his voice carries through your head like a sweet echo. You were never big on deep voices, but this? This was like Hugh Jackman singing Kiss sexily in your ear. Completely turned on by that shit. However, this was a skeleton, a monster man you’d met days previously to, and should not be growing such an immediate affection to, and you reel back to avoid the awkward encounter.

It works against you.

As you pull away, your arms never let go of his jacket, pulling him back to equal length. Your lips are a mere few inches away from the skeletons, and a heavy blush covers your face in disturbing red. You wished you’d bleed out. He lets you go, allowing you to worm more backwards and hiding your face.

“sorry, scared ya? eye. sorry. i cant stop it when i use my magic im uh…ya uh..” he grumbles scratching unsurely at his skull. You mumble under your breath, continuing the long staring competition with the floor.

“What?” he asks. You throw your head to face him, eyes the only other discernible color of your face, the rest fading into a lobster red blush. Sans turns an opposing blue, unsure to what has caused you to change drastic colors.

“I thought your eye was beautiful.”

Chapter End Notes

Holy shit I am outta puns.

Puns in the comments would be GREATLY appreciate + I will credit in the end notes~ Also…I like just comments if ya..you know…wanna take a second to leave one of those Q~Q"

P.S : The reason those socks sound so fucking awesome and detailed is because I have them, im looking at them, and I fucking love them. That is all~

Thank you guys so much for being so devoted to this - it seriously fills me with determination to write these chapters. If I cant convince you, the starting notes should. Thats the word count over a single day of how much progress I made over the days. Im that jerk who does all the HW at the last possible second XD
The Thicket

Chapter Summary

Answering the final question, Jane finally gets to see the skeletons more closely. Even closer than she wanted or them for that matter.

Chapter Notes

Holy hell.
I had major writers block and I wrote another story and posted it, and its complete fantasy at this point, every rule being broken. Totally gonna need an explicit sign later and a ton more tags, but if you like this, you might like that. Very slow progress and its another Sans X Reader (OC). Just, really, REALLY, Magical. And breaking. Rules Of everything.

MOVING ON.
This chapter was chaos. Now I gotta figure out how to time-frame the next 2 =-=
I hope you guys really like this one. I wasn’t awake for half of it, so if there are any problems or lines that don’t make sense, lemme know!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As the unshifting sterile gaze of the skeleton never left you face, a blue blush similarly breaking out upon his skull, you have too choices: sit here in never-ending silence and uncomfortable blush or work past the courage to ask really possibly embarrassing questions about skeleton anatomy. You don’t hesitate with the alternative.

“H-Hey we had a deal. Band-aids for feeling and drawing. I held up my end of the deal, bone-boy.” you correct, another flush breaking out at the ridiculous nickname. Every ounce of regret is surging in the blood weighing your facial muscles at this point.

He only replies with a curt laugh, breaking the hanging silence in the air.

“ya didn’t answer the last one.” he tells, a gloom at the remembrance of what the prior question had been.

“What’s going to happen to your brother...” his voice echoes out, you unable to contain your discomfort to the question as you stand abruptly and fidget, wincing at the delicate state of your ankle. He stands slower, but cautious and alert of your stability. “you good?” he asks, pointing to your injured leg. You give him a affirming nod, returning to the sink of soaking suds, your sock sopping wet on the side.

“Im good. Just let me finish these and I’ll answer the final question.” you reassure, not able to pull a smile through the struggling focus of not falling. Any attempts to assist you are met with a determined glare until he finally backs off to the love-seat, continuing with the novel he’d bookmarked prior to breakfast being served. He fishes his phone from his pocket, rapidly pressing
a text, likely to Papyrus. Another question: how did skeletons use a touch phone without fingerprints?

Reaching through the dirtying suds, you catch the knife a tad late, a cut forming on your index finger as you carefully fiddle about for the handle with the other hand, wary of the concealed blade. Finally removing the danger from the sink, you check the stinging damage that was nothing more than a deep papercut. Luckily, Sans had left the supremely important medical supplies on the adjacent counter, and with the measly flow of blood from the minor wound, it's nothing too important as you finish the dishes and set to the edge to dry. Wiping free the suds from your arms, and taking a moment to clean the finger before bandaging it, you finally return to the living room, Sans peering from his book in patience.

“heh, thought that stuff was supposed to stay inside ya.” he jokes, pointing as you wrap another bandage around your index, laughing behind a scoff.

“Well it feels like flowing out today.” you groan, approaching him and glancing towards the easel, behind it hid your sketch-book. Though drawing on the easel would give a broader spectrum and space, screwing up would be expensive and its not as if you couldn’t transfer sketches to painting, but it was tedious tasking and another step. Another step you were going to take, failure not being an option.

BAM BAM

The door pounds miserably against a strong beating, you groaning inwardly.

“looks like the big boss is back.” he hints as you work your way to the door, hating this day the longer it goes on.

“Well Papyrus, Undyne and Gloria wouldn’t bother to knock, and Alphys doesn’t bash the defenseless door.” you rephrase, the skeleton confused as to who was bashing against it, but you stop him.

Opening the door, before you stands the scantily clad Candy, with a few back-up bitches to make her appear more intimidating. It fails, her high-pitch laugh ringing about the room; fearful it will crack Flowey’s pot with the reverberations of sound.

“Candy.” you blandly comment.

“OH, HELLO Jane! How are- oh. Never mind. I’d ask how you are, but you continue to look like shit; shocking.” she clicks, her subordinates laughing in agreement.

“What do you want Candy?” you groan, trying your best to keep the towering heeled girl from glancing to your company.

“A little dove told me you finally fucked O’Neil in a DESPERATE attempt to punch the V-Card. Needy slut, aren’t ya.” her entourage eggs her on with “Ooo’s” of ‘shock’. Sans can be heard shifting and growling behind you, and you opt to further out the door, slamming it behind you to prevent his intrusion on the matter.

“Heh. If you mean attempted rape, then ya. V-card? Still haven’t punched it, thank you. The only slut I see is blocking up my physical and mental image. Truly, every time I think of a slut, your cosmetic risen face is all I can see. An utter inspiration for the next generation of you’s, and a nightmare I would rather avoid.” you joke, offending her in some way as she plays the ‘hurt victim’. “Is that all Candy, or can I get back to my fucking studying?” you grumble.
“I ALSO heard you’ve been sneaking men into your room – disgusting MONSTERS at that!” she gleams, catching you red-handed. You choose to deny nothing.

“Yes Candy I do. But unlike you, I don’t bind and fuck the men who enter my dorm, and unlike yours, they are sweet, hysterical, and know when to fight back. Your little entourage has to form a pitiable 4 to 1 to even feel slightly intimidating. “ you reply, her cackling that annoying sound. She removes the unnecessary sunglasses, her heavily lashed eyes batting with joy, green and yellow contacts covering her enlarged eyes.

“Ah, so you ADMIT to having them. OH, you fucking whore, Gloria will be SOOO disappointed.” she chuckles and the whiney group follows her actions, where you step up.

“Actually, Gloria already knows. She gave them permanent guest passes and are free to visit whenever. If you are having any issues or complaints though, she would GLADLY take you up on it.” you coo, her gritting teeth signaling your victory as she takes a wary step back.

The victory vanishes when an idiot opens the door behind you.

“What seems to be the issue, ladies?” Sans asks, catching sight of the towering freak of color known as Candy. “oh. sorry. lady.” he corrects, looking to you with that shit eating grin. You want to punch that smug grin off his face, there was no signal for back-up. This was about to carry-on, wasn’t it?

“What the FUCK is that?” Candy barks, taking bigger steps as she uses one of her ‘friends’ as a terrified meat shield. Sans laughs, but you aren’t laughing.

“What?” you ask, growling as you take a heavy step. “What?!” you bark, approaching with a scowl of true disgust, grabbing her thin tanks collar from behind the fleeing friend and dragging her forward, her feet skidding behind in retaliation.

“I must have MISHEARD your words. COMPLETELY mistakable considering how much cock you suck, but I will correct you, just because it fucking sounded like you just called my friend a What.” you growl, staring deep into her color ridden face that has suddenly drained pale. Good.

“Hope you realize that..THIS makes you nothing more then a fucking freak then you were before, you insane fuck.” she spits, summoning a cocky courage that her followers have the decency and awareness to not pull in the situation.

“THIS?!” you scream, yanking her higher, a minor choke as she hardly dangles off the ground, looking down in newly found fear mixed with blind courage. “I'M SORRY. I THINK YOU MEANT WHO. THIS IS A WHO BECAUSE YOU DON’T EVEN KNOW HIS FUCKING NAME, THUSLY, YOU HAVE NO FUCKING RIGHT TO CALL HIM ANYTHING.” you yell, dropping her as she kneels and coughs weakly as she deathly glares you, as if she wants to say something else. How rich.

“Candy, if you don’t PISS off with your little fucking friends, I will spoon out this contact covered eyes, and shove them up your ass. Then you can find all the broken condoms left inside. Course that seems more of a favor then an active threat so I will do one better.” you grumble kneeling to face her head on, hatred and fear filling her squirming eyes as they try to avoid your darkening stare. Sans hasn’t moved, stuck in the doorway as he watches you take a whole new approach passing the witty back-cracks.

“See im still learning about the human anatomy. I found a REALLY cool spot.” you demonstrate, thrusting your good index and middle fingers into a side crease on her neck paralyzing her. “Now, I
HEARD that if I apply just a little more pressure, this could cut off your air supply to your brain, leaving you somewhat dead, but if I move this finger here-“ you say, slowly dragging your nails against her shaking neck, “I could cut off your general air supply from your lungs. Now, I haven’t tried these before, so if you REALLY want to stick around, you could end up dead.” you grin, releasing her to stand and stretch. You glare down to her “Are we fucking understood? Now get your dirty ass outta my sight.” you grunt, as she wobbly stands and proceeds quickly down the hall, her gang surrounding her again with frivolous gossip.

You turn to see the absolutely stunned smirk, his pupils unfading as he watched you the entire time, enthralled by the dominating display. You grumble and approach him calming with deep breaths.

“is that normal for you?” he asks, chuckling quietly to himself.

“You have no idea. You shoulda just waited inside ; I had that.” you sigh, shoving the skeleton inside and slamming the door, rubbing your face to pretend everything to this point was a dream.

“fuck no. that’s normal? does alphys put up with that shit?” he inquires, growing in animosity.

“I try to make sure she doesn’t, but uh……she ended up with me, so that probably didn’t help as much as hinder.” you relay. The thought had occurred to you before : If Alphys had made friends with another human, would she get as much verbal abuse with them then with you? She seemed to devote her study time to making your life miserable and evil gossip ridden before hand, never one to think she had the nerve or patience to approach monsters themselves. So if it hadn’t of been you, would Alphys have to even deal with Candy’s shit? The thought of you putting one of your closest friends in danger tears you apart inside.

“So they do?”

“Yes. If she wasn’t with me, maybe Candy and her gang would let up on her. Its all my fault, anyway.” you groan, walking to the kitchen. Another hot cocoa isn’t necessary, but required. This morning is too much of a dragging depression, cocoa and Pringles the only cure. Oh, and drawing a skeleton.

Sans doesn’t follow into the cooking area, opting to wait outside, watching from the open counter as you wipe clean your used mug to refill.

“from what i’ve seen, pretty sure humans here would still bully her. she’s lucky to have you around though. she rambles over the phone for hours ‘bout ya.” he smirks, your cheeks currently resembling cherries. You reject the comment with a huff.

“Well this is a pretty shit attitude school, and I am doing as much as I can to make sure she’s comfortable.” you reply, nudging the kettle back onto the stove to heat the water.

“humans never seem to learn, huh?” he giggles, another childish cackle coming from nearby. You turn and glance to see Flowey listening to your headphones and playlist. It catches both your attention, you resulting in the first to speak up.

“I hope you don’t drain the battery outta that, or I will get weed killer.” you grumble, giving a evil smirk of equal proportions. “Want more cocoa? Coffee?” you ask the guests.

“I’ll take both.” Flowey cackles.

“he doesn’t need coffee ; if your making it already, i’d like some.” Sans grunts, facing the flower.
A devilish grin eats the innocent face away, to one of sheer horror that Sans doesn’t seem to mind, giving a blank lazy grin.

“Heeyyy trashbag. You would LOVE this song! Jane told me its one of her old favorites!” he hums, the skeleton delicately take the headphones and placing them where ears would lie. More. Questions.

You hear a few chuckles from Sans, so it must be Eff, fucking the world with one fuck at a time. The coffee is prepared before the kettle is boiled, so you pour it into a blue mug before approaching, leaving the kitchen.

“Sans? Your coffee?” you nudge, carefully shifting the liquid. He gazes up to you, the wide grin has vanished along with his pupils, before a sickly grin takes the place of the lazy pleasant. “S-Sans?” you question, hearing Flowey giggle manically on the sidelines, you glare down the yellow flower, before prodding him in the head with the hot mug.

“Which song was it.” you demand, the condescending smirk growing in size as sharp teeth form in his open maw.

“That fucking skeleton one.” he hums, to which you sigh. Of course that one. You sigh and walk to Sans, trying to angrily remove the headphones that you plant firmly with your hands against his skull.

“Atleast let the song finish!” you yell.

“i have heard enough…” he growls.

“No! Flowey is just trying to get you all pissed at me. It ends nice, I SWEAR!” you yell back, him fidgeting more to wriggle free from the uncatchy tune.

From the faint sound muffling off his skull, the ah’s end and the but arrives as he slowly stops his struggle. Finally, releasing him you return to the whistling kettle, using a mitt to avoid burning tender flesh against the heated metal. Pouring into the prepared mugs and quickly stirring, you contemplate even allowing Flowey the mug after that little trick, but produce it none-the-less. Him giving bad attitude didn’t mean you had to reflect it.

Returning to the living room, Sans has the lights dim in his sockets again, fiddling with his thumbs as it finishes, an extremely faint blue over his cheekbones. Setting down your mugs, you can resist the questions anymore.

“How do they turn blue? And why blue?” you ask, touching a finger to his cheek. Sans, lost in thought apparently, flies backwards, stunned by the sudden closeness.

“Sorry! Sorry!” you regret, backing away to calm the spooked skeleton. Oh fuck, you think, rummaging for the phones playlist and hunting for spooky scary skeletons. The battery dies.

“…………FLOOWEYYY!!” you growl, anger fueling the voice to grow in aggression. Unplugging the useless dead headphones from the phone, you grumble to your room and plug the damn thing in, leaving your headphones beside it on the dresser. Muttering profanities to seeing the grinning flower, you retake your seat next to Sans, gaze stuck to you again.

“is that really one of your favorite songs?” he snorts, as the devilish grin subsided back into the lazy comedic one that suited him better.

“Its an old favorite. Why, think I could serenade Papyrus with it?” you joke, carefully sipping the
burning drink. It burn the tip of your tongue, but ignorance is bliss as the warmth of the chocolate concoction slides down your throat with a relaxing gasp and sigh.

“sure, just leave out that one part. i’ll even back ya up with my trombone.” he snickers, you snorting and nearly choking on the warm gulp that drives to infest your nose with boiling liquid, but your lucky this time around, ending with a few giggling coughs.

“Dude, I love trombones and all, but have you never heard of a saxophone? They are the ultimate sexy serenading. Trombone is the comedic uncle.” you giggle.

“oooohh really? alto the brass back-up is great, a saxophone reeds too much into it.” he winks, proving to know more about the sax then he lets on, giving you a delicate harrumph as you sip carefully. Its hard to hide the bubbling laughter and unpronounced heat in your chest, but holding down the fort is the only option to not surrender to his worsening puns.

“Alright, alright, are we gonna do this or not?” you grumble, standing to approach the easel. Reaching behind, you dig out your sketchpad and a few fine-tip pencils, and the standard sketching set. You settle beside him, sudden wariness to the amount of supplies needed for your little experiment.

“i might seem bone to be wild, but isn’t this a little…much?” he gestures to the sketch set. You’re goal is before you and you physically take it before it can retract.

“I cant even laugh at that joke it was that bad. Hold still please.” you mutter, zoning out as you inspect his hand. Its so warm, the bone not appearing as rough as normal bone, but smooth, even malleable. You caress each finger with hesitation, poking in the central carpus and feeling it minorly give way.

“This is so incredible.” you mumble, inspecting the hand closer. Sans watches in curiosity as you are perplexed as how he stays together.

“How do you not fall apart?” you ask, hoping the answer reaches the brain at some point as your focus is on locating the differences to a normal skeletal hand. His distal phalanges are much more rounded then resembling a squished bullet. The spaces between each phalange segment hard exists, though when bent its clear that nothing holds the bones to themselves. Lost in thought, Sans fingers wiggle gently in your grasp.

“magic.” he says with a, wonder and awe echoing out with his voice, along with a smirk. “all monsters are completely made out of magic, me and paps included. literally any question you ask that you don’t think has an answer concerning monsters will be the same answer. unlike humans, magic makes up our entirety, our soul the center.”

You stop, thinking of how they mustn’t share a majority of things with a human skeleton. Pulling the sketch pad near, you flip to an untouched page and begin a shading sketch, leaning the pad against your knee for support while still holding the warm boney hand in yours, massaging over the carpals individually.

“Trapezium, Trapezoid, Capitate, Hamate, Pisiform, Trique-“ you list off unconsciously to yourself. And out loud. Sans watches in amusement at your enamoring stare, so concentrated.

“you know you never did answer that question yet…” he sighs, and your so lost in your studying you give him the blandest reply possible.

“Ah. Brother. Ya. I have to visit his jail twice a year for a parole hearing. Not much choice in the
matter for me being allowed to not. They do it to keep him from an insane asylum. I could care less if they sent him to one, but it would mean he needed more supervision, and that would likely cause him to go on a massacre. So two times a year is better then year round. Gotta go in bout a month I think.” you reply, carefully pinching and stroking the radius and ulna meeting near the scaphoid and lunate.

“thats cruel. why don’t they send someone else to talk to him?” he grumbles.

“The last person they sent that wasn’t me was found captive in his cell with a fork to her neck, him begging to see me immediately. I arrived, he let her go, got his sick little conversation outta the way, and earned another 3 years on his life-sentence. Hold still please.” you ask, leaving the hand in the air to sketch properly.

It takes a lot of effort to not clasp the lingering hand into a fist, the cracking of his other popping in his pocket.

“why…why did he kill them.” he solemnly asks, the depth of his voice sending a shiver through you as you finally make eye-contact since the sketching began. For not having eyes, they read like a book ; so needy and question hungry as though they looked to your very existence for the answers. You sigh and return to the sketches.

“Found that out during the court trial. He was adopted ; my mother had reproductive issues and didn’t think they were capable of having a kid through regular birth, and desperate to pass down their knowledge and be parents, they adopted him. His symptoms didn’t start showing up apparently until they were overjoyed at the fact my mother was pregnant with me. He was jealous of my existence, and how they pampered their own child. He found out later thanks to dad leaving the birth certificates within his reach. Round that time he was taking it out on me and the house, pissed that he was the ‘odd-man out’ so to speak. Dad had tried to call up his parents to have them consider taking their beloved son home. It backfired.” you mutter, talking quick and unnerved.

You steal a glance to check he hasn’t fallen asleep, and he sits there, on baited breath.

“He’s parents denied him completely, refusing to claim they’d even had a child. Apparently his mother was a rape victim who didn’t have the guts to kill the baby left behind, so she had him and gave him away. After that, Kevin hated Dad the most ; Dad hadn’t realized that by calling, it seemed as if he wanted to get rid of his son, which wasn’t true. He’d called to try and convince his parents to meet and show love to him that he thought he needed, but they refused. He also felt replaced, assuming I would take over as the biological daughter. The stress and anger built enough that he just…..well, you saw the rest.” you finish, working towards proper indenting and shading.

“i knew it. he sounded like a complete idiot, but a murderous idiot? he took it too far…” he grumbles, to which you stare at him, retreating his tired arm and shoving a fist into a pocket as he furrows his brow. You paused your sketchy, scooting forward enough on your knees to a few feet from his face. You slowly reach to touch it, finding it even smoother then moldable, like rough clay that was splashed with water.

He holds still as best as possible, calming his swelling sweat against the temple of his skull, watching as you slowly place your hand against his cyan dusted cheek. Your hand is incredibly soft, but giving to shape around his round features, cupping it soothingly as you maneuver your fingers back and forth, testing the give and pull of the bone. Its very comforting to the stressed skeleton, sighing and accepting, even cautiously leaning into the gesture.

You take note of the accepting need the skeleton finds in your hand, nuzzling slowly into the palm, feeling for the flesh friction, and humming pleasantly. The hum rattles through his rib bones, and into your hand, sending a heated shiver through your entire arm. It suddenly feels weak, warm and
goosebumps stand firmly about your skin, flaying tiny hairs into the air. For this one moment, your heartbeat enters your ears, echoing sternly to ignite the knowledge of its speed and pounding growing heavier.

His eye sockets are shut, almost as if he is falling asleep entranced by the shared warmth and softness. You need to escape. This isn’t normal. No way is this normal. Your heartbeat wont shut up, your face feels hot and heavy, eyes lidding softly against your willpower to retaliate this feeling.

You didn’t understand what this was. This was too new.

SSSLLLLLLRRRRRRRRRRRRLLLP

A long, loud, annoying sip of cocoa echoes through your empty ears from Flowey, staring amusedly at the situation before him. You barely notice that you’d reached to cup his other cheekbone with your other hand, before flying back onto the loveseat.

Sans has literally fallen asleep in your hold, and as you fly backwards, his weight follows, pinning you to the cushion. For whatever reason, the skeleton greatly weighs you down, his ribs indenting into your stomach’s flesh as he nestles his head beside your neck, teeth scraping gently on your neck. Flowey disapprovingly groans and sidles over in his pot.

“That’s fucking disgusting I hope you know.” he grunts, staring with a teasing disapproval.

“Help. Please. I-He- Arghh Sans!” you beg, shaking the skeleton with the single free arm not pinned under his ribs. Nothing.

“Sans wake the HELL up.” you shout, but he further nestles into your neck, snoring softly. You beam a hopeful eye at Flowey.

“Help me out?”

“What the fuck do I get in return?”

“I don’t know, depends on what you offer to want! Just please!” you urgently beg, Sans whispering in the deep echoing whisper beside your ear, your cheeks and ears flushing a blazing red as he chuckles. Atleast he isn’t having a nightmare, but this is definitely a wet dream nightmare. ESCAPE. ES-CAP-AAAAY. “Anything! I will literally do anything just please get me out of this!” you plead, trying to worm your neck away as he presses into the soft flesh, giggling to himself.

“Anything?” he beams, that evil grin smearing his once innocent face, sharp teeth jagging out. You rethink that.

“Not anything. Especially not anything if your giving me that shit grin!” you reply, quick as a knife. He huffs and pulls away with his pot.

“Then no.”

“AWW CMON FLOWEY!! I coulda LEFT you in that hospital!....Flowey!!”

But no one came.

“Ughh you fucking, jerky, traitorous, GRR.” you mutter, slapping at Sans shoulder as kindly as possible in the situation. Taking a deep breath, and waiting for one of his snores to cease, you let out a violent yell, which turns into a pained scream, his rib pressuring into the stitches.
“SSAAAAANSSS” you cry, the skeleton shooting up, eye glowing and ready to fight. You gasp heavily, shaking as you pressurize the stitch wound. He pulled a stitch or two with the jerking, your hand blotched slightly by a warm red liquid.

“What – what?!” he yells, barreling off you, looking for a threat. “What happened?” he growls, calming at the sign of no distress as he looks to you. You hide the growing stain as well as possible. “You okay?”

“Peachy. I uh…I need the bathroom.” you mutter, standing as you clutch your heart, stumbling as he catches you.

“You sure?” he asks, looking at your shaking, “Oh shit, did I use my magic?!” he begs as you fumble past him, panic settling in as you need to stop the blood flow.

“No no you’re good. Like I said earlier-“ you reply, clearly no longer able to hide the blood stain as its dripping further then your hands can cover, “It’s really wants to flow today.” you muster, trudging into the bathroom and fiddling with the first-aid kit.

Sans follows in behind, finally staring at the deep red.

“You said I didn’t use my mag-“

“You didn’t! It was the movement, it snapped two of my stitches. Honest.” you grumble, fiddling with a thin strip made for keeping wounds closed. It was first-aid, not a full medical kit.

“You’re not seriously just putting a bandage over it, right?” he chuckles, surprised as you work the collar of your shit to get the best possible angle to the wound. The bleeding isn’t as bad as predicted, a blotchy trail from the base of the stitches, leaking into the light sweater that you appreciated.

“It’s first-aid, not like I have stitches here. And if you tell me to go back to the hospital, I will sit beside you while you sleep next time with a hammer, just staring down at you.” you threaten recalling the skeleton song threat being they smash the skeleton in their sleep. He doesn’t retaliate as you shimmy around inside your sweater, applying the strip and dabbing at the blood with wet tissues.

Sans leans in the doorway, watching but not because he is a sexual deviant. Because this, before, everything today seemed to be his fucking fault.

“I’m sorry. For everything, today I mean.” he sighs, no longer watching your repair job.

Looking at him, he is nothing but an intense ball of nerves. You know what he needs and you won’t find it here.

“Hold it right there!” you yell, standing quickly which isn’t kind on your ankle. You down some loved painkillers before brushing past Sans.

“I know exactly what you need, one sec!” you say, briskly walking to your room for a change in clothing again. Erupting out with dark jeans, another fuzzy set of socks concealed behind boots, a shirt covered in roses, and a black jacket over-top, you grab Flowey from his pot, shuffling him to enter your jacket pocket.

“Why the hell do I have to go?!” he groans.

“You get to come out of the pot and into the earth if you come.”
Without another word, he slips in. You giggle, approaching Sans who has hidden his face behind a hood.

“where we off to?” he asks, you swinging open the door with a spring in your step. The painkillers were fast acting, which was joyous music to your ears.

“It’s a secret, now c’mon!” you groan, shoving him out to door to lock behind.

You practically have to drag him by the elbow his pace is so SLOOOOW. The sharp stares of the majority of the students seem to bother him, but you spot each one, threatening to approach as they dissolve away.

“didn’t know you were part repellant.” he jokes, you giggle, but not enough as he flurries you with puns suddenly. After man more attempts, he finally gets you snorting and covering your mouth, and you smack his shoulder in agitated joy. You’re a fit of giggles the entire way into the thicket.

“So why are you trudging us through this dark and dangerous grove?” Flowey sneers, trying to figure out your motives, attempting to put Sans on a defensive edge.

“There’s one clearing in here that helps to unwind. Sans looks like he needed it, and from what I know, its good for sketching.” you giggle, patting at your other pocket which amazingly concealed your pad and pencils this entire trip.

Reaching the opening, you wander into the middle, feeling for a dry spot, and luckily find it. You beckon to Sans, who is taking a long gander at the size of the trees and the abundance of life compiled in this one area, separated and secluded away from the dying edges like a hidden chamber. After minutes of gazing around, Sans finally witnesses the blueness of the sky, and falls back pleasantly into the grass ; wet or not. He stares to the sky, relishing the kind breeze that doesn’t threaten to cause a discomforting cold.

You take seat under the tree, Flowey burrowing into the soil for comfort, constantly popping up elsewhere like a little mole before retreating into the ground. Retrieving your sketch-pad, you take the chance to sketch a peaceful Sans, since its in-front of you, focusing more on the lines then the shades. The tranquility of this place feels like a whole different world, away from the pained and stressful world you lived. This secret place was no longer so secret, but a place to ease your friends from the worries of everyday life.

Finishing the sketch of the lazy skeleton, Alphys stutters into the clearing, confused and exhausted.

“O-Oh I-Im sorry I-I didn’t know y-you would be outside…I n-needed a breather..” she apologizes, passing Sans who says nothing to sit beside you, “O-Oh that one c-came out nice Jane!” she enthuses, gesturing to the picture.

“Bout as good as you can get when your model keeps falling asleep.” you grumble, pointing to Sans who instantly raises a protesting finger, not lingering off the ground.

“i have no clue what she is talking about. tibia honest, my posture on this grass is impeccable.” he announces, trying to sound high-regarding. You hide behind your sleeve, chuckling, as Alphys flips through the pages.

“P-Papyrus will be upset t-there aren’t any sketches o-of him.” she states, you whimpering in defense.

“He wont stand still long enough for me to get a non-posing sketch, and if I asked him, he will make a huge deal of it. I like to sketch in secrecy thank you…” you grumble as she flips through a
few of her. She blushes but doesn’t complain, complimenting the shading and detail to each shadow of scales.

“paps prefers skullptures, kid.” Sans says.

“I can tell he likes sc-….” you cut off, hinted at the joke as he starts chuckling proudly as his shirt and ribs shake abruptly. You groan and rework your sentence.

“Don’t call me kid.”

“in my years, you're a kid, kid, so deal with it, kid.” he repeats, getting that shit grin again, but before you can speak, Undyne and Papyrus storm through a mess of trees, leaves and webs tangled everywhere over the two, Papyrus even has a branch protruding out by his head, stuck in his armor. They are covered in mud and sap from head to toe.

“Did you guys hug a tree in a swamp? What the hell.” you grumble, standing up. Sans see’s them, and lazily waves from his apparent stuck position as he makes no movement to seeing his brother.


“Well I should say that – this WAS my secret spot for relaxation,” you start, taking in the completely unexhausted Papyrus and Undyne catching her breath. Did Papyrus not need to breathe but mad it a choice? You knew he sighed often and huffed air from unknown sources, but Sans often breathed.

*Magic.* Right. Don’t ask.

“and now it looks like Undyne could use that. C’mon.” you say, taking her sweat ridden shoulder and laying her down in a bed of clovers. She immediately stretches and cools off, lying in the greenery a couple feet from Sans.

“H-How was your t-training?” Alphys asks, sitting quietly besides Undyne who having finally caught her breath, roars in reply.

“It went AWESOME. We found a swamp in further and challenged to see who could get in and out! Sorry I got all dirty babe.” She apologizes, but Alphys gives her a shy peck on the forehead of forgiveness. Swamp? Oh not that swamp. Approaching Undyne you look around her skin for the signs. “Uhh, Jane, what are ya doing?”

“Checking you for leeches.” you mutter.

“Leeches? Whats a leech?” she questions, Papyrus sitting between her and Sans, but both brothers taking note of the odd behavior of you searching Undynes skin.

“Well a leech is like a worm. It attaches to you and sucks your blood. Ex-“ you explain, Undyne laughs it off.

“Hah, punk! No need to worry, ‘cuz me and Paps are made of magic! No blood in us!” she crosses her arms in proud defiance, but you protest, lifting her dirty pant legs.

“You didn’t let me finish. There was a monster girl, a crocodile, she found that swamp and went in looking for junk. She came back out absolutely covered in leeches.” you rattle, and find the little buggers. “For example.” you gesture, and Undyne sits and perplexedly stares at the creature as it throbs against her leg.
“U-Undyne!” Alphys cries, hesitant of what to do. Sans has finally sat up, scooching over past his brother to witness the creature dangling from her upper leg.

“that’s gross.” he mutters, going to examine it further. Undyne stops him and pulls hard on the beastie, slipping out of her fingers with its slick skin and biting harder as she grr’s angrily.

“Ow! What the hell!” she yells, trying to grab the sucker again unsuccessfully.

“Undyne, stop. Its literally attached itself to you to drink whatever its drinking. If it aint drinking blood, it might be a magic leech. I don’t flippin’ know!” you grumble standing and looking to Papyrus.

“Alrighty Papyrus, lets take a look.” you stroll to the brother who looks confused.

“he cant have ‘em on him, right? these things attach to flesh.” Sans mutters looking to his brother hesitantly.

“HUMAN, ARE THESE LEECHES DANGEROUS?” Papyrus asks as you approach his skull to remove the pesky branch. He giggles as the leaves inside tickle against his ribs.

“Well, leeches don’t carry diseases, and with human blood the disease doesn’t survive long enough. You would need a lot of leeches on a person to kill them, but it varies ; they come in different sizes, types, how much they drink, etc. Magic leeches are all new and from what I know, that’s your core life-source. You kinda want to keep that in ya. So if say your magic flowed to the equal strength of my blood, and I had maybe 20 leeches on me. Given enough time, they could drain ya til you faint.” you explain, though none of this is quelling Sans fears and Alphys and Undyne locate more scattered about her body.

“Aha” you mutter, showing Sans his brothers vertebrae, “Called it. Guess the go for anything magic.” you mutter, going to gather your supplies.

“no. no no noonono.” Sans freaks looking at the squirming parasite stuck to his brother. Papyrus looks drop to a serious worry, looking to his brother, who can only look at you. “h-how many are on ‘im?” he asks.

“I wont know until we get back to the dorm.” you reply. Walking to Undyne who is trying to pry the annoyances off. “You should stop trying to pull them. Even if they do come off, the suckers will be stuck in your skin.” you mutter, helping her to her feet.

“C-C-Can they come off?” Alphys shakes, holding your hand for hope.

“Oh yeah. If they are just like normal leeches they can come off. If they aren’t like normal leeches…we will see.” you state, Alphys looking horrified.

“What do you mean by that?” Sans asks, questioning your judgement.

“Look I tend to avoid leeches, but I know how to get them off. If these are magic leeches and they somehow differ from how to remove normal leeches, I wont know how to get them off! You think im used to seeing a skeleton with leeches on his bones?” you retaliate. Sans bites back a growl, the tranquility of your secret no longer effecting. “Flowey, c’mon!” you yell, startled by the giggling flora, “ Where were you?” you question, finally getting everyone in motion back to the dorms.

“Looking for that nasty swamp full of those leeches or whatever. It was crawling with em!” he sings, excited on the new discovery. Alphys and Sans both glare the flower down in abysmal hatred, and you for answers.
Returning to the dorm, Undyne is showing clear signs of fatigue, even Papyrus as he slows his walk and ‘nyehs’ little breaths. You instruct to put them both on the hardwood because losing any in the dorm would be a pain later. Returning with a bowl and a knife, Sans immediately takes the offensive.

“woah woah woah what the hell you think your doing with that?!” he barks, pointing to the knife. Alphys and Undyne share a look of betrayal, as Papyrus just focuses on staying awake.

“Okay there are only a couple ways to get leeches off. 1. We cut them open. 2. We wedge something between the contact suckers and the get pried off, the only thing I have that would work is this knife - or 3. We just let em feed til their full and they’ll drop off. Take your pick.” you denounce, glaring up at a black set of sockets.

“H-How long w-would it take for them t-to get full?” Alphys asks, not liking any of the options given.

“Well, usually they don’t stay on for more then half an hour, though im guessing its been more then that, hasn’t it?” you ask Undyne who gives a nod and guilty laugh.

“You swear there isn’t anything else you could use?!” Sans begs, but you don’t back down.

“The only other way I know of is to use my fingernails but they aren’t long enough to wedge without the little suckers just attaching to me instead. We need to make a decision now, because they are clearly more fatigued then before and I don’t want them passing out Sans!” you reply.

Sans and Alphys mull it over, but Papyrus is actually the first to speak up.

“IM OKAY WITH IT BROTHER. I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, TRUST JANE AFTER WITNESSING HER BRILLIANT COOKING SKILLS. I WILL BE FINE!” he says, not in the booming voice thats normal, almost forced. It pains to see him like this, and you pat his brave skull. It would be intimidating to have a human scraping a knife near your bones, especially for an over-protective brother.

Sans fights his urge to de-rail the thought, but Papyrus’ gleaming trust is enough to satisfy him. He kneels beside his brother, holding his gloved hand.

“your gonna be okay bro. i got ya.” he mutters. He looks so defeated and helpless.

“Alright, both of you get out of as much clothing as possible. Who knows where the little runts are stuck.” you persuade, moving Flowey from the entrance to a table. Undyne pulls off the majority of her clothes, demanding Papyrus get treated first, even though she is in the clearly worse condition. Alphys actually takes the initiative, helping her girlfriend with another knife and bowl, assisting with the ones she cant see. Accidentally leaving tiny nicks about her lovers skin, for every mistake Undyne gives an encouraging kiss. She is truly brave for calming her shaking so much.

Sans assists you and removing Papyrus’ armor. Removing his main plate is horrific, tons of the critters must have stuck inside to find a spot as his ribs are nearly invisible. It perfectly explained how his exhaustion had caught up to the Undyne who likely didn’t even have half the amount Papyrus secured. You feel absolutely awful stripping the younger skeleton, and he is obviously embarrassed, but labored breaths of concentration take his priority.

Sans can hardly look to his brother, just grasping his hand in his, looking to him as he mutters encouraging words as his brother focuses all his energy on staying perfectly still.
“Okay Papyrus. I won’t lie, even with removing them with the knife, they might hurt a little. I can’t do anything about that though and I will try to go as quick as possible. I need you to remain as still as a statue. Like your posing for a sketch, can you do that?” you encourage, and Papyrus picks a heroic pose that leaves his ribs very out there. “Alright, I’m starting at the back of your neck, m’kay? This might tickle and hurt.” you inform before rooking the blunt edge of the knife near a sucker, Papyrus giggling under his closed mouth, trying to remain perfectly still as the little critter comes off easier than hoped.

Everytime you press the knife to bone, a bead of sweat dances down Sans’ face. He’s given up after 5 minutes and a soaking handkerchief later, leaving his jacket t-shirt to take the fall. However, every leech gone settles his ribs rattling of anxiety. He strokes his brothers larger hand, encouraging him and secretly, himself. You hadn’t lied, taking clean care to angle the sharpened edge away from bone, and making quick work.

Undyne walks over and you pause your attack on Papyrus’ leech colony over his ribs to examine her quickly. Alphys missed a few, but it isn’t a problem as they’re removed. Another full scan and Undyne is free to go. The first thing she does is shower…with Alphys. Truly no other care in the world. Returning your attention to Papyrus, a hope kindles inside as you begin where you left off.

Papyrus has very ticklish ribs you discover, the knife nearly getting stuck as he chuckles backwards, nearly falling upon it himself. Sans nearly has a soul-attack. There is a surprising amount stuck to his vertebrae, but they indents work against them as they wedge out easier.

The awkward part comes as a few have stuck to the inside of his pelvic girdle, and some between the sacrum. Like on a normal being, this is likely a private area, because Papyrus turns as orange as…well an orange. Well, orange cream soda. He blushes; enough said. He gives little gasps as you need to worm a few fingers inside to grab the nuisances before they reattach.

“Sorry.” you reply each time he gasps out, and Sans cant meet your eyes. Finally, you remove the rest from his legs, give him a thorough look-over and proclaim him free of leeches. If he wasn’t so utterly exhausted, he would probably stand up and do the victorious cheer from the ground. But he falls the side, laughing about his greatness. You walk into the kitchen, Alphys and Undyne coming out refreshed and helping Papyrus up.

Placing the bowl down, your suddenly caught in a behind hug. Tight boney hands curl around to your stomach, pulling you into the embrace, a toothy smile nuzzled into the back of your shoulder.

“thank you. thank you for everything.” he whispers, squeezing tighter. As the blood surges into your cheeks, you taps his hands and he promptly lets go.

“No problem. Sorry bout the knife – its really all I had that would work…” you grumble, rubbing your arm in shame.

“don’t sweat it…im sorry for not trusting you more.”

“You sweat enough back there man, you need a shower.” you reply, pointing to the sweat drenched shirt that clung to his ribs. All he can manage is a laugh.

“nah, I gotta get him back, along with undyne. work tomorrow.” he mutters, scratching his school as he shoots you the growing smile. “no fibula.” he chuckles.

“whatchya planning on doing with these little beasties?” he asks, pointing to the bowl.

“Food.”
“huh? they’re edible?!” he barks, completely confused.

“Well yes and no. They’re food for Louis and Seymour. How else do you think I knew which swamp they were talking about? There are multiple swamps in the area, and that girl had gone in a completely different one. I knew that the one closest to that spot was filled with leeches because I go there hunting for leeches!” you laugh, Sans looking utterly dumbfounded.

“……humans are weird.” he finishes, walking away.

“Hey, not cool! I aint weird, im feeding hungry mouthes!” you call back, but you know he is smiling. Undyne and Sans both change into proper clothing, Sans dressing Papyrus appropriately. They have to carry him out because he is too exhausted to walk.

“HOLD IT RIGHT THERE.” You scream out at them, carrying a potted flower they nearly forgot again, “Take the runt with you. It was nice to meet you Flowey, say hi to Frisk and Toriel for me and come back again soon, m’kay? Also, Sans, make sure they eat plenty when they get back! It helps with blood/magic loss.” you call, and he waves as Undyne carries the retaliating plant.

Finally, locking the door, you collapse to the carpet, through with the energy wasting that has proceeded. Alphys slumps down beside you, looking exhausted herself.

“Was this like an everyday thing with you guys?” You mutter, muffled from being too sleepy to even lift your head from the comforting carpets fuzz.

“E-Essentially, yeah.” she laughs. “Im s-still not used to all their e-energy a-and fun, but they are amazing f-friends.” she perks up, laying beside you but staring to the ceiling.

The clock ticking away in the back was so much more prominent at the new silence. It hasn’t been this quiet for nearly two weeks.

It was pleasant, but lonely. Somehow, you find the determination to drag you and Alphys into the bedroom and fall into the mattresses gratefully. Alphys doesn’t hesitate and is already fast asleep, as you fidget with the clothing layers, checking your wound, and finally accepting the embrace of the night.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, thanks for reading. That was 8000+ words. How ya feeling? XD

Always leave a comment~ I love hearing your criticism, your tips, and your rambling of how you liked / disliked it. And just hearing words. Or in this case, reading your words.
So comment, I love it ;)

Comments fill me with determination.
A New Cycle

Chapter Summary

As time flies, uncomforting events crawl around and worm their way where they shouldn't wander.

Chapter Notes

Your going to hate me. Calling it now

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Time slips by as if dragged in a hasty pursuit. It isn’t a welcoming passage either.

Alphys seems to have finally encountered her first ‘test stress’ hurdle, and unsurprisingly in the human anatomy subject; her grade fluctuating her overall average. You’ve both been separated during your recovery and intense studying as an even stricter teacher had taken O’Neils place in the arts department, however, had such courtesy to give you a few extra hours, allowing the exam after their lecture.

With enough convincing, Ms. Loote extended the time-period to return all due homework assignments, on top of the humiliating art project to be complete, a nude model sketch; monster or human. With the same convincing, Loote had helped you stash a surprise for Alphys in your closet, but promptly covered it to no give the monster a heart-attack. Soul attack? Monster anatomy…

*Maybe we can just sketch Flowey?… Brain…no. Good plan - bad teacher for said plan.*

Arriving back at the dormitory, Alphys sits on the ground, gently thumping aggressively against the coffee table with textbooks and study papers strewn about, broken pencils pooling and vanishing into the carpets fluff. She flops a limp form against the table, giving into the piling anxiety. Never has this happened before, so you release your heavy paper filled bag besides your shoes and enter to comfort the frustrated friend.

Alphys remains face down, breathing shallowly, so comfortable with your presence after all this time she is in nothing but a strong tank top, panties, and white knee highs splattered intensely with multi-colored hearts. You pat her head jokingly, grumbling into the textbook she has declared her pillow.

“Still troubled by the anatomy test coming up? You’ll be fine!” you proudly declare, standing to prepare her energizing food. She finally twists her head, facing you as you turn to meet hers. She looks like legit shit; bags forming slowly behind dark glasses, a red rush on her scales from the constant beating with the table, anxious tears threatening to erase her well-written notes.

“Y-You have no idea…” she mutters, forcing herself back to lean against the new extended couch, the loveseat facing towards the front door, away from the spruce table set. Opening the fridge and freezer to decide the dinners fate, suddenly a cramping forming in your gut. Likely from hunger,
you throw caution to the win, choosing to reheat Papyrus’ plain spaghetti and creating your own alfredo to compliment it. A familiar recipe, quick and simple, as you fumble with minor spices and dairy products.

“Oh really? I have been going to this college for two years, Alph; test stress is a way of life.” you reply, shifting around the kitchen preparing the utensils and plates.

“I-I-I shouldn’t have such d-difficulty with this…” she sighs, running rough palms around her face, freeing her from the prospect of sleep as her cellphone suddenly erupts into David Guetta’s ‘Sexy Bitch’. Before realizing the songs title, she thought the lyrics were ‘Sexy Fish’ and aptly made it Undynes ringtone, texts making an anime squeal. Lifted from the depths of despair, she quickly fumbles with the phone seeking the loving screams of Undyne.

“Hey hun, h-how you doing?” she enthuses, but she actually beeps up the volume. Undyne not being loud enough for Alphys to hear? The world must be evaporating.

“Undyne?...Honey whats w-wrong?” she coaxes, standing and steadily pacing along the carpet. She gives a few nods and ‘mhmm’s before speaking again.

“D-Do you want to be on s-speaker phone hun?” she quietly asks. The spaghetti has finally finished the reheating, carefully gliding the thick alfredo mix over the plain noodles, you hoist both hot plates and scurry over to Alphys who is adjusting the volume before setting to speaker. The plates clatter as she presses the button, and you still are hoping for manic yelling, but nothing more then a low growl emits from the device.

“Have either of you seen the news?” she mumbles, absolutely stunning you as Alphys messes with the remote. After a few steady clicks, the news flickers on.

‘Today at Highgrip Park, a large trashbag filled entirely of dust was left floating upon the lakes surface-‘ they start, Alphys dropping the remote to cover her face. That park was a couple miles east of your college. You can’t understand, but Undyne is making predatory growls beyond the device, as well as other noises resembling light cusses from the background. You’d forgotten nearly every time that Alphys and the rest lived in one gigantic house apparently. It was likely one of the bro’s or someone visiting; it was baritone but not Sans baritone……How bad was it you knew Sans’ baritone mellow voice from anothers?

‘As of now, a high enforced patrol and multi-raiding search party has been sent over a large vicinity, K-9 units likely inbound. No one has come forth with any facial recognition or taking note of the incident as of now. Back to you, Ty-‘ before the news-woman can finish, Alphys demands the TV to shut-up with the all mighty remote, and she breaks down suddenly.

“Alphys? Alphys what’s wrong girl?” you beg, rubbing her back as she needingly leans to you for comfort, instant reciprocation is provided as you snuggle close the sobbing scientist. Undyne can be heard seething silently on the phones other ends, unable to do anything for her lover.

“Undyne, what’s happening? Why is she breaking down? I-I don’t understand…” you mutter, dragging the phone closer.

“The trashbag full of DUST.” she mutters, biting the last word.

“Okay, what is the problem with dust? It accumulates over time thanks to dead skin and other st-“ you explain, Alphys crying out more when you’d muttered ‘dead’.

“W-W-Wheen m-monsters……p-paahss..” she stifles, holding back desperate sobs and chokes.
Undyne finishes for the poor dear.

“When a monster dies, we turn to fucking dust.”

The gravity of the situation hits you like a sledgehammer to the heart. The news had just shown a murdered monster case over the news, and this had occurred not far off from the college.

“Babe, I want you home tonight, ya hear?” Undyne pleads aggressively into the speaker. Alphys shakes a reliant and silent no as she clutches your shirt, now damp with tears. After a moment, you figure she is too broken to speak, so you offer for her.

“S-She shook her head no Undyne…” you relay.

“Why not!?”

“M-My t-t-test…” she sniffles, leaning back. Her dark circles under her glasses are plumper from the rubbing and tears.

“Alph!! I do NOT want you staying there for some DAMN test!!” Undyne screams, gripping the phone as miserable cracks at the sheer force of the grip threatens the call.

“Undyne calm down. As Sans would warn, you’re going to break the call unless you calm down…” you coo.

The line goes dead.

“I should’ve shut up.” you mutter, suddenly miserable with your attempted light pun. Alphys manages to chuckle gently, rubbing furiously at sleepy eyes.

“S-She wont b-b-able to c-call until t-to-m-morrow…t-the time…” she points out, the clock passing the internet curfew. You sigh and return Alphys her cell, thankful before sitting before the now sickening aroma pasta.

“I’m really sorry. They will likely pause any monster activity like classes until this gets resolved, so you will probably have more time to study.” you reassure, a tangent smile barely snaking across your face for a moment. That moment was wasted, your gut shrinking in on itself, likely from the suffering hunger. It also freely growls loudly, vibrating around the environment. It is embarrassing beyond compare as you settle and bring up your plate.

“W-What was that?” Alphys hesitates, glancing about the room. OH boy.

“Sorry. T-That was my stomach complaining about not having food?” you mutter, slurping greedily at the noodles. Without that sauce, it would be slippery cardboard. Oh Papyrus….why. No! You can’t blame Papyrus on this; these were leftovers and it could have over/under-cooked. Papyrus is innocent!!

“H-Human anatomy is t-truly weird…” she mutters, shifting over to the placed dish.

Whatever, just fucking eat…Shut it thoughts.

Alphys sits, much slower and unfocused, likely still depressed by the current situation.

“Alph. You know I wouldn’t let anything happen to ya! If you don’t feel safe going anywhere or something, let me know! It’s the least I can offer as a thanks for all this time you put up with my recovery.” you reassure, somehow summoning Undynes courage and righteousness. You would
beat a fist to your heart for confidence, however it would result with you crumpled and bleeding in immense pain from the idiotic act, thus flushing that action down the drain.

Alphys gives you a drained smile, but a genuine thanking comes from it.

“T-I would appreciate i-it J-Jane.” she mutters, ever so slightly increasing the eating pace of the neutral noodles.

“No problem. I have to meet up in the library with a science study partner tomorrow afternoon, but as soon as I can I will rush back. If you need anything in that time, don’t you dare hesitate to call or text me.” you reassure, finishing your plate with a mild satisfaction. Alphys gives a hard nod, closely following behind as her dish essentially evaporates. She stretches, sending a worried glance to the TV before motioning back to her studies. After leaving the dishes in the sink, you briskly walk out, grabbing the back of her tank top and dragging her back to the bedroom.

“Oh hell no girl you need fucking sleep. I got something for ya in the morning, but first you eat, then sleep, then you call Undyne first chance you get; I demand face-cam and everything!” you bombard with a strictness resembling a parent to a child who refused to brush their teeth. It was somewhat comedic, but you were genuine.

“B-But I – My – Its-“ she mutters, trying to find a foothold to pursue the derailed words. She can’t manage it as you shove her beneath the blankets.

“Nope. None of it. I have something really helpful to study tomorrow, but I won’t give it to you until you fucking make-up with Undyne. Now go to bed!” you command, shimmying into your own bed, another twist coiling into your lower stomach. Clutching close the pillow, not three minutes pass til the faint familiar snoring erupts from below, shaking the thin supports.

With Alphys finally retaining any form of bed-rest, you settle in, taking longer with the uncomfortable coil within, but nonetheless victorious as you eventually slip into REM.

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

Waking the next morning is a blessing and a curse.

Sitting up delicately, you feel as though every hair and fiber against you is rough, pulling cautiously at anything it touches with barely any give. Alphys is giggling before her laptop, Undyne’s red hair and yellow eye moving on the screen as she whispers to her as you fidget in bed. Atleast she’d had the decency to be quiet while you slept. Stretching is a painful mistake, you wincing over in pain at the stitches healing process. Not only that, the cramping pain in your lower abdomen is significantly worse then yesterday. The warmth and cold attack you brutishly; the covers making your body sweat and regret it, but the chilling air from the sweated relief sends you shaking back. Returning underneath the covers, a wet blotch can be felt upon your leg.

Fucking wet dream bullshit did I really just fucking have ano-

One look at the significantly darkened sheets tells you otherwise, as you stare with embarrassed and emotional breaking at your deep red underwear.

The underwear you wore to sleep that night was light blue.

“OOOHHHH FFUUCCCCKKKK” you scream, anguishing as you fly out of the top bunk, scaring the little dinotile (dinosaur reptile. she never wanted to clarify) not only with the loud noise, but with the figure that had dropped and rushed the door.
“J-JANE!! B-BLOOD EVERY-“ she screams as you rush the bathroom.

“I FUCKING KNOW ALPHYS” you snap, cursing at yourself for yelling back at her in such a snappy manner, but slamming the extremely abused bathroom door shut as you ache over the ivory seat. After much moaning and gasps of grief, you peer over the undergarment and leg damage.

It looks like you murdered someone; that they got shrunk and their whole body just exploded over your vagina. The smell was undeniably putrid as you take it upon the motto ‘flush and forget’.

Of course the evidence literally lays everywhere.

The underwear has taken the heavy blow. Valiant soldier. You discard the miserable loins into the sink for a thorough cleansing, fumbling about with dampened toilet-paper as you free your legs from the hardening liquid. A intense rapping against the door drives you from your frantic cleansing.

“J-Jane a-a-are you okay?!” Alphys questions, jiggling the unlocked doorknob.

“No. No im not but you REALLY don’t want to come in here Alphys. Theres way too much blood.” you admit. Alphys wasn’t informed of the menstrual cycle, you knew that.

“B-Blood?! T-That’s b-bad correct?!“ she asks, waiting patiently outside the accessible door.

“No. Alphys, listen. I will explain everything as soon as I get out of here. I cant leave. I need you to go get me underwear, you understand?” you ask, Alphys rushing off and moments later throwing blindly a clean set for you. “Thanks. Head back to the room, I will be right there.” you reply, shoving an unsavory tampon into the blood soaked abyss.

Over-viewing the damage done is a nightmare. After five whole minutes of washing them free and hanging to dry, you stumble wearily and angrily to the kitchens fresh water. Taking heavy gulps, you shove painkiller in at the last moment, tricking yourself to swallow the unsatisfying pills. After gulping greedily at an ice water, warming a heat-pack gingerly, and finding your period emergency chocolate, you stumble into the bedroom to frantic screams of Undyne and Alhpys.

“Jane?! What the FUCK happened?!“ Undyne roars, her eye dangerously close to the camera as it takes up all the open window. Alphys struggles to find words as you mutter profanities slowly struggling to witness how deep the blood ran. Pulling back the sheets, you are blessed to find your underwear truly took the brunt of the damage, the mattress unharmed. Tearing the sheet cover from the bed and curling into a ball, you pull it down and astonish the online company.

“J-Jane! Th-th-theres-“ Alphys is practically palpitating from one step to the next as she closes the distance. You don’t want to speak, afraid your heightened emotions due to hormones will offend the poor friend.

“Yep. Blood. Just uuggghhh give me a minute please!!“ you groan, fumbling about where to leave the indecent blood-soaked cloth. You settle with momentarily stuffing it into the closet, instead pulling out the draped item Ms. Loote had delivered for Alphys. You had promised yesterday, and this hindrance wouldn’t stop it.

“Jane WHAT the FUCK is going on over there?!”

“W-Whats that?”

“Please. Everyone please just shut up for one moment!” you beg, a growl of frustration slipping through. You rub your face with grief and exhaustion as you turn to face them.
“I’m sorry.” you settle, approaching after cooling the aggression, running cold damp hands against
the sweat shield layering upon your neck concealed by wisping hair. You drag over the still hidden
object returning to the closet to retrieve the complimentary bag.

“Alphys, how much have you learned about hormones and reproduction of humans?” you question,
deciding to let Undyne into this conversation so if she were to approach during one of these repeat
times to not panic.

“U-Uh w-well w-w-we haven’t reached t-that in my p-private lessons y-yet…” she mutters, over-
looking the draped figure questioningly.

“Alright so I guess i’m gonna have to do it.” you grumble, unveiling a anatomy mannequin to the
surprise of Alphys and Undyne.

“What’s wrong with that human?!” Undyne yells, jabbing at the screen as though it laid before her.

“Its an anatomy mannequin. Theres a bindlock in the back of it and it has a shell for each
significant layer of the human body : Skin, Muscle and Veins, and Bones and Organs. You
following so far?” you ask, Alphys sitting down patiently on her bed with a curious glint for
knowledge twinkling in her eye, yet a shimmer of concern for your health. Opening the model with
all locks bound results with an internal organs view, which Alphys takes quick to studying and
pointing out familiar names.

“I-I see. I-I-I still can’t believe that h-humans are s-skeletons s-surrounded by flesh…” she
mutters, Undyne screaming in reply.

“YOU’RE FUCKING WHAT?!?”

“Oh my shit Undyne I will explain that to you later when im not so fucking stressed just please!”
you grumble, tempering your frustrations.

“Okay I will try and make this short and understandable, does that work for now?” you beg, to
which Alphys nods and Undyne shuts up for said ‘explanation’.

“Alright. I don’t know how monsters have babies, but for a guy and girl to make a baby, they need
their sperm and egg.” you begin, grabbing your sketch pad to draw the tiny figures as you sit beside
her, facing the eerily opened mannequin. “Each carries DNA and once the sperm from a male
travels into a womens body through the vagina, it has the potential to fuse with her egg and grow to
begin a baby.” you finish, checking to your sketches and her face that she follows thus far. She
does and you surge on.

“Well, there is a point in time for a female known as the menstrual cycle. The egg will be released
from the ovaries where it was stored, travelling into the fallopian tubes. If a sperm travels inwards
during this ‘fertility’ then its extremely likely for a woman to become pregnant.” you speak,
drawing the uterus and fallopian tubes along with tiny pea ovaries. You let her mull over the vast
information before continuing.

“But, if the egg isn’t fertilized by a sperm, it travels into the uterus. Over that period of time, the
uterus will slowly build up a fleshy lining thanks to a hormone known as estrogen that’s very
potent during the cycle. Estrogen is basically female sex hormones, testosterone being the male sex
hormone.”

“S-So you’re in heat?” she replies, surprising you with the animalistic accusation but contemplating
the similarities. “B-B-Because it c-ceilently f-feels like you’re i-in h-heat..” she finishes, causing
an arch of your eyebrows.

“What do you mean ‘it feels like’”? 

“W-Well you-your soul is umm… its emitting a e-energy similar to that o-of when a monster enters its h-heat stage. I-If me and Undyne weren’t p-properly bonded as we a-are, I would likely be reacting m-more sexually t-to the situation, but f-for me its just a minor sexual m-musk.”

“Ew I smell like sex to a monster? Fucking great.” you complain, “So how many times does a monster have heat and what happens?”

“W-Well when a monster e-enters a stage of heat it depends on the monster, and if they have a mate. F-For me and Undyne, due to the bond and our species, we synced o-our heat with one another and we only have it twice a year……while o-other monsters could have a heat nearly e-every week.”

Rabbits. You’d seen rabbits. Calling it’s the fucking rabbits.

“And how long does it last?”

“W-Well it also depends. It can usually fade away after um…after a s-sexual interaction, but even if they didn’t it would be just an uncomfortable day or two.” she finishes, smiling shyly with joy. She always brightens up when teaching about monsters.

“Jane don’t you DARE touch my girl while you’re in heat, or I will break you!” Undyne roars, but she is finding this almost comical as her grin reads she is enjoying this. Rethinking the monster explanation though, and the fact they don’t have blood, they likely don’t have as similar a cycle as humans either.

“I’m not in heat Undyne. This is different. May I continue?” you ask, to which Alphys gives the go ahead as you fiddle with the paper again.

“So if the egg goes unfertilized, eventually the cycle will end and the remaining flesh that had accumulated for the baby that never came will just shed off, coming out through my vagina.”

“What the fuck!?” Undyne screams, flailing back from the camera in disgust.

“Wha- But…D-Doesn’t that hurt?” Alphys questions, trying to remain calm to you basically saying you shed your innards.

“Oh yes it can hurt, mostly in the form of contracting and cramps for the muscles. Following that with the heightened hormone exposure and women tend to become much more emotional as well, so if I snap at you this week, I really don’t mean it.” you apologize before hand, closing the sketch pad to wander the confusion of her facial features.

“A-A w-week? T-This will last a week? W-Wait you j-just drain b-blood everywhere?!”

“No, no Alphys. Humans have made things to stop the blood flow. Tampons are little absorbents you shove inside an they stop the flow like a sponge inside. There’s also pads which is similar to a stick-on diaper that goes on your underwear. They have been in the bathroom forever so if you’re ever curious I got a stash. And yes, a week; the first few days are usually the worst.” you grumble, rubbing the cramping stomach.

“That sounds fucking disgusting Jane. You just bleed out flesh?!” she roars, moving her camera through the house with her, though nothing very visible peaks out as the majority of the view is her
grossly interested face.

“Yeah, I do.”

“Gross!! How many times a year does that happen?” she urges.

“Its normal to happen once a month.” Alphys begins counting her fingers in memory and Undynes face vanishes to show her jumping feet as she releases the camera to drop painfully to the dark wooden floor.

“A MONTH?! A FR---FLIPPING MONTH?!” she catches her cursing, gingerly picking up the camera and shushing whoever was too innocent for her curses as she settled onto a table.

“B-But Jane. Y-You didn’t get a-anything like this since I-I arrived.” Alphys indicates, referring back over the time she’d been move here.

“Ah, mines irregular and unpredictable, so I can go longer without it but it’ll just sneak up on me. Like today.” you grumble, unwrapping a mint chocolate and shoving it into your mouth. The mint and dark richness causes immense amounts of drool and salivation as your mouth becomes a pleasured warzone of flavors and scents.

“Ah, you needed help with human anatomy, that’s what this thing is for, not for me just showing you how I go about my period.” you correct, swallowing satisfied by the sweet. Alphys stands with glee, approaching the mannequin in observation.

“O-Oh thank you J-Jane. H-How does it work?” she asks. You gingerly step around, instructing her to where the clasps holding the layers are on the form as you remove a layer at a time, labelling and answering any questions she may have. Discarding the organ layer, Undyne spews whatever food she was shoveling into her mouth.

“OH MY GOD!! You SERIOUSLY have skeletons inside you?!” She responds, mind obviously blown. A loud voice in the backdrop squeals as loud footsteps approach.

“OH!! IS THAT JANE, UNDYNE?! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WANT TO SEE IF WHAT FRISK HAD SAID IS TRULY REAL. I AM NOT CLAIMING I DO NOT TRUST MY BESTEST FRIEND, HOWEVER I CANT IMAGINE IT AND SANS WONT TELL ME ANYTHING!!” he pleads, struggling around Undynes denying movements to see the screen.

“Its fine Undyne, I don’t mind at all. He might as well know we are fleshy physical forms of him….or the opposite?” you ponder. Did skeletons come first, or human skin? Skeletons divided by time and magic, one reforms to sustain proper life, thus creating organs, muscles, veins, a conscience-

Ow. Nope. Ow to the brain and gut don’t you DARE ever think that hard about existence again.

Papyrus finally comes into view, gasping in joy. Hopefully he wasn’t aware of your situation as well.

“OH HELLO HU-JANE! WHAT IS THAT?” he asks, his smile instantly melting away the cramping pain.

“Alright Papyrus – Watch this and please don’t scream.” you ask kindly, reforming the layers surrounding the bone back on, and finishing with the skin. Papyrus didn’t listen.

“OH MY GOD!! FRISK YOU TRULY ARE A LITTLE SKELETON! NO WONDER WE HAVE
SUCH A CONNECTION - YOU’RE PART SKELETON, AND THUSLY, ANOTHER PART OF THE SKELETON FAMILY!!” he screams, one of Frisks legs being flung about in joy from what you assume is Papyrus swinging the child giddily through the air. Undyne retakes the screen.

“That’s messed up, and confusing. Babe, you sure you don’t want to come home? Maybe take that human test or whatever when this is blown over?” she begs silently. Alphys takes the laptop and returns to her bed, smoothing against the back-wall as she gives a fond stare to her love.

“I’ll be okay hun. I heard this morning; they are cancelling c-classes for monsters for a-a few days and increasing s-s-security.” she reassures, “A-and Jane promised t-to keep an eye out f-for me.” Undyne groans but settles none the less.

“Alrighty Alphys. I will let you chill with your girl, m’kay? I gotta head to the library. Text me with any questions or concerns, got it?” you remind, leaving with proper clothing as Alphys returns to silent delighted whispers and giggles with Undyne. You return to the bathroom, the painkiller finally taking effect as you dress in a t-shirt and jacket, black work pants and sneakers as you carry a few science books in tow. Dropping by the laundry room, you check the latest possible time to sneak the bloody sheets in for a cleaning with the least amount of people. You can manage 11:45 p.m, you conclude entering the familiar scented library.

Finding your study partner isn’t hard. She (he?) sits at a table, thin glasses somehow settled on their fuzzy face, black hair tied back as tiny beady eyes stare at you excitedly as they stand on their stool and wave enthusiastically.

“hOOOOOoi!” it screams, an angry crowd sneering at the cat-like monster as she (he? WTF.) raises her voice. You scurry over in surprise to the little friend. This was Temmie, your current lab partner. It was less “I make great friends with monsters” and was more along the lines of “Everyone didn’t want to pair up with either of you, so you were paired and kicked everyones sciencey ass, thus forming a friendship in the side-gloating.”.

“Temmie shhh. You have to be quiet in here, got it? You got the notes?” you whisper, trying to example to the overly-friendly tiny creature. She tried, but it came off as just normal conversation.

“toATEs! tEmmIE brOuGHT TEMmiE FLAKes f0r SnaCK!” she says, fiddling a bag of temmie-shaped cereal flakes in a plastic baggy. You didn’t realize that this monster had its own cereal brand. From idle side chit-chat, you’d learned that there were tons of Temmies, even a full town dedicated to them still in the Underground. Temmie let you gander at a photo of their brother; a Temmie adequately named Bob. The nickname for such a cute creature was hysterical, but you held together to not embarrass their sibling.

Your phone buzzes every now and then, but a stray series comes from Papyrus and Frisk; who you adequately nicknamed ‘Sugar-Skull’ and ‘Frisky’.

Frisky : 3:47         papyrus hit the shock stage of us being skin skeletons. sans is gonna freak when he wakes up.

Jane : 3:49           Papyrus going into shock? Im guessing that isnt normal. Just get Toriel to relax him, she seems to be more understanding of the oddness of humans. Also, if he isnt up still you should get an air-horn; he deserves it! Its nearly 4, if not later since the time difference.

Frisky : 3:55         I got mom to talk to him. we dont have an airhorn, but we have a whoopee cushion. that work? : )

Jane : 3:56            Do it! >BD
Sugar-Skull : 4:00 You have been Plotting pranks across the phone with frisk?!?!?!? I must ask for mercy on the GREAT PAPYRUS! !

Jane : 4:02 Sorry Papyrus. I will try to make sure we spare you ;-) !

Frisky : 4:03 he attacked me with ‘revenge tickles’ and said he would have a bone to pick with you later.

As you giggle about, Sans had taken a selfie with the child helplessly stuck underneath him, poking in ticklish spots as Frisk squirmed.

Jane : 4:04 Quick become a worm! ESCAPE!! I will call for back-up have no fear! >:-)

Jane : 4:05 Papyrus! Sans has Frisk pinned in his room. He is subjecting him to a tickling! Please save your skin skeleton brother!! <:O

Sugar-Skull : 4:05 I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, SHALL SAVE HIM!!

You choose to take a selfie with Temmie (who is exquisitely delighted to take part in to photo) and send to the captured human child as an excuse for sending Papyrus.

Dinotile : 4:17 I was still chtting with Undyne nd Papyrus ran past the cam with Frisk in his arms, Sans runnin behind, and Papyr was yelling how youd sent him as his savor. What happend? >:)

Oh great, now your involving Alphys while she is taking a break.

Jane : 4:20 Frisk needed to wake up Sans so I told him to use a whoopee cushion. He captured him and took him as a tickle hostage, so I sent THE GREAT PAPYRUS to save him, thus turning into whatever is happening now. Sorry <;) <3 Gotta get back to the studying! TTYS.

You finish, placing the phone to the side. You and Temmie munch on the monsters cereal and review the notes, giving tips and assistance every so often. No more texts are received from your friends as night-time encompasses the campus. An hour in, odd discomforting noises groan from Temmie.

"Hey whats wrong?" you ask, Temmie lying on their side.

"tO0 mAny TemMIE flAKEs." they resign, a quiet belch as they shrivel inwards. You laugh and cuddle the poor creature; an action not considered weird as Temmie had napped in your lap during classes.

"Awww Temmie...........you got a temmie-ache?" you chortle, earning a deadly glare from the company as you hold in a snort.

"nO. N0." they walk out of your cuddle like nothing has happened, burying their face persistently back into their studying, "nooOooP," the last no ends with a slight pop and it sends you reeling in laughter that shatters the libraries silence.

Nobody but the librarian stuck around in the hall of history and knowledge. Eventually, the usually silent loud-speaker erupted with concern as Bailey began a quiet speech.

‘Evening students. The police have arrived due to the recent incident in Highgrip park. For their safety, all monsters are kindly being asked to evacuate the premises and go home until further notice, squad cars will escort you home. Human students are to head back to their dorms
immediately for a temporary lockdown; this is not a drill. I repeat, monsters are asked to report to the main entrance within thirty minutes with any personal belongings for a temporary home-retreat as a safety risk. All other students must return to their dorms effectively starting now.’

You sigh, packing up your things as Temmie does the same. You finally discover Temmie is a girl and the live off-campus so you offer to walk her to the front. Inside, there is a power-outage. The realization of a thunder-storm rolling over the area hadn’t become aware until a bright flash struck past the closed curtains. The sound of thunder was truly unsettling; something so quick and deadly forming above you to strike you down, why wouldn’t it be intimidating?

In haste, the librarian also assists in the mass pick-up you and the monster have, offering a complimentary umbrella for borrowing. You gladly take the water-barrier and Temmie finds an odd solace retreating into your bag, looking like a Chihuahua. Before exiting into the storm, your phone vibrates with a picture. Alphys had considered going back home thanks to Undyne, so when the report came, she was effectively ready, letting Undyne know they were sending her home for their safety.

Dinotile : 7:06     Im already getting sent home. whats going on?

Jane : 7:07           idk. safety reasons or something regarding that incident at the park. police could have a lead on those jerks.

You retext, jamming the device in your pocket as you brave the door. The wind isn’t as bad as it sounds as you huddle close to the umbrella, making your way across the campus. Security guards are everywhere, replacing umbrellas with rain-blocking hoods. They’re running about and escorting people back inside, a stray monster every now and then directed in the right direction. The library is more in the back, a newer model specifically for studying built in the central, but the older offered more of a quiet environment and knowledge that the new never could replicate.

“hOJ!!” yelled Temmie suddenly, facing behind you as they waved. You shifted around, noticing 4 hooded people, faces hidden, as they approached from the same direction towards you and Temmie.

“Oh sorry! I was bringing my friend to the front hall for the evacuation, I know where my dorm is! Do you need my student pass?” You question as they continue to silently close the distance. Temmie seems to lose her cheerfulness in their approach, smothering herself into the books, even camouflaging her unusual dark clothes with your text books.

As you tear your gaze from your odd friend, you witness another man leaping over the campus fence, dawning a similar cloak.

These weren’t security.

“INTRUDERS!!” you scream, slipping nearly into the puddles as you bolt for the main area. Flashlights from true guards shine in your direction as you flee the suspicious group. A gun shot fires off, shielded sound by a loud crack of thunder and lightning overhead. A seering pain shoots through your injured leg, causing your ankle to twist out underneath as a bullet grazed your lower knee. You fall to the ground only to be grabbed before impact as Temmie wails and you elbow the assailant. Another grabs your legs as the shady group of attackers drags you away from the sight of flashlights, as you wail and kick.

“TEMMIE GET OUT OF HE-” you scream, the little friend suddenly crying back as a man grips her by the thin neck.
“noooOOoOOooO!” she wails, flailing helplessly in the large fist. Sudden choking sounds emit from your friend as the single fist tightens against her fur.

“STOP IT!! FUCKING STOP IT YOU MONSTERS!!” you cry, thrashing and slipping about as the water makes you hard to keep a solid hold of. Another gunshot rings out, grazing your stomach as you plummet in agony to the ground, held forcefully.

A cracking can be heard as the Temmie sways lifeless in the grip before dropped into the mud.

You break.

Slinging your bag at the giant bastard, your textbook clocks him in the jaw as he hits the ground harder, instantly unconscious. Using your better leg, you painfully arch it forwards, nutshotting the ant holding your hands, then wrestling backwards with the one holding your legs. You scream and punch him viciously in the nose, dislocating your pinky and cracking your middle and ring. You wail another punch for the satisfaction. The other two men had taken cautionary steps back, suddenly fleeing the scene as sirens and ‘halts’ ring through the air past the building hiding the crime.

Bailey shoots from around the corner, a gun in hand as they point it out at the men, 2 trying to escape but cops screaming from behind. You slip and crawl quickly to Temmie, picking them gingerly into your arms. Their breathing is practically non-existent.

“W-We N-NEED-NEED A DOCTTOORRR” you sob, brushing their hair back and begging to Bailey who’s eyes grow in sheer shock. The bastard that had grabbed Temmie jumps forth, strangling your throat suddenly after feigning his unconsciousness. His other hand holds the burning pistol he has locked against your head.

“Back off or the monster fucking bitch dies.” he rasps, his voice practically drooling poison. Bailey takes aggravated and hasty steps backwards. Despite the air being cut off, you grip close the fading Temmie, and weep.

“Ba-AH-sterd” you manage, regretfully using a hand to pry at the fingers planning to suffocate you. Black splotches and rain dance before your eyes, thoughts decompressing. A loud crash from above occurs, you and the man suddenly hitting the ground.

“DON’T YOU MOVE. YOU’RE UNDER ARREST YOU FUCKING SCUM!” yells a man. Behind you is the wreckless Sergeant Finn jumping from the second story window and onto the assailant, gun pressed to his cranium. As you breathe deeply, a faint rough cracking can be heard beside cussing as Finn kicks the gun from the perps hands. Bailey is beside, helping you regain composure, looking over the ‘fallen’ Temmie. They feel so light, and they keep staring up to you, tears in both your eyes.

You glare at the fucker who had done this, but foam emits from his mouth as he convulses against the floor. Poisoned tooth; the cracking. This piece of shit-

“d0n cRy…”

The voice is so silent, you shake and hold the broken Temmie closer to your heart. Nothing else matters.

“I’ll cry when I want to…” you whisper, petting back the sopping wet hair that disintegrates in your hand. You watch in absolute horror as your newfound friend piles into your lap, nothing but a mound of dust. Their miniature white soul hangs in the moist cold air for only a brief moment,
before shattering and evaporating into the apathetic night. Your tears mix with the rain, dust sticking to your clothes and hands as though death is marking you next. Finn is screaming profanities, ordering other officers over the radio to mouth-guard any suspects due to the teeth, as he binds the other men's mouths and firmly arrests them.

You can't hear anything past the rain and lightning. The only cries coming from the sky. Lightning. You pray it would take you, end this misery. Your soul skips beats, pulsing with depression, anxiety, and a consuming fear. *Tis but a flesh wound*, my ass.

Bailey startles you with gentle shakes, returning you from the dreary hatred against life and holding you close. The rampaging sobs hide the fact that all your tears have run dry; the rain taking their place.

“This is Bailey, back by the Ichway Library; I have Ms. Kiel in need of an ambulance and I need police here. We lost a monster student, anyone copy?” Bailey starts but you squeeze their front tighter. You've had enough of today, of that thick medicine smell to remind you you'd been too weak to do anything; again.

“If you send me to that fucking hospital again I will kill myself.” your tone is as dead as your soul, Bailey mulling over the options angrily. Your injuries consisted of minor bullet grazes, a hardly broken hand, and a hatred against humanity. It was a Temmie……the worst she'd done was send illegible notes during class. Now here she was, nothing but dust in your lap, washing away from the skies tears.

With a heavy sigh, Bailey retrieves his radio once again.

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Gloria dragged you back to your dorm, everyone else locked in as she slammed it tight. Your emotions were dead and you hadn't spoken anything since the suicidal threat. Gloria didn't blame you; this was how you coped with your PTSD sometimes: deafening out the world and caving into thoughts and memories. Without your consent, she stripped you out of the dust ridden clothes, taking a warm wet towel and cleansing you of thoughts and remains. She slipped you into warm clothing, not muttering a word as she was patient for you to open instead. The police showed up minutes later, confiscating all possible evidence, choosing to question you later as they witnessed the cold unworldly stare in your eyes. They looked through them instantly.

One of the police squad cars carried a splint for your hand and a proper medical kit. A school doctor came by, checking the stitches, scratches, and ensured no infection. Slowly people yelling and complaining trickled out of your room, Gloria returning with a sleeping bag and pack filled with supplies.

“Im sleeping over til you get past this. End of conversation.” she spits, dropping the bag harshly on the ground as she rummages through her supplies, bringing out a canister. She double locked the door and began making calls, hustling into the kitchen with the bright canister and boiling water into a kettle.

A vibrating pulled you back from the emotionless abyss to realize it was your silenced phone. You reach to turn it off, receiving another quick vibration as it startles you enough to flinch back. Looking it over, you flip it open quickly. 26 text messages, 11 missed calls. Opening the phone, you skim over the texts.
Frisky : 5:38    I managed to escape but me and Paps had to sit through an hour of PUNishment.
It was fun! :D

Sugar-Skull : 5:52   I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, had to sit throug an HOUR of my brothers
terrible puns. You will have to repay me with a cooking class! NYEHEHEHEHEE!!!

Dinotile : 8:15    The rado in the cruiser has been going off bout something happening at schol.
please let me know your alright! <:

Frisky : 8:21    Are you ok? The news said something bad happened. Are you ok? Is Alphys ok?

Unknown : 8:23   heyuhh, heard a storms coming. you and alph bunkered in?

Sugar-Skull : 8:23   Jane? The news is not saying good things about your location. Undyne
says that Alphys is coming home, are you coming to visit as well?

Fish-Lips : 8:25   WTH is going ON over there?! The news isnt telling us shit!! Have you
seen it? Where are you?! Alphys keeps fucking texting me she cant contact you! Fuck it im calling!

Dinotile : 8:40   Jne, the reports arent getting better. please msg me back! <:

Unknown : 8:41   sorry, i didnt even expain who i was. but i have a bone to pick with
you…so pick up. youre freaking everyone out kiddo.

Dinotile : 9:26   I made it home and noone has herd from you. jane, msg me back plz! <:

Fish-Lips : 9:29   You better pick up the fucking phone Jane! Youre making Alph cry!
That’s on your head!!

Frisky : 9:35   I have a bad feeling……please call us. talk to us. we are here,
waiting… ‘:(

Unknown : 10:14   everyones freaking out. kid, you gotta call them and tell em your okay.
call me, them, just someone to let us know your good.

Sugar-Skull : 10:23   JANE! You are worrying everyone greatly, including I. Please let us
know youre alright, wont you?

Dinotile : 10:26   U told me u were going too pick up and rush if i called! plz answr!!

The desperate texts finally refuel your emotions, tears streaming down your face as you hiccups and
hold in the sob, placing your phone to the side. Gloria walks back with two cups of incredible
smelling tea. You desperately huddle it close, accepting the comforting warmth as Gloria leaves,
returning with your laptop. She demands the password from you, and you manage to choke it out as
she opens to the desktop. She sets up a new internet network, putting a secret password in,
suddenly granting you internet as she slides it into your lap.

"You are going to drink your fucking tea, call them up and talk to them, and then your going to talk
to me.” She asserts, testing the flavorful tea. It looks like liquid honey, orange sparkling beads
floating within, not as a contamination, but similar to those popping beads in facial scrubs. Taking a
gentle sip, it soothes you almost like a drug, flowing and unclogging your throat and mind from
emotions. Your heart and soul thrum happily as you take another greedy sip, pondering on the
general healing it gives you. The beads inside pop, tasting suddenly like mandarin oranges, sweet
with a minor tang.
“Undyne gave it to me as a thanks for those permanent passes. Said its golden flower tea, great for healing factor.” she winks, taking a tentative sip of her own with a smirk. You crunch in, pulling close your warming legs, tears plopping into the perfect drink. Carefully placing the cup onto the coffee table, you collapse into more concerning sobs, choking back the feelings as a hand caresses your back with reassurance.

“Take your time.” she mutters, pretending to nothing happening besides her as you wail out, cursing the anti-groups, yourself, anything to quell the raging inferno of emotions that had been suppressed. You can still faintly recall holding close the defenseless and dying Temmie, trembling your hands to replicate the feeling, hoping life will spring from the air.

But no one comes.

The persistent vibrations of your cellphone cease; the battery drying from the intense activity. You aren’t prepared, your bravery and stability on the very edge. How would you even explain yourself? Your laptop starts beeping, Alphys’ cam calling you desperately. You glance to Gloria, who gestures to the call.

“You can do it. Im right here, and so is she, and anyone else. But if you keep ignoring this, it’ll hurt you in the long run.” she advises. On the third ring, you hesitantly pick-up, a small image of you appearing in the corner to direct the cam sharing.

If Alphys had a worse look then her stressed exhaustion, this was it. The news could be heard reporting in the background, her bright yellow face flashing as she sat in a kitchen, Undyne roaring about and stomping furiously. Alphys’ eyes are bloodshot, tears have crisped against her scales, bags of exhaustion resting under her watering eyes.

“JAANEEEE!!” she yells, hugging close the device. You scoot ever closer to the device, making her feel better. Many other collective yells and echoes of your name can be heard, but only Alphys matters.

“Im so sorry Alphys….im so-so-so sorry….” you plead, wracking sobs breaking you again. “I couldnt… ihmm so sawrrrryyyy” you cover your trembling mouth, desperate chokes and coughs. Alphys backs away, staring in surprise at your wet beet red face.

“J-Jane! Whats happening over there?!” she begs, Undyne abruptly turning their camera to her face.

“J-A-N-E! WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?! WHATS WRONG!!?” she demands, Gloria taking over as you can hardly mutter a sentence.

“Woah woah there Undyne. Calm down, she is on emotional edge.” she soothes, sipping her tea.

“I-Is it her umm her cycle?” Alphys asks, shocking Gloria.

“I mean that isn’t the main cause of it probably, but it could be making things worse. Alphys, you’re alright, right?” she clears, Alphys nodding as Toriel then takes the camera.

“Oh dear is everyone alright?” she begs, Papyrus noticeable in the background, looming by the couch as the news flashes against his armors metal.

“There was a causality ma’am. A monster. Passed in her arms. The college was infiltrated at the back and Jane and someone else got caught in it.” she states, the room going shocked and silent, besides Undyne, who screams curses into a pillow. A familiar blue glow erupts in the back, a lamp levitating nearby Papyrus who has slumped to the ground, defeated.
“Sans, put down the lamp.” came the unknown baritone voice, melodic slightly. Fighting past the tears, Gloria relinquishes the laptop back to you as a towering figure takes the camera from the startled Toriel. Undyne passes and hugs Alphys who is choking on similar sobs. A goat-man holds the screen, giant horns stretching past the vision, hazel eyes cloaked behind yellow locks of frizzing hair, a beard of similar color settling against a very unsubtle plaid shirt.

“My dear, who was it?” he appeals, you sniffling back the emotions again, your face worn and exhausted.

“Temmie. Had a brother named Bob.” you reply, the monsters facing seething in true wrath, drowning it out with a sorrow.

“Can you explain what happened dear?” he begs, settling the camera down. You glance to Gloria who gives a quaint nod and you reminisce the events.

“There was a warning for monsters to evacuate and humans to go to their dorms for lockdown…I was with Temmie in the library all the way in the back; for quiet. Librarian gave us an umbrella and we headed out……there were guys in hoods behind us and we thought they were security trying to escort us back, but they had come from over the wall…………………………I-I tried to c-call for help, but t-they had guns… I got g-grazed in the process; my leg and stomach. Broke some fingers punching a guy in the nose……but one of them……his hand just went around her neck-and I-I…she…I was too w-weak” you wince out, suffocating as Gloria insists you take another sip of tea to calm your nerves.

“It’s alright dear. Take your time. Im sorry you had anything to do with this…” he says, giving a look of understanding.

“H-he broke her neck, or something…she wasn’t breathing right……she was t-telling me not to cry, and then she just…in-in my arms just……disintegrated.” you push out the word with every paining twinge in your heart. More things engulf in blue, Undyne coddling Alphys for comfort and consolation as her weak whimpers echo out.

“The college isn’t safe. They will likely send all students back home for a while, possibly even shut down…Are you going to be okay on your own? Gloria asks from the sidelines, continuing the ministrations on your back.

“She can stay with us.” the man replies, stunning you both.

“T-The-I cant just move in with you guys! I have a-an apartment, its f-fin-”

“I insist. From what Alphys has told me you are alone, and during times like these that isn’t good. We have plenty of extra space, warmth, food, and friends here. I assure you we would adore your company.” he fights, giving and alluring smile that’s hard to deny.

“W-Well I mean I-I-“ you try to fight back but you cant make a valid argument: you know many of the folks living there, they supposedly had enough room indoors for Louis and Seymour, and each bedroom was connected to a study. Colleges by Ebott were cheaper and shared similar lessons, but didn’t offer dorms and since the apartments had all been taken by monsters there was no choice. You also could finally get a job, re-earn money to pay for living expenses.

“O-O…..Only on a few terms.” you agree, unsure as to whats possessed you into believing this was okay.

“Okay.”
“Umm well, first, are there any rooms that have 2 studies connected to it?” you cross your fingers.

“Yes on the 3rd floor,” he beamed. You weren’t beaming. You would have to carry your plant pet monsters up 3 floors. Fucking shit.

“C-Can I pay for rent? I feel wrong just barging in and taking up food and space in your already full house…” you utter, thinking of yourself as a nuisance.

“If that makes you comfortable I will speak to Alphys and Toriel about you paying a form of rent. Anything else?” he muses. He is hooking you around his finger (paw?) with this deal.

“I-Is there anything I need to know before moving in? Like who else lives there, things I need to avoid, allergies, anything?”

He laughs at the questions.

“Well you have already met everyone who lives here besides me; I am Asgore Dreemurr, previous king of the Underground and one of the monster representatives.”

Oh sweet fucking biscuits with sprinkles.

“O-OH OH OH MY GOD IM SO SORRY YOUR MAJE-“ you stutter, face paling to the laughing royalty.

“No please just call me Asgore!” he beams, a fatherly figure in your tired eyes. You fiddle with your hair, succumbing to a numbing sadness of just telling the king you let one of his subjects die in your hands. Oh this was so much more awkward than Alphys’ greeting.

“You should know that there is never a dull moment here, and Frisk is the only human resident. I don’t recall anyone having important allergies, but I ask you be cautious none the less. Other then that, we are glad to open our arms and welcome you into the family.”

Family….

How long it had been since that word felt appropriate. You looked to Gloria, hoping she would find this whole conversation a farce and a ridiculous idea. She gave an approving nod and a sneaky smile.

“I say you do it. Alphys will be there and I trust the little lizard. This will be good for you!” she beckons.

You hardly knew the company, best known to Alphys as apparently the shyest of the group. If what Asgore claimed was true, then there would be more men then girls in the house, and your parents never wanted that, let alone monster roommates. ‘monster fucking bitch’ from the quarrel earlier repeats in your head; you don’t want being there to cause more animosity towards your friends. It was so far away from home, a place you knew well. Moving in with monsters you hardly knew or understood was a terri-

“Alright, I’ll do it.”

Fuck you brain.

Chapter End Notes
Yep. I killed a Temmie. By choking it.
I would say that blood is on your hands, but its their dust -3-

Do you hate me? Good. XD IDC if you said yes or no, just good.

Mulling over the next chapter might take an extra day ; feel bad I have been neglecting my other fic since this ones been pretty solid.
BTW. Yep. We are getting more time with everyone.

If you really want to consider it this is the end of Act 1? I hadn't planned Acts, but if you think I should, I will label it so :P

R.I.P Temmie <3
I Got a Feelin'

Chapter Summary

To which we get movin'!

There's a voting poll in the end notes. Check it out~

Chapter Notes

So sorry this took forever. I am that person who gets really easily distracted. That idiot ‘oh piece of candy..OH! Piece of candy!’ and so on and so forth. Lot more personal shit I don't want to burden you guys with also made it hard, but writing helps me destress with the world around me and I was DETERMINED to get this one out for you guys.

It's half a chapter.
To any who can guess the name of the next chapter, Kudos to you <3 XD

Oh and guys.......get ready for some fucking funny fluff (B3

TUMBLR : Fanfic Update + Question Here

See the end of the chapter for more notes

How did this happen?

Sitting in the back of a secured moving van that came with viewing windows, all your personal effects strapped down or covered with bubble-wrap. Louis and Seymour playfully nipping at your hair despite your protests. You’d packed everything you though you would need.

Your easel, any paintings still in the dorm including the brothers badass one. Any food inside the greenhouse for the greedy venus’. Alphys had persisted to bring the love-seat, couch, and bean-bags, but because the love-seat belonged to the dorm, she was pretty heartbroken and the abuse on the bean bags signified their retirement for replacement. A box nuzzled at your feet held all your books, properly sectioned by series alphabetically, college textbooks prioritizing on top.

The college was being shut down for a time, but they’d been kind enough (and rich enough) to whisk students away to similar programs in nearby schools to continue their studies. You weren’t guaranteeing to return after this all blew over ; maybe this new college near Ebott was more hospitable and aware of their students while still offering similar programs.

The truck hits a rough patch, you flying up from the buckled seat and slamming down with a tense anxiety. Had you not been concerned for the safety of Louis and Seymour you wouldn’t of
bothered to suggest sitting in the back; not seeing where things were, what was ahead? It was fucking terrifying. Looking out the peek-hole window, a beautiful sunrise still in play glistens over a forest of pines, a sizeable lake distanced in the backdrop creating a harmonious morning.

Gloria was driving a rented moving truck. Getting your babies in the back was difficult as they seemed to hate Gloria as much as she hated them. Thusly, you were taxed with their transportation. In the moving process you made more evolving discoveries concerning the two. Louis had grown more of the feeler teeth to better resemble Seymours set, while Seymour now adapted a frilled spine down his entire stem that flared to resemble a mating display. The tips of the spine in-fact carried a residue that you hastily sample collected in a test-tube that was safely stored and wrapped with other scientific equipment you owned. Another absolutely terrible discovery: vines. Like, Flowey vines that had started to grow near the base of both their stems. Like, these vines had free movement, were much faster, and were still latched onto you the entire way. Should their development come to the point where they can wander as freely as Flowey, they will become a very hard to hide species of an adapting living organism. Just what you wanted.

Another bump sends your seat to the side, pressing against the pot as Seymour hugs your torso with his vine set. It had a tenderness to it, as if he was aware of how much force to put behind it, but it could also just be they are thin, flimsy, and so new that he hadn’t properly developed how to sustain a firm strength and attachment. In which case, he could be breaking all your bones.

“Seymour, let go.” you instruct, the foliage unwrapping and nuzzling its heavy maw on your head. More discoveries: Seymour had become more tame then before and a better listener. Louis was even capable of making sounds resembling hums and growls.

After all your clothes, work, and any other personal effects (AKA your amazing collection of mugs) were set and packed, you stopped by your old apartment that was not thoroughly coated in dust, but could definitely use a cleaning.

You grab the first thing you know you can’t leave without. A photo. A photo before the hell you knew took place. A photo of your family: everyone. It was an amazing photo that a deceased aunt had taken unplanned, she loved it so much she had to share it with my parents and they made a copy that survived the fire and passed down to you. You’d all gathered at a lake, on the far left your parents were snogging lovingly in summertime apparel. Kevin was spritzing a water gun playfully in the air in a tank and trunks, showering you and the adventurous uncle Dante who’d picked the perfect time to visit. He was launching you into the air, his abs and muscles straining as you gained weight every visit, and you recall him admiring your completely unfitting pink and blue polkadot swimdress. The rest of the frame consisted of old friends and family, and beautiful scenery. It was the only frame left, and no matter what anger or frustration took you as you looked at the once innocent brother, it was the only photo you had left of your family. No tears, no stains, nothing; perfectly preserved.

In the apartment you grabbed more permanent items: hats, bed, dresser, table, desk and awesome office swivel chair, old house reminders, your computer and gaming systems (Honestly only the Xbox. Your 3DS was your personal stalker.). Gloria was making great time by assisting with all the heavy equipment. Returning to the front, the elderly landlady is sad to see you leaving.

“Oh dearie. Please come visit won’t you? You know you are like a granddaughter to me…” she begs, tearing up slightly as she wobbles over with a nostalgic glint in her eyes. Her husband, the landlord, is a fit of elderly sobs on the sidelines, watching you go. He is too proud to come hug you…that or too old and doesn’t want to strain. None the less, after a gentle yet hearty hug, you stumble over to him, reflecting similar tears as he holds you dear.
“You had better visit. Keep in touch?” he grumpily questions giving that same lazy eye stare that you’d come to love. If you had living grandparents, you wished they were like the land-caretakers.

“Totally. I still technically own the apartment since uncles covering the payment. I don’t want him paying for it while im gone, but if he knows im gone he will hunt me down and I don’t want that. Can we keep me moving on the down low for a while and can you save up his money to return when he DOES find out?” you beg, pleading as they easily crack to your perfected puppy-eyes.

“Dearie, that apartment is your home. We couldn’t sell it if we even considered it. He wasn’t paying for rent, he was paying for food.” replies landlady, stunning you.

“He WHAT?!” you gasp. It just made sense to presume he used the money for the rent!

“Yea. We stopped taking it for rent when you nabbed that third job. Couldn’t stand to see ya overworking dearie. Enjoy your youth more; there are people who care for you and can see the kindness you bring with you…” the elderly landlady replies, seeking another heartwarming hug.

Gloria helps stock the rest of the items you need into the truck, giving information to your whereabouts incase of any emergencies regarding your uncle, and here you are. Nearing Ebott.

The view is incredible. A large winding road ends and beyond it is what must be Ebott; a sturdy mountain in the backdrop that once held many secrets and good folk. Now they walk among you, and it was thanks to their persistence, good will, and friendships that you were getting a new look on life.

Your cellphone vibrates in your pocket, and sliding it open leads to a text from Alphys.

Dinotile 7:26 : Mornin! When r u getting here? :D  
Jane 7:27 : Later. :)  

You lied. Couldn’t WAIT to surprise her so early. After long debates with Asgore, you made the deal to take their upper floor basically as your new domain – the only other sharing that floor was Frisk, since the other biggest bedroom was up there. Perfect for a kids curiosity to blossom. You had real trouble convincing Toriel to let you bring Louis and Seymour – she must be pulling her fur out with Flowey alone, now you wanted to bring a giant dual headed mutated venus-flytrap that Alphys blabbed grabbed her? Ha! The only way you convinced her was by calling them “your babies” like, four hundred times, really laying it onto her that “you couldn’t bear to be separated for soo long!”. It worked, but you didn’t mention the new features: the goo, the vines, and Louis being a crybaby now. Then again, you’d only discovered it this morning when secretly packing the pair into the truck which was ANNOYING. They kept nibbling your hair, vining around your torso. Seymour was becoming more and more like that Carnivine from Pokemon; always latching to your head whenever possible. It seemed less of out hunger and more in terms of showing affection? That’s what you’re telling yourself until they accidentally dissolve you…

A rapping knock against a rear window panel comes from the front as you give a allowing knock reply back. Gloria slides the window open.

“Alrighty what was their address again?” she yells, blasting an Irish CD to a pleasurable level that doesn’t break her eardrums and can be made out from beyond the separator.

“Hang on!” you call back, fishing through your phone and relaying the directions as the truck takes sharp turns. The truck every now and then stops, Gloria aggravated as it appears to be many forks and winding roads. Passing through town, you catch sight of note-worthy things. The grocery store
happens to be beside the fish market; score for the plant monster! You can practically feel the drool accumulating and pooling in Seymours mouth. A rather extravagant flower shop and a craft store. Prayers to them having a wide-range of material for such a small store. You continue to keep a keen eye out for anything obviously in need of employees.

There are monsters. Everywhere, actually. The broad range of species and types is fascinating: non-animal folks, slimes, so unique and varying in colors and attitudes. But, where monsters freely roamed, there were always anti-monster gangs. Quite obvious ones at that: humans pooled into groups, faces hidden, gathered in odd areas. It feels like one of those turf wars, though the government and law enforcers in this area are stricter as a cruiser or officer seem to blatantly walk down the street constantly.

Finally, Gloria takes an off road, leading to more bumps and into a forest. An open clearing of fairly separated houses, not overly grand in size but reasonably stocked in rooms comes into view. They aren’t flamboyant with colors and hues, but more vivid and lively then a general human neighborhood. Another acre of trees later and Gloria gives a impressed wolf whistle.

“Holy crow these guys got it good!” she laughs, parking to the side and stopping the car. “Hey Jane, think you’re going to like it here!” she howls, hoping out the front.

Fiddling excitedly with your buckle, Seymour and Louis latch onto you in desire to escape the stuffy compartment. You groan and wedge a hand truck underneath the persistent plant, opening the back latch and suddenly blinded by the sun’s rays peeking over the high tree tops.

The house is secluded more into its own patch, as a mansion-like structure stands at the further end. It is a grand 3-story home, bulky and wide, high ceilings for the behemoths inside likely. The siding is a mixture of browns; the bottom floor a dark whicker and the top being a paled beige, a foot high stone wall encompassing the base with a contrasting black and grey uneven rock. The roof is shingled black that reflects a hint of blue under the solar rays. Windows are a white frame, whicker yellow window shutters fluttered out to let the sunlight into the first floor, a window opened for the refreshing air. A decent wooden fence comes from the sides of the complex, stretching far into the back to quarantine the backyard from the forest.

A tiny garden of buttercups in the center of a roundabout driveway, a large pine strongly rooted in the center as the tiny flowers accept the beginning of a new day. By the base of a almost medieval door, hydrangeas and oleanders are carefully growing, still miniature in their youth. To the side, separate from the house rests a 2-doored garage, a small attic dormant above as noted by the window. A bicycle rests outside, training-wheels still attached. Frisk didn’t know how to ride?!

Gloria shuffles Louis and Seymour off the hand truck, taking it for herself as she moves into the rear again. Though she could pick nearly everything up with her hands, she enjoyed watching you fumble with the carnivorous vined fiend. The problem was they weren’t exceptionally heavy, but now they also clung like a koala.

“Well, get going! Go get the surprise on!” she urges, fiddling around with boxes.

Groaning, you carefully pick up the heavy pot, fumbling for a proper hold as Louis wraps around your neck too firmly for your liking.

“Louis no. Let go.” you demand, a silent choke as he slightly tightens before obeying. Seymour rests his fucking head on yours again, making the trip all the more uncomfortable as you hike the length of the drive-way for a few minutes before reaching the front door and fiddling to carefully place the pot down. Fishing out your phone as the traps pull you closer for hugs, you start texting.
Alphys.

Jane 8:38: Knock knock!

Dinotile 8:39: what?

Jane 8:39: It’s a joke. Knock knock.

Dinotile 8:40: Whos there? :)

Jane 8:40: The door.

Before she can belt back the text, you struggle past the constricting vines that have now entangled your arms in their place, flinging your foot to beat against the door. Unnecessary door abuse, but you’re too held up to care as a text rings back. Any attempt to tell them off seems pointless, the vines have knotted together and will require external help.

Dinotile 8:40: The door who?

Jane 8:41: The door is calling you.

You knock again with your foot, a shriek suddenly echoing out through the front window. Heavy quick footsteps run through the house before the door flies open, Alphys’ eyes grow huge as she shrieks and reels back.

“W-W-What are you- They got- YOU LIED!!” she cries, jumping up and down but hesitating to come forth. She takes in your situation. “W-what happened?”

“They mutated. Again.” you blatantly state, before Seymour does what you feared.

He eats. Your fucking. Head.

Its an instant, the world goes black, Alphys cries of despair as she freaks, and you question what happened. The acidic saliva drips onto your face, causing you minor distress. Another womans shriek followed by a loud crash is heard, but muffled past Alphys’ screams and the tightly latched maw.

“Seymour! Seymour you let GO of my head!” you beg, struggling with your hands that are loosened.

A predatory growl emits, the whole maw shaking as he slowly pulls upwards, your head still trapped.

“Seymour, NO. NO! BAD BOY!” you scold, freeing a hand and recalcitrantly smacking his head in disapproval.

“WHAT IS THE MATTER ALP-AAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!” vibrates the blatant Papyrus, another followed shriek and battle cry likely belonging to Undyne follows behind, before hands frantically grab at the vines holding you close.

“Jane, WHAT THE HELL!?” Undyne barks, pulling at a vine that was carefully snaking up her arm.

“Im sorry! He is just antsy! Seymour DROP ME.” You screech, the maw opening immediately as you plop to the ground, saliva and mess coating your hair, finishing its dissolving of your clothes. In agreement, Louis retreats his vines along with Seymours, saddened whines escaping as Undyne
helps you up.

It's takes you a moment to clear the slime from your face and the scene before you isn’t the effect you wanted. Alphys is on the ground, crying with joy and still sudden fear as Undyne glances up and down you checking for any injury. Papyrus is shaken by his first encounter with ‘your babies’ but is frantically fanning his hands. Behind Alphys lies a fainted Toriel, a cup of tea shattered to the floor.

Worst introduction by far. Totally.

“Sorry, sorry. He uh…has gotten a little more grabby.” you remind, Alphys looking flabbergasted as she wipes away tears.

“A LITTLE?!” Undyne screams, breaking your eardrums as she helps to wipe off any sticky residue.

“T-They didn’t have vines b-before, did they?” Alphys inquires, stepping out the door to ensure your safety. You give her a pat of the shoulder.

“Nope. They mutated again while I wasn’t paying attention ; I also studied the saliva. It can really burn my skin to the point of dissolving, so im fine.” you relay, gesturing to Undyne to stop her struggle of removing it all. “It would have to be on for hours to really have a dissolving effect.”

“HUMAN, WHAT IS THAT? IS THIS ANOTHER FLOWEY? DID IT HURT YOU?” Papyrus asks, still trying to awaken Toriel from her unconsciousness. Undyne finally considers the fallen queen and rushes inside, yelling for Asgore.

“No, no Papyrus! I am fine! This is Louis and Seymour : my mutated venus fly-trap botanist project. So if you ask if they are like Flowey…kind-of? Mid way point?” you suggest, looking to Alphys who looks horrified at the news.

“T-They mutated that much?”

“Enough. I’m more worried they will soon slink around like he can.” you groan, stressing away from the slow vines that seek your body's heat. “No. Bad boy.” you scold, Seymour wincing back and Louis retreating to sunbathing.

“OH! IT IS VERY NICE TO MEET YOU, LOUIS AND SEYMOUR! I AM THE GREAT PAPYRUS!! I HOPE WE CAN GET ALONG!” he beams, waving excitedly as heavier set of footsteps surge through the house. The man of the house comes to the doorway, picking up his unconscious wife and looking out to you and your beastie.

“Oh my…Are you Jane?” he questions, checking his wife over for any other ailments.

“Yes sir. Oh jeez sir im sorry ; Seymour had my head in his mouth when she saw me I think, and she must’ve fainted! Im sorry!” you bow and apologize. The man was fucking gigantic and possibly breaching 7 feet tall not including the massive intimidating horns. You wouldn’t contemplate him as the kingly type ; his shaggy beard, innocent eyes and smile along with that happy home-owner flannel shirt speak otherwise. He is an apparent softy.

“Im glad you’re unharmed… and this is..?” he questions, confused by the slowly gyrating heads behind you, each fighting for more of the sunlight.

“Ah, yes sir, im sorry.” You apologize again, not used to the company of royalty. “This is Louis and Seymour ; my pets.”
Toriel rouses from her sleep with a tiny shriek, fixing her posture as Asgore helps her stand firm. She looks to you in horror before grabbing you and pulling you through the doorway.

“My child! What is that?!” she cries, flames sprouting suddenly in the air, a magenta hue crisping through them as they crackle and encircle behind her defensive posture.

“Oh AH Toriel no!” you exclaim, backing away to defend your pet alongside Alphys. “These are my babies! We discussed this: They will stay upstairs, I promise! It was just an accident, and they really can’t hurt anyone I swear!!” you plead, holding your arms up to block any movement.

Undyne teams together with you, patting Toriel’s shoulder in a calming rough manner.

“The plants fine. I don’t trust it much, but it grabbed Alphys and let her go and it didn’t hurt her or anything. It’s freaky, but it’s pretty much harmless.” she ensures, the flames dying out as quickly as they’d appeared, Toriel’s concern blatant on her face as she takes trust in the previous head of the Royal Guard. If Undyne trusted Alphys around them after the incident, she could trust Frisk thanks to your human experience and safety guarantees.

“I’m sorry to surprise you like this. It was supposed to be a ‘Howdy! I’m early!’ thing but it turned into a nightmare…” you regret, rubbing the back of your neck, nearly swiveling but you regain yourself.

“Oh, child. We were planning to throw you a welcoming party – we hadn’t had a chance to put together everything.” Toriel woes, approaching apologetically as she encases you in a warm hug. Her general purple robe is sleek and soft, the fur of her chest tickling your face as you give an awkward pat and hug in return.

“Y-Yeah! That’s why I want to know when you would get here…” Alphys agrees, looking miserable.

“Sorry.” you state, offering a similar hug to Alphys who takes it happily. She won’t say it, none of them will. They are so happy to see you alive after the shit broadcasted over the news.

“I WILL GO WAKE UP SANS AND FRISK! DO YOU NEED ANY HELP MOVING THINGS IN, JANE?” he asks proudly, posing dramatically in an attempt to show his bone muscles strength. Undyne agrees as Asgore and Toriel offer their assistance.

“Oh guys its fine! Gloria came to help me carry stuff up, you don’t have to— ” you explain, Undyne roaring with joy.

“GLORIA?! Aww HECK ya! I won’t take no for an answer! I still need’ta fight her in sumo, so I can test her strength with lifting!” she roars, rushing out the house to body slam Gloria. They were odd, but they got along well for rough-housers. Asgore approaches as well, offering to help with wide luggage much to your distress. A former king helping you unpack your things? Embarrassing. You’re so needy. Shut the hell up, brain. I didn’t ask them to help; they are so fucking sweet they just do it. Learn from examples, you internally grunt back. Alphys and Toriel take to making breakfast as Papyrus dedicates the time to waking his ‘lazy-bone’ brother and Frisk.

He is sweating, cradling into a corner as he frantically tries to slow his unnecessary breathing and desperate fear. Frisk is beside him, clutching his jacket as tears fill his innocent sleeping eyes. He’d
awoken to the screams of Papyrus, but he was calming it off as nothing but a dream. Relaxing and hugging close Frisk, he stroked his hair and shushed the nightmare.

Frisk wouldn’t say much, not even about the nightmares, but he always confided to Sans who knew about the resets. It was an agreement; if they ever had any concerns about a timeline, or nightmares, they could rely on each other to get through it. The distressed gasps and wiggles meant it was time to wake up, as Sans gently clasped the kids shoulders to give a firm shake.

“kid. wake up, c’mon. frisk.” he soothes, his voice shaky still as he still returns to the reality. Frisk bolts awake, gasping and clutching Sans’ hood for solace. He continued to run a boney phalange through the frizzy hair, cooing shushes in a pleasing manner that quickly slowed the childs breathing and tears.

“there ya go kiddo. there ya go.” he repeats, Frisk leaning upwards from his bed to wipe the tears from his eyes. Frisk fixes his attitude of the day as Sans rolls back into Frisks bed. Frisk had begged him to sleep next to him that night – a gut feeling he said. Sans relished the warmth Frisk left behind before his voice directly contacted his soul. It was something Frisk had learned easily but he knew how to sign as well. Talking telepathically to someone would freak anyone out, and it was just easier then focusing on their soul.

‘Sans! Janes coming today!’ he screams, jumping up and down while looking to the calendar. Thinking over the news, he should feel happy, but a somber wave washes over him with recollection.

Everyone’s concern for you grew after Alphys came home alone, no word to her either. Asgore, Toriel and Paps were all glued to the television with him, watching the horrendous news that wasn’t offering anything on the current situation. It ate them alive, not helped by Alphys and Undynes panic in the kitchen. Alphys was texting, calling, voice-chatting, anything. Every failed receive broke her, and Undyne was going from aggression to depression at the worsening news. Frisk fought the sleep, fought everyone, determined to hear the news as well.

When you finally called back at nearly 11 P.M? Alphys’ soul brightened enough to resemble the sun. The joy, sorrow, fear, relief, everything she felt just crashed onto her at once. Your voice was static and choked over the laptops uneven call. Your face was dirty and dried tear trails dusted your bright red cheeks and tired eyes.

When everyone heard about Temmie, Papyrus’ face was one of questioning fear. How could humans do that? What had Temmie ever done? Sad regret coated his skeletal features as he fell to his boney knees. He couldn’t stand seeing his brother so broken, hearing you so lifeless as you repeated the events.

Was this what they had waited for? For so long the monsters of the underground wished and hoped to see the sunlight, to relive among the humans, and this is what they got for all those years of patience and heartache?

It wasn’t fair.

Sans was cut from his thoughts as Papyrus burst into Frisks room, Frisk quickly lunging into the open armed embrace as they’re swept off the ground. Sans reluctantly groans and sits up, dangling his feet over the bed before promptly stuffing them in his nearby slippers.

“LAZYBONES! WHY ARE YOU IN FRISKS ROOM?” Papyrus grumbled, poking happily at the ticklish childs sides who squirmed free, giggling and running to the supposed safety of Sans.
“heh, sorry pap. me and frisk here were trying to catch some z’s, but i forgot the net.” he jokes, Frisk giggling as he buries his amused face into a pillow as Papyrus grumbles.

“MUST YOU ACT THIS WAY SO EARLY? IM SURPRISED YOU’RE EVEN AWAKE AT THIS TIME. DID MY SCREAM WAKE YOU?” he questions. Sans’ pupils shrink and sweat builds, Frisk removing the pillow to stare oddly at Papyrus.

“w-what were you screaming about, pap?” he wonders, standing and shuffling to his brother.

“Well, her majesty had fallen to the ground rather abruptly! Alphys was screaming at the front door and when we went to go see, there were vines everywhere!!” he recalls, Sans’ face distorting in horror. Once…maybe twice? Twice Flowey had done something absurdly unforgivable to his little brother. He’d been left alone, Papyrus didn’t know from his friendly demeanor of the bastard devil inside.

With his vines…he…inside Paps, he……the memory was too disgusting and miserable to remember further, but it was enough to rattle his bones, magic fueling his eyes flame. Frisk grappled his sleeve, looking to Papyrus. He’d left Flowey alone in his room that night.

‘What was it?’ Frisk translates through, trying to read Papyrus’ soul as a distant yelp comes from outside Frisks door. Papyrus rushes out, Sans following close behind with Frisk as a scene of horror takes place before him, yet turns amusing.

You.

You had reached the top of the stairs, carrying a different looking set of annoying fly-traps, when Seymour decided to clamp around your face. Louis hugged you closer with his vines as muffled demands came from within the plants maw.

“JANE! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?” Papyrus shrieked.

‘WHAT IS THAT?!?!’ Frisk mentally shrieked at a similar level, but his face was filled more with amazement then horror.

What was this, indeed?

“Emore leh go!” came a muffled cry within, a hand tapping wildly at the restraining hold before your head is freed, saliva rolling down your clothes. You shudder and angrily push the greedy head back.

“What gives Seymour?!?” you belt , sternly staring down the clearly upset plant.

‘Jane!’ Frisk screams, though you’re incapable of hearing it as Frisk quickly jumps and latches onto your leg ignoring the large carnivorous plant. You scream in surprise before peering down to the koala child wrapped around your leg.

“Frisk! Sup little man? Heard you were catchin’ extra Z’s with Sans!” you joke, fiddling about to hug the kid as soon as Louis recedes back. “Did you forget your net?” you finish, Sans’ soul suddenly giving a hard thump. He reaches to it, his eyes wide. It felt as if it breathed, relieved a held in breath of hot air, the heat spreading up into his face, more sweat trickling down his skull as a blue dusts his bones. He looks to you again, looking past the gross acidic saliva.

He takes in your smile, your eyes, the slightly dissolved clothing that didn’t reveal anything. Your soft supple skin, your dainty nose, your perfectly peach-hued lips- OKAY NO. Stop. Stop reading into this! Alls she did was finish a joke he’d already used. No need to start exploring impossible
possibilities.

Giving a loud grunting cough, you turn to meet his gaze as you set Frisk down who runs to Sans, Papyrus offering to assist with unpacking or cooking breakfast. A evil smile creaks over your face.

“Knock knock.” You ask, Sans sockets opening before lidding back to their lazy rest.

“heh. whos there?”

“Lasagna.”

“Lasagna who?” he genuinely asks. He didn’t know this one.

“You gonna just laze-on, ya lazy bones, or you headed back to your coffin? I wouldn’t mind ; you look like death.” you joke, holding in an adorable snort as you fit into giggles.

Another heated thrum rushes his soul and he can’t help but belt out an exhilarated laughter. Frisk is giggling, and the contagious laughter spreads between the three of you for a moment. Sans is bending over, holding his ribs and wiping away happy tears as he looks to you.

You’re wiping saliva that has dripped onto your face off with your hands, cheeks turning a similar pink to your lips as they are stretched with a toothy smile.

Why does his soul feel like its pounding?

What is this feeling?

Chapter End Notes

Whats this feeling *U*?

Leave me them comments~ I love hearing from your guys! :3
I cannot believe you guys. 4000 Views?! Almost 300 Kudos?! GUYS! This is too much Q~Q <3 Thank you.

I am already working on the next chapter, but I have good and bad news for you guys!! :

BAD NEWS : Work will be starting up soon again for me (I work in a gardening store, so they will open b4 easter). That means less time for chapters, and that doesn't even include when i'm heading back to college. It hasn't happened yet, but I will give you plain warning when and try to date when the next chapter will get out based off my schedule. Sorry ;P

GOOD NEWS : In relation to the bad news, I was up last night for an hour just sudden thoughts for chapters rushing my mind. I now have 4 index cards with really tiny complex sentences on a huge array of chapters ; half of which pertain to side-lines the story will take. I have so many things written down, its easily another 20 chapters ( if I dont extend them! ) of just side-line story shit. This is going to be a LONG series :) BUCKLE IN!!

Edit :::: Alrighty, the A-B-C Poll is closed. Thanks!
Please vote :)

ALSO : Muffet or Grillby? Dont ask why, just tell me XD.
That Tonight's Going to be a Good Night?

Chapter Summary

Question Mark? How perfect are things really?

Chapter Notes

Okay. Sorry. Remember where I said last chapter was a two part? If I had made it one full part it would have been 15,000 WORDS. Why do I do this to myself T.T"
Its almost 4. A.M. This is bad. Im bad. But I wanted to give this to you, so here it is.

ANYWAYS :
Lookit what Moonphase made me Q^Q
Thank you for Pic of Louis & Seymour Yuubi!

God I love you guys. Im getting fucking fanart because of something I made. I dont think you REALIZE how mind blown or happy I am, but I mean it.
Thank you so friggin' much.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Walking into the room is like a dream. Its pretty empty but kept neat and dust-free. A few perfectly placed windows lead out to a balcony perfect for stargazing, also giving a perfect birds-eye view to the backyard. Its lavished with an array of bright colors, a fairly large in-ground pool still in the process of being installed in the center. The gardens are separated: one for vegetation and the other lush with an assortment of shrubs and flowers. The overall verdure of it makes your head swim.


Returning to survey the room, you aptly designate a spot by the balcony door as Louis and Seymours sun-bathing spot. Sans actually went to go assist with the hauling of all your items upstairs; saying he “needed fresh air”. Odd need for someone without lungs, yet he exhaled sighs so you refused to question it. Magic. God that answer was going to get old fast. Frisk wandered down with him as well, promising to want to get to know Louis and Seymour later. It’s a blessing considering if something happened to Frisk and Toriel found out, you would be magically roasted in a heartbeat or stuffed into her garden for fertilizer. Removing your questionable thoughts, you wander to the entrance where the excited duo are waiting for the final step of the move. Picking them up quickly and with a fast scurry, they are in their new spot and already accepting the sun's gleam.

“Glad one of us is relaxing…” you huff, the pots heavy strain noodling your arms momentarily before shifting on your feet to gander at your knew living quarters.

Glancing around, the lilac paintjob over the wall was quick and rushed, but with some fine tuning and smoothing it would be perfect. The dark jasper wood was dull but shined enough to reflect
color, contrasting the lilac walls. A bathroom with a bath/shower and restroom was located between yours and Frisks rooms, but not by direct door. A door beside the entrance led to a perfect study area, one for all your scientific testing and knowledge and maybe a bookcase or two. The walls where a dulled orange, similar to that of stained wicker, the jasper floor following through. The third room has naked unattended walls, only dawned with a massive window giving another blessed view out onto the backyard.

Painting room. Called it. These walls alone where about to mesh into a cartoon horror film with an array of flower buds, but contemplating your young sneaky neighbor, maybe that wouldn’t be the best idea without any warning or locks on the door. The only furniture left between the 3 rooms resides in the future art room, a really tiny couch littered with papers and photos. Strolling over, its secret photos taken of the little monster gang.

Sans and Toriel trying to cease a raging flame that burst from a spaghetti dish Papyrus and Undyne had been making, Asgore and Toriel tending the garden while Papyrus speds about the background with one of those peculiar floating heads you’d drawn. So many little happy moments of their lives captured and left behind. The only indication to the owner of the stash resides on a piece of paper, broken crayons and colored pencils scattered beside. Frisk. He must’ve used this place as a private get-away as everyone cherished and flocked the kid. Even kids need alone time to do things in secrecy.

Picking up the vibrant page, everyone is present and labeled. Sans resembled an albino potato with a blue moss next to papyrus who had bone muscles peeking over his bulky armor-set ; his cape was made literally made of spaghetti sauce still drying. Undyne was a concentrated mess of blue and reds, a bright yellow and black patch above a yellow toothy smile. Alphys resembled a baby t-rex in a white gown, minus the giant head. Asgore and Toriel were furry giants, so close in appearance that the trademark purple gown was the only way to tell them apart. However, the drawing continued. Besides a little purple and blue sweatered Frisk and Flowey were two more children, both in yellow and green stripe sweaters instead. The first was fuzzy and furred, similar to Toriel and Asgore ; more resembling a goat than a human, and was labeled Asriel. Besides them was a paler child with very similar features to Frisk, but with two bright red cheeks and a big smile, their bangs covering their face. Chara. Chara. The name alone made you struggle to gulp down your unnecessary concerns.

The true horrors laid on the back. There was Frisk, again, but the mess beside them was almost incorporeal. A black mesh and slime with a frightful facial feature ; if this was its face. Like a plain white mask, a eerie black smile smeared over its features, a line transferring up from his smile to his hollow eyes, and another streaming from the opposing eye over their head. A multitude of purple hands were scattered around, but the Frisk depicted here looked happy next to this terrifying creature. It had no name.

Picking up the intimidating page, a book laid beneath it, ‘DiaRy’ sloppily written on the front. You’d stumbled onto something you shouldn’t. A heavy creak from the stairs was your signal to hide the evidence ; if Frisk was hiding such personal things in here, they weren’t meant to be found! You hastily shoved everything into a clothing closet outside the doorway, hardly closing the door before Asgore walked in with luggage.

“Howdy! Sorry for the mess. We haven’t gotten around to properly setting up this room yet.” he sighed, taking in the sloppy last-minute paint job they’d attempted to make you feel more at home. You gestured to the luggage and he precariously handed it to you. It had been one of the heavier bags, and it nearly dropped you to the floor with it, but focusing the last ounce of your noodle armed strength into it, you ceased the motion to gently place it on the ground. The former king glanced over your exhausted figure.
“Are you alright?” he wondered.

“Oh I will be fine. Just uh…not built for picking them up.” you gesture to the sunbathing menace you so loved. Asgore took in their existence, discerning a threat from a friend.

“Are they dangerous at all?”

“Well, define how dangerous is too dangerous.” you challenge, giving the king a moment to mull it over.

“Will it hurt Frisk or any of my friends / family?” he decides.

“Well. He has bitten me plenty of times already and the worst that’s happened is I get a little rash that goes away after ‘bout a day. If their saliva gets left on for a few hours it could cause damage, but really who would let it go for so long? Im stupid and experimental, so I mean, other then me?” you joke, contemplating how long you’ve had acidic saliva in your hair and coating your scalp.

“Anything else I need to worry about?”

“Well, they’re heavy eaters but I can get them food myself. The whole vine thing is new, so it would be better to keep people away for the time being – they’re trainable, just not that far along.”

“But should Frisk ever somehow wind up with them, they will be alright?” he petitions, you inwardly groaning to the mass amount of concern they hold for their child. You hadn’t questioned why monsters were caring for a human child alone, but then again that wasn’t something to eagerly snoop into newfound friends about.

“I will teach him the commands to making them stop, lock the door, banish them or anything, but if Frisk comes in on his own accord and im unaware, or maybe they aren’t fully trained yet? I cant make promises. I don’t WANT anything to happen, but I cant guarantee it. Im not saying it as a rude thing but as a safety measure : Frisk isn’t allowed in my room without me knowing or being here.” you explain, setting the boundary precautions that Asgore mentally notes.

“Well, or Alphys. Alphys can deal with them too.” you rethink, suddenly deep in thought of who can allow Frisk into your living quarters, divulging into deep thought. The king takes notice and gives a pleasing laugh.

“Well, I will be sure to let Frisk know. I’m heading back to help unload, would you like to come as well?” he offers, and you happily accept. Walking down the stairs, you regret not continuing to thank them for such hospitality.

“Thank you again so much for letting me room here. I know it must be awkward – getting a random human from far away and letting them bring something potentially dangerous into your midst while-“ you start to tangent but the kings hearty laughter waves it off.

“My dear, think nothing of it! It is true – I wasn’t sure about your ‘pet’, but Alphys and Undyne pledged on your behalf and I fully trust them and you. Besides, with all you’ve gone through? You need to be around friends, to help mend such loss.” he comments, you perking up slightly.

“How……how much do you know about me, sir?”

“Oh please my dear! Call me Asgore. And my knowledge of you is scarce – you’re a human who has defended Alphys during her stay in college, makes odd yet enamoring art, and is a woman of science. I also heard you want to become a scientist or a botanist.” he smiles, reaching the second floor to take a glance back at you.
“Ah, yes sir—Asgore, I mean. Ugggh sorry. Just…tense.” you drive the point, craning your neck. You catch yourself, but not physically. A second twist generates a buckling of the legs, the king stopping your gravitational pull as you fly towards the ground, confused but conscious.

“Are you alright?!” he begs, grasping your shoulders and readjusting to her feet. Gloria comes upstairs chuckling with Undyne, both excessively struggling in a competition to see who can carry more up the flight. Both are sweating intense bullets, but they both pause to take in your groggy state against the former king.

“What happened?” Gloria asks, but not hesitating to continue up the stairs with 5 boxes worth of books. Undyne readjusts your mattress on one shoulder, two boxes on the other and gives you a quick worried glare.

“She collapsed. Are you alright?” Asgore repeats and you just give a shaky pat at the kind hands before stabilizing yourself.

“Ya. Im good. Sorry, just craning my neck again. You two are going to break something, and it will likely be yourselves!” you bark, the outrageous women laughing it off and continuing the ascension. The king and you continue downward, but he makes multiple wary glances back at you for security.

Walking out the front door, screams of joy and the waft of pancakes waves through the air before the pollen and fresh mountain air breathes through. This could take some relaxation time to get used to; such a peaceful mixture of aromas. Toriel gives Asgore a call and he happily rushes back inside while Frisk comes running to the front door, a little bag of crafts in his clutches. You stop his spree for a moment.

“Hey Frisk, buddy!” you pause, stooping to his level and glancing about to ensure the safety of this current conversation. He carefully locates the bag on a non-dirty patch of grass before signing.

‘Yeah?’ he grins.

“You left some art and your diary up in my room.” you whisper, the joyous expression immediately dropping.

‘Did you look?’ he asks, not meeting your stare.

“I didn’t read your diary if that’s what your asking… but I saw that little crayon drawing of yours with all your friends and family…” you mention, his mood and confidence dropping.

“Aww kiddo. Don’t worry. I wont ask or say anything. If you were hiding them in there that obviously means you don’t want anyone seeing it. I wont say a word.” you vow, the child gaining a hopeful light in their eye before extending their tiny hand.

‘Promise?’ he asks, and you cant help but cave to the childish vow, upholding and entwining with his pinky.

“Pinky promise. Cross my heart, hope to die, stick a needle in my eye!” you continue, faking an injured eye that has him giggling as he carries the bag.

“that sounds unpleasant.” comments a familiar deep voice, which turns out to be Sans, using his magic to carry your extremely light easel.

“I thought magic wasn’t allowed.” you groan, offering to take the easel yourself.
“what can i say? i’m bad to the bone.” he winks, relinquishing the easel into your hands. “but why stick a needle in your eye?” he asks. You glance to Frisk who is giggling about the pun. You wish you weren’t grinning ; you secretly hope and wish you weren’t.

“Its an old religious oath or something that got turned into a promise technique. Oh gosh……Cross my heart, and hope to die, stick a needle in my eye. Wait a moment, I spoke a lie, I never really wanted to die. But if I may, and if I might, my heart is open for you tonight. Though my lips are sealed, and a promise is true, I wont break my word, my word to you.” you remedy, getting the feeling and vibe impact of the truth behind those words. Frisk does little pat clapping of joy, Sans giving a impressed whistle before rushing inside past you, not able to meet your eyes.

Returning upstairs, you suddenly greatly regret agreeing to the top floor ; those stairs are exhausting. Toriel sent you up with a message that brunch was ready, so you and Frisk scurry upstairs to tell the helpful movers. Undyne and Gloria are having a friendly spat about where things should go.

“Im telling you, the bed should go sideways!” Gloria visualizes her words by gestures with her hands, Undyne cutting in.

“The best place would to just be smack against the wall! Its normal!” she backfires.

“Yes, but if it were side-ways she would have more room!” Gloria motions to the open available space.

“Why cant I just put it on the ceiling?” You chime in, Frisk chuckling at the image. You strapped to your ceiling bed.

“Wait are they actually able to go there?” Undyne ponders, Gloria patting her head.

“Not unless it’s a hanging bed or a elevated plateau level that doesn’t touch.” she informs, Undynes thoughts racing with images clearly.

“Alrighty. Thanks for everything but I think im going to solve where I put stuff. Toriel says foods up so get downstairs. We’ll be down in a minute.” you ask, Frisk helping carry in the art bag. Without another word, Undyne and Gloria make it a heated race to the bottom, loud laughs and hysterics echoing from below. How similar the two were was scary. Poking into the future art room and setting down the easel, Frisk rushes to search for his secrets. You give him a huff laugh and open your closet, fishing out his belongings.

“Here little buddy. Sorry to scare ya.” you admit, handing him the diary which he holds close as you fix his papers. “If you need any help with drawing, just let me know. Maybe Sans can be something other then a couch potato.” you joke, snickering as the kid laughs in return, but still holds the diary close.

‘Thank you. For not looking.’ he signs, giving you a sweet-pea smile and hug that could melt any heart. You give him a warm hug back, patting his head and returning to a whisper.

‘If you ever need someone else to talk to about problems, I’m right across the hall.” you wink and ruffle their hair, the kid growing a big smile before rushing to his room to hide his stash. He meets you on the second floor, and catches you by surprise.

“Oh great. You’re ACTUALLY moving in?!?” comes a familiar anguish voice.

to noogie the secretive plant that retaliates with hate-filled protests. You and Frisk laugh it off, proceeding downstairs. You catch a gander at the spacious living room, large TV hung on the wall, a elongated dual set of couches, some game systems and a hefty bookcase.

Everyone is eating stacks of pancakes when you finally enter the massive dining room, rows of photos and windows brightening the tame décor and wood painted panels. Toriel briskly walks from the kitchen, two more stacks in hands ready to serve as she designates you and Frisk to seats. Papyrus was hurt slightly by the lack of everyone being present for grub, but chows down none the less.

Much conversation flits about the room and your so pleased with the pancakes you hardly catch the majority of it ; luckily most of it is centered towards Gloria as she plans to haul out once the moving is done. Papyrus is ecstatic to help with the moving process and everyone has asked for days off their work schedules. You try to retaliate, but the damage is done and your cheeks are overly stuffed with food to make a coherent sentence. After everyone finishes the food, you remember something super important and rush outside.

“HUMAN? JANE WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!” cries Papyrus from the dining hall, but you’re already outside.

“JUST HANG ON PAPYRUS!!” you return at an equal level, stumbling a bit on the road but reaching the back of the truck. Another three trips from Undyne and Gloria and all your things would possibly be inside, but the thought was driven to the back of your mind as you hurl yourself into the truck. Finding the giant frame, you lug it out with extreme care, fidgeting to keep it hidden and in hands as you make your way back into the house. Papyrus, Toriel and Asgore are all near the entrance, questioning your possession until you uncloak the mural. It’s the piece with Sans and Papyrus that had won the first place blue ribbon. You’d recalled how much Papyrus wanted it, and with the art-departments permission, it was yours. Well, now his. Theirs. Fuck.

Papyrus was squealing with joy, Frisk and Flowey came out to enjoy the piece again as well, Papyrus hugging you tightly after setting it to the side.

“Oh thank you human Jane!! I, the great Papyrus, will hang this masterpiece in my room!!” he cries, squeezing tighter. The armor and bone hug is suffocating, but not completely unwelcomed. Asgore takes a moment to view the piece, liking the attention to detail before Papyrus whisked it away to his room.

After another hour of moving things, bickering that Undyne and Gloria will only hurt themselves later if they lift all of it now, everything finally winds up in your new room. Everyone leaves you be to properly situate as you and her get to work on setting everything up. To Undynes later disapproval, the bed does go sideways to the wall, a queen size mattress sheeted with a cocoa brown, the blankets a marshmallow beige and purple. Situating the plushes near the pillow is the final step before tackling the rest of the rooms layout. She helps lay a dresser continuing from the foot of the bedframe to the wall ; very snug. While fiddling around with the drawers and stuffing clothes inside, hangers connected to those meant for the closet, Gloria helps assort the books from the art boxes, placing them into their designated rooms.

A fervent glance later over the room gives it a homier vibe. Clothing is stored, shampoos and washing items set in a bathroom bag, the babies are resting and Gloria has put the remainder of your paintings into the closet until the walls are properly tuned. Rummaging through the future science room, you set up your computer internet and collection with the houses, making a private log-in for yourself. Not that you don’t trust the others to snoop, its just you like privacy. That and nobody wanted to probably read your science babble. While installing programs and resetting the
system, Gloria works on making a make-shift off the ground counter. You hoped they wouldn’t mind you putting a wooden counter in the wall, but most everyone had apparently gone out for shopping purposes leaving Flowey and Asgore behind who stuck outside to their own devices. Asgore was reading a book in a sun-lounger and Flowey just... was being Flowey.

Installing and smoothing the wood required little work and you both began to set-up science materials.

“Make sure you don’t do anything illegal outside of school, alright?” Gloria chimes, setting up a beaker.

“Hah. So if its illegal, I need to do it in school?” you jape, earning a pleased laugh.

“You know what I meant. You always get into trouble and now that your gone how the hell am I supposed to keep you out of it?”

“Hey, I didn’t ask for most of that trouble. It was either Candys fault or my just being really unlucky.” you defend, putting hands to hips in a snappy fashion.

“And when it was your fault?” she asks.

“What are you talking about? Im an angel. Look at my halo!!” you joke, poking at the space above your head as you both chuckle to yourselves before resuming tasks. She carries in your beloved and abused computer chair, leaning against the top as she watches you remove scientific books. Your giddily setting up the anatomy model you’d planned to lend Alphys.

“You better be good.” she mentions suddenly.

“You’re going to have to be a bit more specific.” you prod, turning to her. She has a motherly gaze in her eye, sentimental.

“I’m trusting these guys with you. I hardly know them, and I know you only really know Alphys and Undyne, but they seem like good people. Don’t cause them trouble, but don’t run away from what they are willing to give. Let ‘em in.” she asks, giving a playful punch at your shoulder before pulling you into a headlock, growing a shit-grin of dominance.

“ ‘Course, don’t let them pick on you. That’s my job!” she laughs, testing with a squeeze while you’re squirming about in her grasp, flailing for freedom she heartily gives after a moment. After more fiddling around, the science room is all set up. Finally, the personal items.

Final family photo. Desk. Done and over with – moving on. You refuse to dwell on it, but Gloria does ; taking in the childish you who was once sweet and girly. Before moving on, you give in and turn to see her, studying the details of the tiny frame.

“If you’re wondering where I went wrong, I blame puberty.” you smirk, a genuine laugh erupting from her as she notes the uncomfortable feeling from overlooking the photo too long.

Returning to your personal effects, you decide which mugs to keep and lose. Its truly heart-breaking but all the losers are sent to be sent home with Gloria or offered to the housemates. This alone takes another half-hour of your time. The door breaks open, and excited foot-steps pound up the stairs, Undyne and Frisk barging into the room, and before speaking, oooh at the remade empty room.

“Cool! You did- AHH WHY SIDEWAYS?!” Undyne roars, pointing to the bed.
“Im sorry. I like it sideways.” you admit, Undyne giving a look of utter betrayal.

“Told ya.” Gloria agrees, resting a sorrowed hand on Undynes shoulder.

“Ya ya. Are you gonna teach me and Paps some moves before you leave?!” Undyne asks. You had no idea Gloria was somewhat of a tutor to Undynes obsessive violence. And Papyrus? Why would they allow that innocent skeleton into such roughhousing? Magic is NOT an answer.

“Of course. To the front yard!” she cries out, rushing downstairs with the child-like pair behind them, claps and joyful screams erupting out. You take this as an opportunity to scour the new home, unaware as the placement of all the rooms. Heading to the second floor, your met with something……well something. Underneath a doorway is a vibrant colorful mist, dancing off the floors carpeting. Magic. Just fucking Magic. Walk away – slowly. Alphys is closing her door nearby and perks up to seeing you finally coming from your room, sweaty and covered in sawdust.

“Eventful f-first day?” she questions, though her knowing smile reads like a book.

“You have no idea. I get to deal with this everyday?” You baffle, trying to wrap your head around the partial sanity you still have. You also gesture to the odd mixture of hues dancing underneath the door, Alphys’ expression straining.

“ Its S-Sans. W-Who knows what he’s d-doing half the time…Is….I-Is it too much? A-All of this I mean..” she concerns, giving a distressed look. You fidget to reword the sentence.

“Im not saying it’s a bad thing! Just something to get used to. It could be good for me, all the positivity and what not.” you offer, Alphys coming beside you as you both head to the first floor.

“W-Well I hope so. It can be p-pretty crazy around here sometimes…m-most the time…a-all-“ she corrects but you cut her off.

“Okay, its always crazy. Noted.” you struggle, contemplating how long this constant activity and positivity will take to settle your nerves. Without a word, Alphys takes it upon herself to show you around the house. The front door is swung open, letting in the afternoon breeze as Undynes battle cries carry through the wind and woods as she and Gloria fight to pin the other down. Papyrus and Frisk look on in joy and support. You and Alphys marvel at the beasts, but Alphys’ eyes are much happier.

“You fell in love with quite the monster, aye Alph?” you tease, Alphys’ face dying a vibrant red-orange.

“O-Oh u-u-mmm w-well yes b-but s-s-s-she is a-ah- umm a-ama-“ she quietly stutters, her eyes stuck on Undyne as she continue to struggle to her sheer delight.

“Amazing?” you finish for the poor stuttering friend, who gives a brisk nod before turning away to lead you through the living room.

“How long have you two been together?” you contemplate out loud.

“U-Umm w-well s-six monthes…” she admits, catching you off guard. With how open Undyne is about them, you were sure as soon as she realized her feelings they would be a thing. Maybe it wasn’t so simple.

“How did that happen?” you ask, curiosity getting the better of you.

“W-Well. F-Frisk went to U-Undynes to be friends after the……i-incident. S-She asked them t-to
“I-I-It w-was an a-accident! B-But t-they h-helped me r-role-p-p-play as if I-I was talking to U-
Undyne and s-sh-“

“YOU ROLEPLAY DATED FRISK!?!?” You cant contain yourself, hurling your stupid
screaming mouth into a corner of shame as Alphys tries to cease her existence in her jacket like a
turtle shell. “Sorry – Continue.”

“W-W-W-Well. U-Undyne found u-us after I-I said…Oh g-god” her entirety turns a whole
different hue of red, the shy monster recalling the shameful words prior to the point. She skips the
part that had you grinning like the Joker. “A-And she c-confessed to me…sort of…… a-after that,
a-about a w-w-week after w-we r-reached the surface, s-she invited me back to the CORE. T-The-“

“The CORE? Whats that?...........Sorry! Sorry. Interrupting again. Sorry – continue.” you urge,
feeling like a dick for constant questions meant for the end, but she gets that scientific gleam in her
eye, so you realized it was important, meant something to her, and you were about to get a Alphys
Analytical Attack.

“Well t-the CORE was created before my time, by the previous Royal Scientist. It’s the m-main
power source through all of the Underground, powering the entirety of it using geothermal energy
that is converted into essentially magic electricity. It’s located in Hotland ; the entire region had my
home and lab and Undyne couldn’t stand the lavas heat, especially i-in her a-armor.”

“Ahh…..I have a question for afterwords, but I want to hear the rest. Contin-” you urge as she
continues into a new room. It’s a general studies area, two desks lined with blueprints and
scientific jargon scattered about. You pause at a realization.

“Sans?” you contemplate, the familiar skeleton sipping some tea, glasses taped to his fucking skull
buried in a joke book. He doesn’t even look up from the read.

“hmm?”

“H-How are you down here? We just passed your room not even 5 minutes ago and there was this
weird colored mist coming from underneath, and Alphys said you were inside! There’s no way you
could have passed us! How the hell-“ before you can finish, he wedges a bookmark inside his read,
slamming it closed before giving you a tense expression.

A tantalizing moment goes by.

“Magic” Wave of the fingers. Skeleton smashing processing through your brain. Breathe Jane,
breathe.

“That’s bull and you know it. Am I allowed to make it a rule that he can’t just say that as an
explanation to everything?!” you beg Alphys, Sans growing a shit-grin across his bones before
resuming his read.

“W-Well he is telling t-the truth…technically.” she resolves, you groaning in defeat.

“I will take that answer IF. IF. He agrees to only use that excuse once a day and I get Skeleton
Sundays to figure out five new things about how the hell you guys work.” you ground, the skeleton sparing a defiant glance.

“i will agree if you explain five things about humans as well.” he chimes, a husky hint to his voice that was uncommon. Sore throat......sore cervical vertebrae? QUESTIONS.

*Note to self : Get a notepad for un-ending skeleton questions to be answered on Sundays. Glad we are finally on the same…brain wave. Die.*

“Fine. Alphys, continue.” you beg. This was going to take an eternity at this rate.

“W-Well she took m-me to the C-CORE, even t-though it made h-her uncomfortable, a-and she a-asked me out! I-It was really romantic…” she finishes, daydreaming about the events.

“Okay. Now. Questions.” you finally bring up, trying to keep the thought in your head.

“Y-Yes?”

“Okay first. So you dated Frisk. Was he......frisky?” you seduce, waggling your eyebrows for effect as she hurdles back into her turtle shell of a jacket, echoes of senseless giggles erupting as she violently shakes. Sans just tsks you.

“kids just a player doing the right thing.” he jokes, forcing you to hold in undignified snorts as he confidently takes a few sips of his tea like a jack-ass. Once Alphys squirms out of hiding, you move onto the next legitimate question.

“So you could collect geothermal energy on that massive scale, even manipulate the lava, use the Undergrounds possible electromagnetic radiation, stimulate it into an amplified laser, use the light amplification and the geothermal energy, and it could intensify into a miniature geothermal heated laser. Now, producing about 50 of these, compressing them at one given area of concentration for a period of time, and taking a direct physical pressure like a chisel, couldn’t you have drilled a hole through Ebott?” you ask, Sans somehow spitting up the sip of tea he’d been taking to look to you in disbelief. Alphys joined him, minus the spit.

“Ah- um- w-well. Asgore t-told us t-the barrier s-stretched around t-the entire m-mountain so it wouldn’t do anything…b-but I don’t know i-if we would even h-have enough electromagnetic radiation underground. T-The only sources of light naturally produced were the crystals, mushrooms and the water in Waterfall. I-I never thought t-to test it though…” she admits, looking defeated.

“Ah! Well, um, that’s okay! If it really was surrounding, it would have just been wasted time, so its good you kept a solid focus. Now, other question.” you conclude, a side question mostly but one that got the better of your curiosity.

“Y-Yes?”

“What happened to the previous Royal Scientist? The one who built the CORE?” you ask, but Alphys and Sans fall silent.

“Um……W-Well…I-I didn’t p-personally know t-them, but o-one day they j-just…….vanished?” she muttered, thinking it over.

“Vanished? How do you vanish if you are all stuck in one place?” You didn’t understand.

“rumor has it he fell into the CORE. nobody remembers his name or anything about him.” Sans
says before burying deeper into his book.

“Okay. So if nobody remembers them, how do you know it was a he?” you poke. Sans expression turns dark and tense in a millisecond as he hides behind his book, muttering under his breath. Alphys doesn’t share the adventurous seeking of information like you do, dragging you from the study. You glare tight daggers at the book, giving the ‘im watching you’ gesture before turning on your heel and leaving.

“What’s he putting up a front for?!” you growl once a fair distance from the room. You and Alphys skip past the rest of the house, retreating to the backyard. Beautiful scents and colors are lush in the prime.

“S-Sans is very secretive. Its j-just how he is.” she tries to defend, but your mood is seething.

“So? What is he secretive with you guys? With Papyrus?!”

“N-No. He just h-hides a lot of things.”

“So he lies?” you consider.

“No. He just…doesn’t talk.” she finishes, you growling and ripping at your face.

“How am I supposed to make friends with these guys if he wont even tell me things?!” you grumble, planting your bum against the stone pavement, regretting the abuse but still hanging your feet in the under-construction pool. Alphys takes a seat beside you, dangling her toes.

“He opens u-up. Over t-time. Its n-not what you should be w-worried about J-Jane. You need t-to think about c-college!” she explains, forcing a smile, but after her taste of it, she isn’t enthused either.

“Ya. Woo. Alphys, I need to get a job to first PAY for said college, and then to pay my rent, phone, food bills?” you reason, Asgore suddenly shuffling from the bottom of the pool where he’d been working.

“Pay? My dear, you aren’t paying rent. Your phone is getting put on everyone elses service, and you can just come with us food shopping.” he replies, scaring you a little as you bounce slightly on the edge of the pool.

“No! I talked it over with Toriel a few nights ago, that no matter what you guys said, I was paying for something while I stayed here!” you recall, not happy about it, but swearing.

“Fine. You can pay rent.” he agrees, a sly grin fleeting through his beard.

“Alright, how much?”

“20$ a month.” he laughs, Alphys chuckling.

“THAT’S WAY TO LITTLE!!” you outrage to their earnest kindness. You knew that’s just how they were, but if you didn’t pay it felt like freeloading. It would only sour your everyday mood.

“Fine. 21$.”

“I dislike odd numbers.” you grumble turning away from him, awaiting the one dollar raise.

“Alright. Final offer – 10$’s.” he resides, folding his arms confidently as Alphys is a ball of snickers. You look down in playful disgust.
“You are a terrible negotiator. If there’s ever a hostage situation, I’m sending Alphys before you.” you joke, finally succumbing to the hilarity of the situation.

“Fine. 10. You will probably just keep going lower.” you give, Asgore giving a victorious smile before climbing out of the pools bottom, careful of the intricate lining.

“Alright. How’s it looking?” he asks, glancing about. Overall its very impressive. There’s two shallow pools connected to the main body that’s only a few feet deep. One pool is likely a wade area for Frisk, though he would likely be fine in the main section. The other is more seated, jets to be installed, but its an obvious hot-tub addition. The rest of the pool continued to deepen to 15 feet! Atleast, that’s what the inscribed bricks that weren’t completely installed read.

The amount of work they’d managed over nearly 4 months was incredible, and the fact that they were immensely rich thanks to their own currency was also incredible. Yet, here you were, and Christ did you feel out of place…………Sighing and resigning your thoughts, you reglance the pool before making a final decision.

“Is there going to be a diving board?” you question, pointing to the further deep-end.

“Yes. Undyne asked for a deep area so she could swim, but Tori refused anything past 15 feet. Even then she doesn’t want Frisk anywhere near that end.” he grumbles, contemplating if 15 feet is truly dangerous.

“Does Frisk not know how to swim?” you ask.

“He says he does, but Tori wants a more shallow area. Is three feet shallow enough?” he speculates, turning to you for answers. It made sense – you knew more then probably he or Alphys. Did they have depth meters in the underground? Or pools?

“Its pretty shallow. Then again I consider four pretty shallow, but that’s because im taller then Frisk. He will grow up though and since he has that little wading zone, four feet wouldn’t hurt. I think Frisk is wise enough to know whether or not he is ready for big kid waters.” you explain, the king considering the choices.

“I-I cant wait t-to try it out!” Alphys pitches in, looking at the pool with a sense of excitement yet dread.

“Alphys…do YOU not know how to swim?” you gasp.

“N-No. I-I’m not big on large b-bodies of water, b-but when Undyne took me o-on a date t-t-to the beach I-I wanted to learn. I-I felt so b-bad I didn’t swim with h-her…” she explains, looking miserable.

“Why didn’t Undyne just teach you?”

“O-Oh she t-tried! S-She told me to p-plunge my h-hand into the w-water like I was r-ripping out the s-soul of my foes, and to k-kick my f-f-feet to penetrate the d-defense of a-any blocking d-door.”

“…Okay so it didn’t go well?” you resolve.

“No.” she admits.

“Hahahaha! So like Undyne – passionate in strength to solve everything.” Asgore reminisces to himself.
“Alright, then I guess I can help you.” you tell, Alphys’ eyes growing huge with admiration.

“Y-You know how to swim?!”

“‘Course I swim. It’s the only ever thing I love doing other then gore, anime, paint and science! I swam all the time as a kid!” you recall, always racing Uncle Dante to one end of the pool and back. Guess Undyne was the only challenge, and she would likely beat you.

“Wait…how would Papyrus and Sans swim? They are just bones, so I don’t presume they can float, but…” you wonder, but Alphys cuts you off.

“W-Well I didn’t learn how humans float, but from what Sans t-told me, t-they cant swim…but they c-cant drown. N-No lungs.” she gestures.

“Lucky! God I wish I could hold my breathe or breathe underwater.” you imagine. You shamefully always dreamed to become a mermaid. With your luck, you would just be Undyne…not that it was bad, just not what you’d envisioned.

“But humans float based mainly on our mass distributed over a single area of water. Humans are overall over 60 percent water, but even then our lungs air filled with air, and like a balloon we would just float. Its also presumed those with less muscle, woman, and older folk float even if they are very slim. So, Alphys, you should float fine. Is it a saltwater pool?” you ask.

“Salt. I wasn’t aware there were choices until I got to the installers, but salt seems better. Me and Tori are enthused to properly swim as well.”

“So you already know how to swim? That’s good.” you grumble, sitting up to stretch your back, popping a bone here and there. It grinds Alphys’ teeth when you crack your bones and joints, saying it sounds terrible. How would the brothers react? The torturous thoughts give you a smug smile as you coyly crack the big toe continuously. Alphys scurries inside to avoid the torture, you following behind. Time passed quicker then you’d imagined, the clock reading nearly 5 P.M.

The revving of an the moving truck’s engine fuels your thoughts as you fly to the front door. Papyrus, Frisk and Undyne are waving off Gloria who is circling around the drive-way quickly. You knew she wouldn’t properly say goodbye ; she hated sad goodbyes.

“Bye G! Stop by soon!!” Undyne yells with joy, you sprinting past in a heated rage. You barely jump the garden as you chase the speeding truck.

“GLORIA YOU TRAITOR!!” you scream as you give in to her leaving without a word. Buckling to your knees, Papyrus’ heavy boots approach. You try to brush aggravated tears from your eyes as the truck disappears into the distance.

“JANE, WHATS THE MATTER?” Papyrus asks, crouching beside you. Looking dreadfully at the poor skeleton, tears swimming in your eyes, his constant smile loosens as he pets your head affectionately.

“I…I didn’t even get to say goodbye. She does this. She always does this. Its just like her – why did I expect anything different?” you whine, wiping the tears away as Frisk finally catches up.

“DON’T WORRY HUMAN JANE!! SHE WAS VERY NICE, AND VERY SAD TO LEAVE WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING, BUT INFORMED US THAT IF SHE SAW YOU SHE WOULDN’T HAVE THE COURAGE TO LEAVE. I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, AND MY FAITHFUL FRIEND FRISK WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOU HAVE THE MOST PLEASANT AND WONDERFUL TIME EVEN WITH HER ABSENCE!!” Papyrus glorifies, Frisk grappling
your back with a huge hug and nodding into your shoulder. Papyrus hooks an arm around you both, pulling you into his metal plate, using his other hand to stroke your hair in a soothing manner. You can’t help but break in his solace, hugging back in reply as the skeleton soothes your discomforts.

After a few moments in the cordial embrace, you’re sick of all the tears you’ve shed this past week. Leaning back from Papyrus, you stand firm as Frisk hooks onto you like a monkey.

“No more tears! Not with you guys. Her fault, she is really missing out here!” you enthuse, Papyrus jumping up with delight, striking a courageous pose that Frisk mimics from your back. You’re too struck with undignified giggles to follow suite with the poses, disapproving pats from Frisk only fueling the giggling fire.

Walking back to the house, Papyrus tells you all about how he learned some techniques from Gloria and how correct and wise Undyne was to allow her on as a mentor. Or as she said, sensei. God she was letting anime influence actions. Walking back into the house, you remove the clinging Frisk who rushes into the living room with Papyrus, Alphys and Undyne both in the middle of a series. Taking this moment, you slip upstairs silently and close your door, miserable to the lack of locks that would have to be changed. You liked locks. They helped keep people who didn’t knock out. People who are above knocking weren’t allowed inside. Common sense rules.

Flopping onto your bed in absolute exhaustion, its not even 5:30 P.M and you want to doze off. Blaming lack of proper sleep was wise, the events, pressure of moving and restarting? Who wouldn’t lose some sleep? Becoming bored of the situation, you decide to start up your own journal, or a diary in another’s perspective, but more of what you learned than what you did that day. With a quick pet to Louis and Seymour, you retreat into your science room, curling into your chair as you roll to the window, quickly taking notes to date. This was a cover. A cover for the sobbing fit you became. You hadn’t lied; you weren’t crying in-front of Papyrus or Frisk, but alone, on your own thoughts. About how even though you knew people here, you felt utterly alone in the end.

Once that was over with, to remove your mind you sketch the scenery and the landscape, though its never been your stronger suite. After an extended period of time, you give in to the better side of your brain saying the landscape is being desecrated with zombies, pummeling down the wooden fence and invading the house, a solar eclipse in place. Taking a moment to glance at the nearing sunset, you wheeze back and give another satisfactory stretch, popping a bone in your arm and settling backwards to stare at the ceiling. The ceiling was white with two black holes.

“and i thought i looked like death.” spoke the ceiling, wisp pupils coming into existence as you scream.

“SWEET FUCK!!” you belt, jumping upwards directly into the hard skull, tumbling forward to again collide face-first into the wall. You grumble, imagining your increasing headache is a sign you’re fusing with the wall as you remain in place for a moment, the grumbling and clatter behind you.

“and you’re secretly a bone-head? wow. whole pack-age, eh?” he chuckles, regretting it instantly as he winces and rubs his forehead.

“A literal bone-head shouldn’t go about calling other people bone-heads. How the hell did you get in without me hearing? And you already used your magic excuse!!” you intercept before he can grow that Cheshire shit grin again.

He still grows it.
“heh. walked in.” he winks, pointing to the door that stood ajar, vines creeping off the pot outside the doorway. A revenge plot twists in your mind like a cyclone. “suppers up. you comin’?”

“Ya.” you groan, purposefully cracking your fingers to catch his attention.

“what was that?” he asks, listening to the room eagerly.


“you do what?”

“Here.” you announce, flexing and pointing to your un-socked foot. You repeatedly crack your big toe in successive order.

“and that’s your skeleton underneath all your fleshiness cracking?” he gripes, looking to you like your insane, to which you merely nod. “okay, you’re not allowed to call monsters weird. you’re weird.” he chuckles, flexing over his wrists in thought. You exit the door first, rounding a corner he cant see past and teasing Seymour with gentle clicks of the tongue.

“now what are you do-” Sans asks, exiting the room in perfect unison to Seymour jutting his vines out to grab you, encasing the skeleton who is utterly startled, letting out a pained cry and heavily breathes.

“Ha! Revenge for scaring the absolute HELL outta me! Why didn’t you just knock dude? Don’t got to be creepin’ on folks like that! Revenge is s-“ you drawl, but the skeleton isn’t showing and signs of fun. It was clear that it was a light grip, Seymour actually questioning what he was holding, but Sans was physically vibrating, eye swelling with blue magic and sweat puddling at the floor as his feet don’t touch. He actually opens his mouth ; this whole time he just talks through his smile, so you assumed it was normal, but you’d forgotten he actually had a openable mouth thanks to that picture Undyne showed you. A sharper smaller set of canines lied dormant behind the first pair, but the huffs and fevered muttering were a signal you’d taken it too far.

“Seymour, let go!” you demand, rushing to his side as Seymour doesn’t hesitate. Sans falls to his hands and knees, clacking and scraping against the contrasting floor as you reach his side.

“papyrus- hes- i gotta- paps-fucking fuck-flowey- Fuck” he curses under his breath, trying to withdraw the unintentional leaking of his energy.

“Sans! I’m sorry! I took it too far, i’m sorry! Its alr-“ you plead, reaching to his shaking shoulders, but it backfires. He reflexively slaps you away, impacting your face that had carelessly drawn near. You fly back, cupping the struck cheek, your nose throbbing in pain as Sans gets to his feet in horror before glaring down at you. The crackle in his eye falters, a similar white circle taking refuge in his other socket as he stares down at you before closing both sockets and fleeing through the door.

“FUCK.”

“S-Sans!” you call, but from the sound he is already at the second floor. How could you do this? What had driven you to do this? You possibly just ruined the only chance at happiness you’ve had in ages, all because of some fucking petty revenge?

It was over…Because of your idiocy. Your recklessness.

Just as quickly as you’d unpacked, you began to pack again. Grabbing the necessaries into a backpack, including the laptop and family photo, you trudge down to the awaiting demise.
Everyone is scattered. Papyrus and Undyne are outside screaming while Frisk feebly flails, but your too unfocused to knowledge it. Asgore is on his phone, growling at the lack of answers. The one to shake you from your trance is Toriel, who looks mortified at your state.

“My child! What happened?!” she begs, pulling you into the light of the kitchen. In a mirror on the fridge you see now the panic ; your nose is profusely bleeding over your upper lip, your cheek swelling to later form a bruise.

“J-Jane?! O-Oh my god y-your f-face! W-What happen-” started Alphys who also wielded a phone but came to your air. You cut her off.

“I-Im sorry. Its my fault. He came in my room and he s-scared me. I thought I would get some revenge. Got Seymour to give him a scare. But it really freaked him out. He swatted me away but hit me in the face. I’m so sorry. I’ll leave – I understand. I’m so damn sorry.” you mutter, hiding your broken face in shame. Toriel aggressively grabs your chin and sets a tingling paw to your face. Her snarl contains tears.

“You were going to run away? My child, you didn’t know! You cannot blame yourself over something like this. It was an accident and I’m sure once Sans gets back he will apologize. I will MAKE him if necessary. Asgore! Can you please just send someone after him, he won’t be picking up his phone!” Toriel yells, Asgore trudging outside to send a receiver.

“His going to hate me. Where’s he gone?” you question the tingling swarming over your face with ticklish heat dancing about your skin. Very similar to Papyrus’ healing magic on your back, but this was fuzzier and more wide-spread.

“H-He came rushing downstairs and s-screamed curses before l-leaving for G-Grillbys.” she recalls, looking to the door as Asgore and Frisk come back inside, a subtle slam following Asgore as he tries to regain his composure. Frisk scurried to your side in the chair.

“Undyne and Papyrus left to bring him home. What happened? Jane, your face-“ Asgore tries to ask, but Toriel saves you the trouble of re-explaining.

“Sans snuck in her room and scared her, her trying to get silly revenge gave him flashbacks or something. He accidentally struck her and ran off, and she is purely blaming herself and attempting to run away. This will hurt slightly.” she pauses, hovering over your nose. She hadn’t lied, the heat within is unwarranted and less soothing, but its likely repairing something that broke so minor pain was a price to pay.

“My dear this was all a misunderstanding of sorts. Once he gets back I will discuss the matter with him.” Asgore resolves, settling down and stroking his beard. After another moment, Toriel sighs and relinquishes your chin, the pain mostly gone with nothing but the after-effects of a healing bruise on your cheek. Alphys comes by with a washcloth, dabbing the drying blood and crusted tear stains.

“Thanks…” you mutter, looking to your dear friend.

“I-It’ll be alright. Look, lets eat dinner, store the others for when they get back. I-It wouldn’t be wrong to assume we should keep them separate for a w-while, right?” Alphys suggests, looking to Toriel and Asgore. Toriel speaks up.

“Frisk, why don’t you and Jane eat? I don’t want you staying up late if he’s going to be difficult
again, m’kay?” she asks, sparing a tired but motherly grin as Frisk doesn’t put up a fuss, dragging you into the already set dining hall. A grand setup of foods with a ‘WELCOME TO OUR HOME’ banner hung proud above.

*That is some fucking salt in the wound right there. Salt, lemon, sand, other shit. Fuck. ……Agreed.*

Glancing back apologetically at Toriel, she looks mortified to the series of events.

“I-I’m sorry. I ruined the surprise……twice. Life really just doesn’t want this for me…” you grumble, taking a lonely seat and letting gravity drive your head into the table. Nearby silverware clatters in disapproval. Frisk hops into the seat beside you, trying to keep their enthusiasm up, but they soon realize its pointless. You drive all emotion from you, atleast being hollow was better then being miserable as you and Frisk quietly dish out food. Alphys retreats to phoning Undyne while Toriel and Asgore linger nearby, filled with regret.

“I-Is there anyone you can stay with? Until this blows over?” Asgore suggests, but Toriel shoots him a disapproving glare.

“Asgore!”

“Its not that im saying I don’t want her here! But if she is uncomfortable after everything that’s happened, I don’t want her to think she has to live with that. Why not return to your parents?” he suggests. Ah. That’s right. They didn’t know anything.

“Sir, my parents are dead.” you reply, completely void of feelings, even for subtlety around Frisk. He somehow picks up on the unpleasant situation and plugs his ears.

“Oh……im…im terribly sorry child…any, um, siblings?” he retries.

“My brother was the one who killed them.” you backfire.

Asgore looks utterly broken, giving up on decisions. Toriel offers one instead.

“Y-Your uncle. He was at the hospital supposedly, but we weren’t allowed to meet. Could he, only momentarily of course, unless its better that way…”

“My uncle only visited to pay the bills. He went right back to Asia. He also wouldn’t approve of me dropping college to live with monsters, so he has no idea as to where I am, and if he did I don’t think it would end well.”

Asgore and Toriel both share a unknowing stare, trapped on a decision of whether its better for you to leave or stay. Frisk pulls at your sleeve, scooching closer in his chair to knead at your face.

‘Don’t be sad.’ comes a faint voice. It steers you from your hollow thoughts, emotionless eyes.

You look around, but Frisk gives a tighter squeeze.

‘Its me. Don’t be scared. We are your friends.’ comes the voice, Frisks face smiling in return.

“Uh.UHH. UUHHHHHHH.” you groan, trying to understand how a kid is telepathically connecting with your brain. “Frisk is in my head. OKAY. MHMMM.”

“Oh, Frisk! Child don’t scare her like that!” Toriel suggests a little late.

‘Im not speaking to your brain. Im speaking to your SOUL. Sans was sorry. He was really scared about what was happening, if Papyrus was okay. I felt it. When he hit you though, he felt awful. He
went to drink at Grillbys – he always goes there when he is upset. He is sorry.’ Frisk repeats over and over, trying to rub soothing circles into your bruised cheek.

“Um. Huh. Okay. He’s sorry. Alright. Frisk if your REALLY in my head or SOUL or whatever this is can you please stop? Its giving me some nausea here.” you beg, Frisk flinching backwards and smiling as you lay both palms against your head in concentration. “OOOohhhh today is so weird.” you groan, rubbing your face for some sense of normalcy. Everyone has their eyes on you, besides Alphys who is conversing with Undyne over the phone in the adjoined room.

“I’ll tell you ‘bout my parents and what-not later. Can I just…eat dinner, with Frisk?” you plead, the pair giving a curt nod and leaving you alone. You feel like a scumbag, denying them away from their own dinner, but the current plan was to eat, eat more, hibernate til this blew over. Solid plan.

Picking out some mashed potatoes with gravy, cod and chicken with a apple for the trip, you dig in. All the food is greatly cooked, but you’re curious as to why there is just one plate of an assortment of fish. Frisk tries to get away with just mashed potatoes, but Toriel catches him with a kind check in, spooning chicken and corn onto his plate, along with yours. Frisk appears adamant to a hatred for corn, yet a love for potatoes. You tap his shoulder and example with your own plate by pushing the corn into the potato mound and drizzling gravy over the top, offering him a spoonful.

“Trust me. You don’t even taste the corn. Besides, its sweet corn.” you inform, and with minor hesitance, he bites into it. He must love it since he starts hastily pushing the mashed potatoes into everything. Looking to your puzzled expression, he gives a big grin and signs –

‘Potatoes go with anything!’ he wonders, and with a gasp, jumps from his chair. He rushes to the other side where a ketchup bottle had kindly been placed. He eagerly taps it and dumps a pool of ketchup right onto his mashed potatoes, before replacing the bottle like a ninja and hopping back into his seat.

“I’m going to call it now and say you’re not going to like that.” you imply, but Frisk gives an okay thumbs up before diving in. His face immediately reads he regrets diving in. You chuckle to the kids suffering, taking a much smaller spoonful and wallowing in the disgusting abomination that shouldn’t exist. You both somehow manage to swallow, and Frisk immediately quarantines the remainders of what the ketchup touches. After another 5 minutes of fun eating, you both unwind and wander to the stairs. Asgore and Toriel are both awaiting the return, but Toriel gets up to say goodnight to Frisk. Frisk doesn’t give Asgore a chance to get up, grappling him into a fuzzy hug of giggles and tickles that Toriel doesn’t approve of before bed. It’s the perfect family image: the playful child, fun loving pops and the over-concerned mother. Even through all this, all their differences, they had such a stable family and life. It was foolish to even contemplate you weren’t jealous, but you’d once had that, so it was hard to not be. With a goodnight kiss and another glance at the stairs, Frisk joins you in the ascension.

Frisk scurries into their room, closing it quickly behind them. Retreating into your own, you know the first thing to do: change out of your run-away clothes into warm PJ’s and cuddle Seymour for forgiveness. If he got in trouble, you would demand the blame because it was your teasing and improper training that caused this all. After changing, you accept the vines embrace, stroking the drooping maw as Louis nudges closer. A harmonious combo knock rings against the door, and slipping idly out of the grip, you open your door thankful that someone still has the decency to knock.

“Howdy.” comes the familiar Flowey grunt, Frisk balancing his pot above his head, a pillow under one arm and a blanket and book in the other. “We have come for your silly sleepover.”
“Sleepover? Frisk, when did I say we were having a sleepover.” you question, the kid wandering in on his own.

“You didn’t. He did. Keeps saying how he can’t sleep without his stupid story, or being tucked in, and he thinks he will sleep weird since Sans went and became a chicken.” he grumbles, yawning.

“Frisk, sweet-pea. If Toriel catches you in here after the stunt she will bake me alive!” you plead, but Frisk is already situating in the bed, Flowey pressed carefully against his pillow as he pats the bed. If he were 10 years older, this could be a very different scene. Giving in, you tumble into bed beside him, your backpack still at your feet as you rummage around for your photo. Pulling it out, you bring it close for inspection, allowing Frisk and Flowey to look.

“Whos that?”

“Well, that on the side is my mother and my father. The crazy scientists. This over here is…was my brother. Back before he turned into a jerk face. Its insane to say but that there in that polka-dot dress? That’s me.”

“Ew.” Flowey gags, Frisk poking your old-self gently with a giggle, and signing ‘Tinier then me.’

“I agree with the ew, and gosh Frisk I don’t need you telling me I was smaller then you comparing to back then. That’s awful for my growth spurts im still waiting for!” you joke, the child snuggling closer for warmth.

“And that’s my jerk uncle. Though I suppose he is just a jerk when he wants to be……Hopefully you don’t have to ever meet him.” you ponder, setting the frame behind the bed onto the stand nearby. Sighing and taking the book, you realize its one of your old favorite : ‘The Rainbow Fish’. Recalling the voices your parents had used, you read the book with a similar enthusiasm, shimmering the fishes pages for effect. The story of greed and pride, a fish losing his friends because he is too proud of himself to see past it. With wise words, he finally gains the courage to hand each and every other fish one scale, sharing with them his friendship. Finally, everyone accepts his wrongdoings as they stand as equals, and everyone is happy, even Rainbow Fish has a weight lifted off him.

By the end of the tale, Frisk is snoring in his sleep, and you tumble about, trying to join as well. A droop of the eyes signals the turning off of the lights, and the slamming of the front door means lights out for the night.

Chapter End Notes

Yep. Yeah. Just pulled that shit with Sans. Im sorry, want some salt in that wound?! - throws welcome home banner in- sugar please!

Leave those comments~ I love em. They fuel me XD. Also!
The winner for the poll incase you didnt catch my Tumblr post was B. If you dont remember what the premise of B was......welp! -flees-
Anyways, it will be chapter 24. I know, I changing the story some, but really? I think we need 2 chapters to fix this (Bl
Point of Perspective.

Chapter Summary

Witness Sans series of events.

Chapter Notes

God guys i’m sorry! This was meant for Saturday but I got pretty sick =U=" it was no fun.

But hey! Its here! It exists! Chapter 22. After this we can FINALLY progress some-more HUH *U*? Smaller chapters ahoy TuT" I need to stop making them so bloody long...

EDIT : Holy christ guys. 5000 hits? YOU BE CRAZY...I love you Q^Q <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After you left the study, he finally breathed an air of relief, a breath he’d unconsciously held as he locked the doors in one fell swoop to properly ponder what was happening. Backtracking to your geothermal laser analysis, he firmly acknowledged you weren’t just a push-over studier that attended college for a better job. Tests, theories, scientific possibilities of geothermal concentration done in the blink of an eye. It thrummed something inside him that he couldn’t explain.

Another thing that was off of you : your stench. It wasn’t a rude thing, but it was stronger then regular humans emit. Unable to describe it as the words laid still on the tip of his tongue, his mind a flurry of hungering thoughts. Sighing and relaxing, he slows the pulsations of his soul still lingering on thoughts unwanted. With the room entirely cut off from access, he decided now is an ample time to catch up on needed sleep. He was behind in his nap quota, but a trickling thought washed past him.

The thought that he was going to be missing that quota for a while now with someone new to watch over.

Drifting into a dark sleep, his thoughts were a storm of negativity. Even after coming to the surface, paying their way through with gold, the king and queens attempts at a truce with the humans – he still had to watch out for everyone he cared for. He wasn’t so full of hope that he hadn’t predicted it would result in this ; the humans denying and hating the monsters. He just didn’t imagine it at the scale it truly was. Thirteen dead within the first month. No bosses, but still a travesty. After that, police closely monitored the monsters with a defensive line miles out surrounding the peaceful houses. It was a safety measure, but it felt like quarantine.

They were ashamed of their existence, giving them the option to leave at their own risk. Making all those magic use rules and the government hardly offering anything in return. Everything they had built was through their strength and companionship ; relying on one another to help get by. It still holds true. Only one human has freely been allowed in here before you – Frisk. Even then, Tori
wasn’t given complete rights to the kid. Frisk housed with Tori under a foster care set of terms, nothing in paper pointing to her adopting him in legally.

It was more legal bullshit Tori and Asgore were fighting for, Frisk managing to slip by each day. He would come to Sans mostly during the night with nightmares and concerns with school that he didn’t want to burden onto his folks. Sans was the go-to-guy. He knew the kid better then anyone, kept secrets that needed to be kept but hinted at problems if they were above him. He never spoke directly about what had been truly troubling Frisk. He made no promises too, yet the kid tried to make him swear on it.

He would be the dust of him someday – Frisk.

Anyway, the attacks were on and off, mostly outside encounters. The town was warming up to monsters more with every passing week, more stores offering to accept them as employees. Papyrus was the only one unable to maintain a job. The managers for those stores were all imbeciles who judged him on his voice and size, not seeing what he could truly be: generous, protective, cool, brilliant, brave and kind. He managed to get a part-time with Undyne training athletes and it seemed to please him, yet Sans wanted the world for his brother. Alphys had been managing an online schedule of computerized commands to a science facility, but now safe and home she had the option to physically attend. Asgore and Toriel both immediately took to politics but branched off: Toriel becoming a teacher and Asgore working at a engineering firm. Sans’ job…..well, what wasn’t his job? Old habits died hard. Constantly reminding himself that it wasn’t necessary and all it accomplished was more stress whenever rude humans stopped. With the multiple jobs it added to the possibilities, but they kept him busy enough to help take his mind off past problems.

He wakes with a grunting start, a scream in the distance resonating from the front yard. Whirling from the chair he teleports to the front door to see Alphys standing beside Undyne muttering and whispering as they tug one another close. Papyrus and Frisk are racing down the street after the moving truck, you collapsed to your knees on the pavement. He watches in confusion before approaching Alphys about the issue.

“what? did i miss the field day?” he jokes, the girls sharing a disapproving groan at the stretch. Glancing back, Papyrus is gently cradling you close and smoothing your hair.

“Gloria left and she just bolted out the door after her.” Undyne brings Sans up-to-date with her knowledge of the situation as she tightens an arm contently around Alphys’ neck. Alphys furthers the conversation.

“I th-think they were closer-r then t-they let on. S-Seeing her leave with-o-out a goodbye m-must be heart breaking.” she mumbles, holding Undyne closer in thought of someone you loved suddenly leaving without a word. Undyne picks up on her girlfriends distressed thoughts and nuzzles close, planting a haze of audible pecks over her forehead as Alpyhs’ face brightens in surprise.

“Don’t worry babe. I ain’t goin’ anywhere.” Undyne whispers, giving a final kiss and wink (blink?) before turning to Sans. “Hey! Toriel was looking for someone to help with Janes surprise, so go check on her will ya? Asgores in the pool.” she instructs as Sans gives an accepting shrug before turning back indoors.

“you cod it bass.” he jokes, quick to shut the door as a hated hiss emits, Alphys crying out to calm the hidden rage building through Undyne as she tries to break the door down. Sans chuckles before shifting to the kitchen, Tori whisking into a bowl. He grows a satisfied smile watching her in her
cooking element, so focused on the ingredient amounts yet an air of satisfaction radiating off like a heat lamp. He knocks on the arch-way frame as to not alarm her as he chirps up.

“heard you need help whipping up a dish for the kids surprise?” he chuckles, Toriel taking a moment to place the bowl and cover the giggles as she faces the short-statured skeleton. She still wore that purple robe from the Underground, but to avoid dirtying it she has dawned a flower embroidered apron of buttercups and echo flowers she made herself.

“Hello Sans. I could use some assistance. There is no margarine for error.” she giggles as she adds butter to one dish. She gestures to the dough she hasn’t had a chance to knead. Sans gives a deep chuckle as he pushes the dough between phalanges, still stunned by the gooey soft texture.

“hey a good baker will rise to the occasion if called. it’s the yeast he can do.” he jokes, Toriel unable to contain the little fit of giggles as she pops chicken in the oven.

“You can be quite the weirdough.”

“sticks and scones may break my bones, but puns will never hurt me.”

The boisterous laughter is enough to pull Asgore and Flowey back inside, watching the two cook in peace.

“Sorry to disturb.” he apologizes, the queen giving a hard stare before sighing and speaking up.

“You haven’t disturbed anything Asgore. How is the work coming? Did you need water?” she asks, pausing to spare a glance and offer to fiddle around the glass drawer for a cup but he give a denying nod.

“Of course we need water. It’s a POOL.” Flowey bites as everyone immediately shares a disapproving glance at Flowey.

“That’s rude Flowey. She was offering beverages – the pool isn’t ready to hold water yet and even if it was we don’t have the salt water yet.” Asgore stiffens up trying to come off with authority.

“Just pour salt in water.” he grumbles sagging his petals down into his leaves in disbelief.

“i heard pouring salt on window sills keeps pesky spirits out. maybe it would work on you.” Sans playfully bites back as he ponders surrounding the miserable plant in an inescapable salt prison.

“Ha! I wonder if I poured salt on you if you would bubble up and die like a snail!” he returns, Toriel taking offense to the barbaric methods.

“Flowey!” she cries dropping everything to sternly stare the rude plant. He draws back slightly but defends his statement.

“Its true! Humans do it! They pour salt on snails and it sucks up all the water or whatever, and they bubble and suffocate!” he replies, knowledged. Acting proud of it, Sans grabs the stem as Flowey emits a minor choke.

“and where’d ya hear that, buddy?” he growls.

“J-Jane. She was researching a-alternative leech removal methods in the night.” he gasps as Sans nearly drops him to the tile in realization. The front door opens as Undyne and Alphys stride to the living room, Undyne peeking into the awkward aired kitchen freely.
“Yo! Alphys was mentioning a new anime that Frisk and Paps could watch; you in?” she asks. Sans as Toriel makes an effort to seem preoccupied. Asgore releases Flowey’s pot as it moves to Sans boney palms, the flower going deathly silent to avoid anymore of the situation.

“heh, that okay with you tori? them whisking me away?” he resounds, Toriel despite the position still snorting out a giggle as Asgore gives a pained sigh and nod, a smile merging into his beard and fur. “Alrighty then, guess i’m yours.” he shrugs as he leaves the kitchen and Undyne emits a toothy exhale.

“I don’t need to have you when I got Alphys!” she roars with confidence as Alphys visible from his position curls in on herself with embarrassment. Settling onto the couch as Undyne and Alphys scour Netflix for their desired program, he sets Flowey on the side table.

“not. a. sound.” he demands with a previous rage. After a minute Frisk and Papyrus come storming in with giant smiles. Frisk attempts to climb onto both the brothers as Papyrus settles beside Sans enthused, but ends up climbing the couch to sit on the back closer to Papyrus’ head. He takes notice of water smeared against Paps armor.

“hey bro. wander under a sprinkler?” he casually points out.

“OH NO. JANE WAS VERY UPSET TO SEE GLORIA LEAVING, THUSLY I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WENT TO MY FRIENDS AID. I DID THAT THING YOU DO WITH FRISK TO CALM DOWN AND IT WORKED WONDERS!! YOU ARE SECRETLY BRILLIANT!” claimed Papyrus, happily patting his skull with content and pride.

“oh…” Was all he could return before burying into more thoughts, thrilling episodes swirling by before Toriel approached the group, a pot filled with mashed potatoes in oven-mitt hands.

“Everyone I need help setting the table and making sure Jane doesn’t hear or see anything! Papyrus would you be so kind as to assist Asgore with the décor?” she instructs – Papyrus takes it in pride.

“OF COURSE YOUR MAJESTY!!” he beams as Toriel and Undyne both try to painlessly shush his ecstatic volume. “SORRY” he ‘whispers’.

“Me and Alph can help set the table!” Undyne calls as she hoists Alphys away before any protesting occurs.

“Oh thank you! My child I want you to make sure you have finished your homework – I am allowing a later bedtime tonight merely on the occasion and I predict you will be too exhausted after dinner and games.” she states as Frisk sighs and grabs Flowey who had fallen asleep before trudging upstairs.

“Sans would you like to help with the food?”

“nah tori. i’ll go watch the small-fry – make sure she doesn’t come down and ruin the surprise. lemme know when its all set.” he asks as Toriel gives him thanks to set the now burning pot at the table. Dragging his lazy bones up the stairs as he stifles a yawn as he listens beyond your bedroom door before casually opening it.

You and Gloria had really gone to town on moving in and setting up: bed neatly made, closet and dresser filled, your...’pet’ soaking in the last blips of the sun’s lights as it was setting. Glancing around you were nowhere in sight. But that smell. That indescribable smell led him to a door guarded by the fearsome plantazoid as he hesitated. Its vines were a conscious extension - freely mobile. The sickly green wriggling made his bones click with anxiety, however it showed no
hostile or docile interest in him as he turned the knob.

The door opened silently to reveal you sitting scrunched in a large office chair, legs standing as an easel for the sketch book you scribbled into with quick glances to the forest beyond the fence. Entering the room, the scent hits him in a indescribable pain. A longing of sorts. It takes effort to hold in a grunt, scrunching a fist into his sternum to try to understand the jumping of his soul. He looks over the rooms scientific objects quietly, studying the samples withheld in test-tubes, the installed counter and the bookshelf of chemical dictionaries and personal studies. There is a large figure cloaked in the corner that he doesn’t unveil. His cellphone goes off and he reads a go-ahead from Tori. He chuckles inwardly an approaches when a bright glint against a frame catches his sight.

Carefully walking over to your computer desk laid a single framed photo. The frame is obviously well kept for, hiding the extremely minor singes of the edges by its well-kept gleam. Inside the photo lives what must have been the happiest human family he’s ever seen. A lovely woman resembling you was hugging close a man with slight sideburns and unkempt hair, but his gaze was fashioned to her closed lids as they pressed foreheads together in a sign of intimacy. In the back thrived a lake filled with life and people smiling. A young teenage boy was squirting a water gun at what appeared as a completely muscular figure who was sheened by the lights final glare. Tilting the frame to the side he took in the vast physically trained fit man lifting a much smaller child into the air. The children shared features of similarity such as hair color and eyes, but were completely different ages and builds. The boy was more built as well but had a plumpness to him that seemed fitting, his face filled with a smug grin as he shot the water blast. This girl being lifted in a bright frilly swimsuit and pigtails was much thinner and tinier in comparison, but the absolute bliss stilled on her face at this one moment seemed unfazeable. It was equal to Papyrus’ brotherly smile when he spoke of his friends, his cooking, or anything he admired. He couldn’t place anyone in the photo with certainty but the woman on the far left with Mr. Sideburns was the spitting image of you. Not wanting to pry on a good day, he relinquishes the photo and steps behind your chair.

Peering down at the sketch he doesn’t understand how to react : laughing or questioning why a horde of dead looking humans are vaulting the fence while the world dies in the background. He doesn’t get a chance to react as you lean back looking up to his investigating skull. You’re inches apart to his sudden realization as he keeps his cool. He can see the redness in your eyes, the crusting tears and faded rose cheeks. He could touch the more defined lashes of your eyes and brush through your slightly tangled hair should he want to. The dryness of your pink lips complimented by the duller whites of concealed teeth. He feels your gaze staring back with confusion ; what feels like an eternity was a mere few seconds as he finally catches his words.

“and i thought i looked like death.” he mutters as a fraction of concern wells over him before a sore pain.

“SWEET FUCK!” Is all he catches before you slam your forehead into his own, a splitting pain vibrating his cranium as he clatters backwards. Gripping his skull he looks forward just in time to watch you face-plant into the wall beyond, wincing for your pain momentarily before attending his own. Feeling about, there aren’t any cracks so even through his worries he applies that same sustained grin.

“and your secretly a bone-head? wow. whole pack-age, eh?” he attempts with a whine as he presses upwards carefully much to his bodies displeasure. Retreating from the wall is a red splotch that reveals the taken impact zone with a prickling of fresh tears in the corner of your eyes.

“A literal bone-head shouldn’t go about calling others bone-heads. How the hell did you get in without me hearing? And you already used your magic excuse!!” you quickly bark as you point a
guilty finger to him with judgement. He couldn’t stop his growing grin if he tried as he decides to toy with you.

“heh. walked in.” he slyly points out the open doors. You follow his gesture and a physical change happens to your face – one of subtle yet similar sly deviation. Ignoring it, he presses what he was sent up for.

“suppers up. you comin’?”

“Ya”

chkT chkT

What? He gazes around the room, listening to the source of an odd clicking noise. Its sudden and immediately gone.

“what was that?” he foolishly asks, looking to you as if you know the answer-

“Cracking my bones and joints. Its natural.” you reply with a wise smile. He tries to process the words.

“you do what?” he asks again, you in return carefully stand using the wall as a support before outstretching your foot. Its different then Frisks feet – small, plump, and stubby toes. Yours are more angular and defined with much rougher features. There is a purple paint covering the middle of each that he doesn’t understand the purpose of. There is a significant size difference between you and Frisk, but Frisk also doesn’t have blue…strings under his flesh. At least none that he recalled noticing. Suddenly you flex your toes to his fascination before that clicking sound comes again. You repeat the action a few more times and it slowly becomes a discomfort.

“and that’s your skeleton underneath all your fleshiness cracking?” he interprets as you give a hard nod before cracking it again. Savage.

“okay, you’re not allowed to call monsters weird. you’re weird.” he argues with sudden realization at how utterly rude that came out. Before he can apologize for any misunderstanding you rush out the door and start making similar sounds that aren’t the same. Peeking his interest, he follows.

“now what are you do-“ he starts but cuts himself off at a sudden rushing constriction spreading through his bones and frame. Sparing a startled gaze, binding vines are worming around his ribs and peeking into his clavicle, disrupting the clothing with disgusting wriggles. His past flashes before his vision instantly of Flowey vining his being through Papyrus and using him as a puppet. He’d done the same with Sans and now it was reoccurring. Alls he heard was a sickening laughter he instantly related to fucking Flowey, but the vines immobilized him. Or he himself. Clashing fear and wrath melted his once calm attitude as he desperately tried to free from the grasp. One tangling around his spine ceased all movement as alls he could do was accept his fate. The agonizing pain. He hardly could open his mouth to scream with anguish .The now painful memories he got to live for a short time. His happiness would be gone with the reset. Everything would just go back to how it fucking was before! Everth-

“Le-...GO!.......Sa---Ns! SaNs!” cried an echo from the darkness he’d submitted himself to. Taking that moment he realized he was free and could retaliate – give this fucking flower what he has had coming. Another touch sends him reeling his arm back in a surprise attack, channeling his magic through his arm to speed and impact more then physically possible for him as he wobbles to a stand and prepares to make them suffer.
He isn’t expecting Frisk.

He catches himself, the vision of the hall as Frisk lays on the orange tile trembling and crying.

No………This…This wasn’t-

This wasn’t Frisk.

At the immediate realization his world cleared. You sat cupping your cheek in the room where he remembered. Blood was oozing out your nose over your dried lips as you shook in fear. Fear of him. He couldn’t take this back, make a joke of it, some damned excuse that would just be another lie. You were hurt – and it was all on him.

“FFFUCK!” is all he can scream before dashing in angered shame down the stairs. He wont deal with this here. He wont remind himself of that face you made. That fucking face just drowning in tears and disgusted terror. Racing down the halls, Undyne got impatient of him and was waiting at the bottom of the stairs.

“Sans? Dude, where’s Ja-“ she asks, but to her immediate surprise Sans beats her in volume.

“shes upstairs and im just- SHIT. i’m going to fucking grillbys!!” he screams before vanishing to the garage. Putting on his helmet and slamming the door open with impatience, he rides away to the faint screams of Undyne. He doesn’t care what they’re saying. He can’t be there. Anywhere but fucking there – somewhere to himself.

Time seems to speed by as he arrives at Grillbys. A light rain starts to pelt down as he parks his bike, jamming clenched fists into his pockets before storming inside. To his relief, Grillby was just closing up – likely wanting to escape before the storm started pummeling. Grillby immediately stops cleaning the bar as Sans strolls in, head held low even with the helmet hiding his sullen face. Taking his regular seat at the bar he lets gravity drive his head into the counter as the helmet retaliates with a metallic and plastic whine.

“i fucked up.” is all he can manage as Grillby gives a heavy sigh preparing an alcoholic beverage. “i just fucked up everything. i’m just…fuck grillz.” he groans as he clutches the back of the helmet in irritation. The phalanges scrape against it with the intense pressure. Grillby clinks the drink against his helmet to signal its existence as Sans slowly removes the squeezing helmet as Grillby tries to read the shit from his skull. The glass is downed in one gulp with a searing aftertaste.

“……what happened?” Grillby crackles with an all too familiar question. How many times has he opened with that line?

“i’m not drunk enough to talk about it.” he grumbles as he excepts slamming his skull back to the bar in heavy thought.

“……….and….how drunk would that be?” You could hear it from his voice ; the modest smugness he couldn’t hide. He knew.

“ ‘til I can’t feel feelings. just fuck feelings!” he barks as he throws his hands up with tense effort but refusing to remove his skull now glued to the counter. Grillby doesn’t want to in a sense fuel this but Sans is always careful with his intake and so he prepares him drink after drink. After four he finally starts talking.

“i-i just……what if that was paps man!!” he growls swigging down a fifth. Grillby had strut around the counter to sit beside his old friend, talk him through his stress. “And they-they just……just fucking laughing! Laughing it up! My life is a joke!” he bites slamming the cup to the table.
Grillby continues to warm him through his heavy coat as it dries anything the slight rain left behind.

“………nobodies toying with your life Sans.” he states while pulling the glass away permanently, replacing it with ketchup that he chugged half down.

“my life is nothing but a FUCKing game grillz. nobody understands!”

“……You’re envisioning it the wrong way……..You are letting the past influence your future. You wont ever escape that feeling until you’re willing to let the underground go.” replies Grillby with a soothing hardly seeable smile.

“i’ve tried grillz. I’ve talked to the kiddd, forcefully forgot it, EVERYTHING! but nope – these fucking nightmares still stab at my damn skull every damn night. then ther-“ His rant is cut off by the close breaking down of the front door, Undyne holding a phone to her fin-ear with Papyrus trailing behind her with increasing worry.

“You are DEAD-MEAT!!” she screams dropping the phone to lunge forward, pinning Sans’ upper half to the bar and looking deep at his sockets with a spear to his clavicle.

“UNDYNE PLEASE!” Papyrus calls desperate to calm the situation.

“What the HELL were you doing?! Thinking!? Obviously not if you just pulled this shit!" she barks as neither pay attention to the freely thrown curses around Papyrus. Papyrus can barely get between the two.

“i don’t need this criticism bull from you – i understand i fucked up so just back off!” Sans yells as the alcohol fuels his rage. Undyne rises and surges to the ceiling, gritting he jagged teeth as she fights the magical pull. Sans’ eye is nearly the size of his socket, a darker menacing blue hueing the yellow.

“SANS!!”

For a split second to hearing his brothers desperate voice Papyrus tackles his brother into a table, shielding himself over him and squeezing his intense brother close as they clatter to the ground.

“STOP- PLEASE BROTHER! CALM DOWN!” Papyrus begs. Undyne is freed from the grip and lands on the ground spitting mad but stands back as Papyrus plays peace-keeper. He slowly comes to the realization of his actions and how they likely affected his beloved brother as he pulls him closer and buries his face into the metallic armor.

“i…i-i…i-“ is the single repeating whisper Sans lets out. Undyne groans and stomps her foot in aggravation.

“Dammit!! Sorry Grillby, we can cover the damn costs just send the bill. Papyrus! You take him home I got his damn bike.” Undyne huffs taking up Sans’ motorcycle helmet and swinging open the door before shooting a defiant glare back. “You better be ready to talk when we get home. You aren’t getting out of this.” ,and she’s gone.

A few heavy moments choked with huffs of air and ambivalent tears. The emotional sleepless run Sans is suddenly partaking in is exhausting, and in Paps arms he would usually fall asleep. Those once stable and thrilled arms now shake with regret and concern.

“SANS…Brother…..Lets go home…” Papyrus suggests and instantly decides. He doesn’t put up a fight as his younger brother lifts him to cradle like a child sharing a brief glance at Grillby. “I’m
sorry for the trouble. Goodnight and be safe.” Grillby gives a assuring wave as Papyrus carries Sans to the car and seating him in the passenger side. Papyrus comes around and settles into the drivers seat, adjusting everything from what Undyne had before as Sans curls in on himself in self-disgust.

*Nothing is going to matter. Its over. I messed it up and there’s no going back……. he grits to himself, aggressively digging his phalanges into the back of his skull. Looking for anything he turns to meet the hard stare of his brother, the car still parked as the rain bounces off.*

“Sans please tell me what happened.” Papyrus’ calmer voice is never as calming as he thinks. It sets him off inside that he has to take such a unhappy tone ; and he was the cause of his brothers unhappiness.

“i-i…i just got……rattled.” he tries to play off, but Paps doesn’t budge.

“Alphys called. Jane had a broken nose and a serious bruise on her face. That’s all I could hear before Undyne began screaming in rage. What. Happened.” Papyrus presses with an assertion he’d never known was in his kind brother. He surrenders.

“i-i went to get her…scared her a bit by accident, joked about…….walked out of her room and…just v-vines. t-they were everywhere paps. i-it reminded me…of those damn dreams.” he explains, still keeping the secret of the resets from everyone he loved – playing them off as terrible dreams to, in some form, get them off his chest. Hoping it would at least ease his aching skull. Ashamed of his stupid actions, he crumbles in on himself accepting the fate before him as Papyrus starts the ignition.

“The ones where me or you or everyone get hurt?” he questions to which Sans can only give a shaky nod. “SANS. IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT! I, THE GREAT BROTHER PAPYRUS, WOULD NEVER ALLOW ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO YOU OR OUR FRIENDS. NEVER.” he repeats patting his brothers shoulder. Sans looks admirably at his oblivious sibling with a saddened pride. He would always be there for him, to reassure him that this time was different – that they’d escape that hell. With a genuine sibling smile and a return pat to his gloved hands Papyrus begins carefully maneuvering through the rain.

He takes great care on turns and speed due to the heavy rainfall and tries to make light conversation to fill the silence. He understands Sans holds secrets from him, and if that makes him happier then telling then he wont pry in his beloved brothers business. Both of them force a smile.

“BUT HONESTLY. YOU BOTH HAVE QUITE THE FLIGHT RESPONSE!”

“f-flight? bro…….she can’t fly. i can float but there’s a difference…unless she is part loon.” Sans pipes up trying to form some normalcy. Papyrus gives a disappointed groan of familiarity that fuels his need to test his patience.

“I HEARD IT’S A HUMAN SAYING. FIGHT OR FLIGHT RESPONSE. WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO IT YOU WOULD BOTH FLEE THOUGH, AND THAT IS NO WAY TO HANDLE SITUATIONS! OF COURSE, NEITHER IS FIGHTING! THERE SHOULD BE A FRIEND RESPONSE!!” Papyrus suggests with his old enthusiasm as he reaches a stoplight.

“i’m not sure i follow bro.”

“FROM WHAT ALPHYS HAD SAID THAT I COULD STILL HEAR, JANE HAD ATTEMPTED TO RUN AWAY HOME! IT WAS AWFUL – I WOULDN’T ALLOW IT WITH SUCH HEAVY RAIN!! SHE WOULD CATCH A COLD!” Papyrus tangents as Sans soaks in his
words. Bonding over similar needs to run away from troubling situations? Yeah. That would work wonders. How could you blame something that happened to you by…YOU? It was ludicrous stupidity; he knew the blame was his own. He now faced the consequences as Papyrus parked the car into the garage and they approached the front door. Papyrus doesn’t pick up on Sans’ hesitation, scooping his brother into one arm as he dangles awkwardly while Papyrus rushes him in.

“I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, HAVE CAPTURED MY BROTHER!” he plays as how he has done with Frisk. Sans accepts his fate before everyone is staring in the dining hall. The spread is sectioned out properly and the decorations have been removed; you and Frisk unattended for. Undyne is aggressively chowing down while Alphys doesn’t seem to know how to approach the sudden situation. Toriel and Asgore seem above this as Toriel motions them to their seats. He is set down by Papyrus and immediately reaches for the ketchup as Asgore passes him a warm beverage.

“I heard you were drinking.” he nudges towards Undyne as she gives a heated glare and redirects her mood with food. Sans gulps down the tea that suddenly leaves a terrible salty aftertaste. Sea Tea. It does wonders for the later grog in the morning, but Sans couldn’t hide anything as the Judge being questioned by the royal couple. There was no escape.

“We want to hear your side of the story before we go about this, Sans. We have heard Janes side.” Toriel comments crossing her hands onto the table as she puts full attention into listening.

“w-where…is-is she……okay?” he brings up first, more concerned for how you’re doing above his own situation.

“She will be fine. We gave her proper healing and her and Frisk already went to bed. I’m still awaiting your side so we can put this behind us and move on.” Toriel replies. Her and Asgore share an agreeing glance over the matters before returning it to the guilty party.

“i went up to get her. spooked her on accident and we made jokes and what-not. walked out and……flowey was there. v-vines……vines were g-grabbin’ and squirming through me. i had a flashback and…i lost control. it wasn’t intentional.” he answers and immediately defends but Asgore calms him down by handing the shaky skull his ketchup bottle. He takes a hearty swig and awaits his punishment.

“So just apologize.” Asgore decides much to the shock of Sans and Undyne. Toriel nods in agreement with his final decision.

“After all he did you want him to just say sorry?! He broke her nose! Not to mention ruining the surprise dinner!” Undyne relays as each disaster he has committed spears him emotionally.

“I don’t understand why i’m getting off that easy either…” he agrees, asking for a harsher punishment. Asgore shakes his head in denial.

“It was a mutual accident. Jane had planned to prank you back for the scare so she coaxed her plant familiar to lunge out. On realization you were in distress she didn’t hesitate to retrieve you from its grasp and you are seemingly alright but a tad shaken. She is to blame for the start of this, but she wasn’t aware of your issues. You had been mortified and struck back in unconscious fear which she mistook for hatred. An mutual accident of misunderstandings. Because its mutual, a mutual apology should suffice and she seemed more then apologetic. So yes – just apologize.” Asgore restates taking the stunned silence to scoop corn onto his plate. The rest of the table agonizes over the punishment but relinquishes thoughts to silently eat dinner. Sans can hardly find an appetite but Papyrus urges him on. Alphys speaks out about whether to attend work or continue online involvement to their current project, but Sans is lost in thought the rest of the meal.
Returning his plate to the sink as Toriel gets to cleaning, everyone prepares for bed as he departs to take care of business.

“im gonna apologize.” he states walking out of the kitchen as Toriel holds him up.

“She is likely asleep. Apologize in the morning – you don’t work until 4, right?” Toriel tries to convince him to wait on his approach but he just gives an unsure shrug in defiance.

“if i wait, i might not have the guts to pull it off.” he replies, Tori’s grin stretching as she conceals a tiny giggle.

“You never have guts.”

“exactly. this is as close as i’m gonna get.” he sterns as he slips through a rift in front of your door. Breathing a needed forced air, wiping the worried sweat off his bones he snatches the doorknob and immediately hesitates.

tink tink tink tink
tink tink tink tink

He silently raps a single phalange against the wood, recalling the disdain for sudden appearances. Without word he knocks again for good measure before swallowing his lazy pride and opening the door.

The scene before him could only be considered precious.

You are curled up with Frisk clutching into your stomach, an arm enveloping around him as he nuzzles closer. Flowey’s pot is tilted between the two pillows, his flower head resting in your hair as he angrily sneezes out strands in his face in the midst of deep sleep. You’ve ensured Frisk was covered in a fluffy blanket as it merely touches your legs. Trudging in quietly he couldn’t feel worse. After everything that happened what felt like an hour ago you appeared so peaceful. A hardly audible hiss emits from the corner as Louis and Seymour linger on the sidelines.

Something in his stupid skull drives him to test a theory. He approaches cautiously as they relent to his advancement. He was testing their hostility. They appear suffering and retreat back further into the corner. He beckons towards them as if testing their acceptance. Noticeably wary but not unwarranted. Coming under a foot from the pot he strokes the stem delicately as the smaller head reverberates sound similar to a gargled purr. The bigger of the two, Seymour, wanders closer to his sweating skull. Before he can question his motives his world goes black.

Dark but not darker. Moist even. He feels weightless. Adjusting to the darkened surroundings comes the realization Seymour chomped down on his skull. A sweat waterfall forms over his entire skull as he struggles to pry apart the maw. Recalling Alphys’ experience he forces himself to still and calm down.

“let go.” he carefully demands. Seymour complies after a though dropping the sticky skeleton onto his feet as his shirt begins to deteriorate thanks to the acidic saliva. Stripping off his precious jacket to secure its safety he gives a growl and troubled gaze at them. Their jaws gyrate hypnotically as more inaudible sounds flow from the smaller. With another disapproving glance the bite seems more affectionate then aggressive. Wiping off residue onto his less important pants he strolls back to the bedside overviewing your entwined forms. A reflection pierces his gaze as he wiggles the picture frame from the desk that’s settled beside Flowey. Reviewing it one last time he gives in as he adjusts the blanket to your shoulders to share in the warmth.

Giving a detailed glance, Tori had done wonders with your cheek hardly resembling a bruise and
the blood seemed non-existent. Wiping stray strands of hair from your face he finally gets a feel at the plushness of your cheeks. Like the dough he’d kneaded from before, it gave a squishy texture that was soft but warmer and growing as you inhaled and exhaled peacefully. He stood there for what felt like hours just cautiously letting his bones cup the heated flesh. Though not as soft as Frisks child cheeks, they were unique and the hardly existing smell added to his slight intoxication that encouraged him to hold his ground. Looking down at your sleeping figure combined with the kids lidded his sockets as he watched the sweet embrace cuddle for warmth. Tucking you both in he wipes a few strands of flimsy hair from your faces.

“g’night kiddo. g’night smalls…” he whispers, caressing both heads before retreating quietly to the door.

“Good…..Nigh’….” echoed a sleepy whisper. He refused to look back as he reached the outside, closing the door to a crack before giving a final look to the calm heaving of both chests beneath the sheets. He clicks his teeth.

“…i’m sorry Jane.”

Chapter End Notes

Seymour is too precious to hate, even if he is disintegrating your flesh and clothes - He does it because he loves you <3

Please leave some comments because I love hearing what you guys think and where this could go. Don’t hesitate to question me up on the Tumblr Site. I try to keep it updated as much as possible.
Not Your Day

Chapter Summary

Jane has a not so good, very sad, unequally bad day.

Chapter Notes

God damn im sorry for the delay. Family shit :P
However. Lookit. Lookit. 15,500+ words....15....15000!! I was up til 3 A.M - 15,000
WORDS. -drops mic- goodnight.

Hey, hey. This gets sung like...WAY later.
Hey, hey. I has a Tumblr. I try to make it Nice and Updated...Try. Q_Q'

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You’re roused the next morning by quick yet sneaky movement underneath your blankets and
exhausted groans that suddenly pitter-patter against the floor before trying to silently shut the door.
Regretting the next action, you peel open your tear crusted eyes to glaze a glance towards the
clock. 8:30. Toriel can be heard ushering goodbyes with someone else as the door shuts. Right ;
Monday – School day. Grumbling light curses you kneed back under the covers much to the aware
disapproval of your babies. Their guttural hums help drift you back into a comatose-like sleep.

The bright splash of sunlight breaching the curtains and glass balcony door denies your bed stay as
you stretch and accept the morning. 10:49 – Good enough. The first thing on your morning to-do
list is hit the shower as you gather your bathroom supplies and wander in. Alphys had minorly
discussed that only you and Frisk would really use the upstairs bathroom and would both have a
personal cabinet for cleaning supplies ; it took you a few moments to figure out she wasn’t talking
about house cleaning but personal cleaning like soaps and shampoos. Wandering in you situate
yourself to open and sparkling lavatory before locking the door for privacy. Stripping from the
clothing layer you locate your shelf and begin shoving antidepressant and pain medications into
secrecy. Glancing in the mirror with your morning scar ritual the surgery scar was evolving ugly
healing shades of bruises and was tender but was closing in quicker then anticipated. Relieving
your thoughts with a sigh, you gingerly count your vertebrae before stepping into the blissful
shower.

The soothing heat washing over your skin is sleep inducing – all the gross sweat and dirt likely
accumulated from yesterdays moving process still stuck like a protective layer. Scraping your skin
and lathering in suds, creeping out of the shower to the fogged bathroom. In your new and smaller
surroundings you end up stubbing your toe into the base of the toilet, and when bending down to
rub it impatiently clock your head on the sink counter. This just isn’t your day…Brushing your hair
and teeth followed by intense blow drying. Tightly wrapping your body in the dark towel you peek
out of the doorway incase anyone still lingers in the household. Nothing the coast being clear, you
dive into your room before shutting the door with relief as you wander over to the dresser and
change. A tickle at our ankle causes a slight surprise.
“Aw c’mon guys. Not right now – I don’t have any panties on!” you grumble, swatting away Seymour and Louis as a vine twitches hesitantly around seeking a solid grip. Slipping on underwear and dark blue jeans you rummage about for a worthy shirt, perplexing on the choice over the beautiful weather. Today was perfect…almost.

Finally deciding on a sports tank you draw it free but succumb to unthrilling thoughts. After that huge misunderstanding or whatever with Sans yesterday, everything was probably going to be gut-wrenchingly awkward between you both. Everything you did seemed to put him on edge; give him reasons to dislike or distrust you from the very beginning. A clumsy gore freak human scum who just suddenly moved in upstairs with a giant mutated carnivorous plant and had scrapped leeches off his extremely loved and close brother with a kitchen knife. You were just peachy after your self-review. Not to mention he’s apparently plagued with knowledge of your past and thought you turned out swell; turning to gore and death acceptance for the past gore and death! Fucking brilliance!

Begrudgingly slamming your forehead against the dresser doesn’t assist with the previous bruise forming from the bathroom. Peering closer towards your face you note the overall healing of your cheeks previous abuse; light discoloring and a tinge of red. Healing magic seemed like a monster miracle. Could they cure diseases? Resurrect a comatose victim? Even…fix souls? Clutching close to your chest you recall the broken soul the resides deep within you.

Nothing could fix you. Not even magic.

You lock away your thoughts with a refusal to ask such scientific questions upon your newfound residing friend family and shimmy on the tank before the echo of a voice too familiar rings through the windows. Louis shys away from the window as you open the balcony door and peer out over a comedic scene.

Papyrus and Asgore are having a kind argument about the pool depth. The warmer temperature has Asgore actually shirtless and you pity the poor man if not for a clear fuzzy ab set glistened with hard-worked sweat. It definitely wasn’t a sexual stare – more along the lines of ‘Oh god another hairy muscle-man. Perfect.’ stare. Uncle Dante still held the record for hairiest muscle man you knew on the planet earth, though since Asgore was a monster he got his own category – he was naturally furry. Papyrus isn’t in his metallic armor-like clothing and has opted for a spaghetti t-shirt and rumpled up cargo pants, giant athletic sneakers covering his skeletal feet. You hadn’t seen either of the brothers feet yet. Curious.

Leaning against the fence proves incorrect as it gives an unsteady creak in retaliation. Looking to the edges, it hasn’t been properly screwed in. A matter that didn’t concern you now as you loomed over the heated discussion before another figure joined in the bowl of the pool.

Sans.

Immediate recognition shies you away from immediate view. Squatting on the balcony in internal shame, you scooch unsurely over to the edge to reglance. His signature smile and lazy sockets are on as he has also peeled off the blue jacket, opting for a generic white t-shirt instead that is clearly soaked in sweat. Dude seems to have excessive sweat problems as the beads are clearly visible on his skull from your eagle-eye view on the third floor.

“Sans, please settle this debate: should the shallow end be three or four feet?” Asgore begs trying to wipe the sweat from his beard and mane. The heat really got intense here as cicadas chirped freely in the lost woods.

“I STILL SAY IT SHOULD BE FIVE FEET YOUR MAJESTY! NOT THAT I AM OPPOSED
OR DENYING THE OTHER OPTIONS BUT IT SEEMS INCREDIBLY DIFFICULT TO DO THIS ‘SWIMMING’ WHEN IT ONLY REACHES YOUR HIPS!” Papyrus kindly argues, settling both hands with a clack against his pelvis.

“I can understand your concerns Papyrus, but that’s the point of a shallow area ; for wading and relaxation that isn’t swimming.”

“I THOUGHT THAT’S WHAT THE WADING AREA WAS FOR!” he retorts confused by human logic. You stifle a giggle at the confused skeletons innocence.

“That is true but that area is for Frisk ; Tori fears his safety and asked for a separate very shallow area just incase. This shallow area is supposed to be the start to ease down into the 15 feet connected directly to it, making descent easier. Gives it more of a flow.”

“yap paps. gotta find that balance.” Sans chimes in, chuckling inwardly as Papyrus glares him down.

“WAS THAT A PUN?”

“no! no no paps, what do you take me for? how could i-what-why i never!” Sans faked offense as he turns and tries to contain his giggles. Papyrus buys it and continues his debate with the king. The phone starts to chime in and Sans takes it upon himself to go fetch it. Atleast, you assume. When you’d heard it you glanced back in consideration of fetching it, but the boys were closer and then re-evaluated your thought to inform them. Sans, however, had vanished from the base of the pool. God, he was faster then lightning when he wanted for being so scrawny and well……round? Wide? How do you call a skeleton big or large if he is small in stature and has no fat on his bones in the first place? While swimming in your inner questions, Sans emerges back into view.

“yo asgore. hate t’ break it to ya but tori just called – brat got detention again.” he mutters, pointing back to the inside. Papyrus and Asgore grumble but Papyrus looks sad in a sense. Frisk – in detention? And Sans calling him a brat?! Nuh-uh.

“Frisk got detention?” you ask, leaning closer to the fence as the men glance up to your existence. Blew your cover. Fuck.

“Ah, good morning Jane…or is it afternoon?” Asgore calls, looking about for a watch. Turning about to glance at the clock yourself you read its nearly noon.

“Ah, well. Its almost noon but since its not I will take a good morning and feel proud that I woke up so early I guess!” you reply, trying to fix a smile on your face but avoiding eye-contact with Sans seems to be harder then you imagined.

“GOOD MORNING JANE!! IM SORRY WE LET YOU SLEEP SO LATE – I TRIED TO WAKE YOU BUT I RECONSIDERED SINCE IT IS YOUR FIRST DAY AND YESTERDAY WAS PROBABLY EXHAUSTING FOR YOU!!” Papyrus concedes, giving a strained smile. He must really love waking people bright and early – you can see it now.

“That’s fine Papyrus. I sleep like the dead anyway. My bed might as well be my coffin.” you giggle, coughing in conclusion. The coughs jerk your vision down to a little vine worming at your foot. Growling you kick it away gingerly shooting a glare back inside. “But Frisk got detention?” you retry.

“eehhh no. flowey.” Sans replies, keeping it nice and short. He is avoiding your eyesight as well. Mutual awkwardness…
“Didn’t know Flowey went to school. Feel bad keeping him secret back at the hospital – sorry I didn’t keep in touch.”

“Oh no dear, its fine. Him getting detention is normal at this rate but he is getting…better.” Asgore admits, a tired sigh as he rubs his temples. The persistent vine is reaching towards your ankle again so you step closer to the guard-rail.

“Anyone else home, or did I interrupt man day?” you ask with sudden concern you shouldn’t be here.


“So should I scram?” you imply by pointing back towards the drive-way which seems to send Papyrus into a concerned craze.

“Oh OH NO PLEASE DON’T RUN-AWAY AGAIN! WE WANT YOU TO STAY!” he calls. There is a hint of pain in his voice.

Mulling over the amount of worry you’ve likely caused the pitiable monster you feel the urge to correct and ease his worries.

“Oh no Papyrus I just meant leave the house, not permanently! I meant to give you guys a…well a guy day or something. You seem pretty focused.” you reword as the skeletons tensed features visibly melt into a grateful relieved smile that is soon taken over with spirit.

“IF THAT IS THE CASE, THEN YOU NEEDN’T LEAVE! WE ARE WORKING ON INSTALLING THE REST OF THE TILES!! IN THE MEANTIME I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, CAN WHIP YOU UP SOME BREAKFAST SPAGHETTI!” he echoes, distant birds dismaying at the heightened volume of the Great Papyrus. The thought of spaghetti is pleasant but not fit for the morning – not to offend Papyrus’ efforts of course.

“Thanks but I think I will just grab some cereal when I’m ready Papyrus. I ain’t coming down just yet. Going to stew in here a little longer before the heat finally hits me.” you grumble, fanning your face. The heat is a nightmare; breathing in the hot air is even more-so. Papyrus agrees to your cereal escape as he focuses and returning his conversation with Asgore regarding the pool. Sans sidles up to nearly below the balcony looking up.

Its another awkward silence that the cicadas chirp into to drone it out longer. You can’t take it anymore.

“about yesterday-“ “I’m sorry.”

You both catch each other into another concerning pause but its much shorter and Sans speaks alone.

“why you apologizin’? is…is my fault you ended up……im sorry, okay?” he corrects, trying to use complex explanation for such a simple thing he doesn’t even need to do. Why was he apologizing? Everything happened because of you.

“You have nothing to apologize for. Its my fault you even reacted because I was just trying to get stupid revenge.” you reply while leaning closer to the fence as the persisting vines creep up your ankle. Its not unpleasant but damn if it isn’t getting annoying.
“you wouldn’t of reacted if i hadn’t snuck in your room.”

“You wouldn’t of snuck in my room if I had properly taken the time to make a sign or something to knock.”

“then its my fault for not knocking.”

“Its my fault for not letting you know before hand to knock.”

“im sorry, i thought it was common knowledge gentleman knock.”

“Well I guess your not a gentleman when it comes to doors!”

“why are you trying to defend my actions? i’m accepting the blame!”

“I take full responsibility. I will fight you.”

How did a simple apology turn into a possible duel/tussle? Sans gives a hearty laugh in reply as you ball little fists and start jabbing motions at thin air.

“ya. sure. i’m no fighter but even i know i could take ya.” he admits as he lazily rummages his hands back into his pockets.

“I will take this fist and I’ll sock-et into your face!” you warn, a big grin of pride swelling over you.

“heheh. throw me a bone ; some mercy?” he begs as he attempts to wave his t-shirt sleeve as a white flag. It gets a giggle out of you as you lean backwards to conceal a snort. A happy fulfillment washes over you. This isn’t completely fucked up! Stumbling back to the balcony he still has that childish smug face as he watches you from below.

“so you planning on coming down, or do i need to send someone up?” he warns.

“I’m admiring this situation.” you reply, him arching a socket in question. You instantly continue.

“This is totally like Rapunzel or Romeo and Juliet……I’m guessing from your face you have no clue who or what Rapunzel and Romoe and Juliet is, do you?” as he gives you a solid ‘no’ you explain.

“Well, Rapunzel is a tale of a child born cursed. A mother and father took an enchantresses flowers to heal the ailing mother. The enchantress allowed it at the cost of taking their child who she named Rapunzel. She locked Rapunzel away for herself into a tall inescapable tower : no doors, no stairs, nothing but a window to gaze over the lands. Over time her long beautiful hair grew and grew and the enchantress used her hair as a means of going up and down from the tower to care for her secret. “ You tale. Sans is keenly awaiting the rest, and even Papyrus has chimed in as Asgore retreats further into the empty pool.

“Well one day the kings son rides by and is soothed by Rapunzels voice. He follows it and catches the enchantress, Gothel, as she ascends her hair. After Gothel leaves, the prince tries it as well and meets Rapunzel. They almost instantly fall in love with each other and the prince seeks to take Rapunzel from her miserable tower. She asks him to bring her silks to spin into a ladder so she too can escape the tower. With that, the prince leaves and visits carefully with a new piece of silk everyday.”

“One day, though, Rapunzel lets it slip that she has been seeing the prince to Gothel who is
enraged by her betrayal. Taking up her beautiful hair, she snips it all off and banishes her to the wilderness to fend for herself. Seeking vengeance on the prince, Gothel wraps the hair into her own and drops the dead locks as the prince arrives. Coming to the top to find Gothel, she spits at how Rapunzel has been banished and he will never see her again. In deep sorrow, the prince flings himself from the window and blinds himself in the thorns below. The prince is blinded, Rapunzel is lost to the wilds, and I like the ending where Gothel releases the hair that falls out the window and she is trapped and starves inside her own creation…” You ramble self-consciously as Papyrus looks on in horror.

“That’s the ending?! That’s—that’s so sad……” Papyrus ponders much to the dismay of Sans. He looks miserable. You think of the happier ending on the fly, recalling the remade kids version.

“Ah it wasn’t the ending!!” you call, trying to recall a happier ending.

“Umm…Well the prince wandered the wilds blindly in search of Rapunzel. Suddenly he heard her soothing voice as she cried out for his return. Following her voice, he made it back to her with a heavy joyous heart. The flower that Rapunzel’s mother had eaten was magical; it contained healing abilities. Using the power of her voice as the key to unlocking its potential, she healed the prince’s eyes so that they could gaze upon her once more. They refused to return to the kingdom, accepting the wilds as their new home to live in peace. And they lived happily ever after… The End.” you sigh as you force a happy smile. This has obviously pleased Papyrus bounds as he gives a tiny round of applause.

“That was a lovely story! I, the great Papyrus, think it was wonderful! Of course it could use more action and puzzles…” Papyrus contemplates. Sans gives a little lazy clap.

“and this romeo and juliet?” he asks. Fuck why had you mentioned it? You cant think of a kind version to Romeo and Juliet!! Not that fast! Ooohhh Papyrus is looking with little stars in his sockets…how are they so noticeable from so far away. Sighing, you give up. A tragedy is a tragedy for a reason.

“Romeo and Juliet are from opposing homes; their families hate each other and completely disapprove of any relation. Romeo and Juliet meet and fall for each other, despite their families ways and warnings. They secretly marry but Romeo accidentally kills Juliets cousin in a duel and is banished from the kingdom and Juliet. A famous scene from that is Romeo coming to the balcony of Juliet and them professing their love: willing to give their names and families to be with one another.” you report as Sans and Papyrus look slightly bashful at the location of Romeo to your Juliet.

“Anyway, Juliets parents try to have her marry another man. She refuses because she is secretly married but accepts none-the-less with a cunning plan.” your attempt to smile is apparently believable.

“With the help of a friend, Juliet is given a sleeping potion to make her seem dead. They believe it and put her to a tomb and coffin. Romeo returns and finds the love of his life but isn’t aware that she is merely sleeping and not truly dead as he believes. In sudden grief, he stabs himself through the heart. Later, Juliet finally awakens to find Romeo dead and drinks a deadly poison to follow him…” You try to draw on the ending with quick thinking, the ever mood-swinging Papyrus giving a tear-filled socket ready to cry at the tragedy. Should you even sugar coat this? It’s a well known tragedy – TRAGEDY. You decide against it and pray it won’t come back to bite you in the ass in the form of Sans’ disapproval.
“The end…”


“U-Uh well Papyrus there are a bunch of options…Um…Well we can get buried, decomposed, used as fertilizer…i-incinerated…” you list off to the obvious horror of the brothers.

“FERTILIZER?! “incinerated?! “WHATS BURIED?” the barrage of uncomfortable questions does NOT help the weighing stress and the climbing vine. Asgore finally steps in much to your relief.

“Humans over the years have certainly discovered different ways to, how you say……dispose of the remains.” Asgore bites with clear disapproval. You can’t completely understand but begin more explanations never-the-less.

“Well, burying someone is just putting them into a coffin and putting them in the ground with a funeral and its sad…decomposing and fertilization are newer things – they use your remains as plant food so with the last of your life you can give something else new life as it feeds off the bodies natural nutrients……incineration…is just incineration – they burn the bodies. I can’t dance around that, they kiln the bodies until they are ashes and put the remains into an urn or sprinkle them free…….Look humans are weird!” you finish, suddenly very uncomfortable with the progression. From an apology, to a fight, to sad story time, to gross ways to mourn the dead. Fabulous morning aside from the miserable skeleton below. Sensing the discomfort Sans has Asgore drag Papyrus away before glaring back up.

“what the hell?” he growls, careful to not speak up to alarm Papyrus. Asgore is cheering him up with the final decision to make the shallow end four feet. Score.

“Im sorry! It slipped with the whole tragedy stories and-and the death jokes!!” you cry back, sudden shame and embarrassment sweeping over you. Leaning against the guard rail it gives a disapproving squeak but the stress straining into a minor headache also assisted by the heat is taking priority.

“are all human stories that depressing?”

“No! I mean yes, but Disney is good at remaking them- I mean- AGH. If you don’t want depression, go to Disney.” you conclude as you massage your temples. The rising vine finally snaps your patience. “ You two I swear to GOD, if you crawl up any further into my pants I will have real problems. It will involve weed killer!” you threaten as they understand absolutely nothing.  Sans lets out a deep laugh from below.

“they rooting you in your room?” he asks, giving a playful wink.

“Haha, very puny.” Leaning backwards you press against the guard rail. It doesn’t approve of this action and gives way.

“Jane!!” comes a voice, but the wrapping metal and scratching for gravity cuts you off. There’s a tight tug at your leg that bounces you upwards contacting your fore-head into something structural as you become dazed temporarily, concerned screams echoing below. Shaking it off, blood slowly begins to rush woozily into your skull as you get an upside view of the outlaying forest.

*Today just isn’t your fucking day.*
Wriggling around results in muscle aches as the vine holding you up from your leg continues to constrict you as you dangle a few feet from the ledge. Taking notes on the vine length capabilities and strengths are the first thing to come to mind and then are thrown to the side considering how messed up your situation is.

“JANE!!” Papyrus cries out as you stare directly down. Both brothers stand below, Papyrus frantically flailing to try and catch your fall at any second. The quick draining of blood is increasing the heaviness of the headache as your head seems to form a boulder in weight. Managing a tiny wave is about the extent it can handle.

“I would say what’s up…but I can’t tell where that is, so what’s down?” you plead trying to wriggle about for any ground. Nadda.

“HOLD ON JANE!! YOU’RE GOING TO BE ALRIGHT!” Papyrus ensures. There’s a different feel to his concentration and movement no matter how frantic and strained it is. It seems… prepared. His lazy-bones brother hasn’t even offered to extend his arms from his pockets and still has that smug grin on his jaw.

“downs down here small fry. paps - go help asgore, will ya? I got down here no problem.” Sans vows as Papyrus immediately agrees and flies into the house. “can’t just ask ‘em to drag you up?” he plays, a condescending smirk pinching his cheekbones. You huff in retaliation.

“Oh sure! Lets see you try and teach a mutated carnivorous plant commands! I don’t even know if they have a brain! Ails they bloody know is their names, Open and LET GO!!” you scream in aggravation for someone trying to tell you how to train your plants. The immediate realization that you screamed your last words and they had actually listened this one damn time hits you before you can take it back. Yet, how would you take it back in the first place?

The vine unwinds from your ankle in merely a second and you’re left falling to the hard concrete side of the pool. A yell from above (below?) echoes out as you brace for impact. A strong wide reach envelops your body and accepts the gravitational pull and weight instantly and disperses the falling feeling to one of carrying and holding close. In surprise you jolt upward, causing your face to connect with something hard as you clutch to the source for support.

Today is REALLY not your fucking day.

Coming down from the adrenaline and shock you make out the white smooth face that only belongs to Sans and he hasn’t missed a beat. His phalanges shift a bit and a slight blue crosses his face. Regaining more senses in the few close seconds you discover why – his hands had latched to the first surface touched to ease your fall and thusly cupped dangerously close to your breast and the firmer of the two held your upper thigh.

With this realization you quietly squirm as he hurries to stand you up properly, grabbing your shoulders to steady your new sense of gravity as heavy set of footsteps pound through the house in your general direction from upstairs.

“look – got you down without needing silk or marriage.” he jokes about as he finally releases you from his clutches since the fall. Its minorly saddening - a radiated heat seemed to aura his hands and it soothed muscles and bones ; he could be a massage therapist or something. In reply to him you give him a pat on the shoulder before bending down to rebalance yourself and your positively thrown stomach that approved nothing of that trip, clutching your knees for support to cease connecting your face with anything else. “you okay?” he questions.

“Im good. Little tossed. Salad might come up.” you attempt to play at, but the stomach doesn’t
play around. In the next moment you’re swept from the ground yet again into a squeezing embrace of bones and ribs.

“JANE ARE YOU ALRIGHT?! ME AND ASGORE WERE HAVING DIFFICULTY MANEUVERING PAST YOUR PET AND IT SUDDENLY BROUGHT ITS VINES BACK INSIDE. PLEASE REFRAIN FROM SCARING US SO!” he squeals as he mushes you further into his bones. Your gut is wrenching from the swaying Papyrus includes with his crushing embrace as you pat his shoulder for a time-out.

“Oh god Pa-Mercy…Mercy – my gut.” you beg as you push down the churning feeling. Papyrus took immediate notice as he flings you back to your feet in another uncomfortable lurch.

“IM SORRY! ARE YOU ALRIGHT NOW?” he begs, squatting low and hooking his lengthy arms around his knees for support. The younger brother is atlast shorter then the elder as he clutches close to himself for lowered balance.

“Im fine…just uh, keeping my stomach in.” you breathe, steadying against the your center of balance as you give the scared skele a quaint thumbs up. It proves to be enough as he returns to his staggering height with a sense of pride.

“SANS! IM VERY PROUD YOU WERE CAPABLE OF CATCHING THE TINY HUMAN JANE – YOU MIGHT NOT BE AS LAZY AS I, THE GREAT BROTHER PAPYRUS, HAVE BELIEVED ALL THESE YEARS!” he compliments as he pats a mitt to his brothers skull. He never seemed to remove those mittens, even in this blistering heat. Asgore, who had taken much more time to descend the many stairs, finally makes his way back outside – a fluff ball of muscle.

“aww paps. glad you don’t see me as a-“ he begins, his smile getting wider with each word before quickly having Papyrus’ mitten shoved over his jaw.

“BROTHER, DO NOT FINISH THAT SENTENCE.” Papyrus carefully warns before removing his mitten and returning into the pool.

“……..numb-skull.” he whispers as you are unable to contain the tiny giggled snort. It grows into full-blown laughter as Papyrus yanks himself immediately from the pool and chases Sans into the house. He could run decently fast for his short legs, but Papyrus had a clear stride advantage nonetheless.

“SAAANSSSSSS!!” and other nicknames are thrown angrily throughout the house with a boisterous deep laugh that only belonged to one skeleton.

“Are you alright? That was quite a terrifying experience I must say.” Asgore reminds, soothing circles into your back with a giant paw. He doesn’t know so you pretend it is soothing from the extremely minimal that actually comes through.

“Ya. It was all an accident. Gonna have to fix that…” you grumble, pointing up to the balcony.

“I’m so sorry it was even a hazard in the first place.” he sighs as you both shamble to the pools edge.

“Its alright – accidents happen, and I wasn’t really hurt.” you reply giving him a pat. You regret it instantly as the majority of his fur is dewed in sweat. “Are you going to overheat? Do you guys not shed any of your fur?” you question.

“We can shed but in the Underworld there was no real changing of weather or warmth so it eventually ceased the natural cycle. It hasn’t adapted to the surfaces cycle just yet.” he replies as he
settles back into the pool and heading towards the bottom. You contemplate how awful the cave like structure must have been.

“What was it like – the underground? If you don’t mind me, you know, prying…” you cautiously ask, deflating in mood at the thought of them being trapped down there so long.

“It was home. Our home. But a home we didn’t ask for. It had its wonders : Snowdin was always having snow storms despite the sky, Waterfall had beautiful luminescent plant life and water, even gem stones that shone similar to the stars but no longer compare to the night sky.” he reminisces as he tells of his old home. You can tell just from how he speaks of the surface he wouldn’t give this up. Something about it is relaxing as Papyrus returns back outside.

But he is a truly comedic sight to behold. He caught Sans.

He didn’t have a prayer against the stride and energy advantage Papyrus had but you weren’t expecting him to carry him under his arm. Yet there he is – Sans is nowhere near the ground while Papyrus has an arm fully hooked around his back, his hand encircling the brother in a hold at his side looking rather relaxed and allowing. You cannot deny the fit of giggles you suppress as Papyrus strides over, Sans giving a pleasant yawn and grumble.

“aw c’mon paps. i said i was sorry.” Sans jokingly begs, a blue tint of embarrassment swelling as he takes notice of you laughing at his predicament.

“YES, AND THEN YOU FOLLOWED THAT WITH A BARRAGE OF DISTASTEFUL PUNS!!”

“but paps, i’m just tryin’ to poke at yer funny bone.” he plays as Papyrus groans and runs another mitten covered hand over his face in detest. A hint of a smile pokes at his sharpened cheekbones.

“Papyrus, is he picking on you?” you giggle trying to look sad for the poor Papyrus.

“IM SORRY JANE! HE IS ALWAYS LIKE THIS.”

“hey, paps…knock knock.” Sans starts up a knock knock joke to the immediate displeasure of Papyrus.

“NO.”

“knock knock.” he retries in a tiny plead. The younger brother gives in with a dead sigh.

“WHOS THERE.”

“boo.”

“BOO WHO?” as the words slip out Sans’ grin grows in joy.

“aw paps don’t cry bro. its alright.” Sans chuckles as you resign to laughter as well. Papyrus is fuming, his skull reddening with rage. He slips Sans from his underarm and holds both his shoulders tightly as he hands in the air.

“KNOCK. KNOCK.” Papyrus growls to the surprise of Sans.

“w-whos there?” he tries to play it cool, but his internal chuckles aren’t contained well as his skull shivers in delight.

“ICE CREAM.”
“I-SCREAM IF YOU MAKE ANYMORE OF THESE WRETCHED JOKES!!!” Papyrus screeches as he flails his brothers body wildly shaking and rattling his inner bones. Sans is accepting the wild wriggling as he succumbs to hearty laughter. You join in as you watch Sans’ tiny frame finally get set down, him immediately keeling over onto the rough stone as Papyrus huffs aggressively and flings into the pool to assist Asgore. Regaining some composure he sidles over to where you are, draping his legs off the end of the pool. You want to test his patience as you begin a terrible classic.

“Knock knock.” you beg, Sans’ sockets twinkling with delight as he settles his energy to return a lazy expression of understanding.

“whos there?”

“Banana”

“banana who?”

“Knock knock.” You restart, clear confusion writhing over his face as he thinks about it. Your cheeks swell with the smile as you withhold your stupid joy.

“w-whos there?” he questions, trying to understand.

“B-Banana” you hesitate trying to stifle back glee.

“banana who?”

“….Knock knock.” He gives a disapproving groan.

“do you not understand how knock knocks work?” he questions genuinely as he looks at you with disbelief, a stumped smile somewhat turning neutral.

“Knock knock.” you beg, clamping a hand over your mouth to somehow seal with little chuckles. With a disapproving groan he complies to your ‘game’.

“whos there?”

“Orange.”

“b-orange who?” he catches his word quickly, a glint of hope in his sockets.

“Orange you glad I didn’t say banana?” you raise your eyebrows as the smile puffs your cheeks into your eyesight. His stare is black as he suddenly sits up, making his way into the pool.

“no. nope. nope. nuh-uh. i’m out.” he lazily waves as you finally get a reaction besides his shit-grin. It was completely worth it.

You scramble inside silently and prepare brunch to the later dismay of Papyrus (because you used eggs instead of having cereal. May he never know…) and spend the afternoon relaxing outside with he boys, telling terrible jokes to Papyrus’ dismay, giving tips on the pool, and so forth. Three o’clock hits pretty fast and you decide to prepare some lemonade for their hard work in this blistering heat. Returning outside with the iced drinks you get grateful sighs from everyone.

“Thank you very much Jane……how is it coming?” Asgore asks as he accepts a drink while he stands in the shallower end. You start walking around the edge to hand one to Sans but he already
has one…strange.

“Its looking really good Asgore. I still cant believe how deep it will go. Not that its bad, but usually its 8-10 feet deep – I can understand why you would need it wider and deeper though.” you confess, imagining Undyne jetting through the water excitedly while pretending to fight underwater demons. You make your way to the deeper end where Papyrus finally notices you with delight, “Papyrus you want some lemonade?”

“OH YES. I WANT TO SEE IF I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, CAN SCALE THIS WALL – WOULD YOU LEND ME A SUPPORTIVE HAND? NOT THAT ITS NECESSARY, BUT SAFETY COMES FIRST!!” Papyrus prides in his abilities. You question if this is safe but the tall energetic skeleton seems capable with a minor running start and Sans hasn’t mentioned anything disapproving so you allow it. Safety first would be to just go around but you don’t want to ruin his fun. Using a rod indented into the ground to mark where the elevated diving board will go, you hook around it tightly and extend your arm as far as possible. Papyrus takes a few extra generous steps back before a harsh sprint that is over within a few seconds results in him scaling the wall. Not far enough unfortunately but luckily your hand is there to grab his.

Grasping his boney arm in your hand you give a harsh yank, pulling him up with you. He is surprisingly light as you lurch back from the excessive force you thought was necessary to heft him up. Resting upwards into a sit, Papyrus continues to grasp at your arm upper arm with a slight tickling squeeze.

“Papyrus that tickles.” you giggle as his hand continues to squish your upper arm.

“SORRY!” he echoes. Echoes? It comes from the bottom of the pool, as you crawl forward to gaze down…Papyrus is…at the bottom of the pool. He has landed on his butt and Sans is helping him up. Another faint squeeze occurs as you look towards the source.

Its Papyrus. Well – Papyrus’ arm. Not attached to anything, just dangling there as his hand continues to squeeze onto your upper arm. Your internal screams are held inside as you gaze at the disconnected limb in horror. It was to be expected – they are merely skeletons with magic holding them together ; surely they fell apart too. It wasn’t making you feel better though that Papyrus seemed to have control over his disembodied arm as it continued to clutch you.

“Arm. Arm. Papyrus your arm. YOUR ARM!!” your words finally catch up to you as you pry his arm in amazement and fear off you. If it weren’t still moving and alive you would likely study it but the fact is your holding your innocent skeleton friends living arm in your hands while he just looks on.

“YES YES IM SORRY! THAT HAPPENS SOMETIMES!!” he calls, finally taking the long way out of the pool to collect his limb. Snatching it from your grasp he nonchalantly brings it close to his acromion bone where it snaps magically back into place. In amazement he swings it around a few times for comfort before being pleased and picking up the priorly mentioned lemonade.

“Did that hurt? Did I hurt you? Oh my god Papyrus that’s not something that should normally happen. Oh gosh I am SO sorry but that was really cool and creepy but mostly cool and goddammit im rambling. Im sorry for, you know, yanking off your arm and what-not.” You ramble, trying to make up for the accident as Papyrus shakes off any need for apology.

“IM FINE JANE! IT HAPPENS! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, HAVE TINY ACCIDENTS EVERY NOW AND THEN BUT IM PERFECTLY FINE!!” he ensures as he gives a kind pat on your head while downing the lemonade. Apparently it must happen often enough that Sans and Asgore pay no mind.
After the accident you ponder to the limits and makings of monster skeletons. Sans leaves for work at apparently an ice-cream parlor not long after the incident. Every attempt to assist with the tiling is stopped by Asgore so you retreat back into your room to let the two work in peace. Entering your room again you immediately approach and hug Seymour and Louis.

“My little life-savers and enders huh? Guess I will need to teach you up versus down.” you grumble, giving them affection along with some of the leeches previously gathered. While they eat and digest (?) you resign into your science room and log onto the computer to scour e-mails, job opportunities nearby and college classes attendable at this time of year. Luckily the needed classes have openings and accept late-sign-ups from your district due to the spread word. Signing up for a science, advanced human anatomy and different art classes you lean back in approval. Then in disapproval at what has to come next. Awkwardly grasping your phone you dial up a contact that picks up on the third ring.

“Hey-llooo!!!” they yell, swift air and waves crashing can be heard past native song and dance on the other end.

“Hi uncle…” you grumble, backing the phone uncomfortably away as his maniac laugh rings through the miserable receiver.

“Jane-Jane how are you doing sugar-plum?” he jokes, picking on you with an old nickname. If your relationship is anything resembling your friends, it must be the closest to Sans and Papyrus : he says something and you groan in response, but love him nonetheless.

“Stop calling me that or I will go back to calling you Dan-Tee.” you threaten as he gives an exasperated shriek as they music and waves fade away, crackling of leaves and branches and the wilderness taking the place around him as he clearly wanders away for privacy.

“Fair enough. Whats up? Hows college?” he jabs out the questions. Way to start the conversation.

“Its about college…” you admit.

“Please don’t tell me you’re planning on flunking out. If you do you know what’s going to happen-“ he begins to threaten but you cut him off.

“I didn’t flunk out Uncle! An anti-monster group attacked the school so they temporarily shut down – all the students got sent out for safety reasons in the area. I’m rooming with a close friend and planning to attend another college with a similar program until they open back up ; if they do…” you groan as you begin to pace. Talking with your Uncle can be uncomfortable – he doesn’t have any boundaries and doesn’t respect others.

“I hope your not fucking their roommate.” For instance.

“Oh my god no! It was a fricking separate rooming door Dante – it’s a girl!” you bite back at the absurd accusation.

“They are truly your friend?” his voice is more hollow and neutral, static of overhead leaves causing a drop in the signal.

“Yeah. They have been really good to me. I’ve made friends with her friends as well, and its been sort-of rough. I called because I didn’t want you hunting me down at the college and apartment – I might be temporarily moving in with her but might move back when they reopen…I……I haven’t decided yet. Another thing : what the hell was this about you paying my taxes and food expenses?! I told you I had it under control!”
“Aawww Janette DARHLING~” he coos, using an extension he’d used when you were a child that you despised to no end, “I only wanted you to go out and play nice! How are you supposed to play when you aren’t getting proper sleep? Gods, when Morris told me you were coming home late and weren’t sleeping I presumed the worst – and at 17 I must say you were quite foxy.” he admits.

“OH MY GOD IM HANGING UP.” You shriek in a furious embarrassment.

“Wait wait wait!!” he begs and for some compelling reason you allow him to speak.

“Where are you attending?” he questions seriously. Regretting it completely you give him the name of the college campus. He would just track you down anyway if you told him or not.

“And where are you residing?”

“Hahahaha no.”

“The fact you wont tell me means you’re hiding something. Is it not a girl? Is it a boy? Is it your boyfriend? Are you finally getting out there and enjoying the pleasures that can be equally traded between the support of love?!” he squeals with joy.

“GOOD. BYE.” And with the spitting venom last words you hang up the phone and question turning it off forever, making it untraceable to your persistent prying uncle. Giving up you retreat into your art room and begin to plan the space accordingly as time flies by. The only indication of what the time is is when Papyrus knocks at your door, returning the fence that had fallen and landed in a tree earlier on.

“DO YOU WANT TO COME DOWNSTAIRS? ALPHYS AND UNDYNE ARE HOME.” Papyrus suggests as he places the fence right inside the doorway. Mulling over the options, spending some free-loading time with the girls and Papyrus to forget the unease caused by today would likely settle your thoughts, and you agree by walking downstairs with Papyrus.

Approaching the living room you find it empty of any occupants. Papyrus is confused as confused piano music plays in the distance. Papyrus knowingly venture further into the house with you trailing behind out of curiosity. He passes the science study room to your surprise ; past it to the location you’d been thwarted by Sans from accessing. The door was open and piano music rung out achingly through a long hall covered in doors. In each door laid a different room : bathroom, library, a gaming den, and a sun room – the walls were mostly large windows that overlooked Toriel’s garden and a quaint table perfect for tea and pampered lunch sat where the sunlight would bathe should the sun not be descending into the night.

An aggravated growl rang out along with a pressing of incorrect piano keys and Papyrus’ encouragement. Continuing following the sound you find what you wished wasn’t reality. A piano room – a grand one nestled on a red circular carpet sat in the corner, windows glancing out to the backyard. In the corner was a trombone case that wasn’t entirely latched shut. The potted flora spread through the room gave the pale wooden floors and white walls a reflected hue. A few antique lamps were set into the room as Undyne sat at the piano bench, fiddling with the keys. Alphys stood beside her, admiring her efforts at swooning her with piano music as Papyrus watched on in confident wonderment.

Cautiously stepping into the room you drive down the memories of your parents giving you piano lessons. You had taken quickly to it, learning more difficult pieces then what you probably should have known for your age. Then again, you admired how advanced, smart, and idealistic your brother was for his age and tried to not disappoint them. To not be thrown away. Whatever had put you in that mindset as a child cleared over when it was too late to say anything. Pianos were a form
of calling – their resonating sound could crash together or thrum a warmth that seeped through your entire being. But you had given it up; you wouldn’t dwell on your past anymore.

Undyne continued to fidget with the keys, her tune off a little. Quietly coming closer you overlook the sheet music she is trying to replicate: Stay – a quiet peace meant to drive out feelings. It seemed unfitting to Undyne’s energy but she seemed determined to perform it for Alphys. After a few more minor mistakes Undyne growls and throws her hands up and around Alphys.

“Dammit babe I need a little more time to get it together – but I will! Don’t you worry ‘bout that!” Undyne promises, nuzzling closer as Alphys gives her head reassuring strokes.

“I-Its alright hun. Take-e your time. I-I thought it-it was sweet.” Alphys informs, giving a tiny peck of approval that really sends Undyne into a joyous jump, cuddling her close and peppering quick pecks all over Alphys’ face.

“Awe you guys can be so cute sometimes!” you giggle, Alphys realizing you and Papyrus had wandered into the room. Her scales grow cherry red in realization as Undyne dips her girlfriend to nibble playfully at her neck. Alphys’ squirming to hide away in embarrassed shame is loving and Undyne finds it attractive. Allowing Alphys to huddle into a corner she looks to you and Papyrus.

“How’s the pool comin’?” Undyne asks Papyrus who approaches quickly to share a hardcore high-five with the blue scaled fish. They begin rambling about how awesome the pool is coming out as you further study the piano. The ivory keys are slightly worn but the black sleek reflection emitted from the glazed wood is still pristine. Hesitantly, you run an index finger gingerly across the keys, feeling the slight give on indent changes. For a moment it reminds you of a colder bone touch like with Papyrus or Sans as they have more gradient and roughness unlike the almost velvet texture on the keys.

Alphys approaches you, nearly scaring you into pressing a key as you fling your obsessed hand behind your back.

“Yo-you can play it…i-if you want. I r-remember-r you telling m-me you used to when you were little-le.” Alphys recalls, gesturing to the piano. In horror you glance around to find Papyrus and Undyne have already left to go watch anime. Looking back to Alphys and the piano you give a sad no.

“I…Its tempting but I don’t think if I played anything happy could come from it……just…misery.” you admit. You always put your heart into your craft, especially playing the piano. After the incident, whenever you tried to find what was lost was left with dead, sad notes pinching the air with a wheeze. To say it added to your depression would be an understatement; the one thing you figured was reliable to pull you back from your all time low had betrayed you as well. Thus, you started anew.

Alphys took the uncomfortable hint and led you out the door, shutting it behind. Walking down the hallway Papyrus and Undyne had already begun blasting Netflix anime as an upbeat intro began. Alphys tapped your shoulder and leaned closer, whispering into your ear.

“T-The piano room is basically soundproof as long as the door is shut. I-If you ever need t-time alone, just let me know – I-I can keep Undyne out.” Alphys relays, giving a knowing smile before scuttling onto the couch with an invigorated smile. Loving the little lizard for her acceptance and advice you meander over taking a quaint seat on the floor and enjoying the show.

They put on Toriko. They put on…fucking Toriko. Toriel had come home at some point but everyone was so pulled into the show. Papyrus’ face couldn’t possibly light up anymore – this
show was his new life. Cooking, Action, light Romance, Great Graphics? He was hooked in on the intro almost immediately. The only thing that kept him from watching was Netflix sudden update with perfect timing to dinner. Papyrus’ soul could have shattered when the update began – he had been inching closer and closer to the screen in delight without realizing it and probably straining his sockets. As everyone settles at the table with idle chit-chat you question Papyrus if he was aware of his shuffling towards the screen.

“OH YES! I HAVE TROUBLE SEEING DISTANT THINGS WHILE SANS HAS TROUBLE SEEING CLOSE BY THINGS!” he admits. You had no idea the monsters without technical eyes had trouble seeing ; it baffled you.

“Can you just use magic?” you suggested, munching greedily on a corn-on-the-cob.

“WE CAN QUITE EASILY BUT ITS HARDER TO CONCENTRATE WHEN WE ARE READING AND WATCHING SOMETHING TO KEEP THAT CONCENTRATION.” Papyrus educates as he bites on the cob. The cob – not the corn : the entire cob. Munches right through it. You will need to question the jaw strength of skeletons because it is slightly terrifying.

“So why don’t you get glasses or something for your face?”

“WELL…WE HAVE GLASSES AND SANS ONLY EVER SEEMS TO USE THEM WHEN READING. MY GLASSES…WELL MY GLASSES SEEM TO MAKE HIM UNCOMFORTABLE WHEN I PUT THEM ON.” Papyrus sighs, pulling out the box to display his glasses. They are generic thin black framed rectangular with a slight angle.

“Why? They look pretty normal to me.” you admit, gently picking up and reviewing the ordinary glasses. It’s a further question how they get them to stay on ; the ridge of their noses aren’t long enough and they have no ears. Your question is answered as you notice a thin translucent duck-tape at the end of the temples.

“They need to tape them to their head…Now we are a jackass.

With-holding rude snickers Papyrus uptakes the glasses and settles them where they would lie.

“HE SAYS I DON’T LOOK LIKE MYSELF.” Papyrus sighs as you give him a gaze. Its true – it really changes the overall feel of the happy face and booming attitude you’re used to. They surprisingly increase the angular bits and gives his sockets a glint through the lens.

“Huh. No completely true. You do look different then what I’m used to but that’s likely because I have never seen you wear them before, so I won’t judge. Why not go out with him and pick out a new pair that better suit you?” you reply, finishing off your cob.

“NYEEHH. HE HAS BEEN VERY BUSY WITH WORK AND WARNS ME ABOUT THE TOWNSPEOPLE A LOT. HE STILL TREATS ME LIKE A BABYBones…” Papyrus groans picking up your plates as you follow him to the kitchen. Wordlessly, you both took up dish duty. You give a quick snort looking to Papyrus amusingly.

“B-Baby bones?” you ask.

“YES IT’S WHAT WE CALL SKELETON CHILDREN.”

“Oh my god that’s adorable.” you admit, snickering slightly at the prospect of an infant skeleton. “What I would give to see that!” you giggle as Papyrus suddenly vanishes. You ponder if he was embarrassed by your constant questioning and giggles but he proudly returns a few moments later with a frame that had been hung up that you hadn’t witnessed.
“HERE IT IS! IT'S ONE OF THE ONLY PICTURES ME AND SANS HAVE OF WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN! HER MAJESTY ASKED FOR THE CHILDHOOD PHOTOS TO BE GATHERED IN THE SUN-ROOM.” Papyrus informs as you study the adorable picture.

Sans is clearly smaller but has similar features to current day. He has on a salmon pink with white stripes shirt covered with a denim blue jacket with a wooden brown fluff hood. He seems to never have grown out of the black and white gym shorts as they aren’t from the gym necessarily but can go under that category. And he has. Fucking. Adorable. Little. Yellow. Rain-boots. God you are a sucker for kids in oversized rain-boots but damn if they didn’t up the cuteness. His light pupils seem bigger and have formed legit stars while bright blue tears are welling in his sockets, the greatest grin of pride you’d ever seen slapped on his face.

And how could he not with the little bundle he is holding?

In his arms is an extremely red-onesie with a little skull popping out the top. It must be Papyrus as his features are much softer as an infant, but he is missing the much larger lower jaw he has now, a much tinier one drawn behind the primal teeth. If this baby had been born on the surface, no matter who said what, it would be so precious still in your eyes.

“aww paps don’t go showing other people my baby-baby brother. that’s mine.” comes a familiar whine followed by Papyrus’ screech.

“SANS! I MAY BE THE YOUNGER OF US BUT IM NO LONGER THE BABY BROTHER!! YOU ARE FAR MORE RESEMBLING THE BABY BROTHER NOW!! NYEH HEH HEH HEH!” Papyrus gloats casually as Sans has made his way into the kitchen. Papyrus yanks him up and lets his slipper feet dangle to prove the point by height distance.

“hey. no matter how many growth spurts you get, you’ll always be my baby-bro.” Sans jokes, winking in retaliation to the childhood nickname that peeves off Papyrus. Sans latches onto his brothers frame like a koala and suddenly the picture is reversed : Sans definitely appearing as the younger brother being held by the older. It was adorably comedic. Grateful for the opportunity you and the brothers walk back out to the dining area where Sans scrambles out of Papyrus’ clutches and grabs a ketchup bottle.

“Dude, what is with you and your need to put ketchup on every meal? I never even see you do it!” you complain as Sans settles in for the meal he had missed; still in his work uniform as well. Frisk scuttles out from their chair and pats your elbow giving you the sign for “Don’t Ask” but its already too late.

With an amused smile, Sans tilts the ketchup bottle up to his mouth and squeezes harshly as it empties into his mouth.

_He drinks…Ketchup._

In realization you stand and squeak in realization, Sans taking absolute joy in your reaction.

“Okay. You can take back that humans are weird thing. YOU ARE DRINKING A CONDIMENT!” you point out, utterly disturbed by his actions. He is drinking in everything with an unsubtle joy. “ I mean back at the foster house there was a girl who ate ketchup by the spoonful, BUT THAT IS COMPLETELY DIFFERENT!” you reargue in defiance.

“what did you think i used it for?” he pokes at. Toriel and Alphys give a tiny coo as the photo of Sans and Papyrus was being passed around.
As a condiment should be used: on the side, an additional flavor to a meal! NOT A BEVERAGE! Oh my god that explains why you always smell of dried tomatoes.” you grumble in sudden realization. Sans doesn’t wait to continue his drink to your clear disapproval. It was how he was and you weren’t in charge of what he did or ate……even though it made no literal sense. Sans chimes in as Papyrus is handed his baby picture.

“so do you have any pictures to add to the family wall?” he asks. Subtle and yet completely unsubtle. Toriel perks up to the thought of more photos to hang about but your stuck on that word…”family’.

“I-I’m only a resident- I don’t think I am worthy of hanging an-“ you complain but are cut off by Frisk.

‘You are family. Friends are family.’ he sighs, hugging at your arm. Toriel and Asgore give warm stares as they watch their newfound child bonding quickly with you. Looking at the wide smiles on everyone, you give in.

“Alright alright…I have one. Hang on.” you comply, Papyrus and Undyne ecstatic for the reveal as you trudge upstairs. Frisk bumps over to Sans who took another swig of ketchup before meeting the bushy haired child.

‘Did you bring up the photo because you saw it or because you wanted to get out of being questioned?’ Frisk pokes at Sans which causes a few beads of sweat to materialize.

“Lil’ a both.” he admits playfully. Frisk pats him swiftly for his rude behavior but stops as you enter the room. Toriel gestures for the frame first and, with a grieving relief, hand her the frame. Everyone else gathers around her impatiently.

“J-Jane I didn’t know you had a boyfriend!” Alphys gasps to your confusion.

“Of course I’ve had a boyfriend. They don’t usually last long but I have had them before – what does that have to do with anything?” your question is only met with more comments.

“WHATS THAT IN THE BACK?” Papyrus points out.

“That’s a lake Papyrus. A lake is a body of water found in-land and tends to be made of fresh water. The greenery in this area is absolutely stunning and the children look so happy! I must say though – I didn’t imagine you as one for side-burns Jane.” Toriel giggles, allowing Undyne a closer look.

“Side-burns? I have never dated any-“ you start but Undyne shrieks.

“Oh my GOD. Lookit this guys muscles!! Is he from Toriko?!?” she cries out stunned, Alphys immediately blushing hard with fiction running through her head. You squeeze into the group to speak up.

“Hold on. Why do you think I had a boyfriend with side-burns?” you ask, almost everyone looking to you like you’re the confused one.

“you’re totally headbutting this guy affectionately. a head in the game, are we?” Sans jokes with a sassy wink and snap of the fingers. You process what he said and sigh before pointing to the woman.

“This is NOT me guys.” you point out to the sudden confusion of everyone, “This is my mom and dad.”
Toriel gasps, embarrassed at the realization. Sans’ eyesockets squint in concentration as everyone else asks similar questions. Frisk answers.

‘Jane is the one in the cute swimsuit!’ he signs, giving you a flirtatious smile. Oh my sweet fuck. He was flirting with the kid you. What is with this kid?

“What?! OH MY GOSH YOU WERE SO TINY!!” Papyrus cries out, squinting to look at the smaller figure.

“Hahahahaha! What with the swim-piece nerd?!” Undyne tumbles over at the prospect of your youth wear. Your face could melt with the heat building in a blush.

“My child you are sooo preciooouss!” Toriel cries out, relinquishing the frame to Sans and Asgore as she takes you into a fuzzy hug. “Oh its an absolutely gorgeous photo! May we hang it in the sun-room with the rest?” she asks, taking your hands in her massive paws and giving you a smile that could cause cavities.

“I-I mean…I…Yeah. Sure.” You allow. It would be in the house and in a room you knew of – it wasn’t going anywhere. If you’d lost it on any circumstance, push coming to shove? Uncle Dante had a spare.

“And who might these two be?” Asgore asks, pointing out the men.

“Ah…well Mr. Muscle is my Uncle.” you point out, a few of the monsters suddenly seeming more hostile.

“And this strapping young lad?”

“Aahahahaha.” The mental image of your brother being anything like that is instantly comical.

“That’s my brother.”

Everyone lets a harrowing pregnant pause chill the air with an awkward pungency. Toriel breaks it by taking the photo and reviewing the once happy family before turning to you with a smile.

“You have a very beautiful family. I wish I could have met your parents – from this photo alone I can feel they were possibly the nicest humans around. I can tell your uncle truly loves you despite his daily absence. As for your brother…he did have a happy youth, despite his actions that changed the future.” Toriel tells as she holds your shoulder strongly. Her smile was infectious but tears still sprang out from your eyes as she handed you the photo back.

“Mmm.” was all you could reply, wiping quickly at your face with your tank’s tiny sleeve to absorb the tears. Toriel lays a paw on your back and slowly guides you into the sunroom that is being illuminated by the dim moon. She replaces the picture Papyrus had nabbed and gestures to a proper open space on the wall. With a heavy heart you hung the photo against the floral printed wood with a weary feel it would drop from the mount. But it stood, persevered, and thrived surrounded by other colorful photos similar to it.

It felt as though it was finally home. Home.

Resounding the word in your head like a mantra, you gaze towards Toriel who opens her arms in an inviting embrace. Nothing stops you from clinging to her, nothing stops you as you cry out thin curses and sorrows as she holds you close. You can’t understand why you suddenly opened so much to this newer mother figure in your life, but something within kept telling you ‘you need this’. It was more of a beg than demand. Hiccupping with sobbed frustrations, Toriel sits you down at the small table, pulling close a chair for herself as she hands you a tissue box. You
immediately shove one into your eyes, threatening to jab it out with resentment that you allowed such things to effect you. Toriel says nothing, just soothing shushes and veiled reassurances as you calm your beating heart. Finally coughing on the startled lump swelling in your throat and grabbing your neck to cease any nervous stress habits, you find words in your garbled state.

“I-I-I’m so-o-o-rry. G-God I’m s-such an idiot – still dwellin-ing on my p-past.” you heave, stopping a sniffle at the provided tissues and blowing harshly into the kleenex.

“You have nothing to be sorry about my child. I admit it’s wrong to stay in the past ; you should look to the future for change and happiness. However not forgetting is also wise, it helps stop similar mistakes. I don’t fully understand your situation, but I know what it is like…to lose people I loved.” she admits, holding your shaking hands in her own trembling paws. A faint tear has formed in her eyes as well.

“Are you talking about Asriel?” you ask, vaguely recalling the quick story Undyne had told you. Without questioning your knowledge, she gives a nod but also a denying shake of the head.

“Asriel is not the only child I have lost. Long, long ago we had another child – a human child. Frisk is practically her spitting image sometimes. Had large red eyes that couldn’t compare. She stumbled upon Ebott and me and Asgore raised them together…we were happy. One day though, our human child fell ill and she……she passed away. Asriel cherished them and not wanting their life to diminish absorbed her soul into his own. He carried her body back out of the barrier using her soul to cut through. But the humans……the humans were afraid and lashed out at Asriel. He returned and…..and vanished in our arms.” She finished, now her being the one to take up tissues and dab at her eyelids.

“I can’t describe what I felt when Frisk told me Flowey contained the remnants of Asriel. Flowey…he had caused many bad things in the underground, threatened our lives, tried to harm Frisk. Yet in the end, Frisk couldn’t leave them behind as the rest of us went to the surface. After we had settled in slightly more, Frisk and Alphys began explaining it to me…I was so horrified but I don’t think I could have removed my joyous smile if I wanted. My son, he was alive……Alphys has been trying to find a way to bring him back to me but I……what I have now already makes my heart soar. Should it be possible I would give anything in the world for it, but with what I have now? What I have now is the happiest I have been in a long time and I wont ruin it with theories ; no matter how desperately I want them to be true.” she finishes as she gives a wise pat at your shoulder as another tear stains her white bristled fur.

A thought strikes you.

“Toriel…what…what was the human childs name?” you ask, recounting she hadn’t mentioned it in her talk.

“Ahh…my little Chara.” she reminisced, gazing out at the moon as she revisited memory lane. You hit horror lane. Frisks drawing. He had drawn Asriel and Chara, labelled and everything. But……long long ago?

“A-And did Frisk ever meet Asriel or Chara?” you further question as Toriel gives you a questioning look.

“No – Frisk was never around during their time on earth, why do you ask?” she replies with a question as your mind starts swimming. Frisk had supposedly never met Asriel or Chara…so how did he know what they looked like? The drawings fit with her story : one biological son and a human daughter. Chara’s person did really resemble Frisks character and they had red bulges that must’ve been Chara’s eyes. So how the hell did Frisk know what Asriel and Chara looked like……
if they were already dead when he showed up? Stuck pondering in your own thoughts, it wasn’t
adding up. Toriel clearing her throat of a similar sad lump pulled you from the track of thinking.

“Are you alright, my child?” she concerns, rubbing your arm carefully. In the mostly window-
based room it was nice to the nights sudden coolness leaking through. Toriel took note of the
goosebumps that had risen on your arm and stood tall. “We should get to sleep,” she suggested as
you agreed and stood with her, leaving the room. Before closing the door behind you, you gazed
back at the photo in a fond memory, and leave the past stuck in that room for your revisit.

Walking back out through the living room, you gaze up at a clock and realize how late it is.
Another thing that points it out is everyone has put away, cleaned, and hustled to bed supposedly as
the house is quiet and inactive besides you and Toriel sneaking through the halls. Toriel
approaches her bedroom door and bids you goodnight before slipping into the mostly dark room,
save for a reading lamp.

Even after her door has closed, you stand in the hallway, pondering your nightly options. For the
first time in a while you weren’t seeking sleep – you needed something else. You knew
immediately what it was and nabbed a tissue box before shuffling quickly into the piano room with
quick wary glances, recognizing the odd out of place trombone inside its unlatched trombone case.

The moonlight inside bounced off the grand piano perfectly as you pressed the bench for comfort.
It had a decent give to it that wasn’t encasing as you carefully sat and relished over the colorless
keys. With a hope, prayer, and another wary glance around the room you cautiously collapse a
scared finger into a mid-key. The sound it plays back is thrilling as you accept your changes and
play carefully and quietly with the piano. Relishing in the different sounds, octaves, and sharps that
had long been foreign to you, the ingrained memories spring forth causing muscle memory as you
play little tunes.

The window shakes at a heavy gust of wind, sending your tense body flying from the bench in
fright. You never wanted to be caught playing – it was another reason you had stopped playing.
The stress of being better then others, being perfect to accomplish things you didn’t seek out to
do……it was maddening. Readjusting yourself and glancing about once more, you return
cautiously back to the bench, familiarizing with the keys again.

Digging your phone from your pocket you google a self-turning sheet music page for the slowed
version of ‘Every Time We Touch’. It was an original favorite and you were compelled to sing it
out. Settling your fingers and recalling the lyrics, you started the quiet solo concert.

“I still hear yooour voice when you sleep neext to mee……I still feel yooour touch in myy
dreeeaams~“ you start, concentrating on the sheet and fingers more then the drawn out words and
pitch of yourself. However, it slowly began to relax your nerves as you gave your fingers more
unreined freedom. “Forgiive me my weakness but I – don’t know why…” you gasp midphrase, that
lump sticking into your throat again trying to cut off oxygen.

“Withoutt you its haard…to survii~iiive.” you whisper almost wordlessly, tears dripping down
onto the back of your palms. You hadn’t placed the tissue box nearby but wouldn’t stop now.

“‘Cause everytime we touch? I get this feeling. And everytime we kiss? I swear I could flyy…
Can’t you feel my heartbeat fast? I want this to laasst. I neeed you by my siide...” you breathe, a
choked sob escaping before you steel yourself again. Fuck you, tears.

“‘Cause everytime we touch? I feel the staaatic. And everytime we kiss? I reach for the skkyyyy.
Cant you feel my heart so? I caan’t let you goo. I want you in my liifee.” you quietly sob sing. The
tears are blinding your vision, and you make a mistake or two from rusty muscle memory. You
quietly curse and compose yourself. This wasn’t going to plague your inner thoughts. You think of your new friends; of your new family. Undyne, Asgore, Papyrus, Toriel, Sans, Frisk, and Alphys. They were letting you in. Willing to forgive you, ignore your past and take just...you.

The next lyrics made you actually smile as you imagined Asgore and Toriels hugs.

“Yoour arms are myyy caasstle-“ you thought of Undyne and Alphys’ never ending friendship and love, “Your heeaart is myy skkyyyy.”

Frisk and Papyrus always trying to make you smile with their rambunctious behavior – “Theey wipe awaay tears that III cryy.” you giggle inwardly, thinking of how since their both sleeping and dreaming little dreams that nobody is here to catch your tears. You will need to wipe the piano down when your done, but press on none the less.

“The good and the baaad times? Wee’ve been through them all...” Sans. Totally Sans. Utterly completely Sans. “You maaakee me rise wheen III faaaallll.”Why was this just so suited to Sans? Why was he just jabbed in your brain like a sweet little splinter? The splinter hurt as more tears rose.

“’Cause everytime we touch? I geet this feeeling. And everytime we kiss? I swear I can flllyy.”

Why are you still imagining Sans? You do receive an odd sensation when he grasps you, but you have never kissed nor desired to kiss Sans – you hardly knew him………

So why was his skull racing through your mind?

“Cant you feel my heart beat fast? I waant this too laaast… I need you by myy siidee.” you gently cry, your heartbeat pounding in your ears. Abandoning the normal choir route you continue the song as the lead, imagining the background sounds as your fingers bring the piano music back to life before your eyes.

Still got it.

“’Cause everyyttiiimee wweeeeee tooooouuuchhh…” you bravely cry, focusing on the light-piano key presses that twinkle a star in the distant sky. “Can’t you feel myy heartbeat so? I caannt let you goo. Want you in my liifeee…” your confidence falls to sniffling whispers.

“Everytime we touch, I get this feeling. Everytime we kiss I swear I could fllyy. Cant you feel my heartbeat fast? I want this to lassst. Need you by my siidee…”

A hollow memory snaps into your view. One that used to be so warm and loving : one of you and your brother, singing side by side while playing the piano. Back when things were great. But this was yours now, and it never belonged to him…no matter how tragic it flashed through your head ; this was your own. He wouldn’t ruin this.

“’Cause everytime we touch? I feeel the staatic. Everytime we kiss, I reach foor the skkkyyy…”

you let the remainder of tired tears trickle down your cheeks.

“A hollow memory snaps into your view. One that used to be so warm and loving : one of you and your brother, singing side by side while playing the piano. Back when things were great. But this was yours now, and it never belonged to him…no matter how tragic it flashed through your head ; this was your own. He wouldn’t ruin this.

“Cant you feel my heart beat so? I can’t leet you gooo. Want youuu in myy liiiffee…” you finish, ending the tune and stretching to pop your back and shoulders. Cracking your fingers, you stand carefully and grab the tissues, prioritizing the drowned keys before briskly wiping your face.

Looking to the silent clock it read past midnight. Grabbing your tissue box and yawning, you review the room to make sure you leave no trace of your presen-

The trombone is gone.
Wasn’t it there when you got here? The box was definitely unlatched, but the memory of that trombone being inside when you came in the second time is hazy – you weren’t paying hard enough attention. You were almost certain that trombone was inside when you came back……so where’d it go?

A silent panic overtook you as you fled the scene, trampling up the stairs and launching into bed with distressed groans. Stress filled your sleep, your nightmares nothing but laughing smiles at what you had done. Nothing had happened…*Right?*

**RIGHT??**

Plagued by the nightmares, an abrupt sound startled you as a familiar tune played downstairs. With every bone and muscle in your body aching, the loud music kept playing through a crashing followed it and clearly Papyrus’ voice.

*Yesterday was supposed to be the bad day…*

Agreeing with your conscious, you aggressively throw yourself achingly from bed and glare at the clock. 8:30……8….FUCKING….30.

*AWWW HELL NO. AGREED.*

With rough nightmares, instantly disturbed sleep on a Tuesday morning on top of terrible memories you stomp downstairs trying to fix yourself as you hadn’t bothered to change from yesterday. Approaching the kitchen where the ruckus is happening you can carefully make out the sounds better and immediately recognize the tune. It was that song a father and his kid made with a stove door and a trom-……No.

Rushing into the kitchen you’re met with a terrifying realization. **Sans.**

The unusually morning risen skeleton has taped on a cool pair of sunglasses and is blowing on the trombone with unexisting lips none the less. Frisk is sharing in the sunglassed shenanigans and is harshly shutting the stove door as he and Papyrus ( ALSO in shades ) head bang to the beat, Asgore fixing up pancakes in a similar rhythm. Glancing to the schedule, Toriel has already left for work ; explaining how they are getting away with this.

You stare horrified at the trombone you’d witnessed in the case last night that had supposedly vanished was in the short skeletons hands. You felt your world ripping to bits. A booming voice of realization to your presence sends it shattering.

“GOOD MORNING JANE! SORRY, DID WE WAKE YOU UP?” Papyrus cries, carefully lifting his sunglasses to look at you. Sans and Frisk turn as Frisk jumps with joy, clutching to you with a good morning hug. Time has frozen around you, but Frisk signs nonetheless.

‘Mom always goes into work early on Tuesdays, and Dad said we could do this. We call it Trombone Tuesdays!” he excites, signing almost too quick for your liking as his excitement is infecting Papyrus. Thank god you invested more time into ASL. It doesn’t help with the shattering of the world around you. The clearing of a non-existent throat occurs as you meet the socket gaze of Sans as he pets his trombone.
“key timing short-stuff. we’ll get ur ‘heart beat fast’ for the mornin’, huh paps?” he jokes. Oh. There it goes. The world just left you behind. You reverted into a ghost, your leaving your body – farewell body, good luck with this shit. Sucking in a held air your spirit returns to you but you wish the earth would swallow you whole. Get stuck in the underground, away from this hell on earth.

He knew. He knew AND heard. Grasping Frisks shoulders you urge him away from your waist hug and begin to retreat towards your room. Cursing mentally, you mumble sing a clean version as you abandon the kitchen.

“Puck this spit I’m out. No thanks. Don’t mind me. Imma just grab my stuff and leave. S’cuse me please.” you wave, dragging your lifeless body and mood back up the stairs. Papyrus wont allow it.

“JANE!! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?! I FORBID YOU TO GO BACK TO SLEEP IF YOU ARE ALREADY AWAKE! THERE ARE PANCAKES!” he bargains as you shoot him the most sad neutral look with a dead expression. Sans and Frisk are hung back awkwardly in the arch way, but Sans clearly recognizes his misspeaking that he’d mentioned something that should have remained unheard. The regret is clear. Just unregistering.

“Sorry Papyrus. Gonna go bungee jump with Seymour and Louis……minus the bungee.” you grumble as your head hangs low. Reaching the top and jiggling your knob a set of quick footsteps start coming up the stairs as Papyrus booms below and opens the door as a school bus blares the horn. Asgore was still on pancakes……nope. Taking the fence placed beside the door you jam it against it and retreat to Seymour and Louis, curling up into a ball and hiding your face in your knees as you delay the inevitable. Your face was so hot it could be another sun with the amount of embarrassment you felt. A nice monster you live with after having a huge misunderstanding and joking about, accidentally ripping his brothers arm off, and making terrible puns with now had watched you emotionally sing and break down over piano music. He heard you makes mistakes. You felt judged, and your world was shattering around you.

“didn’t know you were so brass about wind instruments.” comes that same deep fucking voice that just echoed in your room. You spared a single eye to intensely glare daggers as he settled on the floor a few feet from your position. Seymour and Louis have almost defensively encased you in varying vines, hugging you close to the pot.

“Why. Why cant you ever just fucking knock?” you beg, burrowing further into the little world you have left. For being trapped by a plants coils you felt strangely unrooted.

“wasn’t expecting someone to be awake, at midnight, playing the piano. first i thought maybe undyne was practicing but……she isn’t that good.” he admits, winking as you refuse to look back.

“If you’re trying to smooth talk out of this you’re out of luck. Leave me to wallowing.” you grumble, sniffling quietly.

“aww c’mon smalls. people might say imma comic but i can keep a binder of secrets too. won’t tell a soul… c’mon.” he pleads as he inches closer with complete awareness of the ready and somewhat aggressive foliage looming above.

“Can you forget a certain memory?” you hope as you dare another glance at him.

“uh…no?”

“Then it doesn’t matter if you don’t tell a soul. A soul already knows. Fucking……fuucchkk.” you curse, cradling in further as you painfully grip your legs.
"Alright.‘Alright relax. how ‘bout an embarrassing story as pay back? won’t say a word to anyone and i will tell you some embarrassing shit that happened to me. deal?” he pleads, motioning closer ever so slightly. You ponder the agreement : him not vowing to say a word and should he you will have similar blackmail to retort with…

“Alright.” you allow, bringing your head up as you sniffle inwards but the glaring doesn’t stop as Sans now fidgets uncasually in thought.

“well this…no fuck…uhh-well-fuck.” he groans, trying to think of something appropriate but not so revealing. You arch an eyebrow in impatience as he finally gives in.

“after we reached the surface i continued to work under asgore as a reporter – i’d hear something, i’d let him know.” he starts off, already losing you.

“I thought you worked at an ice-cream parlor?” you question, an uneasy sweat building on his skull.

“i-i do. can’t i work two jobs? good on the résumé.” he bites back quickly before pressing on.

“so me and paps have these things called uh…h-heat cycles?” he confesses as you’re already aware. However, you say nothing – you want to milk as much uncomfort from his as physically possible. You wryly smile and reply with innocence, “What’s that?” as more sweat drips down his frame.

“i-its well…fuck. its when…monsters…you know?” he explains terribly, trying to replicate kissing with his fingers.

“I don’t follow.” you state as you shake with internal giggles.

“its when m-monsters m-m-mate.” he grumbles.

“Sorry what?” you pretend to be unable to hear his grumbled words.

“its when monsters m-mate.” he sterns a little louder, suddenly concerned for anyone overhearing this strange conversation.

“Ah. Okay. Continue.” you urge, a sneering grin widening on your cheeks.

“s-so i had um……gotten these monster comics…m-mate comics. private matters, nothing i would show the kid, so i hid ‘em…and frisk found ‘em.” he admits, hiding his head in shame as he scratched the back of his skull.

“Frisk found monster porn comics?” you clarify in utter blissed shock. Him giving a regretful nod sends you into a giggling fit of stifled snorts. He shamefully laughs as well. Wiping happy tears from your eyes, you ask him something.

“What does that have to do with you working for Asgore?” you press, his pupils shrinking in realization as he sighs and scratches his neck.

“w-well. frisk didn’t have any clue at what ‘e was looking at. apparently its nothing like human comics. so i overreacted and hid it into a file without thinking and pushing him away out of concern…….turns out that file was human accident reports that toriel took with her to asgore during a meeting and they uh…ya.” he finishes as he shrinks in on himself. You cant help the bursting laughter as you clasp a hand over your mouth to try and calm and stop the embarrassment you must be causing him. His skull has turned into a blueberry he is blushing so hard. Wiping tears from
your eyes, the vines slowly begin to unveil you as your knees uncrumple from the discomfort. Sans creeps ever closer and is about 2 feet away.

“The queen and king saw your porn, oh my good hahaha!” you giggle, reeling back while you clutch your gut.

“ya. rub it in.” he jokes as the dirty pun sends you further off the edge. If anyone else heard you laughing they think you’d have gone insane; a mixture of giggles, snorts and high cackling that you couldn’t control as you tighten your gut and pressure your face to frown as your cheeks are harshly pinched by the wide smile.

“Alright alright. I will forgive you completely if you can answer one question.” you decide.

“name your price.” he talks back in an attempt to mimic a talk-show host. A gets a little giggle out from you but you uncrumple from the ball you’d made and lean closer to him. He is a foot away.

“How the hell do you use a trombone without lips?” you ask honestly. From your musical knowledge of brass instruments it requires vibrations of the lips to work; how does one without lips make it work?

“you really want to know?” he chuckles leaning even closer. The familiar dried tomato smell emanates off him along with something else—something old and worn like a book or wood. You can’t place it. Maybe it’s the smell of bone? His voice in this one moment is deeper, more predatory then you’re used to. Its thrilling and scary all at once as you hesitate a nod.

“magic.” Wiggle of the fingers.

“I will slap you.” you threaten. He heartily laughs and gives a hard gaze back to you.

“no, literally. i use magic.” he confesses and leans back to where he was before in front of your face before the air begins to tingle. A extremely faint blue outline rims the edges of his teeth as he takes up your hand and brings it to his face, running it along the blue. Its silky soft, warm to the touch, and tingling like gentle zaps of electricity against your skin. “its not exactly the same as humans lips, but i basically make magic lips to vibrate.” he explains as you give a weak chuckle.

“What? i tickle your funny **bone**.” Disapproving, you slap his arm playfully.

“Boo. Used that one yesterday. And its just the mental image of vibrating lips is hysterical.” you admit as he gives a light deep chuckle at the miswording. He says nothing else has he releases your hands, them roaming he mouth in curiosity. His bones are somewhat squishy—they have a give to them similar to clay and it makes you want to mold bowls. His teeth are slightly pointed upon further inspection and you run your thumb over the thin magically made lips. He really wasn’t joking when he claimed to use magic. The concept was still perplexing at you felt at them more.

“Why can’t you make them like human lips?” you ponder out loud, reaching unsurely to feel his teeth. They ridge slightly and have another set behind them. He gives a slight shiver.

“never felt human lips before – how’m i supposed to make them if i don’t know what im working with?” he retaliates. A whim. An odd little fleeting whim floats through your mind and controls your body as you take his hand and guide it towards your face. Where ever this newfound courage and acceptance came from, it made you uncomfortable. This was not normal. Your life will never be normal, but this moment was **past** an acceptable weird normal.

Unfazed, he ran a warmed phalange across your upper lip, pressing gently at your cupids bow. You closed your eyes unsure as you let him freely roam. He massaged your upper lip in little circles,
testing its give and elasticity to pressure and takes in the soft suppleness. Carefully running his thumb over your plumper bottom lip he finally takes note of your teeth. Though not perfectly bent with braces they grew very naturally and he nearly reached out to touch the common bone. So he did. Your eyes shot open in confusion as he tapped gently against your primary buck teeth.

“Are my teeth that fascinating?” you inquire, catching him as he looks back to you.

“sorry. man of science who hasn’t properly studied a human up close. too personal?” he asks, backing off slightly.

“Dude. Its my teeth. Bones that I chew with. Besides, if its science, Alphys will probably be doing tests on my as well. I don’t mind. Its like a observant dentist.” you joke.

“dentist? is that someone who checks your bones?” Sans asks honestly as he still remains close to you.

“Huh? Oh no no no. A dentist checks your oral hygiene – the state of your teeth. Making sure they stay in your mouth.” you explain, Sans seeming to think it over again before attempting to go back to his observation. When had this turned from a simple question to an oral exam?

“may i?” he considerately asks, and as you nod continue to explore your lips and teeth. To assist in his search you allow your mouth to gape to allow him easier access. He takes this as an invitation to touch your tongue. You jolt in surprise as he pushes and prods at it. His finger tastes slightly chalky and of tomatoes, a faint metal flavor as well.

“woah…” he gasps in wonder as he continues to press into the muscle, “that’s so much different then what i imagined..” he states, petting it back awkwardly.

“differnt frum yoors?” you muffle as his hand continues to stroke your tongue in what only can be described as affectionately.

“huh? yeah. so…this thing is a muscle? how long is it?” he asks poking at it before finally withdrawing his hand.

“Yeah dude, watch.” you demonstrate as you freely flex it. Luckily, yours is longer then normal so you can do the fun things such as touch your nose, your chin, and your elbow. Its when your poking your nose that he halts you and grabs it.

“you have those strings attached to the bottom?” he questions, trying to turn it upright to get a better angle.

“Yoo muhn vayns?” you garble as his hand continues to stroke your tongue.

“yes, those.” he agrees, giving you back your tongue after realizing your discomfort for not being able to speak with it.

“Yeah we have veins all through us that become easier to see as we get older. Look – see these in my arm? Put your finger here.” you suggest, pointing to the vein. He complies in curiosity.

“Now take your other finger and pull down the vein from the first. It will temporarily stop the blood flow.” He follows through and watches as the color disappears. Releasing his finger in concern he watches it fill back.

“that’s bizarre.”
“That’s normal. Atleast for us. Veins are everywhere, circulating through our system to transport blood and oxygen.”

“i see. even in lips?” he returns to the subject that was previously at hand before the crazy tangent.

“Yes, even lips. Lips are actually the thinnest skin on a human – if I bite my lip or gums enough they will bleed.”

“why would you bite them then?”

“Nervous tendencies. Its not uncommon and it doesn’t hurt an awful lot.” you example as you carefully gnaw at it. He tries to stop you, but its already happening and you would likely do it later anyways. Finally, a small stream of blood emits and you show him. When had this become a goal?

“See? Thinnest skin.” you prove as he presses a thumb into the extremely minor flow. Pulling back shows the vibrant red against the ivory white bones as Sans looks over his thumb. His eye suddenly twitches into that giant vibrant cyan blue as his tongue squirms from his mouth and licks tenderly at the blood. The action is heated and deliberate and you cant understand why but you feel the need to back away. But where? You also cant pry your eyes away from the loose blue licking tendril that has snaked from his mouth. He catches your line of sight, urging even closer.

“curious?” he growls deeply as he closes in. A rough seven inches is all that separates you. His voice is dripping with a darkness unfit to his lazy, laid back attitude. Its goosebump inducing. There is no escape.

“S—S—..Seymour!” you shriek. It takes a millisecond for Sans’ face to disappear as a plants maw clamps over his head. He slowly lifts his catch as you scramble to your feet, his arms crossed in disappointment.

“Let go.” you command, and your word is followed. A slimy skeleton emerges, a lazy angered stare frozen over his skull as he looks to you.

“was that necessary?” he raises a brow, tapping his jacket.

“Sorta?” you defend with a worried smile before a heavy knocking beats the door.

“JANE? SANS? SANS!! YOU’RE GOING TO BE LATE FOR WORK!!” Papyrus calls as he continues to knock on the door. Sans grumbles light curses as he tries to wipe off the jelly-like saliva.

“A quick rinse will get it out. Sorry.” you apologize without feeling entirely sorry.

“’lright. we will talk ‘bout this later, eh?” he offers, making his was to the door and opening it to the tirade of Papyrus.

“I KNEW YOU WERE IN HERE! WHY WERE YOU GONE FOR SO LONG? WHATS ON YOUR HEAD? WHY DO YOU SMELL WORSE THEN USUAL?” Papyrus thrusts a multitude of questions onto his brother who seems to ignore them and shuts your door, focused on showering and escaping. You agree, curling into your sheets and remembering.

Remembering the warm tingle he left on your lips as you reach out to somehow recreate that feeling.
Hey guys....work called -thunder rolls in background along with hurricane-
Its not officially calling me back...but they called :P

That means either less frequent chapters ( and we all know how TERRIBLE I am with
keeping schedule ) **OR** shorter chapters. Pick now X'D

Leave comments below <3. Next chapter is involving choice B from that poll a few
chapters back! To those who remember what the choice was, you're going to be
pumped.

Hint : Its fluffy...question mark? (BD
Nightmares are Real

Chapter Summary

Jane has some real issues with sleeping. What could be the possible cause?

Chapter Notes

Lookit. Lookit! Its 19,000 fucking words. Why do I do this to myself? I never wanted to go above 10,000 YET HERE I AM AT NEARLY 20!! Oh my SHIET.

Sorry this took a little longer than I initially wanted. Forgot about Easter =u="

Question : Who else with the first thing they did if they got a chocolate bunny was eat their face off?.....just me?..................fine.

Anyway, here it is!

P.S PEOPLE....P.S Theres another poll in the end notes <3 Its returning back to that one before.

ALSO - 6000 HITS?! -faints- you guys spoil me =///=

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sliding back under the covers of your bed in a confused internal shame, you manage to doze back off. Sleep is a good replacement for feelings and complex emotions ; helping clear your mind and free it from invisible social chains. A dream materializes in only a few moments. That lake you visited in your childhood, your eyes being that of a camera as it records pleasant events that you vaguely recalled.

“Jane, sweetie, don’t wander too far off from the site!” mom calls, flashing a brilliant smile and affectionate eyes. Dad is standing behind her, trying to grill hotdogs and failing. Miserably. Waving off, younger you and younger Kevin busted towards the lake where your uncle was hurling other related children into the lake; his favorite pass-time – throwing children. You bypassed the tempting offer and approached a more calm area of water, immediately rushing and splashing in as Kevin made large water swept curtains to overrule your pitiful splashes. It backfired, throwing you underwater as the surface glowed a deep red, a sickening face appearing over as if imprisoned by the clouds and sky. Breathlessly, you forge deeper into the serene blue of the lake with impeccable vision in the darkened environment. Further down, the bottom of the floor, the light gleaming through the waters surface has diminished yet a red glow similar to a ruby shone through the sediment.

Inching closer and closer, there is a more prominent gravitational pull as you advance forward. Finally reaching the red gleam you sift around, digging carelessly results in dusty floating clouds to block your vision as you blindly continue the strange venture. Backing away and letting the sediment cloud settle you witness what you have unveiled – a skeletons hand covered in a red glove you knew only one skeleton to wear. You curiously ease forward with caution as it suddenly wriggles its fingers, craning its invisible wrist, carpals and metacarpals rattling as bubbles form
further in. Against your better judgement, you continue to dig through the now murky water, the hand gripping to your arm for support. Pulling more and more clumps of the sand-mud mixture, more white appears as you begin to unveil an entire arm as it wriggles in the ground. Retreating to the surface despite the harrowing crimson sky and smile, you return to the entire lake desolate of life. Your house is visibly burning in the further back, plumes of smoke adding to the darkening clouds that shoot terrible lightning. Ripples of water reflect behind you as you turn and see Kevin. He no longer has the water-gun you remembered; he has traded it for a sickeningly red knife as he wades further into the lake towards you, hiding his face behind wet locks of hair.

Fearful for what you know to come, you dive back down. The clouds of sediment have risen, but not dispersed. Swimming down towards the arm that becomes visible after passing the sheet is still trying to free itself. The lake feels thicker, the water less allowing and more restraining as you keep plunging deeper. Glancing back, your brother is swimming with ease, a terrifying grin forming over his face as you struggle back to the bottom. Reaching the spot where the gravitation existed before you become thoroughly exhausted with the intensity and effort needed to reach a once fairly easy swim. The gravity is against you as if the positive side magnet was closing in on another – dispelling you away as you forge forward, desperate for the arm you somehow trusted more than your own brother.

Your reach towards it seems as though your arm stretches out, but the arm finally lunges outwards in return to yours, their tubercles visible. An unexpected, harsh pull occurs as the arm drags you hastily into the wet granules. A choking feeling envelops you as it continues endlessly to pull you through the soil that brushes against your skin. Giving a begging tug at the arm, you are suddenly falling wordlessly, plopping onto the ground that is vegetated with dark blue grass and weeds. Standing to look up, goosebumps form over you as a single thing stares back at you. A grey door inside a cave wall.

Upon inspection, a click is heard. Reeling backwards only results in more of the cave wall, the hallway seemingly endless and losing its existence further down. The eerie creaking of the door is accompanied by a voice similar to someone scratching nails to a chalkboard. “InTerEsTIng…” the resonating blackness garbles as two floating skeleton hands with holes in the palms grab your shoulders, lifting your tiny frame from the ground and drawing you closer to the doors opening as you fight back in utter fear. “VeRy inTerEsTIng…” Its voice has no solidity to it; changing from high squeaks that thrum a sickening headache through your cranium to a deep dark grumble that vibrates your body with its echo. You begin to scream as a figure materializes inside the doorway – a supposed white mask filled with cracks reaching towards voids for eyes, a tar black smile peeking out as the void darkness behind it takes shape, trailing out and towards your figure. You scream.

You scream, falling from the bed and landing face first into reality. Well…the hardwood floor is part of reality. Heaving gulps of air, you clasp at your gut to withhold the sudden vomit feeling churning inside. Laying limply against the floor, you allow its familiar cold and warmth through you as you finally manage to sit up, leaning against your bed for a sense of awareness. The amount of sweat dripping down you is uncomfortable as you force yourself to your feet, trudging to the bathroom to clean yourself up once again. In your daze, you completely ignore your general morning ritual, immediately stripping and relishing under the need for the heated waterfall onto your body. Savoring the feeling as you begin scrubbing down everything, thoughts of your brother at the lake and that entity in the nothingness fog your thoughts. Before you even realize it, you have a towel holding your hair, fumbling in a tank and cargo pants brimming with pockets against the suddenly freezing tiles of the kitchen on your bare feet.
Giving a fair shake of the head to clear your thoughts and a few gentle ‘wake-up’ slaps to the cheeks, you realize nobody has spoken to you in this seemingly endless house of life. Turning to the fridge for a morning beverage you discover a colorfully drawn note dawned with little yellow and red flowers on a note parchment magnetized to the door. Your name is written in large letters at the top, with minor spelling errors. The writing is either Frisk or Papyrus’, Papyrus mainly because he would seem like the type to be too enthusiastic for clean handwriting, but Frisk because it somewhat matched his writing style when he had labeled his drawings. For the sake of not reading it mentally in Papyrus’ voice, you trust it was left by Frisk, making it easier to understand for the misspells.

“Jane! I went to school—‘ totally Frisk. You sigh with relief and forge on,—and evrybody else went to work. I am going to friends friends after school, and mom works late. Dad left note near ph0 phone of evryones phone numbers if there is a amergincy. He said if its urgint, call Sans. Papy left lunch in fridge. Please be careful. Evrone gets home around 7, but if you are lonely call me! See you 4 diner! ;) <3” the note finishes as Frisk had sloppily written his number (that you already had) below surrounded by hearts and winky faces.

This kid… you sigh at the hysterical thought of Frisk trying to flirt with you, leaving the note on the fridge as you open the fridge. Papyrus really didn’t hold back – there’s a gigantic serving platter of spaghetti wrapped exuberantly in foils making it look like a plastic meatball. Besides it is a actually bowl of meatballs and another more chilled note, even harder to read as you strain. Definitely Papyrus’. It starts by addressing you as ‘Human’, a habit that seems stuck as Papyrus clearly tries to fight himself in correcting and saying your actual name. He has made similar but less often slip-ups with Frisk.

“HUMAN! I, THE POWERFUL, POPULAR, AND PRESTIGIOUS SPAGHETTOR CHEF PAPYRUS HAVE PLACED MY PERFECT SPAGHETTI IN THIS FRIDGE. BESIDE THIS NOTE. YOU MAY EAT IT FOR LUNCH, BUT SHOULD YOU STILL BE HUNGRY, THERE ARE LEFTOVERS IN THE FREEZER!! I WILL UNDERSTAND IF UPON MY RETURN TO HOME YOU MAY STILL BE OVERWHELMED BY MY DISH! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, SUGGEST YOU DRINK PLENTY OF WATER WITH YOUR MEAL! HAVE A SPECTACULAR DAY, HUMAN JANE!” it reads in large text that slightly overlaps as the sentences are forcibly scrunched on the tiny parchment. You are slightly tempted to inform the ecstatic skeleton later on that there isn’t a term for spaghetti chef. Flipping it over on questioning instinct, a neater writing with a sense of regality to it lies in wait.

“Jane, I made sure while he was cooking the pasta to not add any sprinkles, nuts, or sequins. Have no fear and have a lovely day – and I am sorry no one was left behind to keep you company after such a recent move. Take care.                                                -Toriel.”

Thanking whoever it was that blessed you with the overseer Toriel you check the time and deem it too early for the incredible pasta helping, closing the fridge and retreating to the living room. Through quick thinking, you rush upstairs to drag your laptop down with you, opening up your social medias as you let the news play in the background, taking this moment of relaxation…to scour for jobs nearby. There really weren’t many options as you continued your fruitless search. Giving in at the failed online search, a call comes through online as you open your skype to a familiar male voice that gave you the giddies.

“Hey there. I must be hunting for treasure, because I’m digging your chest.” he comments upon the realization of your low cut tank being pulled down at your scrunched up position and the fact that your camera instinctually turned on. You groan but giggle at the pick-up lines he was known for.

“Yeah. Uh-huh. Sure. You called just to look at my boobs. I see how it is. I just lost a best friend
and gained a boob stalker.” You huff in fake sadness as he plays along, sighing at failure as his camera doesn’t work.

“Chill Jane. I was just admiring how you’re hotter then my laptop.” he continues. This was just how he was with you – always a tease no matter what. Also very grabby whenever you did meet up. You truly love him in a weird way.

“Your laptop is within reach. What I would give to feel you tapping on my keys.” you seduce back, smiling in pride. If there was an equivalent to your terrible pick-up lines, it was this guy, and you both just reveled in it.

“Of all your beautiful curves, your smile is my favorite.” he whispers, sending a feverish chill up your spine. Oh. He got better.

“You look familiar, didn’t we take class together? I think we had chemistry.” you joke to his immediate delight. He hadn’t heard you cracking jokes in years.

“Are you a vampire? Just now you looked a little……thirsty.” he replies. You can’t catch the snort and giggles as you shake in delight.

“I’ve been feeling a little off today, but you definitely turned me on.”

“Well I heard you’re good in algebra. Would you replace my X without asking Y?” he grumbles, sighing and leaning back against his bed likely as it creaks in retaliation.

“Ah that bish from your literature class? Did you read too much into it, or was she really breaking that quote ‘Don’t judge a book by its cover.’ ?” You ask, him giving a grateful sigh to the easy pace.

“Well she was my kitten. You know how girls call me the cat whisperer? Well its because I know exactly what their pussy needs.” he practically moans as you fly into cackling. He. Was. Terrible. Terrible in the best ways possible.

“Oh my shit no more!!” you beg, burying your ashamed blushed face in your hands as he gives a hearty soothing laughter.

“Aw c’mon! You know your my little toe……I cherish you greatly no matter how small…and I will bang you on every piece of furniture and surface in my house.” he growls.

“Please don’t. That sounds painful.” you beg, wheezing through your dying laughter.

“For a masochist it’s something else.” he purrs as you groan back.

“Yeah Flynn – I’m a real masochist.” you drone as your dear friend laughs in approval. He sounds more mature as well, making you realize just like you he has grown – though he had a few years on you.

“Hey, you could fool me! I read up on the news over there and they leaked that you were protecting a monster and letting that fucking gang beat the shit out of you. They had guns, Jane. You could have died, what the fuck are you thinking?!!”

“Hey! I dished out some vengeance. They deserved it!! They-they……” you catch yourself, setting the laptop aside and curling into your lap, unable to choke out the lump in your throat.

“You don’t have to explain anything. Not a word. What happened after is what I want to hear – you
look like your in a fucking mansion, holy shit gurl!” he plays getting a slight giggle from you as you pan him around, noting the afternoon time and bringing your laptop towards the kitchen to heat up that spaghetti.

“Because I am in a fucking mansion. Remember how I sent you a text with a little photo of me and my roommate?” you ask, setting him down on the counter while you fish out the spaghetti and meatballs, heating them separately.

“Ya, the cute little monster scientist, large spectacles, yellow scales, kind of reminds me of a lizard dinosaur?” he asks as you give a nod towards the camera. “Yeah……oh my shit is this her place?” he gasps as you lightly chuckle placing the spaghetti into the microwave with water, taking great care to mix it every few moments during your conversation.

“Well yes and no. Its her place, her girlfriends place, her previous bosses place, that bosses wifes place, the human ambassador who is their sons place, and that human ambassadors uncles place.” you list off as Flynn breaks into a maddening laugh comparable to your own. Insanity between friends was bliss.

“Wait wait wait. Slow up there Janey. So…You told me she was the royal scientist before…so you are living with royalty?!” he finally pieces it together as you give a quaint shrug of enjoyment.

“I thought that was clear.”

“Jane. That’s fucking awesome. I am the jelly to your cream. You stand above me, prominent and fluffy, why I hold you up below, shaking from the fact I get to touch your bottom until you and I are eaten whole, juices and flavors meshing together.” He starts tangential in internal food pleasure, trying to work his way with words through as you nearly choke on a drink of water as you continue to prepare your meal.

“Dude, no. No.” you beg as you gulp down the water in fear of this continuing trend. “But yeah. This I suppose is mainly the king and queens place, but its also my roommates and her girlfriends, two more guys who worked under the king I guess, and Frisk.” you finish. Flynn mulls this over in silence for a moment.

“Frisk is the human ambassador?”

“Yes, oh my god Flynn he is such a little sweet pea in my little pod of monsters.” you sigh, removing your spaghetti that is finely heated and still flowing as you stick the meatballs in for similar heating process.

“Are they all monsters?” he asks as you shoot him a confused wary glance.

“Is it bad that they are all monsters?” you sass at him, taking a tone he somehow finds funny.

“Oh no no no! I don’t think its bad at all! I haven’t met any monsters yet but I suppose when I come visit you one of these days that’s going to have to change!” he jokes, a warmth in his voice seeping through as it eases your tension in job hunting before sparking a joyous thought.

“You’re coming to visit?!” you scream. He is laughing too hard as you try and shake the laptop, praying it will hasten his response.

“Eventually! I can’t right now, or tomorrow, or the next week, but damn I will try to pry away from this. Breaks coming up on my end soon anyway. I ain’t telling you when though.” He cackles like a villain as you miserably slump into a dining chair, leaving the laptop behind to fetch the noodles and meatballs. Returning back to the table, you set it down as Flynn gives an impressed whistle.
“Didn’t know you were having the munchies again.”

“Oh haha very funny. I didn’t make this, Papyrus did.”

“I wasn’t aware that an ancient scroll made of a plant into a thick parchment was capable of cooking and on such a massive scale.” he jokes as you shoot him the finger as he gets a kick from it, laughing happily for his ‘know-it-all’ attitude.

“No, Papyrus is one of the ‘uncles’ who lives here, along with his brother.”

“Oh, men I see. Am I going to lose my favorite little kitten to a grown beefcake?” he wails in realization as you once again choke on a drink of water. Remember to never drink around Flynn, he will kill you.

“Beefcake? It couldn’t be further from it, Flynn! They are fucking skeletons!” you giggle as the other end immediately goes silent. You continue to snuffle and giggle as more and more seconds pass by with the incredible silence.

“I am leaving. I am coming over now. I am turning gay. Are either of them gay? Please tell me they’re gay. I want to marry a fucking skeleton, fuck you.” He rants as you lean back in your chair snorting and giggling. “You are totally one for skeletons though, so like, am I losing you to a bag of bones?”

“I doubt it. I don’t think skeletons have a type – they are skeletons. No organs, no skin, I don’t think monsters have a basis of who you can mate with or whatever. Besides…they’re skeletons so how would they?……Its probably more magic stuff I won’t understand for now, and fuck now I have to awkwardly put down on my Skeleton Sunday question sheet how the fuck they have babies! Thanks Flynn!!” you groan as your list has grown to three pages long, including the backs.

“But its you! Who isn’t attracted to you?!”

Alls you can do is give him a hard stare and a etched eyebrow pointing upward with a ‘Really?’ face as he giggles to himself while you try and divide off how much of the meal you can manage. It was easily enough for three lunches worth all intended for one.

“Enough about me. What happened with that bish?” you beg, secretly hoping for a change in subject matter from your new odd housemates.

“Oh god. Why must you call her a bish?”

“Because even though she was a bish, you said I couldn’t call her a bish without proof, and so I started calling her bish and you allowed it.” you ramble, slurping up spaghetti. Its generally bland but it is far better then the previous concoction made back at the dorms.

“Well I broke up with her, so go back to calling her a bitch.” he grumbles with frustration, hearing his hand ruffle through his hair.

“Okay. What did the bitch do that I think I already know?”

“This other guy, foreigner from L.A popped into class mid season. They were stuck next to each other and this fucker is ripped. He looks like a teen version of your fucking uncle!” he cries out.

“That sounds gross. Hair too?”

“Hairless. Completely bald, everywhere. I think he put oil on his skin to shine because he looked
like a fucking brand-new penny. He was a legit bronze skinned hulk!” he exaggerates as you give a huffed laugh to replace your internal giggles as you continue to slurp the spaghetti, munching on a meatball.

“Grosser. Continue.”

“So it’s the middle of class yeah? I’m a few rows back behind her and my level is elevated so I can see her sitting there, next to this…Adonis. I send her a naughty text, as I do, and she bends over to wiggle it out of her backpack. I wait. I wait about four minutes, nothing back. Now, she is normally a quick texter, so I lean over to check in on her. Her face is buried in the fuckers crouch.” he groans as you wail in triumph.

“I called it! I called it! I told you she was going to try something in fucking class!!” you holler, throwing your arms up in delight at your solid prediction.

“Gee. Thanks for calling out my current ex girlfriend was going to go down on a foreigner right in fucking front of me. What was the payback for it?” he monotones. He totally finds it hysterical ; he has been having trouble holding a solid feeling-filled relationship and this wasn’t uncommon to make bets. Skimming through a page of bets saved onto your laptop, you grow a big grin.

“You have to dye your hair black. If its already black, you have to dye the tips of your hair a rich blue with neon blue thin ends.” you read off as he groans.

“Will strike you a deal. Its blonde right now – don’t question me.” he quickly retorts as your about to spiel why he suddenly went blonde but are cut off. In silence, he continues. “If I dye my hair black and get the tips dyed that color, can I destroy a single penalty game I really don’t want to do? Either you or me, a free ‘get out of this bet’ ticket.” He begs. Mulling it over, you think he would look great with black and blue tipped hair, but he has never taken your advice on his coloring. Now was the only chance to prove to him you were constantly right about his hair choices.

“Fine. You get one free-way bet ticket. Only one, because I said so. You also need to get it done before you come see me.” you add as he gives an approving clap.

“Totally! So, anyway, we broke up. That’s it. I will be coming to ask you out sooner or later.”

“Yeah right buddy. You say that everytime, and then you either don’t visit or you don’t say anything near mention of relationships.” you retaliate as you chuckle. “Whats a nice girl like you doing in a dirty mind like mine? You deserve better.”

“You know I already have this planned out. I’m going to be a virgin til I hit 80 where I will become a certain type of animal hoarder and I will then get run-over by a 18 wheeler. It is how I will die. A virgin. With my dating track record I don’t doubt it either.” you grumble in grief. Work and school
had taken over your life. In five years you’d had what – two boyfriends? One didn’t even last a week, and the longest lasting ever was a few months. Just...too much baggage.

Taking note of your sulking, he throws a few more pick-up lines to no avail. Becoming a true hysterical jackass, he ends up putting on a fake Spanish accent; your true weakness.

“I ken yunderstand yourrr pehn, buuut I ahm herre!” he goes off as you become a useless puddle of snorts on the ground instantly. It takes him a few moments to regain his composure as he continues his terrible replicating tirade.

“Oh Fly-haha-Flyyn staahhhp” you beg, clutching your gut as you wheeze, tears flowing down your face as you taste them against your lips – your smile reaching across each cheek in giggling bliss. “Stop insulting them!”

“Is it insulting that I try to replicate the sounds, or is it insulting that whenever you hear accents you cant help but giggle?” he ploys at.

“Both! I know I’m terrible, but you try to be terrible on purpose!”

“If me being terrible can make you smile, I would commit sins everyday.” he smooth talks. God he was better at sweet talking, even if unintentional.

“Does that include trying to forcibly becoming gay to the possibility that one of my skeleton housemates could potentially want that?” you pry as he gives a light laugh to the image.

“Probably. I will be getting back to you on that, but I got work in an hour and I don’t think you want to hear me trying to sing in the shower.”

“I have before. It was terrible. Spare me. Mercy.” you plead as you both laugh before you send a pleasant smile. “Talk soon?”

“Talk soon, see you later.” he replies before ending the call, letting the silence refill the house. You wish over a short time that he wasn’t joking that he was promising to visit. You’d given him the address because who knows when you would speak again? It really drove home how out of place and alone you could be here, but you refused to let that get you down, stretching out onto the couch. Sometime later, you fall back asleep. You hadn’t realized how exhausted you had been recently. You had set a time to call the college associates regarding needed materials for the classes at 6-6:30.

You’re asleep long enough to have a more pleasant dream. Its Louis and Seymour being found out to the world, but everyone respects their existence and you receive an honorary medal. You’re currently at the celebration ball in that dress you’d worn to the museum exhibition. Glancing about as your mind caught up with itself, you recognized nobody. Suddenly insecure with your unknown whereabouts, you meander about the large hall, looking for anybody of familiarity. Reaching an elevator you immediately recognize a blue hoodie with a pale face, a devilish grin plastered on it. As you approach, the elevator shuts as you jab the call-back button and wait beside the doors. Looking up gives you a sense of nausea, the unidentified crowd is all looking at you, whispering behind your back. To say you were paranoid is an understatement, shifting uncomfortably for the elevator as it dings in response. Looking within, that damn skeleton is gone but having enough of this supposed ‘celebration’ you get in yourself, examining the options.

The floor buttons are unreadable. They are all symbols. A array of old computer symbols that you didn’t understand.
“Ms. Kiel? Ahhh.” comes a shady sigh as you look back out the door. Standing in the middle of the hallway of whispers was O’Neil, hair loose from its usual pony-tail, hands cuffed before him and the devils smirk as he looked to you with shrunken distant eyes. As his smile grows so do the whispers surrounding him until its echoing through the open door, the previous professor shambling forward at a sickening pace. “I need to see you… i n  m y  o f f i c e.” he lustily cries.

No longer do you care about whatever the fuck these buttons say as you mash them in sudden desperation. The professor breaks his shambling pace into a dead-on sprint, barreling towards you as you watch the doors close at an agonizing pace. The doors close immediately as his fingers brush past the inside, slamming with an intense crunch on the professors digits. The elevator begins a descent, the professors screams of anguish blaring alongside insane laughter as his fingers are scrapped and squished between the moving door. As it leaves the level, a few fingers bloodily plop onto the elevator floor, twitching slightly at the sudden rip.

Leaning against the wall you breathe heavily as you gain a sense of bearing and existence. What was reality anymore? This seemed like a dream but it felt so incredibly actual. You finalized it as another dream – elevators were metal deathtraps waiting to break. Never had you begged for a nightmare to end, you always needed to see them through, but you were quite mentally done with yourself and your sleep. You could hear your name echoing above you past the steel and iron barrier, but it was merely an echo in your box. As if on your mental note, a loose whirring of cable wires sounds as the elevator suddenly picks up a dropping speed instantly. You’re shaken profusely close to your shoulders, the named echo resonating harsher and harsher, like its plummeting alongside you. Alls you can do is reach behind you, grasping at the interior handlebars that feel squishy yet rough to the touch. You look up to the number counter that is going from actual numbers, to letters, then similar symbols and illegible chicken scratch as the floor lights inside plummet suddenly. You cry out, squeezing the bars for your final moments as the elevator freezes suddenly. You don’t follow the freezing as your body smashes onto the hardwood flooring of the elevator. Nothing feels broken but damn if you don’t feel a stabbing pain in your gut. Leaning upwards, the fingers beside you are twitching violently as you fly back in surprise, huddling in the elevators corner and looking to the floor number.

All lights were out. The number had stopped at a symbol – a skull with crossbones and a waving flag. Finding your footing, you grip onto the bars, suddenly wanting to head back to where you’d started.

“jane.”

Like that Dementor scene from Harry Potter, the doors slide open slowly as darkness sifts in. A thin boney hand with a similar hole in the midst of its palms squeezes through, rushing the opening of the door slightly.

“JaNe”

Black tendrils from before creep inside the elevator, grasping at your feet and ankles in a painful tickling sensation against the soles of your feet but the terror dripping throughout you is holding back laughter. That masked figure is peering back through the doors.

“j@nmE”

You swear your entire being is vibrating. The door is apparently open enough as the mass of darkness with a white cracked face eases in, standing tall before you as it bends over to avoid hitting the ceiling. The looming being draws a connected hand from the darkness, reaching out to your chest. Immediate flight response finally kicks in – but far too late. Darkness and black gooey tendrils are gripping harshly at your wrists and legs, locking them in place. The cold hand rests on
your sternum as a harsh tug occurs.

“J@ne!!”

Another set of hand grasps roughly at your shoulders, ceasing the majority of your resistance. Out creeps your soul, into the grimy hands of this…monster. Its face is void of emotion as it inches closer to your soul. Finally, it touches. Two fingers press at the dead piece and the living piece, but in all honesty they might as well be frozen spears the size of Papyrus. The shivering anguished torture continues for what truly feels like an eternity. Tears and squeezed screams echo out in the tiny metal box as the thrilled grin on your assailants face continues to widen. The name you once heard and knew seems seemingly nonexistent. The suffering has you on the verge of passing out as you look to your heart. The last hopeful piece is dulling in color, in hue. Its dying. You’re dying. Breathing is becoming harsher and strikes you like lightning as your throat cramps from your pained wails. The being edges closer, looking down onto your draining life before shifting beside your ear. Static and crackling wisp around his mouth, a black tendril seemingly a tongue laps at your earlobe. If you could feel anything besides the numbing ache, would you even be slightly turned on by your weak spot? They open their mouth, a harsher static crisp in your hearing.

“JJJAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA~”

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHNNNNN” you scream as your hands are suddenly free as you gain the energy to punch the assialant. They don’t even flinch. When did your assailant become Undyne? Why is she crying? Why are you on the ground being held down by Papyrus and Undyne, Alphys shaking your shoulders as everyone else watches on in fear? Undyne ceases screaming in your ear, meeting your gaze as a silence falls over the room. You hardly realize your soul had emerged from your body, taking immense joy as color suddenly pounds through it, eagerly disappearing back into your body with a sense of solidity as you finally breathe for real. You close your eyes and loosen your head that painfully thunks against the hardwood floor, but that is the least of your worries. The nearby barrage of screams could split your head, though you doubt Papyrus means it.

“What the hell is wrong with you?! Everybody came rushing home – you scared the life out of Toriel and Frisk when they got home and couldn’t wake you up! Do you have any idea how freaked out you made everyone with your soul color dying, your screaming and what not?! God, your some sleep-a-holic.” Undyne grunts, wiping her eye from the stinging tear as Alphys latches to you like a koala, helping sit you up before hugging you close. Papyrus helps as well, coming around and checking your body quietly for any harm he might have caused – he had somewhat brutishly thrown you onto the ground in a waking attempt like he sometimes must for Sans, but when that didn’t work, he phoned his brother in desperation. Finally properly coming to your senses you sniffle and wipe your face of tears while giving Papyrus a reassuring pat on his shoulder.

“I’m fine.” you manage to squeak out. Your voice is absolutely shot from the screaming you’d apparently been doing during that intense nightmare. You weren’t lying either – besides a painful throbbing inside you were physically alright. Mentally was a whole different matter, questions and fear spinning aggressively with a combination of ‘what ifs’ and possibilities to the meaning of these nightmares and to whom you keep seeing. You’d never seen that thing before. Your thoughts are cut off with Alphys grabbing your face.

“Y-You aren’t fine! D-D-Don’t l-lie to m-me! Y-Your r-r s-soul wasss f-fading i-innn you-your sl-sleep!” she cries, and for the first time in what seemed forever, she was angry. She was in actual rage, her face red from frustration and tears, but she was actually gritting her teeth together.
“Ah. Um. I have no idea what you are talking about, and I don’t even remember what was happening before this soooo…can someone elaborate why everyone is looming over me, on the floor, pinning me down aaa-“ you pause to look at the clock to see it reads 7:30. “aaAAHHHH!! THE COLLEGE!!” you scream, immediately jumping to your feet and rushing through the opposite door despite numerous calls as you vanish upstairs desperately for your phone. The downstairs phone seemed like a bad idea – like everyone wouldn’t allow it to happen and would continue to barrage you with tears and questions that you’d rather avoid. Reaching it on your bed, you dive forward, immediately calling the college as you get up and slam your door closed, shielding it uselessly.

“We’re sorry, your call could not be connected. Please try again at another time.” The phone repeats back suddenly. Looking to it in distress you immediately find out the reason. Wi-Fi. Bypassing a lonely plant-pet you hop onto the computer, checking the wi-fi connection. It was password locked. To be an even more bitch move, it was password locked 20 seconds ago. In complete agonizing hatred, you snatch your phone and trudge back downstairs with a white-flag held high. Reaching sight of the bottom, Asgore is smiling kindly as he holds up his phone with the wi-fi lockdown screen still up. You glare daggers.

“That’s low Asgore.” you grumble, your fate sealed as he beckons you downstairs more.

“It is supposedly necessary. Please come with me,” he reaches out to warmly take your hand. It’s the first heat from another you have fully registered since the incident. He holds your hand and leads you past the kitchen where Papyrus, Undyne and Frisk are causing artistic havoc. Now you understand why Toriel is constantly watching them cook – Undyne is punching tomatoes that are splattering against the walls while Papyrus has too little water in too much spaghetti. Frisk is petting a head of broccoli. He places it on the counter and rushes to you before you get to the living room, grappling to your leg and connecting with your souls…brain?

‘Your soul was breaking? It was a nightmare, yeah? Like Sans’? Sans has really really bad nightmares! I do too, but I think he has worse. When I get scared, I cuddle with someone.’ he immediately starts speaking up, hugging closer as you struggle to walk. Asgore finds great enjoyment in watching you hobble with the kid attached to your leg.

“Oh yeah? How does that go?” you ask, the king taking note of the mind conversation and not asking questions as he leads you past the living room and awaits you in the science wing.

‘It works great! Papyrus and Undyne are really fun to cuddle with, but Sans is understanding, because he has the worst nightmares. You should cuddle with Sans! He will scare away your nightmares!!’ Frisk squeals with determination glinting in his eyes. You can’t stop the blush as you look towards the ceiling.

“I-I don’t think that’s going to work Frisk.” you grumble, patting your face. Asgore is waiting in the long hallway after the science room beside a open door. You cant remember which room it is as you continue to struggle with the Frisk around your ankle.

‘Why not? Is Sans scary?’

“I wouldn’t say he is scary as much as its not a good idea?” you attempt but Frisk puffs his cheeks in frustration. How were you already so at peace with the fact this kid was basically telepathically speaking with you?

‘Why isn’t it a good idea? I thought you liked skeletons.’

“I love skeletons, but Sa-“ before you can even finish the sentence, just reading his face says you’d
made a terrible terrible mistake.

‘If you love skeletons, does that mean you love Sans and Paps?!’ he shrieks with excitement, a wide smile beaming on his face. One of his teeth looks out of place but you are too focused to care.

“W-Well Frisk I meant-“

‘Oh my gosh are you going to date one of my uncles?! Yes! YES YES YES! I would love-‘

“F-Frisk, sloooow down the-“

‘Oh! I can’t wait to tell Alphys! I totally ship you!!’ he finishes, jumping off your leg to give you a double thumbs up and a sneaky smile before he runs back towards the kitchen.

“Frisk, no running in the halls!” Asgore calls.

“Frisk, don’t you DARE go spreading weird rumors or whatever!” you beg after Asgore calls to him. This kid would be the death of you. Turning to the open door is leading into the sun room that is seated with Toriel, Sans and Alphys all patiently waiting and whispering. You suddenly have the choice to fight or flight and damn if flight isn’t looking like a decently ab’d angel with great hair and smile just offering to whisk you away. Damn you for being so tempting, but a giant royal goat monster stands before, momentarily resembling a Krampus. You also believe for a second that ab angel had a santa hat and sexy red suspenders, but you’re ushered into the room quickly by Asgore as he shuts away your escape. Emotionally waving the white flag, you walk forward and take the first chair you can.

“I understand you know why you are down here, Jane?” Toriel speaks up. She is taking a motherly tone. This wasn’t going to end well at all.

“Because Asgore had to shut off the wi-fi to get me to slink back in confused shame?” you attempt as Toriel and Alphys shoot hurt glares.

“J-Jane, do you have a-ny i-d-dea how badly t-that nightmare might have t-turned out if U-Undyne hadn’t woken you-you up?” Alphys hints at.

“I wouldn’t of woken up happy?”

“try you wouldn’t of woken up.” Sans bites. He shouldn’t be one to complain about harsh sleeping habits to you.

“Sorry for being tired.” you nip back, though you honestly don’t hold as much threat, just retaliation.

“Jane. Its true. You were dying in your sleep!” Asgore suddenly roars out. Looking to him, you immediately understand. You actually were dying in your sleep – it wasn’t just your imagination. Still, hearing the news? It somehow breaks you. “Whatever was happening in your dream was causing so much internal strain and emotional distress it was taking away your reason to live. We cannot let it get that close ever again. Of course, the best way is to understand what happened during the dream so we can help make sure nothing triggers it, but you don’t seem eager to share what the problem is! Even Alphys, your closest friend likely out of all of us, is in the dark! How can we help you if you wont let us in?” he pleads, trying to break down your defenses. Alphys reaches over, grasping your hand. Her eyes are begging and pleading, you nearly can imagine her thoughts similar to Frisks telepathic deal. And that face…

You can’t say no to that face.
Giving in completely, you crumple up in your chair, resting your knees on the table and leaning back to look out the windows.

“I don’t know what you guys want to do about it. Its not as if it’s a current problem, its not as if it was started by a thought or a word. I was home, alone, like how I am often, and they just...happened. Out of the blue.” You try to explain, waving your hands and speaking as if you were facing them, but seeing their faces would break your resolve to try and explain what was wrong.

“‘They’? There were multiple?” Toriel asks.

“I suppose? I had one this morning after I went back to sleep. I mean, it apparently wasn’t as bad as that but I don’t remember what happened in it that much.” you admit, Toriel asking you to continue as Alphys strokes your hand.

“Ehh it was another ‘oh my brother is a murderer’ thing. It was my family at the lake and I went into the water and just swam around for a bit.” you start, nonchalantly as you were still numbed from before.

“So I dive in the lake, and I went all the way to the bottom and I saw something buried so I was trying to dig it out and it was a skeleton hand wriggling around. I had uncovered most of it but then I went back up to the surface and the whole lake was deserted, I could see my house burning in the back, and my brother was getting in the water with a bloody knife. Obviously, dive back down to mysterious skeleton hand over murderous brother. It was thicker though ; the water. It was impossible to reach it, but when I did it pulled me into the dirt and I ended up somewhere completely different. I had never seen it before, but it was so detailed that it felt like I had been there!” you try to explain, finally looking to them for solidity – that they wouldn’t consider you crazy or send you to a mental institution. Asgore beckoned to continue onward, but Sans was giving a hard stare at you with intense concentrated eyesockets that differed from his usual lazy ones.

“So I ended up in this cave that was just covered in dark blue grass and weeds, and a hallway that didn’t seem to end. In front of me was a grey door – a door just inside the cave wall. I didn’t touch it, but it started to open as this……slime-this darkness just oozed out as it opened on its own. There was a thing standing or existing in the darkness and it looked like it had a mask on but it was its face. Looked like No-Face from Spirited Away!” you attempt to tell, but nobody seems to know what Studio Ghibli is.

“Okay I will need to marathon Studio Ghibli movies with you guys later, but like! It had a mask or something for a face. This just giant sick smirk looking down at me. Then these two hands just appeared from nowhere and black tentacles or whatever, and I think it was trying to speak but it was impossibly hard to understand, it had no solid voice and was high pitched, low pitched, garbling, static...clicking? After that I woke up.” you retell. Everyone takes a moment to think it over in their heads.

“That could have been caused by last night – handing around the photo.” Toriel attempts, looking to the photo as it hangs on the wall.

“Yes but that doesn’t explain the skeleton arm or that being afterwards.” Asgore comments, as you chime in a detail you probably should have included.

“Um…I-In the first dream…I think it was Papyrus’ arm. It had his red glove on it.” you comment, Sans perking up instantly.
“paps?” he repeats as you give a nod.

“I think you were in the second dream. And by think I mean ‘I’m pretty flipping positive it was you in the second dream, Sans’.” you comment, recalling the all too familiar smile and blue fluffed hoodie.

“W-What was the second dream?” Alphys tries to press on, thinking of how the kitchen will appear at the pace they are going.

“Well in the second one I was getting an award for growing Louis and Seymour. I wasn’t really in it until the ceremony where they had a huge dinner and I didn’t recognize anybody. I was looking around for someone I knew and I ‘think’ I saw Sans get in the elevator.” you start out, doing the finger quotes at ‘think’ because it totally was him.

“So I head over to the elevator……and everyone is whispering and what not while I wait for it to come back. It gets really creepy and I don’t like it but when the elevator gets back he’s gone. I decide im done with the scene and hop in. Looking back out……O’Neil is just standing in the hallway, then he’s rushing me in chains.” you recall. The pain is still too recent, far too recent. You can remember the majority of that night still freshly in your head. The way he spoke, how he gagged you and tied you to the sink, gnawing on your back. There was no doubt it was gnawing – you felt it. You still felt it. Asgore and Toriel look confused, not being up-to-date upon the occurrences of that night, even Sans didn’t remember his actual name – he wasn’t paying attention that night at dinner. He was too…………distracted. Alphys speaks up for you.

“O’Neil w-w-was the teacher-er wh-who was arrested.” she briefs. Sans’ phalanges scrape against the table in frustration as Toriel gives you a disheartened glance. Asgore has the subtlety to not ask or pry on the matter, taking it as a bad thing.

“I couldn’t read any of the floor buttons – it was all symbols and numbers and not eligible. I panicked and just started hitting buttons and the doors closed on his fingers. It started going down and a few fingers were left on the floor. I was pretty uncomfortable, and I ain’t big on elevators. Suddenly I heard a cable or wire snap and the elevator started plummeting……it was definitely heart-attack worthy. It felt like someone was shaking my shoulders and I was grabbing the bars for stability but they were all squishy.” you try to remember as much detail as possible.

“ah. that’s because paps was shaking you and you were squeezing undynes arms.“ Sans points out, correlating dream physics with reality. Alphys gave an agreeing nod.

“Well, after that the world just froze up. Well, the world and not me. Did you guys throw me onto the floor?” you ask, Alphys immediately shying away in guilt.

“Papyrus did – he was desperately trying to wake you up. When that didn’t work he called Asgore and Sans home in a panic.” Toriel added in, Sans looking away. He and the king had only arrived moments before your soul popped out of you. They had been uselessly staring as if it was the answer.

“Y-Yeah. He w-w-was r-really up-s-set when i-it didn’t work a-and he thought he’d hurt y-you.” Alphys mumbles, making her way to rubbing your upper arm. It was slightly soothing.

“Did anything happen after that?” Asgore asks as the story had yet again gone somewhat off topic.

“Yes. I tried to read what floor I was on but it was just a skull and crossbones symbol. That thing showed up again. It opened the doors, slinked inside and made it so I couldn’t move. Then it just……pulled out my soul…and poked it. Jesus was it the farthest thing from a poke though. I felt
like……like my being was shriveling up. That everything turned to nothing in an instant.” you say in an attempt to word your thoughts.

“That masked being you witnessed behind that grey door in that cave?” Toriel asks as you nod.

“It just poked at my soul and it was the absolute worst feeling I had ever felt. It was almost equal to…well…y’know.” you stop your words, gesturing to your back. Asgore, again, was completely in the dark.

“A-And then?” Alphys begs.

“And then I woke up to Undyne being in my face.” You finish. Everyone seems to take this as a time to whisper amongst themselves. Alphys pauses, scooting closer to you with a pad and pencil.

“I-I’m sorry t-to ask-k but maybe-be a drawing of t-that thing w-would help? Help both o-of us I mean.” she stutters, looking ashamed for asking and offering to take back the sheet.

“Thanks Alph. I’ll try and redraw it as close as I can.” you inform as she gives a glad smile and a gentle pat before returning the huddle up conversation. Alphys pauses, scooting closer to you with a pad and pencil.

“T-They a-are going to put a v-voice monitor from your r-room to mine. I c-can wake up Undyne f-faster since she was the one able t-to wake you up. I-Is that alright?” Alphys questions. You don’t feel comfortable being monitored during or not during your sleep, but their reasons are understandable and its better then having a sleep bodyguard. Giving an agreeing nod you hand back the paper to her as she quickly looks at it. She gasps and begins trembling. Standing, you grasp her shoulders.

“Alphys? I’m sorry, its creepy I know but I didn’t think it would freak you out. Here, just give it back and I will-” you urge in shame for frightening your friend.

“H-Have you seen this man outside of your dreams?!” she asks, hardly stuttering. It somewhat catches you despite how much she is trembling.

“N-No?” you question, recalling if any terrifyingly ugly blobs with a mask have ever come within your eyesight. During your mulling over, Alphys brings the paper over to the group. Sans is on you in an instant, holding your shoulders to the wall.

“how do you know him?” he growls, his eyes are existent but harsh and piercing. Why was it this skeleton always had a bone to pick with you?! Why was everything always your fault?

“I don’t know him! I didn’t even know it was a him! Do you know him?!” you urge, seeking answers as Asgore tries to relax Sans off you.

“that’s the problem.” he huffs angrily, releasing you to look away at a photo. Following his gaze, its another of the boys, with a familiar face. That face from your nightmares. Its Sans and Papyrus, slightly more grown-up. Sans didn’t stand a chance against Papyrus’ young growth spurts as the two are already the same height. Standing between them is a tall figure draped in a lab-coat and toothy smile. He only has one of the cracks and its going from his prideful smile to his left eye, but instead of the being you saw, you see a skeleton. A normal monster skeleton, hugging the children close. Looking to Sans, he was intently staring at the photo, looking like he was expecting something.

“... doctor w.d.g. nobody remembers his actual name, just ‘is initials. hell, nobody even remembers
who ‘e is or was. who ‘e was to us. Yet, here ‘e is – on the family photo wall, and you’re supposedly havin’ dreams about this mystery man who vanished ages ago.” Sans explains, huffing in annoyance as he shoves his hands into his pockets and makes for the door. His mood is quickly soured and looking back to the skeleton between the two you could only see him as an older family member: a third brother or even a father. Yet nobody recalled him, nor his name? Just minor rumors? It seemed unreal, to forget someone so easily. You turn to talk to him, apologize for calling someone who could be important to him a thing and it but he was already gone. Toriel and Asgore both left to cease the likely chaotic state of the kitchen, as Alphys remained behind. You turn to her.

“Alright two questions then we get off this depressing conversation of how I am apparently capable of dying at any moment of sleep. One – Why is this guy in my dreams and capable of interacting with me?” What had you done to him? Awful rude first meeting for a stranger; binding a little girl up during her sleep to examine? Rude.

“I-I don’t k-know. N-Nobody does really.” she admits, painfully. You can see she wants to understand just as much as you, but you have a theory on skeletons.

“Okay. Two – Are all skeletons named after fonts?” you pick out. Sans and Papyrus were both fonts, and if you intentionally considered their styles matched with the font, it somewhat suited them.

“I-I d-don’t know.” she also admits. Groaning, you ask her to wait as you rush into the living room and snatch up your laptop, returning to the sun room and settling down as she waits behind.

“Okay, so-” you start, opening a word processor page, “-in word, there are tons of different types of font types – different ways to write and be unique. There is ‘Comic’ Sans font and a Papyrus font. Soooo going off his initials, we should be able to find maybe a font similar! Even if it means Google. And Google can get exhausting…” you admit. Looking things up on google with unsureness can be torturous. Clicking and scrolling through the word font options, you jump to the W’s and an immediate name and funny memory pops in your head. During school you and old friends memorized symbols from this font and used it to pass notes without the teacher understanding the meaning.

“Wingding.” you breathe as you start typing out in the font. Symbols, crazy gibberish symbols! Oh someone give you an award for puzzle solving! In instant bliss, you jerk upwards hugging Alphys close.

“Wingding! His name is Wingding!! I have no flippin’ clue what the G is, but his first name HAS to be Wingding!! These are the same symbols I saw in the elevator!!” you cry out, Alphys looking closer and reading over the font. “Oh if I had known it was wingding gibberish I could have read it sooner! Ugghhhhh.” You frustrate instantly at your sudden realization you could read that supposed gibberish symbol mess back in the elevator and were too spaced out to think straight. Unable to recall all the buttons you remember the lights for the floor sign, sneaking a hand onto the keyboard to remind yourself of the alphabet. N.O. was a skull and flag. No? No what? This led nowhere but to pointing out he disapproved of something, likely involving you. Alphys was becoming more excited as you closed the laptop, returning to the living room.

“Why doesn’t anyone remember him? Why are there only rumors about someone who was so seemingly important? He was the previous Royal Scientist, the man who supposedly made the CORE which powered the entire Underground, and he is somehow related to two of my three favorite skeletons. Shouldn’t Asgore recall him as his employer? And, like, how do you fall into it? I thought the CORE was a solid mechanism which-” You rant on and on while walking to the
dining room after abandoning your laptop in the living room. Entering the dining room nearly makes your heart jump.

“SURPRISEE!!” everyone screams, the table once again covered in an array of food. You nearly jumped from your skin, grabbing your heart and breathing as you set a hand to Alphys’ shoulder and give her a knowing stare.

“T-Third times the charm, a-as some humans sa-say.” she beams, pulling you towards your seat as you look at the spread.

“Guys, you didn’t have to.” you try to plead when its already happened. Toriel shoves those thoughts away.

“Of course we had to. I understand its been a……rough first few days. That means this is all the more necessary.” Toriel sighs recalling the unfortunate series of events. It was true. The amount of bullshit craziness that had occurred to you in the last three days was amazing. Scared everyone with your ‘pet’, Gloria left you behind without a word, you ruined their first surprise, gave Sans a bad time, ruined the second surprise, fell off your balcony, ripped Papyrus’ arm off, and now nightmares of someone who was completely forgotten and possibly no longer existed trying to kill you in your sleep. If there was a question about how much shit you have been through on a application sheet – you would Ace it. Taking a seat it feels like a more grand dinner. Nearly every time you have sat at this table, not everyone was present. One or two people would be missing, yet everyone was here now. And they all appeared so happy, so forgiving and past what had happened not even an hour ago. It was pleasant and light, and you felt a little swell of emotions for these not long ago complete strangers taking you and your large supply of baggage. Even Sans had a smile on his face, though you questioned it. Whenever he met your gaze (which was often considering to look at almost anyone else on the opposing side he was beside them) he always just grinned that usual grin and lidded his sockets. His demeanor and actions were completely different then his bubbled aggression before in the sun room. It seemed so distant now. Frisk scurried out of their chair when Toriel stood and left the room with him to the kitchen, quickly. When they returned, Toriel had been saving a nice-cream cake she’d made for when the whole family had gathered, placing it in the center to the delight of the kids (Papyrus, Undyne and Frisk. They were such children at heart.) Frisk followed behind with little cupcake absolutely buried in sprinkles and whip cream, a rainbow foil keeping its shape as he put it before you, dashing back into the kitchen quickly. Returning with Flowey in his arms and a little hand crafted candle with a phrase taped near the bottom that he sticks into your cupcake ; though in all seriousness you don’t think it even hit the cupcake.

“Oh cake!.... Great.” Flowey cries out before immediately dropping his tone.

“Frisk, why are you burying a candle into my amazing cupcake? Its not my birthday.” you ask, Frisk signing too quick for you to understand as Asgore and Toriel giggle.

“He says it’s your ‘welcome home’ cupcake. He made it just for you.” Toriel sighs, looking to her child with pleased eyes as Frisk seems proud of his accomplishments.

“nice job boss. it’ll lighten the mood.” Sans puns as Papyrus nearly throws his plate of cake to the ceiling in realization, Frisk and Toriel giggling to themselves. You were still stuck repeating what they’d said in your head to care about the dazed expression you must be giving.

Home. Home. It had been forever since you truly had a place to call home. It seemed everyplace you went to and called home atleast once you had to abandon. Your first house, the foster house, the apartment house…It seemed like a sick curse – anyplace you called your home was to disappear. If you called this place home, would they get hurt? Would they betray you? Would you
leave without a word? Questions of would and what if’s plague your mind. Yet a light rests in the deepest depths. This is your home. These are your friends…they even want you to try and be family. You hadn’t had anything resembling a family in what felt like a millennium. Yet……here they were – happy, excited, welcoming, forgiving. If...if you could open to these monsters—these people—these…close friends? It would feel like someone just lifted three worlds off your shoulders and gave you the sweetest hug of your life. While stuck in thoughts Frisk pulls out a safety lighter and hops into your lap, offering the lighter to you for the candle. Noticing your not fully present, he gently pats your face bringing you back from your questioning mind reel.

‘Are you okay?’ he signs, settling back on your lap to give you space, leaning against the table. Noticing that you’d been out of it, you resolve to accept this place. To maybe call it home soon. Sighing you take the lighter and pat Frisks head.

“I’m better now. C’mon, you can help me blow this sucker out.” you grin, Frisk getting excited as he snuggles up to your chest as you lean around him, flicking the lighter on and placing it to the wick. Placing it down, you can finally read what the taped phrase is, nearly falling out of your chair.

‘Welcome Home    Jane Nee-Chan

You would be laughing hysterically at this childs apparent obsession with trying to replicate anime into his life if you weren’t so concentrated on not breaking your face with your smile or tears. Wrapping your arms quickly around them you give a tight squeeze, pressing your face into the top of their scalp and planting little kisses. He giggled and tried to squirm free as you held him closer and planted more kisses. Toriels warm motherly surprised smile couldn’t grow any bigger if she wanted, watching Frisk have another figure in their life to look up to and trust. Alphys seemed overjoyed for you, and you recognized the handwriting on the candle as her own. Frisk finally pulled far enough away where you could only rest your chin on their head, wiggling it back and forth in an attempt to noogie as you cuddled him close, despite his flailing.

“Thank you.” You whispered, giving another tiny squeeze before letting him run wild. Though, he didn’t. He waited a moment, spun around in your lap, and gave you a loving embrace. The affection you shared with this child after such little time was surprising even yourself but you couldn’t help accepting the return hug as he nestled his forehead into the grove of your neck. His hairs tickled slightly as you encased him like a cocoon.

“J-Jane?” Alphys calls, but your still in your own little world with Frisk.

“J-Jane!!” she cries again more urgent. Looking up you see why. The candle had burnt down to the paper finally as it caught fire, the candle slowly falling as it had not been properly planted into the cupcake and the whip-cream was melting away from the small heat source. Before you could even squeak, Undyne summoned a bright cobalt blue spear and sliced the candle. The speed carried wind from the impact outed all the flames as the partially melted wax flew onto Asgore plate, catching it and ensuring the flames didn’t return as he used his nails to stamp it out safely. Looking to Undyne she had a prideful smile as she spun her spear around for extra flare, blowing at the tip for no reason. Papyrus’ inner socket sparkles threatened to break the fourth wall he was so enamored by the action.

“Undyne! Please, no spears so close to the children!” Toriel calls out, groaning quietly in disbelief into her hand that muffles it out as nothing but a sigh. Undyne is cackling.

“Fuhuhuhu! I knew I wasn’t going to hit them! Besides, it was super cool, right?” she asks towards you and Frisk for reassurance. You’re pulling the remains of wax and candle from your cupcake mess as Frisk gives a double thumbs up, a bright smile on his face.
“IT WAS UNBELIEVABLE UNDYNE!! HOWEVER, THAT IS TO BE EXPECTED OF MY SUPER SUPERIOR!” Papyrus compliments as he continues to beam over Undyne’s ‘bravery’. The gloating grin on Undyne is almost funny and comedic as she tilts back somewhat, looking to the ceiling as both hands reach her hips while she lets out a roar or laughter. Alphys looks starstruck in love – if you focus you imagine she has giant anime heart eyes (and she totally would with how she’s staring).

“T-Toriel, atleast nobody was hurt.” Asgore insists, somehow uncomfortable using her name. Toriel notices this, leaning back in her chair…is she……blushing?

“You have no need to call me that, Asgore. Just…Tori.” she insists, looking towards a wall as she plays with her ears slightly. Asgore looking like he just won an Olympic gold medal – delight infectious as a hinted smile is on Toriel’s face too. Oooooh…this was their relationship; previous lovers who are making a comeback. You look to Frisk and immediately recognize that glint in his eye – the same from back when he said he was telling Alphys to ship you. Fearing his parent figures will cause the topic to resurface, and your legs losing blood flow, you pat his shoulder.

“Head back and eat your cake before it melts, m’kay?” you comment, Frisk looking to you for a moment as if he is trying to read your face. Wordlessly, he runs over to his chair and Floweys, balances Flowey on his head while nabbing a plate in both hands, running back to yours and scooching back into your lap. How did you become the lap-eater? Flowey was settled onto a napkin on the table with his slice of cake, Frisk holding his in his lap.

“Children, don’t make Jane uncomfortable – go sit in your own seats.” Toriel insists but you wave it off. Having these two so close is somewhat comforting.

“I’m okay with it Toriel.” you reply. Suddenly, your cupcake is floating before you in a blue haze. Confused, you take the plate as the haze vanishes. Looking to Sans, he is replacing his left hand into his pocket, while his right holds a jug of ketchup beside a plate with minor remains of the nice-cream cake.

“Ketchup with nice-cream? Really?” you whine, Sans opening a single socket to look at your little mesh of bodies with a smirk.

“hey – don’t judge a delicacy.” he sighs back as he lifts the jug to his jaw.

“PLEASE FORGIVE HIM HUMAN. I DON’T UNDERSTAND EITHER.” Papyrus admits with a heavy sigh as him and Sans get into another sibling fight, though it’s nothing bad. However, you’re more preoccupied with the sudden squirms of Frisk everytime he eats his cake.

“What’s up? Brain freeze?” you ask, resting a hand to his head in a humorous attempt to feel it icy-cold. He shakes off the concern, biting in again and wriggling – again. Toriel’s motherly senses must tingle as she notices the unusual behavior as well.

“My child, are you alright?” she asks, offering to stand and approach as Frisk refuses and scrunches up on themselves, hugging the cake close. Toriel comes over, picking up her child and looking somewhat stern.

“Frisk, what is the matter? Is it too cold?” she asks as Sans giggles slightly.

“tori, its nice-cream cake. chill.”

“Frisk is losing his sweet-tooth.” comes the unsuspected voice of Flowey, and by the way of his grin, he meant it.
“Toriel, give him here.” you gesture for Frisk who suddenly wants to be anywhere but your lap. Toriel complies as you take over grabbing the top of his head. “Kiddo open up. Open your mouth and lemme see.” you ask in a demanding voice. Frisk doesn’t want to allow this but you assume the harsh stare of Toriel convinces him otherwise as he opens wide. Toriel nearly screams but allows a sharp gasp.

“Oh my lord child! You’re bleeding!!” she cries, reaching forward to his cheek as he winces away. Loose tooth. You tilt his head back under the light and see one of the front bottoms dangling by two ends. Asgore rushes over in concern for his child and everyone seems on high alert suddenly as you try to calm them down.

“Guys, guys! Chill. Its natural.” you plead as Frisk tries to snuggle into your chest and avoid his parents concerned prying. Standing up you show them his tooth dangling as Toriel takes the reins.

“It’s alright Frisk. I can heal it back up.” she soothes but you immediately bat away her paw.

“No Toriel! This is a natural thing! If you heal up the wound it’ll make it harder and more painful later on when his more permanent tooth comes through!” you insist, taking Frisk who is now extremely pleased to be in your grasp. He doesn’t know who to trust.

“B-But-“ she pleads but you shoot her as harsh and understanding glance as best you can, looking closer into Frisk mouth.

“He isn’t harmed Toriel. He is just growing out of his baby teeth as new ones are coming through. It happens to all the teeth eventually. I went through it, all humans go through it. It’s slightly painful but its part of growing up.” you explain, grabbing her shoulders in a sense of reassuring as she fidgets about.

“pretty sure teeth are meant to not fall out smalls.” Sans sighs, coming over with a napkin for Frisk that he shoves into his mouth. It’s a real gusher, and the sooner you explain and get this over with? The much better.

“When humans are born they have a first, smaller set of teeth that are just meant to be quick to help with eating. Later on in life a second set of teeth develop and when the time comes they will push through the gums and replace the first set of teeth with a stronger and healthier set. If we heal it up, he won’t have better teeth.” you shorten it out, “I assume monsters don’t go through that and skeletons don’t have gums so your first teeth are your first teeth? I don’t know and I am not taking the time to question it. C’mon Frisk, lets go get that little digger out of your mouth.” you mutter as Frisk latches onto your stomach like a koala as you search for the closest bathroom, Toriel and Asgore trailing behind in concern. Finding the first one you set Frisk on the toilet and get a little cup of water and tissues. Sans has requested that Papyrus and Undyne clean up the plates as he and Alphys join the parent crew by the door.

“U-Um so F-Frisk is just growing in a new tooth?” Alphys finalizes as you give a nod of agreement. Turning on the light you can see this tooth is determined to stay in, and poking it doesn’t result in any immediate pain. Looking closer with the light, you take note of another wiggly on his lower jaw and sigh.

“Were you just planning to eat with two loose teeth? The tooth-fairy would be ashamed you’re trying to avoid her.” you grumble, fumbling around the cabinets for a form of extraction.

“ Tooth-Fairy?” Toriel asks, settling on the side of the tub and holding Frisks hand. He seems against it, but none-the-less allows the interaction.
“OH yeah. When kids lose their baby teeth, they put them under their pillows. During the night, while they sleep, the tooth-fairy comes by to collect the past tooth and replaces it with a shiny quarter.” you try to cautiously wink the ‘This is what you need to do’ signs at Toriel who isn’t understanding.

“F-Fairies c-c-collect teeth?” Alphys asks, confused.

“you put bones under your pillow?” Sans comments more then questions in confusion. “does this mean i can go back to calling humans weird?” he jokes as you shoot him an angry glare before returning to Frisk.

“Oh hush up. I will explain later. Right now we got some teeth to pull.” you groan, fixing the light to a better position to clearly see.

“Pull?” Asgore notes.

“Yes. Pull. If we don’t take them out forcefully the little suckers can stay attached for a long time. Leaving them in would only cause him more pain whenever he ate. Even if he ate non-solids, eventually he could loosen the tooth enough to the point he accidentally swallows it. That means no quarters, and I like quarters.” you comment, recalling your secret attempts at pulling your own teeth.

“Are there any better ways?” Toriel begs, looking to Frisk with worried fear.

“I mean, safer? If you don’t want him to feel pain we could go to the dentist, have them stick a needle in his gums to numb them, then pry them out. But the needle will hurt and then he will just have a numb mouth for a few hours. If you mean better ways to get it out, I saw a guy tie a string from his tooth to a truck and used the trucks pull to yank it out. When I was a kid, my pop’s had this really evil way of pulling my teeth out, so I just tied mine to a doorknob and slammed the door shut……it never ended well.” you rethink. Of the four attempts, two had back-lashed and hit you and one shattered upon impact with the door. Toriel seems to pale against her white fur as Frisk begins to sign.

‘I’m okay. I have pulled my teeth before. It will be over quick!’ he signs. ‘I am becoming a big boy! This proves it! Can I have more responsibility now?’

Asgore gives a chuckle from the doorway at his childs eagerness to grow up. Sans reaches over, patting the kids head.

“you are one brave little human little boss. you got this.” he ensures as he looks to you. You feel like he will be doing that as this gets done.

“Alrighty Frisk you ready? You want them both out?” you ask, testing the other tooth. It isn’t nearly as loose as the other, but its giving a fair share of blood pooling on his tongue. He takes a moment to spit into the sink, sending a frightful chill through all the monsters, Sans taking quick to turning the faucet on and removing the evidence.

‘Yes. Bottom hurts.’ Frisk concedes as you look to it. Well if he was asking, that would take a little more oomph to pull out, your fathers evil technique.

“Alrighty, I’m starting with the top one. Want me to count to three?” you ask, Frisk giving quick nods. He talks like he is ready, but you can see his fear. Nobody likes getting teeth pulled. Pinching the tooth, he holds his mouth open and shuts his eyes.

“1……2……3.” you read out, but the millisecond the ‘t’ for three comes out, you give a quick
twist inwards and yank outwards and the little bloody tooth comes free. You rush to stuff a tissue into his mouth and shut it before he says anything. Its over before Toriel can even register and gasp. While letting the tissue soak up blood, you carefully wash off the tooth and glance it over. Healthy little thing, you place it onto a tissue to dry as Sans and Alphys study it.

“Look. See? Easy ones out of the way.” you promise, taking the tissue and handing him the glass of water. He swishes it around and spits out a bright pink water into the time, and repeats a few more. “Toriel, I can see it in your face. No – you can’t heal it. The pain and bleeding will stop eventually, but if you heal it over it could effect the growth.” you grumble, taking her shoulder with your hand as Frisk jams another tissue into his mouth. Toriel sighs, keeping her gaze fixated on Frisk.

“its so tiny…” Sans comments, rolling the little tooth in his phalanges. The little clicking as he rolls it is the tiniest hint unsettling as he passes it to Alphys, cradling it in her palm. Asgore leans over and gives a pleased sigh.

“I-I remember s-some of the tooth b-bone structure…t-t-these are-e the r-roots?” she points out as you give an affirming nod.

“Yes. The root canal connects to your veins and artery and carries to the middle where the pulp chamber lies.” you point out on the tiny example as Frisk finally opens their mouth. Their gums are slightly swollen and the bleeding is already stopping as you carefully dab a tissue to it. Now, the fun part.

“Okay Frisk. This next ones going to be a jerk so I will have to be a jerk as well.” you example how unpleasant this will be by unnecessarily rolling your tank sleeve. Frisk audibly gulps.

“What do you mean?” asks Toriel, suddenly defensive. There is no need to be, but its completely understandable. Pointing to his lower jaw, you carefully push at the loose enough tooth and Frisk winces slightly.

“This ones giving him more grief by being there then not, but bottom jaw ones can be trickier since gravity isn’t an element of pulling. Also, its not optimally loose enough, but loose enough where the roots are digging back and hurting him when he eats. For easier eating and what not, it should really come out. That being said, bottom jaw teeth are just generally harder to pull, and can be more painful. Adding that onto the fact its not as loose as the other one?” you summarize before giving Frisk a pat on the head, “This is going to suck. You ready?” you concern. Frisk gives a determined nod, stuff a piece of tissue nearby the slightly bleeding gum as you fidget with the lighting again.

“W-What a-a-are you going t-to do?” Alphys asks, understanding this situation won’t be pleasant and has sunken back towards the door. Sans stands firm besides the sink.

“Well I will have to use my dads old technique. That entails grabbing, yanking along with twisting, twisting the other way, and pulling outwards. In about 2 seconds.” you summarize, recalling the terrible experience. You probably made it worse as Frisk begins to slightly tremble, but he sits strong with his mouth still open.

“I-Is there no other way?” Toriel requests as you consider it.

“I can’t think of anything faster and more efficient. It will hurt, but the pain goes away quick too. Besides, my dad would pull my teeth at the slightest knowledge it was loose – all the roots could still be connected and he would just loom over like a mad scientist ready to yank ‘em out. Frisk atleast has one or two of the roots loose, but it can’t dangle free like the top jaw ones. This should
be over quick and easy, and its extremely efficient.” you insure, pinching at the tooth as Frisk winces before it even starts.

“Alright Frisk, on three again?” you knowingly ask as he gives a weaker thumbs up. You know if you do, and he tenses up like he will, it will hurt longer. You use a secret wording he doesn’t catch, and damn you are glad. You hate having to do this to the kid, but its for the better.

*Forgive this, Frisk. I do it because its for the best.*

“Alrighty. Ready?” you ask, and he gives another thumbs up as you position on the tooth.

“Okay-“ you suck in a long breathe that seems like its relaxing, but its not. “3.” you grunt before harshly yanking and twisting the tooth. It didn’t need the second twist as it comes loose immediately and you pull the slightly larger much bloodier tooth out, your hands drenched in blood as the tissue from the other had fallen off and dripped onto your wrist. The light squeak of a scream is short and little tears prick in his eyes, but for the most part he seems calm. Ignoring the literal blood on your hands, you jam an extra tissue into the other side while you wash the tooth with the other. Toriel is sighing, petting Frisks arm and rubbing the tears from his eyes that he refused to let fall. Frisk grabs your arm and soul screams.

‘You said you would count to three!!’ he yells, smacking your hand with light aggressiveness at the betrayal.

“Wrong – I asked if you wanted me to do it on three again, and you said yes. I never said anything about counting that time. If I had counted, you would have just tensed up and that will hurt later in the long run. But look! Its over! And for your courage and pretty whites I wouldn’t be surprised if the tooth-fairy just leaves you a dollar.” you wink and his mood brightens almost immediately as he looks to his teeth drying on the tissue as you hand him a drink to cleanse his mouth. Alphys retreats back as Asgore leans in to inspect the second tooth. You designate a box of tissues to Frisk before you let him loose.

“Alright Frisk, the torture is over. You can go back and eat the cake now – but just take careful bites. Make sure you wash your mouth and teeth after your done!” you call to him as he rushes out before you can finish the sentence. Toriel stands and gives you a quick hug before looking down on you and the teeth.

“Thank you for this Jane. However, I wasn’t aware fairies existed on the surface.” she teases as she giggles to their pesky nature. You have to force a smile and whisper.

“Toriel. There aren’t any fairies. Usually it’s the parents who sneak in, grab the teeth and replace them with money.” you tell, Toriel gasping and hiding snickers to not ruin the surprise.

“That’s why you were winking at me! Oh, child, I thought you had something in your eye.” she giggles as everyone evacuates the bathroom, you carrying the teeth in their tissue. “What am I to do with them?” she asks, looking at the little bones.

“Anything really. My parents collected mine and used them for little experiments which now that I think about it my dad *really was* a mad scientist looming over me waiting to yank my teeth…… huh.”

You look to Sans and for a moment you feel as though your thinking on the same brain-wave, but that is broken as Papyrus comes over and sees the teeth.

“ARE THOSE THE SMALLER HUMANS TEETH?!” he squeals, bending down to look closer.
“Yes Papyrus. Frisk is going to put them under his bed for the tooth fairy tonight.” Toriel snickers as Papyrus squeaks.

“SANS! IF I PULL MY TEETH, WOULD THE TOOTH-FAIRY TAKE MONSTER TEETH?!” Papyrus realizes he has teeth. Sans realizes this isn’t good.

“ti-bia honest bro, our teeth don’t exist long if they’re taken, so i don’t think so. ‘sides, you’re not a baby-bones no more.” he explains, though you can tell he just doesn’t want Papyrus to do anything harmful to himself with such high hopes.

“I SUPPOSE THIS IS TRUE…WHAT IF I PUT A FALSE TOOTH BENEATH MY PILLOW?” Papyrus questions out loud. Sans sighs, pinching and kneading at a furrowed brow as he tries to think of another excuse.

“Papyrus the Skeleton don’t try to fool the tooth-fairy! There are bullies who will beat up kids and take their loose teeth for their own! When the tooth-fairy finds out, she gives them a cavity – and you don’t want cavities Papyrus. Don’t swindle the tooth fairy!” you bark back, ashamed that someone as great, ecstatic, and innocent would try to trick someone into giving him cash. Though, internally, you understand he probably just wants to be visited by the tooth fairy. Papyrus takes the shock…a little rough. Terror covers his face to his self-actions as he immediately crumples in on himself in the corner of the room beside the lamp. Sans is already sighing and approaching his brother as he screams out.

“SHE’S RIGHT!! SANS – IM A TERRIBLE SKELETON FOR TRYING TO FOOL THE TOOTH-FAIRY! HOW COULD I BE SO SELFISH – I HAVE LIVED A LIFE OF SIN!!” he cries out hatred onto himself. You can’t understand if he is joking or taking this completely and seriously as Asgore and Toriel sigh. Is this……normal?

“papyrus, no.” Sans tries to cut off Papyrus who clearly wins in the raised voice competition.

“PAPYRUS YESSS!!” he cries, somewhat sobbing as Sans pats his brothers skull and shoulders. Trying to amend what’s happened, you approach warily.

“Papyrus, it doesn’t count as a life of sin if you haven’t done it yet. If alls you want is for the tooth-fairy to visit, you just need to write her a letter and stick it under your pillow addressed to her. She checks all the pillows just in case and if you leave her a letter I’m sure they would love it.” you explain, shooting a wink to Sans in assumption he or Toriel will take the role of tooth-fairy.

“yeah bro. might even write back. if she doesn’t we’ll give her a bad time on her next visit. sound good?” Sans promises as you realize he is totally threatening the tooth-fairy. You would giggle about the thought if not for some times Sans being intimidating when it came to protecting Papyrus. Papyrus suddenly jumps up, standing tall with a familiar tooth-full smile and a happy laugh. Some mood swing...

“NYEH HEH HEH! IF THAT IS THE CASE I, THE GREAT NON-SWINDLING PAPYRUS, SHALL MAKE THE BEST LETTER SHE HAS EVER SEEN!! NYEH HEH HEH HEH HEEHEE!” he giggles, shaking fists in excitement as Frisk comes over with nice-cream on his mouth and Flowey in his grasp. He snatches up the teeth in one hand, signing in the other after balancing Flowey onto his head. Flowey looked like he had foamed at the mouth slightly…

‘I want to write one too!’ he cries as both become giddy giggling children as they rush upstairs to get started. The hour was getting late and bedtimes were surely right around the corner, suddenly catching yourself in a yawn. Considering how much sleep you’d been getting you were surprised how exhausted you were for doing almost nothing today. Stretching out your arms you flinch back
at a darkening red. Your hand is still covered in Frisks blood. Quick images of the bloody knife in bloody hands surge through your brain before you return to the bathroom, washing it away. You have to force yourself to not harshly scrub at it – its gone; washed away. Taking a small breather at the sink, a tap on the door reveals Sans.

“ya alright there smalls?” he asks, looking to your face. You can barely make it out – his smile isn’t nearly as genuine and jokey as usual. Then again, you assumed this skeletons smile was nothing but a front for how often he seemed to manage to make it. You nod at him turning off the faucet and placing the non-previiously blood drenched hand to your forehead for the numbing cold the water left behind. When had your heart-beat quickened in pace?

“Yeah. Fine. Imma go eat that cupcake and head to sleep if that’s alright with you.” you inform as he blocks the entranceway. A moment of hesitation happens before he steps out making room for you. Forcing a smile, you look back to him with a sense of pleased frustration. “And stop calling me small.”

He chuckles some before wandering away as you manage back to the cupcake. Flowey had taken a bite of the whip-cream, resulting in that foamed mouth effect. Giggling to yourself, you munch into the cupcake which is actually pretty good with a jelly filling. Toriel must have helped in the preparation. Once you finish it off, throw out the wrapper, and lick the whip-cream off your nose, you shamble upstairs to brush your permanent teeth. Frisk is leaving with Sans and Papyrus, his teeth left in a little baggy as they head into his room. They both are in pajamas and have letters ready as they snuggle in together on Frisks bed. You watch from the doorway in happy silence, Sans retrieving a book from his large jacket pocket and opening the page.

“You’ve already read this one, like, a kajillion times!” Flowey grunts at the tattered cover used and slightly abused. The spine creaks as it opens to the first page.

“ABSOLUTE NONSENSE! FLUFFY BUNNY IS A MASTERPIECE AND IS OPTIMAL FOR BEDTIME STORIES!” Papyrus compliments, looking at the book with a fondness as Sans doesn’t even need to read the page to remember the words. You can’t help the little snort that escapes at the name of the childrens book and everyone picks up on your presence. “AH, HUMAN! HAVE YOU COME TO LISTEN TO THE TALE OF FLUFFY BUNNY AS WELL?” Papyrus cries out in excitement, straightening out in bed to look over to you. He has race-car pj’s. God Papyrus is too precious.

“Have you come to get me out of here?” Flowey begs as Frisk cuddles him closer in his pot, Flowey groaning louder to his situation.

“Sorry Flowey. Bed time stories are good, but I got some teeth to brush and some nightmares to kick in the butt, sooo imma go do that. Night ya lil’ tooth-fairy hunters. Make sure you stay asleep when she visits, otherwise she’ll get scared and run away for the night.” you warn as Frisk and Papyrus give a knowing nod. Before you leave, you can barely make out a little sticky note letter on Floweys pot.

*Oh that’s just absolutely precious.*

Brushing your teeth and using the restroom, you can’t help but want to know who this wingding is. What he is to Sans and Papyrus? How did he really disappear? Why did nobody recall him, even his name? You needed to drop the questions and get shut eye as you plop into bed, exchanging for pj pants and socks since it was getting slightly colder. Hell, before you’d realized it, a storm had hit. Rain was smacking against the glass past the darkness and the dark sky. Curling up under the blankets for warmth, you fall asleep to the eased growls of Louis, and the minor static of the voice transmitter left on your desk.
Overtime, that static grew. Harsher; violent even. It suddenly surrounds you as you force your eyes open. There is nothing.

Nothing but darkness.

It feels as though you’re floating along as you try to press forward, escape this static and light clicking. A screen of symbols appears in the darkness, a giant compared to you as you quickly try to make out words. It was Wing-Dings! Doing your best to recall the alphabet, you can make out a few lines, reading them aloud to help preserve internal thoughts.

‘yoU aRe janE.’ you read, looking around. There is nothing. Nothing but the darkness that continued to supposedly grow. This place was nauseating and messing with your minds rationality - as if this was a dark insane asylum. Hoping you are correct and won’t seem like an imbecile, you call out.

“I am Jane! Are you Doctor WingDing G.?” you call out, turning around as you continue to float there. Another screen flickers on. There is a mixture of wing-dings and English!

‘I Am dOctOr w.D. gAstER.’ it replies, your ego immediately growing in pride before diminishing as to who he was.

“But I got the wingding part right…right?” you ask, a simple ‘yes’ flickering on quickly before vanishing, like its trying to hold its pride. Yours cant help but grow for the moment.

“What are you to Sans and Papyrus? Why are you in my dreams? Why did you do that…whatever you were doing to my soul!” you plead. Tendrils are heard squirming around you, sudden constrictions at your arms. Its far worse then before as its actually painful to move against. You cry out but a tentacle covers your mouth. There is no smell. There is no taste. There is truly nothing. Another screen flickers on, each time more distorted English displaying.

‘y0U aRe $m@rt...... f0r @ HumAn.’ it reads which you take immediate offense to and try to bite at the tentacle. It backs away as you belt out again.

“That’s awfully rude for a complete stranger! Why are you doing this? What have I ever done for you to try and destroy my soul!” you beg, the tentacle slapping back to muffle you into silence, harsher constrictions on your right arm are extremely painful. You can slightly hear rain or water dropping past the intense static that only seems to continue to grow. Another screen.

‘I D0nt uNd#rst@nD h0w wE h@Ve C0nnE(TeD, BuT S(U(H is Sc1EncE.’ Bite back again.

“This isn’t science! This is torture! And I have so many questions but you won’t even let m-“ you try, however this time the tentacle doesn’t slap down on your mouth. It enters, forcing immediately towards the back as its swelled size holds your mouth open. It hardly has any taste to it besides cardboard and dirt, but its suddenly emitting an aroma like a plum. Its strong for the closed distance but you’re needing to take harsh nasal breathing as your mouth is stretched and occupied. Screen.

‘I h@Ve qVesT1on$ aS wElL. L$ t@rt w!tH th1$...’ it reads before it fazes out. The white mask skull appears about a foot from your face, leering at you as you struggle. The more you move, the increasing the pain digging at your right wrist gets. Tears are definitely raining down as the pain is becoming unbearably uncomfortable but this situation has flight response written all over it. Another tendril wraps harshly around your neck, cutting off the already lacking air supply as the mask looms closer. Even in this miserable possibly deadly situation, you can’t shake the feeling you’re forgetting some things. You can’t stop asking questions even as your supply of
oxygen is decreased. Why does he show up now? You puzzle, trying to fight with your other hand as you’re the right has become strangely warm and numb to pain. The left isn’t hurting as you grasp at the tendril around your neck, pulling it away for even a slight amount of air. The tendril inside flicks its tip against the back of your throat, threatening your gag reflex. A screen appears behind his, not fuzzy or in any confusing letters. Small little white letters.

‘Pills.’ Pills? This wasn’t the time for pills! What did pil-

*My anti-depressant pills.*

It struck you like lightning. You constantly took your anti-depressant pills, but thanks to that incident with Sans you missed your scheduled pill consumption! It explained why you were tired and constantly thinking sad thoughts but…*when did anti-depressants drive away evil slime monsters*?!

Regretting all decisions and stupidity the right tendril tightens again. Your hand is losing feeling. You can hear harsher static as the doctor draws near, that same sick smile spreading over his face. You can hear tapping amongst the rain, even the slight whistle of your name. It’s a dream. It’s a *dream*.

*Wake up!*

But nothing happened.

The sick grin of the scientist draws closer as he looms over you. Hands form behind him, making quick signs as your left arm is yanked away, the tendril left to continue to choke the life from you.

“*Qu$h^on One.*” he speaks, and you can finally understand what he is saying past the static, clicking, and garble of his voice. The tapping and rain increases in volume, your right hand feeling non-existent. Looking over to it, it isn’t there. Oh…why don’t you feel anything? It might be the fact this fucker is choking you, but even that seems distant. The darkness is crawling closer, your name echoing louder in the distance. Past the crazed slime scientist lies that same grey door, the sound is coming from that. You can’t even reach for it, everything feels so hopeless. Gaster closes in, his smile dropping into an angry frown. The door behind him cracks open the slightest bit, the voice coming through clearer.

“*jane*?”

*Sans.*

“*wH@T-Mlght YoR bE 8-mY ^0@^?*” it warns, the last part of his sentence mixing into the growing static from the screen fizzing suddenly behind him. Black tendrils squeeze your neck, a cracking is heard before your head rolls back and the darkness catches you, encasing you before bursting open to an intense bright light and wet pelting against your gasping face.

*Water.*

There’s water bubbling in your mouth. Its freezing cold and you can’t help coughing it out.

thnk thnk “kiddo?” thnk “ smalls? answer me.” thnk thnk

Rolling your head to the side, your eyes are heavy but your arm feels like a boulder. Bathroom. Your in the bath-tub, the shower running. You weren’t showering. You were sleeping. Your pills. On instinct, you raise your right arm towards the pills snuck into the cabinet. Red. The once ivory bathroom is splashed vibrant red as blood gushes from your arm. Ah…there’s a razor in your left
Thnk THNK “jane, answer me!” the voice calls. Who was that voice again? Your mind is racing but your movements are sluggish and confused. Your mouth feels disgusting, your neck and throat still have the feel of being squeezed. You can’t even register you’re breathing normally. Everything just feels so heavy – your lungs, your arm, your head. Running a lazy finger around your neck, you can feel an impression. Was it real? What was real? This didn’t feel or look real. Ahhh…there’s blood everywhere.

“heh-“ you try to say hello but water in the back of your throat causes you to cough instead. Trying to pull yourself out of the tub it too taxing, and you’re so sleepy. Resting back, you let the cold continue to attack you as you shiver, redness draining away to only be replaced. The world is spinning slightly.

“smalls, are you alright? unlock to door, please.” begs the voice. Ahh. That voice.

“Sans…” you reply, a sigh coming from the outside. It is relieved. You don’t want relieved. You want panicked. You need to escape…

“good. you all good? if you’re alright, i’m bone tired and i need some sh-“

“Heeelp.” you whimper, coughing again. You blink slowly and a sound happens. Opening them, he is standing inside the bathroom, sweat beading down his skull as his pupils shrink to pin-size.

“oh my - jane.” he gasps, turning off the water and grabbing under your shoulders. You can only manage painful moans and whimpers as he slugs you out of the tub and into his arms, sitting on the toilet cradling you, letting your head lay against a small towel cushioning from the hard sink as he gently raises your wrists.

“What happened? oh my – fuck, jane, there’s blood-“ he rambles, unable to pick a sentence. Your main focus is the pill cabinet ; shivering cold you raise your arm towards it, opening and fumbling for the compartment. Sans grasps your hand, entwining his fingers with yours as he tries to shush your movements, warm you up. He has his jacket wrapping around you, uncaring for the blood as he glances around for anything to stop the flow, using a washcloth and pressurizing it in a panic. He continues to shush and soothe you.

“P-P-Pills.” you beg, trying to reach for the compartment even with the intertwined hands. You press it open with your finger, revealing the pill bottle. Sans, instinctually, grabs it, skim reading the instructions before looking to you in uncertainty.

“These, right?” he questions as he pops the lid. You give him a faint nod before he is helping you choke down a pill with water. Your throat is still tight, a faint gag of plum still stuck in your nostrils as you begin violently shaking against warming bones. You can’t question anything as the numbing cold the shower provided is replaced with what is supposed to be a soothing heat, but is thawing your cold shell that has helped you. “shit, shit.” he swears, hugging you close before lifting your frigid frame, pressing your head to his clavicle as he continues to put pressure on your cut. If you weren’t so incredibly numb and emotionally broken, the pain would have already knocked you out. It’s a struggle to keep yourself awake.

“stay with me jane. stay with me.” he begs, stroking your face with slightly bloodied phalanges as he uses his magic to force doors open. He wouldn’t of known. Nobody would have. He accidentally fell asleep during the bedtime story. He awoke to begging sobs and the shower running. Frisk and Papyrus were completely unaware, your bedroom door was ajar as the transmitter was left behind. Knocking at the door he listen as it sounded as though you were
Carrying you into your room, you were set on the bed as he used his jacket as a towel as the continuous blood streamed down the red dampened washcloth.

“S-S-Sans…” you beg. He was leaving after thawing you, and it wasn’t fair. He went over to your dresser beside the transmitter.

“alphys. get toriel. now.” he growled before ripping past the door back into the bathroom. A downstairs door and heavy footsteps started beating down the stairs, but you were too focused on the world spinning, you life inside flickering. You felt it being smothered by darkness as you tried to breathe. The world was going cold, no matter how many blankets you were laid under ; nothing would save you. Sans came back into the room with antibiotics, painkillers, wrap bandages, cup of water, and more towels. He dropped everything beside the bed and pressured the cut. The numbness was fading as the pain struck like lightning through your arm. You silently cried, reaching and grabbing at his shirt with wordless begs. He met your eyes with understanding, taking one hand and entwining it with yours he continues to press despite your desperate agonized stare.

“what were you thinking? why…” he asks, begs, trying to imagine what was going through you mind. You have to tell him. Your consciousness is going groggy. Realizing your in and out of awareness, he sits you up against the wall, sitting beside you. “hey. stay with me. stay with me j-jane!” he pleads. He sounds so hurt. Prying your eyes open, you look to him. He has tears in his eyes. Why is he the one crying?

I don’t understand.

“Sa-Saaans…” you whisper, a growing lump threatening to choke you again with tears.

“What?”

“Namee…his-his naaame……w-wing-“ you have to pause and gulp the lump that settles like a boulder in your gut. “Wing……D-Ding…G-Gasteerrr.” you finally manage. Its out. His name is out there. His pupils have disappeared, but you can hardly register it. A dual set of footsteps is coming up the stairs……but you’re too tired to care. You start to slouch to the side but Sans catches you, nuzzling you close as the feet approach.

“j-j-just h-hold on jane. cavalries coming.” he whispers, staring towards the door and hoping their feet could fly. Your breathing is becoming shallower and the blood wont stop, reaching dangerous levels of loss. The bathroom is still wide open as a set of gasps comes from the hallway.

“tori!” he cries, as Toriel walks towards your room, eyes falling on you in utter disbelief and terror before becoming determined as she rushes to your side, taking the entirely soaked towel and beginning to heal your arm. There’s a long horizontal line going up from your wrist and a quarter way towards your elbow. Toriel has to force herself to look at it to ensure safer work.

“What happened??” she barks as Alphys closes the bathroom door for safety and privacy before rushing to your side.

“i-i woke up and she was in the bathroom, sobbing and choking. i kept knocking til she finally responded, she was weakly begging for help. i got in and the tub was absolutely drenched, her pale, and a razor in her other hand. she was completely out of it…” he rambles on about the situation as he looks to the medicines he brought in.
“J-J-Jaanne.” Alphys whispers. Looking over to her she looks terrified as she holds onto your good arm like a life-line. You’d done this.

“I’mm s-sorr-rry……..s-so soor-ry-“ you whimper as you both softly sob. She huddles close, lifting your head to examine your neck. It wasn’t seeable by you but a large purple and black bruise surrounded your entire neck. To conceal the evidence you would need a large turtle neck, or a neck brace. Touching it made you reel back, throwing your being into a miserable aching.

“My child, what happened to your neck.” Toriel requests, trying to keep you awake with gentle pats to your cheek.

“C-Chok-ed……d-darknessssssss………plu-ums.” is the miserable wheeze you can manage as she begins healing over a sensitive spot. She takes her hand away to pin your arm, trying to still the thrashing in retaliation to the injury. Sans holds your face, looking deep into your eyes and trying to calm you down.

“we got you. we got you…” he reassures. When did his voice become so sweet and caring?

Toriel has to stop eventually, too worn out from the large wound. Alphys goes to steady her but remains beside you. Sans sits to your bad side, letting you lean on his shoulder that is surprisingly soft for being completely bone. There’s a warmth radiating off him that is so desirable you want to wrap around him like shell protecting a turtle.

“I am sorry. The wound is so deep and large I cannot heal it within one sitting unless I strain, and straining makes it sloppy. I don’t wish to cause her more pain. I have sealed off the majority of the bleeding and closed the wound as much as possible, but its good you found antibiotics and bandages.” she sighs as she dampens a cloth with cold water and soap, tracing it around the wound. You squeak out a cry as Alphys covers your mouth to muffle noise. You both know you don’t want to wake up the others and have them see this mess. Sans helps hold you as still as possible as Toriel continue to clean the area and the blood. Pressing the wound as closed as she can, she dab dries the surrounding area before wrapping it slightly tight in the bandages.

Every attempt you make to fall back asleep, Sans pinches your ears or nose. Its barely noticeable, but enough so to pull you back into the reality you wished away.

“T-Thank..you…” you reply as Toriel sets the bandage to stay wrapped around, patting your upper arm.

“I-Is there n-nothing-g else w-we-we can do-o?” Alphys asks, looking hesitant at you. She wants nothing more than for this to all stop, for you to be happy and not in pain. Sans is holding you close – closer then makes sense, but nobody questions the skeleton.

“can you guys dry and dress her? i’ll stay for her sleep – make sure this shit doesn’t happen again. sleeping in cold drenched clothes doesn’t sound like a wise thing in my opinion.” he hints, separating from you. The loss of his heat is leaving an agonizing ache inside.

“O-Of c-course!” Alphys huffs as she rushes over to your dresser in closet in search of clean clothes. Toriel sits besides you and watches Sans leave. He shuts the door besides a tiny crack where you vaguely make out him entering the bloody bathroom and closing it behind him. Toriel draws you near to her different heating ; her fur and pajamas soft and silk as you nearly fall into her like a bean-bag. She pets your head and begins to hum a unfamiliar tune. While Alphys is picking warmer clothing for you, Toriel helps you down some painkillers with the water. Afterwards, she wordlessly strips you of your clothes. You would retaliate about the queen and your roommate seeing your privates, but you’re too cold, pained, tired, and miserable to even care as they shimmy
you into clean underwear and clothes, Alphys rubbing a towel into your hair.

Toriel is determined a few moments later to try and heal some of your neck with the last bits of magic she can muster at the time being. She takes away a day maybe two of the scar healing before she is drained. The door echoes a faint knock before Sans cautiously pushes it open, sticking a socket inside for the all clear before stumbling in with two more blankets. He sets them down onto the bed before he is enveloped in a hug by Alphys, carefully crying into his shirt.

“T-Thank y-you.” she whispers. She was broken when she discovered she hadn’t prevented something terrible from happening. If Sans hadn’t been there to save you, she is sure you wouldn’t be hardly able to stay awake in your bed right this second. The wound was rugged and deep – you wouldn’t of survived another ten minutes without treatment. She felt like a failure, that she needed to make up for this. And she would. She wasn’t sure how else to thank Sans for saving someone who she had grown so close to, but she would pay him back as well.

Sans pats the scared monsters head, giving a lazy smile before speaking with Toriel.

You are in and out of awareness. One moment they are speaking, you’re unable to concentrate on the subject matter that likely concerns you, but sleep is more important. Blinking your eyes, he is speaking to them as they head downstairs, standing guard at your door. Blinking again but this time allowing your eyes to remain shut. You pry them open as your laid down with an extra set of blankets covering you and a white skull before your face. Instinctually, to the somewhat numbed cold, you curl your legs towards your stomach, but there is a pelvic bone in the way as Sans makes a grunt. Meeting with his eyes you cant help but feel a surge of emotion for everything finally as you break down again. He shimmies closer, carefully snaking his arm around you and pulling you against his sternum and ribs that emit warmth like a heater. Its so pleasant you use your good arm and grasp onto a rib through his shirt. He gasps, looking away from you as you look to him; a dusted blue flushed his cheekbones. The heat is needed but unhelpful as it makes you more aware to the pains and aches that seep through your bones and muscles. The rain water continues to pelt the window and doors, followed by thunder and lightning.

The crash of the lightning roars through the house as you clutch closer to Sans in dread, pressing your face against his sternum. His other arm cradles your head as he rests his teeth to your head. “i’ve got you. nothings going to hurt you. i’m here…i’m here,” he whispers, feeling through your hair with his fingers and giving light scratches at your scalp. Why was he being so considerate suddenly? Where was the punny, lazy, teasing skeleton you recalled? When did someone replace him with a funny, caring and understanding……man? Refusing to think on the matter further, you nestle into him under the sheets as he strokes through your hair in fascination.

Falling asleep, you have no doubts you can sleep with ease – not in fear someone will try and kill you again. He gives little squeezes to your side and keeps pressing his head at strange angles to your forehead, the slight grazing of teeth happening as you fall asleep in his grasp. You no longer care.

You wish this sensation of peace and warmth could last forever.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah. Yeah. I utilized the fuck outta that Gaster tag I added a while back.... And yeah. yeah. Reader be cuddling with Sansy <3
EDIT ~~~~HOLY FUCK YOU GUYS - 400 KUDOS?! I legit am crying. Thank you. (■■□□ΩΩ□□)

If noone could figure out what the poll choice was from before : B was the winner which was Frisk losing some teeth and Jane teaching everyone about how baby-teeth work.

Leave your lovely comments down below and I hope to bring maybe shorter (than this. holy shiet this was way too much) chapters. Work will start up...eventually. Depends on when they want to call me without a "come in right this instant" out of nowhere.

Anyway. Comments. Below. Thanks :3

---Also I um...totally don't mind if you bookmark this or-or-or even kudos it. Sorry....is that asking too much O_O?

Heres the Poll Again!!

Which scenario do you guys want to happen next. There are only 2 left.

A. Frisk and Jane with something sentimental.
B. Frisk and Jane with something angsty.

P.S : Gaster speech is going to FUCKING kill me X _ X
P.P.S : Who likes Flynn? I like Flynn. I can't wait to give little hints to whom Flynn is to Reader on my Tumblr =u=
Pleasant Nightmares*

Chapter Notes

That * in the title. That's there for a reason. A naughty reason.
You've been warned.

You don't need to read this chapter. Its a choice.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Your arm is in incredible pain. Indescribable. It doesn’t help that something is crushing down on your supposed better arm with a roughed sandpaper surface. Prying open your eyes your greeted with snores and cuddles. Cuddles? Phalanges press caressingly into your back, ruffling your shirt. Supposed existent eye-sockets are closed peacefully as he enjoys a dream, his smile flat and smaller and slightly ajar. You can see back into the back of his skull, though nothing is really there besides a slightly transparent black haze and the view of his cervical vertebrae.

Taking in all the smoothness of his face doesn’t make the apparent observation that Sans is cuddling you in your bed an immediate concern, but once the thought catches up in your blood-drained well-rested thoughts, your face scrunches with confusion and embarrassment.

Why am I sleeping with Sans? Why am I in his jacket, in my bed?! Why is there blood ever-

No…

…

……

NO.

Finding instant strength in your horrifically cut arm, you start slapping his face in utter disgust as tears prick in your eyes. Sans wakes up on the third slap, rolling groggily trying to understand what is happening as you free your other arm, throwing him off the bed. Enflamed by his terrible deeds, you grab his slipper left at the foot of the bed and sit up to glare down at him.

“ow. good mornin’ sun-“ he starts, stretching and rattling his bones as you begin to pelt hit him with his own slipper in defiant disgust.

“SANS THE FUCKING SKELETON! YOU!! YOU!!-” You have lost your words as you give in to unintelligible screams. He shields his face and continuously dodges your swings, infuriating you more as you stumble. Your legs feeling heavy and your arms ache.

“kid, smalls, pal, chill! whats got ya so riled?!“ he barks back, ducking away again and giving a stern stare.

How is he so OBLIVIOUS?! You internally scream, grabbing the other slipper and chucking it into his skull. Didn’t see that coming. You’re already exhausted, sweat accumulating as you gasp. You’re completely drained, and its all. His. FAULT.
“Whats got me RILED?! You - YOU BASTARD!” you cry out, absentmindedly tossing the other slipper without as much power behind it. Your arm is going numb. He doesn’t bother to dodge out of the way as it plonks against his skull, shifting only his feet and slipping them on.

“i don’t recall doing anything that is noteworthy of your little slips of the tongue.” he growls as he flicks happy feet around that he has retrieved his slipper, sticking his cyan translucent tongue out in retaliation. You are so furious that it doesn’t even faze you.

“You know exactly what you did!” you accuse taking the ‘OBJECT!’ stance like Phoenix Wright, but you rethink the matter as this is hardly the time. Serious face. How did you not have your serious face!? THIS WAS A SERIOUS MATTER!!

“uhh…nope. nope i don’t.” he admits as sweat beads over his skull in thought and memory recollection. In frustration you throw the last thing you have at him – your pillow. He takes that hit as well, though it stumbles him slightly.

“You dirty cherry popper!” you cry, tears breaking over your face in disgust with him and yourself. He still looks flustered. Confused. Oblivious. Is he serious?

“What does fruit have to do with any of this?” he groans, leaning back on his heels but never slipping. You spell it out, raked with sobs.

“You come into my room at n-night…a-a-and my period-d w-wouldn’t do all this……so you…you t-took m-m-my-v-virgin-nity?” you sob, unable to recall his heinous crime. Had you slept through it? You remembered nothing.

“You’re what?” he asks. His smug assless ass is asking you what’s wrong.

“You. YOU STUPID VIRGIN KILLER!” you cry out again, wailing and trying to throw the blankets towards the skeleton. You hear rustling as you collapse to the floor, covering your face in disbelief and shame.

This wasn’t supposed to happen.

Sobbing harshly into your hands, you barely hear the light gasps and creaking. A intense clicking and rattle of bones. Looking up from your sopping wet eyes, you catch an unsavory scene straight from a horror movie. Sans is encased in vines again, Louis and Seymour looming over in a darkened shadow as the increase their grip. Sans is grappling at appendages squeezing her vertebrae and ribs. With a slight cracking, one of the vines as begun snapping his ulna. Sans is unable to make any sound as you watch on in unknown horror. Time scurries along and you’re finally aware this isn’t right, despite how much he deserves it.

“Seymour- Louis!! Let go! Let go!!” you urge, beg, stumbling to your feet and rushing to Sans, pulling at the vines you see as they continue to disobey. As you beg and try to untangle Sans, a vine darts around you leg, lifting you upside down and drawing you apart as you desperately reach out, screaming.

“NO! LET GO OF HIM!! PLEASE, STOP! LET GO, DAMMIT!” you cry, smacking the vine. This wasn’t natural. Crick-cr-crack. His arm is breaking, his temporal and parietal has a slight but growing fracture. With his unbroken arm, he feebly reaches out in your direction, a pale haze of blue magic enveloping his hand as his left eye harshly flickers on and off ; incapable of keeping a steady intensity.
“j-j-an-eeee” he muffles as the vines give a final constriction, his vertebrae snap. You watch the little lights instantly diminish from his eyes, all boney limbs going limp and falling apart. As his ribs fall backwards, opening like a door, you catch it – his soul. Its mostly white but cyan and deep blues swirl within like color dye dropped in milk as the upside-down heart emanates off a calming aura, shivering in the open. Expecting the clattering of his bones, you’re horrified to watch as they contact with the hardwood and instantly break into dust, one after the other. As his skull and hand are the last to drop, you finally find your voice before it is muffled away, a thorned vine shoving brutally into your opened mouth; it’s oozing a disgusting substance that tingles the taste buds over your mouth and causes your brain to kick increasing sensitivity. Your limbs are pulled apart, your clothes slightly ripping to the immediate stretch as the dust piled on the ground is mildly scattered to the gentle falling of Sans’ jacket.

Then it hits you. The scent; a musk. A musk that faintly smells of plums.

Looking towards your beloved creation, you’re frozen in a locked stare as blackness oozes from their gaping maws along with a purple liquid like saliva. The darkness begins to encase them and their appendages as you try to wiggle free; but to no avail. Slowly but surely, the thorned feeler in your mouth begins to rotate, cutting your gums and tongue while threatening to delve down into your esophagus. Gagging and breaking into confused sobs, the slime trails up the limbs over your own living your skin cold and tingly. You close your eyes, willing this reality away but are struck by a ripping as your nicer pajama bottoms are ripped off, a fresh set of underwear left untouched before pressed at gingerly, even a slight tenderness.

Your muffled cries lead nowhere as you begin to choke on the blood seeping out of your mouth or down your throat. Plum and the bloods slight metallic fragrance begin to mix, clouding your senses with a dulling anesthesia. Its even creating a slight high to your self-censure. Instantly, the lower tentacle like vine is no longer gently prodding but attempting to delve inside your core with your panties. You cry out in disbelief as it continues to stretch and slowly tear the saving fabric, tensing inwards.

“Thhp ppwehf” you try to beg despite the large gagging thrusting into your benumbed mouth that’s become nothing but a blood drenched and drooling orifice. With each evenly paced thrust it pokes at your gag, choking on the stomach lurches constantly begins to seep your eyes above and into the back of your head.

Then the final rip occurs below before an enveloping pain electrocutes through your entirety. The thickness that your walls contract around begins to grow inside, further sending you into fierce pain and a disgustingly light euphoria. Plunging further and further, the thickened vine is more of a dribbling tentacle that has a solidity to it replicating the feeling of girth. The calculated pummeling continues, clouding your judgement, thoughts, and even the blatant virgin pain as your legs are scrunched against their will, lowering you for deeper thrusts as your innards are spread farther to accept each burying of the limb as its pace increases.

Tears, sweat, and blood rain down from your face, mixing with the uncontrolled salivation your ravaged and thoroughly slashed tongue drips down as it lulls free of your mouth, the vines finally retracting their vines to delve deeper. Air begins to get cut off as the vines gooey length forces itself into your esophagus, your gag reflex dulled to the constant attack on your senses. Pain and pleasure are mixing into an array of electric aches through every muscle and pore on your body. Your mind retaliates but is muffled by your moaned screams and the slopping squelches of the dual plunging that aren’t evenly timed.

The ooze coating your once precious plant companion is spilling over the pots brim as a slow black waterfall quickly ends up engulfing Sans ashes and clothes. Before it vanishes, his soul is
immediately tethered into stillness by black vines, caging around it erratically as the tarry substance forms upwards. Watching in horror, white familiar bones emerge from the grime, and eventually, Sans entire skull plops out and rests above his ribs.

His form is vile; the tar has completely enveloped his innards like a firm hold. From his pubis up to his sternum is a black reverse waterfall, the sludge dripping down his ribs and over his arms and legs. Any and all fractures are hastily concealed with a smothering of the sludge and it seeps through his sockets before two slightly larger completely violet pupils take place in his socket. His usual closed mouth tooth smile is drooling a similar purple saliva. His mouth is slightly open before he clicks it back down, replicating a sickly echo as he begins to move, eradicating the possibility of illusion as he draws closer.

Grabbing your legs, he tugs you closer to him as the punishing pace of the vine below immediately halts and retracts. The one plunged into your mouth merely sits in wait, twisting and wriggling inside but not advancing as you stare back into unknown eyes. A dark teal blush passes over him, as he pinches at your inner thighs, deep chuckles vibrating through his ribs. He *drags* his other hand over any bare skin, clearly displeased at the shirt that had remained intact as he shreds it instantly. Before you can stifle a protest, he kneads at your breast, cupping the bottom as he tweaks your nipple with his thumb and index phalanges. More of the heated tar drips over your legs as he closes in, reminding you of dripping wax as it threatens to seer and burn your skin and flesh. Taking immense delight in your face contorting to the apparent thrilled pain, he nuzzles into your other breast, his translucent tongue darker, hotter, and definitely slimier as he runs it in hard flicks and bites over the sensitive nub.

“Jjnnnee” he growls, a predatory lust in his eye as the words rumble his entire body, vibrating his skull and giving a tiny push to the exhilaration you’re receiving. He continues to lap and pinch at your nipples, nuzzling into the sweat caking your body as his other hand fumbles over your vaginas lips. You cry out, coughing out the still pooling blood in your mouth past the stilled vine as it splatters over his frontal bone. In that instant, he extends his tongue to unknown lengths, tracing it over his entire face leaving a purple saliva coating that sheens his skull before using that tongue to wrap around your breast in an inhuman way.

Refusing to take it slow, he plunges two fingers greedily into your lower opening, drenching his metacarpals before making an incredible that has you bouncing against the push and pull of his digits. You mewl past the vine that takes your pleasure as an invitation, swirling and continuing to punish your mouth with its thrusts as your jaw begins to slack and tongue numb to the point of non-existence. Sans draws back, panting mildly as his grin grows in lustful pride, lapping again at your nubs before coming towards your neck and snaking it around lapping at your jugular notch and clavicle. The pain from before is being rinsed away with pleasurable thoughts and jolts that tingle under your skin, your heart racing.

Trying to clear your mind and retaliate, Sans takes the hand previously at your breast that had travelled seductively down to your waist and slaps it over your ass, gripping at the spot instantly while grinding two fingers over your crack. You jump in surprise, lurching forward into him as he takes this to chomp onto your clavicle and growl, sending vibrations and pained pleasure throughout your muscular and skeletal system. He grinds his pubis and pubis symphysis against your drenched sex, rubbing harshly on your clit as you bite down in pleased panic onto the mouthed gag that refused its jabs to hit the back of your throat and temporarily cut off your oxygen. Shimmying his jaw, he grinds harder into the bite with an animalistic purr as upside-down blue and yellow hearts form in his sockets as he looks to you with a face of eternal bliss.

Wrapping his right arm around your leg, he drags you nearer as he snakes it underneath before coming back to his own. Then you feel it and look down in enchantment as you witness his bone.
The bone ending in R. A large erect cock with a hefty veined girth the thickness of your forearm, the shaft and head shrunken slightly, and white and purple precum dribbling down the end is being frantically stroked by his free hand as he thrusts his hand quickly over his length, unable to keep a pace. He moans freely, unlatching from the bite as he flicks and digs his tongue at the broken and bruising skin. The vine that was previously ravaging your vagina and had taken what you’d presumed to be lost pucked at your anus’ entrance, giving a few presses to make you aware. Biting down onto the feeler inside your mouth in surprise, Sans noting at your inner walls clinging more around his previously slowed fingers as he takes delight in your contractions and pushes deeper with a third, widening you for the inevitable.

Your senses are slurred and misconfigured as you try to get a sense of bearings. The lubricated vine begins a slow ascension, breaking the relented clench as it forces its way inside, burning your lower half with a driving ache and dry heat as it’s generous enough to begin with small, short stabs. While you catch the new intruder, Sans sets himself up, leaning over your hung sweat and blood riddled body as he jerks-off before your entrance, pushing slightly to coat his tip in your juices. A coil inside you is tightening as all three holes are being thoroughly pounded as your peak begins to stew inside.

“c-ccoomme. doooo iiittt.” Sans begs with a craving to his husky voice as he leans closer to your face, meeting with your eyes as he lets his tongue lull from his mouth, trying to swirl it with the numbed remnants that have been drooling down your chin this entire time. Black tar bubbles are forming inside his gut, bursting and splashing you with the similar searing pain as it splatters over your stomach. Screaming against the tentacle gag, it plunges deeper, rummaging through your esophagus as air is cut off again, tightening your walls. Sans takes this opportunity to gnaw at the opposing shoulder of his previous bite, which finally snaps the coil as you release instantly. The release explodes all your sense, fireworks dimming your sight as you see literal stars, groaning and moaning against the gag. Neither of the tentacles give you a break, Sans pulling out and admiring your face as he strokes his girth against it. His tip rubs against your clit, pushing it backwards into the hood and pressing it down. The stimulation drives your senses numb as your bladder explodes, more liquids squirting out over his length as your shameful embarrassed thoughts are buried under pleasured bliss.

As the ride of lust finally loosens, the coil freeing from your lower stomach, Sans presses more onto your opening, taking his arms under your legs and grabbing your upper thighs. His face is one of hungering need and want as he looks over your blissed face.

“in. in. i-i’m go-going in.” he announces to his clear desire as he begins stretching you. You’re incredibly sensitive, begging past the gag with the limited air you still have as the appendage bulges and oozes a plum tasting sludge into your mouth, dribbling down your throat as you cough in realization to the cutting off of oxygen. Whether to help finish it off or get extra pleasure from it, the black vine thrusts a few times more, ending by slopping out and lazily dribbling the tingling substance it released over your breasts. Not a moment later as you’re free to gasp and whine, your trying to withhold a scream as Sans buries inside you in one deep thrust. Its so full. Your walls spasm to the intense entrance, causing your ass muscles to painfully tighten around the member still shoving harshly into the unwelcome door as a bulging swell also begins near the entrance. Sans’ face is one of sensual lust, his hands trembling with excitement as you both try to regain your bearings.

Your glass is filled as the one probing your anus ejaculates its electrocuting substance, a intense heat reminding you of the cold emptying out before it slinks out as well, only leaving you filled with Sans as you try and recover and recognize your bearings. Your world is muddied with all your juices and liquids, covering the ground and body in an unremovable musk that Sans breathes in. It gives him a high as he can’t help leaning back, plunging slightly deeper with his pelvis before
“S-S-S-Saaaahnnss………..noo-mmoaaaaaAAAHHH” you slur before giving a heated moan as he buries into you, slapping his pubis and ilium against your tender skin as it makes a gratifying clap at the instant connection. He only lasts a few hard thrusts in before he begins a dominating pace, pulling your body down and your knees up to hang over you. Grasping at your waist and stomachs sides is he only stability he has. You both are lost at the lusting heat you share as his cock rides through, bashing your walls and threatening to poke your g-spot. Each well-timed plunge and pull brings him closer and closer to it as you begin your animalistic spiral out of control against his size. Your lost to the sexual pleasure, mind giving in to the now as you urge him deeper. He complies whole-heartily.

“goddd fuuuuuck. ya-ya l-like tha-uuuhhh- like t-that, huh? hehehee p-pretty-y-yahh fulfilled?” he gasps out the pun that you can hardly register. Even after registering it, your incapable of laughing ; or even forming words. You and he are lost in this sensational cycle of sex – your smells, your juices, your sounds all mixing and gurgling with his own in a hot mesh of fulfillment.

K-Keep it together!!

“Saaah-ahhnnns” you beg, unable to move against his increasing punishing pace.

“uuuuuuuhh yes. say m-my name.” he demands, nuzzling into your valley as he laps and licks at any and all skin within his tongues reach, lightly nibbling on your underboob. Gasping out, you try again.

“SssaaaaaaaAAAHHHH” you retry to only fuel his drive. He finally hits the spiral spot, as stars begin to dance before your eyes. He instantly slows his pace just so he can begin perfecting hitting that spot as you spasm below him. Your eyes meet in an instant as he continues to slowly grind with that smug smile, though his pants and gasps are as heavy as your own.

Stay together!! Don’t forget!

“I-I-It’s aaaAHahAh n-nightmaaaaarreeeee” you convince yourself aloud, Sans drawing near your face with a smirk.

“you l-love nigghhtttmaaress-fuck yeesss- yo-you dirty l-little human sluuuught.” he growls into your ear. His voice is so deep and thirsty and you need more.

“Saahhns. Saahhns. Saaans!” you repeat, trying to inch closer to his face. He finally gets the memo, lunging forward to crash into your mouth and begin a heated tongue control passionate kiss. Its not even a fair fight as yours is mangled and numb ; he takes this as invitation to press harder, licking up the blood and saliva you’ve let accumulate, leaving you gasping and begging.

You’re gone.

“F-F-Fuhhck meeeec” you beg with a slur. He complies with a devilish grin, ramming into you as the tendrils slowly release your arms to cup at his ribs. The tar begins to burn your fingers so you retreat, grasping and clutching his clavicle as he pulls you closer, your tongues intermingling as you both gasp in desperation for more of each other.

“be mine. b-be mine and m-miinnee aaahhh alone. you-you’re miineeeyhh.” he growls, taking even more of your pussy as he finally kisses your uterus. It sends a thrill through you before you feel him extending. You peer down and see the shaft and base of his cock growing longer outside than in. You’re drooling in anticipation before he drives it in, breaking the kiss with sudden
intrusion as he jams it to the back, sending you into the depths of lustful pleasure, lost forever. He hisses and moans, taking enjoyment in the new location before thrusting back in, drilling your pussy with his enlarged cock. You give in to him.

“Ya-ya-yaaoourss. Iiihh’m yoooourss AHAahhahh ta-taaakee meeehhh NgghhAHAH-” you manage to mewl out as he releases his hold on one of your thighs to slap against your ass with hard phalanges and caprals. The instant sting and shiver it delivers sends a wave of arousal through you as you clench down over his length harder. Lifting you up again so he can stand properly, Sans places his other hand to your sternum, petting your breasts before pulling out your soul. He slows his pace, enamored with the dulled and broken heart as the more sensual feelings leave along with the soul.

“j-jaannee.” he gasps, taking the hand from your sternum to cup the soul. It leaves a heat rising through you as he brings it closer to his mouth. Opening his mouth wide and sticking his tongue out with a knowing smile, he licks the underside of your soul.

This action alone drives the sexual coil in your lower stomach to tighten, closing in on your clenching peak but not close enough as he gazes at you with lazy hungered eyes.

“i’ll see you in the bone-zone.” he snickers before taking your soul into his mouth, wrapping his tongue around it and giving and heavy hot pant onto it. Your coil springs, the stars and fireworks dance inside your eyes.

Then everything falls into pleasant darkness.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah. Yeah. Happy April Fools you dirty little humans <3 though I am one as well. To make up for this shit short, and not actual story-meant chapter, I will tell you this. To figure out what gag sounds to write, I shoved a water bottle into my mouth and tried talking. My mother walked in on me as I had a water bottle shoved in my mouth. I had to lie and tell her I was testing something a video said, and she bought it. So yeah.

Anyways, this chapter isn't part of the story. I repeat. This chapter isn't the actual story. I just wanted to make you guys horny on April Fools Day and because its Chapter 25. NOT. PART. OF. STORY. Wet dream. Sick wet dream.

I finally got to better use that tentacle tag. Writing this was good. I know I promised to take this story a slow pace, but I gotta give you guys SOMETHING! Its chapter 25 and I suppose its a surmised thank you for everything you guys have given me : likes, kudos, recognition, followers, art? God I am on cloud nine. Thank you so much for everything.
Spooktunes

Chapter Summary

Jane starts her recovery and finally visits the new college.

**Internal Screams of the Damned**

Over 50 bookmarks?!?!?? -faints- (Though I totally discovered how the statistics page worked and why it said I had 70 instead of 49 -3-" Though I'm still so FUCKING PUMPED <3 )

Thank you all so much TuT This really boosts my confidence and want to provide more chapters.

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone :D

Sorry its not one of my more uber long chapters but this is just a calming down period. We are talking the chill pill (thats the blue one). We need it.

We need to calm the fuck down XD

Had a little hiatus with my other fic and I refused to work on this one until that one was posted. I posted it this Monday night and began this entire chapter Tuesday morning. I basically got 1000 words down an hour. Sorry for the delay and if you catch any mistakes (which I know there are some I'm just REALLY tired and have been going over earlier chapters mistakes) lemme know in the comments.

Here's some music that is optional at certain points of this fic (AKA: She is listening to these):

'Give Me Your Eyes' - Brandon Heath
99 Princess Problems = SWOOZIE <3
Insane Piano: 'Fires of a Revolution'

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Between the suns beams glistening the morning into your closed eyes and a faint snore and rattling, your morning starts out on a pretty pleasant note. Moving your body proves it to be less pleasant than you had initially remarked as you hiss instantly, grabbing your elbow in concern and looking towards your forearm. Its considerably paler then you recall, a large red dampened bandage wrapping slung slightly tight around it. The sting and throbbing pounding from the inner muscles contracting in displeasure only adds to the increasing agony this morning brings you as you idle upwards, leaning against the wall. Your brain is a flurry of questions and attempted recollection that only draws a blank and is suddenly your least concern when something brushes against your thigh.

Glancing towards your left you see an all too familiar skeleton. Sans is lying on his side, facing your direction and is maneuvering a hand he’d previously rested over your head as it feels about for
where the warm locks of hair have gone, connecting with your leg instead as he lets out a pleased
hum. Your cheeks flare in embarrassment as you continue to read the situation, and Sans. His shirt
and hands are slightly splotched with dried blood, his beloved blue parka hoodie lays more then
drenched in the differed stained red you likely left behind beneath you. Sans continues to shift
underneath your sheets as you catch a glimpse that his lower half is merely covered in bone
patterned boxers. Diminishing the pain for just one moment, you look down to yourself.

……I wasn't wearing this last night.

Immediate flight takes you as you ungracefully sneak out of your bed, cautiously and
excruciatingly vaulting over the end with ease as you click your door open, peering outside. The
last thing you wanted was to be caught in this unprecedented situation : your arm bleeding
profusely now, you completely caked in sweat and flushed thoroughly in the face, and Sans
sleeping in your bed. Deeming the coast clear, you hustle into the bathroom admiring its unusual
morning sparkle as the ivory toilet and sink sparkle as you settle on the toilets lid. Opening the
cabinet, you shake out some pain killers and immediately down them to quell the intensifying
aches though the relief won’t be apparent for over half an hour. Groaning at the prospect, you dig
out more bandage wrappings and steel yourself to unwrap and clean whatever lies underneath.

The gash across your forearm is almost indescribable ; long and jagged, bruised skin swelling at
the edges as the inner flesh clenches and bleeds from the still fresh laceration. Even being one for
gore and intense wounds, the fact this was your arm made it slightly sickening. Never had you cut
yourself this bad. Did you do this? You cannot imagine anyone in this household other then
yourself doing this to you……this and someone who didn’t seem to exist.

Gaster.

The name echoes out in your head as an electric pain shoots through your skull, instantly gripping
the sinks edge and gasping in horror as you bury your head into your knee hoping the pressure will
numb the aftershock. Light memories were flashing throughout your mind. Learning the name of
the monster who haunts your nightmares, Sans holding you in the bathroom with your arm in much
worse state then it currently is, Toriel and Alphys crying as they dress your wound, and Sans…

Sans’s warmth encompassing you with his arms ; one cradling your head ,slightly pressing and
rubbing your scalp with the rough yet smooth ends of his phalanges. The other leans around you,
hugging you closer as he leaves room for your wounded arm. His coats fluffy hood tickles your
nose as you nuzzle closer to avoid the feeling.

The detailed memory flashes through your mind along with another spark of pain as your blood
threatens to trickle onto the tiled floor. Hastening you actions, you find a pink washcloth running it
under water and giving a soap a few wipes within before dabbing and cleansing the sides. Gasps
and groans are all you can manage before huffed cries and tears suffocate your voice, forcing
yourself to continue the intense burning cleaning. It takes exuberant amounts of effort to not clench
your teeth or bite your tongue. Your upper arm and shoulder are twitching physically in retracted
misery. Finally with the gash cleaned, you struggle with how to twist the wrapping around your
arm with only one hand. It's doable just fine with one but it could press the wound apart making for
a longer recovery. Dwelling on decisions, a rapping of clinking taps hits the wood as your eyes
shoot up.

“i see ya trying to wrap things up on ‘ur own, but maybe i could lend a hand.” Sans teases,
making his offer an immediate priority as he wordlessly comes over to kneel before you, taking the
wrappings from your puzzled stare as he cautiously presses the wound together. You huff and hiss
at the pushed flesh nearly touching as he bites the tab to unpeel the bandage. You take fascination
in the mobility of his jaw and teeth, his enlarged and minorly pointed canines with dulled incisors complimenting the sides. His light pupils keep a stern gaze at your arm as he continues to wrap it. Opening your mouth, you stumble to try and find proper words. This situation brought out shame, embarrassment, pain, and immense emotional feelings you didn’t want to plague someone who supposedly had enough to deal with as is. You choose to start simple.

“What happened last night?” you take pity in the miserable whisper you used to try and communicate. Though in the quiet echo of the bathroom and the after-rain dripping off the edge of the roof, your voice was clear enough as he paused to meet your gaze. You tried to not become lulled into sleep by the pits of darkness his sockets resembled, a little flashlight darting out and around inside. His stare was numbing.

“you don’t remember?” he asks in an equally quiet voice. It gives you goosebumps, his deep voice filled with a twinge of disbelief as the hairs on your neck stand to attention.

“N-No…n-not well anyways.” you admit as you rub your temple. You look back to him as fresh blood seeps over his phalanges as he tries to quickly yet comfortably cover the large cut. More sweat falls over his skull as you take this closeness to overview more of his differing features from Papyrus. His cheekbones aren’t nearly as sharpened as Papyrus’s and they curve upwards to lead directly to his zygomatic arch. His mandible after his smile curves out and forms backwards towards his vertebrae, forming the wider rounded parietal lobe that seems to drip with sweat. How does he sweat without any fucking sweat glands?! You’re almost tempted to reach out and touch it, thinking it may be nothing more than a magical illusion, but a slightly harsh tug on the wrapping shoots you back to awareness as you glance down at him.

“well, i woke up and found you in the tub. you had……that on your arm and this in your hand.” he comments, picking up the cleaned razor. In distress and guilt, you snatch it from his fingers and hold it closed in your palm, careful of the sharpened edge.

“Sorry t-that’s mine. For cutting.” you comment, not wanting them to think it could even remotely be Frisks. Of course, there was no need to mention its usage as that’s its only use but of course you need to ramble it out. He’s looking at your sorrowed confusion and you can slightly make out a feeling of empathy before he speaks up.

“humans make things to cut themselves on purpose?” he asks with dejection. You immediately flail to retaliate with feeble and pointless ‘no’s but your arm throbs again as you hiss in agony. Standing, you use the sink to steady yourself as gravity begins sucking you towards the tiled floor. Sans stands to attention, offering arms around you to ensure you don’t trip or stumble. You sigh and give what you hope is a thankful smile as you nudge past and proceed back into your room. Sans follows as you seat yourself on the bed, looking to your phone. 9:47. Groaning and shuffling back to your feet, you look at the new wrapping with a fondness before looking back to Sans. He is still expecting an answer to that question as you grumble and place the razor on the table in your study. You settle into the chair while starting up your computer to check the college counselor hours.

“Yes and no, I suppose. This is specifically a razor for use on an art cutting board, but some people can use it for…that.” you mumble, gesturing to your arm as you let it lay limply on the desk. Sans leans on the wall beside the doorway, staring.

“is that why you took those pills?” he continues.

“What pills?” you ask. He walks away for a moment, returning and tossing you the bottle of anti-depressants you had snuck away. Self-disgust fills you as you try to hide them from his sight behind the router ; though the action is pointless since its existence is already out in the open. Did
Alphys and Toriel know as well?

“those anti-depressants.” he adds, watching you fumble with the bottle.

“Y-Yes. It’s supposed to lighten my mood, help me relax and concentrate. It also helps with appetite. It’s umm……its for balancing the brains neurotransmitters.” you admit shamefully. Logging into your computer you open an internet browser and wait for the college webpage to load.

do all humans need ‘em?” he questions on, obviously concerned for Frisk.

“No. It’s not a need either, it’s a medical choice. It’s to help equal out depression, make that person less susceptible to negative thoughts and moods……y’know to help prevent…this.” you imply to the arm again, not wanting to stick on this subject. Sans seems stuck on this subject.

depressed humans hurt themselves?”

“Not all of us!” you bite back, shame and anxiety building as you look to him. He’s clearly taken aback by your snap as you bury your forehead into your good arm. Looking back to the screen, ignoring his stare, you rest your chin on your forearm and try to explain, “It’s a choice as well. Though some people don’t feel like they have a choice. The negatives just keep building and building internally and people react to it differently. It eats you up inside. They lose hope, love, determination……just feelings. Eventually some can’t see their need for this world or they want to depressurize from all the built emotions and anxieties so they cut themselves. I can’t speak for everyone but it helps with just relieving all those unshared feelings. And Sans……” you whisper, looking to him. There’s pity and empathy gazing back through his flashlight pupils as you refuse to tear away from his gaze. “Some people do it to be free from feeling.”

Moments pass by as you two sit there, sharing a deep stare that one would see as telepathic communication. It surely felt like it. You felt his emotions, his concerns and frustrations as he looked into your eyes that probably registered self-hatred and fear. You finally see it ; the fall of his smile. His eyes droop but not in a lazy fashion, but more of disappointment as his usual grin flattens out. You can practically read his mind – ‘how could you do this to yourself?’ The college website anthem pings up once the site has finally loaded but you never break away from the stare, accepting the punishment and disbelief he knowingly emotes. Finally, he pushes off the wall.

“well. if ya need me, imma speed-dial away. need to get ta work before paps finds out. just don’t get too bonely.” he finally jokes. You strain a smile, though its genuine and small, and Sans seems pleased as he makes for the door.

“Sorry to wrap this up so quick. hate to skulldaddle so soon.” he pries as you hold in a snicker.

“Skulldaddle? That was awful.” you tattle, Sans’s mirthful smile growing back on his face.

“Yeah – but your smiling.”

“Yes, but my cheeks hurt from the pressure so get out and lemme loosen my face.” you grumble as he chuckles and leaves. You hear a slight whoosh and odd hissing, almost as though space just opened up in your room. Standing and poking your head from the door, Sans has vanished and the odd sound diminished. Glaring around, you slowly pull your head back in and return to browsing the website. Luckily it would appear the counselors hours go later into the evening and you decide to stop by after eating lunch and maybe when the pain isn’t so fresh.

Leaning back into the chair as it creaks from the stretch and pressure, your mind wanders as you
glance over to the multitude of test tubes you have yet to touch. Not wanting to eat too early and let your arm recuperate from whatever happened last night, you roll over and begin doing minor experiments and calculations whilst jotting down all gathered information. Before you even realize it, the downstairs clock chimes out throughout the barren house as you glance over to the clock. Noon on the dot. Sighing and pulling yourself away from your studies on the small tubes, you stand and do minor stretches that pop your bones and creak your muscles in rebellion for sitting in a simple stature for so long. Grabbing anchovies and the leech treats from a covered bucket, you set them on your dresser as Louis and Seymour growl in anticipation. Might as well start training as soon as possible – you’d promised Asgore to try and keep them under control, especially around Frisk. The kids natural curiosity and the most recent stunt involving you was enough drive to finally get to the training, but this was something else.

With your awareness, you don’t think they have a soul (need to ask Alphys about that…) so that little trick Frisk has wouldn’t work. Though, from your known observations, they also didn’t have eyes. Neither a nose nor ears, yet they heard and smelled like it was just a natural sense for plant life. Resigning to guesses, you hold out the sealed anchovies before them and slowly send it side to side. Seymour’s head follows in suit, Louis opting to merely turn slightly.

Holy fuck they can see.

Instantly rushing to your study and nabbing your constantly updating notebook, you begin quickly jotting down notes while jumping back over eager vines. With a slight stumble, you steady against the dresser and out of their reach as you press onward. This was doable. However, it depended on how long it would take for them to learn hand commands versus the words associated with them. You resolve to start simple – teaching the commands they already learn with hand gestures and noises. Prying open the can is difficult due to the agonizing strain it puts on your better arm, and the wimpier left, but you manage to open it to their excitement, and start the process slowly. Snatching up one, you try to think of simple things that Frisk can do. Not familiar with all the ASL motions, you decide that the signal for Louis will be one snap of the fingers. Giving a single snap and calling out his name he reacts assuredly. Clicking your tongue, you ask him to open and he complies as you throw two fish in. They understand that this is likely a learning lesson as he accepts the two fish, expecting more. Their increasing intelligence is jotted down before turning to Seymour. For easier memory, you make his signal two snaps. He seems hungry because he is very compliant, snapping to attention immediately once called. Clicking and repeating the command, you throw him an extra for being so eager. You wait a few moments, writing more detailed info about the vines, their digestive breakdown times, and predictions of whatever Seymour has slightly oozing off his back into the pots soil. You repeat the process every few minutes, but they don’t quite catch onto the signals this time around, so you give each only two leeches before stashing away the treats and returning to find suitable clothing.

Picking out a dark beige blouse and a dark grey cardigan you don’t require but decide on as the long sleeves hide the bandages. You also opt for a dressier pair of black pants to make a good first impression before making your way downstairs. Opening the fridge, you contemplate your choices only to be caught by a little sticky note stuck to the spaghetti container.

“HUMAN JANE! SANS EXPLAINED THAT THE PORTION OF SPAGHETTI I HAD PROVIDED YOU YESTERDAY WAS LIKELY TOO MUCH FOR EVEN YOUR LARGER STOMACH TO HANDLE! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, AM THOROUGHLY FLATTERED YOU DECIDED TO SAVE THE REST OF MY INCREDIBLE SPAGHETTI FOR LATER CONSUMPTION! I HOPE YOU HAD BETTER DREAMS TONIGHT AND I AWAIT YOUR COMMENTS ON THE MAGNIFICENCE OF MY REHEATED CUISINE! NYEH-HEH-HEH!”

Even with all the flattery and love Papyrus projects through the card (also symbolized by all the scribbled hearts), you crumple the sheet and glare enough that you imagine it sets on fire.
“Sssssaaaannnsss!!” you growl, while dishing off a smaller helping of spaghetti suddenly craving grilled cheese as you slap down a pan and start the stove up. Placing the smaller bowl of spaghetti into the microwave and heating it slowly with a few stirs, you grab turkey and broccoli out of the fridge and place them between two strips of cheese on buttered bread. Buttering the underneath is difficult without crumpling the stacked sandwich but you know your efforts are worth it as you finally let it lay and happily sizzle on the heat pan. You poke it around as the cheese begins to melt inside which wafts a delicious smell and sizzle that’s mouthwatering. Prepping a spatula, you masterfully flip the sandwich as it lets out a surprised sizzle to the new cooking side. Overlooking the previous bottom of the sandwich is a nice golden minorly burnt toast with cheese dripping off the edges. Opening the microwave and giving the spaghetti a final stir, you ready a plate as you scrape out the noodles onto the side while breaking it apart to allow faster cooling. Turning off the stove and letting the previous spaghetti bowl soak in warm suds, you plant the steaming sandwich onto your plate and immerse yourself in the delicious aroma it wafts into your face along with a pleasant warmth.

Walking out to the living room, you set down your plate and instantly notice something off. A phone. Not your phone, of course, but a cellphone with a normal black padded casing. Picking it up, it seemed fit to be run over by a tank with the toughness the case had. Pressing the power button, you only saw the time and a picture of everyone in a selfie – Papyrus was holding the camera with a screaming face and eyes bulging out, Sans throwing a peace sign and wink as Frisk locked their arm around his and did the same. Undyne was raising Alphys up like Simba from The Lion King, except a clear lipstick kiss mark rested on her blushing cheek. Toriel was standing with one arm on Frisks shoulder, the other containing a brimming smile she was trying to hold back. Asgore struggles to fit the frame as he crouches to the left of Undyne, only his nose and beard really visible besides his hawaiian shirt. There was a text displayed notification from ‘Sec. G. Boss’ and it seemed to be offering extra hours. Another was from Frisk, telling a skeleton pun. Scrolling down, there were tons of notifications with shortened names sending mood updates and questions. Finally, you found someone merely asking ‘Sans? You okay?’ written by ‘Grillbz’. Feeling out of place snooping the notifications, you place Sans’s phone back to the table and fetching the house phone to call up Toriel. You were planning to head out anyways, wherever he was working you could just drop it off for him. Looking over the numbers listed, you give a ring. She pick up on the third and happy screams can be heard along with the creaking metal of swingsets.

“Hello? Jane?” she responds loudly, likely cupping the phone close to her mouth to muffle out the noise of the children scattered in the background. The gleeful cries and callings shared in the outside with the equal wind rustling leaves fills you with images you wish you had the time to place onto paper or board, but your schedule is set.

“Hey Toriel. Sorry to call and bother you at such a time I j-“

“Oh its no trouble at all dear. How is your arm? Please don’t strain yourself.” she comments, catching you temporarily before you settle. You were already aware that her, Alphys and Sans were aware of your arm though you hoped to keep it a secret from the rest of your friends – they would mindlessly worry.

“I’m so sorry about last night, whatever I did. I can’t remember what happened but I’m sorry I involved you likely really late or early in the morning. It’s better now – I took some pain killers and I got it rewrapped.” you inform as she relieves a heavy sigh.

“Oh my child I was deathly afraid for you last night. I’m sorry I couldn’t fully heal it over – I will
try to finish the patch up the moment I get home.”

“You-you patched me up?....Oh, Toriel…thanks. I’m really sorry again for calling you but I have a reason for calling.” you try to steer the conversation back to what you had been trying to get at.

“Oh, yes, I apologize. Is something the matter?”

“Yeah, I think Sans left his cellphone here and I wasn’t sure if he needed it or not but its got tons of recent notifications ringing on it so, like, I don’t know how important those are or if he meant to leave it…” you begin rambling as Toriel gives a little snicker through the phone.

“Yes, he prefers to keep it on hand. I will give his workplace a call and let him know incase he is concerned it’s lost.” She replies, letting you now sigh in relief as you finalize the conversation.

“Thanks Toriel. I’m planning to head to the college and set up any requirements with my counselor so if you get home early and I’m not here I have my phone on me. Thanks again!”

“Alrighty Jane. Please be careful! Goodbye.” she finishes.

“Bye.” you end, hanging up. Placing the phone back and turning away a realization hits you. You didn’t offer to just bring him his phone!! Turning back to the phone you hesitate.

Knowing Toriel she is probably calling him right now. I should just let this be – I’m sure he isn’t too far away from here…you internally grumble, feeling ashamed slightly for not bothering to offer but kicking it to the side and getting an ice water to wash down your meal. Heading back to the living room, you nudge the phone to the side, making it apparent on the table as you set down your glass on a coaster. Changing the television to the weather channel you nearly forget to check for a possible busing schedule to make attending the college easier. True, it was on the end of the other side of the city, but that was an hour long walk you might not always have the privilege of making. Glancing with a slight drool at the still steaming plate, you rush upstairs and fetch your laptop.

Grabbing your laptop, you start logging on as you slowly descend the stairs. You hear a familiar whooshing noise, like air is being sucked into something but its again gone instantly. You glance around, looking for maybe an open window as you pass the front door and walk past the smaller greeting room. Returning to the couch, you settle in and start typing up the address. Peering over the bus stop schedules and locations you’re fortunate enough to have good timings as a bus picks up and drops off before the long street to this mansion right beside the stores. Google mapping the walk reads about 10 minutes which then means 15 for you incase of any early drivers or possible other factors. The bus stops by every hour and takes 20 minutes to reach the school after the rest of its stops, dropping by your street on an hourly interval. Pleased with your discovery and then further excited by the next bus arriving in half an hour, you set you laptop to the side and prepare to eat your grill-

Nearly half of your grilled cheese is missing.

“What the FUCK!?” you scream, toppling back and glancing around. You notice it instantly – Sans’ phone is gone. You remember not eating any of the sandwich before going upstairs and after. Standing to attention, you shut all the doors leading to the living room and hunker down, looking at the bite closer. Whoever took the bite has a big mouth or really just likes to make a straight line as the missing portion is neatly chomped through. Glancing around once more, you use your fork to narrowly cut off a thin area around the bite. Not out of cooties or germs, but just based off how terrifying the prospect is that someone else is likely in the house. You drink and eat, nearly choking on the spaghetti as you rush the meal. Turning off the TV, you constantly listen and wait for any sound besides your own as paranoia shifts your eyes. Goosebumps cover your legs and
arms as you rush out of the house with a simple shoulder hung, laptop sized, purple and black plaid bag waiting to be filled with supplies as you make sure the security system Alphys pointed out it set. It is. Chills crawl up your back as you recheck you have an umbrella for the predicted showers later and your phone that you fling open and call Toriel again. She is much quicker this time.

“Hello?”

“Ah, hey, Toriel! So I went upstairs and came back down and someone had eaten part of my sandwich and taken Sans’s phone. Should I be leaving the house alone?” you ask though you really want nothing to do with it if someone unknown lies in wait. A burglar wasn’t uncommon.

“Oh Jane, it was likely Sans teasing you. I called his work and he said he would rush over and pick it up!”

“B-But I was only upstairs for one minute! I didn’t even hear the front door open a-and for him to open it silently, make it to the living room, bite my sandwich, take his phone, then leave before I get downstairs?!” you press, trying to not sound crazy but startled.

“He has his ways.” she riddles, giggling to herself. You groan and catch your head beginning to roll in anxiety. Your upper vertebrae disapprove of the halted movement as it pops painfully. Trying to rub the soreness away makes things worse as you bend the aching arm back. Fiddling your bag you nab a dollar in quarters free as the end of the street comes into view, a covered bus-station bench settled beside the road.

“But, like, wouldn’t he let me know he was there?” you pry.

“No, he tends to enjoy surprises.” she giggles with slight tease to her voice. She is loving your anxieties that could be absolutely nothing but you refuse to let it drop.

“Oh doesn’t he…” you whisper as you recall him scaring the living shit out of you back in your bedroom. He was constantly just appearing and vanishing, like he could choose to be invisible! Toriel and you make little small talk before the bus arrives and you pocket your phone, using it with headphones as a music reliever. Paying and accepting the ticket you uncomfortably settle into a cushioned seat, looking out over the moving outside. The sky’s clouds have slightly clouded and dulled the colors you recall when first coming through here. Shifting through your options for music, you settle on ‘Give Me Your Eyes’ by Brandon Heath. The bus continues on as you let yourself sink into the cushions, looking out onto the moving world you are going to be living in. You spot the grocery store again but your eyes are flickering and not processing the world as time seems to vanish. You catch sight of a nicely greenery accentuated park with a playground connected to it. In the distance on a side road you can make out the top of a building either belonging to the school or the town hall/mayors abode. The clouds continue to darken as you finally make it to your destination. Its teeming with students. Greeaaaatt.

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One aggravating class schedule setup later, you’re phoning Uncle Dante. You gathered what you needed to from the campus store before bursting out the doors. They kept trying to suggest ‘more advanced classes better fitting someone of my stature’! Just because I came from a well renowned school, they tried to treat me like royalty and try to get me into different classes that better ‘suited’ my needs. Then as soon as you’d brought up your housing placement everyone just grew pale or snickered. Fucking rude pieces of shit! However the worst part-

“Heyylooloo-“ Dante finally picks up the phone, drums beating in the background and tongue trilling calls echoing behind him with the shimmy of leaves and clapping follows the beat. You
didn’t even want to ask where he was now.

“Why the hell are you paying for my classes and tuition?!” you bark probably too loudly for the open area as students turn to stare. You try to quiet down but you’re fuming with rage.

“Because I loooveee you?” he giggles. He is so probably completely drunk right now as you grunt at the cell in unsurprised annoyance.

“This isn’t why I called you the other day! I wasn’t asking you to pay!” you hiss as you continue forward, trying to not strain your arm with the weighted bag of school goodies. You’ll definitely need to get a job soon to be able to pay your ridiculously low rent. Its never good when the money directly in your pocket is nothing but change.

“AwwwAwwwwWwe Janette come oooonnnn.” he whines drunkenly as womens laughter echoes before the hand up tone hits your ears. You instantly freeze, staring at your phone in disbelief. If you had the money you would break this one in an instant and get a new one, praying the death of one would end his malarkey. Stepping forward, you bounce into something that reminds you of gelatin as you stumble back.

“Oooooohhh….” is all that comes out, and it nearly sounds like a sob. Looking up there’s a cartoonish ghost hovering in the air with a backpack somehow being held in his center. He has giant tears falling from his sockets that vanish into thin air and he is trembling. You feel like you just slapped a child for the first time.

“Oh-Om gosh I’m SO sorry!!” you immediately apologize as you realize you’ve knocked things from out of his backpack. Bending down, you gather books and pencils as he hovers down closer to involve in the task somehow.

“Ooohh nooo….please I-I’m sooorrryy……….I didn’t mean to get in your way…..” he warbles, picking up stuff with a saddened expression.

“No no no dude it’s completely my fault – I wasn’t watching where I was going! My fault, not yours!” you insist, helping stuff things into his backpack. Helping collect the books a few catch your eyes ; soundtrack remixers, cassette tapes, ‘DJ Tips and Tabs : Volume 3’. Picking up the book you hand it back to the ghost.

“Are you a DJ?” you ask on a whim. The ghost looks up in tense shock, wriggling unsurely as he holds the book closer with little stump hands. They weren’t there before but you assume incorporeal beings can make appendages at will.

“Uh hh y-y-yes……do-do you hate DJ’s…….oh oooohh im so-“ he starts off again, apologizing and trying to make himself smaller. You literally witness him shrinking and vanishing.

“No no I like DJ’s I was just surprised is all! No need to be so shy and negative.” you insist, helping him hover back to an upright position.

“Are you a DJ?” you ask on a whim. The ghost looks up in tense shock, wriggling unsurely as he holds the book closer with little stump hands. They weren’t there before but you assume incorporeal beings can make appendages at will.

“Are you sure its okay to be talking to me…?” he asks out of the blue as his eyes shift to the sides. Everyone is staring, taking video, or scoffing / snickering as you stand in the yard talking to the ghost. You look in disgust at everyone considering him a side-show attraction as you extend your arm.

“I apologize for this terrible meeting and the on lookers, but yes – them being there won’t affect how I talk to you. You alright?” you ask offering to hold the backpack in compensation for knocking him over. He seems wary of the action.
“Yes b-but I have to catch the bus home…” he admits, looking to the bus stop that remains empty.

“Yeah me too. Wanna head over and chat while we wait?” you offer looking up towards the sky as the clouds look much more menacing then before. He gives a nod and you walk beside him as he hovers about a foot apart.

“M-My name is Napstablook……….I didn’t know there were such nice humans at this college… oohh!” he shoots up, looking around quickly to see if anyone overheard him. “I-I hope I didn’t offend anyone…” he whimpers in conscious anxiety.

“It’s not offensive if it’s the truth. Honestly you think people would be a little bit more considerate. Nice to meet you Napstablook – I’m Jane.” you re-extend your arm in attempt for a handshake. He cautiously extends a little nub hand and you grasp it with equal caution, not wanting to scare him.

“Didn’t mean to spook you.” you joke, giggling in pride as a smile grows over the dim frown he’d shown the entire time. Reaching the bus stop, you two are the only ones in wait. Settling onto the bench he pulls out a pair of headphones and settles them onto the bulge of his ghostly head. Placing on your own to respect his privacy as you sit in a peaceful silence. Feeling inspired by the DJ books, you surf around on your phone until you find the ’99 Princess Problems’ video on Youtube and begin playing the amazing remix. Glancing over as you bob your head, you pause the video and pry a headphone off to see if Napstablook has a question ; he has been staring for a while.

“Need anything?”

“Oh! Oh nooo I-I was just curious as to what you were listening to………..I didn’t mean to pry or get in your business…..” he slinks down into the bench, literally. Giggling, you extend the headphones, restarting the video.

“It’s a remix of multiple songs from Disney movies. You can listen if you want.” you offer, dangling the headphones as he curiously scooches closer and slides them on. Over the course of the track, his smile grows and he looks to you with slight inspiration.

“That’s really good….” he admits, prying them off and handing them back, “ I didn’t know you made stuff like that…..”

“Oh no no it wasn’t me, someone else made it. I just listened to it. Do you make anything?” you ask trying to change the subject quickly after seeing tears of embarrassment for assuming wrongly. You can see a greyish haze form over his face as you slip on the headphones. The ends are very plush and cause most outside noises to diminish as a ghostly echo music plays over. You listen to it for a few minutes, quite chilled honestly by the tune before offering to hand them back. “Oh, was it bad?”

“Oh no I thought it was pretty cool! And you made that on your own?” you inquire while standing as the bus comes into view. You fiddle around with your bag, hunting for change. You are blessed with quarters while Napstablook has a handy dollar.

“Yeah….you really liked it?”

“Yeah man. Don’t doubt it – if it’s something you love, you do it no matter what others may say.” you encourage him and he seems to be thrilled with it. The bus stops and the driver seems rather sweet to Napstablook, referring to his name and giving a smile as he receives a ticket. Paying for your own, you crawl onto the bus that have dirty looks staring right at Napstablook. Was it always
like this for him? Feeling terrible for the way everyone is treating him, you elect to stand near his seat, clutching a pipe to remain standing as you send quick glares to the occupants. Everyone returns to their business.

“Thank you…” It's so silent, shooting a quick knowing smile before straightening your focus to not falling over as you merely wait for when you can escape this miserable bus. Everyone continues to send little dirty glares in your directions. One man getting off whispers a complaint and it takes a lot to not let go of the pipe and clock him directly in the skull, breaking bone. However, the stop is already past as you finally muster the rage and courage to step up. Groaning for your lack of movement and action, you hang back to the pipe. Finally your road emerges in sight and you bustle off and Napstablook follows behind. He seems shocked as you both start heading down the road of complexes.

“I didn’t know they let humans move into this neighborhood……” he comments, though you know he doesn’t mean it in a rude way. If anything, he looks pleased.

“I’m residing at Asgore and Toriels place. I was the dormmate of Alphys?” you imply, hoping he knows the name. Apparently he knows that name as he hovers higher in blissful surprise.

“Oh, we know Alphys……she has been very kind to my cousin.” he sighs as he wanders back down to eye level and you both proceed down the long road.

“Your cousin?”

“Yeah…she gave him a body- he used to be a ghost, like me………but he uh…..he said he felt ‘wrong’. After we all got out he became famous……but he still makes time to visit……” he tells as you feel slightly bad for Napstablook. However, you could relate. You uncle wouldn’t give up his life to even give you a week of his time – everything was cellular. In a sense, you understood him well.

“Guess that makes two of us. Hopefully, though, you cousin visits more often and makes it known that you’re unique and special to them. I’m sure they are wonderful.” you reply and giving him an empathetic smile.

“He is….he really is amazing……I miss him often but I could never say that to his face…I don’t want to impose on his work schedule……” he whispers and fades slightly.

“That isn’t right Napstablook. Even if he is famous, it’s important to speak up – speak out. I can tell you’re shy, that you don’t want to interrupt and that you will be alright with waiting. But Napstablook-!” you beg grabbing his sides in desperation, “ you need to cherish those you have before they vanish. It might not feel like they would ever leave you, but things happen, and then you will regret never speaking up.”

The only thing flashing is your mind right now is seeing Napstablook saddened as whatever fame his cousin has will whisk him away. You know you are trying to relate it to your parents passing away, or to your uncle leaving you behind, but the similar concepts lead to similar results. He continues to stare at you with tears beginning to stream down his face. His eyes well up with internal longing as he gives a few shaky nods and a slightly more confident smile.

“T-Thanks Jane…………Can I see you again later?” he calmly asks without seeming so tense about asking for something.

“‘Course. I hope you will share more of those neat mixes with me.” you share while flashing him a grin. He flashes one back and dissipates in the air, vanishing. Hoping that’s an okay thing and he
hadn’t just permanently erased himself from this earth, you trek on until the house comes into view, light sprinkling coming down as you deny the need for the umbrella while you rush to the house. Your phone vibrates within your pocket which tickles your flesh as you shake the droplets from your hair and opening the front door as you fish it out.

Dinotile 3:46: Toriel tld me you visited the collg. how it go? :D

Snickering, you feel slightly bad. Her claw like fingers are constantly misspelling things, but even without them you presume words would be shortened. Giving a clarifying call out that you’ve arrived home incase anyone is waiting, you head upstairs to drop off the bags and supplies. Heading back down, you start a reply.


Looking at whatever autocorrect just formed you groan in realization. How does that even come from Napstablook?! Quickly you retype it out with clearer consideration.

Jane 3:50: Napstablook*

Dinotile 3:51: Oh! I forget hes stdying there! How was he? :)

Jane 3:51: He seemed okay. Little sad.

Dinotile 3:51: Don’t wury. That’s norml. :/

Feeling saddened at the shy ghosts constant depression your mind wanders as you hear a groan and the pressing of piano keys. Interested, you follow the sounds to the piano room. Frisk and Flowey are sitting on the plush bench – Frisk presses a note and Flowey groans at the incorrectness. Giggling you give a knock at the door to not scare the child as you walk inside.

“Ohhoho! I see someone avoided detention today.” you joke, coming beside Flowey as he gives you a deep stare. You haven’t had much bonding time with him since you’d arrived. He still acted like a reserved prick as Frisk beamed at your arrival. “Whatchya trying to do there Frisk?”

“He’s been wanting to play the piano like Undyne and won’t listen to me that it’ll NEVER happen.” Flowey grunts as he crosses his leaves in smart retaliation. Frisk puffs up their cheeks and defies back by playing multiple badly strung notes that even have your ears twitching in displeasure.

“Frisk, why don’t you just ask Undyne to teach you?” you offer but Frisk shakes their head, grabbing your hand.

‘Last time I tried to learn from Undyne she told me to pound the keys like a foe lying in the dirt.’ he mutters. ‘She got mad when I stroked them instead.’

Laughing at the Undyne you knew and kind of loved, you gesture to Frisk to move over as you sit beside them, though they take immediate comfort in your lap as you reach your arms around him.

“Alrighty bud, what do you know about the piano?” you start, resting your fingers on the keys. Frisk looks at you with longing eyes and grabs onto your better arm luckily. You’d taken some more meds after getting out of one of the counselors meetings and they were taking effect, but damn if he grabbed it would sting like a child sized wasp.

‘You can play?!’ he enthuses, jumping on your lap.
"'Course I can. I’m a lady of many talents!" you reply, feigning insult as you look to him with slight shock.

“I don’t see a lady…” Flowey hisses out as you chuckle, leaning your worse hand over and scratching his lowest petal like a dog’s chin. Even with all the retaliation he seems to melt into it, loving the feeling of your nails and skin. He is putty in your hand almost – ashamed putty.

“Yeah, I’m more of a tom-boy than any refined woman. But the piano makes me a lady so right now I’m a lady. Deal with it Flowey.” you coo as you stop petting him and he jerks away. “Alright what are you trying to play?”

‘I want to see you play! Oh please!!’ he screams while he wiggles his bum in excitement. It creates slight cloth friction with your pants but nothing uncomfortable as you can’t help but smile at the genuine excitement. Though you have to contemplate if your arm can handle something intense.

“Well I memorized tons, bbut its been a while and my arm has been cramping up pretty badly…” you try to lie your way out. He desperately flashes you a puppy dog face ; quivering lip and everything. You can’t say no to that face. “Alright, alright. Scoot on off bud I don’t want to smoosh your face in when this gets chaotic.” you admit and he immediately obliges by giving you plenty of arm space. Flexing your arm leaves a tiny twinge of pain but nothing unbearable. Resting your fingers against the keys a anxious thought hits you as the eyes of the room stare on in anticipation. Balling your hands into fists you mentalize that nobody around you is judging you. They are children – they likely wouldn’t even catch any mistakes the piece you were planning was so fast and intense. Cracking your fingers and giving a few stretches and shrugs you let them limp onto the keys.

“Alright, this is called ‘Fires of a Revolution’.” You introduce. Taking a deep breath, you begin to play. Keeping the tempo upbeat yet intense along with the flurry of keys stroked and pressed into rattles your mind but it’s all played from muscle memory. It was a strong piece that could really pick up speed and become chaotic. Reaching a theme pinnacle you jab the higher and lower notes resting on the ends of each side, melding with the sounds as you manage to keep a consistent pace. Your hands dance across the ivory and charcoal keys, splayed like spiders legs. From the corner of your eye you can make out the amazement filling Frisks eyes as your hands obey on an instant, splaying over a multitude to reach the desired note at a certain time.

Reaching a slowed cool off point you know that it can be stopped now if you truly wanted. You also momentarily recalled the pick-up that could cause intense discomfort through your bandaged arm ; the consequences of playing through half of the piece already clear as it begins to throb with a heating agony. However, you were never one to leave something unfinished. You press on, filled with determination.

Frisk becomes more and more excited the longer the piece goes on, trying to mimic your swift and concentrated movements in the air with his own hands as his eyes cannot escape. Flowey hasn’t spoken a word, merely watching in awe. Nearing the end, the twinge of pain has now encompassed your entire arm. Each note hit sending muscle contractions and electrical volts through your core and brain as you press on, sweat building onto your brow. You can feel your blood rushing as the end draws ever closer, praying it doesn’t leak out the bandage and cardigan onto the pristine keys. Forcing yourself to accept air and relax backwards, you end the song and pull your arm back, holding the elbow tightly to try and stop the blood flow. Frisk enthusiastically jumps up from the bench with roaring applause. Another set of claps echoes out in the room as you immediately tear your gaze from the excited Frisk to the door.

You forgot to close the door.
Standing in the doorway is a teary eyed Papyrus who can hardly stop shaking his phone that recorded the musical display, Sans giving a slow clap with tired eyes and Toriel looking extremely proud. You wish the world would stop fucking you over like this as you press your embarrassed, sweaty face to the colder wood for a sense of escape.

“THAT WAS BEAUTIFUL!!” Papyrus cries out, actually breaking into sobs as he runs over flailing his arms. You glance to his phone.

“P-P-Papyrus…you……you didn’t…record that…right?” you question in agonizing fear.

“OF COURSE I RECORDED IT!! I WAS SO THRILLED TO SEE YOU PLAYING THE PIANO! IT WAS AN AMAZING PERFORMANCE AND I’M SO HAPPY YOU LET ME WITNESS IT FIRST-HAND! YOU LOOKED SO HAPPY!” he cries, hugging you close. He squishes your arm accidentally as you let out a hiss. Sans is quick to separate the two of you noting your discomfort.

“nice job smalls. nearly blew us away. paps, think you can help little boss with his work?” Sans tries to steer Papyrus off as Toriel walks over. Tears are prickling her eyes.

“That sounds like a wise idea, Sans. Frisk , my child, you and Flowey should both go get your homework done. Maybe afterwards Jane can assist in teaching you piano, hmm?” she pokes at his weakness and he complies, flashing a brilliant smile with gaping holes. You can see his tongue poking out behind the one. He gives a nod and he, Papyrus and Flowey all run out of the room. You let your head fall onto the keys as they sound back in disapproval.

“How long were you all there?” you question while already knowing the answer.

“We witnessed everything ; I hope we didn’t scare you but we didn’t want to interrupt and it was such an incredible performance.” Toriel sighs as she takes a little seat on the bench with you, Sans standing at her side.

“Oh. Okay. That’s great. God ; you can just kill me now. I have died of embarrassment.” you grumble as your head rolls in dismay against the keys before you manage to lean it back on the wood. Sans is looking down on you.

“i guess you could say we were a god send.” Sans tries but even Toriel finds the joke lame, giving him a stern stare as he only shrugs his shoulders.

“Don’t you dare shrug your shoulders Sans the skeleton. Did you eat some of my damn grilled cheese this afternoon?” you question as you glare daggers at him.

“no clue whatchyer talkin’ ‘bout smalls.” More sweat beads onto his skull, his eyes become slightly shifty.

“You liar! Why did you do that?! Do you have any idea of how flipping paranoid I was that someone broke into your house?!” you screech as he motions his hands to calm the fire you wish you could spew at him.

“cheese no need to grill me about it.” he jokes with a wink and pride. If you could lift this piano you would beat him over the fucking skull with it. Your mood drains though, along with another substance as you go back to resting against the keys peacefully.

“Toriel?” you whisper as a groggy bliss overwhelms you.

“Yes?”
“I can’t feel my arm anymore.” you admit as she hurries around and lifts it. Blood has begun dripping through the bandage and over your cardigan, running down your arm. It leaves a warm trace as it trickles down, branching out over your palm and fingers.

“shit!” Sans curses before coming to your side, grasping your shoulder to stabilize you. Toriel tries to ease you up and keep your arm straight as she peels back the cardigan. Sans hisses as the bandage is engulfed in a deep red.

“Hold on child – this will likely hurt.” she informs before pinching and beginning to unravel the bandage. You gasp and curl your toes, trying to keep your voice down while warily watching the door that’s still ajar. After undoing the wrapping, she uses them to stop the free flow of the blood down your arm before resting a fuzzy paw above the gash. Sans keeps a securely locked bone in place on your shoulder to keep you from leaning as a green warm glow comes off her paw and she presses it lightly to the wound. Its numbed and for a moment you see it shrinking. You refuse to look at the instant healing of your flesh and skin and opt to stare at the piano. Turning the other way would bring you nearly face to face with Sans and things were still strange regarding the shorter skeleton. A few agonizingly long minutes pass by before the glow dims and Toriel glances it over. Looking down upon your arm there is nothing besides a thin scar left behind and bruises. Astounded and trying to wrack your brain around the instantaneous healing, you look to Toriel who gives a warm smile before you carefully poke the scar. Its real.

“Toriel. What the literal fuck.” you reply in awe, poking at the tender skin. Despite the swear, Toriel and Sans take great enjoyment in seeing your reaction to healing magic for the first time. Toriel stands as you continue to inspect the new flesh and skin, running a digit gingerly over the scar. You didn’t mind – it would just be another scar to add to your mistakes. Looking to her, you finally open your mouth to speak.

“Thank you. You didn’t have to.”

“Oh please, Jane. If I didn’t what kind of mother would I be?” she giggles, glancing at her handiwork before carrying away the blood-riddled bandages leaving you and Sans alone. You continue to marvel at your arms recovery.

“gotta hand it to ya, it healed over nicely.” Sans comments, sitting beside you on the stool.

“Sorry if I am looking at this like a monkey seeing magic tricks but damn that’s bizarre in the best ways… you’re all pretty amazing.” you compliment. His bones dust a cyan as he scratches his cervical vertebrae in slight tension. A question pops into your head, but you decide to lead up to it.

“Sans, you know a lot of monsters, right?”

“heh. course smalls. i’m a comedian, everyone loves comedy. that and i’m just a lovable guy.” he shrugs. Still taking offense to the ‘smalls’ nickname, you brush past it.

“You know Napstablook?”

“yeah. could never boo the guy – he’s a pretty good DJ player with his spooktunes.” he remarks while lost in memory.

“What’s his cousin like? The famous one?”

He doesn’t reply. He only forms that face that one would give upon meeting Excalibur. You don’t understand.
Chapter End Notes

Jane really needs to put locks on these doors, hot damn. All the embarrassment.
Quick Question: Who do you think needs more bonding time with Jane?

Leave my your comments below <3 I love em <3

I will try and have the next out by Saturday. I will try and keep my Tumblr updated :D
My Tumblr <3
Chapter Summary

Jane tries to get down to business and make her new life more 'normal'.

(Though, honestly, with the UT crew? Nothing is ever normal.)

Chapter Notes

Okay. Okay. To those who don't understand the title, my and my family have this thing of calling 'traps', 'tarps'. Because tarps are traps and it just is more fun to scream 'ITS A TARP' and when nobody understand WTF you just screamed and then gets trapped, you laugh in blissful self ignorance. Yeah....

Sorry this took a little longer :) Cats. What can you do but pet their bellies -3-

10k words is the lucky number. Hopefully I don't go MUCH under that in a word count basis, but I cant promise really short chapters in the future. It could happen. \(-3\)_/

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sans abruptly walks out of the room, kindly closing the door (that or preventing your pursuit) as he leaves you behind staring at where he once rested. Your curiosity of this famous cousin continues to grow but you persuade your mind to finding a proper way to thank Toriel for her efforts. Looking towards your arm rests a thin scar outline that could be mistaken for a vein. However, the length and ragged nature of it appall your mind as you gaze upon done damage. Still, you are entirely grateful to her assistance as you take up the previously abandoned tissue box and clean the minor blood puddle off the ground. Glancing over the room, you invest some time to mentally measuring the handle to add a locking system at some point on the inside. Of course, with permission.

Walking down the hallway, you catch Toriel baking in the kitchen while idly humming a tune. You suppose a good place to start showing your gratitude was with honesty, and you have much to explain. Fumbling to mutter words that would form a sentence as she remains unaware of your arrival, the front door shuts and a heavy huff of relief comes out as Asgore walks into the kitchen with an exhausted smile.

“Hi T-Tori.” he whispers, still slightly hesitant but honestly overjoyed with using the nickname for Toriel. She turns in sweet surprise before giving him a smile. She finally catches you lingering and Asgore turns to you as well. You nearly whistle at how well Asgore cleaned up. It’s not that you doubted his professional clothing it’s just you had trouble imagining it when alls he ever wore were floral print button ups. He has exchanged it for a porcelain white button down with a neatly tied yale blue necktie and deep grey dress pants. His shoes were custom made but were the generic black and business type. He’d let his cuffs unfurl and a deep grey jacket he must’ve removed draped over his bent elbow as he looked upon you. “Hello Jane. Are you feeling better now?” he
sweetly asks, bending down a little to become less intimidating in size.

“Ah, yes sir. Asgore. Yeah……I – well.” you start, motioning mindlessly with your hands to the dining room. “I feel I should probably take this alone time as an opportunity to explain what has happened in my past and what happened before I came here. It feels wrong leaving you in the dark about the matter and I have basically told everyone else suddenly so what’s two more?” you ramble as you finally get to the point. Toriel and Asgore look a little stunned, share a glance exchange before Toriel chimes in.

“Very well Jane. Just let me get these biscuits in the oven, alright?” she gestures to the batch she was preparing as you give a gratified wave and settle into the dining room as you awkwardly drum your fingertips on the tables colder surface as Asgore situates in his own seat. He and Toriel have larger seats to fit them and they more or less resemble thrones in comparison. That and the regal air they emitted just caused everything to look odder. Maybe it was just their presence as you were the one out of place, but as Toriel arrives you drive past your thoughts and settle in for storytime.

“So I may as well start from the beginning though you already know the gist. I don’t go about flaunting this for pity or looks but as a resident of the house with apparently troubling baggage I feel slightly inclined to explain as to not worry and frighten you in the future.” You start off. Asgore and Toriel look far more concentrated and professional, despite the adorable flower apron Toriel adorns.

“At around the age of seven, my non-biological brother Kevin was 15. I came home one day to no home – my house was an inferno and my brother watched from the outside. He has a mental problem and it had been eating him inside with what I can only assume is jealousy and loathing as he was the one who set the house ablaze. He had also…” you catch your breath, huffing as you try to push down the mental images. With how many recent repeats of this story you’ve done you’d believe to have hardened to the tale. Clearing your throat, you press on already feeling your eyes starting to well up into a tearful state.

“He’d also killed my parents that day, leaving their bodies in the house. I didn’t know and I approached him. He –clears throat- he stabbed and mutilated my back with a knife before trying to jab a knife directly into my heart.” giving a moment to breathe and the same for Toriel and Asgore to mull over this new knowledge, Toriel leaned across the table, resting a paw on your hand. Looking to her sent misery trembling through you – her maternal smile had vanished as she struggled to not frown, but her tearing eyes with a intent deep gaze gave her away as she caressed the back of your hand.

“Child…” she whispered with a light croak as she fought back the tears. You’d almost forgotten she witnessed the catastrophe that was known as your back. Looking to Asgore he was determined and shaking in slight wrath as he willed himself down from the temper and resting his paw onto Toriel’s other for support.

“You needn’t tell us anymore if you wish Jane.” Asgore informs upon seeing your harmed state, but you wave your other hand in rebellion.

“No, no. It’s…it’s fine.” you reassure with a few breaths before continuing your tale.

“Eventually, before the police and ambulance showed up the fire department made it there first. My neighbors were trying to keep me alive. I accidentally witnessed them dragging my parents bodies out from the fire. It was…..uuh v-very retching.” you avoid the details while clasping a fist to your gut in internal ceremony to avoid retching yourself. “I passed out afterwards – went into a coma for about 3 months. My uncle was left to take me over under his wing but he is constantly travelling around the world and he refused to drag me into that, hoping to still grant me an
education. I was left in a broken foster family for about six years until I got out. By got out I mean I ran away because they were absolutely terrible.” you growl thinking of the wretched adults who lazed about.

“After that my uncle rented an apartment for me where I lived on my own managing multiple jobs on school for another five. After graduating I nabbed a third for saving up. Eventually I made enough and with the cash my parents had left me in their will I had enough to get into college.” you summarize letting the information flow.

“This will – if I recall it’s the promising of certain items to certain people after ones untimely departure.” Asgore speaks up, still looking professional in his business outfit. Giving him a nod he stares at you questioningly. “Was that all they left you?” he asks. Your heart swells with emotions as you fidget your feet around to scratch your legs absently. You can’t keep his gaze as guilt seeps over you.

“No…I-I don’t know what else they left me but I refused to claim it back then. I was young and still too hurt to accept whatever they’d left me. I intend to claim it soon but I need to pay a hold fund since they have left whatever I was to receive in safe storage.” you sheepishly reply as you continue to fidget in the chair. Once the silence becomes unbearable, you continue.

“After all that and a few years at the college I met Alphys. About a month passed and I made that portrait of Sans and Papyrus for an art project which then turned into a museum awards competition.” you grumble recalling the heavy hit of that news. The world seemed against you every step of the way.

“Ah, yes. I must humbly apologize for being unable to attend the event! However I hear it went very well.” he grins with pride upon recollection of the blue ribbon photo Toriel had sent him.

“Yes. The judging went well. It was after the judging that things became…displeasing. My teacher tried to assault me afterwards and I was sent to the hospital where they healed and performed surgery on an old issue. I have since mostly recovered. The man I spoke of in the second dream that dashed at me while I was in the elevator was that teacher.” you mutter, twiddling your index fingers nervously. Stealing a glance at Asgore his face reads that of one who just accidentally put the life saving fire out. Disbelief with a hint of remorse.

“I-I didn’t mean-“ he tries to correct himself though he had no idea so how could he be wronged?

“It’s fine. It’s in the past.” you reply, giving him an understanding smile. That’s all it was. The past.

After much more debating and minor explanations, the oven beeps to signal the biscuits cooked as Toriel and Asgore both stand to attention. Toriel proceeds out while Asgore stops you at the door, motioning you to the side where he kneels over and whispers.

“Jane, you are never alone. I know the ugliness of scars and fighting better then anyone should. Someone as young and hopeful as yourself shouldn’t let old wounds change your future. If you let it consume you, it’s a bitter future indeed.” he sighs as he rolls up his sleeves, moving his fur around slightly. Across his arm is a series of much larger scars and reddened flesh concealed neatly by the fur. You stare in wonder, reaching to feel the tender looking flesh as the texture reminds you of crumpled paper. You look to him for answers.

“Back before the we were all sealed away I was a defender of my people. War doesn’t come without scars my dear. Yet you have never witnessed war, nor partaken in it. You shouldn’t have to experience such a past.” he grumbles, grasping your shoulder in concern. You sigh and pat the
wounded arm with your own.

“War isn’t the only thing that leaves scars. Some scars aren’t physically noticeable.” you reply thinking of his children, the pain it must have brought him “We’ve both lost enough to know that.”

He looks at you with even eyes, glossed by withheld tears as he yanks you into a fluffy hug. The warmth radiating off him swells with emotion as you feebly attempt to grip him back, trying to reciprocate that emotion. After a few moments, Toriel appears when she pats your shoulder giving a pleased smile. Asgore clears his throat and adjusts his collar as he begins to address Toriel.

“Well uuuhh T-Tori I was hoping that since I was able to uhmm…t-to get such an open and available day that maybe you and I – we could maybe uh…go out for a nice uhh dinner?” he chokes out as you fling your arms to your mouth. With a slight protest of pain on the right you hold back a devilish smile as a pink flush bursts over Asgore and Toriel’s faces. They act so professional and then so fucking innocent!

“W-W-Well I don’t know A-Asgore…” Toriel tries to lay it down, clearly unsure. You interject.

“Of course you should go! If its Frisk and Flowey you are worried about I got that under control! Lock and key! I can cook, I understand bath time, and I have dealt with kids and insane plant monsters before. The others can fend for themselves well enough and I will make sure Papyrus and Undyne don’t burn the kitchen down! You should totally go out!” you urge, shaking your arms in excitement. It had been so long since you could encourage a couple into reconciliation. It made something in your inner being well with thrills. Toriel looks strained for words but gives a sigh and turns to Asgore who has the most hopeful eyes possible.

“What time?” Internally you scream as externally you merely tap your feet. Asgore is glowing.

“7 on the dot.”

“Formal or non-formal?”

“T-That’s difficult. Anything you wear looks formal and elegant…” he breathes as Toriel lights up like a stop light, coughing and giggling quietly as she tries to look anywhere but the also embarrassed Asgore.

My man Asgore dropping pick-up lines like a boss. So fucking proud.

“R-Right. 7 it is.” She agrees while nibbling on her lips nervously. Asgore straightens to the prospect of needing to prepare and scurries off with a spring in his step. Looking to Toriel, she steadies herself on the wall.

“Pardon my language but Asgore just used a fucking nasty pick-up line.” you whisper, jumping from toe to toe in absolute thrills while clapping like a moron but the energy rippling throughout you needs to be used up in a proactive way. Your shooting anxious and curious smirks to Toriel whos fur has flushed into a pastel pink. She uses her massive paw to ineffectively fan herself.

“It would seem that way……oh dear I don’t know if I even have anything appropriate to wear.” she woes as you immediately take action, grasping her arm.

“Hey, hey I will help ya. You heard him “Anything you wear looks formal and elegant”” you repeat, lowering your voice deeply in a mimicking voice that’s nowhere near the par. She gives a little laugh and returns to the kitchen, though she stumbles about and clearly can’t focus as you lean in the arch way.
“Look lets just leave the food, focus on finding the perfect outfit and then you can worry, alright?” you attempt as she gives a sigh. She and you both realize this idea will be more productive as she hangs her apron, turns off the stove and leads you to her bedroom.

The first thing that catches your eye: their absolutely gigantic bed. Easily a California king size lined with a dark lilac valence. It’s a canopy style with beautifully engraved rods made of a rich glistened wood. The backboard is cushioned yet bears a symbol you’d seen on Toriel’s classic gown that she brought from the underground. A neat set of beige and black regal sheets and pillows are set nice and neat as Toriel begins laying suitable dresses out. Letting her continue to wander her wardrobe you glance around the area more. Hung over their dresser lies a photographic frame of everyone posing underneath a large tree in a park. They look so overjoyed and free.

Turning around you witness a growing stack and rush to Toriel side as she scans the closet for more dresses. Urging her back to the bedside with small talk and reassurances you look through the options. After nearly a twenty minute argument and search, she finally settles on one. She refused to be too formal but wanted something to match the night sky. You opted for a long dark cerulean dress with a see-through pattern reaching around the shoulders with a floral embroidery that glistened with gem stones. Picking out a comfortable black heel and stockings, she feels and seems much more confident as she stashes it away for the night. With renewed focus and anticipation Toriel practically floats into the kitchen to finish the biscuits. She lets you nab one as you watch.

Her maternal love and attitude reminded you briefly of your own, though the mother you had was actually a terrible cook. Worse than Papyrus. Dad was always the chef of the house, and nobody complained since if he hadn’t been a top notch scientist he likely would have been working a three star restaurant. Asgore was a lot like him: sweet, smart, unsure, caring. Looking at Frisks parents as your own wouldn’t hurt…right? You huff and rest into your thoughts as you catch Toriel looking at something. Glancing towards her delighted gaze she is looking at a photo frame. In the frame are Sans and Toriel, obviously joking it out as Papyrus is flailing in the background. They’re so close and excited. A harrowing thought dawns to you with slight panic for Asgore.

“Toriel. Do you like Sans?” you ask eagerly as she snaps to attention. Her fur is turning pink.

“What? No he i-is just a very dear-” she begins to reply.

“You’re blushing.” you point out. She covers her face as it grows. You inhale slowly in realization.

“Oh my fluff you do!” you squeal, ready to pounce and demand Sans fights for her. Aaahh; the odd romantic look of men fighting for a womens affections. The heated love triangle. The tears, the sweat, the bloodshe-

Too many tragic romance novels. Yeah. Yeah… Shaking away from your thoughts you giggle at her predicament.

“You misunderstand! He is just a very good friend of mine who shares similar interests with my own. I cannot see myself mating with Sans for the rest of time, and I possibly couldn’t. I’m bonded to Asgore already.” she informs as her blush finally fades away.

“Bonded?…..Where’s the ring?” you ask, glancing over her large paws. Even glancing at her horns but there is nothing as she gives a small giggle.

“Monster bonding isn’t like human bonding. It is infusing ones soul into another; feeling each others living essence. It is one of the most intimate things monsters can do.” she tells as you ponder over the possibilities.

“So its more meaningful then marriage?” you ask.
“Yes, I suppose. By bonding with another monster that individual can feel their partners feelings, their memories, and their life-force.” You look to Toriel with amazement at this seemingly physical exchange of lives to share forever. But it dawns to you.

“But you and Asgore don’t act like your bonded.” you imply as Toriel takes it emotionally unwell. You almost apologize for possibly bringing up a sensitive subject, but she speaks up.

“That is because long ago I tried forcefully broke the bond and left Asgore.” she whispers in a broken voice. You straighten up and motion to her side with supporting pets to her arm. It feels awkward, but it seems to lift her mood slightly.

“So like divorcing……but worse?” you gist as Toriel nods in agreement.

“A bond can only break entirely if both monsters come to the conclusion or one monster is so done with the bond they are willing to risk their and their partners lives for it.”

“Wait – you can die by breaking a bond?” you ask from curiosity.

“Yes. The ultimate heart-break.” she jokes but you both know it pains her to even try and play around it.

“But you and Asgore are fine…”

“Asgore was completely consumed by wrath at the time and I wanted nothing to do with him……eventually, his wrath and my disregard diminished and I could feel his existence, his pain, his regrets…it was a little much to take in sometimes.” she admits with a sniffle. You hand her a napkin that she dabs at her eyelids sharing a comforted smile with you. “I discovered our bond wasn’t completely broken ; I didn’t have enough resolve to truly break it, so now we are merely separated. The bond still exists…” she exhales and glances out the window. Asgore is outside reviewing the pool, still in his business suit.

“But you can rebuild the bond?”

 “…yes. It will take time, but I would be ecstatic to trust and love him again.” she whispers as her emotions breathe out into the air making your own heart flutter for something so solid. Its admirable.

“Monsters are lucky I suppose. Once you meet someone you know you like and you bond you basically can feel the others feelings for you and feel safe and loved. What I would give for one decent guy…” you groan, slumping over the counter.

“Don’t humans speak of love often? Of their affections for one another?”

“Yeah, but I could say that about anybody. There’s a difference between liking someone, loving someone, and love loving someone.” you remark as the words sound utterly ridiculous. Toriel agrees, sneaking a laugh before waiting in anticipation for your ‘pro’ explanation.

“Liking someone is just a friends term. Like, I like my uncle – he’s pretty alright at times but loving him is a stretch. Like loving someone is just saying to show more affection to a person beyond liking them. For instance, I love you guys and Frisk, but not in a romantic way! Love loving someone is what you and Asgore have ; what Alphys and Undyne have……I don’t think I have ever really had that.” you finalize as you stuff the biscuits remains into your cheek recalling your miserable love life.

“But you’ve dated?” she wonders. It must seem funny to some people, but you know Toriel only
wants nice things to ever happen so you understand what she means.

“Yep.”

“And never bonded? Or married?”

“Gosh no. Humans have more trust and time issues then monsters. It differs between people but I am that person who is like ‘Hey. I want to get to know you before I date you. Then maybe if we still love each other oodles after a few years I can contemplate marriage – hell maybe even kids!’ not that ‘Hey, I met you a few days ago and I am totally willing to date you. Its been six months, should he be proposing?’ and there are humans like that.” you mutter as you ponder about snatching another but she seals them off to save for later as she leans against the counter alongside you.

“Yet humans are constantly talking of their affections for their partners.”

“Sometimes they don’t mean it Toriel. They might, but it could be light hearted. They could be a liar, a cheater, a pervert, a light romancer, condescending, rude, ungrateful, abusive, untrusting? The list goes on and on and I just always seem to have the worst taste because I always get the jerks.” you hiss while clenching the counter. “Its always so damn one sided. I meet a guy, think he is sweet and you get to know him. Anyone who was willing to talk to me gave me hope of a relationship ; that’s how many chances I got.” you stress as Toriel only waits and listens. You hear a faint clicking and looking to the door it stops. Waiting a moment, you press on.

“I put my heart into this relationship, this guy, and he hardly gives anything equal back. I’m not picky, possessive, or persistent to the point of being a complete annoyance but, hey, being acknowledged would be appreciated! Then they start giving subtle hints like ‘Oh, hey I’m busy tonight. Not feeling great.’ or ‘I’m just not up to seeing you today.’. Then, surprise surprise, they break up with you within a week. Then I’m left scrounging around the house for ice-cream and chocolate to drown myself in junk food while watching gore flicks to take my mind off the fat hatred for them cruising through my brain. The last guy I dated? Oh he was swell!! Caught him making out with some chick right in center of campus! I even confronted him, tearing up and asking questions and he just flat out dumps me there and goes right back to flippin’-UURRGGHHHH!!’” you growl, twitching your fingers as you jab punch the air. Toriel stays silent and observant with a pained but understanding glint to her eyes as you finally slouch back against the counter to stare at the ceiling.

“I break. Everytime a relationship goes wrong I just break, Toriel. My hearts too broken for it. I could probably sob for days. I’m so tired of tears. Soo tired. I often think about how I will probably be alone for the rest of my life.” you sigh. Toriel instantly makes you regret saying it.

“Don’t you dare think that! You aren’t alone! You have us.”

“That’s not what I meant Toriel…I mean a love life. It’s so out of my reach. I’m nothing but a hollow doll filled with cracks……nobody wants those unless they are crazy – and crazy people are the best type of people.” you correct instantly. Agreeing internally with yourself, you let your head slam against the hard tile counter.

“I don’t see any broken doll Jane. I see a smart, funny, beautiful young lady who’s never been given a chance to truly shine and show how worth it you are. Those men before don’t realize what they lost, and hopefully they never will. If they even try to make amends I will personally see to them.” she threatens and for that instance you completely believe her. A maternal blood thirst glistens in her pupil before she lets it become overrun with emotions and draws you into a familiar fluffy hug. Accepting the talk, the compliments and the warmth Toriel shares you nuzzle into it
with a secureness you’d forgotten about. She seems to read your mind, of how much you need and crave the motherly embrace, and begins stroking your hair smoothly.

“Thank you Toriel.” you whisper, gripping to her apron tighter.

“You can call me Tori, my child.”

“Keep calling me your child and I’ll have to call you my monster.” you joke as she breaks into giggles with you. Stepping away, little feet quickly approach as Frisk skids into the kitchen not a moment later, launching into your arms that forces you to swivel around on the tiled kitchen floor. Slipping on the sleeked tiles you land on your butt with Frisk clutching your waist as you both dissolve into laughter. Their little hands latch onto yours as they immediately speak their mind.

‘That means you’re totally my sister! Jane nee-chan!! My nee-chan! I always wanted a sister...’ he squeals before nuzzling into your stomach. You pat his head before playfully pinching his cheeks.

“I’ve always wanted a little brother! Big brothers can be a pain.”

“hey. ouch.” Sans grumbles as he leans inside the doorway, scouring his phone with a slightly pained expression, but he finds this totally comedic. Papyrus is standing beside him as he contemplates joining the hug pile. He does but he lifts the entire pile into his boney arms, squeezing you a little tightly as Frisk gets wedged into the middle.

“Don’t ouch me. Papyrus is constantly groaning at your lack of cleanliness, overuse of puns, and lazy attitude.” you point out as you can see each reaction to each flawed jab hit him. Sweat begins to accumulate.

“SHE IS CORRECT SANS! YOU ARE A FINE BROTHER AMONG BROTHERS, BUT IF YOU IMPROVED YOUR FLAWS TO A DEGREE YOU COULD EVEN BE AS EQUAL AS THE GREAT PAPYRUS!!” Papyrus shrieks in delight as he begins to mentalize he and his brother as he see’s ‘greatness’. Toriel merely watches this unfold as she stifles laughs.

‘Yeah but I got the greatest sister!!’ Frisk screams out in your mind (soul?), overjoyed. Papyrus seems to hear this as well and beams towards you.

“I HAVEN’T HAD A SISTER BEFORE! HUMAN JANE, WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MY SISTER AS WELL?!” Papyrus heartily offers before Frisk smacks his forearm in retaliation.

‘Noooo! If she is your sister and my sister, how can you guys be my uncles?!’

“Uncles huh? One, giant, adopted family.” you whisper, not wanting to offend.

‘Yeah! My bruncle and my dunkle.’ he says. It takes everything you have inside to not break into uproarious laughter as your hand flies to your mouth and you snicker like an idiot, hiding your face in shame. It was so cute, yet so hysterical. Frisk is a new generation comedy genius. Toriel has immeasurable pride reading over her face as Papyrus watches you in confusion as you still withhold laughing. Finally catching your breath, you beg the question.

“W-Why bruncle a-a-and dunkle?” you manage before taking deep breaths to calm yourself.

‘Papy is my bruncle because he is the bravest uncle I could ever have! Sans is my dunkle.’ he clears up. Sans isn’t given an explanation to the unique nickname. Looking up, Papyrus is heroically waving his scarf in non-existent wind as you look to Sans, gesturing to Frisk with a ‘What?’ expression. He only shrugs trying to see how tightly wound your smile is as you force down your giddy state.
“Well, that aside. Guess what? We get a no parents sleep over tonight!” you tattle as Papyrus squeezes tighter around you two while Frisk squirms in utter joy. Toriel blushes again but sternly clears her throat.

“Jane, I trust you will be a proper adult in me and Asgores absence.” Toriel gives a stern parental stare anyone would a first time babysitter. You’re standing to attention after Papyrus sets you down to go discuss fun activities to do with Sans. Crossing your arms behind your back you also cross your fingers in cruelty as Frisk nearly gives it away with sneaky snickering.

“I will. I promise – Frisk will eat dinner, finish their homework, and get to bed with a bath on time. Relaaax Toriel. I can take care of kids.” you hum, trying to not break the innocent smile with your devilish lies. She studies you for a moment for sighing in contentment. Finally, Frisk pops the reason he’d come downstairs – a scribbled essay two pages long.

‘My homework is done,’ he points out as Toriel picks up the papers giving it a scan before giving the approval to obviously go out and play. He instantly is swept up by Papyrus as they both make haste to the backyard and ‘torment’ Asgore. Glancing at the clock it reads 4:45. Sighing, you steel yourself.

“Welp. I’m going to go try and wrangle job interviews so I can actually PAY that ten dollar rent. God that would be so embarrassing…” you whine as you give a lonely wave and trek upstairs to your room. Before forgetting, you quickly sketch a sign ‘Please Knock Please’ before nabbing your hand tape and slapping it over the front of your door.

It will have to do.

Staring at the sign, you remove and place it a tad lower; just for Sans. Humming in content, you peel off your cardigan before a sickly sight catches your eye. The blood was still leaking through it, leaving a slightly darker splotch on the sleeve. Designating a moving box as a temporary hamper to avoid anybody seeing it in instant concern. Plopping down into the office chair by your computer you begin typing out a map layout of the area and attempting to try online and call ins to make an appointment. Pulling up files of previous working positions you being typing up online applications and give a call to a restaurant regarding a position as a waitress.

“Hello, thank you for calling Diji’s Diner how can I help you?” the woman on the opposing end was slightly nasally but you knew her heart was in the right place. You grew a smile despite the non facial reading of one another.

“Hello, yes, I was calling about possibly setting up an appointment for a job interview?” you speak clearly and smooth as this was a walk in the park. You weren’t expecting there to be a prior call interview as she takes a moment to channel the line to her employer. That has you a little more on nerves.

“You’re calling about the waitress interview?” this man clearly was one of those ‘Speak up or piss off’ attitudes. Straightening, you skimmed your files in pride.

“Yes sir. My name is Jane Kiel and I was interested in the waitress line.”

“Oh alright. Before I can schedule an interview I need general break-down. Age, past jobs, housing, education, etc.” he mutters as he begins clacking onto a keyboard.

“Ohay. Age is 22. I have had four jobs in the past with two involving fast-food and diners. I’m currently on a part-time education at Cattral College for sciences and arts. My housing is on Peace Street.” you reply, thinking of the odd naming of the monsters street. You immediately blame
Asgore as the other line goes silent. “Hello?”

“You living with the "freaks"?” he suddenly growls and you’re taken aback.

“Excuse me? Do you mean the monsters?...Yes?” you weakly reply, sudden gut gripping tension welling inside.

“Fuck off.” BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

“EXCUSE ME?!” you wail while thinking of every possible threat to scream at the phone trembling in your clutches. All tension and anger drivels from you as this should be expected. Atleast half of the city was against their existence in the first place and you just happened to call the wrong store. Obviously, your bad.

…This thought isn’t apply once the fifth call is clearly ending on a negative. This manager isn’t as verbal about her dislike, trying to let you off easy.

“I’m sorry but we can’t allow our store to possibly gain a reputation for accepting monsters.” she sterns back. You finally snap.

“If you just friggin’ accepted monsters, maybe you wouldn’t be down five people and considered a speciesist!!” you yell as you turn off the phone and grab at your scalp before letting your head smack against the keys inputting a random nonexistent address into the map. You gaze at the screen, pondering your options. You didn’t want to focus on monster-friendly businesses. Though working at one would be ideal those opportunities were for the monsters benefits and you didn’t want to take away from that. There’s an enthusiastic knocking at the door.

“You can come in. I’m in my study.” you call, uncaring and broken as you let your head rest against the keyboard. A few harsh steps occur before Papyrus bursts into the room. Toriel must have sent him up with biscuits because he has a little plate covered in them and crumbs guiltily flaking off his teeth. The innocent skeleton bring even the smallest smile to your face as you roll your head to gaze at him.

“HUMAN JANE, ARE YOU ALRIGHT? YOU’VE BEEN UP HERE FOR SOME TIME WITH SOME SHOUTING. FRISK WAS WORRIED YOU WERE RAGE QUITTING SO HER MAJESTY SENT ME UP WITH SNACKS AND ENCOURAGEMENT!! AHEM...YOU CAN DO IT! MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE!! JUST, DO IT!!” Papyrus begins shouting as he hastily sets the plate down and begins making ‘encouraging’ heroic poses to send energy into you. It certainly pulls you from the grip of aggravation as he continues the intense vibe sending.

“Thanks for the snacks Papyrus. I’m not having game problems, I’m having ‘Everyone who is offering jobs but doesn’t like monsters turns out to be a jerk wad who instantly denies me’ problems.” is the rushed grumble you force before munching on the biscuit. Bless Toriels cooking.

“I SEE. I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, COMPLETELY UNDERSTAND.” he sighs before coming up behind and slouching carefully on the back of the office chair. It suits him comfortably as you shoot a suspicious glare.

“You understand what? Being turned down?”

“Y-YES...THE HUMANS ARE VERY KIND WHENEVER ME AND SANS GO INTO A JOB INTERVIEW, BUT NOBODY HAS OFFERED ANYTHING BESIDES UNDYNE. THEY SAY ITS BECAUSE IM TOO LOUD AND ENERGETIC!” he roars out, puzzled at the ‘craziness’ of that. You wouldn’t be surprised for people to be intimidated by Papyrus. Scanning over the map,
you can immediately think of a multitude of places Papyrus would fit just right but likely hasn’t tried. You hate to ruin this journey adults need to make but you feel like helping him out. He has obviously been trying. You throw caution to the wind, seeking playful advice from the skeleton.

“Tell you what Papyrus. If you can help me find a place to get a actual job, I will take you to three places that will practically be begging you to work for them.” you challenge. At this point, you’re desperate. Even if the job hunt it unsuccessful you will still send Papyrus to the opportunities. Scrolling about the map with an invigorated thought drive, you mark down the places you planned to send him before turning around to shake on it. He is sobbing. His face is a scrunched smile of absolute bliss and thankfulness as he sweeps your from the chair and into yet another bone crushing hug. It lurches you and expels the surprised air from your lungs as you instantly gasp to fill the void.

“OH THANK YOU THANK YOU JANE! I, THE GREAT FRIEND PAPYRUS, VOW TO GET YOU A JOB BY THE END OF THE DAY!!” he declares, pointing to the setting sun in delight. You giggle at the ridiculous claim but dreams aren’t completely out of reach……right? Setting you back into the chair, he takes hold of the mouse from behind before scanning and actually muttering to himself coordinates.

“EXCELLENT! PREPARE TO BE ASTOUNDED LATER DEAR HUMAN! I HAVE AN INGENIOUS TRAP-LAN!” he shrieks in delight. You giggle and take a peak back towards him.

“Trap-lan?”

“YES! A PLAN THAT IS SINISTERLY A TRAP IN DISGUISE!! NYEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH……HEH.” he slows down his joyous laughter to the sudden reveal of his dastardly plot. For the first time he’s the one beginning to sweat as you shoot him a coy eyebrow of curiosity.

“Papyrus? What are yo-“ you begin to manically question until he bursts.

“OH DEAR LOOK AT THE TIME! ITS TIME TO GO TO THE BATHROOM! FAREWELL HUMAN!!” he rushes and squeals. Then dashes at your closed window and shatters the glass as he dives out. Screeching and shielding your face from the broken glass splaying everywhere, you fly to the window and lean out while pressing your hands to the frames sides. You catch a poof of red and smoke as Papyrus dashes through the backyard, vaulting the fence with a stylish gleam and bounding into the wilderness. You can hardly force your brain to catch up with the series of events as shuffled feet pass your door.

“what happened?!“ cries Sans’ urgent voice. You slowly turn to share your disbelief as Sans seems to figure out exactly what happened without any explanation. Was this normal?! You’re gaping mouth tries to form a sentence.

“He…he just jumped out my window.” you flabbergast as his red scarf begins to disappear in the green forest.

“ugh. he was doing so well.” he grumbles shoving past and positioning himself in the window while chipping off any dangerous glass. You immediately snatch his elbow in surprise.

“What are you doing!? Just go downstairs – we are on the third flipping floor!” you urge trying to pull him back in as he merely chuckles and pries away before giving a little signature ‘adios’ with his index and middle fingers signing off his brow.

“sorry smalls. bone to be wild.” he mutters before letting gravity drag him down. Groaning and grappling your face in terror you rush to the window but he is already passing the fence in the
pursuit of Papyrus. Frustrated with little to no explanation, you cup your hands around your mouth and shout.

“You already used that one – BONEHEAD!” His laughter can be heard echoing out of the forest as his blue jacket disappears. Growling at their own stupidity you start gathering the glass shards and dumping them into your waste bin. You now need to fix the balcony fence, the art room, the window, and your lack of job. Submitting to just avoiding your room, you give Louis and Seymour an affectionate pet before gathering your laundry and maneuvering to the laundry.

Sneaking around, you find it’s in a small room similar to a walk in closet on the second floor as you scurry inside. To your surprising luck there’s a set that hasn’t been put in so you transfer everything from the dryer to a clean hamper, everything from the washer to the dryer, and everything from the dirty hamper in to the wash. It’s a quick procedure and you make an estimated guess based on the materials of how long to let the washer run. It’s surprisingly quiet as it runs and you free the lint trap to ensure the house won’t burn down. Glancing at the clock you’re surprised its already half past six and Toriel and Asgore will be leaving for their date.

Today has been nothing but odd occurrence after odd occurrence. Sans being in your bed, healing of arm, college and Napstablook, finding out about your piano knowledge, Sans creeping with your lunch, telling Asgore and Toriel your past, the job issues, and now skeletons leaping out your windows? This was soon to be your regular life. Hardly believable change that occurred in not even a week. Pulling the clean set to the side you idle through and begin separating based on common knowledge. Athletic tanks and shirts to one pile (though its likely all Undynes as they sport quotes), Sans has apparently a never ending stream of hoodies as you stack three. Long dresses and lab coats, business dress shirts and……basketball shoulder pieces? You glance over the odd shirt that has ‘COOL DUDE’ scrawled over the front.

Is………Is this Papyrus’? You contemplate. Unable to envision anyone besides Papyrus wearing such a…unique outfit, you set it aside into a designated pile as you continue to try and sort out the clothing. Alphys, Toriel, Asgore, and Frisk are all pretty simple to locate. Alphys mostly consists of long skirts, lab coats, and anime related shirts and shorts. Toriel and Asgore stick closer to homely things such as aprons and obvious dad shirts, but it’s also easy because their sizes are much larger than the rest of the household. Frisk has as many striped sweaters as Sans has blue hoodies, but you pull a tutu out and ruffle the ends in curiosity. You weren’t aware of too many male ballerinas and those who took up the profession usually didn’t wear the tutu. Alphys had two left feet and it would never properly fit her anyway. Undyne was…well Undyne seems too tough for a tutu (no offense to tutu’s or Undyne). Asgore and Toriel were too big for the tiny tutu…Papyrus? No – even Papyrus has standards. ‘COOL DUDE’ standards you imagine as you flick your gaze to the obvious shirt that has ‘COOL DUDE’ scrawled over the front.

These work uniforms were your bane. You’d picked out the ice cream shirt and a security set with a ‘Sans’ nametag still clipped on, but there were more. A HotDog Vendor, more business suits that obviously weren’t fitting Asgore, Aquarium giftshop, more labcoats without the intricate embroidery Alphys put on all her coats, and a coffee shop apron. They sat to the side as you tried to solve who they belonged to. Toriel came in with another load to find your conundrum as she sets down the basket to alert you to her presence. She came over and began assisting you with the surplus of socks as you still puzzled over the vast amount of uniforms.

“Toriel, who do I put these in a pile for?” you finally give in, groaning and allowing your arms to drape in exhaustion. Today was already too much for your mind and solving puzzles wasn’t going to help.

“The tutu belongs to Frisk. Everything else is Sans’.” she replies without even bothering to look. It
snaps you to attention.

“All of them!?” you shriek, counting the identifiable shirts. “He has *atleast* five jobs?! Him? Sans? Are we talking ‘bout the same lazy idiot who vanishes and reappears at whim!?” you gasp trying to imagine the stress so many jobs offers.

“Atleast seven.” she sighs as she gazes at the array of outfits. You don’t question her as you start stacking and folding them neatly into his pile. You shoot her a few concerned glances before your mouth finally projects your thoughts.

“Why does he have so many?”

“I can’t say for certain. He may be trying to get money faster, trying to prove himself for some unknown reason, or just trying to fill the time. We have tried to talk him out of a few as he always comes home so exhausted.” she mumbles as she snatches hers and Asgore’s clothing into her wide arms. “Hopefully he will realize that before he runs himself *bone*-dry.” she jokes as you give a firm nod. Three jobs had been a little much for you – he was holding seven?! It was ridiculousness along with stupidity. You let your train of thought derail because you asking seemed pointless if he wasn’t even willing to listen to Toriel. Looking back to her she rushes out of the small room once glancing at the clock, and who could blame her? Her date was in 20 minutes. Not wanting to invade the others privacy possibly, you leave the clothes neatly stacked and set the dryer to run before leaving. Walking downstairs you’re suddenly grappled by Undyne and Frisk trying to urge you out the front door. Papyrus and Sans are already outside as they wordlessly drag you outside to join them. The sun is still setting giving off a beautiful warm color to the skies fluffy clouds and making it dark enough that the surrounding lights flicker on for extra light bathing.

“Wait, wait why are you drag-” you try to relent before Undyne bats you on the head with a Frisbee.

“Frisbee, ya nerd! Truth or Dare Frisbee! If you can’t catch it, you gotta pick one!” she insists as she drags you into the game. Alphys takes pity on you and comes out of quiet hiding behind the center tree. Papyrus shushes away as an orange glow bursts over his face upon eye contact.

“paps.” Sans sterns as Papyrus grumbles and approaches. He rubs his skull with ungloved hands as you finally see all his detailed longer and thinner carpals and metacarpals held magically together. They’re different from Sans’.

“I APOLOGIZE FOR BREAKING YOUR WINDOW. IT WAS RUDE AND WRONG.” he apologizes with a saddened expression. The anger from prior drains instantly at his saddened facial features that tug at your heart strings. Waving at him , your voice squeaks slightly.

“I-Its fine Papyrus. Anything flying in will be met with a 6 foot plant monster. I will fix it later. You alright from that fall though?” you question, looking over his figure for any cuts in the smoothed bone.

“OF COURSE NOT! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, AM A SKILLED SENTRY SCOUT TRAINED BY THE ELITE UNDYNE! IT WAS CHILDS PLAY!!” he insists as he runs back to his spot before Undyne begins shouting the rules. How did you end up in this situation? You don’t even have a chance to escape as Undyne keeps barking everytime you try moving away.

“Call out the name of who it’s meant for. If they don’t catch it, same rules with truth ‘r dare : they pick which and the tosser thinks of a truth ‘r dare! YOU READY?!” she cries with a passionate flame in her eye. She suddenly hurls it at impressive speeds down the driveway. “PYAPURUS!!!” she battle cries. Papyrus isn’t even *in that direction*!! Papyrus suddenly breaks into a harsh sprint
down the driveway. In amazement, he actually manages to catch it. “Fuhuhuhu nice job Paps!!”.

This wasn’t going to go well.

Papyrus tosses it all the way from the street, “HUMAN!!” he calls. Which human?! You and Frisk are so close together you can hardly figure out who the intended is as it comes beelining at you from the darkness. Taking the chance, you jump to try and reach it. It’s easily three feet over your hand even with the boost as it smashes into the tree behind you. Papyrus gives a victorious laugh as he is still running back and you grumble and try to fetch it out of the tree. Undyne finds it funny as you try and desperately reach the branch but turn out completely unsuccessful. Glancing around for a stick to use, it suddenly falls from the tree and bounces onto your head. You swear you hear Sans snicker as you pick up the Frisbee and return to the wide circle as Papyrus finally returns.

“P-Papyrus. You need to s-say their n-names otherwise F-F-Frisk and J-Jane won’t understand whom you’re s-sending it to.” Alphys speaks up for you both. Bless her soul.

“AH. I SEE. I APOLOGIZE FOR THE INCONVENIENCE – I WAS THROWING IT AT HUMAN JANE!!” he corrects while beaming at you. You hope he wouldn’t throw such a high shot at poor Frisk ; he wouldn’t stand a chance. It also saddened you he still termed you as human, but he had every right so you continue to let it slide. “NOW THEN – TRUTH OR DARE?! NYEH HEH HEH!”

Pondering the possible things that could end very badly picking Dare, but what if he picked something you really didn’t want to tell the Truth about?......You take your chances.

“Truth.” you say clearly as you anticipate the worst. Undyne and Papyrus show clear dislike for the ‘easier’ answer as Papyrus begins thinking. It takes a few moments before he finally comes up with something.

“IS IT TRUE ALPHYS WAS YOUR ONLY FRIEND AT COLLEGE?” he asks. Oh you somewhat regret not picking dare now. You glare at Alphys for likely being the tattler to lead to such a question but resolve.

“In that college or during when I was attending that college?” you reply for clarification. Papyrus goes back to intense thinking before replying with “DURING YOUR STAY.”

“No, during college she wasn’t my only friend.” you reply as Alphys gives you a confused look. You look back to her with equal confusion “What?!”

“I-I thought I w-was the only o-one.” she grumbles, almost sounding betrayed.

“You were my only friend IN college. DURING college I had other friends, I just didn’t talk to them much.” you correct. It seems to chill her dashed thoughts as she looks to you with a joyous smile. “Alphys!” you call, tossing the Frisbee gently and low for her. She catches it no problem. She passes it to Frisk, no issue. Frisk passes to Sans. When was he standing over there? Sans sends it back to you and its really low. Reaching for it with ease it suddenly veers off by a foot instantly. You only stare in amazement as it calmly lands on the grass before Papyrus starts stomping his feet.

“SANS! NO CHEATING!!” he calls out, pointing an accusatory finger towards Sans who takes offense and innocence.

“what? me? never, paps.” he throws his hands up in innocence while that grin says devilishly otherwise. You hope to glare daggers at him as you nab up the Frisbee already knowing what you
will pick. But then you hesitate. “truth or dare?”

The considerable options seem worse. You have no idea what possible dares Sans could imagine, so truth would seem like a wiser choice. Yet Sans seemed to think things through ahead of time and was apparently quite crafty. You take a risk.

“T-Truth.” you reply, already regretting it as the words leave your mouth. Even Frisk is looking at you like you’ve gone nuts. The skeletons smirk grows in self-pleasure.

“would you date a monster?”

You didn’t see that coming for a mile. Papyrus is screaming again at the ridiculousness of his question, Undyne is whistling and giving you an eyebrow wiggle and Alphys is changing different shades of embarrassed reds and oranges again. It doesn’t take much thought though, but you wonder why he suddenly is asking such a random question.

“Yes. I probably would.” you admit. He raises he brow-bones before shrugging in acceptance. The game goes on. You toss it to Papyrus. Papyrus hurled it to Undyne who narrowly saves it after bouncing off a tree. She snaps it to Frisk. He doesn’t have a prayer of catching the lightning fast plastic. He actually needs your assistance digging it out of the tree it’s embedded in! You will never try to catch Undynes shots.

“Fuhuhuhu! Frisk! Truth or Dare?!”

‘Dare’ they sign. This kid is nuts. Undyne is utterly ecstatic as she heroically points to the child.

“I dare you to stack balance 30 hotdogs on your head!” she cries out. What? Frisk turns to Sans and gives a confident thumbs up as he moseys of towards the garage. Papyrus is enthusiastically digging a ladder out as you and Alphys stand back. Sans somehow comes out of the garage with hotdogs sticking out of his pockets and begins stacking them onto Frisks head. The multitude of questions needs to be answered! You turn to Alphys with hopes.

“Is this normal?”

“Yes.”

“Why 30?”

“H-His previous record was 29.”

“Who thought this was a good idea in the first place?”

“Sans.”

“Course. Is Toriel okay with this?”

“P-Probably……not.” she imagines, both of you glancing to the door as Sans begins to stack hotdogs onto Frisks head.

“When that drops it’s going to be a waste of food.”

“If it drops?”

“When it drops. It can’t stay like that forever.” you sigh and accept the odd charm behind this. Sans is resting on the roof of the garage stacking the 29th dog. Everyone besides you is treating this like an Olympic silent moment. As soon as the last is placed, everyone is celebrating.
“That’s so FRIGGIN’ AWESOME!!” Undyne cheers as she punches a boulder leaving cracked dents into the stone figure. Papyrus’ jaw is threatening to unhinge with the vibrant smile and enlarged sockets glistening in amazement. Sans seems to have accumulated sweat again – as if this was intense. Everyone is packed together neatly so you pry out your phone and take a picture to remember it by. Though, honestly, this would be hard to forget. A clicking of the door knob signals a terrible storm as you fly towards it to jam it shut, grasping the knob with your own fist and frantically signaling the others. Everyone picks up on the suspicious activity and panics, rushing the dogs and whatnot into hiding.

“Is it locked?” Asgore sounds puzzled as the knob jimmys again. It’s slightly burning the skin of your palm.

“No, I’m sure I unlocked it.” Toriel sighs. You flinch back trying to see if they’re done. They’re taking the foods off one at a time. Going to have to improvise.

“Uh-Ah no its-it’s the password door. It’s the uuuh security system I planned! If someone doesn’t know the password I can’t let them in or out!” you lie out your ass, praying they will take it to heart. Asgore gives a baritone chuckle and Toriel is obviously going to play along but heaves a sigh as well.

“May we have a hint?” she suggests. You immediately start throwing riddles that they could possibly solve through your entire brain.

“Uh-ah uuuhhh AH! What i-is so delicate that even mentioning breaks it?” you finally manage to stall for time. You hear conversing beyond the large door and plead that they are nearly done. You should have made a harder riddle! Glancing back, you can’t see anyone. They all vanished. You don’t understand if that’s better or worse than the enormous stack of hotdogs that once were balancing on Frisks head. Now you didn’t even know where Frisk was. Breaking baby-sitter code!

“Emotions?” Asgore tries and you give a playful denying buzz as they begin to question each other again.

Allowing yourself to release to knob you spin about, looking everywhere for anyone. But nobody remained. You were at the risk of pulling your hair out.


“Y-Yeah.” you admit as the door swings open and Toriel looks delighted with her puzzle solving skills. Her gown traces her curves and edges wonderfully and thin bangles are resting over her horns and arms. She looks stunning under the early moons beams and faint side lighting. Asgore is in a fresh business outfit and has traded the tie for a suiting button vest. He can’t keep her eyes off her; clearly love struck all over again. You back off the steps to leisurely give them space and Asgore becomes a true gentleman, offering his arm while walking her to the car. You follow along to seem innocent and also glance around to any tracks or traces. The ladder is still on the side of the garage. Asgore leaves you and Toriel outside the garage while he prepares the car. It’s a Honda 2015 CRV that’s a shimmering platinum as he ignites the engine.

“Are you sure you can handle everyone? I can understand second thoughts. Papyrus and Undyne can sometimes commandeer the kitchen and create a havoc zone but Sans and the children tend to get so lost in such a short amount of time and I-“ Toriel begins second judging her options, turning to face the reversing car as her words turn to mumbles. You catch a glimpse of red and jerk your head to the garage roof. Everyone clamored onto the roof because a few of the dogs got lodged in Frisks hair. You cannot believe this insanity. Undyne is poking her head cautiously over the edge while listening in, a scowl crossing her face upon hearing the news of her messy cooking. Alphys
is holding her back while Papyrus is being comforted by Frisk; likely that he is an excellent cook. Sans is sitting there, shit grin, soaking up all the nerves bundling inside as a hand nervously flies to pinch your neck.

“I-Its fine Toriel! If I can babysit ten kids at once I think I can manage a few nutty monsters, a dark flower, and a frisky little one.” you joke, trying to gain her attention. It works as she appreciates the joke and hugs you under one arm.

“Should you need anything, we are a phone call and a short drive away. Frisk needs to be in bed by 9:30 and hopefully we will make it back before 11. Child medicines and bandages are on the first floor bathroom, I set their bed sheets and picked the proper shampoos for his bath so please don’t use a different brand. Make sure to lock the knives drawer and the back door before putting Frisk to sleep. Him and Papyrus tend to need a bedtime story – don’t let Flowey stop you. Flowey also needs a bath, but make sure to not overwater him. Also avoid-“ she begins to ramble on and on while Asgore is insisting her to just enjoy their night. You continue to physically nudge her into her seat before she remembers the mechanic of rolling the window down.

“Don’t let him have too much sugar before bed. Make sure Papyrus and Undyne stay away from the coffee maker. Any loud experiments Alphys and Sans plan to run need to be under watchful eye and before the childrens bedtime and I hope you don’t stay up too late. If you need ANYTHING-“

“Tori- Tori! Relax. I got this.” you chill demeanor her with a wise smile. Asgore relinquishes you of the constant barrage of rules and drives off. Waving down to them you continue to keep your calm and collected smile. The millisecond they disappear?

“WHY ARE YOU ON THE ROOF?!?” you shriek looking up to them in agonizing horror. Undyne gets a kick out of it, leaping down with Alphys bridal style as she appreciates the lift. Papyrus vaults down piggy backing Frisk who glides over to you as you begin to maneuver the hotdog from his hair. Sans just…appears; like always.

“Well we had to hide somewhere!” Undyne retaliates while motioning to Frisk, “Kid dropped the last five dogs – they got all stuck in his clothes and the one in ‘is hair is relenting!” she replies as you wave the suppose ‘relenting’ food in front of her, free from the confines of Frisks hair.

“What the hell was I supposed to tell her if she asked where everyone went?”

“I don’t know and I don’t care! We got out of it so there is no need to worry ‘bout it!” she laughs triumphantly as Papyrus follows suit, puffing his chest dramatically in pride. Frisk runs into the garage as you try to keep closer watch on him.

“W-What should we do now?” Alphys asks, looking to the incoming starry night sky.

“Anime marathon?” Undyne suggests. Papyrus is quick to jump ecstatically with another idea.

“I HAVE A WILD PROPOSITION!” Papyrus claims as Undyne faces towards him.

“Whatchya got?”

“WE SHOULD TAKE JANE TO GRILLBYS!!” he claps. Everyone seems taken aback by his suggestion. Looking around, you catch Sans’ eyes. His pupils have dilated and he looks so touched he is practically tearing up.

“paps……you mean it?” he whispers in sheer hope. You don’t understand.

“Didn’t you say you hated Grillbys because his food was greasy?” Undyne tries to question,
clearly unsure as to this new suggestion. You’re still lost in the dark as Frisk and Flowey come out from the garage. You notice a small glimmer of yellow and gold dissolve from the window of the garage in but a second before Frisk bounds over to you clutching the flower pot. Letting the others discuss the oddity of Papyrus suggesting something, you kneel down to Frisks level to try and get answers.

“Hey – what is Grillbys?” you ask.

“Heh. It’s a greasy monster bar that serves food and specialty drinks.” Flowey spits, obviously unpleased with the food choice.

“Is it good? Will Toriel be maiming me if we go there for dinner?” you concern for your own head on a platter. The first babysitting gig is always the tensest but you knew Frisk didn’t get open chances like this often. Was getting your head ripped off worth seeing a kid smile? He clutches your hand with one tiny hand before connecting his words to your soul.

‘Its really good! Sans and Undyne like it there. He makes awesome burgers and fries, Sans performs comedy acts there, and recently he made spaghetti a cookable option for Papyrus! Grillby is amazing!’ he prides the monster known as Grillby. You give a expecting glance at Flowey.

“…Its alright.” he mumbles, displeased. It’s enough for you.

“I suppose Grillbys wouldn’t hurt, now would it?” you loudly mutter. Papyrus practically flies to fetch a van left in the other door of the garage. Peeking inside, nothing glistens similar to that glow from the window before. Only now are you completely aware of just how many cars the monsters own : Undyne and Alphys’ individual cars, a van and CRV……and is that a fucking motorcycle covered on the side of the garage?!! Almost tempted to go unveil it, Frisk begins dragging you to the van as everyone begins to climb in. You, Frisk and Flowey take the middle while Alphys and Undyne take to snuggling in the backseats (to Floweys clear hatred) and the brothers overtake the front and blast the radio as Papyrus adjusts his seat and begins to carefully drive.

“So whats this Grillby like?” you indicate towards Frisk in hopes to get a better mental image then going in blind.

“pretty warm-hearted guy, but he can be ablazing when it comes to frying up some grub.” Sans starts throwing puns as Frisk playfully kicks the back of his chair.

“So, hes hot?” you try to continue on with it. Papyrus cannot sustain his displeasure to the situation he supposedly started. Sans kept shooting him suspicious looks of wanting to know. Sans only gives a snicker of his own, refusing to continue. You glare skeptically at the skeletons ; obviously plotting something. Tension begins to rise into you as you pull into a parking lot and every bounds out. The bar emits a warm heat you never experienced for merely passing by as an illuminated name-logo rests above the door and a wooden sign hangs off the end. A large window gleams the pleasant lights from the inside as they peer off to the busy street. You hope Toriel and Asgore don’t drive by and catch you in the act.

Frisk releases your hand and opens the door for everyone, motioning them in. You hesitate by the door. Something feels……off. About this place. Frisk sees your nervousness and waddles over with Flowey still in their grasp, clutching your hand.

‘Are you okay?’ he begs, looking up into your face. You blame nerves for your unnecessary tension and give a thankful squeeze to his little fingers.

“Yeah. Lets get some burger, eh?” you offer as he leads you back and reopens the door.
Inside you see an array of monsters, plenty in armor and regular clothing and a large table of dogs of all shapes and breeds. Undyne and Alphys are already seated at a booth while Papyrus and Sans are chatting someone up. Papyrus turns away to point to you, revealing a sight. A sight that is **burned** into your memory forever likely.

A man – a *monster*, completely *engulfed* in flames. He is the same height and stature as……………as your *father*. Sickening images of his corpses skin melting away beneath the endless pyre churn instantly in your gut as Frisk releases you to rush over to the familiar friend. Your entire body and brain are screaming echoes of pain, denial, and suffering as your eyes are firmly glued in terror at the blazing elemental. Papyrus seems to notice your anxiety rising as he takes a step towards you.

“Jane?” he whispers lower than usual. It breaks your thoughts and you as flight puts a spring in your step, dashing out the door trying to erase the sickening image. The streets and roads are darker as the city lights illuminate the path. A path you forget as you merely focus on running, forcing your feet to crush into the sidewalk with your desperate pace.

A honk, a shimmer of light, a scream from behind. None of it matters. Dreadful tears brimming with your internal agony rush down your face as you squeeze your eyes shut; willing and wishing it away.

“**JAAAAANEEE!!**” Comes an unfamiliar childish screech that could quake hell with its thirsting pitch. You swivel in shock to see Frisk and Flowey screaming from afar. Flowey is screeching, tears flooding his eyes. A blur you hardly distinguish as Papyrus is approaching must faster.

Another horn blare, intense lights. Harsh pressing of tires onto pavement as you meet the front of an 18 wheeler too quick to slow in time.

Your eyes don’t even get the chance to widen in shock as the fear continues to eat you alive.

Your face takes the instant brunt before the wheels harshly crunch you underneath them; your legs bones completely shattering in an instant. Terrorized screams echo out around you but alls you can hear is the sudden crushing of your ribs that internally stab your lungs.

Then your heart.

A metallic red darkness envelops you as the fires of hell seem to overtake your body, stripping it of the warmth it once held to replace it with a lifeless carcass under the wheels. Cries of utter agony ring out as your eyes dim of any light they once held.

*This wasn’t supposed to happen for another 58 years* – this was your only regret.

Chapter End Notes

The End
Nah thats not the end. But yeah. Jane died. WOO <3
Let me bathe in the obvious "HOW COULD YOU KILL HER!?" and
"CLIFFHANGER?!? FUCK YOU!" comments. They fuel me for the shit storm I have
to produce later XD
+ I just like comments <3 and you guys.
Heres my Tumblr. You can complain here too if ya want. I can give away more stuff
there as well ;D
Hey guys! Work officially started back up for me :D That means less chapters! Will struggle to get one out per week, but later on (late spring, summer, and fall) will make it pretty hard to get these out. Please have patience with me <3

Song For Later bit of Chapter:
I Promise You: Song ('N Sync)

Aether helped me decide to make a rough colored sketch of Janes Appearance So Here That Is... Yeeaahhh

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Floating within the darkness is so soothing. It feels as though you’re wrapped into a freezing embrace, yet the bitter cold doesn’t reach you. It’s actually indescribable as it begins to cradle in and releasing all troubled thoughts. This is a place of non-existent existence. You aren’t meant to be here, but the peace and tranquility it offers is unlike anything you know. A tiny sob vibrates the air as you turn around, legs shifting with ease as though this floatation was a usual motion. There’s a plot of white tiles strangely illuminated despite the lack of lighting in this darkness. A patch of grass and buttercups breaks past and thrive from underneath the tiles, rustling in a light distant wind as petals fly towards you. There’s a child curled up in the patch, trembling and muttering past sobs. The wind draws you in as you reach towards the child, unable to find your voice. Unable to find yourself.

Pressing into their shoulder causes them to jump into a straight sitting up. White fur and a small snout with dulled fangs shimmering while their mouth is agape. Their eyes glisten a deep spring green as tears trickle from the edges down through their fur as they stare back at you – at your nothingness. Looking them over as they wear a green sweater with dual yellow stripes as they begin to tremble against your hand, clutching it in their own. Where you can’t find your voice, they cannot find the proper words as they try to start a sentence but unable to make anything of it. A strange force inside you compels you to embrace the child as they clutch whatever you are. Pressing into their fur, it’s a familiar sensation you can’t recall as you press them closer in hopes to shush their fears and sobs. They are so full of sadness.

And then they find those words.

“I won’t let anything happen to you. This isn’t where it will end. I promise. We will keep you safe, no matter how far we have to go.” the child promises in a light voice. Everything feels and sounds familiar as you lean back to stare into their eyes for an understanding to their words. What were
their words? Everything begins to break apart, shattering into billions of little particles. You’re left breathless as the wind spirals the luminescent particles around you, guiding you upwards from the darkness to a non-fazing light.

It’s blinding. It drives any darkness that clutches to you desperately as you’re forced free from that nonexistence. You hope that child isn’t lonely in there. Loneliness can sometimes feel like death itself.

“Didn’t you say you hated Grillbys because his food was greasy?” Undyne questions Papyrus who seems to be trying to think on the spot. A little glimmer of gold seems to pass the garage windows as Frisk and Flowey suddenly come gasping out the main doors. You invite them over to try and get a better understanding of what everyone is secretly discussing. You weren’t prepared for the children barreling into you, knocking you and all the wind within your lungs out as you all plummet to the ground. It hurts slightly but Frisk is quick to latch onto you like a life-line as Flowey wriggles up and around your neck, forming a floral band of vines. You giggle at the odd behavior, slinging one arm around Frisk and cupping Floweys petals in the other. Floweys vines are a bit tight for comfort.

“Thanks for the choker Flowey, but I like my air.” you giggle as he loosens his vice grip to instead nuzzle closer into your cheek. Little dollops of water press against you’re face. Is he…

“Hey, c’mon guys what wrong? You’re both shaking like a leaf.” you try to joke but it only causes them to hold you closer. “Was it the garage? Something inside scare you?” your voice is beginning to break into blatant worry for why they are reacting like this so suddenly. Frisk gives firm denying shakes of the head and sniffs into your shirt. You sigh and fumble to help stand you both up. Frisk doesn’t bother with standing as he wraps tiny legs around your waist, resting his tear dripping face into the side nook of your neck. Using your arm, you ensure cradling support as Alphys comes over to pet Frisks back.

“W-What’s the matter, Frisk?” she tries to question, but he and Flowey remain silent and continue to crave your warmth and attention. She glances at you with hopeful questions but you can only reply with a shrug.

“IT’S LIKELY SILENT BEGGING – FRISK AND SANS OFTEN SNEAK OFF TO LAZE AROUND AT GRILLBYS.” Papyrus cuts in, patting Frisk on the head with reassurance, “WORRY NOT LITTLE HUMANS! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL ENSURE TONIGHTS DINNER OUT WILL BE PROPER AND PAID!” he urges the last part as he shoots Sans a distinct look. His face contorts from stern stare to confused as you follow his line of sight. Sans’ sockets are empty of any pupil-like lights as he stares off into space. More sweat is piling up on his skull than usual.

“SANS?” Papyrus calls, somehow shaking him from his daze as he looks to you with a longing.

“kid seems out of sorts paps. m-maybe we can go to grillbz next time?” he offers as everyone shoots him a concerned gaze.

“YOU CHOOSING TO NOT ATTEND A DINNER OUT AT GRILLBYS?! WHO ARE YOU AND WHERE IS MY BROTHER?” Papyrus teases with slight uncertainty as he looks of his brothers skull, detecting for issues. Sans avoids his direct eyesight by glaring painfully at the ground. Papyrus internally questions why his brother has suddenly become so reclusive to this extent before giving a sigh of acceptance to his usual secretiveness. He turns to you with enthused eyes.
“IF YOU WOULD ALLOW ME I WOULD STILL LIKE TO INDULGE YOU IN GRILLBYS. SAN'S HAS SAID BEFORE IT IS A PRIME LOCATION FOR GETTING COMFORTABLE WITH MOVING INTO THIS CITY! I'M AMAZED HE HASN'T TAKEN YOU THERE ALREADY, THE LAZYBONES. I HAD PLANNED BEFOREHAND TO GO BACK AND APOLOGIZE AGAIN FOR THE DAMAGES CAUSED.” Papyrus rants as he shoots Sans and Undyne a blaming glare. What happened? “IT WILL BE QUITE QUICK BUT IT WOULD BE MOST BENEFICIAL FOR YOU TO COME AS WELL, HUMAN JANE!”

“Screw quick! He has the best cheese fries ever and you haven’t been there?! This WILL NOT stand! Papyrus! Grab the car!” Undyne directs as Papyrus giddily rushes to a van with keys jingling against his mitten. Frisk gives you a pleading look as Flowey nestles underneath your chin.

“You really don’t want to go?” you insist to Frisk who seems unsure, “‘cause we both know they will likely strap me to the car to make me go so it’s best to get the meet and greet over with. Alphys I hate to ask but can you watch them while they take me to whatever this place is?” you kindly ask. God, miserable failure of a baby-sitter thus far. Frisk urgently clasps your hand.

‘I’ll go! I’ll go!’ he insists as he refuses to let go. Flowey mumbles something against your throat but you can’t make it out as Papyrus starts pulling the car out and Sans speaks up.

“well lets just go get dinner then. i’m patelling you now though, this is the hottest bar in town. don’t get wrecking my image.” he jokes, swishing nonexistent hair like a stuck-up movie sensation. You snort and begin plotting ways to embarrass him at his supposed favorite hide-out as you are all crammed into a van. Frisk and Flowey refused to take their own seat and would rather be awkwardly buckled to your stomach as they sit on your lap, grasping your pants fabric for dear life. Alphys and Undyne are sitting in the back, snuggling as Papyrus ups the radio and begins to as quietly loud-enough whisper to Sans.

“So whats Grillby like?” you ask Frisk, trying to soften his mood that only comes off as prepared and wary.

“he’s a pretty warm-hearted guy who also happens to fry up some blazing grub.” Sans jumps in, giving you a wink. You can’t understand his puns entirely but you assume to monsters he might just be attractive.

“So he’s hot?” you joke back and he suddenly looks really tense, smile struggling as he holds a worried stare on you.

“Usually but I get the feelin’ he’s on fire tonight!” Undyne lurches forward from the backseat to be involved, smirking with pride as Alphys giggles in the backseat. You give a playful push to send her back to the backseat confines.

“HE IS ON FIRE EVERYNIGHT!” Papyrus groans back, sickened by the flurry of puns in the tight compartment quarters. Frisk keeps shifting around on your lap with an urgency. Does he need the toilet? Luckily you all pull up to the bar that begins emitting pleasant aromas and heat as you circle around. Frisk is still latched to you like a magnetic koala but you know it would be bad and rude to walk into an establishment as a hugging post. Nearing the front and appreciating the warm light flicker coursing out the large windows on the stores front, you finally task with prying Frisk and Flowey from you.

“C’mon you two it would be rude to walk in and meet someone with you two hanging on my like little monkeys. No latching until we are outside or unless it’s an emergency.” you insist while trying to keep the pride of the human ambassador. This was likely normal for him but you didn’t
want any odd impressions of other humans possibly inside. Frisk refused to release your hand as his soul spoke out to your own.

‘This monsters on fire.’ he says. You give a little chuckle as you head towards the door, pulling Frisk along. Flowey spewed thin curses as he slid back into his pot in Frisk's grasp.

“Fan of Alicia Keyes now, are ya?” you joke, swinging the door open as a mist of warmth splashes your face with flickering lights. There is a large main table with varying sizes and breeds of bipedal dogs in suits of armor. One even has a dog treat sticking out from their jaw. Papyrus and Sans are chatting to someone besides a booth that Undyne and Alphys are waving from. Papyrus gestures back to you as you start to walk inside, sweating at the sudden change in heat. Then he moves to the side, revealing the person of conversation.

Your eyes must turn into the size of dinner plates as you rake your eyes harshly over a man of complete flames and heat. An inferno who wears a classic bartender attire: black button vest with a thin white long sleeve business shirt with refined cuffs, black slacks and pointed shined shoes. The only indication he has a face is the small spectacles resting over his front defying gravity and lack of nose and ears. His height and stature are sickeningly close in comparison to…to your father. The mere mental image of your father’s skin, flesh, and hair burning calmly underneath the corporeal flame is enough to induce a panic attack, triggering your run reflex. Despite Frisk’s intense grip your extremely sweaty palms slip you free of him as you fling the door open and take an intense paced sprint down the sidewalk.

You can feel your heart and brain pounding together against you, breathing becoming shallow and gasping as you continue to run. Tears sting at your eyes while car headlights blind your path, brushing past people as you try to maintain any form of sanity. There’s shouting behind you; your friends. Your brain is screaming out in rationality that your panic attack and speedy get-away is probably freaking them out and you were abandoning Frisk and Flowey. Your heart continues to intervene, flashing horrific images of your father’s corpse across your vision and that is what drives you as you drive onwards. Your lungs can’t keep up with your quickened breathing. Everything is becoming slightly light headed. A tear jerking shriek pries you out of your focused state as you swirl to gaze behind. You are blinded and blurred by large lights and a blaring horn. Your life quickly flashes before your eyes and your surroundings are deafened by the truck’s ear-ringing horn and a womans shriek.

Without warning, something jerks you to the side and directly out of the screeching truck’s path as it struggles to slow. The driver rolled down his windows and is screaming profanities as you’re pulled harshly into an alleyway and out of sight of any onlookers. In the darkness you can hear yourself panting and gasping as you finally take notice of whos hand is interlaced with your own. It’s a boney one. Sans’ to be exact. You refuse to even question how he was ahead of you before you feel your legs refuse to exist, collapsing onto your knees as you choke a wretch down while covering your mouth. Sans kneels onto one knee giving you a moment as you quiver and attempt to regain any thought process.

“what’d i say earlier? don’t go wrecking my image?.......wreck it as much as you like so long as you don’t nearly wreck yourself.” He tries to lighten your mood. It’s slightly noble but you find yourself pressing into his hoody, searching for solidification away from what your heart is still driving into your mind. You finally break down as he grasps you close, trying to relax you with shushes and hums as he absentely runs his phalanges through your hair. Your voice cracks the instance you try to make a noise which he takes to press you closer into him. You can feel the backfire vibrations of your shaking through his ribs as they rattle against your fleshier ribcage and chest. You sit there for what feels like an eternity, trying to find the right words – to express and apologize; he hushes every attempt with calm fingers running on your scalp. Despite the breathing
time to your little jog you still panted heavily in his grasp, quaking as you shifted to clutch his arm with both hands and force yourself to look around – solidify the here and now.

No dad corpse forever burning in an eternal flame. No large trucks trying to mow you down. No Gaster trying to suck the life out of your soul. Here, in Sans’ embrace, you were safe………
Immediately after allowing that thought to rummage about in your brain and click the embarrassment switch, you flung your arms away and scrambled into the opposite wall, flushed face covered in drying tears. Sans looked hurt and worried as he reached over to you.

“you alright smalls?” He asks, seeking confirmation. You deny his request as you still fumble for words, giving him the ‘one moment’ hand signal as you press a fist to your heart and take deep breaths.

“I-I’m s-so so-so-orry,” you stutter, your teeth chattering. After effects. Your chest is giving off a pulsation that is making you slightly nauseas but you drive that down as a temporary thing, “t-t-t-that was-s so r-rude of-of mee.” You admit, using your blouse sleeve to rub your face with frustrations. You can still see your hands trembling in panic. He instantly takes them up in his own, trying to still them.

“don’t be apologizing. did you freak because of grillbz?” He questions in a calm demeanor. You assume that’s the name of the engulfed fire-monster dressed nicely back at the bar, and reply with a nod. You feel so guilty. The incident hadn’t ruined your love of fire ; hell, you were somewhat the pyromaniac when it came to outdoor camping and putting cereal and cardboard boxes into the smoldering flames – watching the green chemical flames burst out as the flames soar into the air. No, that’s prospect was fine with you as long as it was evenly controlled. But this man- this monster, was physically made of it. You jumping to self-inflicted conclusions was your fault and yours alone. He had done nothing wrong, and for that, you were the guilty party no matter how victimized you appeared.

“I-I need to go a-a-apologize.” You inform, pressing your back to the wall and regaining stability in your wobbling legs. Sans is quick to shimmy your arm over his own to assist you. You must appear like a drunk.

“nope. we’re headed home.” He insists as you give him a light denying shrug.

“No, w-we aren’t. H-He didn’t do anything w-w-wrong an-and I owe him a-an apology. M-Might as well get-get dinner while we’re he-here.” You reply while pressing your fist harder into the location of your heart. Its slightly sending an ache through the old still slightly opened surgical wound, but not bad enough compared to the persistent pounding jumps your heart makes on an uneven tempo. Little feet and gasping came faster than you anticipated as Frisk and Flowey came around the corner, gripping the brick wall as their little legs trembled. Had they chased you the whole way? Despite the wobbly knees, they both flung themselves onto you as Sans prevents you from collapsing to the sudden pressure. Frisk is muffled gasps and sobs and Flowey is spitting mad, but you see tears prickling in his tiny eyes.

“What the HELL were you thinking?! Why didn’t you stop you pea-brain?! Why didn’t you listen to Frisk and stay calm? This could have been avoided, you idiot! Idiot! Idiot!!” he cries out, breaking blood flow off as he snakes vines around your wrist. You don’t hesitate to pull him closer to your chest and free of Frisks grabby and desperate arms as you fold your elbow to keep him close. He doesn’t deny the invitation as Sans allows your other arm to stretch around Frisk. The tender realization of how terrified these kids had been to your state drives you entirely back to earth as you crush them closer.

“I-I’m sorry guys. Lets g-go back, eat dinner, apologize and get you home.” You plan the evening
as Frisk returns to latching onto you like a magnetic monkey. You refuse to let him go as you all including Sans make back down the sidewalk. You can hear whispers of passerbys, but Sans muffles out their words with jokes. Were jokes his resolution to solving everything?

“soon as we get back, i gotta find paps. got a bone to pick with him.” he starts out, giving a clever wink as you can only force a smile. He is physically guiding you back as your feet still hesitate despite your minds destined path. You appreciate all the support he is suddenly showing.

“What for?” you ask, trying to spare Papyrus of feeling guilty. You can see it now – its not pleasant.

“you’re right. tibia honest, its my fault.” he corrects while giving a far off gaze. Following his line of sight, Papyrus is waving enthusiastically outside of Grillbys. Flowey has completely wrapped himself around your forearm; abandoning the pot as Sans holds it for you.

“I’m telling ya – it’s nobodys fault but my own. I let my mind wander into bad territory and it just spurred my feet to move. Papyrus didn’t now about…well about that. You and Frisk were dropping hints and I was feebly ignoring them. I mean, it could h-have gone worse.” You imagine the truck from earlier. Everyone gets a shiver down their spine. Continuing down, Sans keeps cracking jokes as he sends a text to Papyrus to order food for you while you take your time to relax and approach at a slower pace than Papyrus was alright with. He doesn’t pry like he usually would. Oh gods he is guilty…

A darkly dressed man bumps his shoulder into you. “Monster fucking filth…” he mutters as he passes by.

Oh HELL no. Instantly you pry Frisk off you without warning, handing him to Sans.

“Hold him for a moment please.” you inform before pursuing the man. “Excuse me, sir? What did you say a moment ago? I was enjoying a rather pleasant conversation with my friends and I could have sworn you made a rude remark regarding who he is.” you bite, trying to hold back from punching him. Punching him was clearly the incorrect choice ; the man towered nearly a foot above you, well built and face toughened to hide emotions. This wasn’t a physical fight you would win, and you almost feared it would also fail in verbal. He glares down at you, casting an intimidating shadow thanks to the street lights.

“I said you were a monster fucking filth, you ignorant slut.” he growls down at you.

“Well aren’t you just a racist little judgmental whiner. Not only are you perceiving my situation as something of a solid relationship with my friend, you are also accusing me of things I am unknown for. On top of your witty remarks and blind ignorance to the fact a CHILD is within the range of your filthy cussing mouth, you use immature words to try and drive a point and make yourself feel quite on top of the world. So let me ground you.” you hiss. The man doesn’t take nicely to your new tone, grabbing the fabric between your breasts and lifting you from the ground to meet his snarl. You would react differently to maybe about four more of him and being alone. Now? He was nothing other than a mis-trained dog who only knew how to bark and snarl.

“Wanna run that by me again you dirty bitch?” he threatens by giving a stern tug. You hear the fabric rip slightly to his pressure. Oh you could kick him right in the pea sized balls.

“Are you deaf? Did I not just say there is no bloody need for that damned language around kids?! Here – let me dumb it down for you!” you insist, stabbing at his chest with your finger confidently. “Shut. Your. Stupid. Mouth.” you grind your teeth and glare back at him. He clearly wants to punch the life out of you. Suddenly, Flowey who had remained dormant around your forearm
slithers out. His face is completely darkened and contorted as he maniacally cackles directly in the man's face. The man releases you instantly, fumbling back to distance himself from Flowey. Landing clumsily on your feet, you straighten out quickly to continue to face the man.

He is clearly less fazed at the smaller size to Flowey then the close quarters had caused him to perceive as he beings to approach you yet again with a fearless sneer. Saying you’re facing down someone and holding your ground doesn’t describe your situation rightly; you’re staring confidently up at this behemoth man while your legs feel like cold jelly that is slowly being heated. The man hardly takes a step before your vision is blocked by a deep baby blue hood and fluff being pressed into your nose. Reeling back slightly to avoid sneezing into it, Sans stands firmly before you as you peer around him to continue to glare with agitation at the man. He has paled considerably and scurries off the other way. Before you can even question why that occurred, Frisk stumbles proudly from in front of Sans, starting to sign too quick for your eyes to match up with as Sans gives a conservative laugh.

“yeah boss – you had him running for the hills.” Sans agrees, allowing a low high five with Frisk who suddenly beams at you, grabbing your arm.

‘It’s okay! We protected you! You and Flowey were so cool! You were using big talk words and he wasn’t understanding it, and even when he was holding you off the ground you still talked down on him! And-And then Flowey was all scary and amazing!’ Frisk can hardly contain themselves as they internally scream, hopping up and down in place while Sans just watches it unfold.

“You’re right Frisk. I don’t think I was nearly as cool as you and Flowey though. My little heroes!” you flutter your eyes as Frisk giggles slightly. Flowey is still glaring at the after-image of the man, though that nightmare face from before has melted from his features as he just thins his tiny eyes into an intense glare. To break him from his angered trance, you plant a peck on his petal that instantly ruffles him and pinks his usually white face with a miniature intense blush.

“W-W-W-WHAT D-DID YA DO THAT F-F-FOR YA IDIOT?!” he screeches, clearly rage fueled embarrassment as he tries to hide behind your arm. You laugh at his pointless struggle to escape you when he is literally wrapped around you.

“Well earlier we discussed at how sometimes I can be a lady, and a lady tends to be a damsel in distress in situations like this, thusly a damsel must reward her tiny heroes with something and since I don’t have anything on me right now, you’re just going to have to deal with little smooches.” you playfully contend before reaching down to smoosh Frisks cheeks in delight, planting an audible peck to his forehead after parting his hair to clear a spot. Frisk looks far more pleased then disgusted with your offered affection. Sans has already pressed ahead as you drag Frisk along with you to catch up with him. The moment his focus is diverted, you snatch his skull and pull him into a quick audible peck. His bone is smooth with a slight gradient roughness that reminds you of firmer chapped lips. Frisk is squealing in delight while Flowey gives a loud gag. Pulling away and releasing his head, you move ahead with embarrassment, waving a hand back to him.

“All tiny heroes get reward kisses.” you urge before finally stealing yourself to glance back at him. A deep blue is pasted onto the front of his skull as what you can only assume is a skeleton blushing. It instantly turns into a pleased smile as he catches onto your game.

“now you’re just breaking my heart.” he calls, picking up his usually slouched sluggish pace to meet up with you with wistful eyesockets.

“I couldn’t if I tried, Mr. Heartless.” you point back, glad for the familiar feeling that is instantly
lurched from you as the illuminated sign for Grillbys dangles before you. All of your nerves are instantly jetting around, prickling the hairs up all over your skin while a lump of something distasteful forms and threatens to cut off your oxygen supply. It’s terrifying.

*Think walking campfire. Walking. Campfire. Not a man. Walking campfire.* You repeat over and over within your mind like a mantra, bracing your heart for what you already know. Sans causes you to slightly jump as he sets a reassuring arm around your back, guiding you to the door and waiting for you to be the one to open it. *Walking. Campfire.* Opening the door with a jingle of the overhanging bell, the warmth splashes over your face again as a wave of cold rushes in. You aren’t in nearly as much of a hurry as Frisk has to pull you inside as you freeze up in the doorway. The place is nearly empty – that table of dogs has vanished and a few other customers your eyes had previously skimmed over ceased to exist now as the only customers were a dizzy drunken bunny passed out in one of the booths and your little gang on monsters. Behind the counter you can see the flickering flames of who you assume is Grillby. Papyrus gains your attention.

“HUMANS! I’M SO GLAD YOU WEREN’T LOST! SANS TOLD ME TO WAIT HERE FOR YOUR RETURN AND YOU ALL TOOK QUITE LONG, BUT THE TEXT WAS REASSURING! WHY DID YOU RUN OUT SO QUICKLY?” Papyrus questions as Sans sidles into the same booth side as his brother.

“Oh-uwww m-well…” you stuttered, trying to make an excuse.

“S-She left her phone i-in the c-car, right Jane?” Alphys pitches in an explanation. You look to her an almost feel the urge to tackle hug your brand new savior. However, looking to her, you read the guilt. She knew the reason you’d bolted as her and Undyne shared a similar guilty aura of regret. You almost wanted to speak out to her, but Papyrus spoke up.

“But THAT WASN’T THE DIRECTION OF THE CAR!” He reasons as he places both hands awkwardly on his pelvis. With Sans and the wall so close he hardly has maneuvering room for a skeleton his size. Sans can’t make much room for his struggling brother as Frisk and Flowey (who at some point slithered back into his pot) took the end bit of the cushioned booth.

“Sorry Papyrus, I-I had some trouble with the directions! I’m gonna go say hi to your friend and apologize for coming off rude!” you tell before instantly breaking away with determination as you approach the bar. All sound around you seemed to drown out as only the juke box and your heartbeat filled the silence in your head. The floorboard beneath you creaked in displeasure to the pressure of your feet, yet the world seems to be drawing you down. Your eyes are transfixed on the flowing flame that refuses to face your direction as you finally reach the bar. You’re gripping the barstool cloth like a lifeline, threatening to wrinkle and tear the thick stained fabric.

Finally, he turned to meet you as he cleaned a shot glass. You stared back, shivering despite the searing heat before you. You could finally make out two thin white and yellow eyes staring back behind the glasses as you felt your body tense up. You must be idiotically staring at him with mouth agape because he only arches a brow to your presence. Clearing your throat, there’s a slight quiver to your already low voice.

“Walking campfire.

“Hi I-I’m sorry a-about before. I-I’m Jane. I didn’t mean to be offensive…” you whisper as you start caving in on your confidence. You extend a shaky hand as casually as you can manage, and he extends a black gloved palm to shake your own. A smothering heat that is far from uncomfortable grasps your hand as you try to not stare so mystified at the elemental.

“………I’m Grillby. Pleasure to meet you.” he smoothly speaks to with a clear voice, his flames crackling as it infuses yellows and oranges that flicker in your eyes as you make what you assume is eye-contact. Wordlessly, he places the glass among others and slides a paper and pen towards
you with the ungloved hand. His hand is the same shape of a humans, yet it has miniscule flowing flames bristling against it yet keeping a solid form.

_He isn’t your father. He is a monster. A fire monster. He isn’t your father. Your father is long dead._…….You don’t know what’s more disheartening : Running away because of a misunderstanding caused solely by yourself or that to clear said misunderstanding you must reconvince yourself your father is dead and buried.

So many questions are running through your mind to how this being exists and maintains such a real and corporeal form, but one question rings out as you scan over the page.

“W-Why are you handing me an application sheet?” you ask hesitantly as you snatch up the sheet, reading it over quickly. All fears have been replaced with complete disturbed confusion.

“…Papyrus.” is all he whispers. Looking to him, he nods over to the bench. Glancing back, Papyrus has his eyesockets sparkling over the seat as he watches with eager expectation.

“_I, THE GREAT FRIEND PAPYRUS, VOW TO GET YOU A JOB BY THE END OF THE DAY!!_” Papyrus’ voice rang out in your head. This humor of the situation finally hit you as you leaned onto the wooden bar counter, covering your mouth and forehead as you chuckle. The gesture was sweet beyond anything you could recall. These monsters had opened their arms, let you into their home despite your issues, encouraged you more than they could _imagine_, and kept your secrets. Now they were assisting you getting a stable job? It seemed so unreal. Conflicting emotions burst through your mind, it felt so _unreal_.

“W-What about a monster? I-I’m sure it would be better to allow them s-such a opp-“ you try to defend yourself, convince _yourself_ that you can manage and someone else could need this job more than yourself. Grillby shuts you down.

“I’m looking for an experienced human girl with previous waitress training, possibly living nearby incase of urgent call in’s, and accepts both monsters and humans. From what Papyrus has _enthused_ about you in our brief conversation, you fit the bill.” he ensures. You are speechless as you read over the conditions, his offer regarding hours and payment. It’s a starting pay of 27$ an hour. You could practically happy slap the shit out of Papyrus. You could practically slap yourself, hoping – _begging_ this is reality and this isn’t just a delusional death dream. That maybe that truck _actually_ hit you. Even contemplating the thought gives you a headache and you rest against the bar for a shaky moment. Grillby follows suit and crosses his arms on the counter, waiting patiently. Your eyes peer up to him, still baffled.

“I-I can’t promise I won’t have another of those little panics.” you admit shyly, not wanting to delve too deep into the subject matter. He seems to understand, letting out a steaming huff that flushes your face.

“I have college to attend to as well.” you argue still.

“…..We can work around that.”

“I am about as bad as Sans when it comes to cracking jokes regularly.” That seems to be a deal breaker as he looks completely torn. You snicker at how many sad fire jokes Sans has likely spewed at the poor barman.

“……..I will live.” he sighs.

“…Okay. One more question. Why a _human girl_?” you ask, genuinely curious.
“…….Other bars have waitresses. Business increased up here, and I had planned to bring in more business. A human waitress is meant as a peace offering in sorts.” he admits, rubbing his neck.

“Oh, throwing me to the wolves?” you joke. You didn’t put it past him – you just hoped that your uniform wouldn’t consist of the prior waitress attire; tight V-neck top, mid-thigh black skirt and tiny tie. Please never again. It was practically a requirement your bra had to slightly be showing.

“I wouldn’t on purpose. It just seems like a form of human custom.” he calmly defends, offering his hands up in a sign of peace.

“I suppose it’s a type of custom, but that’s a stretch. And its just a little phrase – unless there are literal wolves.” you reply before pondering over your decisions. It paid well, was nearby, and monster/human friendly. It was a regular dine-out place for your friends and it could expand your knowledge on monsters drinks. Plenty of the oddly shaped bottles lying on the shelves behind him bubble and shimmer with colors and magic. It would definitely be a new experience……and maybe it would help you move past your past. Grillby seemed true to what Sans had mentioned in the car: warm-hearted and obviously willing to forgive your rudeness earlier.

…Fuck it. You pick up the pen, memorize the agreement and quickly fill out the application. While filling it out, Grillby heads back into a door. Peering over, it says ‘FIRE EXIT’. You giggle at the absolute ludicrous irony of the door before refocusing back onto the application. Finally nearing the end, Grillby returns with arms completely covered in food; three burgers, a plate of spaghetti, gooey cheese fries, and a easy-cap bottle of ketchup. He hurries it over to your friends as you finish up the application, stomach growling at the heavenly smell of fresh food. He returns to his bar counter as you hand him back the application. You wait a moment, allowing him to scan through it.

“……When can you start?” he rasps with a hint of enthusiasm in his voice. You are honestly still going through minor waves of shock that luckily betray your conveying of words. If you’d said immediately, he likely would have thought you meant right this instance. Instead, you pondered it to give optimal school time and time to help Papyrus as equally as he has yourself.

“Three, maybe four days. Do I need to get a uniform?” you humbly ask, not wanting to come off rude or desperate. However, you didn’t have the cash for said uniform so you were praying he-

“Muffet will be in charge of taking measurements and making your uniform. Can you meet her tomorrow?” Grilly cuts into your internal dialogue. Muffet? Another monster likely, and you weren’t busy tomorrow besides maybe helping Papyrus hunt down a job. Even then, it could be a side-stop.

“Sure. Around 3:00 P.M then?” you schedule for the apparently necessary fitting as Grillby gives you a nod.

“…….I will inform her. Now, will you be eating?” he inquires, raising a brow and pointing to the menu on the side. Picking up the menu, you skim it before your eyes land on a juicy cheeseburger that mentally rumbles your stomach. Standing and replacing the menu, you address him again.

“The cheeseburger, please. Thank you again for this opportunity and I’m so sorry about that earlier reaction.” you emphasize your regret and he motions for a deal sealing handshake. You accept it, this far firmer then the previous pleasantry one. Afterwards, he takes the application and pen and wanders back behind the ‘FIRE EXIT’. Glancing back to the table, you sneak up behind the booth where Papyrus is sitting. You jump over the edge, grasping his skull and giving the happiest audible peck on his boney head you can muster. It’s a challenge considering you can hardly reach over the cushioned seat, but luckily Papyrus’ incredible height works against him as he can’t escape by slouching down under the table.
Papyrus lets out a surprised scream that rouses that drunken bunny. Undyne is laughing like a barrel of monkeys, gooey cheese stuck on the side of her mouth as she watches Papyrus writhe under you. Swinging your arms further around, you give him a tight neck hug.

“Thank you soo much.” you whisper against his temporal bone. His skull starts to heat up and he begins to shiver erratically. Swinging around the booth, you plop beside Alphys on the opposite side and finally glance at Papyrus. He’s covering his face with his large gloves that Sans is playfully pulling at, a neon orange tinting the sides of his zygomatic bones. He keeps muttering something but its muffled thanks to his gloves.

“So it w-went well?” Alphys asks before snatching a cheese fry from Undynes basket. She can’t complain and hooks an arm around her girlfriend into an affectionate side-hug.

“Well. I apologized to him properly and got a job starting in a few days. I think that outweighs all the crud that’s happened today.” you settle back into the cushion, recalling the bullshit that had occurred over probably the past hour – not even. You had a panic attack that nearly caused you to be run over by a speeding truck, but Sans somehow saved your life and calmed you down in an alleyway. Then, an asshole monster racist tried to threaten you in broad view. But in the end, you got dinner and a job. That outweighed dying, right?

“Woah, sick, Grillbz gave you a job?!” Undyne uproars as she leans around her girlfriend to face you. You snicker as she still hasn’t gotten that cheese. You silently point to the location on your own face and point to her as she swipes a finger over it and plants it in her mouth with blissful content.

“Yeah. Some skeleton apparently put in a good word for me.” you toy at, eyeing Papyrus as he hides further in embarrassment. Undyne gets a kick out of Papyrus being so shy and Alphys gives you a congratulatory pat on the back. Looking to the other side, Sans gives that knowing wink and Frisk is signing something across the way. He and Flowey are splitting a larger burger between them and Flowey has some of the buns sesame seeds scattered over his pots soil, little cheeks puffed as he took too large a nibble. Alphys kindly translates Frisks signing for you as he once again moves too quickly for you to properly understand.

“Frisk says he can’t wait t-to see you in your work u-uniform! Y-You are getting a-a uniform?” Alphys lights up as she begins to imagine what it will look like. You’d learned of Alphys’ slight addiction to cosplaying conventions and specifically designed labels and outfits. Any anime fancies Alphys had were almost instantly transferred over to Undyne. She’d showed you an adorable picture of Undyne pretending to be Cloud from Final Fantasy 7, with her real (Completely real as Alphys nit-picked) buster sword. Alphys had instead gone as her idol ; Mew Mew Kissy Cutie. It was extremely sweet, but hopefully she wasn’t wandering into weird anime uniform territory : the territory of females thin, more skin then armor armor sets that somehow increased their protection.

“Mhmm. He told me to head over to Muffet tomorrow. Papyrus – a deal is a deal. How does job hunting tomorrow sound?” you speak up. He instantly shrieks and drops his hands to clutch the table side and ensure he doesn’t soar off into the air with the unbridled joy that’s glimmering in his sockets.

“job huntin’?” Sans chimes in and you give him a confirming nod as Papyrus continues to squeal at a pitch that’s slightly irritating.

“He bet if he found me a job tonight that I would take him to a few places I know would practically beg to hire him. A deal is a deal, and the sooner the better. College and work basically are starting up at the same time, so who knows what chances I will have later.” you finalize as Grillby comes back around to set down your cheeseburger. You try to not flinch at the sight of him which you
imagine he appreciates as he wanders over to the drunken bunny who is grumbling in their sleep. Picking up the burger you catch sight of Sans’ burger – utterly caved under a dousing of ketchup. Rolling your eyes in disbelief, you greedily bite into your burger as the meats juices mix sweetly together with the cheese. You can taste the individual spices molded into the meat, and tears glisten in your eyes. It’d been a while since you’d cried over how delicious something was. The last memory was when you first moved into your old apartment and the landlord’s wife had made you a cheesecake. A cheesecake that was otherworldly. Then again, beforehand you were scraping by with what you could manage to make at merely 13. Once again your blouse sleeves had to dab at your eyes as you savored the burger. Grillby passed and stole a glance at you. You gave him a ‘thank you so much’ stare. He threw up a thumbs up before walking away.

Everyone chattered while eating. Papyrus made it blatantly obvious that he preferred his grander spaghetti to Grillbys, but appreciated his acceptance of the best cuisine and he merely needed practice. Sans did as Sans lived; a joking fool who always knew how to get a giggle. Alphys and Undyne cuddled the majority of the time, offering little gossip to you regarding Muffet. Apparently she was in charge of a bakery and could be a little grabby and confident. You worried she would just grab your boobs when performing the measurements, and suddenly you were much less confident about allowing this to happen. Frisk and Flowey were of few words throughout dinner, besides groans and giggles. Glancing to the clock, you realize how late you let it get as the clock nears the nine. Everyone gathers their plates together for easier clean up and shuffles out from the comfy seats. Before you can even discuss how to split the bill, Frisk is dragging you to the door.

“thanks grillbz. just put it on my tab, buddy.” Sans calls, giving a polite wave and scurrying out to the van with the rest of your group. Everyone buckles in and Papyrus takes care in the drive home. Looking to Sans, you raise a curious brow.

“You have a tab despite all your jobs?” you hint at as he visually jumps in his seat. He gives a strained stare, sweat dribbling over the back of his skull. Papyrus suddenly harshly stops the car, though luckily its not in the midst of a busy intersection.

"SANS! WE WERE SUPPOSED TO PAY TONIGHT!! CURSES! HE IS LIKELY CLOSED! NYYEEHHHHH - THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU LITTER MY TIME WITH YOUR TERRIBLE PUNS ; MY FOCUS HAS BEEN JAPED!" Papyrus cries out before straining to keep his eyes on the road. Everyone is slightly shaken, yet Sans seems to ignore what you’d said.

“whatchya talkin’ bout smalls?” he struggles to keep a straight face. Did he not want you knowing about his mass job count. Nobody else seemed shocked to you mentioning it.

“I helped with laundry earlier.” Is all you comply as you quizzically stare back at him.

“Oh…” Is all he complies. He obviously didn’t want you poking in his business. You settle back as Frisk and Flowey begin yawning. Luckily, Papyrus doesn’t start exhibiting fatigue until everyone’s approaching the front door, Undyne jingling to find the keys and opening it. Sans is quick to help drag Papyrus upstairs and Alphys and Undyne follow suit with work starting early for them both tomorrow. Frisk and Flowey have basically given into the tiredness but you know how strict Toriel likely will be should they not get their bath and teeth brushed. You piggyback the pair upstairs, passing the girls and giving a wave goodnight while you hear Sans mumbling something beyond Papyrus’ door. Likely his bed-time story. Finally, with light pants do to the excessive weight you’re carrying up three sets of stairs, you reach the bathroom and nudge it open with your shoulder. Setting Frisk on the closed toilet lid and Flowey’s pot to the sinks edge, you prepare a bath – testing the water, readying the soaps and shampoos and making sure the water won’t scald his skin. Kids around Frisks age tend to be capable of taking their own baths so you dry your hands and pat his head.
“If you need me or anything, I will be right back and outside the door. If it’s an emergency, Flowey I allow light shrieks. I’ll be right back.” you promise, leaving Frisk and Flowey to bathe in personal peace. Heading back downstairs, you lock up the knives, the backdoor, checking the windows for security and just doing a quick walkthrough of the house to ensure everything is where it belonged. Satisfied and eyeing the clock, you scurry back upstairs and into your room. The nights are warming up as you strip free of your bra and blouse to replace with a loose tank-top. The slightly sweaty pants you had decided on earlier are thrown with the rest of your clothes besides your underwear into the makeshift box hamper as you snug up into tight ripped thigh shorts of dark denim. The tank-top slightly reveals some of the scar over your back but your hair covered it nicely and nobody would really see it. Pleased with the fresh sleep attire, you return to the bathroom door and give a little knock. You don’t hear any splashing or movement of water as you press your ear against the door.

“Frisk?.........You alright?” you mutter, trying to remain quiet for Papyrus. After a few moments of silence, you slowly open the door. Frisk is still huddled up on the toilet seat, hugging his knees into his chest. Flowey just fell asleep right on the sink. “Frisk? You okay lil’ bud?” you whisper, kneeling beside him to rub his arms. He inches closer and snuggly wraps his arms around your neck, placing his head on your shoulder as you slump back and allow the child to fall into your lap.

‘I don’t want to be alone……….but if you’re with us you just will get hurt.’ he whispers through to your SOUL, shocking you with the serious misery he is conveying. You might not understand how the SOUL, but a child shouldn’t be grossing over such saddening thoughts. Placing a hand to his cheek, you calmly pull his head back to look into his little eyes.

“Why do you think I will get hurt by being around you guys?” you question the child he gives a little sniffle before placing his own smaller hand onto yours.

‘Me and Flowey are bad. We cause trouble all the time. Sans got mad at us, but we didn’t have a choice!’ he cries out, looking to you like a lost puppy.

“What did you both do?”

‘We…We……’ Frisk trails off, clearly uncomfortable with the turn of events to the conversation. You sigh and shift your legs beneath him.

“Frisk. Do you believe that your decision was the right thing to do?” you sternly remark. Frisk gives confident nod and you ruffle his hair. “Then blast away anything Sans has to say. It’s your decision, your consequences to bear. He doesn’t need to be getting all huffy with you. Was it something minor?”

‘N-No…it was big.’ he admits softly.

“Okay, but he didn’t need to get mad at you.” you reply to him. He shakes his head to you, looking blue as he no longer keeps your gaze and opts to train his eyes to the tiled floor.

‘No. What we did was awful.’ he shudder beneath you, clutching your tank top. If someone was above you they would likely be capable of seeing 50% of your tit, but you’re lucky it is merely the bathroom wall.

“Is it something you can tell me?” He shakes his head, causing you to sigh to his clear dislike for your offering help. “Is it something you can tell me eventually?” you retry ; maybe he just needs time. It proves likely a he gives a squeamish nod. You rub your fingers over his scalp in relaxing motions you used on yourself constantly and it certainly pleases him as he leans backwards into your touch, nearly slipping out of your lap.
“Then I won’t bother you for the details. Alls I can suggest is learn from your mistakes and move on to new ones. Nobodies perfect Frisk.” you inform before tickling his arms and legs to drive away the miserable face he still holds. It works as he writhes and giggles on the bathroom mat. Scooping him up under his arms, you place him feet first on the toilets lid. “Now, you gonna take a bath or do I have to call Undyne up to swim inside and make sure the drain doesn’t try to suck you in?” you playfully growl as he slap pats your arm in denial. He takes the moment of weakness to grab your hand.

‘Take a bath with us?’ he pleads. You would be against it if he wasn’t making that sweet face. It’s suuuuuu sweet. It’s practically a ensured spell.

“You’re a wizard, Frisk! I can’t say no when you make that face. However, if you abuse this power, I will tattle to Toriel. This is your only warning.” you smirk, helping Frisk shimmy free of his shirt and shorts. You were far too used to childrens bits when having to help with changing, bathing, cleaning and more back at the foster care; still, you took care to ignore his privates as you slipped him into the tub and poured water over his head. Flowey was much less reluctant to taking a bath as you had to manually remove him from the pot without scattering soil absolutely everywhere, but once he clung around your arm you very carefully poured water over his stem and petals. He shivered to the feeling, but it wasn’t unpleasant as he sighed in tension breaking relief.

Scratching the suds into Frisks hair, he plays with any and all loose bubbles and blowing them into the air. A few burst on your hair, and Frisks splashing seeps into your tank. You regret your lack of bra but brush it past as you soap Frisk down, letting him get the parts you probably shouldn’t be near. Flowey is quick to dozing off on your back, but your hair keeps getting in the way and dipping into the bath before you can swish it back, the droplets seeping into your shirt. Finally dubbing Frisk is a clean kid, you drain the tub and lift him onto the bathroom mat where he begins to shiver as you burrito him into a large blanket.

“You ready for my ultimate towel tornado?” you warn as he gives an exhilarated smile. Flopping the front over his head, you rapidly shimmy the towel over his stomach, legs, and head. Popping his head out from the towel, his hair fluffs up with a poof as you try and tame it with a drier and brush. Leaving the towel to drape around him as you work on his hair, you let him handle his teeth. Right as he finishes, you help him mosey into his PJ’s and carry him to sleep. The warmth the towel offered had helped him doze, and by the time he is properly in bed he is completely unconscious. Setting Flowey down beside him, the two nuzzle closer under the blankets as you give both a goodnight pet of the head. Turning off his and the bathrooms lights after freshening up before bed, you clamber under your sheets and accept the nights embrace as you accept the pull of sleep.

…It doesn’t last. You wake up a multitude of times. The first was due to Asgore and Toriel coming back in, giggling maniacally. You could almost hear them trying to shush one another as they bedroom door closed once. You assume it went well, dozing back off. The second and third time you don’t recall as you merely wake up with a sweat. The clock reads 11:56 when you give up and retreat downstairs. Sound echoes from the living room as you carefully tiptoe and peek past the dining room arch-way. A terrified scream and blood-filled gargle happens as the screen reddens, displaying the colored light eerily against Flowey who watches on with delight.

“Oh watching gore flicks – without me?” you cry, shocking Flowey who nearly slams the laptop closed but immediately relaxes to your presence.

“What the hell are you doing up?” he hisses, pausing the video.

“I could say the same myself. Kids are supposed to be in bed, and I am clearly not a child. Making
matters worse, you didn’t even invite me to your little scene sit-in.” you pout, easing over to sit beside him. You refuse to ask how he managed to get down here without being caught by the ever vigilant Toriel. Then again she was likely……busy.

Sitting beside Flowey, he is watching Elfen Lied murder flicks on Youtube. You snicker and snuggle in beside him, hitting play. This was just a repeat of what you basically did at the hospital while he stayed behind : watching gore flicks, bickering about the nurses, pointing out flaws in scenes and making comedy of it. It was awesome. He especially reveled in the scene where Nana’s limbs were ripped and cut off.

“Heehehehee…” was the little cackle he would let come out. It was nice to see him open up, and despite his clear distaste for anime, he definitely enjoyed the sequences. Once the video ended you pulled up a few others you were familiar with : Berserk and Blood C. Only the clips, of course, but it still seemed to invigorate something in him. You had no clue to what Flowey was capable of, but you hoped maybe it would be used for the general good instead of self benefit.

Finishing off with some zombie massacre in Highschool of the Dead (which you totally contemplated if it was right to show this to a supposed child), he shut the laptop and fell silent. Shifting around, you make your way into the kitchen in silence to craft some hot chocolate. It had been your intention the whole time – helped relax the muscles and take the edge off during the night. Snatching up a smaller mug, you blended some together for Flowey two as you gingerly carried them out to the couch. Flowey had pulled down two blankets from the top of the couch as you gave a thankful sigh and curled up underneath them before passing the mug to him.

“Blow. Its hot.” you instruct as he shoots you a glare.

“You blow.”

“I blow mine. You blow your own.”

“I don’t want to blow my own. So blow.”

“My job isn’t to blow yours. I know you can blow.”

“I’m going to blow you up in a minute.” he finishes as you give an amused snicker and set hit pot onto your stomach to move as you steadily breathe and appreciate the warm mixture. Flowey gets a little chocolate mustache that he quickly wipes off at the sudden realization to the source of your breathless giggles.

“You never told me why you were awake…” he presses, carefully taking another sip to not burn himself.

“Nightmares. You?”

“…Dreams of my past……what were yours about?” he asks. Flowey wasn’t one to be asking about personal business, but you confided in the child.

“I dreamt I died. I think. I can’t remember, though that might be because in my dream I died. Dying steals your memories and just leaves you with a hollow feeling.” you explain, tapping your fingers against the hot mug. Its not unpleasant as your heart thrums a little louder then you recall.

“……I dreamt I killed everyone.” he speaks up. You look to him, confused. He said he dreamt of his past…

“Did you?” you ask cautiously.
“Kill everyone?.....Yeah. Plenty of times.” he spoke casually as he takes another sip of the cocoa provided. You feel like you just got whiplash.

“Everyone as in everyone we know?” you press.

“Yep.”

“That’s not possible. Everyone’s is alive.” you argue.

“It’s completely possible, you idiot. But I don’t want to bother explaining to you because you will just think I’m crazy and delusional.” he hisses, glaring out the window and away from you. You scooch back more to sit against the pillow.

“Try me. I genetically experimented to create a ratio 7 foot plant monster that can now see, produce sounds, and has dissolving saliva. I survived a murderous brother, a rapist teacher, deadly heart surgery, and anti-monster attackers. My parents gave me the wild imagination that time space travel is a possibility and I have been trying to search for said results through a mixture of science and botany! A completely rude royal scientist that was supposedly dead has been infecting my nightmares and nearly killed me - TWICE!! Please, prove me wrong with something crazy and delusional.” you press, ready for a story of ages. He gives you a confused glare before settling in.


“Impossible! Its like you re-sayin you’re Asriel, the genetic child of Toriel and Asgore who passed away but thanks to Alphys’ research you were somehow revived with full memory yet no SOUL inside this flower!” you coo. He gives you the best bewildered stare that you have seen in ages. You poke at his leaves, “I heard this song and dance, pieced it together.” you briefly explain as he shakes from the trance.

“Okay, and you know about the barrier we were sealed behind?”

“I got the gist of it. Human and monster war, human mages sealed them underground, Frisk breaks the barrier, everyone comes to the surface, yadda yadda to now?” you try to summarize the knowledge passed over the news when that day had occurred.

“Basically, but there is more to it. Sooo much more.” he groans, clearing his little throat and starting his tale.

“Back when I wasn’t a damn flower, I had a sister. A human sister…… who was my best friend in the entire world. She…she understood me better than anyone else ever could try. She always picked on me for being weak hearted and a crybaby while she was strong and independent. We had a happy life……one day, that changed……the barrier can only be taken down with seven human SOULS…….We-We had planned for me to a-absorb her soul and together we would go to the surface, collect the next six and come back to break the barrier…….but I chickened out. S-S-She was in so much pain, and I just couldn’t…” he wanders off. Leaning over to cup his petals, you use your thumb to wipe tears from his eyes.

“Well, I tried to bring her body back to the village she was born in, but the killed me. Then the whole shit with Alphys and the Flower and BOOM here I am……but so much happened in that time. I learned I couldn’t feel anything anymore and was stuck with the miserable existence where I couldn’t tell anybody about who I truly was. Who would believe me? I took up the name Flowey, and watched over the miserable lives for years and years. It bored me so. Yet, every now and then, a human would stumble into the ruins, and I would have someone to play with ; what but for a short while.” he grew happier. You didn’t appreciate the dark tone he was taking.
“They were all children. Ignorant fools who thought I was there to help them; to guide them home! They would never make it home. The royal guard and da-……and Asgore made sure of it. Over time, they collected six human souls and held onto them until the fateful day where the kind would free his people from this solitude! And the crowd would go wild.” he rasps, exaggerating by throwing his leaves up pitifully.

“But then? But then I met Frisk. Frisk. Changed. Everything.” he maniacally begins a low cackle. However, you weren’t afraid to press for questions. You believed everything he was saying, because he put such emotion into it; genuine emotion, which Flowey was known to hide.

“How did Frisk change your game?” you ask with immediate regret. Flowey’s face contorts into a dark oozing mouth and eyes as he wiggles his head inches from your own.

“Frisk had determination. Determination that could defy anything; even death. The first time I saw it, nobody seemed to remember that Frisk had already done certain things, said certain lines, solved certain puzzles. Only me and Frisk remembered anything. The first time through? Frisk spared everyone, but I killed Asgore and absorbed the six human souls. Frisk was capable of many things: Saving a certain sot and loading back to that spot should he ever feel. Calming and making peace with other monsters, taming them from the thrill of the hunt. But, by far, his best ability? He could **RESET**.” he growls in bliss.


“Reset the world! Whenever he wanted, he could go back to that first moment he landed in the Ruins and do EVERYTHING all over again! It was incredible; it cured me of my boredom. The souls gave me enough power and combined determination to take control of Frisks powers; I gained the ability to load and save – but not Reset. Even with the souls, he defeated me. The first time he went through? That fool spared me. However, I didn’t want the game to end. I told him he missed things, things that would lead to a true happy ending. He believed me, and loaded back to before my fight. Then, he made sure fish-lips and that trash-nerd ended up together. That he spared and befriended everyone before returning to Asgore; to me. This time, I didn’t kill Asgore. I captured him. I captured everyone, took all their souls, and took my ultimate original form…… Even that wasn’t enough. He still defeated me, with my help he freed the underground, and case closed……**Atleast that’s what I thought.**” he sinisterly breaks his face with the smile he can no longer hold. You can only watch on, listening, trying to wrap your head around everything he is telling you.

“Finally, Frisk had managed to kill **everyone**! My sister had taken complete control of Frisk, I
couldn’t be prouder……but…but my sister had grown a new evil. An evil for monsters and humans. She was…a threat. To me. Of course, before she reached me, she had to get past that smiley trashbag idiot of a brother!” Flowey enthused.

“Smile trashbag? You mean Sans?”

“Yeah! In the underground, Asgore had him hired as the Judge : he would Judge the humans before they were sent to Asgore. He doesn’t show it, but he can be fucking impossible. I lost track of the times that idiot killed them! He made it almost like a game. And he knew!! He kept speaking of ‘time anomalys’ and how Frisk would simply ‘Reset’. He knew and remembered, all along! He was so broken with Papyrus DEAD!” Flowey cackled to himself again. You felt like sobbing. That must’ve been torture – watching your brother die by a childs hand?! It…It was so…evil.

“However, even Frisk was able to beat that fool. They went into Asgores throne room and I set a trap and killed him……it…it didn’t end well for me. My sister…she betrayed me……it-it hurt so much…” his stem writhes from side to side in uncomfortable memory. You give him a moment to relax, hoping for more of an explanation.

“After that, my sister held a control over Frisk ; there was no escape…and then he Reset. Again. Hoping to correct his mistakes. But we never forgot…and the trashbag never forgave. I don’t remember how many times Frisk repeated the timeline over and over. I lost count! But everytime someone was met with a terrible fate and loads didn’t solve it, he would Reset and do it all again to try and change something farther back……” he trails off, finally giving you a chance to speak.

“So, in short, Frisk is capable of going back in time and changing the future but you and Sans are the only ones besides Frisk who remembers it and Frisk kept ‘Resetting’ his stay down in the underground to continue to enjoy adventures with the crew but eventually accepted that things needed to stop and so everyone is here now and that’s why Sans and Frisk rely on each other so much?” you gasp at the last part as you somehow managed to fit that into an entire sentence. You were hoping to get more than a nod for all that effort, but you took it and let your mind reel. “So magic was the final ingredient for time traversing……that’s bullshit.” you finalize.

“That’s bu- did you hear ANY of what I just said?!” he blurts, stunned by your calmness as you take a needy sip of your cocoa.

“I heard you. I believe you. I’ve got it wrapped around my head that your sister, who I’m assuming is Chara, possessed Frisk and helped them kill everyone I know and love. I’ve wrapped around that you were evil and only seeked power and control over everyone – to abuse Frisks power. I’ve wrapped around that Frisk is capable of time travel. What I haven’t wrapped around is why you are giving me such a sad face.” you tell, looking back into his eyes. He falls silent, glancing away. Cautiously, he turns back. His face is completely different. The whiteness of his face is bulging out into a snout and fur, little forest green eyes staring down to you with tears bubbling in his eyes.

“I won’t let anything happen to you. This isn’t where it will end. I promise. We will keep you safe, no matter how far we have to go.” his tone has changed entirely as you sit up in complete shock. You were…drifting. Yes, you were drifting and hugging a child in a vat of darkness when you heard those words. Bringing your hands to both side of his face, you swallow and speak.

“A-Asriel? Was it…was it you? In that dark place?” you ask. He nuzzles into your hand, wetting it with flowing tears.

“T-That wasn’t t-the first time you met Grillby……you-you ran out and we chased after you. T-Then t-t-the tru-truck…” he whimpers, wrapping his little vines around your fingers. You immediately pieced it together : your nightmares, that familiarity, Frisk and Flowey being so
clingy, why Sans had gotten mad at them.

“I died.” you mutter in shock, trembling as a wave of memories flash through your mind blinding your vision. You were running. Running from Grillby. You heard Flowey scream and turned around. Papyrus, Frisk and Flowey were chasing after you desperately. Then…the trucks lights. Your arm and legs getting crushed, your face being plowed into as your shattered ribs stabbed the bone into your heart. Tears sprang from your eyes as the recollection of the fear and panic you’d felt washed over you now. Clutching the pot close, you cradle into Asriel. He kept sobbing whispered apologies. You both sat there, warm yet shivering as you embraced.

“Why…why did you load?” you plead, backing up to wipe the tears from your cheeks and his face.

“What do you mean why did we load?! I–..We couldn’t just-!” he cant express his disbelief as you cradle him to your heart, uncaring if it jumps out this instance and runs off.

“Asriel……look at my arms.” you plead turning each arm over to reveal the multitude of cutting scars, including the newest and biggest edition. “These weren’t caused by my brother. I did them, to myself, on purpose.” you confide.

“W-Why would you-“

“Because I was suicidal, Asriel. I was so depressed with my life, how I was hated and treated, how desperate I was to no longer feel? I would cut myself, let the blood flow, and hope maybe I wouldn’t wake up when it let me pass out. It was emptiness. A once blissful emptiness that let me escape my reality and drown into a cold nothingness……I have been prepared to face death for so many years. To hear I met up, gave him a high five, and was brought back to before that high five? That hurts a little.” you admit. You’d been prepared for an early death your whole life, even with your hopeful promise (which was now darkly comedic since it was 58 years off) keeping you solid. Though now? Now you had something that would keep you away from death…and you didn’t want that.

“What I-I’m trying to say is : if I do d-die again……No loads. No Resets. Burn my corpse and scatter my ashes over my parents grave. That’s all I ask.” you beg, looking down with a strained smile as he bursts into tears, latching onto your hand and wailing into your palm. You were so calm about all of this : Flowey and Frisk being mass murderers of multiple time repeats. The memories you experienced though were real and perfectly correlated Sans’ behavior with Frisk to what had occurred.

Holding tightly onto Asriel, his childs face seeped away to the more familiar face and voice of Flowey as he stuck himself to you, like a leech. You laid down, tired from warm drinks and crying, leaning to pot beside you as he nestled into the crook of your neck, whispering and whimpering as you stroked his petals.

“I-I-I p-promise……b-but…I… I don’t want you to die.” he pleads, quivering against your petting finger. “You’re just l-like my s-sister. You und-derstand me. I…I don’t want to-to lose another s-sister! Please...Please don’t die…please.” he begs, praying any god would grant his wish for any price. You shush him, folding a hand to cup his head.

“If I can help it, I won’t. I don’t want anything to happen to you. To any of you. I cherish you guys. You and Frisk are like the little brothers I always wanted.” you sleepily admit, cuddling close and relaxing as he sniffles against you. While his vines are twirled around your stomach and arms, you peacefully hum “This I Promise You” as a lullaby to ease his clearly burdened mind. It helps you fall into better dreams as you hold each other close. You will accept everything.
God I wish I had the talent to just DRAW THIS SHIT. FLOWEY AND JANE ARE SO FUCKING KAWAII CUDDLES TOGETHER. FUCK. Not that taking Frisk out makes it even less cute, but Jane and Flowey specifically have a unique bond! So yeah. Remember that poll a LONG time ago : Grillby VS Muffet? Well it was to decided who was going to hire Jane! Surprise! Of course, though, Muffet will play her role :D

Please leave comments <3 I really like em ^^
The Job Prowler

Chapter Summary

Jane upholds her promise to Papyrus - helping him find a job.

Chapter Notes

Jesus christ sorry! I had brain breakings, shit with work, and then my cat passed away yesterday.

~~Poppy - Rest in peace. Eat all the mice. Don't sneak into heaven catnip pantry.~~

Moving past that depression, here's the chapter!

ALSO : 8000 VIEWS? 500 KUDOS!?? You guys Q^Q You are too fucking sweet T^T

ALSO ALSO : Thank you to InkClover for this drawing based off the painting Jane made like 20 Chapters back!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Waking up at seven in the morning is a bitch. He hardly registers he has his alarm clock in a magical death grip before he forces himself to gently put it down in order to smash a boney fist to silence the dreaded machine. Growling to the light piercing through his windows, he urges his arms to lift his frame. Swinging his skull around, he rubs the cervical vertebrae that had tensed against the rougher mattress. Despite his dislike for the soreness it provided, he despised those mattresses that sunk you into their frame to fit your body better. It felt…..wrong. Too familiar to obscure past events. The mattress creaks beneath him as he rests his radius and ulna against his patella. Glaring over in the dimness his room, he catches the miserable sight of Papyrus having neatly hung all his uniforms on his closets slats. Today he had shifts at the hot-dog stand and ice-cream parlor. Objecting himself to wearily standing with a cranky attitude, he nudges past a few stray socks and shorts as he fumbles groggily with proper uniform before hiding it all under a complete blue hoodie – lacking zipper. Yawning silently, he teleports downstairs to swing open the fridge. Yanking out a few granola bars and a fresh bottle of ketchup, he hears stifled giggles and coos from the living room. Interest piqued, he meanders over through the dining room. The scene makes his morning.

Toriel and Papyrus are wide awake, messing with their phones that emit little photo snapping sounds. Toriel can hardly contain her smile and laughter. You are buried underneath a disarray of blankets, your right leg hung out awkwardly over the couch cushions and your opposite arm draping over the armrest. Your right arm is tightly hooked around Floweys pot that you have pressed your face into as it stifles your humming snores. Quietly approaching, Toriel gives a pleasantry wave before picking a new position to photograph the adorable scene splayed out for her like a free-for-all platter.

Papyrus is trying to rouse you – along with Flowey. Likely his main goal is to retrieve Flowey for
school soon. Frisk could be heard sluggishly spooning Temmie Flakes from his cereal bowl. Quiet kid. Sans comes to besides his brother finally actually hearing him. He never knew his brother could be quieter than Alphys.

“Human……I require Flowey.” Papyrus insists, trying to cautiously nuzzle between you and the pot you have in a death lock. Flowey and you don’t budge. “Jane…little human?” he coos, warily rocking your shoulder. You mutter something through your sleep, but otherwise remain unresponsive. Sans elects to watch on in the joy of Papyrus trying to wake you.

“paps. you saw ‘er back at the dorm – grabs sleep and never lets go.” he jokes as Papyrus gives a slightly anguished but agreeing sigh as he kneels beside you, carefully stripping off the comforting warmth of the blanket.

“I DON’T MEAN TO ALARM YOU BUT IT IS WAKE UP TIME!!” Papyrus excitedly startles Flowey who is flailing his little leaves with screeches as you argue a grumble, smothering your face into the pillow beneath your head. Sans snickers internally as Flowey comes down from the morning scare to glare death at Papyrus.

“Papyrus. You are dead meat.” his face begins shifting unpleasantly as Sans steps forward with an intimidating pupilless glare of his own.

“hey hey ey. paps is just being a proper skeleton. kids gotta go to school. ‘sides; there ain’t any meat on his bones in the first place.” his smirk threatens to penetrate his sockets as Papyrus continues to attempt to wedge Flowey out from the pot. Continuing to meet the resistance known as you, Frisk brings their favorite pot over and merely swaps them out as Sans stays behind to help Papyrus in his struggle. And isn’t it just that. You’re hardly responsive despite his brothers insistence. If anything, your snoring louder and snuggled in deeper. Even he can’t resist Papyrus’ calling after a certain point. Maybe that was due to his light-sleeping to heavy-sleeping habits or maybe because he always listened to his brother, but you still ignored all his attempts. Speaking, Screeching, Gentle Nudges? Nothing worked. The only responses they received convinced him you weren’t dead. Accessing the laptop, he overviews a rather horrific gore scene as he ignores the odd link and moseys over the history bar. Its no wonder you were so exhauster; your search history indicated you’d been browsing until nearly 2 A.M. Looking back, Papyrus is attempting a different method. He’s for some reason taken off his gloves and has begun pressing his fingers into your face in what he assume is soothing. He doesn’t understand why and it clearly is confusing you as you merely brush them away like a fly. Finally, he treats this seriously.

“JANE!! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO DALLY IN DREAM LANDS! WE HAVE A BIG DAY AHEAD AND NOW IS THE OPTIMAL TIMING FOR AN AMAZING FAMILY BREA-“

Alas, you became serious too.

In one fell swoop, still dozed off, you snatched the pillow from your side and bashed it against his skull, pivoting it unusually to the side. Likely imagining the sound was the alarm clock, you clutch onto his free arm, disarming him, and chucking it across the room to clatter against the wall before slamming your face with an aggressive groan into the face pillow. Papyrus is honestly speechless, but Sans has enough to say. Helping rotate Papyrus’ head back to it original orientation, despite the queasy feeling of his head being screwed on wrong, Sans folds his arm over as he leans above your form on the armrest.

“What do you call a human that hits my brother?” he asks quietly as he gingerly pokes repeatedly at your forehead.
“dead,” he whispers. Finally it catches your attention. Your attention hitches his own in the most enticing and chilling way possible. Your nose and mouth are still buried into the pillow, but you sneak an absolutely blazing set of hatred filled eyes that glare through to his very SOUL. Something within him beats profusely as he merely shoots icicles back of his own, completely serious yet so overwhelmed with your gaze, lost in the yellow hazel threatening to chip his very bones. Looking into your eyes, a chill reverberates throughout his entire skeletal structure, yet a spitting flame within rushes a wave of heat over his frame only to be replaced and repeated. He hardly realizes he is shaking ‘til you finally lift your head to rest your chin onto the headrest.

“What time is it.....?” you grumble as you try to adjust your eyes to the new lighting.

“IT'S TEN MINUTES AFTER EIGHT HUMAN JANE AND YOU TOOK A NAP ON THE COUCH!” Papyrus complains, snatchin gand adjusting his arm back into place before lifting you up despite the slack protests. “IT IS VERY UNHEALTHY I HEAR FOR YOUR MUSCLE AND BONE STRUCTURE TO BE LEFT IN SUCH UNCOMFORTABLE POSITIONS FOR EXTENDED PERIODS OF TIME!! THUSLY I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, SUGGEST WE BOTH SET OUT ON A PLEASANT THREE MILE MORNING JOG! OF COURSE, AFTER BREAKFAST!!” Papyrus enthuses about the jog especially but recalls the meal consisting of specially made eggs and cereal with buttered toast. Merely ignoring your withering complaints, he slings you under his arm and carries you into the dining room.

“Papyruuss nnooooooo” is the repeating plead you supply. Sans is left, solidified to the ground as he tries to steal himself. The waves dancing through his humming bones were unique and settled every nerve whilst setting something inside him ablaze that prickled his senses. He felt so alive for that brief moment your eyes met his own. He couldn’t place this feeling; this was a completely new experience he had never witnessed. He designates time later to studying this pulsing later on, likely using you peacefully as an emotional guinea pig. Scratch that, that sounds cruel. Cruel like some bastard would do. The mere mental mention forces Sans’ hand as he rips open a tear, darting out into the alleyway beside his hot-dog stand to open shop as he begrudgingly relinquishes the hoodie as proof of his job.

Sitting at the table is a nightmare. Toriel keeps giggling and going through her phone and you lack any energy to seek gossip about the night before. Toriel takes pity on your morning drowsiness, fetching you hot chocolate with a single jumbo marshmallow. Even through your hazed eyes and drooping head, you appreciate the effort as she rubs your back. The soothing pressure you can slightly make out in certain areas nearly has you face-planting into your own cereal bowl. You remain unfocused through the morning momentum. It all passes you like a videotape sped up. Alphys and Undyne eat and chat with the family, Toriel is showing her photo around and people are talking to you but you hear nothing, Asgore and Toriel go around hugging and kissing before heading off and Alphys and Undyne follow suit. The only unmoving thing, much to your surprise, was Papyrus. He sat across from you, mostly silent, but the time only grew the excitement he felt in his eyes. Allowing your brain to catch up with the date and your new state of awareness, you groan and rub your temples.


“I KNEW IT!! SO, WHERE ARE THE DESTINATIONS!!?” Papyrus begs as you lean back, cracking you hip and back to the aching uncomfort the couch provided.

“If I tell you Papyrus it will ruin the surprise. Now, go get a plain white or pastel possibly cuffed button up shirt with either neat jeans or dress pants – preferably without patterns or wild colors
please.” you quip as you rub your forehead. Papyrus is off in a flash as you chow through your cereal and make your way upstairs. Wanting to represent, you slip into a simple lilac v-neck with mid-length sleeves and a lower thigh black and purple plaid skirt. Putting on a black silk knee-high along with the heels you’d used at the judging. The memories weren’t nearly as painful when looking at the dress. Toriel had insisted to repair the damages and you appreciate it. At the time. Hardly noticeable it needed repair work, but you recalled exactly what happened. Shutting your closet, you refuse to linger on the thoughts. Throwing Seymour and Louis a quick set of sardines without the training, making your bed, washing your hand and face ; you deemed your hair was adequate as you strung it back into a high ponytail.

Trudging down the stairs, Papyrus is getting slightly frustrated as his signature “nyehs” are replaced with huffed grunts. Entering Papyrus’……unique room, you take a quick moment to smile that he cleared a little area over a large table of organized action figures to display the art-piece you made. He seems to be struggling with the cuffs being properly rolled and buttoned. He keeps attempting to flick his wrists carpals and taking advantage of his longer bones, but the buttons fiddle and click between them too much.

“You need some help?” you offer, taking a wary step inside. Papyrus looks to you with bewilderment which quickly become and embarrassment and appreciation. You’re not nearly as amazed as you expected ; maybe that’s due to the fact Papyrus’ build nicely compliments his sleek clothes. He took to using his other hand to neatly tuck the white button up mid-sleeve into decently dark grey dress pants that actually hit his tarsals where he has a pair of business shoes one would likely mistake for tap shoes. You refuse to stare as your focus is on the cuffs which you are quick to even out, roll neatly, and button down. Giving the ‘okay’ pat, Papyrus gingerly swishes it around in testing and beams down at you with a hug.

“THANK YOU HUMAN JANE!! HUMAN CLOTHING CAN BE QUITE TAXING SOMETIMES…” he slyly admits his trouble preparing as you give a forgiving grin and lean towards the door.

“You all set?”

“YES!!” he cheers, jumping excitedly before trying to relax and appear professional. Both of you make your way downstairs while he is practically vibrating with excitement. Before running out, you ensure the house is properly locked down before heading out to the driveway. Yet, reaching the pavement with a quick scan of the yard, Papyrus has vanished.

“Papyrus?” you call curiously.

“OVER HERE JANE!” comes an echo. Following it to the garage side of the house you find a nicely hidden black and grey stone path with abused tire treads of dirt. The path is completely hidden within the surrounding forests trees and you barely make out the white of Papyrus before dashing in. He hardly waits for you as you ponder what he is thinking.

“Papyrus, where are you going?” you call out while picking up the pace to match his long natural strides.

“TO FETCH MY CAR!” he calls back, waving back to signal you are approaching something. Turning around a bend is what looks like a toolshed, but with a garage door. It’s very secretive and secluded from the rest of the house. Papyrus is punching in a code on the side of the door as you finally catch up, panting slightly due to the slight constant incline. The garage door whirs open as the sun glistens off a well-kept DB9 Topless Coupe, the cherry red gleam bouncing off from the sudden reveal to rays and the signal alarm gives an excited beep as Papyrus walks in to pet and jump into the car, pulling it out of confinement.
“How many cars do you guys have?” you whisper struggling to imagine the wealth the likely traded for their previous currency. Looking around, the shed is practically the opposite of the pristine sports-car. As predicted before, it’s mostly a tool shed. A large scuffed wooden table with somewhat organized tools dangling above it off the wall. Laid out on the table are schematics and widgets. The wall shelves are lined with little gadgets, including that ridiculously adorable Dippy Bird toy. There’s a lab coat with oil or tar stains hanging besides a signature but utterly ripped to shreds blue hoodie. Along with two particularly large bookshelves stuffed full with knowledge and a dual set of filing cabinets with stray pieces poking out, the largest thing in the room is covered in a tarp. You can’t make out what it is, but coils and cables run underneath the tarp, so it must be mechanical machine of sorts. The last noticeable thing is a tucked away desk cluttered with loose papers. A constant 100101100101110 code keeps playing out over the desktops screen. Its seemingly endless as you try to wrap your head around this all. The only indication that this was a Sans Space Only zone was the stray multitude of jokes books among quantum physics, Alphys would never let it become this dirty, and the fact there was a sign that read “Secret Skeleton Squad”. It was humerus. Quickly using your sleeve to dust off a precious photo frame of the entire family your brain finally registers the distracted calls of Papyrus who wishes to proceed. Leaving the picture and the rest of the mess, you snuggly jump into the passenger side as Papyrus takes immense care and concentration before making his was onto the road. Once the driveway is reached, he pauses.

“WILL YOU TELL ME NOW?” he pleads with skeleton puppy eyes. You honestly want nothing more than to let him explode with excitement but you know better and continue to keep the surprise.

“No way Papyrus! I will give you directions, so lets get going.” you sigh, wiping your phone out for exact directions. Unlike in the van, you come to the realization the ecstatic energized Papyrus has his boney hands on the steering wheel of a sports-car that has 540 horsepower behind it. Undynes was roughly 350-500. The speed he zipped down the road with dried out your eyes in an instant as your hair blew wildly over the back. You’re surprised the rest of your head didn’t follow it ;your spinal column just dangling out as your head and hair fling wildly over the back. Reaching the first stoplight is a blessing.

“C-Can you…PLEASE……PLEASE PLEASE not drive that fast.” you state, gripping the change pocket besides the handle for dear life.

“AH. SORRY.” he apologizes, though you aren’t sure how sincere he is being. It’s not that you are claiming him as a liar, he just really enjoyed going fast and was smiling throughout the apology.

“I-Its fine. Take a right up here and follow the hill up, alrighty?” you instruct as Papyrus takes more care in not scaring the life out of you.

“MAY I ATLEAST HAVE A HINT ABOUT THE LOCATION WE ARE STOPPING AT?” Papyrus pleads again. You suppose it would be best to give him a heads up. Maybe it would calm his nerves.

“Well, you seem to like taking care and cheering up everyone else, so why not do that for a job?” you hint, giving him a wink. He instantly becomes more excited.

“LIKE A HUMAN DAYCARE?!”

“Almost. Daycares are for people who need to leave and don’t want their children alone. This place is like that, but it’s an all-day thing and not kids.” you finalize as the parking lot for the nursing elderly home comes into view. Pulling up, Papyrus takes time to appreciate the cleanliness of the lawn and resting area, but notices all the elderly people with canes and/or wheelchairs.
“SO THIS PLACE IS FOR OLDER HUMANS?” Papyrus tries to clarify as you both start walking up the path to the main doors.

“Basically. A nursing elderly home is for older humans who can’t take care of themselves properly anymore. In a retirement home they still have their freedom and can hold their own, but both feature nurses and just people to comfort them. I thought this place was perfect since I know you love helping people, your loud nature makes it easier for them to hear you, and you’re just a sweetheart.” you compliment as he hides his skull bashfully, scraping his boney hands off his skull. Entering inside, there is a slight appreciation that it doesn’t reek exactly like a hospital as you both make your way to the main desk. “Hello, we were hoping to maybe see if he could receive an application to working as a Carer.” you speak up, waiting for the woman behind the desk to pry her dead-eyes off the computer screen and call someone up. She signals you to take a couch seat besides the desk.

Settling back, the couch is actually quite soft as you glance around. Plenty of families and children have come to visit their elders and other old couples are having pleasant conversations and playing little games. It takes a moment for the rattling besides you to catch you attention.

“Papyrus?” you ask, sneaking a peak. His legs are practically dancing they are bouncing and clacking underneath the fabric. Placing a hand to his shoulders clavicle, he jumps in his seat and gives you a shaky look. “Papyrus, relax. I checked ahead – this is a monster friendly job and it will go fine. Remember ; you are a confident skeleton with an incredible personality and loving care for everyone. This place is perfect!” you ensure as a slightly Hispanic man approaches dressed in pastel blue simple clothing ; likely another carer.

“Hello! Are you both here for the application?” he asks politely, looking between you both. His gaze lingers more on you but you chalk that up to never meeting a skeleton before.

“No it’s just him.” you promise, giving a nudge with the elbow as Papyrus shoots up, towering over the man.

“G-GREETINGS HUMAN. I AM THE G-GREAT PAPYRUS! I WAS HOPING THAT YOU WOULD BE PERHAPS HIRING?” he questions. You have never seen him so unsure and insecure with nerves and anxiety. Papyrus was always confident, even when mistakes were made. However, despite the booming nature, the man extends an arm.

“Well hello! I’m Jason and if you’d like, imma give you a quick tour and rundown of the place and the job information. If you are still sure you’re up for the job, we will give you an application.” he speaks firmly as Papyrus shakes his hand with newfound glee. “Would you like to come along as well miss?” he offers. Just to be careful and maybe ease his nerves, you agree as you all start walking down a hallway after walking off an elevator on the 5th floor. You felt a little bad since Papyrus had to crouch to properly stand in the smaller elevator. Plenty of people stare at Papyrus, yet there is nothing hateful. Even a few of the patients appear to be monsters, though they look more…peculiar. There are these bird monsters with what appear as snowflake designs on the front of their head. A smaller one is speaking to one that is clearly misshapen. It looks as though two radishes have taken the place of the location of it’s eyes, the mouths moving like an eye would express. The frill and wings are slightly plucked and her colors aren’t as bright as what you assume is her family. Worse yet, she appears to be…melting? Well, melted. She is solid, but in the past she appears to have melted or something along those lines. You pity the creature slightly, but she seems utterly pleased with the visiting of their family and seems capable of speech, despite it being garbled from what you can hear from the distance. You decide to not approach and remain besides Papyrus.
Jason and Papyrus are making nice chit-chat. Papyrus, for being kind, turned down his booming level for a more subtle normal speaking. Its slightly off putting but you know it won’t stay like that. Entering a large lobby room, plenty of elderly folk are chatting and playing little games. Or napping. Jason was introducing Papyrus to a group of elders. Everyone was prying little jokes of “The grim reaper has appeared!” and “Oh he looks like a sweetie!”. Papyrus is opening up more, asking them all if they need refreshments and talking of Sans. It was a good call on the booming voice being an advantage because you make out a few sporting hearing aids. Papyrus is completely into it, nearly forgetting you were there before pulling you over.

“THIS IS MY KIND HUMAN JANE! SHE IS ASSISTING ME IN LOCATING A WORK PLACE AND THIS IS OUR FIRST STOP!” he praises as he flashes a complete tooth smile. An older man really seems to have warmed up to the positive attitude Papyrus is constantly radiating. An elderly group of women come over and poke and pick out your features. One even dares to pinch your cheeks like a grandmother. Papyrus watches curiously, obviously entranced with the flexibility of your face before poking the other.

“Papyrus, you can poke me another time. I’m kinda trapped here.” you point out. The ladies are judging your clothing choices – namely your skirt length and style. Papyrus takes the hint, backing off to follow Jason to a more personal area you are informed only he should be seeing. Likely the break room. The woman finally back off to go do little crossword puzzles as you sit and wait.

Waiting around, your phone begins to vibrate with a text notification as you open the page. Of course its your favorite idiot.

Flynn : 10:17   Hey hey hey – you won’t believe what I just dug outta my closet! ;D My visit will consist of its soft whisper. A ‘careless whisper’. ;)  [1 pic.]

Clicking open the linked photo, he found his fucking saxophone. God he was such an idiot. Its his old saxophone he specifically had color designed after the famous painting ‘Starry Night’, wisping colors of blues and shimmers of yellow orbs. He must’ve dusted it off because it shimmers against the phones flash. You also can see a few stray socks he has left lying around. He and Sans would make optimal messy roommates.

Jane : 10:19   Oh please spare me. Sax be too suave and sexy XD I am unworthy!!!

Flynn : 10:22   Please. Your worthy worth is clearly worthy thus your worthy worth is worthy enough.

Jane : 10:23   Fuck you.

Flynn : 10:25   We can get to that business when I get the time ;D

Jane : 10:27   I meant you fucking yourself. I am not involved.

Flynn : 10:28   Aaaawww comon </3

Jane : 10:29   No. Pointless to even promise. You never visit. BREAKING MY HEART!! </3

Flynn : 10:32   I swearsies I will come to you <3 And if you want…in you. ;)

Jane : 10:33   Welp I am done chatting you up today =^=

Flynn : 10:34   YOU KNOW YOU LOVE IT <3

Flynn : 10:34   <3
You groan, turning off your phone and shoving it into your pocket while you accept the peace of the moment. Plenty of elders distanced from you while you sat in wait, but there was one woman giving you a dirty look. She kept giving them to any of the monsters visiting or working in this care-home, and she was duplicating that look to others speaking to them. You couldn’t blame her – the elderly weren’t as easily changed to the times as the youth.

“Melany?” a scratchy voice comes from behind you before a hand grasps your shoulder from behind the couch. Whirling your head, an elderly man is scowling with a firm grip on your shoulder, addressing you. He must be confusing you for another. You sneak your shoulder underneath his reach and stand up abruptly to try and calm the man.

“Sir, I am sorry, but I am not Melany.” you clearly say worried for not being understood. The man is quick to come around the couch and snatch up your wrist again. For being elderly, he is still larger and his grip is bruising your wrist. You try to calmly pry him off; it’s unsuccessful.

“Melany!! You mustn’t be here! Those blasted spies are lurking everywhere and I refuse to let you hesitate in the line of fire!!” he yells, dragging you hastily. How was this old man so strong for appearing so wobbly?! Giving more force and pushing and pulling results in him yanking you along. You don’t want to hurt him somehow and hope maybe he is merely escorting you out while delusional in a past concern.

“Sir, please, my name is Jane! You’re mistaking me for someone!” you plead trying to keep calm. You finally notice where he is dragging you – the opened window. Recalling how you’re all on the 5th floor, you urgently pry at the dragging arm. “Sir, please!” you yell as he gives a rather harsh tug.

A quick motion frees you from the grasp as it raises you high. Papyrus hugs you close to his sternum, looking down at the man screeching in fear.

“ELDER HUMAN PLEASE CALM DOWN!” he pleads, watching the man cautiously as he tries to snatch at your ankles. Disregarding the skirt, you huddle your legs up to your body to keep you out of his reach. Jason is quickly running behind him to you both.

“Mr. Lisre please relax!” he asks frantically, trying to redirect the elder.

“We need to evacuate!!” he screeches as more nurses and security come to his aid. Jason lets them take control as he reapproaches.

“I’m incredibly sorry ‘bout that! He has terrible flashbacks and merely confused you for someone else.” he explains as Papyrus gingerly places you back on the floor. He refuses to remove his hands from your shoulders.

“I-I can understand. Best keep the windows closed ‘round him.” you try to play it off, wringing your wrist and wincing at the tension that built up. Papyrus’ grip tightens on your shoulders.

“I think it would be best for us to leave, Jane.” You can hardly believe the sternness belongs to Papyrus but you whirl about to look at him and he is completely serious. Its pretty intimidating when you accommodate it with his height. “Thank you for the offer Jason. I will consider the application, but we best be off!” he replies, taking up your other hand and pulling you towards the elevator before Jason can call out a word. Once in the elevator, he kneels and carefully holds onto
your snatched wrist. “ARE YOU ALRIGHT? I AM SORRY I DIDN’T RETURN SOONER! HE WAS SHOWING ME HOW TO FIND ROOMS, THE FACULTY OFFICE, CLEANING CLOSET, AND SO MANY THINGS THAT-THAT I LOST COMPLETE TRACK OF TIME AND LOCATION!” Papyrus finally reverts back to his normal self, huffing as he holds your wrist gently and allows for healing magic to surge out of his metacarpals and phalanges as the soothing warmth speeds and heals the bruising. It is a very clear hand mark still, but you proclaim it will be fine as you practically swat away his neediness to attend for your wounds.

“Less worrying about me, more you! Did you just deny the job?” you ask with slight attitude.

“IT’S NOT THAT I DENIED IT! IT MERELY SEEMS UNFIT FOR I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS! THEY SEEM TO BE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE WITH MORE KNOWLEDGE OF THE HUMAN BODY AND CARE SYSTEM, WHICH I AM LACKING. BESIDES, I WOULD LOVE FOR YOU AND EVERYONE ELSE TO BE ABLE TO VISIT MY INCREDIBLE WORK PLACE WITHOUT PEOPLE TRYING TO PUSH AND PULL YOU……YOU LOOKED VERY UNCOMFORTABLE EARLIER…”Papyrus looks solemnly at the floor.

“When they were grabbing my cheeks? Papyrus – that’s just how some people are! I don’t want you to give up on this job offer merely because of a little accident…” you try to reciprocate the concern through your voice, but you can understand how he likely wouldn’t be capable of physically caring for the elderly. He was too riled, excited, and bone fidgety. Aside from that, he knew next to nothing of how humans functioned or what they required. Returning and hastily exiting the lobby, you both heave a sigh as you settle into the car for a moment of relaxation.

“I’M SORRY-“

“Papyrus you have nothing to be sorry about!” you recoil his apology.

“I DO THOUGH! I WAS ENJOYING MYSELF, SPEAKING TO THE OLDER HUMANS! THEY ALL HAD SUCH NICE STORIES TO SHARE AND I COMPLETELY LEFT THE BESTEST HUMAN FRIEND BEHIND! IT’S CRIMINAL!” he cries out, shoving his hands into his face. ‘Bestest’?

“Papyrus, I though Frisk was your bestest human friend.” you clarify, trying to redirect the conversation so he doesn’t look utterly broken with himself.

“OH NO! FRISK IS MY BESTEST HUMAN NEPHEW!” Papyrus clears up the misunderstanding. You sigh and pat his clavicle.

“Ah Papyrus. You’re too sweet. Like a little sugar skull.” you mutter.

“A WHAT?” he asks befuddled as you start the ignition for him.

“Nevermind that! We got two more stops to try!” you declare as Papyrus takes the new information as fuel, quick to back up, properly stop at the sign, and speed off again. It only takes one minute of screams for him to understand he needs to slow down.

“WHERE TO NEXT, BESTEST HUMAN FRIEND JANE?” he asks giddily, looking around. Complete shift in attitude – not even two minutes ago he was choking huffed sobs about not being able to protect you from something he couldn’t control.

“Take a right and go down that street til you reach the 5th right hand turn.” you direct as the tires screech beneath you. “I’m a little more worried ‘bout this place. Offer might already be taken.” you grumble as the florist comes into view. Papyrus squeaks in bliss as you instruct him to pick a
spot in the parking lot before he nearly mows down the door. The inside is practically like living inside a bouquet. Its pretty warm and humid as you both pass a fern with a slight flick to the face before reaching the counter.

“HELLO! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WAS LOOKING FOR AN APPLICATION AND DISCOVERED THERE WAS AN OFFER! IS IT STILL AVAILABLE?” Papyrus speaks up, obviously calmer and clearer.

“O-Oh I’m sorry we already filled the position…” the woman continuously getting quieter and smaller underneath the amazon skeleton known as Papyrus. You were afraid the offer was cancelled. Papyrus obviously was as upset as you, but refused to let it spoil the day. You leave him to whatever chatting he was having with the distressed cashier as you look around what foliage they offer. You always enjoy looking at the varying succulents and cacti. Petting the softer cacti bristles and looking over a beautifully kept orchid with pinks, violets, and purple splotching patterns inside the white petals. Finally returning to the front door, Papyrus follows quickly and carrying a bag. He clearly is more upbeat then before as he doesn't allow you to look inside the bag until he starts the cars engine. Inside is careful planting instructions, bagged fertilizer, and something wrapped safely in paper wrap. He fishes it out and offers it to you.

“NYEH HEH HEHEH! I THOUGHT IT WOULD LOOK NICE AND CHEER YOU UP FROM THAT INCIDENT BACK AT THE ELDERLY HOME!” Papyrus confidently poses as he begins to pull out of the parking spot. Inside the wrapping was a small purple lily with two slanted down prongs meant to be put into your hair.

“Oh, Papyrus!” you shriek with excitement and then deadpan. “How much did it cost? You didn’t have to! I will pay you back later I promise! Should I put it in now? Ooohhh its so pretty and you’re so sweet! I’m putting it in.” you ramble questions and shrieks as you carefully slip it in above your ponytail ; making the hair appear to sprout from the flower. “Okay, take that left. Follow that road for a while.” you instruct, playing and pinching to ensure the accessory stays in.

“I’m sorry thus far hasn’t been that successful Papyrus. I know we will find one though!” you grip the air heroically. Carefully, Papyrus follows suit. You were hoping this would encourage him.

“INDEED HUMAN JANE!! THIS NEXT PLACE I’M SURE WILL BE A WINNER!” he shrieks as someone yells obscenities out their window to his volume. You snicker as you’re too far gone to hear their scolding words over the distance and engines revving. You need to park in a separate area but you walk him happily to the last stop of the day : Pet Store. Papyrus can’t help bursting into the door and breathlessly shrieking to himself. Dogs, Cats, Turtles, Ferrets, Mice, Bunnies, Guinea Pigs, Fish, Birds, Parrots, Reptiles and Amphibians. Papyrus is quick to ignore the welcoming human at the front and speeds over to the bunnies and cats, trying to sneak a finger in and rub the kittens cheeks. You didn’t know Papyrus was a cat person. Sidding over to the register, the man behind has a name clip reading “Bob”. It reminds you of the Temmie you recalled and they knew a Bob. Of course, this man was far from a Temmie. He was pretty plump but his uniform suited him. He could have a sweat war on equal terms to a strained Sans. Clearing your throat, he gives a wary smile.

“Hey, hi, how can we help you?” he asks, almost uncaring. Clearly from the clean floor, well-fed animals, and smiles on the other customers faces, this man doesn’t let that attitude stray into his work passion.

“My friend was hoping to get an application here?” you ask as he narrows his eyes. Looking around, Papyrus is nowhere in sight. “Papyrus c’mere!” you call. Papyrus is swift yet careful to not stumble over a stool as he approaches the counter. Bob is a little hesitant but pulls out an
application regardless.

“Just fill that out…” he mumbles, gesturing to a chair that Papyrus quickly settles into, filling out the application with a borrowed pen. You stumble over to the dogs. A dachshund and terrier puppy are quick to accept the attention and slather your petting hand with much licking saliva. Using the opposite hand, you gingerly run a hand up the kittens spines as they cry for a never-ending supply of attention. Walking into the back, you use the public bathroom and wash your hands. Staring into the mirror, you try to peer around and appreciate the lovely lily accessory Papyrus had bought you. Coming back out, Papyrus is calmly and quietly speaking to Bob as he goes over his application. A few moments later, he gestures him to follow as they both enter an office. A woman you hadn’t paid intense attention to who was cleaning the turtles exhibits rushed to the register until Bob returned. You warily awaited Papyrus as you sat in the chair. It felt like an eternity before Papyrus finally emerged with Bob, shaking his hand enthusiastically and rushing over to you. He had orange tears glowing in his sockets.

“Well? Well?!” you urge, confused as he can’t wipe the smile off his face. He yanks you out of the store, and the millisecond the door is closed?

"I GOT THE JOB!!!!" he screams at an entirely new level. You have to cover your ears for the moment as he jumps feet into the air as he can’t contain his extreme excitement, lurching you into a crushing hug and laughing like a maniac. The news finally registers for you as you squeeze him back, clutching his spine and back ribs past the shirt. He is swinging you around and a sudden realization has you flailing and begging him to stop “WHATS WRONG?”

“M-My skirt…” you blush harshly as you try to push it down out of embarrassment. The whole block basically got a panty-shot.

“I’M SORRY I’M JUST SO EXCITED!! BOB SAYS I START IN A FEW DAYS! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS HAVE OBTAINED A PAYING JOB WITH YOUR EXPERT ASSISTANCE!! OH THANK YOU HUMAN!!” he cries out, hugging you close without lifting your feet from the sidewalk. “I OWE YOU A GREAT DEAL!!” he declares.

“No Papyrus you don’t owe me anything! You helped me get that job at Gril-“

“NONSENSE! I OWE YOU PLENTY! THUSLY, I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL BE TAKING YOU TO EAT FINE CUISINE AND THEN DESSERT!” he declares before nudging you hastily into the seat and starting up the car without a moment to protest.

“Papyrus no.” you beg, embarrassed.

“PAPYRUS YESS!!” he squeaks along with burning tires as he takes off down the road. You give in to the insistence because it seems futile to continue to argue when he basically was buying you lunch. It was appreciated. He pulls into this nice diner and leads you both in. There are definitely more distinguished disturbed or disgusted stares as you and Papyrus wait to be seated. Even the waitress must feel bad for you, planting you far enough away from the prying stares of the other customers. You and Papyrus settle into a two seat table, and before taking up the menu you appreciate the fine paintings and photographs displayed of the diners history. Picking up your menu, Papyrus already looks set on his order.

“I’m going to read your mind. You are totally getting spaghetti.” you declare as he gives a stunned gasp.

“HUMANS ARE MIND READERS?!!” he asks, grasping his skull as you stifle a giggle.
“No Papyrus I just know its your favorite dish. You should try something new.” you suggest, trying to broaden his culinary questions. Everytime you entered the kitchen Papyrus would wait on baited breath, hoping maybe you would cook so he could learn. Its not that Toriel wasn’t enough to learn off, but Toriel was usually casually baking goodies. Undyne had been his tutor for so long and even she wanted to be taught by you. It was embarrassing to have them both just watching over you as you sliced and entered your own little world of culinary.

“OF COURSE IT IS! SPAGHETTI IS ONE OF THE BEST CULINARY CREATIONS THE GREAT PAPYRUS CAN CRAFT WITH EXPERTISE!” he proudly proclaims. You need to imagine his scarf dancing in the nonexistent wind since he left it behind to look formal.

“I can understand Papyrus, but there are different type or noodle and sauce dishes you should try. You liked the Lasagna back at the museum, yeah?” you recall him bringing a fourth square home.

“AH, IS THAT WHAT THAT WAS CALLED?”

“Yes Papyrus. Its flat long noodles that kinda sandwich together sauce, cheese and meats. Sometimes vegetables.” you explain as you point out the option in the noodle section. You and him both take time scanning over the possibilities. He seems stuck on the fettucine alfredo with broccoli and chicken. “Alright, if you order the spaghetti, I will try some of your spaghetti and you can try some of my alfredo. Deal?” you offer.

“DEAL!” he agrees as you place your menu’s down. The waitress takes another moment to approach, asking for your drinks and meals. Papyrus orders the spaghetti with extra parmesan along with a glass of water and milk. You ask for the fettucine alfredo with extra broccoli along with a water and soda. As she returns with the drinks, you find yourself alone with a nicely dressed skeleton. It rings up that truth or dare question Sans had asked during T/D Frisbee. “would you date a monster?”

One could easily presume this is a date : you are both nicely dressed, he has bought you a gift and was treating you to lunch. Sharing food. You instantly regret everything as the mere thought sends an uncomfortable vibe through you. Papyrus was too sweet, of course it would appear like a date!

“JANE?” Papyrus’ voice breaks off your befuddled mind as you shake it clear, giving a pleasant grin. This wasn’t a date – it was an outing with one of your new friends.

“Sup Papyrus?”

“IS THIS A DATE?”

Well that threw you off. As you blush and try to hide your face, his dusts a vibrant orange.

“N-No Papyrus! I mean i-it could be but it doesn’t need to! I mean! AGH!” you grumble at the hesitating frustration. You rub your palms into your temples aggressively to drive away any bad thoughts.

“IF SO I DIDN’T BRING THE PROPER CLOTHING NOR MY DATING BOOK!” Papyrus cries out, horrified. You take a moment to stare at him with confusion.

“Proper clothing……dating book?”

“W-WELL I HAVE A PREFERRED OUTFIT FOR DATING SITUATIONS SUCH AS THIS AND THE DATING BOOK WASN’T HONESTLY HELPFUL WITH FRISK SO MAYBE IT WASN’T NECESSARY OR MAYBE FRISK WAS JUST A FAR BETTER DATER THEN I YET.-“ Papyrus begins to ramble as you let loose a startled laugh. Papyrus pauses, reaching over in
concern as you clutch your trembling gut.

“Y-Y-You dated-d F-Frisk?!” you snort, covering your mouth and nose in internal shame as you giggled on.

“YES! THEY HAD BEEN INFATUATED WITH ME SINCE THEY ARRIVED IN THE UNDERGROUND AND I HAD TO UNFORTUNATELY BREAK POOR FRISKS HEART SINCE I WAS INCAPABLE OF RETURNING THE SAME FEELINGS! FRISK SEEMED ABLE TO HANDLE IT.” Papyrus finishes. Though, he begins to giggle as well. Your laugh must be contagious as you both become little globs of confused giggles as your food is finally delivered.

You need to keep demanding Papyrus tries your fettucine, and after three minutes of intense preparation, Papyrus tries a bit. Then he goes back for maybe five more forkfuls.

“Think you’d try making it?” you ask, slurping up some yourself. This and the spaghetti were exquisite.

“ABSOLUTELY! NOODLES ARE INCREDIBLE!” Papyrus happily calls out as the food disappears into his nothingness. You didn’t understand but maybe human food just took a little longer to break down than monster food. Still, you ate, drank, and chattered about Papyrus’ past. He spoke of how he was constantly lazy yet somehow managed to keep multiple sentry stations, a hot dog stand, and part-time babysitter, ice cream salesmonster, and ticket cashier. It brings up a new question for you as you look to him curiously.

“So, Papyrus, do you have anyone you like?” you pick out, enjoying the nicely cooked broccoli.

“OF COURSE! I LIKE ALMOST EVERYONE! EVERYONE JUST NEEDS A CHANCE, OR MAYBE AN OPPORTUNITY, BUT ANY HUMAN IS CAPABLE OF GOOD!” he states prideful. You give a snarky grin.

“That’s not what I meant Papyrus. Do you like anyone?” you give him a moment to register the proper meaning to your words before his entire face becomes a citrus orange. He totally does.


“Papyrus, if you don’t want to talk about it at the moment, you don’t have to!” you ensure. You don’t want his panic to drive him into and out another window. Especially here where they would likely charge more than the actual window and repairs would cost. However, he seems more relieved as you both return to general puzzle conversations.

You can make out distant chatter of newly arriving customers leaving because of Papyrus being present. If you weren’t so focused on the conversation you would likely kick the fucker directly in the nuts, disregarding size and build. Alas, there are no leftovers. Grasping the menu to look of the desserts that Papyrus had promised (despite the off timing to the later dinner) he nudges it back down.

“I ALREADY KNEW WHERE TO GET DESSERT, YET IF I RECALL YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH MS. MUFFET, YES?”

You nearly dropped the menu. You’d completely forgotten about your fitting at Muffets! Luckily, Papyrus covers the (reasonable) bill and you both dash out as he speeds you to Muffets. You were expecting maybe a clother, designer, maybe even a seamstress…not a bakery. Her name was a little clearer but once you entered the very dark pastel pink and purple bakery, you understood her name
instantly. A humanoid Arachne stood behind the register with an array of much smaller spiders scurrying around with different pastries. Despite the peculiar monster, the place was decently packed and business was booming. Walking up nervously to the register, you can make out more of her. She wasn’t exactly like a spider. Five eyes, a few covered in pigtailed locks of hair. In two of her six long arms she held a teacup and the other held the kettle, slightly dripping some purple liquid onto the floor as she turned and met your gaze. Instantly, she let the beverage and kettle clatter to the counter as she pulled you close. It wasn’t that you had a hatred for spiders, you just preferred to calmly share space with them. This spider was the farthest thing from calm; she had a stare that ate at your soul should you falter.

“Ahuhuhu! You must be the little human working at Grillbys! Arrived just in perfect time for your fitting dearie!” she grasps your hand three times each and gives a firm shake. You can feel light detection hairs on her palms and arms. It’s somewhat creepy and you love it. You appreciate her style as she hastily drags you into a back room: she has an adorable frilled blouse with puffed shoulder sleeves as a deep magenta alongside similar poofed up shorts. Beneath that are some of the longest boots leading to stiletto heels you’d ever seen – they went from her thigh down. She sneaks you into her pleasantly simple office besides a little jar of spider candies (barbaric?) as she quickly snaps out a tape measure.

“Alrighty dearie. I need you to undress~!”

“Sorry what?” you ask baffled, suddenly very self-conscious of your back.

“To strip dearie! I need to be able to properly measure you. Have no fear dearie! Door is locked and blinds are closed. I won’t sell no secrets!” she whispers, closing in with the tape measure and begins the insisting by carefully lifting the hem of your shirt. You can immediately understand if you don’t strip, she will do the task for you. Luckily, she deems your skirt and underwear can stay on……but not your bra and shirt. Hell you even had to remove your foot wear. You awkwardly stand there, gingerly covering your nipples that are hardening out of mere terror and embarrassment as apparently she requires your bust size. Afterwards, she takes your stomach, waist, shoulders, arms, butt (that was weird), and thigh. Along with feet. Even after she’d moved past your upper body, she denied your questions to replace your clothing.

Finally, after an intense tension for what feels like an eternity, you are allowed your clothing before quickly being thrown out back to Papyrus.

“Thank you dearie! Your outfit will be delivered either tomorrow or the next day! Have a nice day pumpkin!” she waves as Papyrus leads you back outside. Today was passing in a flurry. You hardly had time to appreciate the views and everything Papyrus was talking to you about because it just kept zipping past you all as your brain tried to keep pace. You found yourself outside an ice-cream parlor with Papyrus snapping his phalanges in-front of your face.

“JANE? JANE? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?” he pleads, shaking your shoulder. You drive whatever thoughts you had been trying to piece together to the back of your brain and give Papyrus a thankful smile.

“Yeah dude. I’m fine. This our final destination for the day?” you ask with slight hope. Today was becoming a little much as Papyrus gave a confirming nod, opening the door with a bell jingle for you as you both walked in.

First analysis. Sans sleeping behind the desk for all and any to see. He didn’t even flinch when the bell rang out from the door. Papyrus looked utterly disappointed as you both made your way to the counter.
“SANS.” Papyrus’ voice was upsettingly cruel as he glared down on his brother. A newspaper covered his sockets, but a muffled groan came from underneath as he merely stretched his arms. He was lucky it wasn’t as busy here as everywhere else.

“’sup bro.” he casually asks, leaning back comfortably in the seat.

“WOULD YOU PLEASE RESPECT YOUR JOB ENOUGH TO STAY AWAKE!? WE CAME TO GET ICE-CREAM!” Papyrus declares. Sans lifts the newspaper to peek out from underneath with the illuminated pupil. You give a little wave as he huffs and pulls the paper from his head and stands up.

“paps, you shouldn’t be eatin’ ice-cream right now. you’ll get chilled to the bone.” Papyrus can hardly expect any different as he merely pinches the slight give before his nasal cavity.

“SANS. PUNS WILL NOT RUIN THIS FOR ME. I WILL BE GETTING THE USUAL, PLEASE. JANE, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE?” Now wasn’t that a question. The board’s vast flavors were incredibly intimidating and nearly half of the flavor names were foreign to your understanding. You could practically hear the clock ticking in impatience while the brothers waited for your decision. Finally, you snapped.

“Ahh just the blueberry soft serve.” you cave in as you refuse to look at the board any longer. The vast choices are nauseating. Sans gets to making the orders: it appears that Papyrus usually gets a large cherry dipped chocolate with sprinkles (which you thought was against the rules, but brothers~). A unique little feature is the end of the counter has bar stools. You and Papyrus settle down over there before Sans brings you yours.

“so, what’s the big occasion? date?” Sans playfully asks as you carefully hold the ice-cream.

“NO! ME AND JANE WENT JOB SEARCHING!” Papyrus clarifies. Sans raises a brow bone.

“really now?” he asks, faking mystification. He knew. “how’d it go, bro?” Sans asks pleasantly, though you can already see the pain in his sockets. The pain of rejection. To hide that face, he picks up the newspaper he clearly has already read over and skims it in privacy. It took Papyrus a moment to answer since he had chomped directly into his treat.

“IT WENT GREAT! I GOT A JOB!!” The paper instantly folds as he looks at you both in shock, which is then a look of astoundment. You’re pretty proud.

“how? where? when do you start?” His high speed questions drive you a little batty as you eat some of the ice-cream. It’s really good! Your taste buds dance with the slight fruity taste and cold lingering about.

“WELL! FIRST WE WENT TO THIS ELDERLY DAYCARE, BUT THAT DIDN’T GO WELL. AN OLD MAN MISTOOK JANE FOR SOMEONE ELSE AND TRIED TO PUSH HER FROM THE WINDOW!” Papyrus tattles as you shoot him a stern look. You wanted to move past that, but now the eyes were on you.

“Oh my god Papyrus it was fine! Thanks for giving me a hand though. It left me pretty…flurried.” you wink at him.

“DO NOT RUIN THIS!!” he screeches, waving his ice-cream before taking another chomp. “AFTERWARDS WE WENT TO THE FLOWER STORE BUT THE POSITION WAS ALREADY TAKEN…” Papyrus was obviously still hung up on that. You wanted to tease Sans back suddenly for that shir warning about Grillbys.
“The last place we went I thought was pretty fetching. Just had to sit down and wait it out. His new manager will be a new collar in his contact list.” you let loose a barrage of puns as Papyrus begins smacking and groaning his head against the counter in dismay. You snicker and rub his clavicle, “Sorry Papyrus. I couldn’t help it. So be so ruff on yourself.” you snort at the last one which has Sans laughing along with you.

“I JUST WANTED TO CELEBRATE WITH ICE-CREAM. IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK? NO BLASTED PUNS?” he pitifully begs while you continue to apologetically stroke his clavicle.

“pet store?” Sans finally solves it as you give a nod. “hey bro, congrats! thats doggone great. is purr-fect for ya paps.” Sans joins in before glancing over at you. You are mid lick when you lock eyes with him. Why was his face so blue? Finishing the stroke, you wonder if he wanted the ice-cream…but you also didn’t feel like sharing. Ignoring, you use your lips to take a toothless bite of the frozen treat, licking the remnants off your lips as Sans gives a gulp. What was his deal?

“chill there smalls. don’t need ya getting’ brain freeze.” he mutters. You shoot him a glare as Papyrus looks like he is on the edge of biting onto the counter when your phone vibrates in your pocket. Fixing your attitude, you don’t recognize the caller but you had a smart feeling it likely wasn’t a prank call or a spammer. Swapping hands, you lift the phone to your ear after hitting accept.

“Hello, this is Jane.” you start out as the skeletons are kind enough to stay silent on your behalf.

---“Hello Ms. Kiel this is Tella, how are you today?” Tella? Odd yet specific name that rung a bell in the back of your brain, but you forged on.

“I’m alright, thank you. May I ask why you are calling?”

---“Oh I’m sorry! It’s regarding your brothers court hearing.”

You can feel the blood draining from your face at the mere mention. You can slightly hear the cracking of the cone underneath the sudden pressured grip of your fist. You don’t hesitate. You knew this was coming eventually. You’re quick to turn to Papyrus, trying to keep a straight calm face.

“…No.” you gasp, jumping from the stool and rushing outside the door. You don’t stray far, just outside so they don’t have to hear this discussion. “Okay, what is with the hearing?” you murmur, trying to keep your wits and cool.

---“I’m sorry. I can understand it’s a sensitive topic. We were wondering if you were alright with a hearing visit next week?” she politely asks. Even over the phone people could tell you were upset. You sniffle and lean back against the building. Trying to count your classes in your mind and your possible work schedule, Grillby would just have to understand you needed to get this done and over with.

“I can take it next Thursday.” you decide as you were class free that day and it gave you a little over a week to prepare. “Any time I assume?”
“Yes that’s fine.”

“I’ll…I’ll take a 4:30 appointment if that’s okay.” you mutter, trying to control yourself.

“That’s perfect. I’m sorry we had to call on the matter. We would have sent you mail but we learned your mailing address had changed.”

Sighing with regret, you give them the new address, share a pleasant goodbye and apology, and hang up first. Stiffening up, you fight rolling your head around and merely trudge back in. You refuse to meet their eyes as you settle back into your stool and slam your forehead into the counter. Taking a moment to breathe and relax, you leave your hand open which Papyrus carefully places the cone back into. Papyrus was too good for this place. This horrible place that that scum lived in.

“Are you going to be alright?” Papyrus honestly asks, rubbing a hand over your back. Feeling the ridges of your scars doesn’t stop him. You mumble the issue into the table.

“don’t eat the counter smalls.” Sans suggests, poking your head. You agree to slamming onto your chin instead, glaring lightning at the skeleton.

“It was my lawyer. Calling about my brothers hearing.” you huff out aggressively. The pupils from his void sockets vanish and his smile falters. Papyrus continues to put pressure on your back and you can even minimally feel it in certain locations over certain nerves.

“WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO GO WITH YOU?” Papyrus suggests.

“No. Absolutely not. I don’t want you anywhere near that dude Papyrus. I know you’re trying to help, but I gotta do this myself.” you negatively resolve, biting into the ice-cream that was gingerly dripping over your hand.

“no. no you don’t. even if we can’t go in with ya we can be there when ya get out. ya don’t deserve that. this.” he aggressively gestures towards the phone. Your teeth chatter from the stinging cold yet you take another more saddened bite.

“I don’t wanna involve you guys…”

“JANE! YOU ARE OUR FRIEND. A FABULOUS HUMAN FRIEND AT THAT! WHAT FRIEND WOULD I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, BE, IF I WASN’T THERE TO BRIGHTEN YOUR DAY?!” Papyrus’ argument is hard to fight. You look to Sans but he gives a shrug.

“a friend a day keeps the frown away.” he plays on words as you groan. This wasn’t going to end. Even if you told them no? They likely would track you.

“Fine. Fine! But I don’t want you making a big deal about this……it’s next Thursday at 4:30. Back near my old college…” you grumble. Sans reaches over the counter with minor difficulty and grasps your shoulder.

“got it. we’ll be there.” he ensures with a gracious smile and a sneaky wink.

Your face brightens up. What was that feeling just now? Sans was constantly winking and encouraging you sometimes. Why did now feel different?

I got a feeling……that I won’t like this feeling.

 Agreeing with your brain, you take an enormous bite from the ice-cream in a panic before immediately regretting it. The coldness lingers and kills your tastebuds and sends perishing nerves
through your body and into your brain where a stinging headache pounds within. You screech with
a mouthful still, unable to properly swallow all at once, panicking as the brain freeze sets in. You
try to stick your thumb in your mouth against roof of your mouth to ease the pain. Papyrus is
bewildered besides his apparent looking for something hot or dry to stick in your mouth. The
mouthful proves too much as the blue and white mixture dribbles down your chin as the technique
works and you happily drown in the bliss of that issue being handled.

Your eyes fix to Sans. His pupils have shrunken considerably and his entire skull with turning a
darker cyan blue. Anger? Blush? It was hard to discern, but you didn’t understand.

Chapter End Notes

Shits getting fluffy~ And then a little more angsty, BUT CURRENTLY LOOK!!
FLUFF!!

Please leave me your comments you guys :D I appreciate all the words of
encouragement or corrections!
Remember to often check my Tumblr for updates!
Challenging Your Social Life

Chapter Summary

Jane goes through some more bonding, learning, and moving up in her little social life.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys :D
Sorry this ones a little off the timing I had set, but I got mad tired in the last hour of work and I was trying to not make any mistakes. All da references. ALL. DA. REFERENCES.

Anyway, below are songs used in chapter :D
Tacky - Weird Al Yankovic
2Cellos - Thunderstruck
Vicetone feat. Kat Nestel - Angels

P.S : Thanks to InkClover for this adorable drawing of jane drawing sans hands :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You fumble with a napkin to wipe off your hands of the blue sticky creamed substance. Licking your lips and jamming your saliva sticky thumb into a napkin, you deny Papyrus’ handfuls of napkins as you come down from the experience with an after throb in your head.

“HUMAN! BROTHER EARLIER WARNED YOU OF THE TERRIBLE POSSIBILITY OF BRAIN FREEZE – WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?” Papyrus grumbles as he dabs one at your neck. Apparently it had dribbled past your chin. You give him a silent thanks as you detail wipe your face with the napkin and groan while pressing a warm palm to your forehead.

“Sorry – sorry. Moment of frozen thoughts.” you try to play it off, to help hide the turmoil tension flecked out across your forehead. It seems to work as Papyrus merely stares you down.

“CONTINUE WITH THESE TERRIBLE JOKES AND I WILL CEASE TO ASSIST YOU.” he warns as he does a double check underneath your chin and finally takes and tosses out the napkins.

“SANS? ARE YOU ALRIGHT? YOUR BONES HAVE TURNED BLUE.” Papyrus comments as you look up to check. His bones, are in fact, glistening with a very faded cyan blue. Its no longer just his face – his hands and fingers, the elbow of his humerus, and a better portion of his skull. Was this the skeleton equivalent of a sunburn? As soon as you noticed it, it quickly faded except for the blue over his face as he refused to meet your gaze, fumbling around with things beneath the counter.

“i-i’m good paps…” he throws off his brothers concern as he fishes out a ketchup bottle and takes a ‘healthy’ swig. The mere thought of him possibly putting ketchup on ice-cream almost ruins your appetite……almost.
“Why do you do that? What day did you just decide “Hey. I like ketchup with stuff. Why don’t I just drink it?!?” you beg for an answer, still confounded as to his logic. He seems to think on it for a moment before giving you a lazy shrug and the clock chimes and Sans’ smile spread wide as he shuffles to the back room. Giving a quizzical look to Papyrus, he understands.

“HIS SHIFT MUST HAVE ENDED! COME ALONG HUMAN – WE BEST HEAD HOME AS WELL.” Papyrus gestures to the door. Another man walks in giving Papyrus a pleasantries wave. It warmed your heart that the place was clearly monster friendly, and that Papyrus was such a regular he knew exactly who the man was and how much to pay for the ice-cream. Graciously, you finish and quickly eat your cone as Papyrus giddily holds the door open. A thing you realize – Papyrus’ vehicle doesn’t sport more than 2 seats. You return to quizzically looking to him as he hops over the top and miraculously lands perfectly in his seat. His pride is boundless.

“Papyrus – if you want you can drive Sans. I could go looking around; situate with the town.” you try to offer Sans a walk-free ride. By process of elimination, you presumed the motorcycle belonged to Sans, despite that weird mental image correlation; and you recalled the bike still being draped by the garage. You knew the exhaustion of working a multitude of jobs and the wear it had on the muscles. Thinking back on that sentence confused you how the lazy skeleton possibly had muscle aches, but than an idiotic image of him wiggling his phalanges and metacarpals at you while whispering ‘magic’ merely fumed your thoughts to make him walk. You would receive answers on the slowly approaching Sunday. Papyrus declined your decline by reaching across the seats to open the passenger-side door for you.

“NONSENSE! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, COULDN’T POSSIBLY LET YOU WANDER IN SUCH A NEW PLACE ALONE! WHAT IF YOU BECAME LOST? ITS BEST TO NOT WORRY THE OTHERS.” he insists by patting the seat. Flopping into the seat and buckling up, you wait until the ignition starts to speak clearly.

“Thanks for all of this Papyrus. It was great!” you say with a pleasant smile. He snaps his vision over to your face, a light sherbert orange as he gives a hearty laugh.

“NYEH HEH! BUT OF COURSE! EVERYTHING BECOMES A THRILLING EXPERIENCE WITH THE ACCOMPANY OF THE GREAT PAPYRUS!!” You take a moment to snicker into your arm – the way he dragged out the ‘r’ in his ‘great’; you were finally able to place it. It reminded you of the tiger mascot for Frosted Flakes commercials.

That’s all I am going to be able to imagine when he says that now. Papyrus – forgive me – I am evil.

Luckily, Papyrus doesn’t question your giggling fit as he turns up the music. You instantly recognize the singer as your face lights up.

“You listen to Weird Al Yankovic?!!?” you squeal as you both approach a stop light. You don’t think his grin could break the physics of his face, but damn if he isn’t trying.

“OF COURSE! THOUGH I BELIEVE SANS MERELY BOUGHT IT FOR HIMSELF AND TO MAKE JOKES, I DISCERNED HE IS JAPING EVERYONE BY REIMAGINING LYRICS TO ALREADY EXISTING SONGS! HE IS A HUMAN MUSICAL GENIUS!” Papyrus beam before settling into a genuine whisper besides your ear “Please don’t tell Sans. If he discovers this truth I will be confounded to his smugly ‘proud’ smirk. I wish to not sit through that.” he pleads.

“I will seal my mouth if you turn up the volume and jump to ‘Tacky’.” you bargain. It’s hardly an order as he enthusiastically messes with the dashboard, earning a few impatient honks from behind as the song begins to blare. He must’ve paused it a previous time as it doesn’t pick up at the
beginning, but you and Papyrus instantly jump into the beat – taking turns with the main vocals and chorus.

“I meet this chick – ask her this and that!” you start off, awkwardly but happily swaying your arms in the open roof as Payrus bobs his skull to the beat.

“Like are you pregnant girl, or just really fat?” “WHAT?!” If you weren’t so into the song and Papyrus struggling to focus on the road, you would laugh and high five with pride to his little jump in.

“WELL NOW I’M DROPPING NAMES ALMOST CONSTANTLY!” His voice isn’t as grating or weasely as usual, carrying through with a slightly high pitch. It doesn’t bother you at all – his volume somewhat. You feel slight embarrassment to the attention you’re grabbing, but it hardly matters at the current moment.

“THAT’S WHAT KANYE WEST KEEPS TELLING ME~ HERES WHY! – BECAUSE I’M TACKY~ ” “-Wear my Ed Hardy shirt with fluorescent orange pants!”

“BECAUSE IM TACKY-“ , “-Got my new resume ; its printed in Comic Sans!” Papyrus gets a real giggle out of that one, nearly messing up the follow up.

“BECAUSE IM TACKY-“, “Think it’s fun threatening waiters with a bad Yelp review!”

“BECAUSE IM TACKY-“, “If you think that’s just fine, then, you’re probably tacky too!” During the pause, you gesture for him to join in with you and wordlessly cover the clapping.

“BRING ME SHAME, CAN’T NOTHING!” , “Bring me shame, I never know why!” You and him keep sharing eye contact as the wind blows your hair and ripples his shirts sleeves as you begin winding around through town. He obviously took a detour to properly enjoy the song ; and you can’t blame him. Both of you’re shimmying your shoulders despite the cars confines.

“BRING ME SHAME, CAN’T NOTHING!” , ”Bring me shame, I said!”

“BRING ME SHAME, CAN’T NOTHING!” , ” Bring me shame, it’s pointless to try!”

“BRING ME SHAME, CAN’T NOTHING!” , ”Bring me shame, I said!” This time around, you cover the chorus.

“Because I’m tacky-“, ”-43 BUMPER STICKERS AND A YOLO LICENSE PLATE!”

“Because I’m tacky-“, ”-BRING ALONG MY COUPON BOOK WHENEVER I’M ON A DATE!” At that line you give him a playful smile and he merely gives a wink back. Both of these skeletons were quite spry sly spies in your eyes.

“Because I’m tacky-“, ”-PRACTICE MY TWERKING MOVES IN LINE AT THE DMV!”

“Because I’m tacky-“, ”-TOOK THE WHOLE BOWL OF RESTAURANT MINTS. HEY – IT SAID THEY’RE FREE!” Neither of you voice the opinion as you finally leave the chorus alone to sing in unison. Despite the clear disharmony between the two of you, you belt it out with joy as the monsters street approaches. Apparently, there was a backroad into the neighborhood you weren’t aware of.

“I GET DRUNK AT THE BANK AND TAKE OFF MY SHIRT, AT LEAST!”

“I would live-tweet a funeral, take selfies with the deceased!”
“IF I’M BITTEN BY A ZOMBIE, IM PROBABLY NOT TELLING YOU! NYEH-HEH!” his little laugh perfectly complements the sound made. Sans would be swelling with pride.

“If you don’t think that’s bad, guess what, then you’re tacky too!” The moment the song ends, Papyrus is quick to dial down the radio and change to a random channel. You are both giggling and squeaking with joy as you pass the minimal forest before the clearing showing the grand mansion you now live in. The first thing coming into view is it seems almost everyone is home – Toriel, Asgore, Frisk and Undyne are crowded over by the garage. The next thing you notice? Sans walking out of the house with a sandwich! Papyrus carefully drove around everyone and pulled into the hidden pathway as you both make your way towards the little secret shed.

“WE MUST DO THAT AGAIN SOMETIME! IT WAS…VERY NICE.” You look over to see him shimmying, nudging his shoulders a little and even looking slightly shy.

“Hell yeah we should!” you try to perk him up and it works as you share a high five. A really high high five. You had to jump to reach him and not spoil the moment.

“high there.” The deep voice causes you to jump directly up and latch onto the surprisingly sturdy skeleton. Papyrus must react instinctively as he catches you underneath and you wrap your arms instantly around his vertebra and skull, hand resting on his cheekbones. Now it just felt like Scooby doo, including the villainous skeleton brother chuckling behind you with a mouthful of a clearly over ketchup smothered sandwich. How was he so quick?! Grumbling at him, you find your face is nestled besides Papyrus’ clavicle as he stares down Sans.

“SANS! YOU NEED TO STOP STARTLING THE HUMAN!” Papyrus scolds Sans as he give a playful shrug.

“heh. sorry paps. i shed get to work on that.” he pats the shed as you all walk outside, him closing the door behind.

“SANS.” Papyrus gives a warning glare. You feel minorly uncomfortable in his grasp, trying to ensure the shirt hides your underwear.

“aw c’mon paps. you know i’m a comic. throw me a bone sometimes. i only mean t’ rattle your funnybone.” he presses. You can somewhat begin to understand Papyrus’ pain as he merely bridal style carries you back down the path, despite your silent protesting. All you’re capable of doing is smoothing your skirt and looking anywhere that doesn’t show bones.

Finally reaching the front yard, you catch a tender sight. Toriel is helping Frisk taking the training wheels off his bike, while Undyne impatiently waits on her own mountain bike. Its abuse is clear despite the distance. Asgore is idly watching from a distance, pleasantly sitting on a blanket besides the circles of buttercups and calmly shaded by the large centered tree.

“PAPYRUS! Get over here – me and you got bike training duty!” Undyne calls as she waves enthusiastically in your direction. Papyrus is quick to pry and whisk you down to your feet, carefully scanning to ensure you’re securely on the ground before pounding towards the group. Sans follows behind his brother at a more leisurely pace, enjoying the disgusting mixture. Was that mayo dripping out with the ketchup……or ranch? The concoction deters you enough to merely go and settle down with Asgore on the blanket. He is humming a tune you aren’t familiar with; a tray with a few cups and a tea-kettle settled beside him as he takes a sip before looking over to you with a welcoming smile.

“Howdy! How was your outing?” His question seems pretty formal, but you shrug it off.
“Was pretty good. Me and Papyrus went job hunting and we actually got him a job at that pet store down on the farther end.” you inform. Before he can speak any congratulations, you hear a loud “WHOOP WHOOP!!” and turning around, you should hardly be surprised Undyne has lifted the Papyrus, his lanky legs dangling and kicking with joy as he’s twirled around. Toriel is saying something but you can’t hear it past Undynes manic laughter. Frisk bounds off their back, grappling onto Papyrus’ flailing legs, and is also being spun wildly. Toriel must stern them from the action for supposedly Frisk’s safety; though it hardly seemed necessary. He had long sleeves and thick jeans, elbow, knee, shin, and shoulder pads, a helmet, a mouth guard, and heavy duty gloves on his hands. He looked like a child safety tank. It was a miracle he wasn’t waddling around. It also didn’t match his bike at all. He had quite the…frills? It was a much more feminine bike – the base was a velvety pink, the spokes adorned with sunshines to spin with the wheels. It had a bell and a horn, streamers protruding from the ends of the handles, and even a little carry basket in the front. It was clearly something you likely once owned during your youth, and you became concerned for Frisk’s future before batting the mere thought away.

Frisk would never suffer like you. You wouldn’t allow it.

While Toriel and Undyne argue about the protection Frisk needs, you settle onto the blanket besides Asgore and sigh, lying back to look at the endless blue sky, propping your hands beneath your head for more of a lift. Even with the noise, the tranquility you felt right at this moment reminded you of the college thicket. The college thicket reminded you of all the pleasant times you had, including the remnants of the more harrowing times. The images of that night – the rain beating down onto your already cooling skin, the cries of Temmie, the blood and stinging pain you fought to ignore just for that life that was instantly snuffed in your grasp. The dust……

“It’s peaceful, no?” Asgore whispers while drinking some tea. His eyes are glossed and shimmering as he carelessly looks at his family and then the blinding sun.

“In a way – yeah.” you calmly reply, enjoying the moment. It’s not awkwardly silent, but in a sense tense. Finally, Asgore breaks it.

“When we first arrived on the surface, it was a beautiful sunrise. Utterly stunning – I never believed I would see it again.” he recollects, smiling at the fluffy clouds. “Only in my wildest dreams did I see us having such a incredible life up here – and despite the law issues and the human supremacists……look how far we have come.” he does a sweeping gesture to his entire home. It really was impressive how quickly everything had been completed, how accepting the government was to the underground monsters arrival.

“I just…” he pauses his thought to sigh, or clear his mind and emotional platter. This is clearly working him up somehow, but you refuse to press it unless he is willing. “I just wish my children could have been here to see it with their own eyes…” he whispers, glancing to Frisk. You can make out Flowey being jostled in the basket as Toriel struggles to help Frisk learn. Undyne and Papyrus are going a little too quick and their ‘enthusiastic’ methods aren’t meant for a beginner such as Frisk. Looking back to Asgore, there is a sad tenderness glistening in his eyes.

“You’re talking about Asriel and Chara – aren’t you?” you clarify as he shoots you a slightly stunned look. “Toriel and Undyne filled me in.” you meekly reply with a shoulder shrug.

“But Flowey is Asriel, isn’t he?” you question. From your knowledge, through Alphys’
experimentation, Asriel’s remaining soul and dust was imbued into a flower that gained life and his memories.

“Not entirely. Flowey shares his memories. Alphys has spoken about possible searching for remnants of Asriel still in Flowey but……the procedure is risky and she is incapable of making a valid judgement of what the outcome of her findings would hold. Me and Toriel both agreed Flowey was their own monster – that this decision wasn’t up to us.” he solemnly replies. You aren’t quite sure how to cheer him up as you both try to just bask in the friends and family laid out before you. Frisk really can’t pedal with all the protection he has on, Sans is clearly poking fun at him and Toriel just wants to be helpful. The bike turns a hazy blue as it keeps from toppling constantly and the source seems to be Sans with an arm outstretched that also emits a similar glow.

“…Did…Did Frisk, Sans or Flowey tell you ‘bout that thing Frisk can do?” you try to subtly ask as the kind looks to you with confusion. “W-With time?”

“Ah. The resets?”

“Yeah.”

“Briefly Sans has. Only him, Alphys and I are aware. Besides Frisk and Flowey – but now apparently you as well?” he hints at, raising a curious eyebrow.

“Yeah. Flowey told me. In…detail.” you save the facts as you recall all his words, his gruesome joy in the recollection of him murdering everyone. Of Frisk being controlled. By Chara – the kings adopted daughter. Was he aware of that as well?...You decided to not bring up that matter.

“…I would do it.”

“Do what?” he asks, though you hear the clear regret of that decision in his whisper.

“Reset. Reset my life. Go back to before…well – everything.”

“That’s insanity. If you did that, we would still be underground, and your memories likely wiped.” Asgore tries to affect your thoughts.

“I know…but…I wouldn’t care. I would be ignorant – innocent. I don’t think I would even care about not remembering – that one day soon my brother would murder my parents and leave me alone in this world. I wouldn’t give a god-damn Asgore. Because I would be happy. Happy to hear my parents voices, see their smiles, have a time where I could hear or say his damn name and actually be proud or inspired by him. My fathers experiments, my mothers garden, my brothers knowledge? I would give anything to go back to those days – I truly would.” Your face is completely serious and emotionless as you look to the king. He looks devastated – that you just broke his heart in two.

“And before you say it I know what Sans went through. I can only imagine what hell it must have been……to see all those he loved and cherished vanish. That there was only so much he could do, and that the memories would be stuck with him forever……but. But. He had a way out. Frisk could’ve been happy – been their friends! He clearly did it right this time ; everyone made it out, alive and happy. Despite all the hardships and emotional stress thrown onto him, still everything came out all right. I can’t do that. I don’t have that choice. If I was stuck in a loop of say a week, I would pick the week with the final day being their deaths, and then my world restarting – me ignorant to it all. I would give anything to be able to just hear them one more time. Anything.” you glare at the ground, gripping your wrists as though it will make some difference. You jolt when he places a large paw on your shoulder, pulling you into him with a sideways hug as you both
overlook the family.

“If I or anyone here was capable of letting that happen – it would be done. You deserve far better. But nobody here wants you to suffer just to reach that goal. It’s madness.” he whispers. This truly feels like a parental scolding and you don’t mind it one bit, snuggling closer into his shirt that still smells fresh from the drier.

“It’s alright. I know it’s impossible. That it’s merely irrational thoughts thanks to wound-up feelings……you guys have been one of the nicest things to happen to me in a long time.” you murmur, shying away from the odd embrace to give a thankful smile. “That’s enough for me.” you reply, getting up to stretch and groan. Your back gives a thankful stiff pop as you turn to meet a confused yet pleased Asgore. “I’m gonna go stop this little catastrophe.” you point over to the bikes before walking over.

Approaching is chaotic.

“IT’S ALRIGHT FRISK! YOU MERELY NEED TO PEDAL HARDER!”

“Yeah kid! Pedal like your life depends on it!!”

“My child, you need to be extremely cautious. Now, make sure to lock the pedal straps-“

“you’re handling this perfectly.”

“SANS!!!” Undyne isn’t verbally aware as she shoots Sans a half-caring groan of disappointment before diverting her attention back to Frisk and her argument with Toriel. You just openly cut in, unstrapping (Safety Straps? Really Toriel?) and pull him off the seat that you fling the kickstand for to not drop Flowey. He is miserably trying to cover his nonexistent ears.

“Alright kid lets get you out of these, huh?” you start by peeling his helmet and shoes off to make pulling the other items off simpler.

“Jane? My dear, what are you doing?”

“Toriel , I know what you want is for Frisk to be safe, but it’s insane to be trying to move in all this pointless safety gear you’ve glued onto him. With all the stuff you have him layered in, he is sweating like a new athlete running 10 miles.” you place your hand infront of him as he wordlessly spits out the mouth guard. “And a mouth guard? Really? Toriel – he is basically trying to lose teeth!” You place the guard in the removed shoulder pads. Underneath the long sleeve and jeans was Frisks more casual striped shirt and shorts as he peeled them off. Giving a shake of his hair, some sweat comes sprinkling off as you cover your face. Toriel looks utterly heartbroken.

“I know you’re trying to keep him safe, but taking little risks and learning from mistakes is part of childhood. And that is directed at you, Sans.” you shoot the shorter skeleton a glare and he merely backs up, shrugging contently. Finally getting the shin pads and gloves off him, you reapply his elbow and knee guards and loosen the tightness on his helmet a little. Leaning down, you unhook the straps from the pedals. They are very heavy duty athletic straps that shouldn’t even be installed on a childrens bike. You shoot an accusatory glance to Undyne, holding out the straps. “Was this you?”

“Course! It’s a safety whatever that helps your feet not fly!”

“Yes Undyne, but that’s for athletes. For intense trainers, daily uphill cyclists, and mountain bikers. Frisk is a kid – kids like having foot freedom. He isn’t going to be intense, an uphill expert, or a mountain biker anytime soon. If anything, these would just get him hurt more if he fell and the
bike crushed him.” you grumble, putting it in the makeshift baggy you made using the longer clothes and placing them off to the sides. Papyrus looks fidgety, obviously expecting a scolding as well. It’s hard to scold pure innocence.

“Papyrus, I know you got a figurative heart of gold. However, Frisk needs to go slow before going fast. Once he has keeping balance and a constant speed down, I’m sure he would love your advice on how to increase his speed. But for right now, we are in novice training.” you calmly state.

*It’s not scolding. It’s encouraging criticism. And the truth!*

Papyrus takes it well as he backs away to Sans who is clearly not pleased that you just shot him down. None-the-less, Papyrus is smiling and watching with excitement. You help raise his seat a little and Flowey lets out a breath of fresh air that the arguing has ceased. Before seating him on the bike, you test the tire pressure, handle controls, and, of course, that both the bell and horn works. You and Frisk are both pleasantly giddy with the bell.

“Alright Frisk. Bike 101 Quiz. Where is your brake?” you quiz as he points to the wrong handle. Realizing his mistake, he quickly points to the other. You allow the little slip up. “Okay – chain.” Correct. “Bell.” He playfully rings it. “Horn.” He honks it, much to the disapproval of the nearby Flowey. “Sorry.” you apologize before picking up his pot. “Hey, if you’re along for the ride, you might want to spare the pot. It might not make it if the bike collapses.” you contemplate as Flowey silently obliges, slithering and hooking back into the woven basket. You set the pot besides the rest of the equipment peeled from the child.

“Alright. Kickstand.” Correct. “Brakes.” He correctly points it out with a proud toothy grin, except for the black gaps where his little tongue pokes out. “Helmet strapped? Shoes tied? Bell ready? Seat adjusted? Confidence abundant?!” you rapid fire questions at him. He taps the straps buckle, stomps his feet, rings the bell, tries to wiggle the positioned seat, and gives two thumbs up with what must be a determined face. You crouch down, hugging your chest close to your knees and grasp his little shoulders.

“Then failure to master the balance of biking is impossible!” you grin together before he worms his way onto the bike, checking over everything and giving the ‘okay’ signal. Leaning around him, you snatch the handle bars sides and give his little hands room as he kicks up the stand, letting you balance him out. “Alright. You don’t need to turn wide. Don’t jostle the handlebar too much – keep a steady course.” you talk to him through this. Silently, releasing more of your grip, you help start a turn as he follows it through and then you lift both your hands off. If your smile could reach your ears, it would be. Of course, the minute Frisk pieces together that he is biking on his own, the bike slips up and it plummets to his side, knocking him into a shrubbery. You’re giggling as you rush to his aid, but you clearly hear Toriel gasp in concern.

“Hey – Frisk. You good there?” you call out, reaching the shrubs and picking up the bike incase it possibly is pinning him down. Flowey is groaning and looking ever-so nauseous in the basket as Frisk crawls out from the concealing bush. He has a scuff on his lower leg and a itty bitty cut on his cheek from the foliage. Pulling him out, you dust off the leaves sticking in his hair as he starts
giggling and snatching up your hands as he begins jumping with sheer bliss.

‘Again! Again – again!’ he calls out as he rushes over to the bike with a wide smile and confidence.

Again, you help start Frisk off but you let go ahead of time to quickly walk beside him. He seems to understand better now as he pedals straight to Undyne. Flowey must sense what’s approaching as he slithers out and hurdles to grasp your arm. Frisk barrels right towards Undyne who snatches him off the bike and throws him into the air. The bike never crashes. You watch a blue haze safely drive it back into the garage before giving an accusatory glare at Sans.

*Show off.*

Everyone cheers and celebrates the minor victory to Frisk, though Toriel is quick to heal over his wounds. Asgore with the help of Toriel gathers the little tea picnic setup and all of Frisks ‘armor’. Flowey slithers back into his pot, wordlessly, and gets carried off with the rambunctious Undyne and Papyrus, all of them rushing indoors. You are left outside with Sans as you ensure the bike is alright in the garage. Turning around, you jump and gasp as Sans is merely standing behind, watching. His glowing pinprick illuminate the dark sockets as the shadowed garage offers a darkness to his complexion.

“Don’t you ever get tired of doing that?” you grumble while crossing your arms.

“never **two-tired** for a good time.” he snickers, tapping the bike.

“What the hell do you-………” you glare down at him, thrown from that ridiculous attempt. However, he seems satisfied. “I should pull that **gross** sandwich combo from your nonexistent stomach and **slap** you around with it.” You would’ve quipped back with a joke if he wasn’t so lazy as to even walk back a bike! He could’ve even let it fall and let you get it. As you both leave the garage, he ensures the doors are shut as he passes you.

“**welp, while your digging, see if you find that bisicle.**”

As he passes, you can see his cheekbones stretching to fit the smug grin spreading over his face. Of course, your idiotic mouth opens wide.

“You ate a **bike**?” you ask, arching an eyebrow. He halts in his tracks, keeling over and sputtering before laughing the hardest you ever had heard him. It’s deep echo bounces over the distance. “What?”

He explained nothing. Just both of you walking inside, him snickering and laughing as you continue to question his insanity before secluding yourself upstairs from whatever inside joke you don’t get.

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

You don’t understand how, but you ended up chatting up Flynn in your spare time online while listening to “Thunderstruck” performed by 2Cellos. During certain points, he would just send little comments like “If I were a fiddle, would you play me like that?” or “Strum me real good.” It was insanity no matter where you went today it seemed. A notification popped open and as you clicked it, your heat skipped a beat. Gloria had sent you a message.

Gloria --- Hey. You alive still?

You don’t even hesitate.
Jane --- Fuck you.

Gloria --- Watch the language.

Jane --- Hell no! You just LEFT me!

Gloria --- That was the plan to begin with, was it not?

Jane --- You coulda ATLEAST said BYE!!

Gloria --- And possibly break down? Hell no ya little brat! If I can be strong, so can you! Now you will damn well tell me how things are going or I will come over there and beat it out of you myself.

Jane --- You know what? I won’t! I will take the beating – that beating atleast means you have to BE HERE!!

Gloria --- ……………..touché.

Jane --- ya you touché that. You have ANY idea how ticked I was you just up and LEFT?!

Gloria --- Likely enough that you would accept a beating. However, I am incapable of doing that at this time, so I will spare you – for now.

Jane --- You INCAPABLE of beating me up? Are you dying??

Gloria --- Oh hahahahaha.

Jane --- Seriously.

Gloria --- Classified ;)

Jane --- Did you just put a fucking emoticon.

Gloria --- No clue what you’re talking ‘bout!

Jane --- Who are you?

Gloria --- ….Classified.

Jane --- Fuck you.

Gloria --- Yeah yeah. Look, I will tell you at a later date. And I can ensure I will tell you at a later date ONLY if you tell me how your week has been thus far!

Jane --- Uggghhh FINE. Enrolled at the new college, they were trying to change my major!! Wanted to spit in the damn ladies face! Made friends with a ghost. A DJ Ghost. He is pretty chill! Little sensitive and shy. Papyrus got me a job at a monster bar! In turn, I got HIM a job at the pet store. Other then that? Awkward explanations about before, shit with Sans, much emotions, and I nearly was run over.

You lean back, awaiting the reply. You’re surprised it isn’t instantaneous, but when it arrives you understand.

Gloria --- Okay. Call me next time, I will beat the Christ out of them! A ghost? Didn’t know there were ghost monsters, though I should hardly be surprised. A monster bar? Really? REALLY? God
– don’t sneak any alcohol (If you do, save me the good shit). Papyrus seems fit for something sweet and cuddly like a pet store. Surprised he didn’t have a job in the first place. Sans seems weird but Alphys and Papyrus assured me he is harmless ( besides his sense of humor? ). AND EXCUSE ME. YOU DO NOT JUST PLAY OFF “I nearly got run over.” AS A LITTLE THING. WHAT THE LITERAL HELL HAPPENED?!? DID YOU GET HIS PLATES?! CALL THE COPS?!? WHAT ARE YA DOING?! OOohhhh when I get over there I might just run you over myself!! I have to go – there is a gathering of officials and I need to attend. Don’t get yourself into anymore shit!! I will tell you later. We are NOT dropping this conversation either!!! Later might be…A LOT later – BUT THIS CONVERSATION WILL HOLD DAMN YOU!!

You’re snickering the entire time as little knocks on your door begin rapping endlessly. Toriel had given you a warning that having people coming into your room with the pets untrained was unwise, thusly, you have readjusted the sign to “Please Knock. I Might Come Eventually. If Not, Continue Knocking. If Still Not, I’m Not Here.” Whoever laid on the other side clearly didn’t hesitate to continue knocking, meaning it wasn’t Alphys, Toriel, Asgore, Flowey or Sans. Undyne wasn’t one for knocking – she was more for unhinging. And centering the location of the knocks is clearly not high enough to be your favorite tall skeleton. Opening the door, Frisk bounces up and down. Toriel was curt enough to not heal his face. You recall him signing ‘Scars make me manly!’ before you trudged upstairs, but the cut was already healing over. Sneaky consumption of monster food. Snatching up your hands, he begins guiding you from the room.

‘Dinner time!’ he soul yells. It was still slightly freaky – hearing Frisk without physically hearing Frisk. You thought it was sweet as your ASL was still quite terrible. Dragging you downstairs, your thoughts are merely trained back to the fact that once this child killed everyone. It wasn’t something that would ever change. How Asgore, for his people, harvested human souls – children. Flowey and Frisk had gone on as murderers. It was if that shock was only catching up to you. Mindless and wordless, you dig into your food, making chit-chat with the family. Alphys looked exhausted when she sat down, Undyne was quick to scatter pecks of sheer affection to her little head. She didn’t explode with blushing ;she was too drained to do much other then become a little shy, lean into her girlfriends rough shoulder and close her eyes.

You were in and out of the time flying, of the talking you were doing, just lost in your own little world. The awareness shocked back into you as you gripped your bedroom door knob, hesitating. That feeling of forgetfulness washed over you as you instantly ripped open the bathroom door (you didn’t fear Frisk being inside as you recalled him stumbling to bed, rubbing his little eyes) and opened the medicine cabinet. There, in your secretive pocket, were the anti-depressant pills you vaguely remembered not putting back yourself. Sighing, you pop out one and down it with water, a slightly unsavory taste sticking to your tongue.

Stumbling out, you’re surprised that it’s Toriel reading Frisk and Papyrus to bed in Frisks room yet again. She is just exiting silently before she gives you a weak smile – everyone must be exhausted.

“Hello Jane. Off to sleep?”

“Yeah.” you pause to yawn, scrunching your nose as you tighten your shutting eyes. “No Sans storytime?”

“No, unfortunately. One of his workplaces called him in offering a late-shift cover. He didn’t have to take it, he looks so haggard.” she whispers her concerns glancing back to Papyrus before shutting the door with a minor creak.

“He’ll probably be fine Toriel. Listen – just go get some sleep.” you thoughtfully pat her shoulder, retiring to your own bed only after feeding your babies. Louis actually seems greedy, trying to *steal*
some mid-air from Seymour. He hums what you assume is disappointment or failing assertiveness as you oblige to give him two extra as well. He was a growing boy.

Throwing on a lazing tank with fluffy long PJ pants, you meander over to your bed and slide underneath the covers with a sigh, curling up to the chill of the previously vacant mattress below. Gazing out the window towards the moons ethereal beams dancing into your room, fragmented by the windows pane. Its calming, watching the light move with the moons rotation, as you’re lulled into a sleep almost instantly.

Grillbys. You finally felt safe and unbothered by the monster smothered in flames – his existence. You’re rushing around, greeting faceless customers. Some humans mingle amongst the overflowing monsters. Everyone has a joyful smile spread across their face.

Approaching a booth, you instantly recognize the company. Your friends, all sporting different clothes. Undyne is in a sleek high neck tank top that’s a dark navy blue, along with heavy light grey ripped jeans slacking around her heavy heeled boots. Beside her, Alphys is in a white see through button up with a vibrant green short sleeve underneath. The skirt she is wearing is comparable to a school girls uniform, along with sagging socks and little brown dress shoes. Undynes arm is playfully swept around her, pulling Alphys’ opposite shoulder into Undynes as they both wave you over.

Papyrus is wearing a ridiculous elbow sleeve length shirt that reads ‘Worlds Okayest GREATEST Cook !!!’, along with a long sleeve zip up white and red hoody sashed around his fitting gravel grey jeans. His scarf continues to flow in nonexistent wind as he opens his jaw wide, waving wildly. Asgore and Toriel sat in the middle – much more formal then the rest. Toriel was in a lavish spring dress that revealed enough of her neck to show a brilliant shell shaped pendant that glistened ruby and gold. It complimented her fur and eyes, Asgore (the likely culprit of the fine pendant) couldn’t keep his eyes off her, even as you approached. He was in what could only be described as a lazy summer suit; he hadn’t bothered to tuck it in or set the cuffs. The sleeves were rolled up, revealing his white fuzz against the grey suit.

Sans and Frisk sat on the opposite side of Papyrus – and you nearly dropped your tray when Sans FINALLY wasn’t sporting that blue hoodie that had somehow become as signature as his smile. Instead, he had a denim button up that he purposely left unbuttoned to reveal his own shirt that complimented Papyrus’ – ‘Chemistry Is Like Cooking --- (Just Don’t Lick The Spoon)’. He wore a black set of slack pants along with the sneakers you’d drawn on him for the canvas piece. They truly suited him nicely. Frisk and Flowey sat together, though Flowey was left up on the table. His pot had little happy golden star stickers, and despite giving a scowl, his features softened at your advancement. Frisk had ‘sick’ light-up heelies that correlated to his vibrant red and orange shorts with a cyan and white tie-dyed shirt. He even had little ladybug hair clips clearing his bangs to reveal his eyebrows.

Energetically, Undyne and Alphys scooched in, inviting you into the booth instead of standing to take their orders. Extending a hand, you place it over Frisks to make the ordering process easier.

“Alright bud. Whatchya getting today?” you cheerfully ask while looking down to the pad, ready to write.

‘Lets see…’ A moment flies by and the light in the restaurant go out. Wind rustles the windows that shutter at the harshness the breeze contains. An electric sting flies through your wrist as you jerk your hand to only receive more of the rushed pain. Staring up – a tiny hand yields a blood ridden
knife that has plunged into both you and the child's hand. With a quiver, you shoot your face up in horror. Everyone is slouching backwards or over the table. Undyne and Alphys fell into each other. Undyne's final eye void of life, mouth gaping. Asgore clearly tried to protect Toriel to no avail. Papyrus' body was slouched onto Sans – you could've mistaken it for sleeping if dust wasn't seeping from their clothes and sockets. Begging for a reality, for Frisk or Flowey, Flowey is nothing but a pile of dust mixing with the dirt. The child you once loved and protected now had the devil's grin with glistening red eyes as he chuckled, standing and leaning over to drive the knife into both of your hands as you let out a scream.

In absolute horror, blood engorges and bursts from once sweet eyes, forming what could only be described as a swirling cocoon that grew. In terror, the stench alone was vomit-worthy, save the visual splatter of thickened blood everywhere amongst the growing ash and dust. As the cocoon burst, then hand on the knife reached out to snatch up your throat. Your face met the sickly grin of your brother, adorned in prison garbs. You were in the interrogation cell, dust scattered everywhere – the guards outside all dead as he choked the life from you while leaning in to your pleading garble.

'YOU.'

You practically throw yourself from the bed to only bash your head into the wall. You accept it, huffing in savory oxygen as you try to drive that image from your mind. You sit there, curling your knees into your chest, leaning and pressing into the wall and throwing the sweat soaked sheets from your toes that bristle from the warmth lost. You begin to ground yourself, choking on a nothingness as you struggle to slow your heartbeat.

Wanting fresh air but not wanting to deal with vines, you fly your bedroom door open and try to silently shuffle downstairs. You double check to ensure you are alone before swinging open the back windows in the kitchen and preparing hot chocolate. You find yourself hanging your head on the counter before rhythmically yet gently bashing it into the hard marble stone.

"Dammit. Dammit. Dammit. Dammit. Fuck. Dammit.-" you mutter wordlessly with each connection as you wait for the water to heat up – too lazy, frustrated, and exhausted to even bother with a kettle, you shoved the mug into the microwave and prayed it didn't explode.

"jane."

The voice hardly registers to you as you gasp, spin around enough to crack your neck and whip your hand to crash into their face. It collides, and you honestly weren't sure what you were expecting. Your mind had been going 100 miles per hour and it certainly didn't rationalize that only two monsters had a deep genuine baritone voice, and it sounded nothing like your brothers. Your palm throbs silently as you keep your hand cupped against a shocked smooth skull that only belonged to Sans as his sockets became empty of the usual light. Your heart has entirely stopped; given up on you. After another awkward eternity of just cupping his cheek bone, you pull your hand away and scrunch it into a fist and palm, trying to alleviate the throbbing ache of connecting with sheer bone. Finally, you catch the air and press your better hand into your forehead – your heart and brain were beating in sync.

"Sorry. Jumpy." you groan, trying to settle the prickling nerves. All your hair is standing on the tips of goosebumps. Finally, he wipes the stunned look off his face, his pupils dim as he finally looks to you.

"is fine. you 'lright?" he asks as you give a shaky nod, happy that the microwave dings to reveal
the perfectly heated water as you add the cocoa powder. Both of you share a yawn as you idly
trudge into the dining room to set your cup down and press your cheek into the wood. Sans settles
beside, uncapping a brand new bottle of ketchup and downing it to your dismay. Finally able to
take in his appearance – he is sporting a rather cool security guard outfit. The dark faded blue
sleeves finally revealed his smaller yet thicker boney hands that gripped the bottle – his casual
hoodie sleeves and pockets no longer hiding the obviously thicker carpals; his ulna and radius
slightly protruding from the end. You tear your gaze away to not make anything awkward, sipping
your own drink as it burns your tongue and lip, startling yourself before hissing through your teeth.

“Could be better, I suppose.” you grumble, pressing onto your lower lip absently. “How was
work?” you question back as he meets you with silence. You wait for him to take a swig of the
condiment before deciding he isn’t going to talk about it. You huff at him, turning back to your
mug and cradling it against your chilled fingers.

“No need to be so on guard.” you joke as he sputters and snickers after putting a hand to his
mouth. Its soothing along with the chocolate heat spreading through your once choked throat. You
yawn again after taking a sip, blowing to ensure no more burning of your lips or mouth occurs.

“resisting a-rest at this hour?” This time its your turn to try and hold down your drink from coming
up your nose. You instantly wondered if you got a skeleton to laugh while they drank if it would
come out their nasal cavity. You deemed in unlikely since it seemed they almost instantly absorbed
anything.

“That’s say resisting as much as trying to get a nicer sleep.” you reword, swishing your mug to
combine with any remnants clustering at the bottom.

“nightmare?”

“Yyyup.” you reply, downing the rest of your drink and clattering the mug back onto the table
before sighing and relinquishing all troubled thoughts to your past. You were here – you were now.
Scooching back, you it up from the chair, popping your shoulder and cracking your fingers while
you stretch out.

“d’you wanna talk ‘bout it?” he seriously asks. Turning to him, his smile has flattened ever so
slightly.

“Depends. You going to tell me how you get everywhere so damn fast?” you arch an eyebrow in
question back at him, hoping he would say yes. Before he speaks a word, you perk up, “And if you
say ‘magic’ and wiggle your fingers, I will seriously beat you with this mug.” you threaten, too
tired for his shtick. He pauses and stands, walking over to you to take your weapon of choice.

Wiggling his fingers, he gets a wide Cheshire grin on his face with tired sockets. He waits a
moment, then purrs out the word “magic” in an almost breathless whisper.

“Fuck you.” you conclude, trudging back through the house. He seems to have enjoyed your
reaction as his snickering can be heard as you slowly scramble upstairs, putting your weight into
your hand on the railing as you finally reach your bed, slamming face first into your pillow and
willing yourself to a better sleep.

You reach over to pummel your alarm as it disagrees and clatters to the floor. Protesting the
breaking of your peaceful snooze, you rummage around the floor, feeling, before your hand gives
out and your chest breaks your fall, settling your chin against the rug and still feeling around, eyes
shut. Finally finding the bothersome device, you turn about to look at the time as you instantly feel your eyes fly open and blood drain from your face and fingers. You had ten minutes to make it down the road to catch the city bus and make it to your first class of the day – the walk to the bus stop was easily fifteen minutes. Throwing your alarm clock back towards the stand, you stumble and stagger over to your dresser, rummaging and yanking free appropriate clothes. Your socks are slightly mismatched but past your jeans and sneakers nobody would really notice. Slipping on a moss green tank top with a black zip-up hoodie, you fumble about trying to jam all the essentials you’d brought along – notebooks, pencils, art supplies, binders with folders, and two large heavy textbooks before slinging on the pack and racing downstairs.

Ignoring the bustle of apparently nearly everyone in the house, you skip around everyone and swing into the kitchen. Asgore notices your quick movement, lifting his arms to make reaching the refrigerator accessible as you swing it open, looking to nab an apple.

“Ho-ho! Good morning Jane! Slow down there.” he smirks while pointing out the apple that you thankfully grasp.

“Sorry! Sorry! Imma be later – SORRY!!” you call, dodging narrowly around Frisk who looks as excited to see you awake as Papyrus, but you can only wave and apologize. Toriel’s voice cuts through the house.

“Jane, dearie, wait! You need a-“ before you can let her finish the sentence, you swing the door open to a light drizzling.

Oh great.

Knowing that opening an umbrella would merely slow you down, you sling your hood up and zip up to your neck.

“BYE!!” you slam the door, beating harshly against the road as you make a mad sprint towards the bus-stop. The rain prickles against your cheeks and hands as you pump your arms in order to drive yourself faster down the street. It feels like forever, but as you reach the clearing to the main street, you mindlessly rummage in your bag and pull out the required change, still keeping time with each step. As you begin lowing, letting your haggard breath catch, the bus pulls up right on time and slows down, letting you on. It’s the same bus driver from before, and looking down at you – soaked through, breathing heavy, little shaky in the knees – he instantly knows what happened, offering to shoot you a thumbs up as you insert the payment, take the bus ticket, meander to the back, and instantly slouch into a chair to settle the stirring heart.

Your phone in your bags pocket begins to chime as you stumble and free it from the confines.

Dinotile 7:48 : Are you alright?!?! >^<?

Jane 7:49 : Sorry. Nearly missed bus -_-”

Dinotile 7:51 : You could haue just asked!! Toriel was goin too offer you a ride!! XP

You nearly broke your phone in more self-frustration.

Jane 7:54 : Dammit – Really!? Got super soaked and im still catching my breath T-T

Dinotile 7:55 : Im sorry!!! <3 <3 <:

Jane 7:57 : You don’t need to apologize for me being brainless. Then again its
really fuxking early. Brain capacity in the negatives.

Dinotile 7:57 : Fuxking? O-o?

Jane 7:58 : Yeah – like fuxk auto-correct. (BP

Jane 8:05 : Gonna put phone on silent and listen to some jams. Talk with you after classes?

Dinotile 8:07 : Totally!! <3 Have fun!

Shutting off your phone, the campus comes into view as you finally whip out your umbrella, despite being slightly soaked.

Coming to a stop, you’re lightly shoved off as others make mad dashes on the slippery side-walk. Your rush isn’t as immediate ; class doesn’t let people in until 8:15 and you got time. Regardless, you wander the halls, reading off a paper to the designated classroom, and await outside. You let time pass as you mindlessly listen to ‘Angels’ as you ponder what your teacher and classmates will be like. Hopefully everyone wasn’t as diabolically crude to monsters as they were at your old college. Pausing the song, what you assume are classmates are congregating near the door, whispering while trying to point you out with their eyes.

Its already begun…

Sighing, you retreat into your own silence. You assume the…… man who jiggles the art-rooms knob when they insert a key is the professor known as Mr. Thair. You weren’t expecting him to be a well-toned midget, that’s for sure. His muscles clearly protrude from the well-tailored business shirt paired with black slacks that were stuffed into what appeared to be flamenco shoes. His hair was bristly, the left half evenly shaved off despite a minor fuzz, while the other stood on ends, barely forming bangs. His face was on of constant tension. As the first wave of classmates and rivals cluster in, you sidle to the front where Mr. Thair is adjusting the chair and pulling out a simple wooden stool.

“Hello Mr. Thair, it’s great to meet you. My name is Jane Kiel – I came from up north at -.” You pause as he finally gives a reaction. The name seems to strike a bell as he stops his actions, turns to give you a good up and down look before extending an arm.

“James Thair. I’ve heard of you – I was present during you classes presentation. Former friend of George O’Neil. Nasty piece of work in my opinion. However, this is a new start, new course, and new teacher. Don’t expect any privileges.” he sterns, nabbing a chalk piece and pointing to you. You straighten to his attention.

“Didn’t want it, sir. Any pre-designated spots?” you ask firmly ass if addressing a sergeant.

“None, however, if you want to keep your brain cells, I suggest taking back right.” he points out as you’re thankful he isn’t letting you sit beside the pompous pricks who think money will get them through this course. You can instantly single out the people who are going to be on your ass – everyone. Each person has a fire in their eyes to take out the new meat – whether its copy-cat Candy’s or merely artistic rivals.

Settling into a seat, you take a few more bites from the apple you had been absently munching through and throw it into a nearby trash deposit as more students slowly fill in. Nearly every single one gives you a glare. One even gives you a sneer – that ‘You will fail in this class by my hands’ sneer. You imagine driving your pencil into her cuticles. See her sneer then.
A grotesque looking monster with lumps and a sticky substance glossing their hump (head?) is almost instantly thrown out by Mr. Thair. You watch in continued confusion as they equally heightened individuals are practically spitting at one another.

“I heard that Thair finally couldn’t deal with the shit Jerry spit during class and got him dropped from the course!” comes an enthralled voice that startles you as you turn to your side. Looking to your side, a rather colorful individual has taken seat beside you. Her deep chocolate brown skin clashes with her black and white highlighted afro with messily braided locks dangling besides her ears that have a multitude of piercings lining her helix and scapha. Her eyes are a seemingly endless turquoise. She wears a white tank top with a rainbow shawl, tight ripped white jeans meeting rather neon pink pumps that had studs near the toe. She extends a bangled arm that is also sporting a ‘Breast Cancer Awareness’ rubber bracelet. Her nails are likely pointing enough to gouge into you like shark teeth.

“Sup! Names Rhianna, but you can call me Rhi.” she gives a playful wink, her jewelry jingling with her slightest movements. You accepted the handshake as she seemed as she knew what she was talking about and thus far hadn’t scowled, sneered, stared, or glared in your direct direction.

“Jane. Jane Kiel.” you have to force a smile as her nails truly did dig into your hands skin. Despite her incredibly thin frame, her grip was pretty strong. “and Jerry?” you ask concerned, sparing a glance back to the door.

“Yeeaaahh. He kept eating chips mid class with obnoxious smacking of his…lips? ANYWAY – He kept being a attention prick and whatnot who didn’t even do any art, so Thair threw his monster ass out.” she giggles through her teeth.

“He isn’t a monster hater is he?” You hope he isn’t. They had records of your aboding and teachers were allowed that information incase of necessity.

“’Course not!” she wildly slaps your back, lurching you forward into the table as your breasts painfully squish against the edge. It causes you to wheeze and hug them tenderly inwards. “Monsters are sooo cool sometimes!” she grins in deep thought, playing with the locks before gasping. Uncomfortably, she grabs your head – one hand squeezing your cheeks and the other pushing your forehead. You weren’t at the level of friendship where you would usually allow this, but the sight she dragged you upon made it completely worth it.

Mr. Thair was walking beside a pretty lean yet toned man with an ever so slight tan. His thick locks of muddy blonde hair become piercing and jagged at the ends, yet hangs over and bobs with his movement. Its manly enough to not appear feminine. Even from your distance, he has these incredible Irish green eyes that sparkle beneath the classrooms fluorescent bulbs. He sports a grey t-shirt with imprinted rips into the design but is mostly concealed by a blue leather jacket. His black dress pants meet with brown heeled shoes. You could almost mistake him for cosplaying as Rem Arlond from ‘Dance with Devils’! All the girls seem to be swooning of him as he makes his entrance, though clearly doing nothing more than giving pleasantry waves.

“Ri-ri. What am I looking at. I’m goin’ blind.” you mutter past her grip as she finally lets go and giggles, leaning in close. Guess she doesn’t mind the nickname.

“Trenton Nolick. Aspiring Artist along with possible Professional Football Player. Currently single~” she purrs while giving a shy wave past you.

“Why mention the single bit?” you whisper, prying your eyes away as she blasts her eyebrows up in confusion.
“Why not?! He has a track-record for brainy brunettes!” she speaks up nonchalantly, toying with a few strands of hair in her fingers as it melds with her skins color. It practically melds.

“So you think I am looking for a relationship based off preferences and appearance? Ha! As if. I go off personality and acquaintanceship. If he is one of those pricks who thinks he can get me just because I might catch his eye, he can eat my knuckles.” you grumble, leaning down to fumble around with your backpack, searching for your textbook as the classes clock neared the beginning of the lesson. Rhianna gives a light gasp, patting the crease of your back, but you never feel it until she jabs her nails into your side. Jumping up and spinning to glare at her, you are met with a bright blue leather jacket. Craning your neck slightly, the ever-popular Trenton stood before you, looking surprised as you locked eyes but drowning it out with what you could only describe as a sweet knowing smile as he sets his bag down and takes the seat beside you, propping his head onto his hand that is leaning against the desk to take you in. Looking around in confusion, nearly every girl now has a new fiery glare to slash at you with as you finally straighten out, facing him.

“You new here?” His voice is smooth with an ever so slight deepness to it. You do your best to give him a curious gaze but its coming off more worried that despite extra seats, he chose the one next to the new girl. Rhianna's words rang through your head as you recalled his little ‘track-record’ and straightening to turn in your seat, you place down the textbook, opening to the required page.

“Yep.” Is the cold reply you allow him. From the corner of your eye, you vaguely make out Rhianna tearing hair out. After a few moments of silence from his side, you spare a glance. He looks so utterly heartbroken – on the verge of tears. It startles you as you look around in hopeful confusion. “…Uuuhh-“

“-I didn’t mean to offend you if I did!” he speaks out with a wilting sadness in his voice. You skeptically look at him, confused by the situation. He takes up your hands in his own, drawing you closer as he meets your gaze. “I, Trenton Alex Nolick, swear to make up for whatever I did to offend you.”

From behind, you could tell Rhianna was giving you excited beaming encouragement.

How did you end up here again?

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

The millisecond the class ends, Trenton (who begged you to refer to him as Trent, but it felt weird…) was swarmed by your obviously jealous classmates who dragged him away. Leaning back, it was an intense issue to concentrate. Rhianna (who truly embraced you calling her Ri-ri), kept sending you eyebrow wiggles and focused eye signals to interact with the man beside you. There was no beating around the bush – appearance wise, he was your cup of cocoa. His attitude wasn’t readable, however; like his feigned offense. You couldn’t discern if it was genuine. The entire class, he would sneak you little notes saying simple things like “What’s your favorite color?” ,”Is this school very different from your old one?” ,”Would you mind if I asked your major?” Your favorite by far was the first – “I didn’t catch your name.” You only wrote back to that one – “That’s because I didn’t give it.” He seemed so full of life that you had replied in the sweet manner, then became drowned in fake sorrow as he pleaded with his eyes. You merely focused on the pretty strict Mr. Thair to make it through. He wasn’t joking about not letting up on you – the matters he were covering weren’t correlated to where you’d left off. Rhianna, bless her odd soul, offers to help you catch up with the studies if you hang out and tell her about yourself at lunch. You agree to it if she buys you a sandwich – your stomachs growling nearly echoed out into the classroom a multitude of times, the apple not satisfying your need.
Settling down, you catch your eye on a familiar monster – that crocodile from the old campus. She is over at a separate table chatting with a cat and this odd…sea-horse eel thing with…a 12 pack? It’s existence perplexes you as they jaw-drop to him how humans jaw-drop Trenton, apparently. Rhianna gives them a curt wave before plopping you down into a seat and you happily eating into the turkey sandwich she nicely provided in turn for information.

“Alrighty – spill. You’re one of those transfers from that north college, yeah?”

“Unfortunately.” you grumble, chipmunking the bite as you look to her.

“Oh my god what happened? Did anything happen?” she questions you as she nibbles on her salad absently.

“Of course shit happened. Monsters died. Some students were attacked…” During the waiting period before moving, Gloria had filled you in. Three monster casualties along with eight humans in the hospital. “It was terrifying to say the least…” you look away. The rain pounding against the window panes of the cafeteria weren’t settling your concerns.

“Fucking shit. Anti-monster gang are just heartless beasts that look human and do inhuman things! They act like they represent the majority, while everyone else is just too fucking afraid to actually speak up about it! Grinds me gears!” she snarls, sipping a bubble tea in frustration. Through it all, she chokes and coughs on a boba before swallowing harshly. “What do you think of monsters?”

“Monsters tend to be better then humans with my experiences – no offense to you, of course.” you quickly defend waving off her concerns and taking another bite into the sandwich, swallowing to be considerate. “I think I have gained more monster friends in the past two months then human friends in the past ten years.” you recollect, listing off names on your fingers. You miserably narrow down you don’t even have a handful of genuinely caring friends. She snatches up your hand in her own (that was happening a lot today.), beaming a glowing smile at you.

“You can add me to that list girl!! Me and you? I can see it now! Selfies, Shopping, Sleepover, Gossip, Romance, Parties!!” she squeals as she starts listing off the activities she wants to share with you. She seemed as friendly ass Papyrus, which concerned you for how advantageous you were of her to pay her information to feed you. If you weren’t starving, you would have lost your appetite.

“Romance? I hope we aren’t romancing. I’m sorry but I don’t feel attracted to woman…” you try to subtly deny her as she begins to cackle, patting your arm.

“Jane, I meant love advice! Relationship woes! Me totally hooking you up with Trenton fucking Nolick!!” you squeaks again, whipping out her phone and rapidly typing something up as he nails click against the touchscreen.

“Rhianna. I have known you and him all of literally three hours – I need to atleast know a guy two weeks before I can even consider a relationship, and you want me to just ask him out?!?” you groan, leaning forward onto your hands.

“Why the hell not!? Girl, live a little~” she coos, poking your elbow.

“Easier said than done. What if he is secretly a pervert, a shallow asshole, a liar, a drunkard, a pimp, a kink slave?! I ain’t just jumping into that!” you scowl and whisper at her, trying to keep this conversation at a bare minimum.

“Oh please! You sound like a virgin!” she giggles, playfully swatting you. You give her the
hardest emotionless gaze you can muster and it clicks with her. “Aaaww hell no. No. I am not allowing this!” she instantly decides before snatching up your phone that you left on the table and began entering her contact. Taking it back with a huff, she put herself under ‘Best Bae’ and you have to fight the urge to pinch your nasal bridge and groan a sigh at her.

“Why.” Is all you can muster as she gives a little laugh, rummaging through her laptop bag.

“Oh, please. You love it – don’t say otherwise!” she pokes you and then gives a frustrated sigh. “Shit. No umbrella.” Looking over her, how could you trust this girl? Sure, she hadn’t given you any negative issues, but she seemed like quite the information collector and seller. A gossip sponge that was clearly dribbling from oversoak. Breathing out, you rummage in your own bag and produce your own umbrella.

“I’ll make you a deal. I will lend you my umbrella if you can make me believe I have a chance with Trenton. You have one week to swoon me into thinking I can trust him. If you win, I will let you set me up or whatever you want with him. If not, you aren’t allowed to intrude on my love life ever again.” you play at it. You doubt she will be successful as she seems to mull it over, contemplating her options before snatching up the umbrella with a thankful grin that then turns sneaky.

“You’re on.” is the only reply before she hurries away (incredibly quick for those pumps) and leaves you alone to gross over what you’ve just allowed yourself to become involved in. First day in a new school, making weird new acquaintances already that wanted to be your friend, and making possibly life changing bets? Brilliance.

After a little more time passes, you submit yourself to the fact you now have to walk home in the freezing rain. You didn’t mind entirely – just that if anyone was home they likely would make a small fit over the fact that you were soaked to the bone. If it was Sans, he would supply those words with a knowing wink.

Thinking back on Sans, you’re surprised he didn’t react harsher when you basically slapped him first thing when coming home. However, he caused quite a rude wake-up call – not even continuing his sentence or making you aware of his presence; just saying your name and remaining deathly silent. In that retrospect? He deserved it.

Pulling up your hood and exiting the hall, the wind and rain greet you at the main doors along with a tender smile and rain pelting against an umbrella. Trenton is standing on the sidelines, giving a warm smile to you as he readjusts himself and approaches you in your bewilderment, wordlessly shielding you underneath the umbrella.

“A little bird told me you could use a shield from the rain. Figured I could maybe suffice?” he gives those pleading puppy dog eyes that read “I merely want to please my master” as you groan and understand instantly that the war had already begun. Would you take advantage of this kindness and possibly be drawn into a terribly sweet trap, or just get cold and wet while going home? Begrudgingly, you choose the dry choice as you shyly meander underneath the umbrella, trying to avoid eye contact. You need to remain close to his heated and toned body in order to stay mostly underneath the coverage. The stares you get are proof enough this was clearly the wrong choice, but the bus-stop is already coming into view as you try and scurry underneath to settle on the bench.

Once underneath the cover, you take a relieved sigh that instantly is quickening your heart rate; he
hasn’t left, merely looming overhead as he looks down on you. You both wait in agonizing silence until the bus arrives. Walking past, he gently snatches up your wrist, grabbing your attention before shimmying the ownership of his umbrella over to you with a playful wink.

“What kind of man would I be if I let you get soaked to the bone? Stay safe.” he asks considerately before dashing back onto the campus before you can utter another word. Fumbling to close it, you reuse the ticket from before and take one of the backseats as you finally let your heartbeat reach your ears. Your face is heating up, your ears tingling with a sensation that would peak each time his silky voice swept over you. You knew this feeling.

This can’t be happening again. I won’t let myself go through this again. It will just go to shit – it always goes to shit!!

Your face and heartbeat weren’t keeping time with your chilled thoughts.

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

Shambling up to the house with the borrowed umbrella, you notice a package with a spider logo sits on the front step, shielded from the downpour. Snatching it up, its clearly addressed to you from Muffet. Your mood instantly turns to glee as you swing open the door, drying your shoes on the ‘Welcome’ mat and setting the umbrella into a holder to drip out. A call out proves fruitless as the house is abandoned besides your presence. Papyrus wasn’t even in, though you weren’t sure what that meant considering he wasn’t supposed to start up for a few days.

Climbing the stairs with the weighted package, you finally plop it onto your bed, shutting your door and digging out your cutting razor to slice it open.

You instantly regret life.

It was as though Muffet had heard that little voice in your head and made the exact thing you weren’t looking forward to constantly sporting. However, it honestly could be worse. Inside was a nicely tailored lacey black string tie along with what could only be an accentuate black with incredibly thin orange stripes moving vertically. A white ruffle blouse with a high collar and a optional button up v-neck sported puffed shoulder sleeves that were slightly transparent, along with a longer sleeve option that flared more ruffles near the ends. You were given a choice of either perky black booty shorts, a mid thigh black pleated skirt that stuck out to not cling to the curves or submit to natural gravity, or very tight black sleeks. In short – dark colors to compliment your legs. Your shoes were either dress shoes with minor heels, or heeled flats.

Everything looked utterly stunning and you were impressed Muffet managed this in less than a day, but you were definitely questioning if Grillby had selected this or if Muffet was given free rein over the designs? Wanting to test the fit, you slip into the high collar blouse and skirt, giving it a test twirl and bend to see how careful you need to be should something drop. You’re surprised by the amount you can likely get away with, but will still take private precautions. The blouse is silky smooth and hugs your skin nicely as you button on the vest. You calculations that it was just to accentuate your breasts was spot on; the buttons go about three quarters down your stomach and then the large gap that presents your minorly squished together valley. It isn’t forceful, just more or less giving that extra allure. You likely could have the choice to wear it unbuttoned or not wear it at all, but examining it over in the mirror, you hatefully admitted that it definitely made you sexier.

The flats and dress shoes have been fitted with feet depressurizers that you will likely be thankful for at a later date. Carefully slipping out of the outfit and replacing it into the box as you tie the previous hoody around your waist while hunkering back on your bed, reading your textbook, only one thought runs through your brain.
Its likely impossible to avoid, but I don’t want anyone I live with to see this outfit.

Chapter End Notes

Alrighty guys. This upcoming week at work will LITERALLY be killing me. Updates, as always, are located on my Tumblr. If I could get them in more often, I really would, but this upcoming week will be tense and I just got things to deal with and alot of hours.

Please leave comments below with commentary and tips - you have NO idea how much comments mean to me :D
I adore reading them over~

Take care guys :D
P.S Frisk riding bike was that poll option A. Frisk riding bike and Asgore talking about his kids.
A makes C easier to incorporate.
Chapter Summary

Jane has more terrible timing. With...well. Everything.

Chapter Notes

Sorry - works hectic. I have been sick. I'm struggling to think up the next 5 chapter basis'.
So, for a short time, I am not guaranteeing any chapters for anything. I am going to focus on going back, fixing out some grammer mistakes, and just taking some time to plan out the next bits of story.
Please be patient!

Sitting in your bed and reading over the notes, you’d been on and off texting with Rhianna; which was a nightmare. Every two sentences she would mention you needing to date Trenton which was agony when one is trying to decipher whom the five most prominent artistic figures in the 1800’s were and specific works.

Utter agony.

Luckily, you were literally saved by the dinner bell which consisted of Alphys coming up to greet you at your door, as she gave a quiet but known knock. Careful to open the door without frightening the poor monster, you both sigh a relief at each others presence.

“Hey Alphys.” you smile wholeheartedly, relieved at the dear friend standing before you.

“Hi Jane. Glad to s-see school went w-well.” her smile pokes at her spectacles as you quizzically arch your eyebrow in confusion.

“How do you know it went well?” you ask. Her expression instantly shifts to that of something she likely shouldn’t have mentioned, then relieving to the “I’m caught” face as she tries to flick her eyes anywhere but your body.

“W-Well I was w-worried…new s-school…new classmates……n-new b-b-bullies…” she twiddles her clawed fingers together absently. “I-I know you had a-always been t-trouble since I f-first moved in a-a-as your roommate…I j-just thought-“

“Alpphyysss. You know me. I don’t go looking for trouble – I look for answers. Whether that involves trouble or bastards getting in my way, I will deal with it then.” With the boost of confidence, you pitifully punch your hand to your palm which startles her ever so slightly. She is looking you up and down for little wounds as you give a sigh and slouch.

“Alphyysss. I played nice. I didn’t get in trouble. Stop mothering me, please.” you emotionlessly
beg as you lean in your doorway and she gives a faint giggle. “Did you come upstairs just to make sure I’ve been a good girl?” you ask, arching an eyebrow. You immediately regret the little nickname as she grows a devilish smile to the misuse of words. She is practically vibrating as she fidgets with excitement, her mind reeling.

“If you put that in one of your fic’s I will not forgive you.” you playfully warn with a sigh. “Seriously, you just come to say hi?”

“No. Papyrus and Undyne are making dinner.” she quickly informs as you immediately regret letting this happen. Undyne and Papyrus were…….passionate. About everything. You hardly wanted to imagine the creation they would make being allowed free rein over the kitchen – especially considering both were avid culinary fanatics. Brushing past Alphys with a unbelievably groan, you make haste with her down the staircase, trying to not slip up with your slick socks.

“What’re they making.” you demand, hoping to find the actual ingredients for whatever the dinner should be tonight actually present in the mayhem.


“Where the hell is Toriel or Asgore?” you ask, briefly swiveling your head to look at Alphys for answers.

“T-They had a p-parent teacher conference w-with Frisk and F-Flowey! S-Sans is still at work and I-I just came home!” you can see the sweat as she takes a whiff of the air. Laughter and battle cries can be heard from within as you pick up the pace momentarily before swiveling around into the havoc zone.

Why is there peanut butter on the wall?

The mess you have entered hardly resembles the once pristine kitchen. The spaghetti is boiling over the brim, sizzling against the stove. Besides it is a pan of boiling and bubbling cheeses, like a failed attempt at fondue. In the corner, Undyne is chanting at Papyrus as they both are hunched over the counter.

He is starting to stick a fork into the toaster to get the toast out.

You know calling out will only increase the likelihood of a fatal mistake as you quickly glance around for any means to cut the power off. In a rushed attempt, you flip the power switch to the room, hoping it is the thing supplying the toasters outlet before flying at Papyrus, jerking him and Undyne away from the machine. As predicted, with you action came the startling of the skeleton and fish and the fork plunged inside the device. You hardly had time to pull back either of them – Undyne’s quick reflexes to defend her face with her forearms was wise as she hurled back into a counter, while Papyrus whirled past you the moment you grasped his arm. With him you stumbled back and your forehead bashed roughly against something before Alphys gave a little shriek. The power switch didn’t work as Alphys feebly flicks it back on, you and Undyne groaning as you rub your head, fearing the loss of your brain cells and the size and shape of the likely follow up bruise. Past Alphys’ concerned chitter towards Undyne, you hear a small sniffling sound as you finally raise your head. Papyrus is below you, completely motionless, yet sniffling past a nonexistent nose. Tangerine orange tears are welling in his sockets, silently slipping down the sides of his sharpened cheekbones. Following his cheekbones, you find the source. Your forehead had collided into his mouth, breaking and unhinging his jaw that laid slack yet trembling as he fought the pooling tears. Gasping, you sit up, trying to not press into his bones or shirt as you shimmy off
him, trembling to assist but completely unsure how.

“Oh my god Papyrus – j-just chill alright? Relax – don’t move – relax.” you try to reassure him, patting his shoulder. He gives a tiny nod, trying to not completely detach his jaw. "Undyne!!” you call as she whirls over, skidding knee first to Papyrus’ side, looking him up and down.

“Shi- Paps! Your gonna be alright bud! Stay strong, soldier!” she clenches a fist as Papyrus wordlessly clenches one with his gloves, pounding it against hers – though his is now lacking energy and enthusiasm. "I’m callin’ Sans! Hang on!!” she barks, dashing off to find her cellphone despite the closer kitchen phone. Alphys is assisting Papyrus with sitting up as you try to be useful in any possible way but merely being the one to ensure if his jaw does fall, you would catch it.

By the time Undyne has located her phone, you and Alphys have settled Papyrus onto the couch while Alphys shuffled off to make Golden Flower Tea. Clearly, smiling is a true painful experience as whenever he genuinely presses upwards tears overflow. You’re overflowing with guilty – the hard surface your forehead had likely made contact with was his upper jaw. With the force of recoil, gravity, and your gravity and weight, it isn’t surprising. His bones are just generally thinner then Sans’.

“God, Papyrus, I am sooo sorry.” you apologize for what feels like the hundredth time, but he deserves every one. Since the incident, his attempted talking is pained, slurred, and he has a click now. Even his voice had suffered from the blow.

“I-I’m awright.” he itches a grin up on the still connected end of his jaw. He has a hand cupping it up, trying to assist his talking.

“Sans? Hey. Idiot. Nab your phone. Pick up? Hey. Hey. Heyheyheyheyheyheyhey-“ Undyne was rapid firing to an annoying answering machine before a click emitted from the phone, a whispering deep voice flowing through with a yawn. “HEY! Uhhh. So. Hysterical thing happened with the toaster…Uh…” she paused, not even bothering to put her hand to the speaking end and looking me and Papyrus, “What should I tell him?” she looked a little confused and stumped as you gave a unknown shrug.

“You tell him the truth.” you reply, trying to help Papyrus’ pain anyway possible.

“The whole truth or like…a liiitttle truth?” she pressed her thin lips together, raising her eyebrows and continuing to stare.

“Undyne!!” you growled back, gesturing to Papyrus’ broken face.

“Okay okay! So, hey, me and Paps were making toast….for dinner, DUH.” she groans, holding the cellphone arms elbow with her hand in the air. “And we couldn’t get the toast out so Paps offered to pull it out with some forks. But then the lights went out and something happened…………Well no I think Jane turned ‘em out.” she asked, giving a questioning look.

“I only did that because I was hoping it would turn off that outlet. You never stick something into a toaster!! If I had just called out or yanked at you guys, it would’ve ended the same!”

“Suwy..” Papyrus looked slightly ashamed of himself as you rubbed his boney shoulders.

“How the hell was I supposed to know toasters exploded?! Damn if it wasn’t cool though…huh? Yeah – blew right up……I don’t know what happened next but I think Jane broke Papyrus’ face.” she finishes, looking to Papyrus.

“It wasn’t on purpose! It was an accident!” you call out somewhat loudly to drive a point. Turning
to Papyrus, you give pleading eyes to the predicament. “I’m so sorry…” Alls he returns is a pained grin and comforting shoulder pats that only swell the ball of guilt you have.

In the next instant, the front door is broken in, smashing against the wall with hurried footsteps. Not even a few moments later and Sans is skidding into the living room. He’s dressed in a shabby business shirt with unkept cuffs, dark blue work slacks and business shoes. With glasses. Taped. To his skull. If the face he was making wasn’t one of sheer horror and fright, you would likely be giggling at the unfortunate need for tape.

For now, you can’t help but feel like you got caught giving a lactose intolerant child ice cream by an overbearing boney parent.

He is quick to reach his brothers side, not even allowing yourself a chance to question how he had reached here within such a short period of time. “what happened?” His question is more of a growl.

“I-I came downstairs and everything was getting burnt and they were putting a fork into the toaster and that never ends well so I was hoping the power switch applied to the toaster as well but when I tried to grab him away from it it obviously didn’t work and the explosion, the gravity, I fell on top of him, more gravity and the tile I-I probably hit it with my forehead but i’m so sorry Papyrus!” you finally finish, though the breathe didn’t carry through as you’d become slightly light-headed. Your stammering wasn’t unwarranted – Sans’ sockets were emptied of their usual pupils as he delicately held up his brothers slacked jaw, Papyrus wincing beneath him. Alphys scurries back in, unquestioning of Sans’ presence as she carries with her the golden flower tea. You don’t understand how, but Sans an Alphys are helping him somehow sip the tea while Undyne grips his hand and shoulder.

You alone stand there, completely helpless and clueless on how to be of assistance. Watching on pitifully and left to stew in your own guilt, the only thing prying you from your thoughts are Alphys grazing your elbow and the smell of still burning food. When had tears prickled into the corners of your eyes. Unwanting to be a burden any longer, you task yourself with cleaning the mess – including the still unexplained splatter of peanut butter on the wall. You’d already lost your appetite anyway.

Dumping the burnt pasta and draining it, you dedicate to hopefully still serving the gang spaghetti and grilled cheese as you silently start another batch, properly making the grilled cheese on the stove. The toaster is completely out of commission. Giving the spaghetti a moment to stew, you finally stop gingerly stepping around jagged bits and clearing the floor of the trivial issue. Alphys keeps poking her head in to check on you, but your guilty conscience must be wafting off you like an aura as only giving her a hurt look leaves her sympathetic enough to give you space.

A few pieces end up cutting your palms or emitting an ever resilient glimmer of electric life – giving itty bitty zaps to you. Throwing the large remnants away, wiping down the peanut butter, stirring the spaghetti – you lose yourself in a little cycle of emotionless tasks before a decently sharp piece pierces the outside beneath your pinky; hitting a sensitive spot. Hissing past your teeth, you throw the rest out, trying to shimmy pry the painful metal from your hand before a cold boney hand overlays your own quietly.

You can hardly look up to meet his sockets, but when you do, he has his signature lazy smug grin and lidded eyes that are trained to gaze directly back at yours before falling back to your injured hand and carefully removing the metal. A thin trickle of blood seeps out as you bring it up towards your mouth, the iron taste familiar as you let it drain before swishing it underneath a stinging soap and water. Sans is still wordless in the doorway before helping you pick up the remnants of the hazard.
“I’m sorry.” you mumble, focused on picking up the pieces absently, uncaring much of injury. Sans is quick to snatch up any possibly harmful bits, even the ones from his comforted reach as you look at him with honest bewilderment.

“ain’t gonna cut me. no chip off my bone.” he plays on words with an increased smile. You can’t even feel yourself force a twitchy grin – because you don’t. Before you can return to the task he plants a hand onto your shoulder a little firmer then you would expect, shaking you calmly before you look back to him. His eyes are deadly serious, smile flattened out.

“hey. stop blaming yourself.” he demands softly, not wanting the others to hear him.

“Easier said than done……its my fault he even got……” you trail off your sentence, the words caught in the guilty lump subconsciously formed.

“if you weren’t there to get him away he prob’ly woulda come out worse.” he reminds, picking up the last few stray bits before tossing them out and dusting his hands off with a clatter of bones, fetching a broom and dustpan he obviously refuses to relinquish to you. As he sweeps up the far too small remnants, you return to ensuring this batch of spaghetti is perfect while starting on the grilled cheeses. You can’t wipe the self-scouring off your face as he continues to look through your guilt like glass.

“lay off the guilt trip smalls, yeesh.” he sidles beside you after dumping the last loose shards into the trash, watching some of the grilled cheeses contents dribble and sizzle with a heavenly aroma against the hot pan.

“I made a Papyrus cry. I am as guilty as they come.” you mutter, leaning against the counter after giving the spaghetti a few stirs.

“he’s a tough skeleton. he’ll pull through alright.” To his words you straighten yourself out, turning off the burner and facing him with incredible seriousness, pinching together your index and thumb.

“One does not simply make a Papyrus cry.” you quote, picking up a mitt and straining the water out. The quizzical look he gives you leaves you aghast he doesn’t understand that reference, but you couldn’t blame them for not having time to watch so many movies, and he was seemingly busy constantly. Which drove another question, “Aren’t you supposed to be working?”

“took the night off.” giving a lazy shrug, he eyes you setting up plates of pasta, counting the number. You unincluded yourself naturally as he reaches past you to nab an extra plate. Meeting his eyesockets, you’re hardly in the playful mood, simply placing one of your own plates back and scooping pasta onto the rest. Turning back, Sans has another extra plate.

“Sans. I don’t want a plate.” you inform, motioning to take the plate from his clutches.

“are you from china, ‘cause you’re speakin’ some foreign language.” he winks again, fiddling and waving the plate around as you snatch it from his clutches and place it back. “aw c’mon smalls, lighten up.” before you can ask why he is giggling at that, he is turning the light fixture on and off. You completely understand he is just trying to make you feel better…….but you honestly would prefer to be scolded and move past it instead of just frolicking around the situation.

“This isn’t funny Sans. I broke Papyrus’ smile. With my head,” you point to the swelling bruise – your hairline covers it well, “and you expect me to smile at him and just eat like nothing happened?!?” your speaking louder then you wanted for this hushed conversation and Alphys pokes a concerned head in.
“I-Is everything alright?” Her stutter only exists due to the tension you’re letting waft into the air. Everyone seems so alright with this, unjudging and just overwhelming kind with support and smiles. Unsure if its just the friendliness of monsters, or them trying to even slightly brighten your guilt, you nab a piping hot grilled cheese and brush past her. You hate to be rude, but seeing Papyrus or anyone else now would simply put you more on edge.

Reaching the upstairs, you slam the door a little too loud and immediately regretting the decision, but its unlikely opening it, giving a gentle pet, then closing it with a kiss and whisper will change anyone else’s mind. Grabbing your pillow and bypassing the gyrating plant monster, you swing open your empty art room, plopping onto the abandoned couch and eyeing the easel in the corner before thrusting your pillow into the couch and face planting directly into it, letting the grilled cheese dangle off the side in your clutches as you curse erratically with heavy breathing into the cushion.

*I hurt Papyrus.* The three words echo through your mind, steeling your heart and completely ruining the appetite you once had.

You don’t know how long you lay there, face down. struggling for air but unable to escape the pillow nightmare you are purposefully suffocating yourself with. Your there long enough that the moment you finally absently bite into the grilled cheese, its heat is gone. Unwanting to waste, you still bite into the staling meal as a light knock emits from the door. Too emotionally and mentally fried to question who is rapping against your door, you shamble over with the grilled cheese hanging from your jaws to a very stern faced Frisk and Flowey.

“What the hell are you doing?” Flowey asks, eyeing you up and down. Your hair was disheveled, your face likely crusted with old tears, and a cold grilled cheese with drool dripping down the edge as the flavor still pleases your taste buds. Ripping off the bit still shoved in your mouth and chipmunking it, you look Frisk up and down. PJ’s and a pillow.

“I could ask the same thing – Frisk, another sleepover?” you point to the pillow and he just defiantly nods and nudges his way inside. You don’t hate the prospect of cuddling up with the kids, but you don’t want your mood to sour their night. Silently, you allow them in, munching into the sandwich with hearty bites as your more aware to the need for sleep – classes and your first day of work were tomorrow. You were hoping tonight would be one filled with enthusiasm at the prospect of the job awaiting you, but it only itches into a smile on your face.

Quick to finish the sandwich, you feel around your drawers for a good night tank-top, yet to no avail. Glancing back at Frisk, you wait a cautionary moment before stripping off your shirt to reveal the pretty sturdy training bra you’d thrown on in the mornings haste. Frisk seemed immature enough to not question your choice of outfit, yet mature enough to not ask. Also, you were comfortable with him seeing what he’d likely *already* seen, as you gently brush a hand over a slashed dip near your spine. You meander momentarily into your art room to slip into comfortable pants in more privacy, if you call incredibly short shorts pants.

Shambling back into the bedroom where Frisk is already situated on the bed with Flowey, you toss your pillow back down and plant your face back into a merciless suffocation, yet Frisk doesn’t allow it as he keeps tapping your shoulder until you spare him a turning glance. He keeps a grasp onto your shoulder while transmitting his voice through himself into your soul.

“Are you upset with what happened with Pappy?” he practically whispers, despite the lack of listeners.

“Yes. I hurt him. I hurt Papyrus and Sans was just trying to play it off. I…I couldn’t do anything. Do you know what that’s like? Having someone hurt because of your own actions and there’s
nothing you can do yourself to fix it; that you have to rely on others to amend your mistake?” you ask, though you likely shouldn’t be troubling a child with such fears. Nevertheless, he shifts underneath the covers and away from your questioning gaze.

“………yeah…” he silently admits. Knowing you both share in some form of suffering, you snuggle close Frisk as he buries himself into your exposed stomach, his fickle hairs dancing lightly with a tickling against your skin. Knowing Flowey, you snake an arm around his pot and force him to join the sweet embrace before you’re all eventually dozing off, trying to let your mind wander to better places.

It’s not your own thoughts that awaken you at the ungodly hour of 4:18. A whimper and whisper emit from beneath you and before you can properly discern what’s occurring, Frisk is digging their tiny nails into your skin. You yelp in surprise while they continue to thrash their legs, gripping your bra, shorts, skin, anything, as a lifeline. With his intense grip comes the terrified voice he channels through.

“No, no STOP PLEASE! This isn’t what we wanted!! STOP!!! PLEASE!!” He is sobbing into you, digging down harder as you shake his little shoulders hesitantly. His nightmare must be tremendous awfully as his face is scrunched into one of betrayal and heart ache.

“Frisk?” you try to make the process light, giving encouraging calls to his name and shaking his shoulder. He continues to whimper and sob, brushing you off. Gripping tighter only results in him gasping out and trying to push your hand away. “Frisk. Frisk, bud, c’mon. Wake up!”

“No, NOO. WE NEED to Save hER!!” His cries are becoming more prominent and echoing out. Straightening your entire body and boosting yourself onto your elbow, you snatch up his other elbow, desperate, before giving a head jerking shake.

“Frisk!!” you call out, trying to watch your tone. His eyes shoot awake, but they are not their own. They are unfamiliar to you. Red; deep and crimson like fresh blood. They’re wide, welled and sore with tears, but you know it for no trick of the eyes. As quickly as the color was there, it fades, his eyes loom back to a tighter gaze as tears trickle down his yellowish cheeks.

“Jaanneee…” he whimpers out before completely clamping around your form and sobbing into the sports bra. Sitting up, you pull him into your lap entirely as his legs circle your waist for comfort or stability; you’re uncaring as you brush a hopefully soothing hand through his hair, resting your cheek to his scalp.

“Had a little nightmare buddy?” you whisper, hoping to not spook him. He nods into your chest past the sobs. Cupping his neck with one arm, you protectively swing the other around his waist, supporting him into you and rubbing small circles into his tense spine with your palm.

“Do you want to talk about it?” you ask politely. Taking a few moments to ponder the choice past his silent cries, he gives a shaky no. “Alright. But you should know you can talk to me. I wouldn’t tell if you didn’t want me to…” And damn if that wasn’t the truth. It had been such a short period of time, yet you’d grown as attached to this child as a true sibling; wanting nothing but to see them happy, maybe mess with them a few times, but encourage their life to strive forward into great things. Yet, once again, you were powerless to do much other than whispering relaxing words and trying to break him out of his intense state of mind. After eight minutes of nothing but the constant crying, you lean your head onto his.

“No, no STOP PLEASE! This isn’t what we wanted!! STOP!!! PLEASE!!” He is sobbing into you, digging down harder as you shake his little shoulders hesitantly. His nightmare must be tremendously awful as his face is scrunched into one of betrayal and heart ache.

“Frisk?” you try to make the process light, giving encouraging calls to his name and shaking his shoulder. He continues to whimper and sob, brushing you off. Gripping tighter only results in him gasping out and trying to push your hand away. “Frisk. Frisk, bud, c’mon. Wake up!”

“No, NOO. WE NEED to Save hER!!” His cries are becoming more prominent and echoing out. Straightening your entire body and boosting yourself onto your elbow, you snatch up his other elbow, desperate, before giving a head jerking shake.

“Frisk!!” you call out, trying to watch your tone. His eyes shoot awake, but they are not their own. They are unfamiliar to you. Red; deep and crimson like fresh blood. They’re wide, welled and sore with tears, but you know it for no trick of the eyes. As quickly as the color was there, it fades, his eyes loom back to a tighter gaze as tears trickle down his yellowish cheeks.

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“Do you need to see Sans?” You recalled Toriel saying before that sometimes the two would have
sleepovers whenever there was fear of an impending nightmare. Frisk doesn’t hesitate to nod and it breaks a little piece of you that you weren’t able to even soothe the child’s fretting. “Do you want to bring Flowey with you?” you ask quietly, glancing back to the flower. He hasn’t awoken from the sobs but you aren’t sure what he would want in this situation. When he gives a shake of the head and a snivel for air you spin him and yourself around to let your legs dangle from the mattress before standing and letting your waist give a dissatisfied pop.

4:30 is way too early… Your entire body retaliates to the early wake-up call into movement but your brain strives you forward and swiftly out the door without making too much noise. Tip-toeing down the staircase, you take a moment to recall which door belongs to which brother before noticing a sock sticking out beneath one and groaning to yourself. Reaching the door, you’re unsure how deeply he can sleep or how loud to be to wake him and nobody else. Frisk’s heaving for an air supply breaks you from your trance as you simply give a plain three tap knock.

“Sans?” you question a little above a whisper, watching the other doors and listening in to the sounds. Pressing an ear to the door, you can’t hear anything. You knock again. “Sans? You there?” you ask, a tad louder. Nothing. “Sans, it’s Frisk.” Your final attempt doesn’t result in any aware movement. Was he at work, downstairs, just…not answering? You denied the fourth idea as him just being a sleepy prick like you and turn on your heel to check the downstairs. Before you reach the staircase, a bedroom door creaks open and you shoot your neck around (much to the agony of it as it cracks in retaliation) and see Sans opening it enough to see his entire skull, rubbing his eyesocket before popping them both open. A pastel blue sheen covers his cheekbones as he merely stares out at you cradling the koala child. It is only then that you recall your outfit and the unsavory detail of your scar mangled back before swiftly turning on heel to face him and use Frisk’s body as an eye shield.

“Uh…u-um. Frisk had a nightmare and was looking for you…sooo…” you awkwardly stand there gesturing to the child of Sans’ presence as his eyes refuse to faze from you. The regret of not wearing a full shirt increased ten-fold but you were mystified – it wasn’t as if you’d really worn less before. Undyne certainly refrains from clothing herself after a night with Alphys. Was he merely reacting to your back? You refused to wait for an answer as Frisk detached from your torso revealing the rest of your stomach and plowing straight with a poof into Sans’ shirt, knocking one of his feet back. You stood there, bewildered, because how did he fill out so plump if he was a skeleton?!? You’re slightly mesmerized as he pluses into the location of his rounded nonexistent belly, the shirt smooshing in with his face as Frisk tries to feebly wrap his little arms around him. The strange revelation is enough to snap you free from the fact you staring back, questioning his anatomy, as he is likely doing the same.

Knowing Frisk is in good hands, you make a hasty retreat back upstairs to escape any questions and plop back onto the bed.

“Is he with that trashbag of bones again?” comes Flowey’s voice, strict but not hateful.

“Mhmm” you muffle past the pillow as you turn around to face him, “Nightmare.” Flowey gives a sigh, resting back onto the pillow. He’s been pretty silent ever since his little explanation. “You worried?” you arch an eyebrow at him, looking into tiny yet beady dots known as eyes as they hesitate.

“…Yeah.”

“About what?” you prop yourself on your elbow and bring the pot closer to cuddle. He doesn’t refuse the motion.

“About Chara…” His childish, Asriel, voice seeps through as he rests his petals against your skin
“Your possessive sister?” You can’t help but waggle your eyebrows at him at the on the spot pun discovery.

“You’re terrible.”

“You’re terrible too.” you hug him closer in swollen pride. “Whats got you concerned with Chara?”

“She’s……been awfully quiet.” he shortens your explanation before you think it over.

“What does that mean?” you ask finally, unable to piece together how the murderous spirit being absent was bad.

“She’s never quiet this long. Her soul – I can always hear her soul through Frisk, but…she hasn’t said much anything recently.”

“You think she is plotting something?” you ask seriously, instantly concerned for Frisk.

“…Likely. She was always one for plans. So long as Frisk stays determined and pacifistic she has no power over him anymore.” he finalizes, staring off into no real direction as he loses himself in his thoughts. Incapable of finding words to console his concerns, your squish his pot closer.

“You know nobody would let……would let whatever happened before happen again, yeah?” you whisper as he nestles into your neck. The location of his face pokes out and his stamen reminds you more of fur as it bristles against your skin, both of you fading back into pleasant sleep with heavy thoughts.

“…………..Yeah.” Is the faint whisper he returns before you both are out cold.

At last, it’s the weekend. Unfortunately, the signaling of your alarm clock buzzing off to you in the early morning is the reminder the course has weekend classes as well. Groaning, you achingly slide from your bed, reaching for your alarm that you’d left on the ground in your laziness. Atleast you had a solid half hour to prepare this time. You don’t know when, but Flowey vanished from your sheets as you sleepily shamble looking for his pot. Dedicating more time into picking your clothes, feeding Louis and Seymour, and taking care of morning preparations such as an incredibly quick shower, brushing of the teeth, anti-depressants and absently rebrushing your teeth.

Returning to your room to grab your bag and essentials that includes your hidden work uniform for after school, you find the bag is snatched and held from reach with vines above Louis’ head. Unwilling to put up with the shenanigans so early in the morning, you bribe him with an extra leech and vow to never allow your bag into their reach again as you hurry downstairs before Seymour snatches you, begging for extras as well.

Without the same rush as before you have enough time to prepare a peanut-butter and jelly before class as you check your time. It would be a run to the bus-stop but it felt more leisurely then before. Atleast the day was without rain – the sun shone through the windows nearly blinding you, the news sounding in the background by the living room. Preparing the spread in as much silence as possible, you wriggle the sandwich into a plastic baggy, slipping it into your bag before turning and gently connecting your face into a baggy tank that held hard ribs behind it. You stay there, nestled against the rough bones for a moment, processing what you could possibly say. You’d left last night out of guilt, but the guilt of your betrayal seemed far worse at this point as you took up
the courage to back up and truly face Papyrus. His tank has is completely white with a professional stenciling of a six pack that mysteriously fills out despite the lack of stomach or essence; similar to Sans the previous night. Allowing your eyes to look up your eye is caught to the large Hello Kitty band-aid wrapped carefully around the hinge. However, where you recalled cracks before is healed over despite the band-aids coverage. His mouth is left somewhat opened from the bandage wrapping into his mouth and around the back, ensuring the placement. He looks as happy as ever, yet pulls out a notepad. Your heart breaks in half as he writes a quick scribbled message.

‘GOOD MORNING!! FRISK AND TORIEL INSISTED I KEEP THE BANDAGE AND NOT MOVE MY JAW, THUSLY I HAVE BEEN REDUCED TO EXERTING MY EXCITEMENT FOR THIS FINE MORNING THROUGH PAPER! IF ONLY IT DID JUSTICE.’ Reading past and looking up to him in question, he gives a brimming smile while trying to keep his jaw clamped shut to not rip the sticky fabric.

“But…you’re fine?” you ask and arch an eyebrow. He give a hearty nod as you give a sigh of relief, looking over his face before your phone buzzes off in your pocket. Guess it was another mad sprint to the bus stop. “CRUD. Papyrus I gotta go! Rest up, don’t strain your jaw, I got work tonight, be home late, okay, yeah, bye!” you call out as you rush past him towards the front door. Grateful there isn’t a pounding freezing rain beating down on you as you rush to the bus-stop, a familiar entity floats before the bus stop as you make good time despite gasping for air.

“H-Hello Jane. Y-yooou have class?” he asks politely with a shy smile. You lean down to rest your arm on your knees, catching your breath as you fiddle with your bag looking for change.

“Y-Yeah. You?” you gasp out, trying to not sound so winded. You likely didn’t need to rush to the extent you had, but being early was never a crime.

“C-Club activities….” he whispers shyly. Its then you recognize in his backpack a carefully hidden but still showing DJ Launchpad. You understand his shyness and relent from asking how it was going as the bus comes into view the moment you find proper change. You were surprised with your luck in finding quarters in the large confines, but you refuse to question it as you mindlessly listen to your jams and let Napstablook listen to his own. Nevertheless, you kept an eye out on the bus for any folks trying to be rude or menacing to your shy acquaintance.

“JAAANEEEE!!” is the hearty call from a quickly waving Rhianna you receive first thing you step off the bus. People start staring in your direction with faint giggles as you try to hide behind your hair with embarrassment as you quickly approach her.

“What the hell? How did you know I got off that bus? And what the hell?” you grit your teeth, trying to hide the blush from your face as she gives a brief guffaw. Her style today is much plainer then previously but still with a neon flare. Her wild afro has been pulled back into a unique bun poof with a rainbow scrunchy, letting the braids by her ears dangle against large hooped earrings that resembled dream catchers. She had a v-neck pastel blue t-shirt with a tie-die very loose tank top dangling with thin strands reaching around her thin shoulders. Her skirt was a decent length down to her knees, but a slit on each end went past her thigh nearly revealing her underwear as her usual pumps gave an extra bit of height to her.

“Don’t question my informants. Now, onward!” Before you can grumble about who the hell her informants are she is yanking you away into the college by your wrist as you make pace to the classroom.

“Didn’t know you were so eager to get to class. Its too damn early…” you stifle a yawn, hiding the
gaping mouth behind your free hand as you’re yanked into a corner where she stands before you. She hands you back your umbrella roughly and smiles on your cornered figure.

“Class wasn’t what I was talking ‘bout.” She replies with a swift emphasizing of her eyebrows that reveals her true intentions. “We hadda deal!!” she squeals in excitement as you regret everything. “Now, you really have to try and be accepting, alright?!”

“Alright, alright!” you growl with resentment to the deal. It likely wouldn’t work anyway.

…Right?

Whisked off to the classroom again in her clutches, the course hasn’t started but a good chunk of students are already settled in – including Trenton who is swarmed with female paparazzi. Knowing Rhianna wants you to take back your previous seat, you begin your ascension of the broad stairs to your seat, glaring the woman down. The uncomfortable thing is he used his football helmet and backpack to reserve you and Rhianna’s seats. Once you notice after squeezing past the crowd, Rhianna playfully fans her hand over her face looking faint before picking and handing back his football helmet. He takes it with a smile as you try and icily return his backpack, only ending with you grunting.

Is it filled with bricks?! You struggle to pick it up as his hand reaches past and over yours. His palms aren’t significantly sweaty, but enough to moisten and sheen the raw tensed muscle in his grasp that grazes over yours. Taking your hand back in panic, he gives a light wink before effortlessly lifting the bag and dropping it to his feet with a hefty thud.

Please not one of those guys who only knows how to show off with brute strength – pleasenotanotherpleaseoh please. You internally plead as you take your seat, Mr. Thair practically using his folder as a gavel and the woman surrounding the college star diminish out, some upright leaving the classroom to actually attend their own studies.

Throughout the course, again, Trenton is quick to hand you little notes. None of them are crude, sexual or anything just intolerable – in fact, they are plainly friendly and relatable to wanting to understand; even as far as asking little questions he is confused on. You only answer his questions regarding the course, but slowly you feel the icicle barrier you erected being melted away.

And that’s never good.

During a ten minute recess, instead of taking the time to actually speak with the man, you retreat with your study book to the front and ask Mr. Thair about certain elements regarding the upcoming lesson on Chinese Prints. Thair is obviously enthused that someone is taking opportunity of the time and offers thirty minute tutoring lessons a little after class. Needing the time to catch up and understand the spectrum you walked into, you agree. Rhianna doesn’t take the news well as she lightly slap your shoulder.

“What the hell are you doing?! That’s time to be spent-“

“Actually learning because that’s what I came to college for. Not romance.” you raise your eyebrows with a wide smile. Rhianna was becoming more and more aware of your ever necessary need to be a general nerd when it came to studying.

Still, throughout the class, you craftily exchange remarks with Rhianna via papers and try to deny any from Trenton, besides a few stray questions regarding the subject matter. Once class ends, you and Rhianna spend time once again in the cafeteria, alone and off to the side where she bombards you with more personal questions.
“So, like, how close have you come to sex?” she asks nonchalantly while sipping a milkshake. You nearly sputter your water everywhere as you look at her with perplexion. Was this *casual* conversation for college students?! Previously you presumed it was merely the idiots around you trying to hint at your growing aloneness.

“Uuuhhh….” you stare at her in bewilderment, hoping to avoid the question entirely. Taking away the encounter with O’Neil and you *really* had made any intent to move to a sexual standing in any prior relationships.

“Oh my god, girl, spill. I’m on the end of my fucking seat!”

“W-Well…uh…I think three years back was the closest I’ve gotten?” you try to recall, avoiding the mention of nearly being raped by a previous professor entirely.

“What does closest mean?” she pries and pries for details.

“He…well he grabbed my butt…and my boob……aaanddd that was it.” you’re quick to sip your water and watch her gape from her previous underestimation of your sexual experiences.

“Did you *even* get out of clothes?”

“I think he did it because it was winter and he’d lent me his coat. Ah. That also counts as likely the most *romantic* thing a guy has done for me in a relationship.” you poke at the drveling issue of most guys you picked to date turned out to be utter pricks. The one who had made the most advancements up and left during the summer to join a band, leaving you nothing but a drum stick with his signature. You burned it in the fireplace back at the apartment complex that night while wasting away in tears with the landladies brownies. She had dubbed them break-up brownies. They worked well to appease the emptiness of the moment.

“Okay. We are changing this.” She states.

“Good luck.” You reply, starting up with the chime of the bell to attend the short tutoring lesson. Not as big a surprise, you are the only one attending the tutoring lesson. You pick out a chair and a stray table and sit beside Thair. What *does* shock you is he is completely understanding, slow, and repetitive with the things you take a little longer to understand. Usually, during lectures, he is intimidating, hasty (despite the three hours) and always gets upset when something isn’t understood properly after a pretty explanatory briefing. Maybe it’s the fact the subject matter is regarding previous missed lessons and upcoming techniques, but it feels so abnormal.

Afterwards, he offers the lessons after class any time you need which you heartily accept before rushing out with a grand goodbye. You *would* say you’re as giddy as a school girl, but your mood turns south as Trenton is waiting by the main doors. The minute you enter his peripheral vision, he struts to your side without you stopping, striking up conversation.

“Hey, how was the tutoring?” he politely asks with a genuine smile. You make eye contact to not be an *entirely* rude piece of shit, but his pale green eyes are somewhat hypnotic as you lose yourself in his tender gaze. Shaking from the trance you opt to look towards his nose while making brief glances at the unique eyecolor.

“Good. He surprised me.” Its quick and brief. You give a pleasantry smile before continuing your focus on the bus stop.

“Yeah? Think it would be alright to tag along next time?” he subtly asks, rustling a hand through his hair.
“You don’t need to ask my permission. It’s an open offer made by Mr. Thair. I don’t care whether you attend or not – it should be for your own benefit.” you reply sternly. Probably harsher then necessary as you reach the bus stop, fiddling with your pockets for the reuse of the bus card provided.

“Oh thank god…” he breathes as you look to him in confusion. He looks generally more relaxed, his muscles untensing from the bulge to his shirt. “I thought you had hated me.” he replies after noticing your bewilderment; your face flushing to the realization your staring into his eyes again. They’re incredibly alluring with the unique color – it nearly reminds you of a Siamese.

“W-Why would I hate you?” You meant it honestly. You didn’t fore-say hate him; merely avoided. You hated your brother. You mostly hated your uncle. You slightly hated Gloria for that abandonment act. However, Trenton had done nothing unsavory in your eyes since you arrived that would drive you to hate him. “If this is about those notes in class, I just want to focus on class while its happening.” You clarify, raising your arms in defense.

“No no no, I totally understand! I just… I was hoping maybe we could hang out some. You seem pretty cool and…smart. I’m surprised nobody else is warming up to you – you’re pretty great.”

You know its just a generalized compliment (you hope) but you can’t help the encompassing blush and bloodflow streaming through your heating face. Upon the realization of his own words, he also turns a vibrant red.

“Uh-AH-No, well yes but I like I –uh - oh I meant- ya know?!” he is stuttering and vibratting with tension as you giggle behind your wrist that had previously been trying to hide your embarrassed blush. His awkward and stiff movements are somewhat comical for what a cool guy should be doing. Looking back into his eyes he can’t keep his out of yours. “That laugh was so cute…” Its nothing past a whisper as you both spiral into more klutzy blushing and stuttering while you hide in heated shame.

Thankfully, the bus approaches. As you walk to get into the filing line, he carefully holds your wrist, but not enough to seem forceful or defiant – yet enough to stop you in your tracks.

“Um…I was hoping, maybe, if you wanted…if you’re free Monday night. Me and a few pals are going out for karaoke, probably drinks. It’s an extended invitation to anyone else you want to bring if you’d like. Rhianna already agreed, but told me I should ask just i-in case.” he speaks fluently as you look back to him. Monday and Tuesday were class free, so a hangover wouldn’t be an issue. Rhianna would be there, and drinking wasn’t a necessity. Besides that, you likely should devote some time to making human friends in this new town – you had no quarrel with making monster friends, but living with monsters on a current daily basis screws with your sense of norm.

“I-I’ll see about it. I might have work, but I can check.” you relay as he gives a grateful smile and releases your wrist.

“Would it be alright if we exchanged cell numbers? That way I can keep in contact of if you can show or not?”

Your heart is thumping into your head, echoing out. How much could you trust this? How much were you allowed to trust this without dashing your hopes?

“Live a little!” , “Enjoy your youth more-“, “Loosen up a little – be more accepting.” A variety of voices rang out in your mind, yet your landladies words spurred your decision.

“Sure.”
Standing before the sink in the bathroom of Grillbys before your shift, banging your head against the counter at the regret to all decisions made within the past half hour. First, you’d allowed an almost known acquaintance have access to texting you and possibly even promised to attend a drinking event with even *more* strangers. On the bus trip, you had a heated argument with a passenger who was berating the existence of this strange little pixie with a sad contorted face. It was trembling in the back and this middle aged businessman was threatening to call the police for the poor creature bumping into him when the bus took a too harsh stop. That he was *infected*. The majority of the passengers were supportive, but unspeaking. You refused and used the next ten minutes defending the monsters actions while they hid behind your hair. The man got off early in a hissy fit and the minute the doors closed you received a cheering applause from most the seats, save a few scoffs.

The Whimsun (they thanked and introduced themselves) was very thankful for your actions and you discovered was also on their way to Grillbys to have a pleasant dinner with the rest of their family. Taking it upon yourself, you both got off at a generally close stop and walked with the Whimsun to the bar. Then stood like a deer in headlights as you had to reprocess there was no reason to believe that your both was the eternal flame edition of your fathers burning corpse. The poor pixie creature tried to soothe you, but you made haste to rush into the bathroom and dry heave over a toilet. It was an improvement from breaking out into a mad dash and being run over, but it really made the situation more uncomfortable when Grillby asked one of the patrons near the bar to come check on you. You didn’t see their face, but from their voice you could tell they were a heavy smoker. You relayed your gratefulness to his and her concern and asked for another ten minutes to clear your head, along with an extended apology for being a mess upon arrival. In honesty, you needed only five minutes to calm yourself – the other five was spent dressing, ensuring your panties would remain unseen and repeating in your head it was a monster elemental man, not a human combustion case.

Now, here you stood, looking at your reddened cheeks and eyes. It wasn’t from crying – it was the force of the dry heaving that nearly bulged your eyes from your sockets. You felt ill, but refused to tarnish your first day on the new job anymore than you already had. Steeling yourself and washing your face and hands, you review your outfit one last time – the heat of the restaurant (and owner) ended with you picking out the short puffed sleeve shirt, with the midway button up black vest. You picked the skirt and wore black knee length stockings along with the heeled flats. Tying your hair back into a high ponytail, you make your way outside after dabbing dry your face with a paper towel.

Nervously making your way over to Grillby, you’re already rubbing your neck to free the nerved tension.

“Sorry about that. Accident – honest.” you meekly apologize, trying to find his eyes past glasses and flames. He has the indentations for eyes, yet they must glow as brightly as the rest of his body because you’re unable to make out any pupil, iris, or anything else.

“….It’s no issue. Are you…alright now?” he calmly asks, his voice flickering in time with his constant flames.

“Yes sir.” After a moment of consideration and looking you over he presents you with a hearty thumbs up.

“…Muffet did nicely.” he supplies, and you can almost vaguely make out a smile, but you provide a dear smile back.
“Yeah. Do I owe you or her anything for the trouble?” you ask curiously before he gives a shake of his head and hands you a menu.

“…….Take some time – learn the dishes. There’s no rush.” It was true. The place likely wasn’t bustling until the night settled in – besides the small Whimsun family in a larger booth, there was a dog in armor playing go-fish with himself on the sidelines and a strange large lipped fish with a bear gut and aftershave besides a duck with a cigarette at the bar. Taking up one of the bar stools, you glance over the menu that is actually fairly simple. General grilled foods, some pasta and bread entrees, drinks, and sides. He doesn’t seem to have a large array of items aside from an astounding mixture of monster and human mixed alcohols which he merely instructs to write down the order and he will possibly teach the makings of said drinks at another time. Taking another moment to relook over the menu, you feel confident about the knowledge you can keep as more bodies trickle in.

Your first task is rather daunting: a large table has been occupied by a variety of bipedal dogs in armor to which Grillby instructs you to attend. Turning to him with a wary smile, you say “Fetching the orders now.” before whisking away. You can almost hear him putting his head in his hands with the dismay realization you’d meant when you joked around a lot. Coming up to the side, all the dogs have already began a card game – the largest is a bulking set of armor who can hardly hold more than three cards in their large fingers, and the other dogs are trying to sneak peeks at his disadvantage.

“Hi. Hello?” you clear your throat as they all instantly turn to you with wide eyes as you give a sheepish wave. “Hi, I’ll be your server for tonight – my name is Jane. Is there anything I can get you tonight?” Plain and simple. You have your pencil and notepad at the ready by your side, but the canines continue to look back at you – the largests tongue lolled from their mouth absently while the pant; you don’t blame them with the armor their sporting in this sauna disguised as a bar.

“Why hello there! You-“ One with batting eyelashes speaks up of the two that look like twins, but suddenly-

“Must be the new employee! Nice to meet-“ The other speaks, the other jumping in immediately to continue the sentence as you try to keep your attention on the speaker.

“You! This is my dear husband-“

“Dogamy! This is my lovely wife-“

“Dogaressa! It is lovely to meet-“

“You tonight! You smell wonderful!”

Your head hurts a tad from snapping your eyes from one dog to the other as they speak in perfect connection and carry. As though they read their minds. **Wait, smell?** Shaking your head from the daze you stutter to accept the……compliment?

“Um t-thanks. It’s nice to meet you Dogamy and Dogaressa.” You don’t initiate it but a far too large hand of metal encompasses yours and shakes your entire arm with a brisk handshake followed by a tiny yip bark.

“Greater dog says-“

“Hello to you too!”

“But he is perfectly okay with-“
“You calling him G.D for short.”

Looking up to the towering pooch, he gives another adorable yip directed at you and you can’t keep the smile off your face. Finally, you divert your attention to the final dog. Unlike the others, he is dressed in a pink tank-top, cheetah print puffed pants that thins at the ankles, a choker collar that more resembles a dog collar, and is smoking……a dog bone? He is also squinting at you with an intensity you don’t understand.

“Doggo can’t see well-“

“Unless you are moving around.” The couple chimes in once again to inform you. Baffled but accepting, you gyrate your upper body side to side as his eyes widen.

“Oh hi!” he calls, extending a paw to shake. Making your way around with a grin and ensuring constant movement, you shake his paw, feeling the pad underneath before redirecting your attention to the job at hand.

“Anything you would like to order tonight?” you ask, tapping your notepad.

“I would like the-“

“Burger with Fries. I’ll take-

“The steak with extra sauce.” You are baffled who ordered what as the couple nuzzles their noses together in pride of their unison. Was this the monster bond? Did Toriel and Asgore do this once? Looking over to G.D, he gives a few yips that the couple translates to a simple fish and chips.

“And what would you like Dogg-“ before you can finish your sentence, you accidently brush against his fur, startling him. He jumps instantly from the stool, bending his elbows awkwardly until two daggers form in each paw.


“Doggo relax! Jane-“

“Merely brushed your-“

“Shoulder! There is nothing-“

“To worry about! You are-“

“Fine.” The couple speaks up for you, dismissing his concerns. Its takes a temporary moment of resistance before you try shaking your hand as a signal to your presence.

“I-I’m sorry about that D-Doggo. I just w-wanted to know what you’d like to order…” you ask quietly, trying to ease his tension.

“Oh. Sorry. Uh…Steak is alright.“ he finishes before settling back into his seat and replacing the cards he’d thrown to obtain the blades that materialized into thin air. Quickly you take the order over to Grillby, sighing for fresh air and slowing your heartrate. A heated hand presses over your shoulder.

“.Are you injured?” he calmly asks as you look to his face for any emotions to read off.
“Yeah. Just startled him and got startled back. Karma, I s’pose.” you take another breath and clear your throat to read back the order. “One burger with a side of fries, two steaks, one with extra sauce, and a fish and chips.” you relay, clearing the slip for the next piece when moving on to the next order. Grillby hesitates before giving a nod, pointing out the complimentary drinks and where the water is before brushing past into the ‘FIRE EXIT’ to fetch the platter.

The night picks up in a similar fashion: Once the orders come out, you and Doggo have a agreeing apology and start anew as you lay out their foods. It seems that all the dogs there were present of the Royal Guard back underground and were thrilled to learn you were friends with their Captain. “That honestly doesn’t seem so far-fetched to me.” you reply with and it gets a decent laugh out of them. You learn that the lone go-fish pooch at a separate table is Lesser Dog (or L.D) and Dogamy and Dogaressa are the translators for G.D and L.D. You’re also warned to not be tempted to pet L.D whenever possible, but it only drives your curiosity. Grillby had already served the Whimsun family but you dealt with cleanups and asking for dessert. When you returned to clean the table, they had left a little note on the table besides a 10$ bill – ‘Thank you for defending my husband on the bus today. Its truly inspiring to know there are people out their willing to defend us despite the public opinion. You have our thanks and blessing.’

The note left your heart warmed then frozen – they made it sound as though this was the first nice interaction they have experienced regarding humans.

The rest of the night mostly consists of monsters coming in, being stunned yet thrilled at the arrival of the new human waitress, and everyone is pretty sweet about taking time to help with understanding their order. Then there are the humans. You weren’t disregarding the fact that plenty of the male humans who came in for drinks weren’t huge fans of monsters and were more focused on your sway. One had enough balls to try and flick your skirt up while you passed by with a tray. The action startled you into throwing the tray that G.D expertly caught, with a growl. L.D was quick to your side, snaking around you to stand before the man who shied away in fear before being thrown out of the establishment with murmurs from the surrounding customers. It was at this moment that you learned the Royal Guards basically served as undercover bouncers for Grillbys. Cleaning up the shards of one accidental broken glass thanks to a pretty haggard drunk you caught the gleam of dual axes hooked underneath the large dog table, out of sight from everyone but easy to access. The matching pair reminded you of the dog couple and the intimidating thought of them wielding those impressive weapons was slightly unfathomable.

Grillby kept a constant eye out for you, making any little corrections and trying to keep drunken flirts off your back. Over the night he’d begun cursing Muffet for the outfit supplied. You offered to wear the long sleeve and pants, but Grillby refused – unwanting you to overheat in the furnace—like bar.

Much to your gratitude, nobody from the house stopped by on your first day. It was a blessing considering you were still learning the ropes and the friendly monster customers along with human flirts were distracting enough without the teasing of your friends. As your shift ended and you helped Grillby clean and lock up (also ensuring that any drunks trying to sleep in were properly attended and helped out), you were paid upfront and given the ‘okay’ to leave. You were wary about a daily payment, but you weren’t complaining considering you were completely out of change for the bus at this point.

The late hour proved how dark the secluded city was during the nighttime – the lights from the town still weren’t enough to take away the enchanting glow and glisten of the overlaying stars as you gave a grateful sigh and grinned wide to the sky. You hadn’t informed anyone of your let off time because you didn’t want to bother them at the ungodly hour of 10:30 or so. Pulling out your phone as a temporary flashlight, you make your way through the town, finding the way back home.
with simple ease. You had little trouble with creeps with the increased police cruisers and units roaming in the general area and managed to find your way back thanks to an elderly lady pointing the way. It wasn’t that you were mentally or directionally challenged – it was the matter of the town lacked a higher supply of street lights and due to all the stores being absent of light, every street looked the same. Grateful for the guide, you find your street with a pleasantry sigh and shamble up it, finally feeling the ache in your heels.

Sneaking inside, you don’t understand entirely but you’re lacking an appetite despite the alluring scent of pie wafting through the house and laughter. Exhaustion of the day caves over you as you silently make your way upstairs. Reaching your bedroom without being caught, you strip your uniform off and relishing in the breeze the open window provides as the nights are getting hotter and hotter. Aside from art and science supplies, you decide to invest in a turning fan as the multiple covers prove too hot for your sweating body and you only shimmy underneath the lightest top one.

It takes little to no effort for you to slip into dreams.

Not long after your sleep does a familiar scent awaken you pleasantly. Beneath you, on the floor, lays a delicious slice of shepherds pie along with a glass of water and apple. Besides the dish lays a large note you struggle to read in the darkness.

--Jane. I hope you had a pleasant day! I can understand you had a long tiring day, but please call someone next time if you’re in need of a ride. Its never a trouble. Please try to eat a little something. Don’t want you to be nothing but skin and bones! –Toriel

--HUMAN JANE!! I WISH TO INFORM YOU THAT I HAVE MADE A COMPLETE HASTY RECOVERY AND CANNOT AWAIT TO SHARE MY ENTHUSIASM WITH YOU ALOUD AGAIN! –THE GREAT PAPYRUS!!

--Yo. You should ask Grillbz to pay you in cheese fries. They are the SHIET!! Sleep tight, ya nerd!

--Sorry nobody was there to greet you. Was the trip home okay? Did you walk? Was everything alright at school and work? Talk to me if you want – I am always willing to listen. ---Alphys <3 :D

--not feeling too humerus tonight to join for dinner? fine, i’ll have to spice up your life with my puns some other thyme. ---Snas (Questioning why he misspelled his own name, you can’t help but groan at the tiny bit of thyme laid out like a clover besides the writing)

--I speak for all of us when we say we are pleased you made it home safely. Alphys had begun to panic until Papyrus found you already fast asleep in bed. We presumed something had occurred on the travel back. Please don’t hesitate to call any of us for a ride – some of the humans in these parts aren’t forgiving to those associating with monsters. We wouldn’t want you in harms way. It has also come to my attention that you will be needing to leave Wednesday to attend a hearing regarding your brothers jail time. Everyone else is aware as well. Papyrus apologized profusely for letting it slip, however, the rest of us has decided it would be best to attend as well. Its only right to be there to offer support during such terrible times. I’ll be unable to attend, but know I will be there in spirit. Thursday the children have off from school, so Toriel, Frisk, and Flowey will likely want to go Wednesday night. I wish to inform you that even if you deny allowing them to come, they will still follow behind in secret. Please be safe and trust in the friends around you – we’re here to help you in any way we can and make you feel welcome. Never deny that. ---Asgore

You wanted to crumple up the paper. How had he been a loud-mouth if he wasn’t even allowed to speak!? Sighing, you read the rest. Papyrus wasn’t to blame – he merely was concerned because of
your reaction. You knew better then to blame him.

--Went to sleep without even seeing us off? ASSHOLE!!

--He didn’t mean it. He is just cranky. I can understand if you are too sleepy, but eat some pie! It doesn’t have snails in it! :P Goodnight Jane-nii <3 <3 <3 –Frisk the Frisky

Chewing into the shepherds pie with an ecstatic hum, you appreciate the gesture of dinner in bed as sleep begins to draw you back into its midnight abyss. You had far too many things on your mind and it allowed you to blank out all of them and just accept the night and the slowly sweltering heat it provided as you uncomfortably shifted beneath the covers.

Chapter End Notes

Ending on a sleepy pleasant note~ Despite something a brewing. (But. Like. There is always something brewing. So. Yeah.)

Please leave your comments below. They really spur me on to keep writing these - hearing your feedback!! :D

BTW - Thanks for 9000 Views!! Holy hell! Guys. Im 1000 away from 10,000. Break out the Mojitos!!!
I See You Shiver...With Antici-

Chapter Summary

Jane awakens to another odd morning in the monster residence, but it spirals into...into something..

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took a little bit. The next chapter will as well. Works picking up with the nice weather!
Anyway. Look. LOOK!
17k words. Hoo boy TuT"

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The light piercing through directly into your eyesight is unpleasant as you curl up back underneath the covers. Louis is giving a slight hiss as the clock continues to pass with the obvious lacking of breakfast. Construction being conducted beneath the balcony on the pool is the final straw before you accept the morning with a troubled stretch. Your sleep left behind an uncomfortable kink in your neck as you’re head is stuck in a tilt as the muscle within relaxes with jolts of pain to slight movements. Throwing your legs over the edge of your mattress to be met with the tickled anticipation of a vine, you grumble and slide down while shimmying your back with a pressure offered by the mattress. Once completely on the floor, the vine effortlessly drags you closer by the ankle until you are groggily cuddle hugging your massive experiment. You weren’t sure if it was their regimen of food, the cleaner air, their water source, the magical essence wafting from literally everywhere likely, or just the increased exposure to sunlight; but Louis and Seymour had continued to grow faster here than in containment. Their vines even differed – Louis sporting long and thin while Seymours were more along the lines of thick and stubbly. Where Louis excelled in reach Seymour made up for it with much sturdier grips; which led to your current situation of being incapable of escaping their embrace.

They’ve been a lot cuddlier as of late as well.

You contemplate the reasoning behind their swelling affections but are cut off by the faint fragrance Seymour is emitting from his back. That odd substance continues to dribble down into the pot which doesn’t seem to be causing any issues, but you have yet to study its properties.

“’lright, alright. Let go and I’ll get your food...” you mutter as they release you instantly from their hold. Unsuspecting of the reluctance and the early morning drowse sweeps over you again as you try to reconnect with your dreamland on the hardwood floor. Its less then successful as the wood merely numbs and leaves a mark behind over your cheek. Forcing yourself to your feet and stumbling into the study for food to mindlessly feed them, you try and review the night prior.

Papyrus had ended up alright, you’d concerned everyone by not calling ahead, receiving an often offered ride, and were granted dinner in bed. Your smile, despite being exhausted, still pursed at
the corners into an appreciative smile. Ambling towards the windows after the quick feeding ritual you glance momentarily outside to review the commotion. The boys and Undyne are working on the pool again. Sans seem to be installing steps inside, Asgore is finishing the tiling, and Undyne is covering the filter connection. You find it odd that Papyrus isn’t there, but deem he is likely tasked with breakfast prep.

*Hopefully Toriel is supervising…*

With a sleepy smile and small appreciation to the day you begin your shamble to the bathroom. Still, you hadn’t prepared another set of clothes and likely should after last nights little sneak-peek incident with Sans. Then again, he likely had reacted to the unsightly scar so you only snug up a t-shirt with an array of scattered music notes designed on it. Making your way to the bathroom, you only momentarily notice somebody snatched up the plate used for your dinner in.

The bitter cold splashing hits you the moment you enter the bathroom and it thoroughly jolts you awake as you try to replay the millisecond action back. However Papyrus catches your eye. Papyrus is inside your shower, **bare** boned, with a shower brush and loofah, scrubbing himself down with…toothpaste? You should likely feel startled to the sight of a naked monster, but its not what you see. He looks just like a mobile, shivering, skeleton model. Turning your head to give him privacy, it’s a slight letdown to a few of the questions retained on your list for Sunday. Since Papyrus is too shaken to speak you clear your throat.

“Papyrus. What are you doing?” You calmly indicate as you hear his bones beginning to rattle and slosh with the running water.

“N-NOTHING! NOTHING IMPORTANT!! NOPE. MM-MMM. AND AS NOTHING SUSPICIOUS OR NOTEWORTHY IS OCCURRING I WOULD BE SO BOLD AS TO ASK FOR A TAD MORE SPACE AND CONFIDENTIALITY ON THIS MATTER!” He squeaks out with a nervous tone before you hear the displeased long squirt of a wasted toothpaste. Sneaking a glance he is using it on his arms and ribs.

*This doesn’t feel right…*

Taking a brave step inwards and shutting the door, you grab a towel from the back of the door to cover your sight.

“Papyrus. Is that my toothpaste? I kinda **need** that.” you plead, beckoning to the towel, “Why don’t you come on out and I’ll get that off you?” you indicate towards his arms. He seems to be struggling in removing the toothpaste after brushing it in with the shower brush. “Besides, why aren’t you in your own bathroom using your toothpaste?”

“I CANT! NOBODY CAN KNOW ABOUT THIS, ESPECIALLY BROTHER!!” Papyrus pleas, his bones continuing to rattle under the cold water. *Why did he have it set for so cold?*

“Well, Papyrus, if you don’t turn that off and get out here and actually explain, how am I supposed to **not** ask if a skeleton needs to use toothpaste to scrub themselves down?” you arch an eyebrow. It’s a legitimate question you had stored, but you would never betray Papyrus like that. You merely want to understand what Papyrus is trying to accomplish; should a fib about tattling be the deciding factor, so be it.

Finally, Papyrus turns off the water and begins making distressed murmurs and hums. The water dripping from his bones pellets everywhere as he suddenly shakes like a soaked dog, throwing it everywhere. Luckily, the towel covered the majority of your upper body and while you kept your eyes shut, Papyrus took up the towel and fashioned it around his waist.
“O-OKAY.” he mutters as you open an eye. The towel does basically nothing; his entire inner pelvis is visible and because it doesn’t have anything to wrap and tie around the better part of his coccyx also pokes free from the fabric. You push aside the skeleton decency question and snatch a washcloth meant for your face and began wiping off the sticking toothpaste.

“I can figure out that skeletons don’t really use toothpaste for their entire body. If you did you wouldn’t need mine nor our upstairs bathroom. You can talk to me Papyrus; and, to the best of my ability, I won’t let Sans know should you not want him to. Siblings are allowed to keep secrets from each other.” you inform, shining up his head like a shoe. He seems to find the quick toweling more calming so you do the same on his clavicle and vertebrae.

“I…I know..” he speaks, though his voice is restrained. He is very sheepish and is dusted with an orange cream color sweeping over his facial features. “I-I was just trying to brighten my bones.” he finally admits while pointing over to a grocery bag settled beside the tub in secret. Its full of teeth whitening strips and floss.

“Why are you trying to whiten your bones now?” you ask, perplexed still. Should he have wanted this ‘procedure’, it could have been performed months ago.

“W-Well…..you know M-Mettaton, yes?” He asks. You contemplate on the name. It rests on the tip of your tongue – your yes – yet its though the tip has been cut off and stolen. You can’t recall where that sounded familiar so you offer him a unsure shrug. “H-HE’S A STAR! ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR AND BELOVED MONSTERS I KNOW! A TALK SHOW HOST, ACTOR, SINGER, DANCER, AND COOKING SHOW EXTRAORDINAIRE!! HE-“ Papyrus had erupted into a worshipping rant of this idol before settling down. The creamy orange swelled over his bones even more, nearly making his entire skull neon. “He is incredible…an-and generous. He has such confidence, grace, and finesse its hard to not…” Papyrus cuts his sentence short, much quieter, before trying to hide behind his hands.


“Oh my god.” you breathe looking at Papyrus with a giddy glint in your eye that instantly turns to terror.

‘I am turning gay. Are either of them gay? Please tell me they’re gay. I want to marry a fucking skeleton-’ Papyrus was gay. Gay for this Mettaton, sure, but gay nonetheless. Did monsters even have any qualm with same gender commitments? Assuming no (as monsters are more accepting then the human counterparts) you concern over ensuring that Papyrus does not end up with Flynn. That is a disaster waiting to happen. Papyrus had too much innocence and if you’d let him frolic with Flynn, Sans would likely have your head.

You shake these concerns from your mind; Papyrus had a crush!! It would be troubling since their person of affections was supposedly famous, but currently those were minor details.

“You like this Mettaton, don’t you?!” You already know the answer. The sweeping ecstatic shy blush brightening on his bones is enough clarification to get you slap clapping like a seal. You always found incredible pleasure in helping others with their love lives.

“What does this guy have anything to do with you scrubbing yourself with toothpaste?” you ask dumbfoundedly, tilting your head to try and make eye-contact while you attend yourself with drying his upper half. You’d nearly forgotten his ribs are ticklish as you thread the towel and washcloth through the gaps.

“I CANNOT COMPARE TO HIS STARDOMS GLEAM! MY BONES ARE WITHERED AND
DIRTY…” Papyrus talking down himself is heart wrenching. Papyrus – the always enthusiastic and confident – now felt he wasn’t good enough for something. You smack to towel to his mandible, little corners of the fabric slipping into the gap beside his teeth and into the black hole mouth.

“Papyrus. I say it all the time to myself, as a reminder. Relationships aren’t formed based off appearances. If they are, they are destined to fail. I don’t mind you trying to look a little spiffy, but this isn’t the way. Just lather, maybe a little gloss coating if you’re feeling fancy, but these are your bones and you should be proud!” you enthrall, patting his clavicle. He still looks uncertain. You try to think of a different approach.

“Papyrus, what if I told you I hate my skin color?” you point to your paled arms, the scars prominent against the fair flush.

“WHY? IT’S SO UNIQUE.” Papyrus doesn’t understand the point.

“Well this guy I like said he doesn’t like pale skinned woman. So I was thinking of forcefully tanning it dark brown.” you supply an example. He takes it a little too seriously.

“How rude! I think you are wonderful and this individual merely is blinded with his own physical interests!!” he declares, looking ashamed of the nonexistent stranger.

“Exactly! Now, do you think Mettaton is that kind of guy?” you quirk an eyebrow as Papyrus looks on the verge of answering before silently stammering to himself. Finally, you can tell instantly, he understands. He even pounds a clenched fist to clatter against his palm with his realization. Deciding the remainder of his body is dripping dry, you set aside the towels aside from the one lazily strung around his pelvis.

“But why can’t Sans know?…..Is he a homophobe?” you ask in concern. You’d run into this situation in the past – it was always messy and someone ended up crying.

“A WHAT?” Papyrus tilts his head quizzically at the new word.

“Uh…a homophobe is someone who doesn’t per-say like anything involving same sex relationships or people who like either gender. So, say, if I liked a lady he wouldn’t be comfortable with that and could react negatively.” you try to example, swaying your hands needlessly as you explain.

“MONSTERS ARE USUALLY UNCARING OF THE GENDERS OF PARTNERS THOUGH!” Papyrus tells you with a cheek chewing purse of the …teeth? You don’t understand how his facial feature bones are so malleable and flexible similar to normal faces. Your theory was splotchy anyway based off his fondness of Alphys and Undyne.

“Okay, so, why can’t he know?” The question seems to unsettle the lanky skeleton as he fiddles with the end of the shower curtain.

“HE DOESN’T TRUST HIM WITH ME. ATLEAST, THAT’S WHAT I HAVE HEARD THROUGH UNDYNE. HE REFUSES TO CONFRONT ME ABOUT IT. HE PRESUMES HE IS A BAD INFLUENCE AND UNFIT TO BE MY PARTNER…” Its harsh hearing someone doesn’t approve of your person of interest. It surely must hurt more to have to hear your sibling disputing his hatred for said interest through another good friend. You rest your hands on the end of his clavicles as his sockets search your eyes for answers. “IF HE FOUND OUT THAT HE WAS COMING TODAY, AND THAT I…I-I was hoping we could, possibly, if he had the time, g-go
out for dinner……P-PLATONICALLY, OF COURSE! FAMILY AND FRIENDS ARE WELCOME!! ITS JUST—“ Papyrus begins to ramble as you shush him in an instant, increasing your grip on his rigid bones.

“Papyrus. Do you like Mettaton?” you repeat. He must think your deaf as he gives a befuddled glance to your eyes before straightening out. You’re giving an intense hopeful stare that you presume is coming off as supportive.

“Yes.”

“Well then, screw whatever Sans’ opinions are!” You throw your hands into the air, completely invested. “Its true you should listen to your brother, but if you can listen to all the negative back-talk he has to say about this Mettaton and you still like him, that’s your decision. He doesn’t control your love life! Take advice and listen; what you do is what you choose based off that advice. Now! When is he coming?” you back up to give the increasingly excited skeleton space to jump with enthusiasm.

“HE TOLD ME FRIDAY HE WAS VISITING SUNDAY!! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, MUST FIND PERFECT CLOTHING SUITABLE TO THIS OCCASION!” he declares, clenching his fist with a slight creak of the bones.

“Wait. Backpedal…..its Sunday?” As Papyrus gives a thrilled nod you feel yourself beam like the sun. “SKELETON SUNDAY!!” you scream, jumping into Papyrus and both of you tangling into an ecstatic twirling hug. The twirling is difficult in the tight quarters but you make it work. As he settles you down into the bathroom mat and you enthusiastically jump from foot to foot in wait, Papyrus squeals with joy.

“THERE IS A SUNDAY DEDICATED TO SKELETONS?!” You can’t help sputtering a laugh as you tap his arm.

“No, no Papyrus. Me and Sans made a deal every Sunday could be skeleton Sunday : I can ask five questions about skeletons, and he can ask five about humans.” You inform with a curious sense – what questions were to take priority?

“OH! CAN I PARTAKE AS WELL? I’M ALWAYS ASKING FRISK ABOUT HUMAN THINGS BUT HE DOESN’T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING. THAT OR HER MAJESTY DOESN’T APPROVE OF MY QUESTIONS…” Papyrus contemplates his previous questions as you shudder to think what he asked a child. It likely wasn’t purposeful – Papyrus was nothing but love and curious ignorance. Yet, at times, he seemed more on top of his surroundings then others.

“Sure, I don’t mind you asking human questions. I’ll do the best I can to answer, but I cant guarantee nothin’. NOW! Go get some nice clothes on and I’ll see you downstairs, m’kay?” You give an encouraging smile, opening and peeking out the door before deeming the coast is clear, giving a thumbs up signal.

“RIGHT AWAY!! HER MAJESTY IS CRAFTING BLUEBERRY PANCAKES DOWNSTAIRS! YOU AND I MUST SPEAK OF A STRATEGY FOR WHEN HE ARRIVES!” Papyrus calls back, taking the towel and making a quick footed mad dash down the stairs and into his room with an unintentional slam. With a new skip to your day you finally alleviate the night formed bladder, shower and even give light hums to old tunes while scrubbing yourself down. The brisk water against your back is always somewhat soothing to the knotted joints. Stepping out and blow drying your hair while brushing your teeth you also remember to take your antidepressant meds despite the newly found spring in your step for this day.
Snuggling into fresher underwear, the far too short pants and the baggy t-shirt, you make your way downstairs after drying behind your ears, your hairs ends still slightly damp. Besides Papyrus, the first person of your day appears to by Alphys who is speaking to Toriel past the kitchen archway.

“Morning!” you call. You hardly recognize your own chipper voice as Alphys swings her head and sighs with a grand smile.

“G-Good morning, Jane.” she greets back as the succulent smell of pancakes drifts into the air along with the pleasant sound of Toriel giggling before peering past the arch herself.

“Good morning, my child. How was your sleep?” she asks as you approach. You can hear Flowey squabbling with Frisk in the dining room.

“It was better than recently.” you admit, appreciating the solid night of sleep. Work must have burned you out completely – it felt good to be too preoccupied to dream. You only thought that though because dreams were a rarity beforehand.

“Yo-You didn’t make much ruckus last n-night, that’s for sure…” Alphys chimes in with a relieved grin. She always doted on your issues; it was hard to not appreciate the close friendship you had formed over a mere month with Alphys. Swinging an arm around her shoulders to hug her close, she doesn’t bloom into a panicked blush like when Undyne performs the same motion – instead, she swings her own around your back (incapable of comfortably reaching around your shoulders with her lower hanging arms).

“Hey! What did I say ‘bout getting’ touchy with my girl!?” Undyne suddenly barks with an angered pout as she stands in the dining room archway, arms crossed aggressively in front of her.

“Awww, what, I can’t even hug her?” you lose a little bit of mirth to the embrace but only sling another arm around to hug closer. “I think you’re just jealous.” Playing with fire, you tempt her forward. You rethink the action from the rough nature of Undyne, but it’s a little late to be taking back anything as she gives a ticked growl. Before you can react, she is aggressively smooshing your face in while hugging a stammering Alphys to her side. Its not violent, but its not pleasant either as it squishes your nose. Once released from the dominance test, you spy Sans in the doorway along with a very sweaty Asgore. You feel for the goat monster in this increasing heat. Sure Undyne and Sans were sweaty, but Undyne likely made a work-out of the time and Sans…… well Sans is always sweating.

“Sans! Dude. Its Sunday.” you speak past Undyne, raising your eyebrows. He remembers instantly and his sockets grow with pleasure. You’re unsure if its due to being able to learn some things about humans or the hearty stack of pancakes Toriel is still crafting.

“Sunday? Ah, yeah…what you got planned for Sunday?” Undynes face slowly contorts into a devious grin as she probes you for answers.

“Ah. We had a skeleton Sunday planned to ask questions. I should tell you; Papyrus wanted to ask questions as well. Apparently Frisk doesn’t have all the answers.” you shrug to him casually.

“syruping our plans, are ya?” he quirks a browbone as Toriel tries to not sputter into the pan. Undyne merely looks disappointed.

“That was a bad one. Usually they’re bad, but that was awful. You should be ashamed.” she points out to him as he settles his hands into pockets.
“it’s trial and error. never know when that golden joke will appear on a **platter**.” he retries, thanking Toriel silently as he snatches up a plate. Walking back out to the dining room, Papyrus gives an agonized groan behind you suddenly as you flinch away.

“SANS! I WON’T TOLERATE YOUR PUNS THIS EARLY!” he calls to him as he returns with a lazy wave before settling into his seat. Papyrus has dressed into a fine white button up with rolled sleeves, a denim vest with a small tie hanging around his collar. His slacked jeans are held by a tightened belt and compliment the dress shoes. Its not screaming casual but its also not high-end. You couldn’t be prouder of the confidence he is emitting in it.

“Someone **cleaned** up nicely.” you add, flecking off a missed piece of dried toothpaste. He doesn’t catch the joke as he tugs on the vest and leans in to legitimately whisper into your ear.

“Does it look great?” he asks, cautious of the others staring in wonder at the decibel he is capable of reaching.

“You always look great.” you whisper back, boosting his confidence as he shoots up with a gracious smile. With little more chatter, all of you file into the dining room with plates. Toriel gave you about four pancakes and the mound is slightly intimidating with the extra fluff. Frisk is quick to take up the seat next to you with Flowey and sign a ‘good morning’ with his little cheeks stuffed. You appreciate he isn’t constantly now just grabbing up your hand and talking through the soul or whatever it was. His odd telepathy. You hadn’t bothered Frisk or Flowey about the eyecolor change of the child. Not about the nightmares, the eyes, nothing. You presumed it related to the troubling past and every moment just seemed inopportune to bring up the subject.

“lookin’ snazzy bro. what’s the occasion?” Sans asks suddenly, one of the pancakes already missing from his plate. Papyrus had taken the chair beside Frisk, messing with the entire seating arrangement, so Sans got a perfect opposite side view of his fashion. You gave a silent thumbs up when he glanced to you for assistance, though you could tell Frisk and Flowey were becoming suspicious of the silent exchange.

“MUST I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, REQUIRE REASON TO DRESS NICELY ON THIS FINE DAY?” Papyrus backfires, but not in a snappy sense. Sans is clearly questioning to true motives of Papyrus, but Toriel spares the silence.

“Well I think you look divine Papyrus, although, you do realize your tie is loose, yes?” Toriel points it out as the slightest creeping orange appears on his cheekbones.

“I-I JUST HAVEN’T HAD A MOMENT TO PRIORITIZE ON IT.” Papyrus you discover can be an utterly terrible liar. Shifty eyes, light skull sweat, dusting orange blush, wiggly fingers. Anyone who perceived Papyrus as nothing but an energy ball of constant transmission would be fooled, but you knew he was capable of relaxation and seriousness.

“It looks **stupid** though. I bet you can’t even ti-” Flowey grumbles through a mouthful. The next moment you see him he is hovering upside down within a blue veil.

“sorry, weed, but that’s **knot** cool. keep that mouth shut or you’ll be the one too **tied** up.” Sans threatens from across the table.

“Sans, enough.” It’s the first time hearing Asgores voice within the day and the decibel is enough to shake the table. Wordlessly, Sans settles Floweys pot back into Frisks lap as you and him both share a scorning stare at the rude flower.

“Flowey. Don’t be a jack so early in the morning.” you retort, biting into your own pancakes.
There seems to be no limit to how fluffy and filling they are as the butter and syrup drizzle and dance together against your tastebuds for a final yet not overwhelming aftertaste. It reminds you of the first time you ever had cannoli’s – surprisingly sweet and an instant favorite. The surprise bursts of blueberries only add to your joy.

“What’re you going to do about it, idiot?” he nips back. Frisk clearly doesn’t approve of the way he is talking but it only drives you to bite back. He nips you bite, he chomps, it’s a never ending cycle of just who is more threatening.

“I’ll spray you with a bad spray bottle.” you try to take it lightly – Frisk and Papyrus are directly next to you.

“Pfft. Weak.” You can almost feel the tensing of a vein in your face as you try to hold back a playful smile.

“Would ya rather be sprayed with acid?” you retry. You and him share a glint of sadism in your eyes. No matter the threat, they were mostly harmless and meaningless, though you both had the capabilities. Its true. Taking samples of the digestive fluids daily secreted from Louis and Seymour and amplifying the properties would likely configure it into a form of acid.

“Ha! I’ll see your blood on the floor.” he growls as Frisk looks stunned with what he is getting away with.

“Flowey!” Toriel is utterly aghast with the statement. Asgore and Sans are appearing quite menacing while Undyne is bending a fork to make a point. You think. That or just trying to ease her tensing nerves. Papyrus seems readied to end the dispute but is too unsure and is merely stuttering his hands around. Alphys is the only one understanding of the events as she continues to eat her pancakes.

“I-Its okay. T-T-They were a-always like this…” she informs, trying to settle down Toriel.

“ALWAYS.” Undyne grits past the bent fork clenched in her jagged jaw.

“Fine. I’ll see you on the surgical table. Take a scalpel and drive it right down your little stem, watch all the sap or whatever you’re made of ooze out. Have a little fun dissecting you.” you chuckle back, imagining the possibilities. There’s no way you would ever admit it hadn’t ever crossed your mind.

“Try it. I’ll kill you right where you stand.” he replies, stretching upwards towards your face.

“I know. I’ll die and then I will haunt you so long as you live. Stuck with my echoing whispers of woe as I cling to you like a flame to the wick. Haunt you til the day you die too….” you can’t contain the simply thrilled grin any longer as you loom closer to the petals.

“I’ll see you in hell.” he bites back.

“I know. But I think you’ll be going a tad bit lower than me.” you coo, finally turning back to your pancakes. He lets out a little chuckle.

“Want me to drag you down, then?”

“Sure. Upper level sure gets lonely.” You offer up your glass for a clink and he snakes over his exceptionally tinier cup and taps it against it. “See you in hell.”

“Yyyyyuuuuup.” he punctuates the ’p’ as you throw back the cold milk, clearing your mouth and
scooting your chair back and picking up your cleared plate.

“I can take plates back if anyones done.” you announce, suddenly meeting a majority of shocked faces. “What?...I can’t pick up plates?” you ask, gesturing toward the cleared china. Toriel seems to snap out of a trance as she clearly forces a smile and helps you collect the plates. Everyone else really remains silent besides slight giggles from Flowey. She hands you the rest of the plates and you carry them into the kitchen, cautious of the balancing utensils as you begin laying them into the dishwasher.

Thinking over it again, you really shouldn’t be surprised at the stares. You basically threatened to dissect Flowey who would in turn kill you and you merely played it off by guaranteeing to haunt him and greeting him in hell. The animosity towards his past actions was thicker than a stewed fog from the mountains. Like a thunder cloud preparing to strike. The mere image of lightning bolting downwards from the turmoil spread in the air sends a shiver up your legs, followed with sensitive goosebumps.

You’re startled by the cord phone going off. Shutting the dishwasher but not turning it on, you sidestep to the phone and pick it up off the resting hold.

“Hello?” you ask cautiously.

“Hello? Mrs. Dreemurr, is that you?” a shaky voice is emitting back through the phone. They’re speaking too quickly to almost understand.

“Um, no, but give me a moment and I can fetch her.” you inform, putting the phone to the side and walking back out to the dining room where she is discussing things with Asgore to Frisk and Flowey. It might be a scolding that is possibly your fault. “Uh, Toriel, someones on the phone for you.” you inform, waving her over. She cuts her quiet rant over and approaches and passes you with a hint of a smile. Frisk and Flowey run off to the living room where the TV is faintly heard along with channel bickering. You and Asgore watch in delight while Undyne, Frisk and Alphys try to decide on a activity for the day past the news playing in the background. Down the hall by the sun-room you barely spot it, but you see two skulls. Leaning out to get a better view, Sans is propped up on a little box and Papyrus is crouched forward as they chatter about something and Sans does his tie up for him. He clearly takes it slow to show Papyrus the ropes. The action is incredibly heartwarming as the girls and Frisk continue to debate the process of the day. Moments later, Toriel has returned with a heaving sigh.

“What’s wrong?” Asgore is first to pick up on her upset distress. It isn’t prominent, but she definitely is far from cheery.

“That was the mayors secretary. Supposedly, government officials have come to have a word with us without sending a prior letter. He is awaiting us at the hall for a debate.” she sighs, untying the apron that matched her purple dress – you hardly even knew she was wearing one; it blended perfectly.

“Again? What is it about this time?” Asgore shares in her misery. It must be difficult trying to earn the rights for an entire race.

“Marriage laws.” She hums at the thought. You don’t think they know you’re watching and listening quite keenly, but their paws intertwine with each other’s as they stay for a minute just peering into their partners eyes.

*Guess that date went a little better then well.*
Asgore finally turns to you with a saddened smile, “Jane, i’m sorry to have to stick you with the responsibility again, but are you able to babysit Frisk tonight? This isn’t something we can ignore for another time.” he informs you with slight hope you will reply with the answer he seeks. Alas-

“I can’t for the whole day, Asgore. I have work this evening.” you reply, recalling your hours and smirking with delight. Being busy was always settling of the nerves; and your nerves were mindlessly building as Thursday approached. “Will Frisk be alright from six to ten?”

Asgore and Toriel share a look of uncertainty. Sans and Papyrus reapproach the room and it breaks into combined hysterics : Sans tells a pun, everyone groans, Papyrus and Undyne shouting ridiculous ideas you and Frisk are incapable of participating in, another pun, repeat. With shifty eyes, you maneuver them into the dining room and beckon their heads closer.

“Will he be alright if I told you apparently Mettaton is coming over today?” you say it as silently as humanly possible as Toriel shoots up and presses a paw to her mouth to remain silent, peering back out into the living room, clearly, at Sans and Papyrus.

“He is visiting, today?” Asgore clarifies as you give a brisk nod.

“That’s why Pa-“ Before Toriel can speak her mind you flail your arms and shove a hand into both of their snouts, trying to leave their noses untouched.

“Shh! I wasn’t supposed to say anything! Will it work, or not?” you hiss, trying to keep your voice down. Past Undyne and Papyrus’ screams, though, its unlikely even if you were talking normally that anyone present would hear you. Giving them a moment to think it over, Asgore gives a confirming nod.

“Yes. It’s better then nothing, although, Sans-“ he begins again, clear with concern as you reshove your hand into the kind kings face.

“Shh. Not another word. Go to the assembly, debate, whatever it is, and just hurry back! I’ll deal with this, alright?” you continue to usher push them towards the kitchen until the receive the hand delivered memo and proceed out, calling back with pleasant goodbyes as they hurry out the door. Running a hand through your hair in an attempt to relieve some of the building tension, you huff out a breath before walking back into the boisterous gathering of monsters. Flowey is off to the side, playing on a 3DS (which you friended him on. He is no joke pro at Smash.) as everyone else is gathered around the couch, listing off choices.

“i’m two-tired for so much activity. besides the point, wheel only have enough for four people to ride at once.” Sans keeps looking for opportunities to throw puns out there as Paprus goes bug-eyed and begins crackling a fist beneath the gloved hand. You know he would never hit Sans – it must just be a coping method he devised.

“I STILL SAY WE SHOULD ALL WORK ON A 1000 PIECE PUZZLE!” Papyrus declares, gloved hands resting on his hip bones.

“Paps, if we did, you would finish it in not even 10 minutes!!” Undyne replies, “What we need to do is go biking at the park! Get Frisk some training!!” she jabs her fist into the air for enthusiasm.

“Hate to burst your bubble, guys, but no outings until Toriel and Asgore get back.” you speak up, catching everyones attention. Papyrus and Undyne let out a disheartened ‘Aww’.

“W-Where did they g-go?” Alphys asks as you wiggle into the circle, sparing a glance at the busy Flowey incase he requires company.
“Something relating to monster law agreements or something. Monster marriage I think.” you relay as Alphys and Undyne burst into a deep blush. Fazed but hiding your curiosity, you pout at Sans, “However, the main issue is I have yet to get to do this skeleton Sunday I have hyped for so many days! Though, since everyone here, I suppose its less skeleton and more ‘I’m going to be stuck here a while answering human questions.’ aren’t I?” you sigh as Undyne gives a knowing giggle. You’re completely right. Even Frisk must have questions he can’t confide to his parents about humans. “I’ll cut a deal. For however many questions are asked about humans, I get to ask just as many about monsters.” you strike up a bargain.

“Deal.” Alphys and Sans are surprisingly very into the offer, clearly curious. Must be the scientific relation as you all settle in. Frisk clammers into your criss-crossed lap and dangles his feet into the center of the gathering.

“Me first!” Undyne proclaims, looking proud for volunteering. “Where can you find those black flags with the skull and crossbones on ’em?!”


“What’s the difference?” she replies, just as confused as you are.

“Well, pirates were men who sailed out on the sea on ships and plundered other ships, seeking treasures of the world against the laws. The black flag was the pirates symbol and was meant to warn other ships away or possibly be scuttled. However, pirates stopped being a big thing back in the early to mid 19th century I believe…” your recollection on the topic is vague as you cannot recall the pinpoint time-period pirates basically vanished from tales. “A lot of people still like the supposed novelty of the pirate flag so plenty of people still make them as wall decorations as actual flag poles. However, an authentic one will have been properly flown ages ago. I don’t know who or where they sell them, but you could check E-Bay.” you cut it short, not being able to fully answer her question.

“My turn.” you clear your throat, preparing for the worst. “How the hell can you all hear without ears?!” You let the question hang in the air before Undyne breaks into hysterical laughter and Sans is trying to hold in chuckles. It had been a serious issue bothering you – the closest to ears between all four of them was Undyne but she had fins. “And if anyone who is laughing at this moment says “Magic” as the answer, I will not be okay.” you growl as Sans still tries to fight back his laughter. You meet Alphys’ gaze, hoping, praying, begging-

“M-Magic?” Alphys gives a hesitant shrug as you cascade backwards into the rug with utter disappointment. Undyne is breaking into tears.

“Alphys. Why.” you plead as Frisk pushes at your gut to sit back up. You push up off the ground and decide to go into leaning onto the child’s head as he playfully tries to swat you off.

“T-There never really was much debate over why or how monsters were capable of certain interactions when the lacked the necessary parts.” she indicates as you give a disheartened groan. “C-Can I go?” she asks quite unsurely as you gesture her to go ahead. Why was the aching fear of all your questions resulting in the same answer strike through you only now?

“W-Why is it that apes and humans look so similar?” she asks. You recall her teacher lending her a book likely based off the internal workings of a human, the front page being the process of ape to man.

“It’s a scientific theory that some millions of years ago, over time, apes began to develop internally
and mentally. Over that time, humans slowly began to form. Each generation was smarter than the last. It was discovering fire, learning to use tools. It’s just a theory, but in short, people think we evolved from apes.” You refuse to waste your question asking why they needed to ask such a question if they had been to the surface before they were sealed. From your vague information on monsters, a lot of the current residents weren’t around during that time period. It drove your next question after Alphys accepted your answer,

“How long can monsters live for?” you ask, tilting your head. Frisk seemed enthused to learn as well.

“It d-depends on the monster. Asgore and Toriel are each atleast 1000 years old and will likely live much longer. Monsters tend to not show signs of aging until they have offspring.” Alls you can do is ponder. Ponder of if having Frisk as their adopted child is aging them, or that Flowey who is basically a soulless Asriel might be. Alphys seems to pick up on your question telepathically. “C-Currently, Asgore and Toriel have very slowed a-aging. They grow older at a human r-rate when they are feeding the growth of the offspring with their soul.”

“So, in short, monster children grow based off the magic they feed off their parents souls?” you try to sum it up to your understand, but you know next to nothing based on souls and magic besides monsters are the only ones capable of utilizing either. Giving you a nod, you brew over the intake of information as Sans seems to be the next up.

“why do human stomachs make gurgling sounds?” he asks, looking with ever so slight distrust or even a queasiness at your stomach. You cover it defensively.

“It depends. I could be hungry, it could be upset, sometimes it can be caused by a gas build-up, or maybe the stomach acids are churning.” you list off an array of possibilities as they try to drink in all and any information. Papyrus looks lost in thought, likely trying to imagine his own question.

“Alright, but you asked two at Alph, so I get an extra.” he demands with a coy smile. You give a disapproving grunt, but allow it nonetheless. “why do humans put their fingers to the wrists or neck fer so long?”

“Ah. They’re likely checking their pulse…..their heartbeat.” you clarify, hoping they understand what you’re getting at. Clearly, the confused faces read like the front page to a childrens novel as you offer up your arm. “Here. Hold it like this and press your thumb into here.” you instruct, pulling Sans’ hand over to your arm. It takes a moment for him to find the spot, but once he does, his sockets open with surprise as he looks to your face and back to your arm. You lend Alphys and Undyne the other arm as Undyne practically threatens to bruise a vein with her initial force.

“Humans do that to check if someone is still living and breathing. It’s also a heartrate test.” you supply as everyone but Sans lets go. He seems to find a certain fascination with your skin and pulse, even gently trailing his pinky over the light scar left on your arm. Nobody had questioned you about the origins of the thin scar, and you found it a blessing. Finally, after Undyne cleared her throat purposefully, Sans released your skin as you wrung your wrist around.

“Alright Papyrus, your turn.” you inform the sweet skeleton as he shoots up with newfound thrill.

“How do humans have babies?”

Oh fuck me.

Of course one of them would ask THAT fucking question. I should have known.
Growling behind a sigh, you press your hands into your face at the uncomfortable situation. It wasn’t that you weren’t willing to explain it, in detail. But were you okay to explain in that same detail with Flowey and Frisk present (most concern directed to the latter)? Biting down on your knuckle as you bide time, Papyrus looks on with the same innocence as before.

“F-Frisk, how aware are you of the uh……the birds and bees talk?” you ask quietly. He holds onto your fingers to telepathically communicate; spare you the need to try and understand his meshed and hasty siging, though he signs to the rest of the group as he speaks towards you.

‘Nothing. Mom and Dad said they didn’t understand, and asked how a bird related to a bee.’ he informs you as you hold back a depressed groan.

*Of course they would take it literally.* Of course they fucking would.

Taking a heavy sigh and preparing for the worst, you flip Frisk around in your lap and direct him to settle in with Papyrus. He rushes over enthusiastically and settles in, looking like they are both expecting a bedtime story. You likely were the only one in the household besides maybe Alphys who knew what the subject pertained.

“W-Well…have you heard of sex?” You throw it right out there, right into the open. He will be learning it in school eventually and banning him from sitting in on this subject would likely just fuel his silent curiosity. When they both shake their head, you grumble into your hands and slap your cheeks to awaken from the dulling trance of their purity.

“Okay. When a human guy and human girl love each other very much, they will sometimes do an act. An action, if you will. It…uh……its very important. It requires a guy and a girl. The will come together and momentarily become one, in a sense…a-and if they do it correctly, eventually, a little baby will begin to form inside a womans……baby pouch.” You desperately are trying to avoid using words like ‘penis’, ‘vagina’, and ‘womb’ or ‘uterus’. *Desperately.*

Frisk signs back ‘How?’ and you already know its going to be an intense challenge to keep this PG-13.

“Well…y-you have your lower parts that you need to keep covered, yeah?” you direct Frisk to his pants and he gives a hesitant nod. “Well, so do I. It’s what separates a man from a woman. Now, when they choose, a man and woman will bring those together and perform the action called sex. During s-sex, if they both agree on it, the man can help the woman in making a baby. There are…*accidents* sometimes, but it’s never a bad thing!..........Soo….uh…eventually the lady will notice and the baby will spend around eight to nine months forming inside her. Once they baby is big enough, a time will come where the lady will go to the hospital, go through one of the worst experiences of her entire life, and then a baby will be born!” *God that was as discreet as you threatening to cut open Flowey.*

“D-Did that make sense, Papyrus?” Please say yes, plea-

“NOT REALLY.” *Fuck.*

“Okay…what didn’t you understand?” You take a deep breath, trying to clear your stressing pallet.

“HOW IS IT THE WORST EXPERIENCE FOR A WOMAN TO GO THROUGH?” he asks, concerned. “IS HAVING A BABY BAD? ARE WOMEN IN DANGER?” he is so curious yet you can see right through him. He is concerned for you and for all women of this supposedly foreboding experience.
“Oh, no, Papyrus! Childbirth is a beautiful and an emotional thing! Its hard for a male to understand the emotional development a woman has to a baby that has been growing inside them for nearly a full year. It’s just a silent relationship that bonds. Babies are never really bad.” you ensure, trying to smile.

“BUT YOU SAID IT WAS THE WORST EXPERIENCE.”

“That’s because it is.” you monotone it as pleasantly as possible. He doesn’t understand. Patience, Jane, patience. “Papyrus. The rough size of a newborn baby is around the size of your head. Now, imagine, for a moment, that I had to fit a baby of that size out of my mouth. They don’t actually come out of your mouth, its just an example to size comparison.” you quickly clear up the argument, knowing Papyrus to believe everything.

“THAT IS MUCH TOO SMALL FOR A BABY!” he declares, looking at your opened jaws.

“Exactly. Its too small. Where the baby does come out is built to be able to stretch and fit the baby through. However, its an extremely excruciating pain and it can go from minutes to hours long. It depends on the birth. And births can be……deadly.” you inform with a bit of shakiness.

“D-Deadly?” Alphys pitches in, also showing hints of concern.

“Yeah…Both the infant and mother are in danger, honestly. The mother could black out from the induced pain, from blood loss, but sometimes…the procedure is just too much and the mother just…” You can’t bring yourself for some reason to say dies.

“Then the baby is in trouble. The stretch couldn’t be enough and it could damage their skull or their forming bones, they could be delivered upside down with their head still inside and choke, they could be choked by their own umbilical cord, failure to pop the amniotic sack, the delivery could be premature, health issues, there could by major health complications, blood tests need to be run and such that doesn’t even include half of the check-up tests.” you sigh, disapproving of the hassle of having a baby. It never was a solid thought – having a child. “The absolute worst case scenario is neither the mother nor the baby make it through the procedure.” you sigh, meeting everyones eyes. Papyrus has little tears drizzling out of his sockets, his jaw clenched shut tightly as he vibrates and hugs Frisk close. Leaning over, you take up both their hands.

“But, from what I hear, all the worry is worth it. Because having a baby is truly unlike any other experience in the world. You and another are combining your love and genes together to make something completely its own and yet yours together. It’s the embodiment of your love and yet it’s an entirely new love all its own. Its…its just so worth it all, okay? So don’t fret about all the technicalities or the worries.” you convince the two innocents that, despite the possibility of death, babies are worth the wait and effort. “Besides – look. If moms weren’t willing to put up with the dangers, me and Frisk wouldn’t be here. Moms and babies are tough cookies, so show them respect. They deserve it.”

Your pep talk seems to have cheered them up, and you’re preparing to ask an easy question off the top of your head concerning their temperature tolerance before a knock echoes out in the house. It waits a moment before the front door is burst down.

“Darlings, Alphys, Frisky, your star has returned from Tokyooooo~” comes the seductive trill from the front. Its metallic and girly but you can identify it as a males voice despite the odd combination.

‘Ton-ton!!!’ is what Frisk squeaks before he and Papyrus are racing for the front door.
“Agh!! Did he even call ahead of time?!” Undyne hisses, scooching and getting up before assisting Alphys.

“I-I didn’t h-hear anything.” she squeaks, looking nervous.

“D’ you know him?” you ask, trying to hide your lack of surprise before Papyrus is squealing once again.

“I-I created h-his body. H-Hes-“

“**m e tt a t o n.**” Terrified to the core of the deep baritone grit behind the words from Sans, he shambles by at an even more crooked and slow pace as he approaches the front door. You fear for the monsters life suddenly.

“Aaahh shit. Babe, I’ll be back.” Undyne declares, leaving you and Alphys with a kiss to the latters spiky head before dashing after the looming threat.

“Created who’s body?” you ask humbly, trying to steer back the conversation.

“Mettatons. He is Napstablook’s cousin, and I-I met him through hu-“ before you can let Alphys finish her sentence, you are storming into the living room. **Napstablooks cousin?! The PRICK who has left him alone and sad all this time?!** You resolve to begging for forgiveness from Papyrus as you ready a fist to beat the living shit out of the man. Rounding the corner, your eyes sweep over the individual as a flurry of emotions wash over you. Anger, Delight, Confusion, Metallic, Pink……**Perfect.**

Papyrus is caught in a tangled embrace with a slightly shorter robot that has extending arms to reach around the boney innocence atleast three times. The ends of his hands have what appear to be thinner Mickey Mouse gloves, but the rest of his demeanor screams adult. He has black shiny plates sharpened and pointing outward for shoulders, with a pink central torso that has a dial, speaker, and his waist is a plastic or glass container that holds a cushioned pink heart floating within. His lush kept legs are adorned with black slack pants that are cut off with a high heeled pink boots that would put models to shame with the way he spun in them so naturally. By far, though, his head was all that perused your mind.

His teeth gleamed and glistened as he gave a starlit smile, his nose definite and defined. His metallic plating was white with a side board besides his cheek that is nutted down. His eyes are deep pink with black pupils, flitting around to glance at everyone and appear extremely human. His hair reminds you of Flynns at one point; side-swept over one eye completely and the rest is tucked back in defined locks of charcoal black that glistens besides the lamp. He has a black gloss lipstick upon his lower lip and a fuchsia pink on the upper. A similar effect is happening around his eyes with eyeliner and shadow.

You cannot contain your internal fan girling as you begin to jitter with memories. You completely understood that this individual was their own person, but their existence almost **impeccably** reminds you of-

“Papy, darling, you look **stunning**!” The robot compliments Papyrus who is more orange than a carrot as he rubs his skull. The robot, Mettaton, inspects the denim with a devilish smirk. Its enough to drive you nuts as you jump into a hysteric embrace with Alphys as you jump about.

“J-J-Jane?” Alphys slightly jumps and latches onto you as well as Undyne is glaring daggers at you again. If you weren’t aware of the immanent looming threat you’d likely be planting an array of pecks along this monsters head this very moment.
“Alphys!! You made a Frank N. Furter!! A FRIGGIN’ FRANK FURTER!!!!” you squeal as you begin to jump in sync. The understanding of what you’re gushing about hits her instantly. You’d been appalled she never had seen Rocky Horror Picture Show and was blessed that you owned the remastered DVD back on campus. You and her were laughing off the rocker for hours about it, quoting lines.

“Oh-“ she takes a moment to take a good look at Mettaton and back to you as he and Papyrus watch on in confusion before she is gasping, “-OOOHH!!!...Oh my god you’re right.” she says with a smile, trying to stifle giggles.

“That doesn’t even begin to start the geeking out on his face! Oh my god you are the best little lizard dinosaur monster scientist EVER!!!!” you gasp, trying to catch your breath from your fangirling excitement. “I can’t even now. I need air.” you admit, fanning your face that couldn’t wipe the ecstatic smile away despite the gritting sound of Sans’ teeth. Glancing over in concern, he is certainly smiling and his pupils are present, but the grin is a mere façade to hide the aggression he is obviously feeling; his eyes dim and daggered at the metallic entity. You can practically see the fists shivering inside his pockets. “I see you shiver…with antici-” you whisper seductively to Alphys as you both hold back little snorts as you quietly tease the tense bones.

An increasingly funny moment continues to pass before the man of the hour presents himself in front of you, standing tall and looking before you with a look of enthused bewilderment. Closer inspection shows the sheer detail and time she used into calibrating and crafting his body and face to a form of sincere perfection. Taking your hand up in his own, you can feel the rough smoothing of his hands past the gloves as he lifts your hand to his lips. They are silicone and puffy; uncanny and realistic with the added make-up. You cant help but giggle as he presses a cold kiss to your knuckles.

“Si jolie. Tout l’honneur est pour moi. (How lovely. The honour is mine.) ” he speaks with a seductive metallic French that you have to withhold a snort to. It’s obvious he has been perfecting his accent. Looking back to Alphys while he still holds your hand between his own, you can’t help but ask.

“Why have you forsaken me with this. Why. How can I hit a robot Frank Furter. Why have you done this to me?” you plead, wanting to slap and inspect his facial features with thorough evaluation but the action would be painful and offensive. Clearing your throat, you brush up on your minor knowledge in French. Flynn and you had discussed a multitude of curses in foreign languages you usually got away with muttering and passing off as a foreigner.

“Vous êtes un trou du cul et je te casser plus tard. (You are an asshole and I will break you later.)” you reply with a sincere grin as he goes from dejected and shocked to cocky and coy. You no longer are sure who is worse for Papyrus – Flynn or Mettaton.

“Fiery little human. I love your passion. I presume I need no introduction, however, I know nothing of you.” his voice is melodic and hinting, easily passable to Papyrus as merely subtle interest or how he is.

“Nope. You’re Mettaton; Papyrus told me about you. He truly admires you.” you try to steer the direction back to Papyrus but you catch yourself staring at all his defining features with intense curiosity. Papyrus is trying to hide his face behind his massive gloves in utter embarrassment as you catch Sans sidling up beside his brother, like a deterrent.

“Oh, stop, darling. Papyrus, you are too sweet to me.” Mettaton coos, sending Papyrus a clearly heartfelt smile and glisten of his eyes but its cut somewhat short with the intimidating elder sibling staring right back. “Sans.” His voice is a lot less inviting saying that name, but they both share a
itchy smile.

“mettaton.” The mere single word exchange chills the air. Luckily; Undyne.

“Gah! Why the hell didn’t you tell us you were coming?!” she barks, waving her hands around while Frisk excitedly bounces besides her. Finally released from his clutches you are allowed back towards Alphys who is biting the edge of her lip. Dipping down, you lean as closely to her as you can without touching.

“…pation.” You finally whisper the finalization of that earlier sentence as you both sputter with glee.

“I did call! Four times, actually. Papy dear is always a blessing to hear.” Mettaton truly is laying on the compliments to Papyrus as neither skeleton looks thrilled to that little reveal. Sans is quite clearly internally screaming at his brother, and you believe Papyrus is telepathically imagining it as he shudders and rattles his bones ever so slightly. You try to dissolve the tension again.

“Well, great to meet you, however, I have come to the understanding that a certain ghost cousin has been ignored for far too long. So! Once I get text confirmation from said ghost, I have to ask you to leave so we can better prepare for the…company.” you tell lies as you begin pushing him out the door. You aren’t foresay throwing him out as much as sending him on a necessary errand. Papyrus still looks disheartened and fearful as his brother ensures to loom besides him as you pressure Mettaton to visit his cousin.

“Oh, Blooky! I wasn’t aware he was in! I have tried calling him up repeatedly but he never answers.” Mettaton informs you as you continue to push him out. He is incredibly heavy and hard for being so balanced and quick with his swift movements and occasional twirls.

“Well, he was telling me about really missing his cousin, so atleast try and visit his house. If he’s there, just hang out with him for a little bit. If not, you can come right back and I’ll try and ask him whats up. But atleast try.” you plead as he allows himself out.

“Very well, darling. I have cancelled all my scheduled plans for the next two days to reassociate with my fellow monsters – stardom can at times prove too much, even for this sexy circuits. A bientôt, ma chérie. (See you soon, darling.)” With a courtesy wave of his hand and a blown kiss, he struts fabulously down the street towards the path to Napstablooks house; his legs dramatically swinging before one another to add a emphasized sway to his hips.

Quite arrogant, ain’t he? You sigh, agreeing, but trying to be supportive of Papyrus’ love interest. Going back inside, Sans proves that’s no easy feat.

“why didn’t you tell anyone he was coming?” Sans is obviously trying to keep from scolding his brother too harshly, but its plain and clear on his face; his lack of surprise is replaced by animosity and distrust.

“I-I IMAGINED HE’D INFORMED ALPHYS PRIVATELY – OR FRISK!” Papyrus is trying to defend himself to no avail. He is getting that nervous wringing in his fingers again – such a terrible liar.

“I-I haven’t h-heard from him i-in atleast a m-month.” Alphys pipes up, though you’re quick to shoot her a silencing glare. You can’t do the same as Frisk is signing something; you’re only able to pick up ‘hardly talk’ and ‘nice visit’.

“INDEED IT IS NICE HE HAS VISITED, FRISK! A PLEASURE TO THE SOCKETS!” Papyrus
cheers slightly despite Sans’ scorn. He scoffs to himself when Papyrus mentions his sockets. He hadn’t joked about Sans utterly despising Mettaton. You refuse to let Papyrus take the fall on this.

“I knew he was coming.” you pitch in as everyone shoots you a combination of stares. Undyne and Sans being the two with hints of anger within the surprise.

“And you didn’t tell us?!” Undyne hisses out while gesturing emphasis of her disbelief.

“I didn’t know it was a big deal. I thought if me and Papyrus knew, everyone knew. Besides, Papyrus couldn’t stop gushing about how excited he was to see this guy again and I didn’t want to casually bring it up and embarrass him. No matter what, though, I’m just glad to see you happy.”

The majority of your emphasis is pressured onto Sans who seems to hate Mettaton to his core. You had the inkling he would visit hell if it meant seeing his brother smile.

“WHY THANK YOU HUMAN JANE!” Papyrus squeaks, sweeping you into an encompassing hug against his roughed vest. It really suited him well. “I’D BEST START UP A CELEBRATORY SPAGHETTI FOR LUNCH!!” Papyrus calls out before beggingly staring into Undyne’s eyes. Undyne isn’t as infuriated as Sans who is silently seething past that broad smile. She contemplates her options before giving in to the baby faced Papyrus.

“’lright, ’lright. Spaghetti it is!” She screams out with increasing passion as they both rush into the kitchen, Papyrus ensuring his apron covers his entire front to not damage the carefully selected attire.

“O-Oh dear…” Alphys sighs, resigning to watching over the two as she and Frisk hurry behind them into the kitchen, leaving you and Sans in the foyer. You refuse to look at him as you both merely stare towards the kitchen door.

“You could try to be a little more accepting of Papyrus’ friends.” you start off. You knew this wasn’t going to start nor end well; the conversation.

“i don’t owe that bag of bolts anything.” he growls back, turning away from the kitchen entirely.

“Your brother practically looks up to him like a god.” you chuckle, recalling the sheer enthusiasm and thrill he used to speak of his idol.

“he always has…” Sans mutters back, scoffing under his breath. “but he is just a high-end prick who cares only for himself.”

“That’s not true.”

“how the hell would you know?” he bites back, finally facing you. His face still holds that lying smile but its intense and harsh instead of lazy and sweet. You dislike this side of Sans, you deem.

“He called. Four times!” you argue, gesturing to Papyrus.

“for now. he just uses us and throws us to the side when it’s convenient to himself. he’s done it before, is still doing it, and i refuse to let that nut-head do that to paps!” You can hardly stop from gaping at him using puns at a time like this.

“He wouldn’t do that to Papyrus.”

“ha! he did it to Napstablook soon as Alphys gave him his body, did it to Alphys soon as he grew in fame, then nearly took Frisks soul and just left everyone underground all together! even after reaching the surface, that prick hardly has any time for paps.” he growls, pupils darting to the floor
Sans isn’t one who seems to show his emotions easily, and he is aware he is trying to take this out on you.

“Fame can mess people up. That spotlight blinds you from what you truly are sometimes. He’s simply stuck in a cycle! If anyone can get him out of it, its Papyrus.”

“and how the hell would you know its just the spotlight in his friggin’ eyes?” He pinches a nerve there. It’s your own fault for bringing it up. It stirs lonely memories within you. You cross your arms defensively.

“I don’t need to explain myself.” You hear him mutter under his breath while you sigh to yourself. Things were finally returning to a sense of normal, and you’re fucking it up by trying to defend Papyrus.

“everyone around me is just spewing lie after lie and i’m quite sick of it.” You can practically hear his patience stretching and ripping.

“What makes you say I am lying? I knew he was coming today. I know this is just a phase. What the hell have I lied about?” You grunt back, seeking an explanation. You had told minor lies – you hadn’t spoken to Mettaton before these events, but Papyrus had informed you he was visiting today (despite him telling that today).

“you and paps are lying about something and it involves that hunk of junk!” He jabs an accusatory finger towards the front door. “i shoulda known. he always acts weird when he’s visiting.”

“How would you know we were lying?” you pressure for an answer.

“i’ve grown accustomed to reading it on faces.”

“Oh. So you’re saying you’re used to being able to read when someone is lying. How do I know its not just because you’re used to lying?”

“ha.”

“It wasn’t meant to be funny. If you got a problem with Mettaton, don’t just go holding it in with yourself. Actually talk to your brother! But you decide to just bottle it up inside, refuse to actually show anything honest, and then when the time comes you’re just pissy suddenly.”

“pissy?” His teeth are clenched together as he talks a threatened step forward, closing in on you.

“Yes; pissy. Now quit being a drama llama and talk to your brother, you bone-head.” Unfazed by his advances, you replicate the hand symbol for the llama.

“what the hell does a llama have to do with this?” His question is antsy but you can hear his hands clattering in formed fists inside his jacket pockets.

“You’re a llama.” You reannounce as he gives you the first unamused face ever. You decide that your next move could clear the air or get you killed. You start making the little movements in your hand.

“Happy Llama, sad llama, mentally disturbed llama, super llama, drama llama, big fat mama llama, camel-SPIT!” Before he has a chance to consider the camel section you rush your hand forward and flick it against his head which is slightly painful before you dash past him and upstairs. He doesn’t stir or even move an inch – frozen in time – as you rush up and into the second floor laundry room to hideout. Taking haggard adrenaline gulps of air and relaxing back, you’re
startled into a keener awareness as your phone begins to resonate a call within your pocket. You’re quick to pick up and find a distraction.

“Hello, this is Jane.”

---“….Its Grillby. Can…Can you make it in the next……hour? Half hour? Sunday is………chaotic.” Grillby informs you as you stifle a giggle. Looking into the laundry, you had snuck your clothes into the washer and drier while Toriel wasn’t look so the shorter set was readied. Besides, work could take your mind off the worries of today, and also grant Sans, Papyrus and Mettaton some space. Toriel and Asgore knew you wouldn’t be able to watch Frisk the entire day – they agreed to that.

“Sure, half an hour. I might take a little longer if I walk but I don’t think I can make the bus. I’ll be there as soon as I can.” you reply quickly.

---“…Thanks.”

Short and sweet. Hanging up and rummaging through the drier and prying out the outfit worn the other day for work, you shamble upstairs to replace the contents of your bag – school supplies was unnecessary to bring to work and you utterly refused to publicly wear this outfit regularly until you grew more comfortable with the neighborhood. Checking yourself over in the mirror and slinging your backpack on, you trot downstairs to the odd smell of unevenly cooked spaghetti. Its clear that some of it was burnt, however, Papyrus’ mood is impossibly bright. You can hear Undyne and Alphys talking in the dining room and momentarily the huff of Sans is heard. You hardly have a moment to consider the luckiness he didn’t up and leave before Papyrus is encompassing you in a needy hug.

“Thank you…” He whispers genuinely as he nestles his skull into your neck. You encouragingly pat his back as he settles you down with a glint of pure pride sparkles in his sockets.

“No need for the thanks. Just make sure to get him to talk and don’t just shoot down his advice. Grillby needs me to come in now, so Frisk and Alphys are in charge while I’m gone.” you speak the second half just loud enough for Undyne to catch as she shoots her head into the kitchen.

“What the hell?! Why can’t I be in charge?”

“Because you can be more childish then Frisk. By the way, in extension, Frisk being in charge basically means I am also leaving Flowey in charge.”

“Yes!!” Comes the ecstatic squeak of Flowey with the pleasant giggling of Frisk.

“But Alphys is the main go-to-gal. Its like president and vice-presidents. Alphys has the final say, Frisk.” you call back, adjusting your backpack.

“need a lift?” You jump directly into Papyrus as Sans spooks you from behind yet again, your heart trying to relax its panicked speed. Looking back at him, his face has softened since earlier – his smile still broad and secretive, yet it feels more real than before – more genuine.

“Nah – I need to accustom to walking before driving.” Its not a lie, but its also not the entire truth. In actuality, you don’t want to end up lost again and depending on little old ladies in the midst of the dark night for directions. In other actuality, you want to allow time to ease out of the recent awkwardness involving Sans.

“al-paca’d?” His grin grows as Papyrus ends up bashing his head begrudgingly against the door frame.
“BROTHER. HOW MANY TIMES MUST I IMPLORE YOU TO CEASE YOUR TERRIBLE RATTLING OF PUNS?” The words are out before he can regret it. You almost believe you see a pride-filled tear welling in Sans’ sockets as he stares agape at his blubbery brother who tries to cover his tracks.

“bro. dude, bro. i’m so flippin’ proud ‘a you right now.” Sans sniffles, shaking and smirking with complete enrapture.

“THAT WASN’T MEANT AS A PUN!!” Papyrus screeches, but it’s far too late to go back. Not wanting to be sidetracked you clear your throat and heave your backpack up.

“Well I might need to work late…and if I cant make it back in time for ‘dinner’…” you mumble as Papyrus begins to blush harshly again. You would in a heartbeat be there for his supposed platonic get together with Mettaton, yet if Sundays are as busy as you can assume, Grillby could request you for alternating shifts to later on. You didn’t mind – time was money. “Well, you’ll do fine.” You leave Sans with that little hint, hoping maybe he can prepare for the future (whenever it may be) of when Papyrus can confess his bottled feelings. You had hoped after ‘platonic’ night, he would have the courage; however, shy and embarrassed Papyrus was a whole new spectrum you’d ever before encounter and may be lacking in his previous enthusiasm and confidence.

Rushing out the door with quick goodbyes, you begin to make your way down the street at a more leisurely pace while keeping your eyes trained to your cells watch. Passing the path that led supposedly to Napstabooks, you saw a hint of black and pink sheen through the natural colors surrounding it, along with an otherworldly ethereal glow and light chit-chat with a few giggles. It certainly stretches your smile as you forge on down the road.

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It took more time than you had presumed to reach Grillbys, but you’re somewhat to blame for getting lost and then side-tracked with sightseeing. You’d found the crafts store and taken a peek inside and despite the utter rush you had to quickly jump into at work because of it, it was utterly worth it. Besides school, food, rent and savings, you knew exactly where the unsaved bundles of cash you were going to have by weeks end were being invested.

Entering work was a waitresses nightmare. Every table, booth and bar seat filled with bustling chatter and orders. You hardly had time to spare any thought to Grillbys dimmed existence behind the counter trying to assist everyone by himself as you jumped into a bathroom stall and ran to his aid. You were surprised that there were more human customers then monsters and because it was daylight when there was apparently decency around the men, attempts at sneaking a peek up your skirt were minimal if not rare.

The rush of customers lasted a solid three hours and by the time it was just the regular loungers – the smoking fish with a beer gut, the smoking purple duck and a loopy eyed rabbit already drunk off his rocker – you had a chance to breathe. Grillby gave you the task of cleaning the store up and down before the next wave that started around 5 or 6. Wiping down the table and booths, sweeping up the crumbs and dusting the cracks in the seats. Grillby covered the counter basically throughout the entire time – it was just his regular placement.

The rush ended up being late and didn’t arrive until around 7, yet you were so preoccupied with memorizing and placing out orders that time flew by in moments. At one point you caught yourself multitasking with two burning hot trays settled on your arms, pushing a chair in with your foot behind you and offering an infant a napkin. You only ever wanted to slip into that work-way mindset when you were alone – it helped pass the time and try to prove to someone else and yourself your time was optimally used. Grillby gave you a light scolding in private to be safer and
try to not rush the orders and mix it together with side tasks. It took a lot more concentration to force yourself to not repeat those actions.

Grillby was, for the most part, a pretty good boss. He disciplined you with a light scold every time you wandered into the multitasking mindset, he offered a multitude of breaks since you hadn’t adjusted to the heating of his bar, and he seemed unbothered in reminding you about orders. The real time he pulled through for you was during the dinner and drunkard swell of humans.

The dogs, or the Yip Gang you decided on, had all arrived and settled in when Grillby brought out a cake with dog-treats sticking out every which way with a few thinner ones on fire. Apparently it was Lesser Dogs birthday today. Stepping to the side after finishing up an order, you sang ‘Happy Birthday’ for them while Grillby just hummed along. Truly a man of few words, but you could tell he was smiling. His facial features were soft beneath the licking inferno and you had grown more adjusted to recognizing his features. His glasses made it difficult to find his eyes, but you had looked him (supposedly) in the eyes enough to physically place where his mouth and nose were (his nose being impossibly hard to locate from anything but a sideways view). Lesser Dog had blown out the treats and instantly begins licking up streaks of whip-cream. As the dogs divulge into cutting it into sharable pieces, a few of the drunks are finishing up singing ‘Happy Birthday’ still – slurs and all. Walking back to the counter with Grillby a nice hushing comes around the tables as they all settle in.

**SMACK**

That one single sound resonates out like an echo as an incredibly inebriated man in a booth leans out and slaps your butt. You yelp not from the surprise but the pain; it likely would leave a mark. The dogs ears all perk to the sound as you spin around and clutch your skirt down, mentally cursing Muffet for the short accessory and then yourself for arguing mentally that wearing the shorts would make you hotter and they curved you too nicely so this situation would likely occur anyways. Based off customer kindness and respect you can completely understand that the friends he came with are appalled with his actions and the man is completely off his rocker – he had chugged through about 8 beers and 3 martinis and kept complaining about some girlfriend. Despite your desperate desire to punch the shit out of him, you completely understand it wasn’t intended by any other. Taking a deep breath before asking for respect, the color from the rest of the booths customer’s drains in an instant before a tingling sensation covers your shoulder.

Grillby stands beside you with blue flames licking the crest of his head, his sleeves are rolled up and showing off muscular arms that instantly get covered in agitated flames as he clearly scowls at the man.

“Sir, you’ll need to leave if you cannot respect my employees.” his voice is irked and despite the light scolding you can tell Grillby intends to use any means necessary to throw the man out. His hand that he laid upon your shoulder practically vibrates instead of emitting a soothing heat and the flames encompassing his exposed arms aren’t crisping or burning you. If anything, his presence is relaxing and reassuring. Luckily, the friends deem the man overstepped his boundaries, pay the bill and give him a hearty tip before rushing him out slung between their shoulders. After a tense few moments the scene settles and everyone returns to enjoying their meals. Lesser Dog pauses his tirade of licks on the cake and approaches you with caution and curiosity, concern being the most prominent as he looks you up and down for injury. You wave him off and explain it was just a misunderstanding and you’d dealt with worse (which wasn’t a lie, unfortunately) and gave him a reassuring pet.

Never had you regretted petting a dog before in your entire life. You felt compelled to appease him by any means necessary despite the fact his neck was extending infinitely. You stood there rapidly
petting his growing neck with further curiosity before Grillby had to physically pick you up and drag you away from the interaction. You’d been so swept into comforting the doting dog you had failed to resume your duties and attending the other customers. You had to be light on your feet as L.D’s neck extended everywhere over the ground. The work cycle sucked you back in and you were hopping left and right over the neck, unable to question the physical possibilities of the prior events. Finally, once the majority of the dinner rush has subsided and you have a moment of mental recollection, you dart your eyes over and his head is snapped firmly back in place with a bit of whip-cream on his nose as he and the other guard dogs return to their game of poker. Taking the chance, you shamble over to the bar counter and plop onto one of the chairs since Grillby insisted whenever you could to take a five minute breather and rest your feet.

“Thanks for earlier, but you didn’t have to throw that guy out.” you insist, thinking of the image it would paint should the friends spread rumors of the threatening elemental. Grillby was pretty similar to Toriel or Asgore – he had a parental instinctive aura to him and appeared a kind-hearted small talker yet could in the blink of an eye become a real threat.

“Nonsense……….allowing them to perform such offensive acts, drunk or not, is atrocious………besides, you are a hard worker. You deserve respect.” He finalizes, cleaning a shot glass with a lack of concentration that is fixated onto you.

“Aw Grillby….thanks.” You whisper it as genuinely as you can before popping your shoulder blade and refusing to twist your neck. “Alright, boss, think its time to clean the bathrooms?” you ask with a hint of glee; that glee not to be directed towards getting to clean urinals. The affirmative nod sends you off to only discover his lack of cleaning supplies for said bathrooms. No toilet bowl cleaner, anti-bacterial spray, nothing liquidated. That seemed to be the catch with human made liquids – Grillby had to take extra care to not be accidentally snuffed out.

He gave you some extra cash as you ran out to fetch the needed supplies. The grocery store was only a few blocks down and you took some time for sightseeing and familiarizing yourself with the placement of everything. You were quicker than you would have liked only because of the varying wolf-whistles to your exposed skin. You grabbed basic cleaning supplies along with papertowels, extra toilet rolls and window cleaner before reaching the checkout and making a hastened dash back. The dash was disastrous as you needed to take extra care in the darkening surroundings and pointedly shady groups lingering besides corners. In no time at all you were lost yet again. You stumbled into a bookstore and received proper directions back to Grillbys and ran back despite the uncomfortable flats to make up for lost time. By the time you’d reached the door you were sweating thanks to the increasing night heat and the easily 10 minute jog. Sucking in air and slightly hunched, you push open the door.

“aaaand then. that fucking calculator lifted ‘is fuckin’ leg up and said ‘with legs ‘ike theesee, who isn’t media ‘orthy?! hoooooowww ego-hic-tistic can you geeeeetttt?!’ comes the slurred baritone voice you had become used to. Giving a confused glare to the bar, Sans is swung over the end with one hand grasping a hot sauce bottle and the other clutching a mostly drained mug of fizzle beer. Besides him was a hardly touched burger coated in ketchup.

Still undetected from the housemate you become increasingly more aware of the working outfit you have on display before giving in. Sans was supposedly a regular here, based off of what Papyrus had mentioned about his familiarity with Grillbys. He would see you eventually even if you managed to avoid him this one time. Better to allow it drunk then to hop around like a frog.

“Sans?” you ask for unnecessary confirmation as he swivels around slowly in his chair with an aggravated groan.
“Jane.” Is Grillbys voice peeking out from past the blue skeleton mess, but your eyes are fixated on the drunken slob before you. He has ketchup stains pressing into his shirt and jacket and a small smudge on his upper teeth and bone. His sockets are dark and tense, the pupil lights hardly existent and faded against the dark blue flush over his bones. He’d let one of his prided slippers dangle off his feet while the other laid upside down beneath the stool he sat in. Once he caught sight of you, he visually brightened up – his mouth becoming smaller (how?) and his sockets gleaming with newfound light. And then he dropped the bottle of hot-sauce directly onto the floor where it shattered.

“Sans!” you screech, rushing over and putting the supplies to the side while fetching a papertowel and broom. “What the hell, dude!” you grumble, sweeping past Grillby to snatch up the necessary cleaning utensils and shuffle back around.

“uh……uuhhh..” It was rare for Sans to be at a lack for words and the stern glare you provide him directly doesn’t seem to stir him free of the trance. Grumbling to yourself as you fold the papertowels for a protective layer before your hand and cleaning the contents while trying to ensure the oaken floor isn’t stained, Grillby tries to regrab his attention with a crackle of his fire. However, he is still lost in his own world, mindlessly staring at you as you clean the mess beside his stool. Some of it splattered onto his forgotten slipper but it’s hard to discern among the other stains. With a quick sweeping for any leftover shards of glass and a crease clean, the floor looks undamaged as you straighten out beside him.

“Were you drinking hot sauce? Grillby – why the hell do you allow him to drink your condiments? I didn’t pick up any from the store! He is literally going to drink you dry.” you mumble, placing back the broom and discarding the used papertowels as you clean your hands.

“If that isn’t the truth…” Grillby mumbles back as you both align your sights back onto Sans. He is still blatantly staring at you. He refuses to even hide it as you meet his stares.

“Hey, don’t stare.” you hiss, uselessly covering your front with one hand and trying to yank down the skirt more with the other. You hadn’t taken him for a drunken pervert. Then again, you knew little to nothing about Sans other than his wide affection for his friends, family and puns and his need to constantly have an array of jobs.

“d-do you dress like that all day?” he asks fearlessly. You don’t know whether to take it as a compliment or complaint. You presume it’s a compliment, but his tone of voice is questionable and judging.

“Hey, I didn’t know what Muffet would give me for a uniform! Its hot out and in here and this just so happens to be the lightest.” you retort, crossing your arms in defiance.

“also the breeziest…” you hear him mutter before downing the rest of his beer.

“Grillby. Close your eyes and don’t imagine me breaking the natural customer employee safety agreement. Don’t think about it at allll.” you grit, clenching a fist and hoping you can bash him upside the skull while he drinks.

“…None of that……bathrooms, please.” He mutters, trying to steer you back into being productive.

“Oh, so he is allowed to sexually harass me verbally but as soon as its physical its all gloves and sleeves up?” you cross your arms, sarcastically. You hope he understands you’re being utterly sarcastic – you’re still incredibly thankful for the protection though slightly unnecessary and you realize Sans and Grillby are great friends. One of those patron and bartender buddy things you
couldn’t understand since it always went deeper into the ‘secrets untold’ territory.

Sans irks a browbone to your comment but before you can let him ask questions you fish free the cleaning supplies and busy yourself with the bathrooms. Anything to avoid the drunken **numbskull**.

“……………was it a confrontation?” Sans asks Grillby once you are no longer within hearing range. You had started off the with mens room first with a complimentary knock to inform of the invasive cleaning crew.

“No…..just drunken males getting……touchy.” Grillby cuts the explanation short which only spurs Sans’ curiosity.

“touchy. touchy how? how touchy?” He presses as Grillby crackles with a sigh.

“…..Touchy enough.” Is all he supplies as a few more human and monsters trickle inside. Grillby busies himself with attending them as your bathing in a mix of chemicals in your air supply. Sans watches the new customers with confusion but finds himself a spare ketchup bottle.

You emerge about half an hour later with a grateful sigh to the fresh air, despite it being crisp and hot. Storing away the supplies and ensuring you wash your hands before returning to the front, you find it back busy again when you’d vanished and task yourself with assisting Grillby with managing orders. Against the menus warnings to the high alcohol content, most people are thrilled with the prospect of the monster drinks. Grillby doesn’t want you messing with the beverages until you’re a little more adapted to your surroundings and the contents, so you’re stuck relaying the orders past the counter and ensuring the customers are pleased. During the night, you feel the heavy gaze of eyes on your back. You don’t doubt the male stares surrounding you, but one is as black as it comes with pinhole lights at the end. Sans refuses to even hide he is staring most of the time as you give a fast glare in his direction before busying yourself again. The dogs filed out at around 10 and Grillby needed your assistance to finish up the orders and clean up the remnant scraps.

While everyone is served up, you settle into the seat beside Sans and rest your head against the counter you knew Grillby was constantly cleaning.

“Why the hell are you in here? Did Papyrus not follow through with his dinner plans?” you ask through your exhaustion as you give him a glance. His face hardens as he looks to Grillby.

“oh, he followed through. you planned this out with him, didn’tchya?” he groans, idly swaying the contents in his beer mug. How many had he had? You feign innocence.

“I only seek to see a happy Papyrus.” you bite back as Grillby spares you a glass of water. It was a lot considering he could fizzle from the contents. “If Mettaton makes him happy, then why can’t you just support it? If something goes wrong, we are here for him. He knows that, everyone knows that. Nobody seeks to make him miserable, Sans.” you supply, giving hand gestures before downing the glass heartedly. “Thanks Grillby.” you reply, handing back the glass with a grin.

“that **fuckin’** calculator only has it oooutt for ‘imself…” he grumbles and leans his elbows against the table and gesturing at you with the beer mug.

“How the hell is he a calculator?” you ask curiously as he breaks into a sincerely smug grin and chuckle. Before you can ask again, Grillby taps your shoulder and points to a poster. On it is quite literally an overgrown calculator. A strange metallic box with a variety of lightup squares for a face. It has a single wheel and reminds you of Claptrap. It has the same arm and hand designs as
Mettaton and is clearly shining in the spotlight.

“...That’s Mettaton from Underground.” Grillby whispers as you slap a hand to your mouth and snicker. Thinking about the dramatic poses he seems to perform constantly as a one wheeled robot is utterly hysterical in every possible way. You can’t keep your professional focus as you dare to sneak another peek at the poster before accepting the laughing fit and giggling into the counter.

“O-O-Ohhh my gooooddd.” you breathe past your straining giggles, trying to keep quiet. A snort escapes you and you begin trying to hide behind nothing but your hands as you try to hide your embarrassment to the noise. It only brings about a stronger fit of laughter with more of the odd sounds. Tears prickle in your eyes as you focus on your breathing. “Oh my god he really was a calculator?!” you direct the question towards Sans but don’t dare to meet his gaze. He likely is grinning like the Joker at the moment. “So he didn’t always look like Frank N. Furter, huh?” you admit, looking back to the poster with newfound curiosity how he had changed forms.

“who?” Sans finally speaks up with a bit of mirth and confusion.

“Oh. You haven’t seen that either. Don’t worry – I got the DVD back at your place. We are watching it. Tonight. After my shift. Its revenge for not going out to dinner with Papyrus.” you jab a finger in his direction before eyeing the readied customers and slipping off your stool. “No if, ands, or buts bone-head!” you stumble by him and reach for the booth. After snatching up their payment for the meal and a generous tip, only a few customers remain. A table of two men, a girls night out that was prepping to leave, and the counter monster regulars who smoked constantly besides Sans. The guys were your worst concern. The stares and suggestive looks were constant and they weren’t exactly happy when the drinks got cut off.

“Sir? We’ll be closing up shortly. Is there anything else I can help you with tonight?” you address the one who you know hasn’t had as much to chug as the other and because he seems like the more rational of the two.

“N-No I think weeeere go-“ The rational one speaks up but hearing your voice perks the other from his dead slouch.

“Do –hic- do you got aaaa keg in your panties, ’cause I’d tap dat aaaaasss.” he slurs unceremoniously before giddily drooping over the table in pride as the other covers his face in embarrassed frustration. You sigh in defeat.

Can’t even close without these types.

“Im sorry sir, but we’re closing. If you don’t plan to order anything else from the menu it would likely be best to pay your bill and return home for the night.” you retry, trying to get your point across. Only one of them seems to understand the situation.

“Was yer naaaaammee on it?......Can IIIII get yer name? Muhbe we caa-“

“No, and no, sir.” You’re quick to ensure he can’t finish the sentence. His friend can sense your tension and fiddles with his wallet. You always appreciate it when people can take the hint, but drunkards are a little more complex. Drunken men were usually the worst as they became touchy; not that some girls didn’t as well, however you didn’t experience too many women seeking alcohol in this town thus far – and by far not monster alcohol.

“What times are you open on the weekends?” The gentleman fiddling with his wallet asks as the times elude you. Turning around to look over at the prepared closing sign that supplied the hours, you read it to yourself a few times for clarification. A large pinch and pressing nails brings you
back from your idle staring as the drunkard heartily squeezes your buttcheek.

“Duuudddee i’s as squishy as it looks!” he chuckles, changing pressures before you momentarily yelp with a twist, stumbling back and pressing your skirt down. His friend looks utterly terrified.

“What the hell?!” you squeak, glaring with astonishment at the daring man. That familiar buzz presses onto your shoulder along with a harsh grip, angered and building with rage not directed at you clearly as both men stare behind you. “Gri—“ you cut yourself short as Sans’ hand is the one placed upon your shoulder and his unfazed shroud passes infront of you to stand between your sight and the table.

“do you wanna have a bad time?” His voice is reaching new decibels and the intent behind it shutters you with goosebumps to the very core as you continue to mumble and catch yourself. Its no hesitation as the man throws down money and runs like his life depends on it with his slightly sobered friend who looks just as pale. Sans still stands before you, rigid like a statue and staring at the door. Peeking around him, you notice the far too generous tip left behind. Your aggression has subsided towards the customers and is now purely focused on Sans.

“Dude. Don’t try threatening customers! Not cool.” you grumble, picking up the money and walking it over to Grillby. “I’m sorry for all this trouble Grillby. I will see if I can get Muffet to make the skirt longer.” you mutter, ashamed.

Shouldn’t have bothered wearing it and thinking things would be different.

“….Its less trouble for me and more for you. You’ve dealt with enough………why don’t you head out early with Sans? Its late.” Grillby asks though you can tell its more of an order. Sans is slightly wobbly thanks to the alcohol and still has a dead-gaze centered at the door. It likely wasn’t a good idea to let him walk or drive in his state alone.

“…Sure Grillby. Lemme just change real quick. Thanks.” you sigh, clocking out, accepting your paycheck and hurrying into the bathroom to change. That hand that had slapped down much earlier did leave a print that you looked over in hissing disgust as it formed a bruise near the palm of the mark.

Exiting the restroom with your covering clothing and backpack, Grillby directs you to the outside where you spot Sans leaning against the building. Walking out with a sigh, you both merely stare into each other for a moment.

“Sorry. That shit just happens.” you admit, rubbing your neck. Its timing for tensing up is terrible; mixed with your increasing fatigue.

“has it been happening a lot?” he asks quickly. He looks incredibly tense.

“Wow, like I need to explain my daily sexual harassment. One could say you’re……butting in.” you joke with a weak wink as it catches his attention. You can see his smile grow more gentle as he siddles up beside you and walks ahead. Wordlessly, you follow like a lost puppy.

Its nearly 11 when you all arrive home and everyone seems to have either not returned or settled into sleep. Its dead silent as the floor creaks with a resonating echo. His yawn and yours stretch out together breathlessly as you begin nudging him to that den you’d spied earlier. It was optimal for movies Alphys had informed you.

“You got work tomorrow?” you ask as you need to forcibly push him in the direction.
“not ‘til later, smalls, but I’m **beat to the bone.**” he argues with another yawn.

“Oh well. Got a movie to show you and the rest of the week we’re busy.” you reply with a hint of sass. Making your way into the den and dropping him onto the couch with a plop he settles back with a sigh and instantly just relaxes into the cushions. He looks utterly exhausted. Peeking through the DVD storage case, you catch sight of the DVD with a growing grin and insert the disk. Flicking on the screen and sound with a shutting of the dens door, Sans finally show curiosity to the film as you tune up the sound.

“So what the hell is this?”

“It’s a musical story based off the 1970’s or so with aliens and sex.” you reply with a playful grin as you hit play and settle back into the couch, awaiting the greatness you could watch on repeat.

-----

“why the hell are these people sound terrible when singing?”

“It’s a joke.”

“why do they have a coffin?”

“Stop asking questions.”

“who’s this guy? why he reading a book?”

“I will kill you.”

-----

The most famous scene approaches.

“……what the fuck.”

“It’s the time warp.”

“…what.”

“Shut up and enjoy it.”

“……where the fuck are the ali-” he cuts his sentence as Riff-Raff starts singing. He cannot hold his laughter in as he watches the odd sequence proceed. You cant help dancing along in your seat.

“oh my god what the literal hell is wrong with you.”

“Shut up, this is great.”

“who is she?” He points to Columbia.

“Columbia.”

“she sounds weird.”

“Shut up – this is greatness for its time. Stop dissing one of my favorite movies, damn you.”

“….that hunk of junk would probably love this.”
“If you’re saying that because they’re all in heels, you have no idea how giddy I am at the part coming up.”

“this fucking song will be stuck in my head. why is that old guy dancing on a desk?”

“Shut up and love this, damn you.”

Finally, your favorite scene.

“…………………no.” Sans finalizes, straightening up. You can’t help but chuckle as you watch with wriggling joy at one of your favorite characters.

“Yep. This came first.” You debate instantly with joy.

“no. no. no. i instantly hate this movie. there can’t be a human like him.”

“It’s a role dude, chill. He is friggin’ fabulous!” you emphasize it as you listen on. Then he removes the cloak. You watch Sans visibly tighten into a fearful ball.

“this shouldn’t exist.”

“Shut the hell up!!!” you giggle, living in the moment.

“theres more then one of him. this is my living hell. why did you think i would like this.” he grumbles to himself.

“Hey, hate it that much, you can hop out. I’m finishing this.” you comment, sitting back. He gets up and leaves instantly. Disheartened for driving him away, you splay yourself out more and get comfortable. You don’t recall when he came back in with a bag of chips and settled as you let your legs lay upon his lap.

“does he seriously speak in french like him as well?”

“Shut it and hand me a chip.”

-------

“what the fuck is he doing?”

“Making a man.” you supply weakly while munching away.

“…its that easy?........why is it so slow?”

“Wil-……..I don’t know. Effect.”

-------

“who is he?”

“Rocky.”

“who?”

“Rocky.”

“what.”
“Giddy Muscles.”
--------
“oh my fuck.”
“Yeah?”
“is….rocky….rocky reminds me of pa-“
“Yeep.”
“…..and the calculator is-“
“Uh-huh.”
“………….no.”
“Yeah.”
“fuck you. no. what is all these fucking secret innuendos or whatever?!?”
“Dude. Enjoy the movie. Reading too much.”
“…it’s a habit.”
--------
“Eddie!!”
“eddie?”
“Eddie!” You point him out.
“eddie?” He presses.
“Eddie.” You reply.
“eddie.” He points to himself.
“…Fuck you.”
--------
The sex scenes appear.
“…god he is just like him. what the fuck.”
“Yep.”
The scene continues in awkward silence.
“…so where are the aliens?”
You press your hand into your head.
His expression isn’t as okay with the other sex scene.
“wasn’t she just saying how she felt bad for cheating on brad?”

“Yeah, but she has been overtaken by lust.”

“…does that happen to all humans?”

“I will beat you up.” It’s an unnecessary threat.

“so it does?” he quirks an eyebrow. “its still sunday, technically.”

“…Sometimes. Some humans gain greater need for sex than others. However, the movie and book have other factors. Do monsters have something similar?”

“oops. lookit that. sunday just ended.”

---------

“….this dinner is really fucking tense.”

“I would be tense at dinner too if it was based off the corpse hidden in the table.”

“…what?”

The table cloth is removed.

“oh.”

“Yeeaahhh.”

---------

“so….they’re the aliens?”

“Yeah.”

“…did he seriously make a replica of an audio vibratory physio molecular transporter?” he replays the exact words you’re surprised he can understand.

“…No.”

---------

“why did his clothes come off. whats that down there?”

You don’t say anything as you shield him from the statues genitalia.

“Nootthinggg.”

---------

“oh my fuck why do they look like that?”

“It’s the floor show bro.”

“…why are they…..in a pool.”
“Shut up. Lust.”

You are completely comfortable and laying back against the arm with a pillow to soften it while your legs are stretched out over his lap. The funny reveal of Scotts leg has you repeating the action and you’re far too tired to be considering its inches away from Sans’ face.

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The movie comes to a close and you can hear Sans mumbling questions. Your focus is bleary from lack of rest as you sit up and try to properly hear that him. The action causes your head to spin from the instant rise and you slump against something rough before settling around and getting comfortable. A warm fuzzy object encircles you later and a vibration trembles beneath your head, lulling you further into pleasant dreams.

“……it wasn’t bad.”

Chapter End Notes

......-pation.

Also, I made a discovery. Snowdin Dogs.....they're GUARD dogs. (I was fucking dying at the realization.)

Leave comments below - They always cheer me up some and I just love hearing your feedback :D
Should anyone locate more Frank N. Furter Mettaton pics, lemme know. I am completely down for it.

Much ship.
I also completely correlated Sans and Papyrus with Nicky and Rod from Avenue Q

ALSO : HOLY SHIT. YOU GUYS CANT SEE IT BUT I JUST HIT 100 BOOKMARKS!! Thank you so much @~@!! <3
Trenton and The Vile Vial

Chapter Summary

Jane goes out to have a little fun with her supposed new friends.

Chapter Notes

God this nearly took 3 weeks, IM SO SORRY 3
Writers block has just been a nightmare and work isn't making it much easier.
I appreciate all the patience you guys have had with me and I hope you like this. 16K words - just for you <3

SONGS:
-- P!NK - Raise Your Glass
-- Bonnie Tyler - I Need A Hero
-- Stolar - Skeleton Love

RATING - There's a heated scene in this. You're warned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A shuffling of fabric and a few loud snores roused you from your sleep. Your neck ached as your eyes took in the differing surroundings. The birds were singing through an opened window, the light of the morning sun peering past the house and glistening trailed with the leaves in the front yard. The TV was turned off and as you tried to crane your head around for a better view you felt it uncomfortably shift and creak with a harsh stiffness. With a miserable groan and kneading at the tense muscles, you shift upwards as a fuzzy fabric brushes against the sensitive skin; prickling your hairs for a brief moment to the sensation. The hood of Sans' jacket is draped over your shoulder; one sleeve pulled around your front and in his clutches to ensure it doesn't slide off. Following Sans' hand, you realize instantly you fell asleep atop the end of his clavicle as you mush the skin of your cheek to try and fix the likely mark.

Taking care to withhold your amazement and anxiety to the closeness without awakening Sans, you slip free underneath the jacket and shimmy to the ground before looking back as Sans continues to rest. His features are smoother and relaxed; the darkness forming under his eyes lessened ever so slightly. He looks so at peace and tranquil you wish he would simply sleep the day away to regain strength he lacked. However, you knew Papyrus wasn’t about to allow this. Shifting about to properly stretch every aching muscle and creaking bones as you crack your ankles and adjust to the brightness of the morning sun. The bone imprint can be felt over your face; despite the kneading and the t-shirt that covered the appendage.

Slipping out of the room with a few exhausted sleep grumbles from Sans as he dreams you meander into the kitchen and spot Asgore sipping a tea pleasantly with his business suit attached and the tie hanging loose at the moment. He perks up slightly to noticing your presence but offers a sleepy wave as you fumble around for eggs and toast for an actual breakfast.
“Good morning, Jane.” Asgore formally greets as he takes another blessed sip of the relaxing blend that wafts of honey essence.

“Mmn’” You slur mid yawn as you crack two eggs into a pan for an over-easy toasted sandwich. “Want any?” You offer your cooking to Asgore who humbly denies the offer. He drags a curious finger over your cheek where you rested your head on Sans.

“That looks troublesome.” He sighs, a hint of mischief in his voice as you agree.

“Its what I get for falling asleep beside a skeleton. I must’ve been utterly exhausted; I don’t remember much of the end of the movie.” You admit, taking your breakfast and settling into a chair in the dining room. Asgore needn’t but nonetheless joins you in his custom designed chair with a bowl of cereal. “So what are you doing up so early?”

“The officials called in privately on a matter I must attend to regarding some……incidents.” He mulls the last word over in his mouth, clearly, before he mutters it. It has a clear larger meaning then he is letting on.

“What kind of incidents? Or is it confidential?”

“…Vanishings. Monster and Human supporters alike.” He hisses, sipping the tea to ease his tensing nerves. You clutch your fork tighter and try to not gawk with egg chewed in your mouth. You rush to swallow it with an assistance of water.

“You don’t think they’re just vanishing.” You reply; more of a statement then a question. You had unintentionally referred to them all as not you friends; which was, of course, true. The only supposed ‘friend’ you had attending the little get-together was Rhianna; Trenton, however, was slowly gaining trust with you. You knew this to be true since you had begun to answer more and more of the question cards that didn’t relate to the classes.

Snatching up your plate after guzzling down the last of your water, you clear your throat.

“I might be home a little late tonight. Me and some people I met at college are going out.” You inform with a twinge of guilt. Fed Seymour and Louis and nearly got caught up in the moment. Brushed your hair and teeth with a fresh set of clothing; tonight was supposed to be much colder thanks to the lakes weather. Throwing on a beige t-shirt with some deep blue capris that stuck tightly to your legs and tying a shoulder draping light sweater that had a unique swirl of black and lilac on it around your waist.

You spend a tad too much time in the mirror adjusting yourself when you catch it; you’re subtly gussying up. Instantly putting down the hairbrush and purposefully shuffling a hand through it lightly with a hint of aggression, you rush downstairs to clear your mind and out the doors to the enchanting morning ahead.

Despite not usually being one for late nights and early awakenings, your energy was invigorated to the calm and whispering morning call. The walk was almost silent besides the wild calls of morning critters; squirrels barking, woodpeckers chipping away at the echoing wood, and a
mixture of bird calls intertwining to form its own little morning chorus. There was a hinting breeze and the cool temperature mixed with the sun's starting brilliance put you at the perfect temperature and mood. The stroll to the bus stop was uninterrupted and pleasant change from the delirious state you'd encountered thus far in your short stay.

Greeting the earlier bus with the same driver is a sweet surprise to them as you are thankful Grillby offered to pay you a few dollars in change for your needed bus fares. Keeping an alert eye to the streets, you can notice the increase in enforcers scouring the sides and patrol cars loading people in. The news never did justice to the seriousness of the events taking part directly in your community; right underneath your nose.

School approaches faster than you can expect and the campus is much quieter then the usual bustle as you hop off the bus with a short spring in your step; a thankfulness towards your early arrival is met with pleasant silence to allow the birds their morning song. Walking through the halls allows the blatant echo of your shoes squeaking across the marble to become more profound as you make your way towards the teachers offices. Reaching the desired door you suck in a confident air and follow up with a hesitant knock.

“Come in.” Is the only reply you receive as you gently swing the door open to see Mr. Thair sitting behind his metal desk and computer, tapping away wildly at the keys with diminutive hands. He pauses his work to spare you a glance and his face instantly brightens. It was obvious you were quickly escalating on his best student counter regarding your aptitude to his extra lessons. You both came to appreciate the time, and a few stray classmates had finally mustered the courage to seek help from him as well in the extra lessons. Every session became longer then the next; filled with unanswered questions and comments to better everybody’s experience. With a nodding gesture from Mr. Thair you corrected yourself from staring in the doorway to silently shutting it with an informative click and settling into a provided chair – the cushions fast to suck you into a pleasant recline. You remained silent and patient as he finished his work and fixed his posture to face you. If he wasn’t your esteemed professor you would likely crack a smile at the maxed height of his office chair in comparison to your own; however, it gave him an authoritative air past the calm demeanor.

“Bit early to be arriving for classes is it not, Jane?” he asks with curiosity, taking up his coffee cup and tentatively sipping it.

“The early bird catches the worm.” you reply as you both give a silent chuckle and he cheers his cup in consideration to your words. The clock ticks as you fidget in your seat.

“And what could the bird possibly need at such an early hour? There are plenty of worms to go around; so why now?” It hadn’t taken you long to discover that Mr. Thair had also specialized in solo speaking – an expert in making a plan, delivering it, and getting the answers with a flick of the wrist and twist of the tongue. It was on par with Flynns flirting skills.

“I presumed it would be easier to speak before classes, but if it’s an inconvenience-“ You begin to fidget out of your seat, unsure, as he halts you with a raise of the hand and simply smiles and gestures for you to get comfortable. You follow suit and breathe easily.

“I will be needing to take leave of classes for a few days.” You inform him, gripping your hands together til your knuckles turn white.

“And I am to assume the reason you are early to tell of this sudden leave is because it’s a delicate discussion?” He asks while you give a slight nod. He sighs into his coffee cup and lowers his chair. You keep your eyes trained on the desk as he scuttles past you and locks the door. The action causes you to flinch in past memory; another threat that loomed and pressed in the back of your
mind that hadn’t receded. It had certainly pushed down, but was still evident. As if noticing your tension, he leaves the keys to the door in your grasp and gives an encouraging smile while pulling over a chair. His demeanor shrunk as he hopped forward to sit nearby and you turn yourself towards him.

The reason of your early visit idea was based off the fact you were required to give a detailed explanation of the reason of your leaving, and the times you would likely be gone until. It was much painless if you came earlier then when that majority of teachers and students arrived; the more people in the building, the more likely someone where to barge in or overhear. It was a sensitive subject to share with such a stranger, but you knew it was necessary.

You sit hunched and trembling as he settles in before you and drags his coffee into his lap while his legs dangle off the edge. He is patient as you muster the mental strength to make words with a following voice.

“I-I need to head back north to uh…v-visit my brothers prison hearing on uh Thursday, and I’ll need to leave Wednesday. But I’ll need most of Wednesday to……to mentally prepare and pack since I have company coming with me as well and we need to settle in. “ You can’t help the quaking in the squeak that forms from your mouth, nor the speed it tumbles out. “I-I imagine I’ll be back b-by Friday in time for classes.” The choking lump of filth and hesitance is building in your throat, threatening you air as you’re jolted from the sudden awareness of his coffee cup clattering against his desk. He reaches over to the corner and snags a few tissues before offering them to you. Your salty tears haven’t fallen but are on the brink as you dab at the base.

“Relax. Take until Saturday if you need; it’s obviously a very emotional point you’re going through and I don’t need you rushing back to only be distracted from events past. I’ll keep the assignments stored away until your return and I’ll have Ms. Distar help with making up for lost time.” His voice is soothing yet sharp as you repeat his assuring words and try to correct your hunching over stature. You both just breathe the silence in for a few moments as you huff and regain composure. Thankful for the tissue to halt your tears descent, you give Mr. Thair as much appreciation in your gaze as you can muster past the gloss.

He is quick to change subject; trying to divert your brain from the coming woes and focusing on the curriculum and what you will be missing. An hour passes of you merely working things out with him in his office. One of the assistant professors visited offering cinnamon buns and left a few as you and he reviewed your assignments and went over corrections and questions. When the bell signaled the class time approaching, you both snagged an extra cinnamon bun and made your way to the lecture hall with chit-chat about Japanese calligraphy. He was apparently a huge fan of the esteemed inkmanship.

There aren’t nearly as many Monday morning bustle students as you suspected as a few stragglers devoted to the studies hang around the outside of the door as Mr. Thair unlocks the keep. Filtering in, you notice neither Trenton nor Rhianna have arrived and devote yourself to getting ahead while you can. Today and Tuesday were probably the only days you could focus on anything but what was inevitably approaching. You would deal with it simply as it came. Taking a moment to flip through your messages and missed calls, you finally assign the Unknown number that belonged to Sans under proper name : ‘Comic Sans’. You also decide calling Papyrus a Sugar-Skull seems inadequate and slightly dirty and fix his into ‘Spaghettor Skeletor’ and pat yourself physically on the back for the ingenius name. Looking back on the past messages, the majority of the texts and missed calls are dated on the incident with Temmie. It stirs something in your heart as you clutch the device tighter, but your distractor arrives on que and leaps onto you with early vigor. You cant complain nor beg for assistance as Rhianna smothers you with a hug; her breasts pressing into your ear and eye and her arm hooked right around your lower head as she cuddles it close.
“Oh Jane! Why didn’t you tell me you had to leave this week?! We could’ve had a party!” She squeaks as she releases your face and suck in obliged air. She is huffing and pouting with a glare as she plops into her seat. Her vast need of color seems to be toned down, but it doesn’t excuse the blatantly far too short dress she is working with ripped cat leggings and an absolutely shredded denim vest that only emphasized the double package. You groan and focus on bookmarking the page you were leaving off on to attend to her neediness.

“I figured it wasn’t a big deal.” You shrug with a guiltless smile. You knew she would react pouty – you hadn’t, however, expected Mr. Thair to let loose that information until atleast Wednesday. She seems to accept the lie with a throaty hum of disapproval before fiddling through her bag. Mr. Thair is quick to start up the lesson and despite your concentration to the course, you sneak a peek towards the door to catch Trenton sneaking in and around woman who purr and whisper coo’s of condolences as he slips into his seat beside you. He gives a sly smile and you only offer a disappointed raise of the brow before redirecting your focus. It isn’t long before the note passing starts up again.

The ending of class is satisfying as Trenton is finally addressed with Thair about that spy sneaking he certainly hadn’t gotten away with. Fun fact : Mr. Thair was a father of six. SIX. You’d discovered all the precious photographs he detailed about in his office. They ranged from 15 to 3, each just incredible. His wife was also utterly stunning. Thin frame with lacking curves, but her face just radiated warmth and peace. She also was an amazon in comparison to any typical girl. She was of similar height to Papyrus; which was incredibly terrifying and mystifying to the peculiar but precious pairing. With all those rumors of parents growing a second pair of eyes in the back of their head, that would conclude he had atleast 14 eyes in the back of his head; a few reserved for the slippery student. You and Rhianna betrayed Trenton for his verbal assault to his late arrival and shady procession through the chairs as you both retreat to the cafeteria to dine before attending the karaoke party you had nearly forgotten about.

“Honestly, where would you be without me reminding you?” Rhianna jokes, poking fun at your fuzzy memory. It wasn’t purposeful – you weren’t one for outings and it was a very out of the blue offer. How could you not forget?

“Heading home? Drinking cocoa? Studying? Not partying with almost complete strangers?” You throw a few options into the open as she gives you a look of feigned heartbreak.

“Girl; live a little!” She pleads, taking up your hand you were bringing down to grasp the sub you had ordered. Having money was odd yet incredible.

“I am living. Look. See? You can feel my pulse. I am living plenty enough as is.” You joke, pulling your hand back and savoring a bite of the sub. Chicken, Cheese, Spinach, Cucumbers, Green Peppers, Ranch; it was practically a dirty secret you were a condiment slut for ranch. A habit you were trying to break, and failing miserably at. Nonetheless, your taste buds danced in delight to the melting of flavors swirling in each bite and gulp down. Rhianna took notice of your hungry greed and allowed a few more bites before speaking up again.

“I mean with people. People-“ she gestures to the entirety of the cafeteria, “-literally want to interact, everywhere. Which you should! You should interact with people! Namely men. Namely hot men. Namely Trenton at this karaoke date.” Her hints prickle a nerve inside you, yet your blush forces it down at the implications.

“He isn’t my date.” You groan, sipping and fiddling with your sodas straw, hiding you reddening face behind your tumbling hair.
“Girl! He *privately* invited you out to a karaoke joint! I got handed an invitation. You heard it right from his mouth!” She urges, her hands flying about to emphasize but appears more as deranged flailing. Its slightly comedic.

“Oh gee he didn’t find the time nor place to *ever* offer me an invitational card during class when he is *constantly* handing me little notes. Oh woe is me for not realizing it sooner.” You tell her as she thinks over her next words. She grows a sly grin.

“It means he wanted to tell you personally instead of a sweet card.” She raises and drops her eyebrows in a sultry waggle and indication, but its executed terribly. You still flush to thought and delve into the bites with a need for a distraction. The distractor had failed you. It hardly helped that a few moments later Trenton had texted you the location of the karaoke bar. Rhianna continued to poke fun at the ever slowly bubbling build towards a possible relationship you were incapable of foreseeing.

The bus ride was short and sweet, save a few more anti-monster people who were speaking out to the deafened and obviously unlistening crowd. Luckily, neither you nor Rhianna dealt with them as another man physically ceased his banter. The bus was pulled to the side, the men discarded, and the police were quick on the scene as they scoured every street. Rhianna dragged you off the bus a block early. Glancing at the time and sky, the sun was beginning to set and would darken the streets considerably. Before you could voice your opinion to the reason of the early departure, she drags you along a sidewalk and *away* from the destination.

You find yourself standing before a pretty obvious monster burger joint named MTT-Mart. You had quickly learned that anything revolving around MTT revolved around the production by Mettaton. You just hadn’t expected him to take charge of a fast-food business. Nor had you expected Rhianna to be spying through the front window with enthusiasm and a flutter in her feet. She gave a gasp and hid herself behind a pole as you gazed in. A customer had moved themselves away from the counter where a cat monster stood with a stiff smile. Another customer settles into his line and his face turns instantly giddy and fake. Mettaton must be big on pleasantries. Looking back at Rhianna who is cowering behind a pole and out of sight, you glance toward her face that hesitantly looks back. Her face is practically glowing beet red as she transfixes her sight onto the cat monster working away at the register.

“Oh my god.” You practically breathe the words before stopping a smirk and giggle. It wasn’t in detest nor hilarity towards her obvious infatuation with a monster, it was simply her acting towards the unnamed monster that put you over the edge. She glared daggers at you in realization.

“What?!”

“Oh so we are going on about me not having a crush on Trenton when you are clearly head over heels for a monster cat working at a burger joint. How the hell is this fair of you to pick on me and me not revel in this.” You ask with a cross of the arms and a crick of the eyebrow.

“I-I don’t have a crush.”

*She totally has a major crush.*

“Oh. Okay. Hey, I’m pretty thirsty and we still got time. I’m heading inside and asking that cat what your regular is.” You reply with sarcasm as you give a glitzy wave and walk towards the entrance. As the front doors separate and invite you in with a hint of perfume to the store, she grapples onto your arm.

“Please don’t.” The tone in her voice finally snaps you out from picking on her. She looks very
frazzled and confused with a mixture of embarrassment. You can’t help but sigh in defeat.

“Do you even know his name?” You pry and she shakes her head furiously. “Alright, well, then, let’s go do that. I’ll head in, you stay to the side, I’ll order a drink to go, sneak a peek at his name-tag. It’s a start.” You try to encourage her through this, but in the end you are dragging her in on your arm. The line has died down as you sidle up to his specific register. His fur is a light caramel, a round red nose in the middle of his face and small black pupils resting within large round eyes that aren’t anything similar to a cat. His ears perk up and his face contorts to the stressed smile.

“Hello! Welcome to MTT-Mart! How can I help you today, ma’am?” His voice is chipper and crackling against the mandatory greeting. Nobody is around so you lean towards the counter.

“Dude. Calm your face down. I worked fast-food. Trust me, if you keep that up, it will be permanent.” You tell with a relating gaze. He only hesitates for a moment and lets his face sag, kneading at the pained cheeks with his paws and groaning with frustrations.

“Thanks lil’ buddy. ‘Preciate the thought.” Lil? It pleases you to see the cat uptake a more natural face and relax against the counter. “What can I get you two?” You hadn’t been aware that Rhianna poked out from behind you until she was pinching your wrist with uncertainty. They were locked in a solid stare before he clapped in recognition to her as her face became flustered and she shied away.

“Oh I remember you! You were passed out by the dumpst-” Before he lets himself finish the sentence, he throws his paw over his mouth in consideration to her shying back behind you. You shoot a glance towards her, not expecting any answers and obviously not receiving any as you turn back to the monster. His elbow is blocking his name tag.

“She was what?” You pry. This sounded like a necessary story and explanation.

“W-Went out to get a smoke in and I found her out back. You feelin’ better now?” He asks her directly, a thin concern lacing his brows together. You feel her head bob in a nod against you, but she refuses to resign from permanent hiding. Deciding this isn’t going anywhere, you scour the menu really quick.

“Well, uhh, I’ll have the medium Metta-Blaster with Oreo. Rhianna, you want anything?” She sidesteps away from you, using your arm as a facial shield. It must look ridiculous, yet the cat continues to stare and smile naturally. You could imagine how he could be found handsome, even to humans. She whispered her order to him and he somehow caught it over the bustling sound and laughter coming from the dining area.

“Alright...” he takes a moment to drawl out his words, tapping in the order to the register before looking up, “will that be for here or to go?”

“Oh, to go please.” Rhianna is far too quick on the question and response as she reburies herself behind the human shield known as you. The cat looks slightly hurt but walks off to fetch the order. Once he is out of hearing distance, you spin on her in surprise with a need for answers.

“Explain. Now.” The ferocity behind your voice finally hits her.

“Uggghhh. I got mad drunk during a party and my ride never made it so I was walking home and I fucking passed out by the back door of this place. Happy?” Her irritation is evident, but her flushed face says otherwise as she is cautious of his return to hearing the subject matter.

“Okay; how the hell does he jump into this sudden crush category?” You ask as she flings a hand to
“H-He came out for a smoke and found me. Was off his shift but h-he brought me water and smuggled me a burger. Even gave me his jacket!” She takes back her hand to hide herself in flustered shame. “He even walked me home, and I don’t even know his fucking name and he just was so sweet to me! I had to come say thanks! But whenever I did…” She peeks out past her fingers, her words muffled past her palms, “……It never went well.”

“Well, then, now is the time. You give him the money, you snag a glance at his name-tag, and get a thank you in, and we are gone!” You reply, giving her options.

“I can’t!” She squeals, bashful yet again.

“Why not?”

“I just can’t! You don’t understand!” You stare back at her, baffled.

“Of course I don’t understand! Its such an easy thing. Hand him money, sneak a peak, thank him, leave!” You argue, smacking the back of your palm into the other hand for example on each key point.

“Its not that simple!”

“Of course its that simple! This is 3rd grade problems you are having – you are a college student; get your shit together!” You grasp her shoulders in defiance. “You owe him that much.”

Your words seem to strike a chord in her as she begins controlling her nerves, working herself up with self-chatter and confidence building.

“I owe him.”

“Yes, you do.”

“Hand him money, sneak peek, thank him, leave.”

“Yes.”

“Hand him money, sneak peek, thank him, leave!”

“Yes!”

“How the hell am I supposed to see him again then?!” She realizes it a little late as you thrust the necessary payment into her hands, push her ahead as the cat comes strolling back with the order and sprinting out the door. Once outside, you take refuge behind the spying pole and watch the within interactions. She hands over the money, rubs at her scalp nervously……he’s laughing, she appears to be laughing. Good. You can feel the excitement brewing as he stops her from leaving with a callback about something and she practically runs back to the desk. There are a few more minutes of talking before she emerges with a death grip on your flurry. You snatch it up and lead her away, drinking with thrill as her face is one of astoundment and perplexion while you sip and seek information.

“Well? How’d it go?!” You practically beg while slurping up the mixture. You finally realize her order – she got one of those bottled sodas and he had popped it open for her with his claw. It was professional and pretty witty way to woe someone already woozy.
“He…. He asked me to stop by again on one of his lunch breaks. I told him I could bring his jacket.” She is breathless, a feeling of floating and drifting about her once perky upbeat popping out. It was strange and new but delightful as she reminisced over the simple interaction. “You better come with me next time.”

“Fuck no! If I am tolerating Trenton the way you want me to, you can go on a solo possible date with a cat monster.” You scoff in defiance, turning on your heel beside her as you both make your way down the street. She circles her finger around the top of her glass.

“Max.”

“Huh?” You turn your head to face her own. She is gazing at the soda with a look of longing and tenderness.

“His name was Max.”

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Arriving at the karaoke place, you find a group of people waiting outside in a foul mood, lurking on the sidelines. You nearly pass them by as more monster protestors before Trenton surges out from the group to catch you near the door.

“Rhianna! Jane!” He calls as you reach the door. You stop ahead and take in his outfit. A low hung collar on a white shirt with ripped off sleeves, a shark-tooth necklace he never actually wore before now, and jeans nicely bound with a deep chestnut belt. His sneakers squeak against the sidewalk as he runs to your side and pulls you both over. “I’m so sorry, but we can’t go to this place. It’s full of freaks! I’m sorry; if I had known ahead of time I wouldn’t have even bothered to mention it.” His flurry of words are rattling your brain as you rest a hand on his shoulder.

Looking back towards the building, there is no graffiti, no improper signs, no bouncer or anything illegal evident. Its, in fact, the opposite. There’s a grand sign above flashing a shimmer of blue and yellow blurring into a pleasant green that reads “Tune Time”. Its painted a delicate beige with speckles of orange and brown near the bottom for a sprinkling pattern that suits the style nicely. It’s clearly brand new from the fresh windows, parking lot pavement, and lack of defiant art craftily sprayed on in the cover of darkness. There were plenty of people inside as a few melodic and a few dying voices sang out from opened windows into the increasing night. You look back to him, stumped.

“This place looks fine though.” You argue, gesturing to it widely with the flurry in your hands.

“No, trust me, you don’t want to go in there! The receptionist was an asshole and just made fun of us.” He is gritting his teeth together while his followers agree with him. There were two other men mostly dressed in black and scruffy jeans, but a lone girl with thin blonde hair poked out, resting her arm around one of the mens necks. You weren’t aware anyones dress could be physically shorter then Rhiannas, but she proved you horrifically wrong. It was basically on the verge of her underwear; any movement would cause the fabric to slip a peek to any passerbys.

“Well, did you tell him off?” You ask, anger brewing. When he shakes his head you growl and walk towards the door. “If you don’t voice your damn opinion people will just get away with that shit constantly!” You and Rhianna don’t wait for the calls he sends out as you both walk in. As Rhianna holds the door open for you as you storm in, you catch the receptionist sleeping away underneath the morning newspaper. You drop your hands onto the desk and await as he startles, yawns, and stretches out beneath the paper.
“Sir, I hate to be rude, but nobody needs…your……” You catch the words as you look to his boney hand that then peels off the newspaper to reveal your sleeping partner from this morning. Sans stares back at you with wide sockets as you feel your face flush up to the recollection of this mornings incident along with him working yet another job you accidentally visit him at. You bury your face onto the counter with gentle smacks against it with frustrations and embarrassment. He gives a deep chuckle as always.

“hey, smalls, no need to be so bashful.” The joke comes so easily and its great, but you can’t help but find yourself cursing everything.

“Stop. No. This is bull shit. This is bull to the shit of the bull of shit. No. No. Fuck you. Quit some of these friggin’ jobs man; this is ridiculous.” You whine, sparring a glance up from the counter and past your flurry to see him looking down in utter amusement. Rhiannas shriek of joy breaks you from the guttural hatred for the worlds fate as she clambers to the desk.

“Oh my god! You’re the Judge!” She has placed down her soda onto the counter and is flailing with unbridled joy as she makes googly eyes at Sans. He offers his hand up for a shake and she takes it up instantly and shakes it furiously; his entire arm and ribs rattling to the motion.

“heh. didn’t know there were still fan’s round here.” He calmly relays as you look between the two.

_Fans? Judge?_ Seeing your face, Rhianna leans an arm against the counter.

“Don’t you remember the news showing the monsters first arrival?!?” She prods at your arm with her long nails.

“No. I wasn’t interested enough and I was more focused on my work.” You admit dryly.

“Well! There was a group of monsters who came up with the human monster savior, Frisk! The King and Queen of Monsters, The Royal Scientist and Royal Captain, and the Mascot and Judge! And he was the friggin’ Judge!!!” Her excitement bubbles out again as she bounces with delight. It’s as though she is meeting a celebrity. You fix your gaze onto him.

“You were a judge?” You quirk an eyebrow in question as he simply shrugs it off.

“only in the underground. bit different up here with all the law and order.” He playfully flicks the MTT-Mart cup as you force yourself to not smile at his jokes. Cracking under the pressure, you set your mind onto contemplation.

“So, if you were the ‘Judge’ and Toriel and Asgore were the king and queen…Alphys and Undyne told me they were the Royal Scientist and Captain………….Oh my god was Papyrus the Mascot?” You ask with the realization. It suited Papyrus perfectly; boasting about the monsters while being equally thrilled about humans and their culture and cuisine.

“yep. isn’t my brother cool?” Sans lets himself wander off in thought as he shuts his sockets in joyous recollection.

“Totally. The Great Papyrus would make the ultimate team Mascot.” You chuckle and spare a look to the now baffled Rhianna as she looks between the both of you at the simple conversation.

“Rhianna. This is Sans. I live with him, his brother who was the Mascot, the Captain, Scientist, The King and Queen, and Frisk. I moved in, like, last week?” You ask, turning to Sans. “Has it already been a week?”
He gives an uncaring nod as he settles back into his chair, flipping through the computer screens. Rhianna grapples onto your arms.

“Why the frick didn’t you tell me?!” She roars, betrayed.

“I didn’t know it was a big deal!”

“Oh, it’s a huge deal!!” She exaggerates by jabbing her nails into your shirt and chest once again.

“Well, then, sorry!” You put your own hands up defensively, seeking relief from this sudden aggression. Her facial features toughen, but her pouting is child-like.

“I’ll forgive you as long as you invite me over for a sleepover study session.” Rhianna instructs. Unsure of how to reply, you look to Sans.

“Is that okay? What about the outpost on the way in?”

“s’long as you come with ‘em, it should be fine.” He replies with a hearty yawn, though his teeth never part. The skeletal anatomy still perplexes you. Curse Sunday for ending so quickly. Recalling Sunday merely ignites your face into heat at the memory of his bones imprinted onto your cheek. You stare elsewhere, but you catch out of the corner of your eye him looking at you with perplexion.

“F-Fine.” You tell Rhianna who is fast to latch onto you in a choking hug and swing her arms around you, nearing your breasts unknowingly with her fingers and practically groping the edges. You squeal in retaliation from the sudden onslaught as she jumps up and down.

“Oh thank you thank you thankyousofriggingmuchyouhave-“ Her words turn to gibberish in her ecstatic fluttering as she continues to bounce and brush knead the edges of your chest.

“Rhianna! Rhi-RHI! M-My chest!” You plead, trying to pry her hands as the slip more onto shape. You squeal in retaliation from the sudden onslaught as she jumps up and down.

“Wow. They’re so soft.” She gives an experimental push in fascination as you instantly fling her off and cover your breasts as if nude.

“What the hell?!” You cry out, utterly offended. Instantly, the door flies open to reveal Trenton, though his face is much darker and sinister as he looks to all three of you. His eyes dart from Rhianna, to you with a hint of concern, and then his glare is set directly onto Sans who doesn’t even flinch or fluster – he merely stares back with lidded eyes, arms in his pockets and a broad smile. Trenton doesn’t say a word as he storms towards you and grips your wrist before yanking you away from the counter and putting himself between you and Sans. Rhianna is watching in the sidelines in confused astoundment.

“What did you do to her?” His question is distinguishable as a growl as fierce eyes lock, invisible sparks flying. Finally, it hits you. This isn’t some romantic being over-protective nature you had seen in movies. He claimed this establishment was one of freaks and the receptionist was an asshole. You noticed more of your surroundings as this place was Monster made and Human friendly, pairings of the two races laughing together in the halls. Looking to the man before you, a fury welled inside you.

*He is an anti-monster piece of sh- You cut off your own thoughts by prying your wrist from his harsh grasp and backhanding his cheek from behind as he stumbles to the side. From beyond the*
removed fleshy wall you see Rhianna who is still in a stunned state but is also piecing the puzzle together, and Sans. San goes from his own astonishment to a look of pride as you redirect your anger to the stumbling idiot you just slapped.

“Jane, what the he-“ He begins to bark in his own anger, but you manage to overcome his booming voice.

“OOHH don’t you EVEN!” You hiss, taking a step towards him and spinning your finger to point towards the front of the store. “You can take your racist ass and walk the FUCK out of here before I internally vomit at the galling attitude you are bringing! What right do you have to decide this establishment isn’t fitting onto your acceptance list just because it has Monsters and Humans? Oh just stop. Get the presses. You’re a fucking racist towards Monsters, towards my friends, and I refuse to put up with your bull, so you’re going to need to GO.” You don’t wait for his baffling stutter as you physically push him out the door. Rhianna is going on a defensive rant behind you as you throw him out onto the sidewalk and his gang of friends surround him. They all have deepening scowls while reading over the situation. Finally satisfied with his discarding as he whirls around to face you, you aren’t expecting a hurt and longing face as he looks you deep in the eyes.

“J-Jane…I..” His words are blotchy, as if choked, and his confidence has diminished. It feels as though you are looking at a completely different man; he is practically on the verge of sniveling back tears.

“Don’t. This wasn’t going to work. Go with your friends, who are also obviously anti-monster racists and just go somewhere human and discuss human shit. I don’t know you. I don’t care about you. But you, Trent? Find a new damn seat; maybe with one of your oodles of adoring fan-girls who would cater to your every whim and need. I’m sure Thair can help you with the fucking questions, because I refuse to have anything to do with you. Now get the fuck outta my sight.”

Your words are laced with poison and thorns despite the hinting pity growing like a stone in your gut. A sense of wanting and seeking to correct this mistake. However, it is too far gone. You know he is reaching out for you but you have already slammed the door and stroll back into the reception area. Rhianna and Sans are chatting in a hush and freeze when you reenter. Uncaring to the conversation, you drop your head onto the counter and finally allow the rage to drain out of you. Rhianna steps beside you and rubs your back, as if comforting you from a large loss.

“You wanna head home?” Her voice is equally hurt; lost and unsure. You manage to drag your face up to rest on your chin and look to Sans. His smile is certainly smaller and less prideful. It carries bitter empathy.

“You got alcohol and private rooms?” You ask in monotone, emotions seeping out into the air and leaving you drained like a husk.

“sure do.”

“Then that’s the plan.” You groan, correcting yourself and uselessly wiping your face. It felt wet and clammy though it lacked any tears. Why would you cry – nothing had formed between you two; you weren’t hurt. Signing and paying at the front is silent and neither of you question why they require a name and phone number of an available retriever nor the location of your house.

Rhianna and you take up a room and are delivered a pack beer, a few bottles of wine, and even a thinned martini. Apparently the karaoke place is connected directly to a bar that agreed to share the land if they allowed them to sell beverages. You don’t hesitate to down the martini with Rhianna and a subtle clink. It burns your throat and mouth and the buzz is quicker than you expect, but not enough to loosen you up as you reach for a beer and Rhianna silently picks through the options.
“I’m sorry.” You pull yourself away from snapping open the beers for you both as you look to her in worry. She is hunched and making herself smile while wheeling through the machines selection. The topic is instantly awkward.

“You couldn’t have known. Its fine.” You urge the drink into her hand, trying to help loosen her. The smile provided is as weak as your own, both of you in a sense of misery.

“Its just……what if we hadn’t found out until you possibly developed feelings for him?! I would have set you up with an asshole and I can’t take that pressure that I caused you that type of unhappiness!” Her eyes are glossy as you both fall back and crumple into the couch. Her words are being choked as she gingerly sips the beer and you in return rub her back.

“Look. It was avoided. You had good intentions, but it’s over now. Its out of the way. Lets just forget about it, drink, sing, and…….hang out….like friends?” You suggest pitifully, offering your beer can for a clanking cheer.

“You sound so doubtful.” She scoffs, though you can see her easing into the mood as you clack the cans against one another, the contents swishing inside. You take a heavy sip and take your own gander at the song selection. Its vast and covers a multitude of languages, including anime theme songs. You would need to invite Alphys and Undyne on some occasion. Fidgeting with your can, you hide your face.

“Well I haven’t really…..hung out with anyone like this in…years.” You admit, taking another swig. Your words drive a fire inside Rhianna as she nudges you aside playfully and stabs the play button onto a random song that just so happens to be “Raise Your Glass”. With a beer in one hand and the uptaken microphone in the other, she jumps into the middle confidently and begins a sway to the beat. It would be rude to admit you could see her with a guy in this room and he would instantly expect a lap dance despite the song choice.

“Oh. Right right, turn off the lights, we’re gonna lose our minds tonight. Whats the dealio?” She bobs her head with a rhythmic tapping of her foot. You know she isn’t anywhere near drunk – she just has a confidence about it.

“I love when its all too much; 5 A.M? Turn the radio up! Wheres that rock and roll?” She mimic plays an air guitar and snatches up another microphone, slowly making her way to you with a bright grin. Knowing you’ll need it, you down half of your beer, prepping another.

“Party crasher. Penny snatcher.” She smacks the side of her hip playfully. It’s a hysterically awkward joy that’s filling the room as you bob your foot to the beat. “Call me up if you are gangsta….Dont get fancy, just get dancy-“ She surges forward, pulling you and your beer up and placing the microphone in your free hand while she throws her arm that swiftly snagged her beer around your head and leaning in close, “Why so serious?” You preemptively raise your glass with acceptance as she throws her own up into yours.

“So raise your glass if you are wrong, in all the right ways! All my underdogs? We will never be, never be anything but loud and nitty gritty, dirty little freaks!” She starts doing little hops to the tune, despite the sloshing beer in her one hand. Her hair adequately bounces along as you try to allow yourself more into the groove. The song just…….fit. She gestures to you with a beckoning of her fingers, “Wont you come on and come on and raise, your, glass! Just come on and come on and raise, your, glass!” She insists you jump in with a light hip bump and you finally concede. Go big or go home, and I’m not drunk enough for home. With another harsh swig of the first or many, you jump in yourself.
You’re both in around three to four drinks, minus the martinis. It’s currently a five minute beer breather from the two person mosh pit you both form. Strewn out onto the couch, you hear her chug the remnants out and huff a silent burp.

“Y-Y’know. We don’t need ‘im. He can go suck on another brunette sllllut if ‘e wants!” She calls out, raising her empty can. It was obvious both of you were light weights, but you had sped through your first few to just escape feelings. Drown the feelings in alcohol. You’re taking another large chug of the beer as your feelings get the better of you; always the emotional drunk.

“He –hic- was a baaahsterd! Thought ‘e could be our friend?!” Your aggression is tepid at best. All bite without the fangs.

“YEAH! C’mon your pick.” She is freely wheeling through the selection while you hobble over. You don’t understand how you managed to find it, but you selected ‘I Need a Hero’. “Oh my gawd yaaaassss.” She is leaning over the back of the seat like she suddenly went on a high, swaying her legs open and closed though you pay little attention as you fumble with the microphone. You both begin to sway to the drums as it picks up.

“Where have all the good men gone? Where are all the gods?” Its less singing and more of a legitimate question directed at nobody but the wall. _Fuck you, wall._ Your head connects rather harshly with the unyielding foe, but you continue to sing against it. “Where the streetwise Hercules to fight the rising odds?”

“Hear HEAR!” Rhianna calls out with a raise of her glass. She switched to the wine after the beer became unbearable on her tastebuds. You hadn’t touched it yet. It wasn’t a statement of you wouldn’t……just not yet.

“Isn’t there a white knight upon a fiery steed?…..Late at night, I toss and I turn and I dream of what I neeeedd…-“ Unsure of when she propelled forwards with her own microphone, you both go back to back as you sing in a drunken bliss.

“I need a hero!” “I need a burrito!” You both pause and look at each other before you have to tune out the song and glare at her.

“Burrito?” You whisper to her angrily as she shies away.

“I can’t help it! I’m hungry!” She whines, taking up the fabric of your shirts sleeves.

“But _she_ doesn’t need a burrito!!” You point at the karaoke machine as it continues the track.

“Maybe she does!” She retorts and you both freeze to look at the karaoke machine.

A few tears are shed.

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

Two more drinks in is a bad choice, however, a drunken choice, so, it’s not technically bad. Rhianna has resorted to alcoholic babbling and comforting the karaoke machine that has a burrito laying atop it, and you are draped over the seat, nursing the wine. It’s been 20 minutes since the break breather started and you’ve been shifting through moods like a never-ending spin on the wheel of fortune.

“D’ya think is all……pointless?” You mumble, poking her with your foot to gain her attention. “Life.”
“Wha?” She releases her grip on the machine to crawl over more towards you, ending up laying on your back as a head rest. It hardly is a bother.

“We’re all gonna die anyway, right? Why cant I die nooooww?” You’re swishing the wines contents with a whimper. She blindly starts petting your arm backwards.

“No. No no nonoon. You got –hic- SO much life ahead of you!!” She replies, throwing her arms to the ceiling and letting them fall with a rough smack to her face. She barely flinches to the contact.

“Nuuuuuuuuuaahhh. FFFuck life………I should cut off me arms.” You slur slightly as the bottle weighs painfully on you now.

“But…but wait why wait what wait…why?”

“She died in my arms.” Takes not even three seconds to be raked with huffing sobs. She is squirming on your back in place of her consoling hand.

“But! But! Y-Your aarmmss let ya draw! Ya need ‘em!” She convinces you as the sobs die down. Everything inside feels long, gross, and it’s all condensing.

“Ah. True….Does-“ Before you can even finish the sentence, your laughing half-heartedly with a snicker. Rhianna flips around to rest her chest on your back and lay atop you, pressing you further into the cushion.

“What whatwhatwhatwhat-“ She doesn’t finish the ongoing sentence a you cut in.

“Does this mean I am **handy**?” You both look to each other and make an exasperated face of utter joy as you squirm and giggle before something catches your eye. There’s a bite taken out of the burrito.

Drinking is a bad choice.

*Fuck it.*

You’re going to break your liver.

*Fuck liver.*

Rhiannas unconscious.

*Fuck Rhianna.*

You don’t mean that.

*Fuck you.*

Okay, you mean that.

*Fuck yeah I do.*

A few hours of drunken singing passed and the clock was spinning out of control. Your skin prickled with activity and you swear you saw the scar melding into a happy face. The burrito vanished. It made you contemplate if the machine was capable of digestion.
It also rose the question if Mettaton poops. Or Papyrus and Sans.

Then, a beating knock at the door. It startled you as you looked to a shadowed figure beyond the frosted glass. Anxiety welled within you as the knock echoed out again. However, there is an anticipating acceptance. You’d drowned out the little beeping the karaoke machine was making, the snores of Rhianna, the knocking, and just accepted it all.

The door swings open as dead tears trail down your cheeks, but its not who you expect. Hell, its nowhere near the same. You expected a knife, not a luscious afro that grazed the upside of the door. A tall dark chocolate skinned man walked in. He certainly wasn’t the fittest man nor the most fashionable – a large black t-shirt with belted jean shorts, high-top sneakers, and a large jacket in his arms. His arms were pretty thick, along with his neck and legs, but it suited him. His head, on the other hand, was utterly outrageous. His hair stood two feet tall; at least. His eyes were a hypnotic pale green and lips plump and perky. You felt the need to knead your fingers into his cheeks and see if it would form like clay as he dragged his eyes around the room and sighed.

“Sorry if she caused ya any trouble.” His voice is scruffy and pitched higher then you anticipated, so the noise is deafening as you wince and try to hide behind a pillow. He steps past the cans strewn about the floor and turns off the incessant beeping on the karaoke machine. “Alright, c’mon Rhianna. Time to go.”

“Nooooooooooo.” You can’t tell if it’s a mewl, a whine, or a purr. It sounds happy and lusty but with a whine. The world is starting to spin past the pillow; you feel it tremble and twist.

“C’mon sis, you’re being a bother. I don’t wanna hear shit tomorrow about the hangover, y’hear?” He grumbles. Peeking past the pillow, he has slung her completely over her shoulder with her hair draping down his back. The coat envelops her completely and does well to hide the shorter dress she sported as she giggles and groans with mirth. He comes over to you and lays a familiar warmth over you with a brush of blue. “He’ll be in soon to take you back. Thanks for giving her a good time; you must be Jane. You’re all she ever talks about these days…….please continue just as you have. Have a good night and good luck with that hangover.” He pets your head with his enormous hands and leaves your hair ruffled as he walks out. Rhianna gives a little farewell wave to the karaoke machine but you wave to her nonetheless. The warmth is subtle and doesn’t cause you to sweat as you crumple up underneath to accept more of it. Feeling around you find a pocket in the fabric and reach within to find a burst ketchup pack. Uncaring to the odd sensation, you rub down your forehead as a grogginess suddenly overtakes you. A few echoing footsteps sound out in the quiet hallways along with a rumble of laughter and clattering of bones.

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

Stretching from the long workday and overall exhaustion of his weary bones, he starts thinking up a few good opening puns to a highly likely drunken Jane. He passed the brother who had come to pick up the girl you had called your friend. She was drunkenly giggling and mumbling while thrown over the back of his shoulder. The male human seemed passive of monsters when he received the call; each karaoke machine had a timer between songs and a sensor. It had been Alphys’ idea for saving time and money. The timer would go off if a song hadn’t been selected within a certain timeframe, and the sensor was used to pick up the actual voices going through the microphone so the rooms weren’t just free radio’s with booze. Watching the pair walk out pretty casually despite the drunken woman snickering and lightly snoring over the broad shoulders, Sans sucks in an unnecessary breath and shuts down the store before making his way to your assigned room.

“hey, smalls, i got tequila you, i’ve seen beer.” Sans cant even finish the alcoholic pun as his teeth
clamp shut tightly at the sight of you. One arm is draped over the lounges couch arm, your hair strewn about playfully and scattered against the cushion. Your eyes are lifeless and stiff, half shut and staring towards the adjacent wall. Your face is red; you’ve clearly been crying. A thin trail of dried red drips down from your hair line and coats a few of your fingers that clutches close to the fabric of his borrowed jacket. Your legs are tucked up underneath and he can see you quaking slightly as he takes a step in. His mouth is dry, eyes wide, and forcibly he has to snap himself from a daze and attend your injuries in a panic. Brushing your hair back and feeling your forehead, the first indication of your safety is the wafting scent of tomato and ketchup slicked over your head and hands. He breathes deeply as he reaches inside his pants pocket and pulls free his cleaned handkerchief before running it through the long locks.

The action stirs you as a new light wisps into your eyes and an awareness overcomes you as you tilt to look at him directly. Your mouth is agape and even without the vast array of bottles and cans strewn about the floor, the alcoholic smell wafts out your narrowly opened mouth.

“Sans?” It’s a whisper and slurred yet it thums something inside his soul. An ache. A familiar ache. Right now, at this moment, she……she reminded him of the resets. Of the hall. Of a broken Frisk who couldn’t control themselves until the deed was done. And then reset. He trembled as he slipped the cloth to clean her fingers, trying to ground himself. The only way he could do that was taking in your figure; the vast differences between you and the child. Your curves only accentuated anything you wore in his sockets and that usually didn’t work out with humans. Despite your hair freely tousled against the cushions, it still shone, glistened, and parted evenly under the lounges fluorescents. It was soft and thin as it slipped over his metacarpals and breathed in the fainter smell of your shampoo choice.

Your hands were larger yet fit perfectly together with his own as you began to lace your fingers between his own. The palms of your hands were firm and yet so malleable as he pressed experimentally with his own. Dragging his eyes up your concealed arm and finding your face, he felt it. It was small, but a beat. A pulse. His SOUL was pulsing with something indescribable. It was something familiar and yet completely new as he took in your relaxed features. The dry tear tracks were clear along with reddened eyes. The light piercing hazel mixed with the lidded gaze drove him insane. Your skin was fairer then Frisks with more of a pink then yellow tinge to it. Your cheeks were deepening into a natural red that complimented the drying salmon of your lips; teeth shut behind. Your face was motionless and stiff with exhaustion and drunken recollection as he smooths the hand that had played with a few stray strands of hair to your cheek. How humans could be so unexplainably squishy and soft was beyond Sans as he slowly adjusted you to sit up before him.

“smalls, i’m cutting you off.” He chuckles, moving the semi-full wine bottle out of your reach with a minor whimper. You stayed curled inside his hoodie, seeking its warmth. Sans felt his face heat slightly in his cheekbones as he adjusted your knees out of the scrunched up form and zipped the hoodie up to provide more warmth. Your exhaustion clearly outed his own as you swayed in search of a pillow. Checking over the machine, he wondered why a thin bit of chicken and sweet and sour sauce was left on the top. Twenty-eight songs. He whistled and reset the exhausted machine while turning off the main setup and returning to your side as the lights began to shut off as predetermined. You were reclining back into the couch as he jostled your shoulders. Your head swung around to meet his gaze and your widened eyes streamed fresh tears into the strands of hair.

“hey. whats wrong?” He offered the cleaner side of his hanky and rubbed the wet surface. Your cheeks meshed with his prodding and you closed your eye where the respective wiping was occurring. It was honestly adorable; it reminded him of when he and Paps were nothing but baby-bones and he had gotten spaghetti sauce over his entire face and a little dripped into his socket. He wouldn’t stop wailing about the peculiar feeling……….now that he rethought it, he was too young
to know how to make spaghetti. He pulled himself through his thoughts when you swallowed dryly and spoke up.

“Mettaton can’t poop.”

There was no recovering as Sans keeled over into laughter clutching his ribs to try and ease the rattling as his laughter worked you up.

“Why are you laughing?! It’s so sad!” You began to hiccup with sobs while your glare was transfixed onto him.

“s-sorry sma-a-allss.” He was huffing between words, trying to catch himself as a sly grin coated his face. “but where’d that come from?”

“Because Kara at the burrito but she can’t poop and it’ll ‘ust build up inside intil the blow UP!”

The seriousness in your slurring just drives him deeper into a fit of laughter.

“who-wh-hahaha-whos kar-“ He cuts himself off for another fit of hysterics as you pet and mourn the karaoke machine that is no longer responsive. kara-oke. Giving himself a few moments to collect himself as you weep for the machines inevitable doom, he stands beside you and rubs your shoulders.

“c’mon. lets get you home, eh?” He kneels onto one knee and pats his back as an invitation for a piggy back ride. Teleporting or driving with you would end in sickness or injury, and supporting you with his shoulder or carrying you bridal would only make it take longer. He could muster through another half hour or so. You clamor onto him messily and merely seek touch and structure as you twist your legs around his frame and lock in the front of his pelvis. He stumbles upwards and takes a sharp intake of air as he struggles to unhook the leg lock. You stretch your arms past his head and let them rest and clutch the front of his chest and you nuzzle beside his cheekbone; a few stray strands of hair falling into his t-shirt collar and tickling his clavicle. You inhaling deeply of air as your stomach rises and falls with release feels peculiar against his vertebrae and yet soothing. Finally managing to undo the lock of your legs as he cradles one in each arm, he begins the long trudge home.

“Whhhyyyyy are you carrying me?” You groan a little outside after a few silent minutes. He had presumed you’d fallen asleep.

“because you would go the wrong sway.” He chuckles under his breath at his own joke, but you are frantically giggling and covering up small snorts. Of all the joyous laughs he has received over the years, yours was easily in the top five favorites he had ever heard. Tori’s was deep and melodic with a slight mirth to it that filled him with a pride. Paps rare laughter at his puns was like a crown jewel achievement. But, yours? It didn’t swell him with a sense of pride alone; he sought it more and more like a slowly starving hyena. It was unexplainable. Nevertheless, it softened his face as your hair brushed his cheekbone and you nuzzled into his clavicle. The night was young, but Frisk and Paps would likely be in bed by the time you both returned. Tori would have dinner waiting, Alphys and Undyne would be cuddling or geeking out over Netflix, and Asgore would be relaxing. This was his solidity. Knowing the placement and doings of all he held dear over the countless years underground. Slowly, though, you were forcing your way into his periodic schedule. To make matters worse, you were a free-runner. You would go where you pleased without a words notice.

He would never admit how happy he was you’d forgiven him for breaking your nose. Never admit how afraid he was when you’d fallen into his arms. Never admit the beginning of new struggling nightmares thanks to your past. Never admit he was always checking with Toriel that you would
make it home at a certain time (which never happened according to plan). Gods forbid he ever admit he was planning on making it a habit of frequenting Grillbys during your shifts. He could hardly admit to himself that he’d……he’d slept perfectly fine on the couch, but panicked at your sudden disappearance to only be informed of your well-being by Asgore who had business early on to attend to.

And……. He pauses his walking to look at you. You are facing his direction in anticipation of nothing. Your smile is broad and your face, apart from the lidded eyes, has certainly lit up with the stray street light illuminating your paled in comparison skin. Moths dance in the background of his sight as he elects to retrace your faces definition; specifically, your smile.

*I’ll never admit how much you effect me.*

“Have you ever been in love?” The question leaves him stunned momentarily and pick up his walking to keep his mind processing.

“pretty sure i haven’t.” He admits with a huff. He thinks he would recall something like that happening. “why ya askin’?”

“Everyone else gets somebody. Rhi-Rhi likes a guy. Alphy and Undyne. Asgore and Toriiiii.” You stretch out your legs really quickly, lengthening the name. “Even Papyrus and Mettaton.” Your voice is becoming quieter with each listing, and clearly less confident as he spares a glance. Your face is raked with loneliness. For the moment, he can ignore the statement regarding Papyrus dating that bag of glamorous snobby bolts. “I threw me date outta the store.” You grumble, muffling yourself in his clavicle with minor vibration.

“that ass was your date?” He hadn’t expected that. Then again, what was he expecting? Why had he been trying to expect something of it? His mind riddled through unanswered questions he had never considered.

“Not reeaallly. He jjjust invited me…..” You go slack on his back as your hands hang on his stomach. He takes a moment to hike you up since he had slowly been lowering you because of the weight. Another thing he would never admit. It never seemed to end well. “I’ll help ya find a date.” You sigh, muffled past his shirt.

“will ya now?” He chuckles a little but the deep look in your eyes read through to a seriousness you hardly ever exhibited. Just like himself. “why don’t ya focus on yourself? let this ol’ bag of bones worry on his own?” He gives a crinkled wink at you as you press your hands into both of his cheekbones and squish his mouth shut. The sensation of your skin prickle against his magic bones.

“Imma shut yer face. You’re too lazy, so I gotta find one for ya!” You reply, pressing and releasing his cheekbones with a hint of fascination.

“hehehe alright bud. knock yerself out.”

“Its just…I owe you guys..” Your words flow free and completely disregarding of his own as he perks up.

“owe us what, smalls?”

“….Too much. Ever……Ever since A-Alphys showed up, y-you’ve all changed my life.” Here come the tears again. You’re very emotionally overwhelmed and it only shows when you’re exuberantly wasted. “If I hadn’t met Alphys, I wouldn’t of made more friends. I would have stayed
depressed. And then I’d a died. Or maybe Mike or O’Neil would have killed me. I don’t know. I
don’t care. I don’t think I could care. Everything was just so……bleak.” Your quaking hands are
crunching onto his shirt like a lifeline. His grip on your legs has tightened against the fabric of your
pants, careful not to pinch the skin.

“Have…” You take a moment to sniffle a little. “Have you ever just loooooked at the world and
thought…..a-and thought ‘Whats the point?’” You look to Sans for guidance. It aches. Everything
aches as he finally begins to summarize how truly broken inside you are. That grey lifeless portion
of your soul was evidence enough, but suicidal depression admission from such a usually happy
face……tore him down a bit inside. Tore down walls. He let a few stray tired tears trail down his
bones as you become frightened of the effect you have on him.

Don’t let it show. He quirks his mouth into an appreciative smile past the pooling tears.

“yeah. i have.” You pull yourself up using his chest and press your forehead into his own, eyes
shut tight with your own tears as you both tremble from fear, anxiety, and gravity. Gravity was so
compelling; falling down was far easier then standing up. But he knew falling down wasn’t an
option when he had so many to support him. How they supported him secretly just being there
every-day for him. Now? Now that was his job with you.

“I’m sorry.” You whisper, opening your eyes as the close quarters drives a heat through him. He
suppresses it and readjusts you on his back again as you pull your head back in consideration to his
personal space.

“s fine.” He mutters before trudging on. Its another fifteen minutes before you make another
sound past breathing against his cervical vertebrae.

“I wonder if skeleton love is as they say.”

“hm? who says?” You have perked his curiosity again.

“In the song.” You straighten yourself out. The liquid courage still courses through your veins.

“I want the wreck, I want the fall. I want the heart, I want the soul.” He is unsure if you are aware
you’re clutching the location his very SOUL would materialize from as he admires your voice,
past the slur. “I want the young, I want the old. I want the skin, I want the bone.” Settling back
down onto Sans as you finish the verse, he thinks it over.

“Monsters er just so…open.” You openly contemplate as you look to the stars. Despite the city
lights, the out of the way town doesn’t provide enough lighting to reflect back onto the enamoring
night sky as you both look towards it. The stars spell is broken as you hug his head close to your
own and whisper.

“Thank you for being my friends. Thank you for saving me. Thank you for not…….leaving me
alone.” Your lip is quivering as you manage to subside the tears this time and opt to hug closer
your source of reality; your source of safety and warmth. He knows it now. This need to protect,, to
secure, to stabilize and please her. How he needs to see your smile amidst the stars. He merely
breathes for a contemplative moment before nuzzling into your head.

“i won’t. none uh us will. your family now, okay?” With another heave of your weighing body
quaking against his shirt he trudges forth and onto Peace Street, the Monster road. You briskly nod
against his cheek and mush your face into his clavicle with drunken whispers and whimpers.

Reaching the front door at last, the house is silent in the midst of sleep. Glancing to the wall clock,
the walk took longer than he had anticipated, but with extra luggage to carry the whole way with a few pit stops and avoiding clear anti-monster gang activity for safer passage. He could visibly see the plastic wrapped meals Toriel had left in the lit-up microwave despite his lack of appetite. Just couldn’t stomach it at the moment as he focuses on traversing the staircase. By the first set, he is already huffing and haggard with lack of air and overflow of sweat dotting on his skull. Staring at the next staircase leading to your designated bedroom is a nightmare in itself.

He hears a gurgling noise behind him and as he turns to check on your wellbeing, he notices your face has considerably paled and greened as you press you hand to your mouth. He has only witnessed this once with Frisk, and it ended with him being down a jacket. In a panicking instant he quickly and lightly steps into the second floor bathroom, setting you down and freeing the lid from the toilet as you instantly lunge forward and hurl out an array of mixed colors and alcohol from your stomach. He holds back your hair and is awkwardly unsure of how else to be of use. Rub your back? Encouraging words? Leave? He merely remains there, stunned and embarrassed and willing it to end soon. You’re vomiting with light sobs and pained sounds for a solid five minutes as you finally break and lean yourself onto the toilets rim with a disgusted sniffle.

“T-Thanks.” You gasp out the words, making retching gargles as a little remnants drip out. You uptake your own hair holding as Sans fetches you a cup of water to spit the taste out. When he returns, your nearly passed out and slipping off the side as he clutches your side to sit you upwards.

“c’mon. sip a little and spit.” As he offers the water, your not coherent enough to think of anything but another drink, and down the whole glass in an instant. Its unwise as it reflows that burn and disgust with a chill to it back down to its beginning and you shiver in internal disgust. “told ya to spit.” He grumbles as he takes you back onto his back, hoping you’ve gotten the majority of the fluids out of your system after the large amounted expelled and flushed away. Heading towards the stairway, you suddenly clutch the front of his shirt tight and back as you press your head into his vertebrae.

“I…I don’t wanna be alone……..please.” Its practically begging as Sans hardly hesitates to turn on his heel towards his own bedroom instead. Kicking open the door, the faint musky smell with a dash of tomatoes welcomes him home and makes you bury your nasal cavity. Shirts, shorts, and socks are strewn freely about the room and over the few furnishings he owned. Two windows that illuminated some of the faint moon and starlight seeping through to guide the way to his sheetless mattress. The unused treadmill, a vast array of books stored in his scientific bookcase, the dresser of unfolded sets of repeat clothing, and a few hung hoodies he treasured.

To spare your nose from the harsh smell he opens both a smidge and stands near to allow you to intake the fresher air before attending to his mattress. It takes a few minutes with you koala hugging his back for security, but he manages to somewhat layout the sheets and get a pillow set as he lets gravity pull and tumble you onto the mattress. Somehow, though, you manage to keep a hold on his hand as he leaves to go store the wrapped food in the fridge. Now likely wasn’t the ample time to feed you and he merely sought sleep as he looks back onto you.

“Don’t go…” Is all you whimper as the face you read is one of terror and sadness. He twists the hand you have grabbed to rub your forehead affectionately.

“be back in a moment……..i promise.” The words flow uncharacteristically out of his mouth as he snaps away and walks outside the door. His legs ache from all the walking as he elects the lazy way out and teleports to the kitchen. Refusing to even touch it and merely teleport the items directly into the fridge, he returns to the front of his door before halting in his movements. He takes a step back and swings open the closet to snatch an extra blanket and only then does he return to his bedroom where you’ve bundled into another ball; your legs scrunched inside the hoody and your
toes and fingers poking out as you anticipate his return. Though you brighten to his arrival, you
don’t betray the cuddled ball you have contorted into nor bother to move towards him; you merely
await as he sits and finally lays down, sliding the blanket over both of you.

“Thank you…” Your voice is spent as you finally let the hold of sleep take you. Sans deems you
lucky – able to escape to the dreamland and leave into an imaginative world full of hopefully
happier things while he is stuck here, lying beside you, taking in your silhouette.

In retrospect, he falls asleep before he even realizes his lids are closing.

The morning is painful. Life is painful. Your head feels to have swelled three times the size and
someone pummeled it back into size with a war hammer. Your gut churns and growls on empty
and disgust as a foul taste lingers inside your mouth and wedged between your teeth. The
unfamiliar mattress does little for your already stiff back as you try to pry yourself off. Turning to
your side to seek an escape, you are unsure if the tornado in the rooms corner is an illusion or
you’ve literally gone in-fucking-sane. The foggy world begins to brighten painfully so as a
migraine over-takes your mind. Hissing and pushing off the incredibly uncomfortable mattress,
you take in your surroundings. The walls are bare of decoration, the plain floor has a multitude of
shirts and shorts strewn about that clearly only belong to Sans. In the opposite corner of the…
tornado…is a pile of singular socks missing their pair. You recognize one of them as your own.
The morning light seeps through the windows and blinds you as you manage to make your way to
sitting up and letting your head hang in your trembling hands as it dawns on you.

I don’t remember yesterday at all. Checking over yourself in disgust, you reek of alcohol and
ketchup. Sans’ signature hoodie is zipped up around you, but with its larger size, your upper half
has begun to slip out and it seductively hangs off your should to reveal your other shirts shoulder.
Oh, the horror.

Standing yourself up is a feat as you nearly slip on one of the sets of shorts and plummet to the
ground. Your flat grip on the bedroom wall is the only stabilization you have as you wobble over to
the door. You refuse to question anything beyond the apparent trash tornado in the corner until
Sans answers. Its completely pointless to haunt your mind with things you couldn’t even recall.
Stuck with the decision of food or bath, you choose bath because the surrounding stench of you is
causing empty gags to emit. Working your way up the final staircase and into the bathroom, you
spare a glance to the clock that nearly reads its noon and strip off your shirt and Sans’ ketchup
hoodie while discarding them in the laundry basket. Looking into the mirror is a thing of
nightmares.

Your hair is tousled and making a rats nest in every which way while a piece hangs to the edge of
your mouth beside a distinct line of dried drool. A multitude of fresh to nearly gone tear tracks are
rained over your cheeks, your eyes swelling. Your skin is paler and somehow you got ketchup in
your hair. Frustrated with the lack of clarification to the situation, you ready a bubble bath and
clear your senses. Poke the vertebrae on your scarred back, take your anti-depressants along with
some painkillers with an unsatisfied grumble and peel off the rest of your wretched clothing before
dipping into the blissful bath.

Letting the bubbles and even warmth overtake your skin and pores, you relax and rethink the prior
day. You went into school, talked with Mr. Thair about the reason of your absence. After classes
you and Rhianna left for that karaoke place. She and you stopped at a fast-food place because she
had a crush on…on a monster cat…..Max. Alright. After that you made it to the karaoke
place….Sans was…working there. Trenton was……sad? Sad because you were mad. Mad at
him? Mad at him for what? Why was there a burrito involved?

You let your thoughts eat away at you as your skin began to shrivel and prune in the water, signaling for your retreat as you quickly shampoo your hair and cleanse your body of all filth. You were thankful that Tuesdays were another day Thair had decided would lack in classes. Cleaning out and around your ears with precision while ensuring all odd contents and condiments were rinsed out from your locks, you wrap your towel tight as you begin to brush out the leftover nasty taste residing inside. It tasted of vomit and beer. Cheap beer.

Thankful for spitting out the gross concoction and drying off enough to quickly dash into your bedroom to retrieve clothing. The house was pretty silent for a Tuesday and looking over to Seymour you dedicate the day to the liquid ooze study…..after breakfast. Throwing on a sleeved tanktop with a turtle neck hugging loosely and a knee long ruffle skirt with appropriate underwear, you make your way downstairs with a lack of socks and merely seek the sweet love of food. Despite your hungry enthusiasm, you opt to only get a bowl of cereal and settle into the dining room table. Surprisingly though, you discover Alphys eating alone in household lounge wear – A spaghetti strap anime top, black jean shorts and bare feet. She atleast bothered to reheat a cinnamon bun but she is eating it with a instant noodle cup. Subsiding your headache, you take great pleasure in seeing your great friends face so early and bring your breakfast to sit beside her.

“Alphys!” Your voice is rougher then you were expecting, but you blame it on karaoke being karaoke as you settle beside her and she shares in the surprise.

“J-Jane! Good morning. How’d you s-sleep?” She asks casually as she returns to sipping her noodles.

“Like a brick. I’m getting over a pretty shit hangover.” You admit, hanging your head in defeat as the bowl of cereal is poured and you take the first of many grateful bites to get something in your stomach.

“S-Sorry to hear.”

“Is fine. Ain’t your fault. You home today?” You ask, trying to redirect the questions.

“Yeah! The professor I-I’m assisting agreed to give me Tuesday and Friday o-off.” She looks giddy as you join in the ecstatic smile. “W-why?”

“Science Tuesday?” You squirm in your chair, hopeful. You and Alphys had a knack for being good partners in regards to experiments.

“Science Tuesday.” She agrees with a confidence. You both eat through your meals and trudge back upstairs with a new obsession as you tell her your plans to study over the elements and base components found in the liquid Seymour constantly produces. While she brings over some spare lab coats and periodic tables of certain elements, you collect a fresher sample along with the others as you both ready yourselves with goggles, gloves, rolled down sleeves, and a need for science.

4 hours of pure science and collaboration later with very little to go on. It’s a light acid with compounds working in a similar fashion as endorphins. It isn’t acidic enough to burn skin eventually like the digestive drool, though it’s as plain as water despite the goopy texture that’s a discouraging pinkish red. It had taken you days to tell Alphys once you had gone over all the possibilities and safety measures, you were willing to be a guinea pig. A majority of the chemicals and procedures done to secure your life had left you immune to an array of substances that would
otherwise be harmful for your internals. It didn’t mean you were perfectly immune; merely safer than any average person. Life was too short and science had too many questions to let them bubble until someone would try it in the end.

After two hours Alphys finally allowed you to let the substance rest on your bare skin. Over an hour nothing but an extremely faint tingling occurred. Alphys was certainly much less confident being a guinea pig, but agreed to help expand the horizons for monsters. The ooze had a similar effect on her, if not a little stronger, but nothing beyond it. Alphys refused to let you swallow it until you researched every possible route and precaution. She was going over the list of safety measures for the third time.

“W-What if it’s p-poisonous?”

“Me and you have atleast one of the household on speed-dial and we can call for the police. I also know the Heimlich maneuver and could probably resurface the majority of any you swallowed to a point of security.”

“What if i-it paralyzes us?”

“That’s why I am going first and you’re waiting to see what happens to me.”

“I don’t like this.” She is always doubtful when you make this seem like the only option. All the tests proved it had no harmful chemical genetic make-up, nothing worse than tap water, despite an odd grouping of endorphins. A few sugars here and there.

“Yeah, well, we’ve done all the tests and I hate waiting. If I die, I died for science!” You take up one of the tubes and down the contents with the remnants of your brave front. It doesn’t last long – though it lacks in any taste or matter, the sliminess of it with the following thickness doesn’t make the swallowing transition any more gag heavy. You can see the blossoming concern with curiosity from Alphys the minute it’s down and now it’s only a waiting game. Minutes continue to pass as your body begins to heat up internally. You write down your experience directly into a journal. You feel stiff and sweaty along with the growing lukewarm heat overtaking your core and heart, yet nothing else occurs for over half an hour of just waiting and anticipation. Finally, Alphys uptakes a flask.

“Alphys. You-you don’t…gotta.” You’d begun to pant to try and expel some of the heat which seemed to strangely enough work.

“W-We can’t understand the spectrum of effects if we only test it on humans.” Is her conclusion before she takes a vastly smaller sip then you and replaces the tube into the carrier before taking her own documenting journal up. After another 20 minutes you’re finding yourself unable to stay still and are certainly more clammy. Alphys has had much harsher effects – she claims the heat is unbearable and squirms in her chair. You got her a few glasses of water and she drank them all down in an instant. This hadn’t exactly gone as you had hoped and you were still clueless. That is until Alphys made a mirthful sound that was much more than panting.

You both froze up in your heavy breathing and looked to each other. Her face was flushed, she had been removing her clothing because of the heat, clammy and squirming. And her nipples……well they were obvious from her lack of bra.

And then it dawned on you.

Spinning around for a sense of privacy, you shoved a hand underneath your shirt and bra to feel
your breast. It tingled like a dancing of lightning across your skin to the contact as you withheld a 
gasp. Your nubs were utterly stiff. Threatening to advance, you tested past the hem of your skirt 
and prodded your underwear. An electric current overtook your entire being as you prodded the 
heated dampness that was overflowing on the sides, reminding you of sweat. You flinched your 
hand free and reached for a tissue before scribbling down into the journal while you still held your 
sanity.

“W-W-What?” Alphys pleads, trying to keep herself calm. You pause your tirade of words to give 
her an embarrassed stare filled with worry.

“It’s an aphrodisiac.” You breathe as she shoots up from her chair.

“What?!” Giving herself the privacy you’d had as you continue to write down the results, you 
know she is likely testing her own waters as you imagine a solution. In your increasingly 
worsening states it was unclear if you could concoct a cure or should seek……’assistance’ 
personally. Daring to hope you needn’t resolve to the latter, you take up your cellphone and skim 
the contacts before stopping on the newest addition and dialing the number. You step out of the 
room to give Alphys her own privacy with a signal of return as you leave for the hallway. Seymour 
and Louis haven’t attempted to reach out for you, and currently, it’s the most thankful you’ve ever 
been; your own hair brushing against your neck sends chills up your spine. Finally the other line 
picks up.

---“hello?”

“Sans?” He sounds a tad odder over the phone and you don’t dare to reveal the information that’s 
on the tip of your tongue. The vile substance is driving you batty as your foot taps incessantly for 
some relief you’ll never obtain.

---“sorry. this is comic sans the skelepun god. think ya got the wrong number.”

“Sans please not now!” You call out, unable to contain your anxiety growing with drive.

---“’lright, ’lright, chill smalls. whats up?”

“How do you get rid of monster heat cycles.”

---“………………………………uummm-“ The long silence to only be followed by an inadequate 
answer leads you to understand he clearly isn’t going to tell you and from the rougher condition of 
Alphys, you know she needs outlet and quick.

“Fine, don’t tell me. Alphys! Just call Undyne!” You bark back. When had you begun pacing the 
thin hall? You can hear her conversing quickly over the phone from beyond the thin walls.

---“hey, hey, what happened?”

“Oh, y’know, just kinda thought drinking a completely random substance dripping off the back of 
Seymour would be a pretty swell idea but in the end it turned out to be a form of aphrodisiac that is 
having a serious toll on Alphys and at this point I really want to just babble about something 
because I need to get the increasing heat off my fucking mind until I know she gets her help so I 
can help myself and I shouldn’t be openly discussing this with you in such a thin hallway over the 
phone wherever the fuck you are but, hey, right now I don’t give a damn. What happened last 
night? Why was I in your bedroom? Was that a legitimate tornado in your bedroom? Why the hell 
did you take one of my socks? What happened last night? Did I already say that? I cant bre-“

---“ hey, hey! jane, you gotta calm down. chill. rel-“
“I AM CALM!” You abruptly hang up the phone and walk back into your bedroom as Alphys scurries downstairs. Before you are even in your own room you hear her bedroom door slam shut. You can’t take much more as you barricade the balcony cage to the door as best you can before flopping and peeling back your shirt.

You press your hands into your breasts with a faint mewl as your lower half becomes hot with a deep desire. You’re gasping and panting as you massage and play with them, occasionally pinching your nipples between the sides of two fingers and gyrating it slightly. A few light moans escape your lips before you stuff your shirt into your mouth. You had trouble with remaining quiet.

In one swift motion of lust you dragged your nimble fingers down your stomach as you squirm in self-anticipation before dipping it past and lifting your skirt to reveal your completely drenched panties. Gingerly peeling them back with a husky groan before testing the waters, it takes little to no time to begin playing with the slit. You work your thumb at your clit while your other three main fingers dance around, prodding and egging on your sex as you bite and moan into the shirt. Foreplay isn’t even necessary as a single digit slips in before its clearly obvious its not going to do anything for you as you dare a second.

After another few moments of courage building, you pick up a harsh pace with yourself as you groan and moan in the heat of the moment. You fear the turtleneck will rip thanks to the grip you have on it with your teeth as you continue to plunge deeper, bucking your hips to meet yourself. The wet sounds emanating from below only drives you further up the wall for something more before you manage to fit a third finger. Twisting them inside as you can no longer take the useless shirt muzzle and openly cry out from the pleasure, trying to bury your face in shame into your pillow without breaking your pace.

“Aah! Aaaah! MMmmm ye-AH!” You hear yourself moaning out and shut your eyes to help the process. Imagination always helped. Images of a man, somebody you loved more than the world could bear, of him atop you and satisfying yourselves with being one combined at this perfect moment. Him repositioning yourselves to reach a better angle and plunging ever deeper as he mewls out your name in his own rushed lust.

It throws you over the edge.

And fuck if you aren’t thrown. Your eyes shoot open in surprise as your free hand that had absently knead played with your breasts the entire time covers the scream as you involuntarily twitch and are raked over in the substantial wave of pleasure. You finally collapse and pant freely, the heat slowly subsiding as you snag a tissue beneath your bed to wipe your fingers of the dirty deed. Your pussy still twitched of the aftereffects as you simply lay there, thankful for the end.

For just a moment you hear a rustle and a quick dispelling hiss of air, but it simply must be an open window caught with a gust of breeze…..had you left the window open? You groaned in horrification.

It was bad enough the walls were so thin. Including the floors, as you clearly heard Undyne beneath you.

Chapter End Notes

Nearly named the title "The Traitor Trenton and Vile Vial" but I thought it was too spoilerish :P
Anyone feel BAD for Trent? XD
---I didn't proof-read this and it's 1:40 A.M so I'll do it later. :P

PLEASE leave your comments below! Reading any comment just REALLY makes my day!
If you leave a Kudos and/or drop this into your Bookmarks, I can't explain the thrill I feel every time I see that number grow. (^^^ Not quoting a demon child at ALL.)

Stay updated with My Tumblr :D
Chapter Summary

Time to pay your brother a 'visit'.

Chapter Notes

22,000 fucking words.
Take it.

SONGS:
- Uptown Funk - Bruno Mars
- Sex Bomb - Tom Jones
- Sound Of Silence - Disturbed Cover

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Breathing heavily thanks to the burning high, you lay stunned and relieved at once in your bed; sweat beginning to slide down your legs and neck from the rubbing intensity. You can hear both Undyne and Alphys beneath you and things seemed to have resolved on their end, but in bed you remain while still relieving your body from the slight spasms and heavy pants. Removing your panties for a fresh pair from the drawer, you shoot a stern glare at the mostly innocent Seymour.

Among the adaptions, you hadn’t expected something along the lines relating to possible mating sequences. Quick to gather another sample for later research and giving a tinge of affection to both Seymour and Louis, you fix yourself properly in the bathroom and sigh as you wash clean your hands of the deeds. You weren’t sure how normal it technically was how quick you came off a sexual high. Only five minutes afterwards and there was no indication about you that anything had even occurred, past the changing on panties. Deciding that cleaning your laundry in general would be beneficial of your time, you gather it all together and make your way to the second floor laundry room. Alphys and Undynes clothing is already compiled into a discard pile inside. You instantly recognize Alphys’ shirt as the one she had just been wearing and wearily sigh before adding it to your pile. At the least you would do this for her while she ‘recovered’.

Snickering at the sheer ridiculousness of today and depositing the clothing into the washer, you move the already washed contents to the also filled dryer with an aggravated muttering. Sure enough, there is a nearby clothing basket that you deposit the finished cloths inside before successfully swapping the laundry and turning both appliances on. Trying the best you can to section things off in the basket for easier retrieval, most of the items are either for the bathroom or the skeleton brothers – a few outrageous neon tanks and shorts beside some blue hoodies, and orange and blue towels. Unquestioning the odd color pallet, you decide to hang the fluffy towels in the designated bathroom.
Walking inside, it’s a bit different from the one upstairs and downstairs. It was certainly taller to accommodate Papyrus and Undyne, the tub and shower curtains were also extended for suitable fitting. That and if you put Frisk in this bathtub he could likely do miniature laps around it; it sat 6’ wide and 10’ long. The sink was average height for Sans and Alphys and the toilet……well, it was a toilet. The wall tiles were a strewn multitude of colors from the rainbow and flowed nice throughout with a lined pattern resembling a wave, while the floor tiles were speckled beige and white. Finding Undyne and Alphys’ towels, you hang the brothers on their individual hooks and lay down the fresh bathroom mat before stepping out.

Despite Sans’ items being on top, you decide to head into Papyrus’ room first seeing as how his bedroom is directly outside the bathroom. Stepping inside, you marvel again at his larger room before just leaving his clothes neatly stacked on his race-car bed. The room was still bizarre yet fitting of Papyrus’ tastes – fire patterned rug, bookshelf of puzzle boards and bedtime stories, a table completely dedicated to action figures he’d been collecting, a pirate flag hung proudly and your piece hung adjacent of it. You felt rude for intruding and quickly made your way out and to Sans’ room. Reviewing the baskets contents a second time over and confirming the rest belongs to the older skeleton, you reach his door.

Reaching for the doorknob, you feel a buzz of something vibrating through the wooden knob. You give it a test turn of unsureness before it clicks with acceptance and opens evenly. Pressing onward with curiosity to the realness of that tornado you’d witnessed, you walked in.

“nnhgg fu-” You hardly register the voice within until it’s definitely too late. He never seemed to have his bedroom lights on as you found the switch and turned them on to avoid stumbling over his utterly tossed room. Your eyes catch a single thing once the light reveals the room to you – it’s a low dim light, but offers enough that not everything is shrouded in darkness yet could be illuminated more. Sans is pressed against the wall and sitting on his bed, legs scrunched and toes curling into the sheets. The ever constant sweat is dribbling down his skull, but his eyes are fixated on you in sheer astonishment as you look him over.

He hasn’t got a shirt on. No jacket, no t-shirt, nothing. Bare ribs. One hand is reaching behind his sternum to pet and caress the opposite side of his ribs; those fingers are now hooked in place with a slight tremble. His other hand was trailing the inside of his pelvic bone and gliding against his vertebrae. Attuning to the new awareness even further, you catch his heavy pants and flushed blue skull as he never leaves your gaze. The reality of the situation finally rushes over you with a newfound heat you’d disposed of moments ago.

**Sans is getting off.**

In a swift motion your hands unfurl from the baskets grips and the lighter load drops onto your feet with a thud. The electric pain shoots through you as you shriek and cover your hand with your mouth, spinning on the freed heel and stumbling out of his bedroom before slamming the door closed in one fell swoop. You refused to merely stand outside and contemplate what you had witnessed. Restraining yourself from letting your mind roam to the images of the semi-nude skeleton, you quickly march over to Alphys’ bedroom and begin to persistently knock.

“Alphys. Alphys. Alphys. Hey Alphys. Undyne? Alphys.” You ask for either of the women as a source of solace in these troubling times. Undyne swings open the door and yanks you inside before you can even process what’s going on around you. Alphys is laid out with a few blankets covering her just snuggled underneath the bed and she looks the most pleased and relaxed than ever before. Like the greatest weight was just lifted from her chest. And, in technicality, it likely was. Undyne hadn’t even bothered to throw a bra on – just a slick pair of panties and a loose tank top that revealed a majority of her smaller cleavage.
“What the hell happened?” Undyne’s voice is stern and Alphys shoots up in awareness to your sudden presence, pulling the covers sloppily over her entirety.

“Okay. Blame me. This was, in fact, my fault. I’m sorry.”

“Less apologies, more explanations.” Her voice is piercing past grit teeth, but the confusion and concern welling in her good eye is enough to have you admitting your mistakes.

“Okay, we were testing some ooze that has frequently leaking from the back of Seymour and we had run all the diagnostics and scanned the possible components and conclusions; yet the basic answer the majority of its properties lead it to be just water based. I, myself, presumed that it possibly could be its release of over watering, which thusly would explain why it was so water-based. So I drank it. Alphys drank not nearly as much as me, but her effects were much more prominent. It took little time afterwards to discover that it was a form of aphrodisiac. Alphys,” you turn your attention to the bed where Alphys has given up on shying away and is thoroughly listening to you, “I believe that if there were other species like them, that would be related to mating. It’s a hypothesis and nothing more, but its still a possibility.”

“W-Whatever the properties are. it o-obviously is um….m-more p-potent w-with m-m-monsters-s…….” Her face begins to change shades of orange and red, similar to a chameleon. You would offer a forgiveness hug if you knew whether or not she was clothed enough. Likely, it was the latter as she shuffled beneath it in embarrassment to the predicament.

“Why the hell are you letting her drink random shit on the back of your plant?!” Undyne interrupts the silence with a voice of clear increasing disbelief.

“B-Because it helps to h-have a spectrum understanding of what reactions could o-occur with both humans and m-monsters. I-I’m fine sweetie; r-really.” Alphys pleads, extending her hand out to her lover who is quick to shamble over and crawl atop the bed towards her. She uptakes her hand and kisses it sweetly and they both share a deep stare that feels almost telepathic.

“Y’know I don’t like when it when you’re messin’ with new science shit babe. Y’know I don’t…” Undyne’s voice is so soft and hurt, but you know it’s more of a plead as they snuggle in closer to each other. You’re quick to leave as quietly as possible to not spoil the obvious tender moment. Shutting the door with a click, you only cast a glance at Sans’ door before rushing upstairs, abandoning the laundry basket until later.

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Hours have passed by of you just sketching loosely and without objective. You’d transferred from sitting awkwardly in your desk chair and maneuvered to laying beneath the large center tree, surrounded in buttercups and clovers. Looking to your sketchbook, everything just feels off as you erase all the progress. Concentration lacking, you lay backwards into the yellow buds and petals and rustle about in the grass, closing your eyes in the trees shade.

Forgetting time, forgetting now, you drift. You drift further into the past, into the pain, and then come back to the now and what’s to come. How could you not? Wednesday was nearly upon you and that would only show the increasing lack of emotion you have the nearer the hearing date comes. Everything was happening so fast. Too fast. Around two months ago you were alone and depressed in your dorm room with nothing but your art. In that span of time you’d met the supposed band of monsters that had assisted the human in freeing the underground, had
excruciating issues involving anti-monster gangs, your previous professor, walking fire, and a nightmare skeleton lost in time.

Your phone pinged in your pocket with another notification message from Trenton. You’d set it to say ‘Nope. Nuh uh.’ whenever he sent you anything. Since the afternoon hit, he’d been constantly sending apology after apology. You had texted Rhianna asking what he was apologizing about, and past her hazy memory and intense hang-over, the message was clear enough. Trenton was anti-monster and had insulted Sans, so you threw him and his friends out. You vaguely recalled yelling at Trenton, but nothing more. Now he just kept sending messages when you refused to reply, each coming up generally the same. Deciding to peek at the message, its nothing extravagantly new:

Trent 1:24       Jane? I’m so so SO sorry about last night!
Trent 1:30       I admit to never giving them a chance! Please, believe me.
Trent 1:32       Are you even getting these? :( 
Trent 1:45       I can change. I will change. Please, give me another chance.
Trent 1:52       I’m so sorry. I don’t know how else I can make this up to you.
Trent 2:01       Can we please still be friends? If not, I understand. You likely hate my guts.
Trent 2:17       I will change. For you.
Trent 2:36       I texted Rhianna and apologized. I stopped Mr. Thair while I could and recommended I switch seats, like you said. He told me it wasn’t necessary for a while because you would be absent for a time. What happened? Is this my fault? Jane, please, text me!
Trent 2:41       If this is my fault, if im being too pushy or something, please, tell me. I’ll stop. I will leave you alone. I just don’t want you to hate me…

The boy knew how to tug at your heartstrings. It didn’t help that you couldn’t even be mad because you couldn’t recall anything you’d said or done. You stared dull at the messages before silencing the phone and pocketing it again. Responding now would be pointless; you didn’t have enough concentration nor care to actually mean anything you wrote. Nuzzling back into the foliage, your mind slips away yet again.

“Jane!!” Is the calling shriek that awakens you, though slow and achingly. Opening a single eye to avoid blinding yourself from the ever-moving suns rays, Flowey is hunched near your face, little tears welling in the bottom of his eyes as he looks you over frantically. You reach your hand up cautiously to tap his petals before he whirls and meets your gaze. His face has contorted back into the one of Asriel, Toriels son. His lip is quivering as he rests his petal covered head over your heart. You smooth the petals for him as you finally quirk open the other eye, rustling around in the grass and flowers.

“What’s wrong?” You can’t hold back the fresh yawn that escapes you as your shirt begins to soak in the thin tears Flowey leaves behind.

“I…I thought you- with the b-buttercups……li-like Chara…..” he whispers in a childs voice. You pet the stem and leaves as he wraps himself around your hand similar to a snake and you scooch back in the small field until your back reaches the tree. Cupping his vines with idle assuring pets with your fingers, you bring him closer.
“Flowey. Tell me, please. No…..Asriel, tell me.” You’ve come to discern when Flowey wants to be addressed differently. Anything emotionally taxing on him is evident and he is more willing to respond if you mention his birth name. It must stir something in his brain; a natural reaction.

“Chara…….we-we had a plan. To escape. We only needed o-one human soul. Chara wanted us to get out, but I know she wanted more than that. She wanted to get back at humanity. W-We had the plan that she would give me her soul, I would pass the barrier, and I could bring seven souls back and free everyone else……..but I….I failed.” He quivers in your grasp as little tears pelt your forearm. Looking back into the small field of buttercups, your mind takes a tangent but still relates.

“Did Chara…with the buttercups?” You cannot manage to finish your own sentence but Flowey nods nonetheless in agreement. Hugging him closer with calming hums, your heart twists and aches. To free his people and seek revenge, his sister killed herself so he could absorb her. He became afraid when it was too late but followed through anyway. Toriel and Asgore had given the rest away. Asriel took Charas body to the village to be buried, the villagers attacked in misunderstanding, Asriel perished and was reborn as Flowey. Flowey slithers the majority of his vines and roots around your forearm as you hug him close. A distant call from the doorway reveals Toriel who is beckoning you inside. When had the sun sunken so far down? Looking about with a few irritating swats at surrounding mosquitos, you and Flowey lay still and sleeping in the flower bed. Switching on your phone momentarily to another 20+ messages from Trent and a few stray from Rhianna, the time reads a harrowing 8:29. Heaving yourself from the comfortable soil and dusting off and bugs and petals, you scratch a nail affectionately under Floweys chin in coercing him to wake up as he gives a pitiful yawn and stretch of his little leaves. Using the tree for required support, you both stretch and gawk at the overcoming stars of the night before stumbling inside; the pleasant wafting of shepherds pie in the air about the door.

Finding your way into the dining room, Papyrus wastes no time to sweep you into an air crushing hug. You allow yourself to go slightly limp in his grasp, wave after wave of emotional exhaustion coming over you sooner than you’d hoped. Papyrus hasn’t even said anything, yet the moment he meets your face, his own tightens with worry.

“HUMAN, WHAT TROUBLES YOU?” He asks solemnly. Despite the stiffness of your entirety, you force a refined smile over your face to try and convince him otherwise.

“Just really tired Papyrus. I’m alright.” You pat his padded shoulders for relinquishment. He merely closes the gap and hugs you yet again.

“Should you ever need to talk, the Great Papyrus will always be here.” Your fake smile is surprised instantly off as you try to recollect the seriousness kindness laced in the excellently delivered whisper, but he has already plopped you into your chair. Frisk has taken permanent seating residence beside you and you gesture for him to retake Flowey who doesn’t hesitate to slip into a flower pot. Across the way, you can see a brimming with energy Alphys who seems much closer to Undyne who accepts all the attention. It’s a complete parallel to yourself. Shepherds pie is distributed out and you uptake a few forkfuls before allowing the conversation going about to register.

“Are you sure you will be alright for a few nights?” Its Asgore addressing Toriel as you glance upwards. You catch a glimpse of Sans and instantly notice him trying to avoid eye contact.

Guess that was private.

“We will be just fine, Asgore. I’ve already reserved a few hotel rooms.” Toriel replies as she wipes her snout and mouth of crumbs.
“Wait, what?” You ask past the food glob chipmunked inside your cheek. “You booked a hotel?”

“Why yes! It’s a very nice one and they agreed to upfront payment.” She begins but you cut her off.

“So you haven’t paid yet?” Your eyebrows quirk in question as she looks at you quizzically.

“..No?”

“Okay. Good. Call off your reservation; I already got a place you guys can stay at.” You inform, taking another bite of the pie. Unsure if it’s the monster food or merely pleasant conversation, but your mood has softened into a sort of acceptance.

“Oh dear, really? That was unnecessary, my child! You didn’t need to go out of your way for us.” She replies, standing to go fetch the phone and call off her reservation.

“It’s literally no trouble at all Toriel. Besides, it’s free.” Undyne shoots a ecstatic thumbs up of approval with a supposed wink and toothy smile before digging into her food.

“OH THIS IS SO EXCITING!” Papyrus blurts out as he chews through some of his meal. You try to not openly stare in question of where it dissolves into.

“yeah bro?” You still try to keep your eyes on anything but Sans, but he just is in the side view of looking to anybody besides Frisk.

“OH YES! THE GREAT PAPYRUS HAS DONE HIS RESEARCH OF THE SMALL HUMANS HOMETOWN! THERE IS AN ARCADE, A MOVIE THEATRE, AND A PARK!!” His sockets are beaming with contained excitement, twinkling with real little stars that perplex you. You can hear Frisk giggling to your side as you both watch him share his thoughts.

“Papyrus, we have all of those things here.” Asgore laughs as well, though respective of the skeletons joy.

“YES! BUT THERE WILL BE NEW HUMANS TO BEFRIEND!” Papyrus informs the king with complete enthusiasm. Toriel comes back into the room just as a new fire overtakes Undynes eyes.

“And where there are new humans……there are new challenges!” She screams with newfound passion and bolts up from her chair. Both share a telepathic understand as their glinting hope gazes onto you who attempt to shrivel into your seat.

“Well……I know there are a few weird place like this gold course with a climbing wall and stone sifting, aaannd I think the fair is in town this week.” You try to list off a few alternatives as everyone begins to glow with enthusiasm to the visit; likely forgetting the initial purpose for your leave anyway. Frisk tugs on your arm and decides to use sign language instead of…direct SOUL conversing?

‘Do they have anything on space?’ He asks. Unsure as to the random question, you mull it over for a minute while the background is filled with noises of excitement.

“Well, I think the old planetarium might still be up and working. If not that then the next best would be a telescope at the hill but uh……that’s a pretty hot scene a kid shouldn’t be involved in, ya know?” You try to indulge Frisk without giving it away the hill is basically a make-out point. It doubled as a key location for stargazing however. Looking back to Papyrus who let out a joyous screech as he and Undyne hype each other up for this visit, you catch your eyes back onto Sans. He is fully concentrated on you with a new enthusiasm. You feel Frisk sneak their hand into your own and a faint whisper overtakes you.
“He really likes space.” Is all he says before pretending nothing occurred and digging right back into the mouth-watering pie.

Few words are exchanged, and barely any puns. If anyone picks up on the lack of activity, nobody mentions it as everyone disperses back to sleep. You stop Alphys as you are piggybacking Frisk and Flowey who had eaten their fill until they passed out and Toriel busied herself with dishes.

“Hey, Alphys, a word?” You whisper, trying to give the kids space as you lean towards her.

“W-Whats the matter?” She asks, turning to greet you. She just appears more energetic and bright.

“Did that stuff you think have after effects? I have been dead tired since but you? You’ve been just brimming with happiness or energy or something. Do you feel any different?” You inquire, taking mental notes. It was best to ask now rather than later regarding the initial effects. She takes a moment to contemplate herself, looking down and flexing her claws.

“I-I didn’t notice i-it before, but…I suppose I d-do.” She admits, looking to your face with worry. “And y-you d-do look awful.” She admits again, wringing her claws together.

“Gee, thanks for the compliment.” You huff and yawn while keeping Frisk balanced on your back.

“I-I’m s-sorry, I d-didn’t mean t-“ She begins to stutter with anxiety to the physical mention of your well-being as you spare an arm to pat her shoulder.

“Alphys. Its fine. I’ll head to bed now, alright? Goodnight.” You don’t await her reply as you shamble up towards the second floor. She sticks behind to talk to Toriel, you believe. Reaching the 3rd floor staircase with a sigh, you begin your ascent before pausing to whirl your head to the opening of a door and creaking of the floor. Sans is trying to sneak out of Papyrus’ room quietly. He turns to meet your gaze as you both freeze in time. Your mouth is dry yet you manage to swallow.

“Hey um….you…alright?” You ask silently. He jams his hands into his pockets and stares towards his own door, however, makes no initial movement towards it.

“m fine.” His reply is rough and laced with annoyance. You don’t dare push the issue.

“Okay.” You sigh, making your way up. It must be the wrong option as at the top you turn to his presence back at the bottom.

“not gonna question anything?” He dares to ask, looking hurt and confused. You try to speak back but you catch a yawn beforehand.

“Didn’t think you wanted me to.”

“i really don’t.” He admits.

“Then why are you asking why I’m not questioning you if you don’t want to be questioned why then do you question me not questioning you, question mark.”

“……what?” He squints his sockets at you with complete bafflement as you merely snicker and turn into Frisks bedroom.

“Goodnight Sans.” Is all you reply before shutting the childs door.

Undoing Frisks covers and settling him carefully into his sheets, you praise Toriel for having them
dress for bed before dinner. Pulling the blankets over his chest and settling Flowey's pot directly on his side, you sweep the few stray strands of hair from his face to reveal his tiny eyebrows.

“Goodnight Frisk. Goodnight Asriel.” You don’t even hesitate to use the young prince’s name as you lay a gentle peck onto each of their heads and make way towards your own bedroom. You make a pit-stop at the bathroom to begin the packing process; better to have it done and over with then worry in the morning. You gather your toothbrush and toothpaste (or at least its remnants after the debacle with Papyrus) and take a final anti-depressant before the trip. You’d rather go a few days without them on the off chance you still had a supply in the pharmacy or... well, you refused to think about it before bed. It would only spawn nightmares. Forcing yourself into bed with the majority of your clothing and essentials packed away, you slip into your dreams.

“HUMAN JANE!! IF YOU ARE STILL INSIDE THERE SLEEPING I WILL HAVE TO USE FORCE TO FETCH YOU! WE WILL BE DEPARTING SOON!” The alarming voice throws you from your bed in fear as you twist in the covers and are thrown from the bed directly into your carpet. You muffle a groan into it before untangling your feet from your covers and daring a damned gaze towards the clock. 1:45.

UUuuuggghh!!! Forcing yourself up with absolute hatred towards the start and existing of the day, you recheck your baggage. Shirts, shorts, pants, sweater, multitude of socks, unnecessary emergency back-up pads, pain-killer, bandaids, hair brush, toothbrush and paste, and documentation notebook. A sudden rampage of footsteps ascends the staircase as you start peeling off your sleepwear. It’s not even 30 seconds until Papyrus is knocking upon your door again.

“JANE?” He calls, twiddling the door knob.

“I’m up Papyrus; I’m up!” You call back, hoping the skeleton won’t dart inside when you’re topless. “I’m just getting dressed. I’ll be down in a moment. Thank you.” You inform him as a few squeaks of joy emit past the door frame and he stomps back down the stairs, obviously taking long strides in his descent.

You opt to wear a simple silky white and black striped shirt that hung around your waist, jeans that flare out near the ends along with typical city shoes. Carrying a thin black jacket to the possible colder area and grasping your baggage, you assemble it all outside your room before reentering and looking towards your pride and joy. Seymour and Louis have been through this short-term leave plenty enough. You approach them instantly and pet their maws, earning a few disheartened growls and croaks from them as you try to relay physically your affection.

“I’ll be back before you know it. Conserve yourselves, alright?” You say that but you’d spoiled them each with 10 anchovies, 4 leeches, tons of attention, and plenty of water. There was no doubt they could easily survive more than a week with all you’d supplied, yet that didn’t drive away your worry. Papyrus’ impatient echo carried out through the house as you begrudgingly relinquished your grasp and shut your door.

Trudging downstairs and out the open door, it was apparent that Toriel had informed everyone to overpack as Toriel’s van is brimming to the windows in baggage. Alphys and Undyne are talking to
Papyrus as Sans just idly relax in the passenger side of Papyrus’ Coupe. Alphys’ Buggy was out and the roof retracted backwards to let the seats soak in the afternoon sunlight. Frisk was bouncing with glee beside the van as you made your way over, Toriel and Asgore speaking with one another.

“You have everything under control until we get back?” Toriel insists to him as you approach. Their hands are joined together, her paws resting in his hold.

“I assure you everything will be just fine. If anything comes up with the politicians, you will be the first to know……be safe.” He asks, stroking her fingers and catching his eye. “Ah, good morning.” He beams as Toriel turns to share her motherly gaze and smile. Your smile is completely forced and is ruined by a weary yawn.

“Did you sleep enough?” Toriel jokes, dragging her hands from Asgores to address you more frontally. You compact your bag into an area out of the rear view mirrors sight and sigh, rubbing and tousling Frisks hair.

“Like the dead. However, they aren’t supposed to rise afterwards.” You relay as Asgore shakes with laughter while you pop your shoulder. For a split second you catch sight of Flowey in a added cup-holder beside the vans dashboard and chuckle to yourself with a half-hearted wave.

“Though that may be true, time is of the essence. You know the way, yes?” She asks, stepping towards her driver side door.

“’Course I do. Can’t forget it…” You sigh, walking towards the doors as she stops you.

“Undyne and Alphys insisted you take passenger side in their car; Papyrus and I will follow behind.” She informs you with a motherly smile before shrugging and patting Frisks head affectionately before approaching the crowd. Asgore uptakes the chance to continue speaking with Toriel as she sits patiently in the drivers side seat. Frisk rushes around and straps securely into the passenger side himself; the back two seats stuffed entirely with an array of baggage.

“Think we should get ice-cream or these things when we get there?” Undyne is scrolling through her phone while Papyrus looks questioningly at it, eyesockets squinted tightly in concentration.

“HHHHNNNNNNNN…” Papyrus’ gloved hand strokes his flat chin in thinking.

“What; are you guys already planning on sight-seeing?” You ask, interrupting their thoughts as Undyne rushes you instantly, nearly knocking you back into the ground as she hugs you and throws her phone infront of you.

“What; are you guys already planning on sight-seeing?” You ask, interrupting their thoughts as Undyne rushes you instantly, nearly knocking you back into the ground as she hugs you and throws her phone infront of you.

“Nerd, quick, which of these should we get?! These ice-cream things or this brownie?” She asks as you glance towards the phone once stabilized. She can’t pick between a root-beer float and a lava cake. Your stomach churns at the mere thought of a lava cake right now.

“Lava cake. Definitely.” You reply, tapping the image for reassurance as she repels off you and back towards Papyru with newfound knowledge. You follow at a much slower pace and a growing smile as you meet up with Alphys. “Hey.” Is all you can supply as you slouch against the car.

“H-How are you doing?”

“I-I’m sorry…I-I know w-what the real reason we a-are going is for, b-but as s-soon as Papyrus mentioned me-meeting new humans, they’ve b-been so excited t-to tour around…” She sighs, looking to her lover for some consideration.
“Its fine. Its better this way. If you guys can find the good times in this trip, that will honestly make me feel better. Its already reassuring that you’re all coming along. Might as well have some fun, right?” You nudge her shoulder with a hint of hope as she tries to smile along with you. You both can tell it’s a lie.

“I-I-I just f-feel…bad…..W-We’re all excited a-and making plans while y-you-

“While I what, Alph? Wait inevitably for tomorrow? I’d rather know you guys are happy despite the situation then bring you guys into my misery. Trust me, its fine.” You pat her shoulder, swinging around the front of the coupe and working your way into the buggies front passenger seat. You merely sit there, existing, breathing deeply in the fresh wood air that has hints of cotton puffs drifting about. The buckling of seatbelts happens around you and the engine revs up as Undyne clicks into place in the center of the backseat, brushing past you to fiddle with the radio. You groan and stretch your back one last time while trying to enjoy yourself along with them. Glancing behind you, Papyrus has taped a pair of sunglasses onto his skull and Sans is just holding a pair to his face, trying to look similarly cool. You try to hide a snort as Undyne enthusiastically waves back towards the king and queen, the farther purr of the vans ignition coming up to join the cars chorus in wait.

“R-Ready?” Alphys asks, giving you her full attention.

“As ready as I can.” You chirp up ever so slightly as you help Undyne fiddle with the radio. Alphys begins to pull forward and down the street as you both fight for the right of the radio. Finally, a song catches you. ‘Uptown Funk’. Undyne wastes little time showing this one is perfect as she begins blasting it as Alphys focuses on driving. You’re taking a back route that lacks traffic and will save time that winds around the mountains and tougher terrain as the song echoes out into the valley. You and Undyne break into small dances following to the beat as she screams out the lyrics. She especially the closer ending as she addresses Alphys.

“Come on, dance, jump on it, if you sexy then flaunt it!” You watch as Alphys changes embarrassing shades of red and tries to stop from flailing in targeted panic. “If you freaky then own it. Don’t brag about it, come show me.” She delivers a quick peck to her girlfriends cheek as she shrieks and slightly swerves and Undyne falls back into her seat, laughing hysterically. You laugh along with her, trying to comfort that harassed Alphys. Immediately following the end of the song, ‘Sex Bomb’ by Tom Jones comes on and you can’t help but get into a swing and singing along.

“Spy on me baby; use satellite. Infared to see me move through the night. Aim, gonna fire, shoot me right! Im gonna like the way you fight.” In the pause you spare a glance back and Undyne is following into the groove as well as Alphys, though only with her shoulders.

“Now you found the secret code I use, to wash away my lonely blues. So I can’t deny or lie cause you’re the only one to make me fly!” You wink to Undyne as she looks to the radio, seeing the name of the song and grinning as she joins in.

“Sexbomb, sexbomb! You’re a sexbomb! And you can give it to me when I need to come along. Sexbomb, sexbomb! You’re my sexbomb! And baby you can turn me on.” Right at the moment of the pause Undynes phone begins to ring as she reaches through her pocket and nabs it, putting it on speaker upon realizing the caller.

“Hello?”

“Turn it off.” Its Toriel, and you can hear Frisk snapping beside her, air rushing through the open windows. Undyne tumbles into laughter and turns off the phone, dying the music down and changing the channel. Alphys looks equally thankful.
While on a rather long winding road and you play ‘I Spy’ with Undyne, you bring up an issue that struck you out of the blue.

“Does a skeleton masturbate?” You ask as Alphys gasps and swerves, Undyne spitting her water to the side and out of the car.

“How does a WHAT?!!?” She screams, lunging forward and intersecting her head between you and Alphys.

“Ho-Honey, p-please!” Alphys regains control of the car after thoroughly jostling both of you. You slap a hand over Undyne’s mouth to prevent her from screaming like that again. If Toriel had heard that song, surely Papyrus and Sans who drove between you could hear more. Reaching back and gesturing her closer to you both, you whisper to them both while Alphys remains focused.

“Okay, so, remember the other day when me and Alphys had that… reaction?” You put it subtly and Undyne begins to snicker.

“Oh; how could I forget?” You can feel the intensifying heat rushing and radiating off Alphys, but now isn’t the time.

“Okay, so, well. I had called Sans hoping maybe he woulda had the answers to just kinda making it stop. I thought he was at work. Apparently, not the case.” You inform, Alphys straying an uncertain eye towards you.

“T-That’s impossible. H-He left for w-work at I-I think 11 that day. H-He wouldn’t have gotten off u-until later t-that evening.” She informs you both.

“That’s the problem. I went down to the laundry room and I decided to switch out the laundry, yeah? I walked in his room and he had his hands in his… ribs and what-not, all the lights off, and he seemed pretty… haggard.” You wince at the last word, trying to think of a better term for hot and heavy breathing that wasn’t panting.

“Oh my fucking god, are you serious?!” Though it’s nothing but a whisper, Undyne’s excitement to reveling in this newfound information is evident as her smile twitches wider.

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“T-That doesn’t seem plausible. Skeletons are asexual reproducers – t-they give a piece of themselves that forms into their offspring. So if S-Sans was doing s-something along those lines t-then….” You and Undyne must be the ones to send waves of freaky stares in Sans’ direction. You are the one to break it off.

“But, like, Papyrus likes Mettaton, right?” You indicate the other skeletons unblossomed relationship as Undyne leans back and scoffs, fishing around for a baggie of crackers.

“Course; I don’t see why Paps fawns over that idiot so much.” She bites a tad aggressively into the cracker as you look to her. Was she really that oblivious?! Sparing a look towards Alphys proves, yes, she is, as Alphys can’t help but sigh in defeat.

“Because Papyrus like likes him?” You take a pitch at pointing her in the right direction, but she only raises an eyebrow. “Oh my god Undyne, Papyrus has the biggest crush on Mettaton and you aren’t even aware.”
Once again, Undyne propels herself forward from her seat to between you and Alphys.

“What?”

“Sw-Sweeties please!”

After another half hour of explanation and just trying to solve the puzzle about skeletons, you give in to rethink this another time as the city entrance signs come to pass, taking away Undyne’s focus. After that point, you need to direct Alphys to where she must go. You already are aware of two places you need to visit before arriving at your place of housing. Having her take a few side streets to allow the rest of the gang to get a little tour in, you finally find the back streets that lead to the town’s grocery store.

Everyone is quick to get out of the cars and stretch their aching limbs; two straight hours of driving stiffening their limbs. You made sure to park far off from the rest of the traffic seeing as though everyone in these parts were driving maniacs or far too old to be trusted. As the coupe and van pull into respective spots nearby, Sans is the only one to not jump out immediately and fix positions. However, he wastes no time at the realization everyone would be going into the grocery store for the hunt of food. You pull out a list of requirements from your backpack.

“Alright. Unless you guys want to stick together through the entire store, I already planned little groups to fan out and gather stuff. A lot of this town are elderly folk who will stop you, possibly gawk, and most likely start telling story after story. I am not saying ignore them, but respectively decline otherwise we will be here for hours.” You sigh, picking up the list. Everyone, even Toriel, looks thrilled to be given a mission.

“Alphys and Toriel, if you can gather meat, greens, and fruits, that would be great.” You ask as Alphys strays away from a heart-broken Undyne to stand beside Toriel. “Undyne, Papyrus, and Sans? You guys are in charge of getting grains like bread and noodles, sauces, and dairy products.” Undyne perks up at the thought of being with her favorite skeleton, and Papyrus can’t stop the dazzling effect in his eyes at the mention of noodles.

“Papyrus, you can get 4 boxes of spaghetti. I know you love it, but we aren’t having it for every meal.” You pitch in, still cracking your fingers. Papyrus seems okay with that, “HUMANS DO INDEED REQUIRE MORE FOOD GROUPS BESIDES SPAGHETTI” as he put it.

“That leaves me, Frisk and Flowey to get beverages, tools, and snacks. Sound good?” You ask.

“EXCELLENT TEAMING HUMAN! THIS WILL BE QUITE THE EXCURSION!” Papyrus presses his hands to his hip proudly as a real wind blows his scarf about. You were thankful he went as casual as Papyrus can for the visit. Undyne throws a fist into the air as they both begin to approach the store, Alphys and Toriel walking close behind with idle chit-chat.

Sans lags behind with you and Frisk as Flowey needs to be pulled free from the car. As you all begin to make your way towards the entrance, Frisk and Flowey running ahead, you take the chance to talk to Sans.
“You know I put you with them so things wouldn’t get out of control?” You ask, not looking directly at him.

“’course ya did. ain’t no *patella-ing* what they’d do on the loose.” He jokes as he gives a sly wink. You don’t need to see it to know he’s done it. Reaching the front door, you all split off respectively. Before he is out of hearing distance and the butcher is their clear first destination, you call across as you duck into another aisle.

“Just don’t get *tenderized*!” Over the internal bustle, you hear his laugh shake through the store.

You, Frisk and Flowey snatched up a basket on the way in and made your way down the aisles. To avoid confusion for telepathy between you and Frisk working so easily together, Flowey opts to make his presence known as he lists off the possibilities. You pretended to be oblivious as he snatched up and threw a small package of Twinkies into the basket. You caught glimpses of Toriel and Alphys debating over the healthier choices, which is why you put them together. You don’t need to *see* where they were to know exactly where Papyrus was at all times.

“GREETINGS MINISCULE HUMAN, I-‘ Is the final echo you heard in the past minute before a distressed set of sobbing infants broke out. You pitied the loud friendly skeleton, but moved onwards. You grabbed a few sodas, milk, some chip bags and dipping sauces, along with fresh kitchen ware ; spatulas, pans, and an array of utensils.

‘Why are you getting so many?’ Frisk signed at one point, looking at the close to overflowing basket.

“Can never be too careful.” Is all you supply as you make your way through the frozen foods. Unsure to the length of unpacking, you contemplated getting pizza or something just pre-made.

“Jane?” Comes a gasp behind you with a rather gruff voice; your internal brain screaming as you plaster a smile on your face and spin around to great your old school teacher who has aged exceptionally. You hardly recognize her as she hobbles over and gives you a brief hug.

“Oh, pumpkin, it’s so good to *see* you again!” She comments, taking up your hands and patting them affectionately while holding them together.

“Great to see you too.” *I can’t remember your name at all fffffuuuu-

Your internal dialogue is broken as she catches sight of Frisk. She does a little double take and looks at you with utter bewilderment.

“Sweetie…you should *know* better then to go off fooling around; and at such a young age!” She suddenly swaps from sweet to scolding as her stare turns stern.

“W-What?” You honestly can’t process the reason for her abrupt change as Frisk comes closer, hiding behind your leg in confused fear as Flowey lets loose a silent hiss.

“You shouldn’t be worried about having *children*! What would your folks think if they saw you now?!”

“…Excuse me?” You can’t help the sass in your tone as you take a confident step forward. “What *right* do you have to tell me whether or not I can? What would my parents think?! You have no business with my life like that, so what right do you have? This isn’t my *child*! I’m his baby-sitter!” You bark, trying to not scream at the woman who still looks disgusted with you.

“What do you mean my rights? I am just worried about you!” She completely throws her previous
concerns out the window, but you refuse to let it go.

“No! You have no business worrying about me, and absolutely none worrying about me now practically 15 years later! So just back off.” Completely ignoring your last words, you are the one to uptake Frisk and walk away from the debate. Once out of the way, Flowey speaks his mind.

“What a witch! I’ll see her in hell!” he spits in the woman’s general direction as you focus on finding the cash registers.

“Don’t dwell on it Flowey. People can just be like that. Judging. But we know ourselves, right Frisk?” You stop walking to look back to Frisk. For a brief moment, a tinge of red overtakes their entire eyes; a neon red that could glow through the darkest of shadows. Then, in the bat of an eye, its completely normal. His face is one of confusion as you grip his hand a little tighter in your own.

“She got mad at you because of me.” He states as you level yourself with him, scrunching your knees close.

“Frisk, no. Don’t think that. She is old and misunderstood; that’s why she blew up like that.’ You reassure, rubbing his cheek.

“She didn’t blow up.” Flowey comments with a grumble.

“Shut it, wise-weed.” You retort while he busies himself with looking over the aisles food.

“Frisk, don’t think that any of that was your fault. It was all her own; alright?” You ask sweetly. He hesitates but nods nonetheless, coming forward for a comforting awkward hug before uptaking your hand once again. Reaching checkout is a nightmare as everyone has compiled together into fierce lines. You catch something shaking wildly above the crowd that is a blur of white and red, but you derail your focus on it to attend to being next in line.

After making it through with all your bags, and a greatly emptier banking account, you finally find the source. Papyrus is waving enthusiastically at you in signal of his location. Everyone else already has paid and been holding bags. Sans carries a single bag with five bottle of ketchup, while Undyne carries a intimidating 12; one dangles between her teeth as passerbys try to not stray too close. You instantly know who is the one behind the bought food as Toriel struggles around with the bags to put away her wallet. She catches sight of you and gives an apologetic shrug of the shoulders.

“Tori – I coulda paid.” You insist as you all start to walk out, Sans attempting to open one of the ketchup bottles as Papyrus screeches at him to halt the action.

“Nonsense, my child. It is the least I can do; you are already providing a place for resting, paying for the food is the least I can do. Whereabouts is this place, anyway?” She hints at you, trying to learn of the final destination.

“It’s a secret. I promise; you won’t expect it.” You give her a sly grin; your words are the ultimate truth. Distributing the large load of groceries between yours and Papyrus’ cars doesn’t take exceptionally long and you find yourselves on the road again. There is one more place you need to visit before the big reveal as you instruct Alphys down a few side-paths that eventually lead to the outskirts of town. Following the long road, you hear Papyrus gasp in amazement to the large open crop fields and cattle roaming on the sidelines before another sweep of trees hides the far view. Sans must make a joke or two as Papyrus’ groan is audible despite the distance.

Finally turning down a side road, your old apartment complex comes into view. You smile at the
history and memories of this place as you Alphys pulls up on the side of the road, Papyrus and Toriel following suit. You tap Alphys’ arm to gain her attention as she ponders to the placement.

“I just need to stop in and say hello. I’ll be real quick.” You tell her, opening the side door and closing it.

“S-Sure thing.” “Don’t take too long, nerd!” Undyne’s voice calls out over Alphys’ as she waits in the back, watching you approach the doorway. You’re not even halfway up the yard before the front door bangs open and the landlady is standing within the doorframe, tears welling in her eyes with recognition.

“J-Janes home!” She cries back inside, propelling forward faster than you would have liked with her cane at her side. You rush to meet her halfway as she stumbles about in the grass, finally colliding with you in a blessed hug. The cane is discarded to the ground as you both wrap around each other, her sobbing with relief. “O-Oh sweetie. We worried so much.”

“I wasn’t even gone for two weeks!” You laugh, wiping a few stray tears from your eyes before the landlord enters your view.

“Ye finally realized yer better off here?” he grumbles, but you know he is joking entirely as he begins his descent towards you. The walker proves difficult to use in the grass.

“Nah. Just come for hugs and introductions.” You joke back, accepting him into the hug pile as grass ruffles behind you. Toriel, Frisk and Flowey all approached, uncertain.

“Jane? Is this where we’ll be staying?” Toriel asks, trying to not be rude.

“No Tori. I just wanted to stop by and say hi to some old caretakers. This is my landlady and landlord; Dennis and Hope. They basically raised me since I was a teen.” You confess, introducing the elderly couple. “This is Toriel, Queen of the Monsters, and Frisk and Flowey, her sons.” You give them a little room as Toriel steps forward.

“Oh my! What a privilege to meet you. Thank you so much for raising her so well; she really is a splendid girl.” Toriel sighs, speaking to them with a motherly mirth.

“Oh, I have heard about you! On the news! Thank you too for watching over her in these times. Even though we don’t receive many monsters out this far, especially royalty, we appreciate all you are doing for the community.” Your landlady returns the sweetness back on the queen, who is batting her eyes in woe and appreciation; that or fighting back blessed tears.

“They smell old.” Flowey perks up as Frisk stares at them intensely. “What, they do!” He argues, trying to shrink away as Dennis gives a hearty laugh at the forwardness. Looking back, you can tell Papyrus and the others are antsy about introductions.

“Papyrus, get your boney butt up here! Got some humans for you to meet!” You call. He doesn’t even take 4 seconds before he shoots up beside you, looking down on both of them.

“GREETINGS HUMANS! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WOULD LIKE TO EXTEND A OFFER OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN HUMANS AND MONSTERS!!” Papyrus introduces himself. Its great he is such a loud speaker as Hopes hearing aids have been on the fritz while Dennis merely refused the aid.

“Oh my! Well hello there!” Hope addresses Papyrus as if he were a puppy, extending a feeble hand. Papyrus is calmer with shaking it, respecting the elders as more grass ruffles in the background.
“Didn’t know you befriended death, Jane.” Dennis scoffs, relooking Papyrus over a multitude of times. He pauses as Sans sidles up directly beside his brother, giving him another moment to drink it in before returning his attention to you. “Didn’t know death had an imp.”

You can’t stop yourself keeling over at the nickname for Sans, muffling your laughter behind your hand.

“sorry i ain’t as impressive as my bro, sir.” Sans shrugs thoughtfully. Its even funnier because Dennis and Hope are terrible with understanding jokes, so he just looks at him with confusion after Sans emphasized the joke.

“Obviously not.” He states, catching Sans off guard and Papyrus as well.

“D-Dennis.” You have to suck in a few breaths, catching yourself. “He made a joke. You called him an imp. He said imp-ressive.” You dictate each word specifically so he understands. Hope is the first to understand while he continues to look at you, dumbfounded.

“You idiot. Imp. Impressive? It starts with Imp.” She restates, Dennis finally catching on.

“Ooohhh.” He turns to Sans. “That’s not that funny.” You can’t catch yourself as you sputter a bit of laughter again, Sans starting to sweat again at the elders reality.

“Oh and just look at you.” Hope cries, reaching over to Frisk who gives Flowey to Toriel and goes forward to his elder. “My god, you look so alike!” She cries, feeling his face and hair. He tickles at the contact.

“Apparently too alike. Remember that hag teacher I had back in highschool? She confronted me at the grocery store and told me ‘You’re too young to be having kids,’ and scoffing at me, whatnot. Like, look at us! She knew me when I was 15! Frisk is atleast over 7 years old, thusly, its impossible for me to have had him!” You let yourself get worked up over the conversation again as Toriel gasps in surprise at the revelation. Alphys and Undyne sidled up to the rest of the group. Frisk merely nods in agreement.

“Well then, kick her in the face and call her a nasty wh-“ Before he can finish his sentence, Hope starts smacking his shoulder.

“Dennis, stop!” She screeches, Toriel quickly putting her hands over Frisks ears instantly.

“What, it’s the truth!” He argues, throwing a hand from his walker.

“I don’t care if it’s the truth; they don’t need to hear it.” She bites back pointing to your friends.

“Alright, alright.” He gestures you closer and he sets a hand on your shoulder and brings his head close to your face. “Now then, you kick her-“

“Don’t whisper it to her either!!” Hope shrieks in astonishment and you try to keep your laughter down.

“Look, I need that evidence baggie. Still in the same place?” You ask, gesturing to your old abode.

“AAah, that’s why yer here? Yeah, same place. Whens the meet?” He calls to you as you already are running up the lawn.

“Tomorrow!” You call back, vanishing inside with a pitter patter of feet and a few gasping greetings from other dwellers. Your landlady approaches Alphys out of the crowd, reaching for her
claws that she supplies.

“You two must be Alphys and Undyne. Jane told us about you. I hope you can continue to be great friend with her. All of you.” Her pleading smile puts the maternal one of Toriel to shame.

“YOU NEEDN’T WORRY, ELDERLY HUMAN! WE HAVE AND WILL CONTINUE TO TAKE EXCELLENT CARE OF OUR HUMANS!!” Papyrus proudly states, putting a fist to his sternum.

“Oh I had no doubt, dearie. I just would hate to see her wind up alone. We…We aren’t as spry as we used to be and the only other family and friends she has left is her vanishing uncle and that saxophone boy in Canada. I wouldn’t dream of letting that poor soul be left alone to her own devices.” Hope admits, sniffing a little as she looks to Dennis. Usually, he would retort or comment on it. Now; now it merely is a sullen and accepting silence.

“That’s nonsense! You are looking wonderful.” Toriel reassures them, resting a paw on her shoulder. Hope gives her a wide thankful smile.

“I would hope. I will be 92 this year. Dennis is 95. I know our lifespans are very different, but I hope for……for however long we have, however long she has, that those times are now until then nothing but happiness and smiles. She has been through enough tears, frowning, and sadness for… for one lifetime.” Hope sighs as she rubs Dennis’ shoulder. A heavy silence overcomes the group.

“Forgive us, if it is selfish. I just can’t bear to think of how she’ll be when we move on. But, if she is with you, I know she will move on; she will find happiness despite.” More tears of maternal affection spill out of Hopes eyes as Dennis rubs her back.

“’Nd maybe one a’ you can get her a date or something? Brat doesn’t know how to open up.” Dennis chuckles, trying to cheer up his wife.

“Alrighty, I found i-…Guys?” Everyones attention shoots towards you as you take a hesitant step out of the doorway, carrying a baggy with you. “Everything alright?”

“Just fine Janette. Just fine.” She giggles, wiping the tears away as you gawk and growl.

“J-Janette?” Alphys looks between you three, a sense of familiarity sparking in Sans’ eyes before recalling the harrowed lyrics.

“dammit janette!” He points to you in disbelief, a rekindled smile overtaking his face. Back when you’d watched RHPS with him that one night, you tried to correlate as many of your friends to the characters as you could. In return, he tried to find one to fit your own. He didn’t initially pick Janet because your characters were nothing alike. Looking to Hope as she covers her mouth, she can’t help but giggle.

“Gee. Thanks.” You grumble, giving them both a side hug. “Now he won’t stop talking about it.”

“HUMAN? I PRESUMED YOUR NAME WAS JANE!” Papyrus questions.

“It is Papyrus, but its abbreviated. Janette is my real name; I just prefer to be called Jane. Just like you. Your name is Papyrus, but you refer to yourself as The Great Papyrus.” You offer Papyrus as an example before readdressing your elders.

“I’ll visit again soon, but we really should get going. Groceries and whatnot to put away.”

“Oh, you’re taking them there?” Dennis asks as you give a nod. It continues to spike the monsters
Taking a few odd turns, you wind up in a generally widely spaced neighborhood – nearly a mile walk between housing. You can smell it past the vast cropfields in the distance – the maple trees thick with sap and cherry blossoms on the wind. A corner that plagued your minds that has a cluster of concealing trees. You inform Alphys to take a wide turn at it, and following through you hear both girls gasp.

An extravagant house rests on its lonesome within the thickening woods. Two voluminous cherry blossom trees sway in the wind, scattering their pink petals about the evenly trimmed front lawn. An array of bushes and flowers decorate the fencing beside the road, ivy spindling upwards towards the sun and using the fence for stability. Turning into the driveway, the white house with pale dark green shingles atop the roof strike a familiar cord with you as the cars file into the driveway. Besides the garage rests the grand maple tree, tall and proud despite the rope scars. Alphys turns off the car and stares at the house. You don’t wait for her to speak up as you hop out and make way towards the van to fetch your belongings. Papyrus is impressed with it as he continues to trace his gaze over the house.

“WOWIE! I DIDN’T KNOW HUMANS ALSO WERE FANS OF LARGE HOUSING!” Papyrus comments, digging around for his things in the van as well. Sans has approached one of the trees; its evident in his face. Uncertain nostalgia. A memory not his own, not certain.

“where…” Before he can manage the rest of his sentence, Toriel comes out and takes a deep breath of the open air.

“Oh this place is just wonderful Jane! The beautiful flower bed, the distant breeze, everything! Whoever our host is, they have exceptional yard coordination.” She compliments as you stifle a laugh, slinging your bag over your shoulder.

“Thanks, I guess. I can’t do as well as mom did, but if you think its alright.” You comment, digging about for your keys and springing them from your

“W-What.” Alphys’ voice quirks up, her vision dashing between you and the house.

“Yes.” Is all you supply making your way towards the front. Dragging your hands over the pathway fencing, it finally hits Sans.

“this is your house. your house.” His words are breathless, as he looks around.

“But you said it burned…” Toriel whispers, looking about at the lush fields and healthy surroundings.

“It did. My uncle refurbished it; made it all shiny and new. New grass, new trees, new…” You click open the door and swing it open. The still air is fixed with the fresh breeze as you look over the living room that hadn’t changed. “….everything.” You sigh, slumping and trudging inside.

Frisk is the first to dart in, respectively taking his shoes off and dancing about the hardwood floor with Flowey, looking at everything.

“I don’t understand…” Toriel is mystified, glancing everywhere her eyes could take her. Undyne
dropped the grocery bag held in her mouth loudly to the floor as everyone ponders at the internal existence. Pristine, colorful, and spacious. A large TV mounted above a brick fireplace coated with knick-knacks and old reprinted family photos. The dual ended couch and a fresh coffee table, wiped down recently. The wallpaper was still that inconsistent grey and green you’d always hated that clashed with the spruce brown wooden flooring that was slick and fresh. Down the hallway hung multiple art pieces your uncle collected as inspiration over the years. It lead to the marble kitchen, 6 burner stove, 3 doored fridge, and impressive collection of pots and pans.

“Well-“ you huff, dropping your bag beside the bookcase and uptaking a few of the bags before Undyne dropped them all in her sweeping stare of your home, “- my uncle pitied the fact that I lost my house. He found out that the house is passed down to me and my brother. He pitied the fact that it burnt to the ground and had it rebuilt from the ground up. However, he is also a stupid sentimental prune who decided he would rebuild it to look the exact same. Everything is basically as it was when I was a kid.” You explain, carrying a few bags inside. “Please take your shoes off by the door; thank you.”

While storing things away, you hear the clatter of socked bone against hardwood and swift paws that skid into the kitchen where you busy yourself with storing things away in the fridge.

“Jane, we can’t stay here.” Toriel informs you as you shoot up from putting things away.

“Why not?”

“Jane – I can’t tell you how sweet it is you decided to let us stay here, but…but this is your home. Your home. I don’t want to intrude, ruin these memories that you should cherish.” Toriel speaks quickly and softly, trying to have you understand. “You didn’t need to go out of your way to do this.”

“Out of my way? Tori; I always stay here when this comes around. Helps calm the nerves. You aren’t imposing at all – this was my decision. Its better then me just sleeping in here alone like every year and it works because there are enough rooms and you don’t have to pay to stay. The hotels in this area aren’t cheap and I promise you, no matter what they told you, its not as nice as they said. You guys being here……it’s the best option. It will make me feel better. But, if you guys are uncomfortable, let me know. I can call up the hotel again, work around with my Uncles name, get you reservations instantly.” You drop all your things to take up her hands, stunning her into silence.

“Don’t be worried about me. This place doesn’t affect me like before. I want you guys here. Please.”

It takes a minute, possibly two, before Toriel concedes with your request, fixing an appreciative smile onto her face. “Thank you, Jane. This truly means a lot to me. To us.” She fixes herself, looking around your refurbished home. She helps you store away the rest of the groceries. Frisk and Undyne took Papyrus out back to jog around your backyard – your uncle hired a monthly maid who cleaned the house up incase you paid it a visit. It was obvious she’d visited recently as the lawn was pretty evenly mowed to the extent of the border. Toriel glided between rooms, taking in as much as she could in the short stay.

Returning to the front door to seek the others luggage, you aren’t entirely surprised to find Sans merely standing on the porch, looking out onto the spot. You’d looked out onto it for so many instances as you walk up beside him.

“No matter how much you stare, sooner or later it will just because a spot. A zone. Trust me; its burned into my memory.” You chuckle at the slightly dark humor as he finally looks to you. His
eyes are wide, yet dead. Seeing past you.

“why are we here?”

“I’ll tell you the same thing I told Tori. I always come here when I need to do a visit. It’s a reminder and it gives me a sense of peace, I guess. Reminds me of things…..well, til shit hit the fan. Despite whatever is left on the will, it’s all I got. If I can use it to house you guys…I think my folks would appreciate that it wasn’t just unused.” You sigh, setting an arm onto his shoulder. “I don’t know exactly how much you saw, or what happened, just...relax?” You shrug your shoulders, passing him by to fetch the luggage. Papyrus and Undyne come racing around from the backyard, vaulting the dividing fence and meeting up with you.

“Nerd, your house is huge! D’you know there is a huge field outback of just tall grass?!” Undyne is pumped and can’t still as she rushes across the street into a nothingness and more fields of open grass.

“INDEED! WHY DO YOU NOT TEND TO THE REMAINDER OF THE GRASS?” Papyrus asks, wordlessly assisting in the movement of luggage.

“Because, despite that being land we technically own, it’s a maze. It’s a mile or two long of just tall grass – you wouldn’t likely get lost in most patches since you can see over it, but Frisk or Alphys? They would get horribly lost.” You comment, carrying in a heavier load.

A few moments pass as the enthusiastic skeleton isn’t directly on your heels. Spinning around, his face is scrunched, sweat dripping in beads down his skull. You dare to snake a glance at the fence they had vaulted, recalling Frisk playing with Undyne and Papyrus in the backyard. Yet, no… Frisk.

“Oh god dammit Papyrus!” You shriek, dropping whomever belongings you carried inside and rushing past Sans towards the backdoor, brushing past Toriel who floated through the old halls. “Frisk!” You shriek out past cupped hands pointlessly; Frisk is a bloody mute! Grumbling to yourself, you look out onto the grass for signs of movement; another fruitless attempt as the breeze is constant. Toriel has caught up with the understanding loss of her baby.

“Frisk?!” She cries out, looking wildly around. She begins to descend the stairs towards the overgrown brush before you grapple her.

“No, Tori! I’ll get him – if you go in, you’ll just both get lost!” You reply, holding her back as you rush past, directly into the tall grass.

“Jane, wait!” She cries as you push through the first heavy layer.

“I’ll be fine Toriel! Just get the luggage inside! I’ll bring him right back, I swear!” You call back, pushing deeper into the mess. Muscle memory flows through you as your eyes are trained to the ground, looking for fresh footprints in the overgrowth. It didn’t help that deer and coyotes often wandered in the back peacefully migrating positions in packs, leaving the ground littered in everything but little sneaker indents.

“Frisk? Where are ya, lil’ buddy? Clap if you hear me!” You plea, looking pointlessly through the thicket.

A sniffle. Its faint. Distant. But you can’t misplace it as your feet set off in the general direction. There are few clearings within the dense grass – each under a dormant and lone tree, the shade just naturally preventing increased grass growth underneath its patches. Each was a different type; oak,
pine, birch, anything. Working with your mother, you were capable of discerning their individual scents as you approach the elder oak. Pushing through the final withholding grass, you spot him.

Underneath the trees supplying shade sits a sad Frisk, sniffling and curled into himself. You sigh in relief, approaching with respective caution.

“Frisk. Buddy.” You call. His face whips upwards to notice you before he is propelling off his feet, rushing past the jutting out roots and barreling into your embrace as you snuggle him close. “Hey, hey hey. Whats a little thing like you doing out here, hmm?” You chuckle at the inside joke. You’d wandered inside this large maze too many times to keep count – often lured with the temptation of fantasia stories and creatures unseen. Far too curious for your own good. Your mother would always find you, hug you close, and bring you back to pick the pollen clumps from your hair as your father would scold you for doing such reckless things, your brother merely scoffing in agreement as you sniveled in confusion.

Frisk offered nothing in comment nor signing and you sighed, accepting the silence and uptaking the terrified child into your arms with a heave. You climb the slight hill towards the oak, looking back and around. Finding the middle checkpoint (the birch tree) and then taking a slight right, you would make it home. Hugging Frisk close, you begin your jog back, Frisk jumping with each misstep.

After an arm burning five minutes of running home, you breach the tall grass with a few huffs of air, throwing your head quickly to both sides to try and jostle free any wisps of grass or cotton puffs that clung to the tall stalks you’d run through. You brush Frisks hair as they finally uncling from you, hiding their face as the press limply into your stomach. Through their soul, that mutter a small ‘Thank you’ before dashing off inside, directly into Toriel’s embrace. Walking back and around them, you catch Alphys by the luggage, speaking to Sans.

“Alright – you guys ready to get your rooms?” You ask, taking up your own baggie and throwing it over your shoulder. Alphys excitedly picks up her much smaller bag and Undyne comes in from outside with Papyrus, both exercise freaks hoisting more baggage then necessary. “Alphys and Undyne, you get the downstairs guest bedroom. Its on the left past my parents room which will be Toriel, Frisk, and Flowey’s.” You’d made this decision based on the fact it was the only bed in the house that likely fit and supported Toriel, and also regarding Frisk who could honestly sleep with anyone if they wanted. Alphys and Undyne move on and giggle like newlyweds on their honeymoon as they hunt down their room. “You guys are upstairs. C’mon.” you gesture them upwards as you all ascend the stairs.

“Alright…” you sigh, fiddling with the keychain belonging to the house until you come upon the one you always hated. “Papyrus, I have to put you in my brothers room; my bed won’t fit you.” You admit, inserting the key to unlock his old room and opening it wide. A few cacti still soak up the sun with the extremely minimal watering they receive, prickly and rough. His room is incessantly bleak and lacking in color. His tiny collection of random bottle caps was still incased on a rather empty bookshelf you had no doubts Papyrus would temporarily fill with bedtime stories. The dresser in the corner might remain empty, but the top is a clutter of scientific study books and journals you decided it was best to not touch. No doubt Papyrus would be respective and follow suit.

Sans doesn’t share in the enthusiasm Papyrus has as he scopes out his new room, testing the mattress. You cross the way to your own room, unlocking it.

“Hope you don’t have some internal hatred of pastel colors.” You chuckle, opening your room to the smaller skeleton. He stumbles inside, getting a complete look. The walls are a lilac color and
the floor a light hazel wood, accompanied by blue and green spectrum rug. Your bed lays beside the shaded window along with an array of deceased plant specimens on your desk beside the illiterate scribbles of your past that you didn’t recall scrounging up on your last visit. As Sans takes in the setting, he turns to you.

“where’ll you be sleeping?”

You can’t help but laugh dryly at the question, turning around to give him space to adjust.

“I won’t be.”

Nobody had mentioned they forgot Flowey in the car when they all approached the house. He had fallen asleep after fetching groceries and when you awoke him from his light slumber, he glared daggers at the house; knowing without explanation.

“Why are we here?” His question is harsh and laced with poison not directed towards you.

“Because obviously I wanted to share great memories with you. That’s where I got stabbed, that’s where they tied my brother up, and this used to be completely on fire.” You exclaim sarcastically, showing the front yard before carrying the little flower indoors. He instantly takes interest in scouring the multitude of channels on the TV as you make your way to the kitchen, fishing around for ingredients for dinner. Deciding to just get some of the spaghetti out of the way with some Italian bread, broccoli, and chicken mixed with alfredo, you go about the house to inform the others of the choice.

Stepping into the guest room for the first time in countless months, Alphys and Undyne are still sinking into the foamy mattress with lighthearted giggles.

“Sorry ladies; did I come in at’a bad time?” You snicker, entering with caution incase they really were already jumping each other. Alphys shoots up, hiding under the covers despite needing to hide nothing.

“N-No, not at all-“ “Yeah ya did.” They both speak as Alphys has to stop and glare at her girlfriend who keels over the edge of the bed, sputtering laughter with a ridiculous face. You can’t help but snicker as well, clearing your throat and addressing them both.

“Chicken Alfredo with Broccoli and Italian sound good?” You smirk, watching as Undyne oddly contorts around on the floor to finally sit up properly.

“S-Sounds good to me.” Alphys relays, looking to Undyne.

“Nice choice!” Undyne offers a thumbs up and a wink (blink?) before throwing herself with a agonizing mattress squeak back onto the bed, Alphys squeaking in surprise as well.

“God you both are acting like this is your honeymoon.” That comment seems to finally send the ever playful Undyne into the deepest shade of blushing blue you have ever seen. Alphys is vibrating with anxiety and begins making that strange face. Sweating, her eyes bulging a little, mouth somewhat gaping as she holds her scaled cheeks. She always makes that face when she is daydreaming – daydreaming way more naughty thoughts than you would expect out of the little monster.
“M-M-Me-e-e m-mar-ried t-t-to to U-Un-dy-dy-nnee?!” Alphys squeals, her breathing becoming heavier and labored as her vibrations increase. You and Undyne share a look before you turn on your heel and dart out of the doorway, yelling an ‘God speed woman!’ back at her for no reason. Walking outside, Toriel is picking a multitude of tall grass stalks and helping Frisk with weaving them into flower wreaths for the head. Though, they lacked the flowers despite the mowed lawn covered in pollinated daisies, clovers, and dandelions.

“Hey guys.” You give a complimentary wave as you decide to stop while on the back porch. “Going to start making dinner – Chicken Alfredo with Broccoli and Italian bread sound alright with you?” Toriel finishes up placing the little floral wreath onto Frisks head, the child bouncing around giddy with their new present, before turning to address you.

“Of course Jane! Do you need assistance?” She asks, ready to dust the tufts away and the seedlings that covered her paws.

“Not necessary. It’ll take me just a little bit and its simple enough. I’ll let you know when its done!” You call out, returning inside. Taking up a kitchen knife with slight memorabilia, you begin cutting the chicken into tiny pieces as the spaghetti boils. You don’t entirely cook through the chicken and broccoli; planning to let it stew with the heating alfredo as you dump the chunks into the sauces mixture.

Now, you inform yourself while leaning back against the fridge, we wait. We wait for everything. You can’t help your growing impatience as you tap your finger rigidly against the fridge. Let it be done and over with. Please.

You knew fully well your mind wasn’t focused on the food finishing. This is torture. Please, just end it already!

“Jane?”

Your eyes fly open in surprise as Toriel shuts off the burners, the food boiling over slightly. You’ve ended up scraping your back as you descended to the floor, holding your knees close to your head and idly rocking on your heels.

“Jane. Look at me.” Toriel commands your attention as she kneels beside you. You try as best you can, yet its as though you can see right through her. Its agony. Your entire being aches for a her warmth; your mothers. Her voluminous flowers drifting their pollen around, the trees growing and aging on just like you, yet you lack the mother you knew and loved.

“I miss her. I miss her so much…I wish I could be with her.” You cringe, crumpling further into the fetal ball you’re slowly forming. “If I was with her, in the ground, I wouldn’t have to feel. I could be right there with her in the other world or whatever; I could just……leave.” You whisper – its more towards yourself then the transparent Toriel who grasps your shoulders.

“Jane.” Toriels voice is cracking as you refocus onto her blurred body. Its similar to a mirage. Its not merely the work of tears; its your internal denial to seek help and friendship. The friends who accompanied you to be so supportive, and you were turning a blind eye towards them. In a few bats of your lashes, her image clears up. Her eyes can read through to your very core; your very SOUL. How its trembling and aching for a warmth she herself cannot fully provide. That doesn’t cease her from encasing you in her arms, hugging you close and allowing her dress to absorb your tears as
you snivel and sob in silence.

She is a mother figure……but nobody could ever be her.

“HUMAN!” In one fell swoop, Toriel relinquishes enough room between you both as you’re swept from the floor to dangle before Papyrus. “I KNEW YOU WOULD BE SADDENED. COME – FRIENDSHIP HUGS ARE THE ANSWER!!” Papyrus squishes you into his sternum, wildly nuzzling your head with his teeth . Its extremely similar to a boney noogie. His phalanges wiggle on your sides as you flail about suddenly from the tickling. You gasp and giggle, trying to push his persistent hands off.

“Papyrus, noooo sta-ahhp hahaha noo-ahHA – HELP!” You screech with a laugh.

“NYEH HEH HEH! HUMAN, I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, HAVE JAPED AND CAPTURED YOU! YOU’RE LUCKY THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS A MONSTER OF MERCY!” Papyrus laughs, settling you down and pressing his gloved hand into your cheeks, smearing the trail of tears from your face. “PERFECT.” Papyrus smiles, overlooking his handy work of fixing your face back into a grin as you come down from the array of emotions swelling within.

“nice job, bro.” Sans comments from behind his brother, overlooking you and Toriel. How long had he been there? His face is decently tense as he looks between you three, searching. “i see you are relishing this time wisely.” Oh gods, he found the condiment drawer. Papyrus’ eyes bug out, twitch, and try to contain himself.

“B-BUT OF COURSE! HUMAN, WHILE THE GREAT PAPYRUS AND YOUR EQUALLY EXCELLENT FRIENDS ARE ABOUT, YOU NEEDN’T CRY OR FEEL ALONE!” Papyrus’ scarf yet again finds itself adrift in the non-existent wind as he proudly puts his hand to his sternum and his smile glistens.

“ya, smalls. no cayanne allowed.” Sans winks, fumbling through the spice rack. Papyrus is slowly catching on and…loving it? He keeps smiling, unfazed by his brothers antics. Yet, he stounds stern.

“SANS.” He warns, though his smile doesn’t match his attitude at all. Neither are even looking at each other.

“sorry, bro. i know i got more oregano ideas than that. just in a curry to think these up, y’know?” Toriel is snickering to herself, leaning against the counter for stability as you clamp a hand over your mouth to the brothers antics.

Its on purpose. He is making him pun on purpose!!

“SANS I FORBID YOU TO RUIN THIS MOMENT!!” Papyrus is shaking, withholding his own smile as Sans continues to rummage through the spices.

“aw, bro, you know i clove you undill the end of thyme. could pepper ya with praise all day.” Sans shrugs over his shoulder, adding the used spice names to the counter. The pantry is running thin. A memory jolts you as you scrounge the cupboards, Papyrus and Sans continuing the act.

“SANS I SWEAR TO ASGORE, I WILL NOT TOLERATE YOUR SPICEY PUNS.” A needle can be heard dropping in the kitchen as everyone whirls to an ecstactically proud Papyrus. It isn’t the best, but Sans’ eyes are welling with legitimate tears as he admires his brother.

“bro. that was beautiful.” He sweeps the unfallen tear from his socket as Toriel stands prideful of
the skeleton as well. You finally find the purpose of your rummaging and giggle.

“Aw, Sans. You forgot the best one.” You grumble, pulling out the deal breaker. “Thanks for all your support….Paprika.” You extend your hand with the hidden spice in your hands as Toriel openly laughs joyously. Papyrus looks at you, his face cross with regret and disbelief. Sans is trying to keep his own sputtering laughter in control. “I parsley forgot about it myself. Hope you aren’t salty I beet you to it. I would imagine its hard to sumac, buuutt…” You overlook the skeleton’s lack of stomachs. Papyrus is wringing his hands openly. “Getting a little basil there, Papyrus? I don’t mean to harissa you. I’m just espressoing myself the only way I can think. You’re looking a little nuts. Dude.” You snatch up the last jar you can find. “Chili?”

“NNNGYAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!” Papyrus flees the only way he knows how. Out the tiny open window he just wedges through beyond the sink. After his escape, he rushes through the brush. It only fuels the growing laughter and coughing as his head and arms are the only thing sticking up from the tall brush.

Ten minutes later, he returns. The table is set, food being distributed, but the moment he walks in and glares pointedly at you, everyone starts snickering once again. He ensures that he sits directly next to the door for optimal and easy reach of the nearest exit. Papyrus and Alphys assist you with cleaning up the dishes as Toriel starts setting rules about venturing around the outside and what Frisk and Flowey can touch. Flowey wasted no time starting to record a multitude of shows he would be missing back home and you offered them to use anything in the house. It was at this moment you discovered Frisk thought it was impolite to use your toilet, as the kid rushes past you and slams the door shut with a quick lock.

*How long had he been holding that?*

Everyone begins to pack away as Sans actually assists with gathering the dishes. You and Alphys double team the washing and drying of the dishes while Papyrus puts the finished product away in the cupboards. You both had a test to see who could relate periodic table elements to a similar sounding word; taking turns asking the other to pass the time.

“Cobalt?” She asks, setting a dried dish to the side for Papyrus.

“Ha! Pole-vault.” You snicker as she nods in agreement. “Nickel.”

“Ugh. Pickle.” You weren’t aware of Alphys’ disdained hatred towards pickles. Not that you were a hearty fan yourself. “Iodine?” She quirks an eyebrow at you.

“Undyne!” You screech, bumping your hip into hers. She giggles as Undyne pokes her head in.

“Zinc?! It was the only element she knew.

“Sink, honey.” “Kink.” Alphys mutters to herself how she missed that golden opportunity as Undyne retreats to emptying the rest of their baggage.

“Bromine.”

“Brownie.”

“That d-doesn’t count.” She says, finding the words too off.

“Yeah, but it sounds delicious.” You droll a little at the internal taste of freshly made brownies.
“Phosphorus?” She retries. You can’t help but laugh, turning to the easiest target.

“Oh please. Papy-RUS!!” You shriek, lunging your hand out to stop him. He’d been increasingly curious of the baggie you’d brought with you from the landlords and finally found its contents as he tried to set them into the sink. Stopping the slick kitchen blade with the palm of your hand, the pressure is enough to cut a slit diagonally across its entirety before Papyrus stammers backwards, dropping the knife.

“H-HUMAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!” Papyrus cries out as he grabs your hand to inspect it. You hiss as he investigates the damage, poking and prodding until the blood seeping out becomes a little much. For safety, Alphys motions towards the knife resting on the ground.

“Don’t touch it. You’ll leave prints.” You hiss, stopping her movement. Reaching past Papyrus with your good hand, you snatch a paper-towel and lean over to pick up the necessary utensil. You dab the end, trying to wipe and not smudge the fresh blood against the blade. There is a pinching sting before a breezing warmth overtakes your hand. Looking back, Papyrus has his eyes shut in concentration as green magic pools in your palm, slowly and surely sealing up the cut. Magic is still a rare marvel to you; monsters aren’t ever allowed to use it should the officials find out. Yet, out here, nobody would know. You silently thank the considerate skeleton.

A clatter of a plastic cups hits the tiles as your eyes dart up to Alphys. Her face is one of horror and fear as you follow her fixed gaze to the source of the sound. Sans has dropped his dinner cup that he’d stacked together with others as he stands in the kitchen arch-way, his left eye is set ablaze with the rare cyan circle with a hollow black pupil, just staring you down. You can tell he is ever so slightly training his focus more onto the knife then your injury as you hold the handle between your hands – the paper-towel keeping it fresh. Clearing your throat and driving down the crawling anxiety, you address Papyrus who has finished the healing while you flex it in minimal awe.

“Thanks Papyrus. Just…don’t clean this knife, alright? It’s evidence.” You sigh, patting the blood off it a few more times before putting it back into its original baggie Papyrus couldn’t contain himself from snooping in. Alphys instinctually covers her mouth as she instantly knows what you’re speaking of.

“U-Uhhm s-so that’s…” Alphys trails off as Papyrus twists your healed hand in a multitude of directions, checking over and over that it’s completely healed. You nod your head as a thicker tension overtakes the kitchen, Papyrus releasing your hand as you slide the knife back into a holder to prevent it from stabbing out of the concealing bag.

“I-I’M SORRY, HUMAN.” Whirling your head to look towards the tall skeleton, he twists and wrings his finger with anxiety at the close call, looking towards the window to avoid eye contact – or think of jumping through.

“It’s fine Papyrus. It was avoided; and you were sweet enough to fix up my hand. That’s enough of an apology for me.” You assure him, pressing your hand to his radius and ulna and giving a comforting smile. “You and Sans should head to bed. Me and Alphys can finish up here.” You push him a little to stumble towards the door as he gives an appreciative grin before standing proud and speaking to Sans. His face is unreadable in the worst of ways; you know he is internally discouraged yet he has those lazy eyes and broad smile.

The brothers are able to read over the tension as Papyrus nudges Sans out the doorway and upstairs, with light chatter. The growing silence amidst the clanking dishes and running water could be cut with the very knife you conceal as you and Alphys finish the dishware in the harrowed quiet. You, atlast, find your voice.
“I’m sorry.”

That’s really all I got? You groan to yourself at the unnecessary apology.

“Y-You should’nt b-be.” Alphys stammers, not turning towards you for eye contact. You mimic her off-stare.

“I kinda do. Everyone is managing to have fun despite the reason behind this visit, and then here I am…letting him ruin it……ruin me.” You clutch the handle on the mug Toriel had used for fresh tea as a way to dispel your internal hatred. It didn’t last as Alphys settled a hesitant claw onto your shoulder, wet and dripping despite towel duty.

“Its n-not your fault. Don’t let i-it eat you up inside……L-Letting guilt well u-up inside you…it hurts.” Alphys cringes against her own words, as you turn to search her face for meaning. Alphys had told you only on one occasion (where she may have been slightly drunk) that while working under Asgore as the Royal Scientist, she did some unsavory things. She refused to go into detail, but sobbed at how she was a failure and lives were ruined. Consoling did little before and she seemed unaware of the nights spread information, so you certainly couldn’t console her now. Alls you could do is accept the dead silence, wait a few moments, and then start to ease the tension with light splashes of water as revenge to your soaked shoulder.

You awaken with a stiff groan, sweat dancing around your forehead from a forgotten nightmare. Nobody could know you’d been jumping between different spots in the house, trying to find the optimal place to at-least get shut eye.

The couch didn’t work well thanks to an unused stiffness to the cushions, and the front porch bench felt too vulnerable and small. Who knew the hard to balance hammock strung out on your back deck would be the best sleeping location; the stars and moon providing excellent reading light and the mosquitos nay but extinct in the area thanks to greedy bats. Your bladder pokes at you as you begrudgingly look to your phone for the time. You can only moan in utter hatred as the clock reads a miserable 2:51 A.M . Reluctantly, you stumble out and off onto the ground with a shaky start as you become immersed in the swaying feeling gravity brought upon you.

Grumbling about the soreness in your back, you find you’re not entirely shocked to find Sans sitting at the dining table. His sockets have deep circles of missed sleep forming underneath as he nurses a cup of coffee. Stepping inside, the hallway floor creaks as he turns to meet your gaze. You share in a deep stare of recognition; neither of you had slept well, obviously. Knowing you both will continue to suffer with this through the following day, you devise an instant plan.

Shambling by and into the restroom to lazily proceed with the rude wake-up call, you set your plan into motion. Quickly and quietly, you rush into the spider and web infested basement, hesitant to brush the webs away until your eyes catch the metallic glint you had searched for; information shared by Frisk that would surely assist with the night. Slinging the heavy setup over your back and trudging back upstairs, you open the locked pantry to fish around and snatch up a case of beer and fresh fruit wine from the mid 1900’s. Placing the wine in the bag along with the surprise, you slowly make your way to the dining room; the excessive weight and sleep deprivation weighing you down against gravity. Sans has gone from hanging his head to simply face-planted into the hardwood as you approach and shake his shoulder.
“Come with me.” It’s a groggy demand. He spares a glance back-up towards you before burying his face between his arms in protest. With a pissed grumble you push his shoulders back so he is draped behind the seat. He puts up no resistance as he keeps his sockets closed, merely breathing as you zip up his hoodie and tighten the strings. He gripes a little as you fold your arms around his back and locking them to his sternum, slowly yet surely dragging him out of the chair and through the kitchen. You’re breathing heavy once you make it to the backyard and he finally decides to oblige your late-night/early morning adventure.

“‘lright, ‘lright smalls; put me down.” He sighs grievingly as he takes the beer cans from you and begins to pry them off. “what ‘s it?” Quickly, you tighten his hoody around his head, covering his eyesight and tying it tightly to prevent him from peeking. “woah there. don’t go blinding me.” He chuckles as he feels around for something to stabilize him.

You take up his hand strongly before dragging him through the brush. You can’t help but feel over the defined bones of his hand; his carpals and metacarpals rubbing against your skin. His hand is cold even after holding onto a mug of finished coffee, his bones chilled with the nighttime air. His fingers are slimmer thanks to the lack of muscle and flesh, yet his hands are larger than your own as you hang on tightly around his fingers – barely reaching your thumb on the opposing side.

Pulling him through the tall walls of grass, you finally stumble upon your favorite tree hidden in the grassy maze – the tree your parents had planted in the honor and joy of having a legitimate baby. A large twisted wisteria tree is arched over, letting its flowered buds hang and drift in the wind. The shaded grass patch remains desolate of overgrowth and holds an array of scattered petals as you pull Sans up the light incline and towards the trees rooted base. Finding the ideal spot, you free the wine from the slung bag and begin to empty the contents; an old telescope your father had used to show you the galaxy. Setting up the tripod with haste, attaching the telescope to the end, Sans tries to find the beers to busy himself with anything. Assuring you approach from behind with enough noise to not spook the skeleton, you loosen and free the hoody as his eyes fly open and upwards– the wild array of stars and constellations along with a few stray planets gleaming brighter and freefalling stars.

His eyes are trained to the sky as he lets out a long gasp – or an intake of air – and flops back into the flower petal grass, the petals dancing around his skull, and staring blissfully into the night. Finished with the telescope you check the measurements as they zoom in directly at the moon, a few of the craters clearer thanks to the magnification.

“C’mere.” You call over Sans half-heartedly, walking away to fetch the discarded drinks and haul them over. Sans is glancing through the telescope in an instant, swerving his head at every little new discovery. He turns as you approach. You have to stop mid step to just take in his face. The moonlight is adding an illuminated glow to his bones and sky blue jacket. The circles under his eyes have practically vanished, his sockets and pupils wide with happiness. His smile is neither smirk nor fake grin, a blue blush adorning his cheekbones – the genuine joy behind it is enough to melt your heart as he beams at you for the first time in forever.

“where’s this been?!” He chuckles, offering for you to look through the scope. Knowing its more beneficial for him, you gesture back towards it.

“The basement. Hasn’t been used in ages.” You sigh, opening two beers and planting one beside the base of the tripod, sipping at your own. Its aged and bitter, but nothing terrible as you continue after a disgusted sip.

“This is incredible...” It’s a non-directed whisper as he has trouble pulling himself away. He blindly reaches around for the prepared beer and takes a clumsy sip before swiveling the lens in another
direction, peering towards a few congregated planets. You yourself take much greater enjoyment in
admiring the wisterias leaves and petals as the dance through the win.

“Yeah…” you agree, leaning back and admiring the mixture of colors dancing together along with
the wind and the night sky.

Sans takes notice of you completely drowning in the fascination with the tree instead, taking a
moment to ponder, and squatting into a falling sit as he joins you on the ground. Leaning back, he
appreciates the pale lilac and dark sky speckled with shining hydrogen masses. Taking a long chug
of beer, he turns to meet your face. His troubled world instantly crumbles away.

Your skin dances with the nighttimes natural light, mixing with the mixture of lilac and bristling
green – the trees trunk offering a median point. A considerate breeze blows through, tossing the
individual locks of hair around your softened face. Your hazel eyes twinkle along with the spread
stars, a few petals dancing down and trying to conceal your face. The perfect mixture of red and
pink evenly distributed beneath your skin to add a fascinating blush that compliments your lips.

He knows it now, without hesitation. This needing push his soul makes whenever he catches your
eyes. The warmth that had radiated off your hand as he was blindly lead through the grass to this
obviously special location.

Your lips curve into his favorite smile, your cheeks raising into your eyes that squint with curiosity
as you giggle and snicker while he stares. His face begins to burn and thrum.

“w-what?” He can hardly believe he stutters as he shoots up in surprise – you’re laughing at him.
Alls you can manage is to point to your upper lip, your eyes directed pointedly at his own face.
Confused, he rubs his sleeve over his teeth. Pulling back, there’s a perfect line of beer foam stuck
to his jacket as you sputter, trying desperately to withhold laughter. He subconsciously pleas until
you let out a small snort.

Every sound, every movement, every look you give him melts away his walls and concealment–
was this DETERMINATION?

No.

Tears prickled into your tightly shut eyes as you chugged down a beer, hoping for the intoxication
to help pass out as you continue to laugh at the misfortune. His soul knotted up.

No...

It wasn’t long before you’d opened the wine, downing it and becoming a drunken slur. He wasn’t
nearly as intoxicated as you, but he was right behind you as you both laughed and made ridiculous
jokes and puns.

Please…No.

“What’re yur ‘hawts on babies?” You grumble. You collected a little pile of petals the tree had
distributed onto the ground. He believes you were attempting to make a snowman or something
physical of the loose pile.
“eh. theyre m’kay. jus’ so lung as they aren’t fuckin’ murder brats……. . .. y’know?”

“Mmm!” You try to exclaim in the middle of your drinking. “Eeggxactly.” You offer your wine to knock against his beer.

**Please stop.**

“Dude. These petuls r so prettuuh.” Sans thinks the last word is slightly gagged but he is throwing his skull back in surprise. You blew the collected pile of petals directly into his face, a few landing inside his sockets. The silky feeling drifts through his skull as he quakes and trembles, trying to settle so the simply fall out his mouth. You have other plans as you uptake his skull, pointing it downward, and shaking it like a desperate youth using an 8-ball for the first time.

He garbles and is thankful for overall lack of a gag reflex as the petals finally shutter out the way they had entered. Pulling his skull back upright and his pupils still ping-ponging about from dizziness, he centers his gaze onto your nose, and then your entire face.

*Get away from me.*

Your face is extremely close.

*I don’t want to hurt you.*

“’S your head better now?”

*Its too much…*

He feels at your face – your cheeks and temple. He appreciates the supple skin and fleshy give as he worms his phalanges into your hair. You give a mesmerized moan as he scratches at your scalp and head, pressing through the hair as you lean into the touch. The shared feeling alone is intoxicating.

*You’re going to ruin me.*

Every instance you pull back and into the indescribable massage, Sans follows. Both of you are finally laid back in the grass, your hair splayed everywhere. The wisteria petals are mixing in with your loose locks of cocoa brown.

“Sans…” Your voice is nothing but a whisper. He is now the one too close.

*Don’t do this. I don’t want to ruin us. This.*

“No…”

*Fucking shit.*

He presses into you, into your lips. Boney teeth crashing together with your supple and slightly chapped lips, but it’s the furthest thing on his mind. He doesn’t know what to do – skeleton kissing is literally just clanking heads together. He knew humans did a lot more than that as he tries to replicate it from movies or exhibitionists. You instantly pick up on the activity as you nuzzle closer, wrapping your arms around his vertebrae. He could melt into you as you wriggle and worm beneath him. You peck and smooch his teeth, trying to find a source of reciprocation. Finally finding a sloppy way to pucker, he begins to lock lips (teeth?) with you and- oooooohh was it better than any beer the surface could offer.
The remnants of the wine are toppled over and begin to roll down the incline as you both become heated. Pecking turns passionate as you both start heavy breathing, opening and begging for more. Instincts meshing with desire continues to spur his lust as he continues to reciprocate the spontaneous need for flesh. He freezes up as you let out a moan. His hands had begun to venture over your bare stomach, beneath your shirt.

Flinching back in self-surprise, you remain on the ground, breathing and realizing. He himself is a whirl of emotions as he gasps in appreciation and internal hatred. His soul burned and pleaded for more, yet his more rational mind screamed out.

_**She is fucking drunk! Stop!**_

The ending sign is evident as you let out a little wheezing snore.

---

Yet again, you floated in a black void of nothing. Your body tingled with an internal fire the spread through your veins as you groaned and pleaded for relief.

“Oh my. Doesn’t that look…troublesome.” The sickly clear voice echoes out in the empty space as your eyes shoot up. A tall figure shrouded in complete darkness squirms and oozes while looking down onto you with a sinister smirk. Even with the lack of placement, you fall back onto something and scramble backwards to distance yourself from the old threat.

“**H-How are you here? I t-took my pills the other day!”** You screech, seeking an exit. Nothing obvious makes itself aware as the looming monster inches closer – his grime sliding off and forming a snails trail of deep purple.

“I hardly know myself. Intriguing, is it not?” He glances around himself, peering for any exit. Nothing.

You whimper and cower back even farther from the tall figure. Standing up with wobbly legs proves to be of little benefit as he still towers at least a foot over yourself.

“**W-Why did you try to….to kill me?”** You swallow down a tightening lump as your back presses against a wall. His sockets share a similar pinprick glow like Sans, though they feel……colder.

“Kill you? Dear human, I haven’t the slightest clue what you speak of.” He throws off the question.

“Bullshit! You poked at my soul an-and I nearly died you curious pri-“ In one fell instance, he is inches from your face.

“**Y0u R3C@II tH1@+?”** His voice crackles and spits with impressed poison as your head begins to split into tension.

“Of course!!” You scream, begging for it to end.

As fast as the static had begun, it fizzled out. A slimy set of arms wrapped around you and pulled you close. Squirming in disgust momentarily, you worry he will seep over and around you.

_Ba-dump._
Pausing your thrashing for an instance, you feel around. Feel infront of you; directly into his chest.

**Ba-dump.**

Before you lies a heart – a purple heart encased in the black grime. Besides the black ooze overtaking the majority of the little heart, its healthy and radiating a sadness that sweeps over you.

“Please……” The monster pleads, the sludge making up his arms trembling as they hold you close.

A force. A need. Certainly not a desire as much as a contributing decision or a necessary demand.

You hold the heart.

“It can’t be done. I can’t possibly get all of these done along with the DETERMINATION tests in time, Your Majesty.”

-“Then fetch an assistant.”

“With all due respect, sire, I’d rather not involve those who cannot handle the requirements into such a dangerous line of work.”

“Gaster. My old friend…I grow weary. Weary with stunted old age, of the unbonding, and death. You and your calculated steps are all I can manage hope in during these trying times.”

“…I understand, Your Majesty. But I need more time.”

“We have it. I merely seek to make time…speed up.”

“What does a skeleton put on their roof?”

“hehehee! what – what?!”

“**Shingles!”**

“heheeHeeeheehehe!”

“**NYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!! NYEEH NYEEEEEE-“**

“o-oh no! papy, shh shhhh its alright!”

“Heh. Looks as though your little brother doesn’t like his old mans jokes.”

“**Happy Birthday Papyrus!”**

“**NYEH HEH HEH HEH!!!”**
“here ya go, pap. specially made from me and pops.”

“A SCARF?! AND HANDMADE TOO?!! AAAAAHHH!! THANK YOU SO MUCH, SANS!! THANK YOU TOO, DAD!!”

“h-hey paps, chill. c-c’mon, leggo.”

“Oh this is going in the home video collection.”

“d-don’t record it! p-papyrus, c’mon! git-off?!”

“D-Doctor Gaster! The CORE is destabilizing!”

“What?!”

“d-dad?!”

“Sans, get home – NOW!”

“dad, where are you going?!”

“I need to try and cool the CORE before it erupts!”

“no! dad, i’m coming with you!”

“Absolutely not!”

“i can help!!”

“Sans…. You are a great son. A fine older brother. And also, my right hand man.”

“he-heh…”

“But if anything goes wrong in there, who will Papyrus have? I need to know you’ll be there for him….I promise – I’m coming right home. I’m not the royal scientist for nothing!”

“……alright….be careful.”

“….I will.”


"Alphys might work faster. But the previous Royal Scientist, Doctor W.D Gaster? One day, he vanished without a trace. They say he shattered across time and space. Ha ha. . . How can I say so without fear? I’m holding a piece of him right here."

="It makes sense why ASGORE took so long to hire a new Royal Scientist. After all, the old one. . . Dr. Gaster. What an act to follow! They say he created the CORE. However, his life . . . Was cut
short. One day, he fell into his creation, and . . . . . Will Alphys end up the same way? Will Alphys
end up the same way? Will Alphys end up the same way? Will Alphys end up the same way?

I understand why ASGORE waited so long to hire a new Royal Scientist. The previous one . . .
Dr. Gaster. His brilliance was irreplaceable. However, his life . . . Was cut short. One day, his
experiments went wrong, and . . . . Well, I needn’t gossip. After all, it’s rude to talk about someone
who’s listening.

Your eyes well with tears as you are released. Released to nothing. Falling. Darkness. Crying.

“Tell only the ‘angel’ of this.”

“Aaaaahhh!” You shoot up and bash your head instantly into a hard surface that shoots back along
with you. A tense pressure that had rested on your chest is thrown back and off the bed with a
clatter

“what the fuck!?”

Panting and stunned, you look over everything. The room. Your room. Old room. Sans. Sans is on
the floor, looking right back at you. Sans. Gaster’s Son. The memories. They flood back. Your eyes
are overflowing with tears. Your head hurts like someone threw a tire at it. Migraine. Hangover.
You can’t remember anything besides taking Sans out to see stars, getting drunk, and waking up
from that……well that. It was neither dream, nightmare, nor personal memory. Vision?

I’ll go with vision.

“you alright?” Sans is instantly at your side as you hang your head in your hands, trying to center
yourself. The room is swaying uncontrollably in your vision.

“I-I saw-‘Tell only the ‘angel’ of this.’ you’re still gasping for air. You hardly feel the tears
rolling down your cheeks. “I just- bad dream- why- why are we in the same bed?”

Conversation swapping. Excellent dodging.
Sans must perceive your dodge as an escape to return to reality as he settles down.

“‘ya fell asleep outside. thought it’d be best you got proper sleep. big day.”

The dawn dawned on you of what day it exactly was. Pushing aside the overall vomit urge choking in the back of your throat, you were already sick of today as a rowdy set of feet stomp up the stairs in a flash and through your bedroom door.

“SANS!! ENOUGH PUTTING OFF SLEEP! IT’S NEARLY NOON, YOU LAZYBO-………. HUMAN? WHY ARE YOU IN HERE?” Papyrus’ shrilling voice further splits your head open as you grudgingly groan an pull your old pillow into your face.

“Make it ssstooooopp.” You plead, falling back onto your mattress.

“HUMAN! YOU HAVE A RATHER LARGE AND ARDUOUS DAY AHEAD! YOU’D BEST NOT START IT OFF WITH SLEEPING IN!!” Papyrus shrieks, pulling Sans under one arm as he begins to drift back to sleep and cautiously sling you over his clavicle.

“Nooooooo.” You plead, but its far too late as Papyrus jostles and your body is thrown into a morning sickened turmoil over his shoulder.

The dining room is filled with chit chat as lunch is already in progress. Toriel made egg and cheese sandwiches along with a neatly tossed salad and milk. Flowey refused the choices and opted for cereal instead that Frisk is also sharing in as it is a big bowl.

“G-Good morning J-“

“UuuugggGGhhh…” You moan in distress as Papyrus gingerly sets you down infront of the food. The sickening smell of delicious breakfast nearly sets you over as you withhold vomiting.

“What the hell happened to you? You look like you just got thrown off a building.” Flowey comments, spooning another mouthful of cereal into his small mouth with a baby spoon you’d specifically picked up for him. Frisk nods, looking you over with a hint of misery.

“I’m…….fine.” You grunt, trying to clear your head. Thank every source on earth to the blessing known as Toriel – she is beside you instantly with milk and painkiller. Placing a hand to your head, she feels for any sign of fever. Swallowing the disgusting pit and swishing down the pill with the milk, you instantly almost spit up the dairy product. The taste is queerly different then you recall.

Sans and Papyrus are helping themselves, Frisk pouring more into the cereal, and only Undyne seems to be avoiding it per-say.

“Hmm. Well, you don’t seem sick. That’s always good. How do you feel?” You completely ignore her question as you snatch up the milk carton that’s nearly drained and read over the label.

“…Hey, guys. Who did I put in charge of getting dairy the other day?” You ask out of the blue. Alphys looks quizzically at you, then the jug.

“Oh! YOU LEFT THAT IN THE FAITHFUL HANDS OF ME, SANS, AND UNDYNE! AND WE DID A FINE JOB!!” Papyrus puffs up his chest fondly.

“Yes. Great job. On the…utter hand…who grabbed the milk?” You can hear Papyrus gritting his teeth together as he looms nearby, fetching another plate and a bowl for cereal.

“I did?” Undyne tries to recall, thinking it over. “Yeah, I did.”
“Uh…uh-huh….and, um…..Are you aware you got goats milk?” You ask, snickering a little as Toriel snatches up the carton to read the label. Sans and Flowey instantly spit out the beverage, Flowey choking on a piece of cereal lodged in his little stem. Or did he dissolve everything into magical energy as well?......Fuck I don’t know.

A pregnant silence swept over the table as Undyne tried to resist laughing on her ass, though that task seemed impossible as the statement had hysterically flung her to the floor.

“O-Oh my god-ahahAHAHAH I-I was waiting f-for someone to catch that. OH MY GOD-DAHAHA!” Undyne is smashing her fist into the floor with disbelief, shaking the overhanging light fixtures.

“U-U-Undy-dyne!!” Alphys squeals, burying her hands into her face. Or vice versa. It does little to show the fact the majority of her scales are gleaming pink and red. Looking to Toriel, she looks disturbed, but neither disheartened or discouraged. In fact, she takes a sip of her glass – the action prompts Flowey to gag audibly.

“What’s the matter? You guys make it seem like this…” You can’t finish it; you’re already snickering.

“Got your goat?”

Oh bless everything for giving this world Toriel.

The commotion finally dies down and everyone returns to general chatter and antics at the dinning table (Undyne snuck a second jug of usual milk. The skeletons were the most thankful as Flowey forbade himself from having anymore cereal) and everything was relaxing and seemingly alright.

Enjoy the time while its pleasant.

As if to smite you down, your cellphone begins to ring. Pulling out your device amidst the laughter, all sound instantly gets drowned out in your mind as you read over the caller ID. It was your lawyer. Placing the phone away from you and crumpling into your chair, you will the phone to shut up.

“U-Um…Jane?” Alphys asks, pointlessly reaching across the table towards you. “What are you doing?”

“Shhhh. If it’s not important, they won’t call back.” You insist as the ringing ceases. They don’t leave a voicemail. Before you can even heave a sigh of relief, the home phone goes off. Only your lawyer and the chief of security knew you were there the day before a meeting. Screeching in hatred, you throw back the chair you are in.

“God dammit, he can’t just be patient and wait. No –nnooo he has to do something that gets these guys on my- URRRGGGHHH.” You growl, rushing into the kitchen to snatch up the phone. Picking it up, you don’t even have the speaker to your ear before they are speaking.

---“There was an incident.” It’s the security chief.

“What’d he do NOW?” You demand, leaning back against the kitchen table.

---“The guard who informed him of your…’visit’ failed to mention a day to night of the timing. He has been expecting you since 4:30 this morning.” The chief sighs, clearly disappointed in the guards incompetence.
“Oh – of course!” You sarcastically say, sliding your back down the wall until your settled against the kitchen floor, hugging your knees.

---“We’ve done what we can to calm his temper…however-“

“Of course there’s a however. Course- course.” You mutter, hanging your head. You’re vaguely aware of Toriel poking her head into the kitchen.

---“.However, he attacked the guard who was in charge of meal service.”

“He’s done that before.” You comment, recalling the multiple incidents.

---“It was a monster guard.”

Your heart instantly sank as memories of Temmie wasting away into dust in your arms played back on a reel.

---“Ms. Kiel.”

“Are they alright?”

---“…They’re gone. It was too fast to stop. We’ll need to make an official report of this to the King and Queen of Monsters. This brings about another issue – they’ll need to dish out punishment in these regards; monsters don’t share the same legal system we do and it needs to be directly addressed to them. Besides that, he is making a multitude of threats to other prisoners and monster staff unless you arrive soon.”

“…Alright…So. What you’re saying is that I need to go to court…with Monsters…against my brother.” You’re trying to understand this. Toriel is picking up interest in the conversation as she takes a uncertain step inside. You look to her. Pity and hurt glistens in her eyes as she looks over your crumpled frame.

---“Not necessarily. Simply that the legal issue will be addressed and handled by them. We don’t have power directly over monster casualties. It could take a while though; they’ve supposedly been overrun with other political matters on disappearances.”

“I’m aware. Look; I don’t want to have to explain this to her – If I hand the queen the phone, can you just….y’know?” You plead with your eyes to Toriel. She is already offering to take the phone.

---“Wait, what?”

“She’s staying over at my house with most of the other officials. Look - is this okay or not?”

---“Uh,ah yes, mhmm of course. Please.” They ask as you hand Toriel the phone.

“Hello?...Yes this is she. What seems to be the trouble?.......Mhmm…………..Yes…………Oh lord.” You can’t even face Toriel as you shift tighter into your knees, burying your head. “I understand. Will it be…..no will it be safe?.......Not just for us. For the humans as well?.........You cannot do that. Its like throwing live bait into a lions den!!......No, I fail to see how this was a settled agreement!!” You’re shivering with anxiety. Its quite the rarity that Toriel raises her voice.

“Hold one moment. Papyrus, please, go back out into the dining room. Tell the others to get dressed as well.” Toriel instructs. Papyrus hesitates before saluting his queen and returning to the dining room, betraying the dirty dishes on the counter.

“Now then – You cannot put her in there with that maniac! Its unethical and madness!.........Yes.” You can practically feel the bite in her words. Sparing a glance, she is seething behind that calm voice. “Yes………Alright. Should anything happen, this will be made an issue. Publicly.” And with a hiss, she clatters the phone back onto the wall receiver, cutting the line.

“Jane.” She kneels onto both knees, splaying her legs backwards behind her. “How…how long have they been having you sit across from him?”

You scrunch up further into your ball. More fucking legal shit: Any attempts to speak with your brother with a protective glass barrier ended up he would bash his head against the lens or lash out on himself until security came. Then would proceed to be equally violent until it was a forward confrontation. The longest he kept it up for was a month before the institute staff caved to the daily pressure.

“Long enough.” You croak out past a choking lump lodged in your throat.

The loving and assuring hug you receive releases the tension in your body as you shiver against her. You’re drained of tears, your eyes stinging.

“I’m so sorry.” You whisper delicately.

“Nothing is your fault, my child. Nobody but his own. You cannot take any blame on this matter-do you understand?” Her harsh truth has you whimpering pitifully as you nod against her.

*I just want this to be over…*

“I hate to ask. If you would get dressed, I would like to leave as soon as possible.” Toriel asks with a hush in her voice; like she despises having to ask.

“..Yeah.”

“We’ll need to inform Undyne and Sans. Asgore as well.” She relays as you nod against her. “Alright. You go on ahead, I will tell them.” She assures you, rubbing your back and helping you to your feet.

“Alright.”

She walks you out to the living room. Surprisingly, everyone is already dressed. It hadn’t even been four minutes. The only struggle was Frisk trying to pick between Flowey pots and socks.

“What happened?” Undyne is already on the defensive, Alphys settling her arm onto Undyne, but her eyesight is trained onto you.

“Jane?” It takes all your heart to push past her silently. Even then, you can’t help but mumble an ‘I’m sorry.’ before going upstairs to change.

“Ahem. I understand it’s against the previous plan, however, we have direct business with a Kevin Kiel regarding a fatal monster confrontation. A Whimsalot.”

“He WHAT???”
“...”

“K-KIEL?”

“N-N-No.”

“What.”

“Jane?” Frisk instantly pitter patters away from the crowd and rushes you at the top of the stairs. He helps to break the echoing screams of a frothing Undyne.

“I-Is it true?” Frisk pleads, clutching your shirt. You can only pet his head and nod.

“Yeah. He did.”

“But why?” You hug Frisk closer; into your stomach and resting your head onto his.

“Toriel told me I wasn’t allowed to blame myself... so I don’t know why other than he is mad.” You sigh, patting his head before ducking behind the bathroom door and fiddling with your bag.

Doing your morning procedure – brushing teeth, feeling back, and opting to simply splash your face as a wake up call – you leave the bathroom with knee long dark grey shorts, a deep blue short sleeved top that was loose at the shoulders, and hair pulled back into a tighter ponytail. Frisk is sitting outside, waiting. They picked pinkish socks to correspond with their ‘sick’ blue sneakers that squeak when wet. He holds your hand and gives you a broad smile.

“I will be your escort!” He informs you, giving a suave eyebrow gesture that gets a light giggle from you. It’s just the image of his thicker eyebrows waggling around, and then watching him masterfully not do it well making it perfect to break your jitters. You can’t stop flexing your thumbs inward. You caught your head turning three times. It was already worse than usual.

“Up until I need to head inside, right?” You ask as he pulls you carefully towards the stairs.

“Nuh-uh! We’re going to be there the whole way!”

Before you can even ask the meaning behind that, Papyrus’ screams of haste erupt from outside as you are pulled through the door. Toriel is behind the wheel of the van, Alphys and Undyne seated in the very back with room in the middle for Frisk. Sans and Papyrus are sitting more or less patiently in the middle – Sans is staring off on the opposite side to the distant land while Papyrus keeps beckoning you forth. The front passenger side door is invitingly open as Toriel starts the ignition. Frisk drags you down and presses you into your seat. You have to physically buckle in front of them before they hop past Papyrus and snuggle between the girls. Where Undyne would be all over to noogie Frisks head, she keeps her eye transfixed on Toriel and you.

“I probably shouldn’t even ask why everyone is coming, but I’m going to anyway?” You give Toriel a weighing gesture as she sighs and looks back at the bunch bundled together. Though Papyrus is still energetic, you can tell even his focus is redirected.

“I must attend to dish out the punishment along with Sans who ‘Judges’ him based on his LV and EXP... And then Undyne demanded to come as the Captain of the Royal Guard for protection, Papyrus and Frisk insisted that any SOULS willing to change must first be given a chance before Judgement, and Alphys is your best friend – she would attend the inside whether this had occurred or not.” Toriel obviously is not okay with the final agreement, but the majority says otherwise.

“WE WILL BE RIGHT BESIDE YOU, HUMAN JANE!” Papyrus states as he puffs his chest out
proudly. Frisks rapid nodding can be seen with the shaking of his hair.

“you ain’t gettin’ anywhere near none of these guys, y’hear me paps? none ‘a ya are.” Sans is clearly on edge; he won’t look anywhere but the window.

“Ha. I have to sit directly across from him – whether you say something or not.” You sass back at him. You appreciate the heroism, but it will do nothing for you.

“And that’s what we’ll be there for. When we get there. We should go. Like; NOW.” Undynes impatience wafts through the car like a foul odor. Her foot jabs against the van, rocking it on its wheels.

“INDEED SANS! JANE WILL HAVE HER MAJESTY, UNDYNE, AND THE GREAT PAPYRUS WATCHING OVER YOU!!” Tap tap tap. “AND FRISK! AND SURELY THE HUMANS IN THERE ARE MERELY MISTAKEN OR LOST!” Papyrus states. You don’t know if he hears Sans scoffing as Toriel revs the engine.

“WAIT!!” You scream, flying clumsily out of the car.

“What – WHAT?!” Undyne summons a spear in the close quarters, the tip brushing past Frisks hair as her quick movements jostle the van.

“Undyne, NO WEAPONS IN THE VEHICLE!!” Toriel yells back at her in the panic. Papyrus is trying to unbuckle and pursue you but you’re already rushing back with the evidence baggie.

“Sorry, sorry!” You apologize, showing the bag. You look back at a very intense Undyne who is settling back into her seat. She ripped the belt buckle right off with her abrupt standing. Buckling in yourself, the trip is underway for not even a minute before Toriel is fiddling with the radio.

“…Hello darkness my old friend…I’ve come to talk with yo-“ You cannot even describe how fast you mash the off button to the radio. Toriel doesn’t attempt to apologize or retry another station.

Standing before the intimidating double doors, Papyrus pushes them open with little to no hesitation; his smile broad and joyous. Toriel takes the lead, Papyrus close behind with you, Frisk and Flowey, then Alphys, Undyne, and Sans taking the back. There’s indistinct shouting and cursing as you find it pointless to shield Frisk from the flurry of profanities.

“Ms. Kiel. Mrs. Dreemurr.” The familiar usually silent security guard that address’ you is none other than an old confidential colleague of your fathers. His name slips your mind, but you know one thing – you worked for him once.

“Hey! How are the kids?” You break from the line, approaching him with a high five.


“Ouch. Rough.” You hiss.

“Your telling me my life’s rough?” He whistles.
“To any normal person it would be, so yeah.” You shrug at him.

“Hah. Come to ‘visit’ Mr. Hissy Fit?”

“If by ‘visit’ you mean ‘continue to condemn him to a life of imprisonment’, then yes. I didn’t come to give you Hopes brownie recipe.”

“Ooohh those brownies.” He is practically drooling as he stands taller. “Is…all this company required?” He turns to address Toriel – she seems prouder and regal despite the spit talk of the prisoners.

“Yes. Everyone is vital to this operation.”

Operation?

With an accepting shrug, you and your band of monsters follow him down a path to a solitary interrogation cell. You can already hear his disgusting snickering. Sans is much more rigid and Undyne constantly seems on the spur of the moment; any millisecond you expect a spear to materialize in her hands. You don’t even need to ask Sans why; you can see it. His lone eye is illuminated; is judging the inmates you pass. Most seem to squirm into a corner under his intense cyan stare. You don’t dote on it too long.

The security chief is waiting outside the room as you approach.

“His multiple personality has gotten worse.” He states as he joins in you walking. Toriel decides to lag slightly behind to walk with her arm reassuringly around Frisk.

“How bad?” You groan.

“He’s gone from sobbing, shrieking, to singing and strutting, back to sobbing, and finally seething. Last I checked it was sobbing again.”

“Oh joy – you’re throwing me to crocodile water works. Thanks.”

“The singing was awful. Lyrically and tone wise.”

“Really don’t need this conversation right now. Let him be judged, I’ll ‘visit’ and we can just be done.” You bite, motioning for him to open the final door. He does and you can hear Flowey and Alphys take a sharp intake of air as you are lead to a one-way mirror.

Oh god he got skinnier…

Beyond the mirror is a solitary jail cell under constant surveillance. Inside is a sobbing man who snickers past his tears. His arms are pulled and chained through the back of the metal chair. Though his frame is tall and lean, he is pretty close to skin and bones. He could almost be mistaken for Papyrus with skin, though Papyrus had a clearly larger head and height advantage. His clothes are smeared with the victims dust as he leans over the table. His hair is thicker than yours and hangs sickly strewn and knotted together. His noses bridge is still slightly crooked along with his devil smile.

“WHERE IS YOUR SINISTER BROTHER?” Papyrus peers around past the mirror. “THAT MAN LOOKS SAD.”

“That man is my brother.” You state, twisting your hair and tapping your leg. Alphys has cleared her throat whenever you tried to twist and warp your neck against the muscles straining it tighter.
“This twerp?” Undyne hisses, clearly less intimidated. Obviously not what she was expecting likely.

“Sans.” Toriel breathes, look past the glass closer.

“on it.”

After a few agonizing minutes, Sans stumbles back, shuddering and covering his mouth.

“Well?!” Undyne barks, spear at the ready.

“…..LV…….1. EXP 1….Very disturbed and unsure.”

“That’s not possible.” Toriel gasps, fear evident in her eyes. Frisk grapples onto you once again, Flowey transferred to the sensible Alphys.

“What? What are LV and EXP?” You ask Frisk directly before Undyne begins screaming.

“That’s not POSSIBLE! GET YOUR SOCKETS CHECKED SOLDIER – THERE IS NO WAY THAT FILTH IS INNOCENT!!”

“you don’t think i know that?!”

“WELL THEN CHECK ‘IM AGAIN!!”

You and Frisk shy away as he soul whispers.

“LV and EXP are gained if you kill people or monsters. They are both acronym. LV stands for LOVE; which is another acronym for Level Of Violence. EXP is Execution Points. Once you gain enough EXP, it increases your LV, making you stronger…” They begin to dance on their feet shyly, like a waddle or need for a bathroom. But they went before you all left.

“…Frisk. How did you come to know that?”

“wait.” Sans voice of uncertainty growls out as he refocuses on the sobbing mess of your brother.

“…its still 1. all uh it.”

“THAT’S NOT POSSIBLE!!” Undyne is grasping his shoulders and shaking him thoroughly, Papyrus trying to step in and break the dispute. You ponder on the sidelines to the messed up reading before it hits you. Pulling away from Frisk, you glance over the systems board that leads directly into his cell and fiddle around before finding the microphone. Clenching your teeth together, you shush the entire party. Once everyone freezes, you give the momentary signal and press the loud speaker.

“Sorry Kevin. It’ll be a bit longer before she can make it.” You deepen your voice as you speak over the microphone.

It takes only moments before you can visually see him beginning to seethe.

“WHY?!?!” His deafening wail turns savage as he bites onto the table for something to do, his legs flailing aggressively and banging against the metal of the chair. Backing away and crossing your arms, you overlook the fidgeting mess you’re related to.

“And how is his LV now?”

“…………19.” Sans’ energy pulses to your side. Undyne finally summons a spear, aiming at the
mirror. “his soul is…flip flopping. just…changing – like the flip of a coin. one second ‘s 1, the next its friggin-”

“Multiple Personality Disorder…” Toriel breathes, looking to you in instant realization as you agree.

“That coupled along with Bipolar? Not surprised.” You hiss, approaching the sideway door that lead to the opening.

“JANE. NOW IS NOT THE BEST TIME TO ENTER. IT WOULD BE BEST TO WAIT FOR YOUR BROTHER TO FEEL LESS……MURDERY.” Papyrus twines his fingers together in consideration.

“Papyrus, he is always murmery. He just has trouble showing it.” You grumble, opening the door.

“A shy murmery.”

Chapter End Notes

CLIFFHANGER!!

P.S : Long Cliffhanger. Loves yeah <3

P.P.S : Okay I am genuinely sorry about this cliffhanger. I had planned to get her there, get through Tuesday, end with them leaving the establishment. However, my timeframe was running short and the creative juices tend to halt around 1 A.M on the day you're supposed to post, so I just literally said "Fuck it.", posted it, and went to bed.

I'll be taking a break from this to attend to my other fics (no love.) and then I will be right back to this. Hope you all understand <3

Leave comments down below! They really cheer me up; reading what you guys thought or just your random garble <3
My Little Sunshine(s)

Chapter Summary

A blast to a daddies past.

Chapter Notes

I just realized that I didn't mention this before!
Thank you ALL for -checks- holy fuck when did I hit 700 Kudos. People. PEOPLE. LOOK AT THAT NUMBER....Thats you. THATS YOU. FOR ME. I was literally speechless. Also - fucking 11k VIEWS!? You guys are making me a sputtering little mess of just JOY.
STOP.
STOP BEING AWESOME AND JUST GREAT PEOPLE.
STOP. XD

ANYWAYS! Fathers Day Post!
Sorry there wasn't a Mothers Day one - I couldn't of gotten it done if I tried + I dont have enough mums to talk about, honestly.
Not yet. (FUTURE PLANS POSSIBLY PROBABLY NOT REVEALED. IDFK)

Hope you enjoy it - its alot shorter then normal.
P.S : More then one scientific father is POV in this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sweat was building across his skull as he swept his sleeve over his brow. It kept dripping into his eye-sockets and the still fresh terrified murmurs of monsters behind him spurred him forward. This would be his greatest work in recent years, and the King and Queen needed a new light in their life. Not to say the prince wasn't enough of a little bundle.

He recalls walking in to Toriel gliding across the floor, the new baby prince held in her arms. Going over the diagnostics and blueprints sheets with her majesty, the infant prince cradled in her arms began to bleat in alarm at the scientists face and looming multitude of hands.

He was never good with children.

The Queen shushed and cuddled the infant until he fell still in silence and slumber.

“Forgive me for startling the young prince, Your Majesty.” He has bowed and apologized more times than he can count as he stands outside the Home door.

“Doctor Gaster, you needn’t apologize for such small things.” Toriel sighs, her hand lovingly joined together with Asgores. Their King had been on constant alert and beckon of his people – it was evident in his exhausted features and shaggy beard. While food and housing had finally been
attended to, the halls were cramped and the rest of the guard was still out scouting the entirety of their new homes. Gerson had informed him beyond the complex tunnels of iridescent waters and shimmering gemstones that duplicated the stars, he and the other Guard Dogs had stumbled upon an ideal location to gather energy to fuel the kingdom. Beyond the lake of magmatic toil rested another enlarged area for even broader expansion, and the single thing the monsters couldn’t combat – the Barrier.

The mages had dropped the remnants of their people into a hole, and here they were stuck until several human souls were used to diminish the entrapping magic surrounding Ebott. There were few who survived past the Royal Family, The Guard, and a few of each species and gender. He stood alone as the sole skeleton – not that there were many to begin with. Reproduction was trivial and deadly. With newfound knowledge of were the core of all energy in this Underground was to be placed, it was now merely the taxing duty of ensuring it was connecting everywhere physically possible without becoming corrupt and exploding from the overheating.

It was his duty to construct devices, energy converters, indulging into science theories unexplored. Yet he could not even calm a mere infant.

“She is right, Gaster. You are doing plenty enough – I believe my son would cry out at my face as well.” Asgore tries to ease the tension, though his laugh is equally as haggard as his appearance. He must have been about attending his people for hours.

“It is fine, Sire. I must return to the CORE and finalize these blueprints. Good night to you both and the young prince.” He replies, walking away without slouch nor hesitation.

Once out of the sight of monsters, in his temporary home, he felt the gravity and tensing necessity of their situation burrowing down onto him. There would be no sleep tonight, he groaned, moving over to his desk. His makeshift board was becoming riddled with blue prints and diagnostics regarding the workings of the CORE. It certainly wasn’t full-proof, but so long as it powered the current area, he was fine with that.

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Years had passed, and the Underground had vastly expanded beyond even the kings imagination. Everyone was finally settling in when everyone was stunned to the appearance of a human. A human child, no doubt. Monsters begin kind natured folk to begin with, and the child being one of innocence, the Royal Family adopted the little girl into their arms.

Time passed, and his weariness grew. The children danced around him playfully, begging for him to ‘come play’ and ‘give yourself a break’. They would be the end of him yet.

The king and queens return is music to his non-existent ears. He has been repeating the mathematics and scientific theories for long enough, and quiet brings progress as he tries to leave with post haste; subtle goodbyes and fair bearings.

Nevertheless, past his exhaustion, Asgore halts him outside.

“Gaster, how goes the supplying of energy through to the New Home?” Asgore asks out of Toriels hearing range. The King had suggested they make two central points where the Royalty could sleep in. The creation of Home and New Home along with the intriguingly mysterious River Person allowed them to be virtually everywhere whenever the citizens needed them, and if time
grew short they wouldn’t need to rush in either direction for their housing.

“The process is painstakingly slow, Your Highness, but give it but a week and everything should
be up and working.” Gaster assures the King, trying to withhold a yawn.

“I cannot thank you enough for watching over my children tonight. I understand you are terribly
busy…” Asgore’s face is on of hurt as he looks over his old friend.

“Forgive my frankness, Sire, but I don’t understand why I am the one elected to care for the Royal
children when I have more pressing and important matters to attend to.” Gaster’s voice is laced with
poison. He wasn’t sorry about being frank. Especially to his King. They had grown into old men
over time and had known each other to the point where the royal label meant little to nothing. The
man Gaster saw currently was simply Asgore Dreemurr, his good friend who’d made him lose
precious time to babysit.

“I worry.” Asgore states, twiddling his thumbs.

“For what? The children? Sire, anyone would be ecstatic and willing to watch over the-“ Gaster
runs to the tangent as Asgore settles a controlling hand onto his boney shoulder.

“I do not worry for my children, Gaster. I worry for you.”

…Interesting.

“How so, Sire?” Gaster crosses his arms, patient.

“You are alone in that large home. The snow has been heavy these past weeks, but I can see it; you
likely haven’t had decent sleep in ages thanks to your work and you refuse public socialization that
doesn’t involve us. You’ll go mad, friend.” Asgore states, trying to give Gaster the push in the
proper direction.

“Having Asriel……besides falling in blissful love and marrying the woman of my greatest dreams,
he has been our little grace. The hidden sunshine in these dark cavern halls. Having children can
be….taxing, yes, but my family and friends always take priority in my life. And look at the
happiness they have bestowed upon me.” Asgore’s mirthful yet doting smile reaches towards his
hanging ears as Gaster listens thoroughly.

“I appreciate your concern, Your Majesty. Truly. But I am a busy man and my priority rests in
pleasing my king and his people. I cannot dally with my own personal well-being knowing it isn’t
benefiting anybody but myself.” Gaster retorts. It was the complete truth; aside from close friends
(which were limited) and the Royal Family (his employers), he sought no interactions. They
weren’t necessary and they impeded his thought process. Hardly anyone could relate to a
conversation regarding biothermal energy conversion. Asgore merely huffed a strained laugh, yet
kept his supportive hand atop his shoulder.

“Just think on it, alright?” Asgore asks willingly of his Royal Scientist. “Would not want to see you
become foolish in your days already.”

Gaster had to chuckle at the thought. “Now wouldn’t that be a demotion. Royal Scientist to Royal
Fool.”

Asgore lets out a roaring laughter that echoed out in the cavern. “Good thing you already are an
excellent entertainer!” Asgore gives hearty pats against his back, nearly toppling the scientist to the
ground with his brute strength. He straightened himself out and fixated a smile over his face before
taking up a certain pose.
“Indeed! Should the king command it of me, I would prance!”

Both friends draped an arm around each other, appreciative of the others existence.

The peace was not meant to last.

Nobody could have foreseen the plague of tragedies to befall them.

The adopted human princess falling ill and stolen by death. The young prince trying to deliver the foregone body back to the humans who lashed out at the young prince; returning to only fade into dust in his parents arms. The Royal Family crumbled into a spiral of sorrow; no words could free the citizens that looked up to them for guidance of their worries and shared woes.

Things only turned bleaker as a young human fell down by Home.

Despite Her Majesty being beside herself in grief, she tended, cared, and loved the child like her own. Her soul yearned for something to fill the fresh hole no healer could mend.

He swears he heard it shatter in her blood curdling scream as his King took the innocent life. He and Gerson waited on the outskirts of New Home – awaiting on their King as he sent them from the scene.

“That poor young’n….”Gerson sniffles, though he doesn’t shed a tear. He has lost them all in his age.

“There is nothing that can be done. The deed is done……perhaps, his Majesty will traverse the barrier himself and fetch the souls. Seek due revenge on the humans who attacked the late Prince.”

Gaster replies as the door opens with a resounding creak.

Asgore is alone. Tears well in his eyes as the human child’s corpse runs cold in his paws.

“Gaster. Please fetch me several coffins.”

His King has descended into a dark place even he cannot retrieve him from.

The lab is silent; past the ticking clock that echoes out. Everyone has retreated home as Gaster continues to simply stare into his hands. They are his own, yet they look so unfamiliar. Roughened by working turmoil. As his magic duplicates another pair to busying themselves, he sits stagnant and silent in his swivel chair. He has read over the Guard reports atleast 63 times. He isn’t sure if its significant because it’s the fourth human captured this day or Gerson resigning from the Guard due to age.

His world is going still around him; time passing without his knowledge nor say. He forces himself up to walk the halls, passing the extraction chamber and fetching a bag of Popato Chisps. Nearly slipping on a left behind flier of ‘human history’ the new intern has left scattered on the floor, he makes his way to the elevator to return home.
The water sloshing besides the River Persons boat does little to break the numbing quiet filling his skull. Entering his house, he hardly cares the bag of Popato Chisps isn’t even opened as he throws it to the cluttered table. Plopping onto the couch and mindlessly flipping through the flimsy documentary he has seen enough to have memorized each line, he shuts off the TV with a grumble.

The silence is permeating and choking his air.

He remembers a day when there was too much noise; so much he couldn’t hear his own thoughts. Those days were filled with laughter, smiles, family, and—

He shoots up from his place on the couch, the springs squeaking in alarm to the sudden shift in weight.

*And children.*

He is still looking at the containment capsule and the precision laser. This is, of recent date, his most bizarre spur of the moment plan.

Rushing back to the lab with his goal set into motion, the reality of the coming pain and tribulations were borderline madness.

‘*You’ll go mad, friend.*’ The kings old words of wisdom play back in his skull as he gives a scoff, readying his left hand above the starting button.

*Damn if he wasn’t correct about something.* Clenching a thin metal rod between his teeth that has a cloth to prevent grating, he smacks the button.

It hasn’t even been a millisecond and he regrets every idea leading to this moment.

His pained muffled wails echo out in the lab and likely outside into the magma. Straining to keep control as to preserve his HP, he regrets not making restraints to keep from clenching the fist. His head becomes boggled and dizzy as his vision blurs from excessive amounts of searing torture. The surrounding carpals and metacarpals quiver and tremble as he forces himself to steady; lest the hole be bigger than he expected.

He feels the disk disconnect from the remainder of his bones as he slams the button down again, cutting off the laser. Crumpling to the ground and his knees, he continues to bite onto the metal rod that is slightly denting under his relentless pressure. The stinging tears and hazy eyes do not stop him from overlooking his Hope stat.

6 HP……

He crumples down, his face a duller ache in comparison to his trembling hand. Steadying his wrist, he wraps a fresh wrapping bandage around it to avoid stimulating the sensitive nerves. The lights flicker on and off from the surrounding intensity of magic. Some of the machines whirl in alarm.

He hears nothing as he slips the thin disk consisting of his carpals into the capsule for security and safety; similar to an egg. But transparent. Though the throbbing blistering pain still coursed through every crevice of his bones, he can’t help but cuddle close the thin tube containing his child.
It has been roughly three days. Two of which he was on leave. Mentally, he cooperated from his home. Physically, he was barely capable of leaving his bed without collapsing.

The intense pressure and pain caused a long cracked fracture down from the upper cranium to his right socket. Its aching had subsided and it was merely a scar at this point. He lacked the tactical care to heal it and was too nervous of revealing his reasons with a trained healer.

The boney baby had begun forming out and around the disk, similar to it outgrowing like playdough. Its prominent limbs were discernable and the skull was shaping out very circular and not as oval as his own. The pain subsided as he held close the capsule and breathed magic through the thin glass to empower them in the future. A small donation of sorts that would benefit them later on.

However, today he would have to abandon for some time as he is required back at the lab, lest the staff begin to have serious concerns past calling in the wee morning hours. He concealed his hand behind his lab coat and his pockets the entire day.

Concentration was a rarity. The child hadn’t even fully developed and yet his mind constantly wandered back to the small capsule soon to house a new SOUL, a new life. His experiments were rushed, as were his feet as they tapped impatiently against the River Person boat.

“Tra la la, the tot will go far.” They rhyme as Snowdins breeze comes channeling through the tunnels. He doesn’t halt his pace or mind from flurry worrying of the unborn child.

Then again, how would he know the infant not only would fully form in his absence and escape the capsule, but would have early on awakening magic and would be sitting nude with the sweetest little laugh in a puddle of spilled ketchup and mayonnaise.

The shared stare welled tears into his sockets as he messily scooped the child into his arms, uncaring of the condiments smearing his labcoat; of the shrill pain cascading through from his hands to his head.

This was his son.

It took little time for the boy to grow onto him. His parental instincts were wild the first year or two as he doted and scurried home – often to a trashed living room and ketchup everywhere.

His magic was strong, yet flimsy. As was he. His soul skipped a beat when he overlooked his sons stats. It was slightly understandable – it was his non-dominant side, it was his first born, and the methods were…brutish. Nevertheless, the boy was witty and had similar smarts to back up his claims.

One day he returned home to him trying to fit into his fathers spare lab coat. Gaster instantly scooped the boy up and took a photo for the wall. He grew to love his humor, and shared in the laughs when he supplied his own.
When he finally revealed the existence of his new son, Sans, at around the age of four to the king, his soul welled with complete joy. The king’s sorrow turned to pride in his good friend as he congratulated him and held his boy for the first time.

Sans offered up his hand.

The scientist could have cried at the joyous laughter the king shared with the court to the silly whoopee cushion and curious wink Sans gave.

“Papa, Sans.”

“pops.”

“It's more professional to say Papa. Or Dad.” Gaster sighs, rubbing the small skeleton’s skull.

“pad.”

“Father?”

“faps?”

“Nope.” He picks up Sans, dangling him upside down from his ankles as he giggles. “Just stick with Pops, alright?”

Sans clings to his father’s ribs, both of them humming their souls to calm the other.

“’lright.”

Gaster swelled with Love.

“pops?” Sans was nearing his 7th birthday, though Gaster remained unaware. The king had been seeking stronger monsters for the guard, different variations of human souls, and using whatever made humans so powerful in comparison to monsters – beings of pure magic.

To say the testing wasn’t going according to plan was the understatement of the century.

“Mmmm?” Gaster grumbles past his coffee cup. Sans has been visiting the Lab more and more often. This was, after all, the third day in a row he’d required the shopkeeper to babysit.

“pops, come home.” Oh. He is tugging on his lab coat. His parka is a too big for him, but he loves the fluffy interior despite lack of feeling the cold.

“I can’t. Not until I unravel the reasoning behind the human souls power, Sans. You just……you can’t understand.” Gaster sighs, swiveling his chair over to the concentrated extract. He’d syringed an even phial of iridescent deep blue liquid directly from the blue soul and tested every likely way it was related to magic and how.
Yet, here it was, as mysterious (if not more) than it was when he’d begun.

He was exhaustion and frustration as he lets himself finally find rest in these long days. He is distinctly aware of the lonely child curling into his lap as he encases him with one arm. How could he take out his frustrations and still be there for the child who had brightened his breaking life?

He questioned the possibilities as he drifted away, into dreams.

The dreams shattered like the essence phial, along with the screams of his child.

Looking into the larger preserve capsule at the carpals of his dominant hand, he hardly can believe he allowed himself to go through the process again. This time, however, he had staff on medical standby, a more precise laser, and a better understanding of the pain tolerance required. It still didn’t stop his Hope from dropping considerably, the pain being near unbearable, nor the slightly smaller crack inching from the edge of his mouth to the left eye.

Sans had been terrified for his father, but this was to keep Sans company when he wasn’t able to be home. After discovering the existence of determination within the human souls, the king continued to press the scientists to calculate the limits that could be placed onto monsters.

Sans had been the only test subject thus far.

That one horrid night, Sans had awoken from a nightmare and his magic went momentarily wild. It threw the phial of soul essence directly into his face, the liquid spilling into his left eye and the broken shard upon hitting solid bone piercing through the other.

The pained wails of his son were nearly too much for his soul to handle as he sought out the finest healer of the hour. His eye was healed and restored normally, but whenever his magic activated it would stutter out of existence. His magic only grew in power and possibilities.

Gaster had awoken one day to the boy teleporting around the kitchen. Teleporting! In actuality, it wasn’t the only ability the boy had gained. His previous lacking in magical control had nearly perfected as he twiddled about with a variety of bones. By the age of 10, he was capable of summoning one of Gasters finest hand-made creations; the Gaster Blaster. Despite it having blown a hole through the front of their house, Gaster couldn’t be prouder. His son could even slow time. Not extended periods of time – no – more along the lines of a seconds to a minute.

Besides the accident, and the constant calls of being a father or being a scientist, Sans took up wanting to follow in his fathers shoes.

Now, they both patiently watched and waited as the little bones formed into a little baby bones.

Sans was enthralled at the prospect of a sibling.

Papyrus, Gaster had named the child, was obviously the complete opposite of Sans.
Where Sans was joking, hearty, and yet serious and smart, Papyrus was…well, Papyrus. The boy had his own agenda from day one. Papyrus was one to groan at the duos jokes and scream without being sad or angry. In fact, the child was constant smiles and pleasure on the eyes (sockets?).

And then – the spats.

“SAHNS!! GIMM-ME ME CAH!!!” Papyrus reached desperately for the toy car. Though Papyrus was obviously going to be a nightmarish growth spurt in comparison to the indefinitely shorter Sans, Sans still had a foot on him when it came to reach.

“after I hook up the hyrdolics.” Sans groans, fiddling with the cheap toy car.

“NO! ME CAH, ME HIDE-LICKS!!” Papyrus cries out, starting to climb the elder brother as he stifles a giggle.

“car’nt you see ‘m busy Paps?” Sans giggles at the light joke. Papyrus has climbed enough where he can shove his little foot between his ribs, startling the older brother who flops to the floor.

“NO BAD HOKES!!!” Papyrus wails, though not aggressively, before tumbling around with the older brother who does it all for play.

Gaster merely watches on fondly with a cup of coffee and the paper reports from the newest Royal Guard Captain.

“DAD!! DAD!” “pops.” Papyrus and Sans are there to great their father. That’s not normal.

They lure the unsure father over to the table where spaghetti has been spooned out. Gaster gasps in amazement – Papyrus had taken an extreme adoration towards the pasta dish and had likely ensued the assistance of his elder brother who’d made a mean quiche to compliment the meal. Sitting in his chair were two boxes – one was patchwork wrapped and scribbled with crayons, while the other was a plain old box.

“alph said humans celebrate a day for dads, and we don’t know what day it was, s’ here.” Sans turns away, offering the chair with their presents as he blushes and scratches his skull.

“NYEH-HEH-HEH! MINE FIRST – OH PLEASE!” Papyrus pleads with his father, pushing forward the patchwork box as the scientist dissects and takes ample care to not carelessly rip the hard work. Inside lays a mirror splattered with an array of stickers. On the outside are miniature bones spelling out “GREAT DADS = GREAT SONS!”

Gaster swoops an arm around his boys both as he snuggles them close. While Papyrus worms giddily in the embrace, Sans tries to sneak away and out of the happy uncomfort.

Planting skele-kisses upon both of their heads, he fiddles around with the second box.

Inside rests a little rock with a bow on it, with a sign next to it reading “For Worlds Best Dadster”.

The CORE alarm system is blaring out of control. He knows there is little that can be done besides
stopping it from not only cutting off power to the entirety of the Underground, but from blowing up all of Ebott.

Flipping a multitude of switches and throwing out all the scientists he can, only a few remain – the loyal few who had been part of the CORE functioning project from the first few weeks. They refused to abandon their posts; trying to stall for time and save the others just like himself.

He knew it was over. He reached into his pocket, receiving his favorite photograph.

Papyrus and Sans both are dressed goofily in lab coats. They were playing doctor as Papyrus had spaghetti guts and Sans used an unreal amount of ketchup. Cleaning them up was the most fun as both skeletons came out squeaky and shiny. Afterwards, they all cuddled together onto the couch to watch more mindless documentaries. Each had hooked a boney hand over one of his ribs, though while Papyrus cozed up into his lap, Sans was more obligated to lean onto his fathers shoulder.

He reformed that paternal smile one last time – the last time he would see his sons.

This was the day the Underground wept for nothing.

“Babe, come on.” Her voice is as melodic as the heavy breeze whipping the leaves in the background as she plants a blind kiss to his cheek and strolls away. Stretching and popping the vertebrae in his back, he compiles his files and notes together before stashing them away. Stashed away under lock and hidden key. He sighs as he absently runs a hand over his files, looking over the multitude of pictures of his family.

He could never have enough.

Disrobing from the pointless lab coat (as nothing had really happened) he makes the trudge through the secret entrance and upstairs to his living room. The dishes are being cleaned as he sidles up behind his gorgeous wife, breathing the honey scent of her hair and feeling her rounded hips. They seemed wider, though he knew better then to ask. She sighs in relief as the pitter patter of feet trample through the house.

“I’m home!!”

“Welcome home hon. How was school?” She calls out. Kevin stumbles inside – fresher cuts on his knees from rushing home.

“It was good, I guess. Catherine was complaining about her gerbil again…” He grumbles, discarding his backpack before the parents perk up.

“Hey, hey hey. Go get that done, then we can talk about her stupid gerbil needs.” He encourages, sending Kevin to his room with minor backtalk. He presses into his beloved wife as the water is shut off, her hands dried and she spins about to meet him.

“Can I talk to you. Privately?” He needn’t ask nor question; she is already pulling him away by the arm.

She pulls him through to the sun room and piano, the windows letting the falling light glisten into room that houses an abundance of beloved foliage grown over the years. Both of them settle down onto the stray couch as she simply breathes for some time. He uptakes her other hand, pressing the
backs together.

“Babe, what’s wrong?.....If this is you worrying about the field test results, I promise, there will be some fluctuations. There are always fluctuations by Ebott. You aren’t going mad. Yet.” He playfully growls, pecking at her neck as she gives a hearty giggle, slapping his shoulder.

“Stop it! I’m being serious.” She pleads, leaning into his shoulder.

“Didn’t know you were a sudden Harry Potter fan.” He is wiggling his eyebrows. She actually contains her snorts as she presses more into him.

“Honey.” She pleads.

“You smell like honey, Honey.” He sniffs her hair in lovingly once more. She knows he just has a habit of doing that.

“Oh, yes, totally. My hair is a pollinated ground of spores and seeds.” She groans, slapping his shoulder again.

“Sounds hot.” He purrs.

“Know what’s better than sounding hot?” Her voice is nothing but a whisper. He is already easing her down onto the end of the cushions, feeling at her hips. He wishes to silence those lips.

“Mmm?” He trails pseudo pecks up her collar line.

“...I’m pregnant.” Is the huffed sob that escapes her. Shooting up with wide eyes, the only other sound is the shattering Science project directly at the doorway.

“Dada!! Dadaaaa!” She is snickering, tugging at his pants. He grumbles and pries open an eye, glaring daggers at the clock.

_What 5 year old wakes up at 4:39 in the fucking morning._

She pinches and pokes at his unsocked toes until he obliges her, sneaking an arm around her tiny frame and pulling her into his lap while sitting up.

“Mmmm what is it muffin?” He yawns, undoing your little pigtails you had fallen asleep in.

“Happy Papa day!” You giggle, hugging his neck. He can’t help the genuine smile he grows as he snuggles you closer.

“Thanks Janette.” He sighs, leaning back into the slumber inducing pillows. Yet again, you give tugs at flesh and skin as he jolts back up. Jumping off his lap with a bit of discomfort in his joints, you pull at his hand.

“Up! Up please!” You plead, pulling harsh enough to attempt dislocation.

“Oh c’mon baby. Another three hours.” It’s not an ask or a favor.

“No. Up!” Neither is yours.
Reluctant to the little tyke, he slips into a pair of beaker slippers and shuffles through the dark hallways with you as his guide. You both slip into the moonlit laminated piano room as you drag him over and push him into a little bench beside the piano. On the bench sits a little drawing – of mother and father solving the problems of time space travel, Janette and Kevin throwing little celebratory confetti. It was pretty good for a five year old with crayons.

You begin pressing and testing different keys before starting very slowly. After taking a few moments to groggily become aware of the composition, he sighs and snatches you up with light pecks to your head. Seating himself in the bench and you on his legs, he reaches around you and begins peacefully playing notes, your hands trying desperately to mimic his own.

“You are my sunshine……my only sunshine…….you make me happy…when skies are grey……you'll never know, dear….how much I love you…….oh please don’t take my sunshine away.”

You both fade into sleep as the morning sunshine comes.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks to everyone who reads over this fiction.
Keep in check with my Tumblr - The next BLBF chapter will be a ways and a while.
Give my other fics some LOVE.

Please leave comments down below, and, well, Happy Fathers Day.
The creaking of the door and the instantaneous silencing of all those around you signals the true foe ahead as you shut the door behind you, descending the stairs and finally coming into view of your brother. He seems frozen in time as you merely stare between each other, registering the opposing’s existence. Making your way to the cells door with a set of guards at the ready, they open the passage and allow you in. You never break eye-contact with him as he straightens out, looking you from head to toe as the guards leave the door a smidge ajar.

Your mind is blank as you approach the chair, the stare unbroken. Finally within reach, you grip onto the metallic seat and will yourself to shut your eyes. Taking tentative breaths for a weak courageous build, you pull the chair free and circle around to settle in. Leaning back and allowing your head and hair to drift off the back, you focus on simply breathing through it all. At the last moment you let it hitch and bring your head forward, to greet your brother in a deep stare. Aside from the subtle tins of water set to the edge for both of you, you take all his depressing features in. He’s obviously been losing sleep. His adams apple is protruding from his slender neck where the veins jut out. You know he isn’t even 30, yet he look to be nearly 50. His face is outlined with a semi-bearded scruff he could never escape. His eyes are dull, yet still gleam with a faint of green in their personal hazel allure. His eyebrows are still and hair hangs heavy past his larger ears.
“You look beautiful.” Kevin suddenly whispers, eyes trailed onto you until he divulges into tipping his nearby cup of water and taking a sip before settling it back down with a pleased sigh.

“Of course, your corpse would be a splendor by itself.” His grin grows as he leisurely looks back towards you. Settling back into your chair, you press your scarred back to the metallic arches.

“Yup. There’s the brother I know and hate.” You groan, pressing and massaging your cheeks.

“I hate you too.” He purrs, watching with joy as you attempt to keep your composure. “How are ma and pa?”

“Right were you put them.” You hiss back though your voice remains neutral. It’s all in the eyes. He crumbles with joy as you glare through his being.

“Aw, c’mon Janette. You know I love it when you glare…” He chuckles, straightening in his chair to lean forward and rest his chin onto the table.

“You know it. I know it. You and me – despite us being completely different people, we are very much alike.”

“How are we completely different? You and I are brother and sister no matter how much I loathe your existence, brother. I admit you influenced some things for me growing up, but I have learned and gotten past those little bumps you inessantly planted to endanger my future and bettered myself.” You focus on not gritting your teeth together so tightly as you manage out the acknowledging sentence.

“I am not your brother.” His voice is suddenly as dark as the look in his eyes. Sparing a feint glance towards the one way mirror, you wouldn’t be surprised if Sans was seeing his LV change yet again.

“Hate to break it to both of us, but you are. There is an array of documents proving so, including a legal system that keeps dragging me back to you. Even without those……mom and dad took you in because th-“

“They pitied each other. Miserable welps simply wanted a brat to instruct, to teach, to attempt to love. Not my fault your mother was an infertile slu-“ “KEVIN KIEL- Should you finish that sentence I will leave and I refuse on every possible bloody charge I won’t come back – Ever.” You snap almost instantaneously. Not with Frisk and Papyrus here. No, never. Just – never. His eyes are wide with fascination – you never spoke up. Never. Every meeting was idle chit-chat about the depression of life and the world outside. It was always enough to satisfy him and get you out without becoming a complete and utter emotional wreck later alone at home.

But…….You glance back to the window. I won’t be alone this time.

You will persevere.

“Now you damn well listen. I’m done. I’m done listening and listening to you sputter and complain and belittle our parents.” You argue, forming fists against the rigid metal of the table. They tremble with fear and the supporting of your weight. It’s all that’s keeping you standing in the close proximity.

“They were never-“ “They were more your parents then I ever got! So SHUT IT!!” You screech, throwing your head forward to stare into the table. You can’t stand the sight of his slowly sickly green stare.
“You – Before I was even born, before I was nothing but a miniscule existence, they had you. You were their everything – their single and sole treasure among all the experiments, all the trophies, all the knowledge they’d attained. Mom would get up early because you always had issues sleeping and make you special pancakes whenever you had nightmares. Mom was never a morning person, but she didn’t want you to be alone in the wee morning hours. Dad was always uptight about keeping us away from all his research. But, whenever you weren’t feeling well or you’d had a spat with Mom, he would always pull you aside to his studies and show off all the little workings!”

Your voice is cracking. You’re slightly aware of the tears beginning to patter onto the metal table beneath you. He is eerily silent.

“You were all they could ever think of past their experiments. I might not have been directly there to know it, but I have scanned through enough miserably happy home videos and stories to know it’s the damn truth………..I know what you hate.” You mumble, forcing yourself once more to meet his face. His eyes no longer gleam a sickly green. They stutter and glare with ill intent and hatred.

“You hate me.” “Oh, well, aren’t you a smart little prick.” He hisses out, jutting forward to gulp down more from his cup.

“You hate my existence. How I have their direct blood flowing through me, but not yourself. Atleast, that was my hypothesis. As a child. I mean, what else are you left to think when your brother metaphorically and physically stabs you in the back?” You chuckle dryly, losing your voice to the growing stress lump welled into your throat.

“But it wasn’t so much of hatred, was it? No; it was jealousy.” You can practically hear him denting the tin cup with his teeth in aggression. His eyes don’t leave you.

“Jealous of me. Of my existence. I took over in their life; I know it. Mom was waking up less and less often because I would wake her often. Dad couldn’t risk you blabbing about his experiments to me and then both of us getting into dangerous things. They weren’t willing to risk it – not risk their biological child.” The last words seem to edge him off as he jumps upwards, arms contorting behind him to fit behind the steeled chair.

“Enough blabbering. Get to the point.” He demands, fire sputtering from his eyes.

“They gave you more freedom. More options and even attention. You weren’t burdened with expectations like I was. Mom wouldn’t be so strict about it, but I recall Dad constantly mentioning it behind my back. About being a famous scientist or a world-renowned pianist. I never wanted that. They knew that. But you had every choice and chance – Dad would have preferred you taking up something scientific, but he gave you space to pick your own path. Even then, you were always given that freedom. That slack. They wanted you to find your own path, succeed your own way. They raised us differently because they understood you needed……” You trail off, catching your breathe as he stares; wordless.

“Love. They tried to give you as much as they could. It gets a bit harder I presume with two kids. To take care of them, give them enough freedom yet not enough just so they can be happy. They wanted nothing more then for you to be happy – to have a better life then what you’d had from before.” Finding strength deep within, you stand without the support of the table.

“You had that love for nearly 15 years. They gave and supported you as much as they could while trying to understand and grant you space. I didn’t have that. I only had our parents for several years. I didn’t get to love nor return back all that I could ever owe them for giving me my life. That is why they are more of your parents then my own – you had more time to reciprocate as their child. Those years weren’t just nothing.” You hiss, finally plopping back down into your chair and gripping your tin can of water for emotional support.
A moment. Two. Three. The silence eggs on as you take a quick sip and replace it back onto the table, folding your hands over before you and trying to quell your internal rage and desperation.

“He…..Heheheha..ha…” His laugh is as dry as he makes it out to be, settling his forehead against the table.

“…You wanna know what’s terrifying and beautiful at the same time?” He riddles, sneaking a glance.

“You’ve said this before.” You remind with a grunt; he was simply changing subjects to avoid feelings. Changing himself; adapting to put the situation back into his hands. He was far smarter than his composure or talk ever let on.

“Death. It’s the one absolute for us all……I hate it. It’s scary. You’ll end up all alone. That is… unless you go together.” He whispers. You can feel your fists clenching in hatred.

“That’s not how dying works.” You retort.

“All together. We could’ve gone all together – to the beyond; together……but you ruined it.” He mutters, scraping his head eagerly back and forth against the table.

“They didn’t want that. You were a mixture of feelings, and fear isn’t an excuse I am willing to put up with today.”

“We could have been happy, Janette. Me, You……Mom and Dad.” His voice has softened as you look to him. His face is relaxing and sick with misery yet relief. How can you ever manage to pity this man?

“Yeah. We could have. We could have all lived. They didn’t need to die. Nobody did.” You whisper back, leaning in ever so slightly.

“No. No no no. The afterlife. We could all just….go to the afterlife – together. I’ll….I’ll be right behind you; honest!” He enthuses, eyes filling with hope and tears.

“No, Kevin. If I die, you won’t know soon enough. And if you die…I’m not going to see you. Neither will Mom or Dad. What you’ve done has banished you from that place. Me and You?…….We’re alone now.”

The ticking silence begins to echo out, the guards hitched breathing for the slightest altercation and hands beside the stun guns. For a few moments, you think you hear Undyne or Papyrus shouting from beyond the walled and iron barred barrier, but finally a voice breaks the silence.

“Three minutes on the timer, Ms. Kiel.” Grunts one of the guards. Kevin begins to look frantic, from you to the cell door.

“W-W-Wait! W-We have’nt e-even gotten t-“ “Kevin.” You swallow past the pity and misery welling in your throat and look to him. It’s never easy.

It’s your brother. You looked up to him for several years. The betrayal was enough; nay, more than enough to inflict eternal hatred and loathing. That, you did. Nevertheless, every time the end of the visit neared…you saw him. Your true brother. Frantic, sad, confused. It never got easier. You were leaving him in prison to descend into his own madness. If set loose, he would be more harm than help. You wanted nothing more then for the nightmare to disperse; to turn back time and come how that day to an excited set of parents and your giddy brother who was eager to teach you piano. You would grow older, defy your parents and be a botanist, get sibling advice and mischief you’d
never had a chance to try.

*It was never easy.*

“You killed a monster today.” You state clearly to him, straightening yourself out.

“I…I did?” He asks, looking to the guards who give a nod. Looking back to you, he quivers. “I…I don’t like them. They…..They stare at me.” He whispers, leaning against the table. “Like I’m a freak of nature. Its bizarre.” His sarcastic side pulls through as you groan and rub your forehead.

“Well, overlooking that, the crimes you’ve committed will be judged accordingly.” You inform him as he begins to snicker.

“They adding another life sentence on my little stay? I-I don’t have that many years in me!” He snickers.

“No, Kevin. It was a crime committed against monsters and thusly you will be punished by monsters. Human law has nothing to do with it.”

Oh. That’s newfound fear. His eyes dart wildly from you, the guards, the door, to the one way mirror. His breathing is picking up pace and haggard as he tries to remain pathetically calm.

“They could chop out your tongue, blind you, pierce you…….cook you odd tasting spaghetti, tell terribly great puns, smack your hand with some fire and a scolding.” You giggle, thinking of your friends. Your words perplex him as the guard speaks out again.

“Time is up – whenever you are ready, Ms. Kiel.” They inform, readied at the door.

“Worse you probably will get is a few spears thrown at you. No biggie.” You shrug, taking another sip of your drink. You hope he can’t see the intense shaking of your hand with bundled nerves.

“S-Spea-spears?” His eyes remain frantic and flimsy.

“Yes. However, monsters do not lack kindness and mercy like us humans. They are great friends and company…..If you would have given them a chance…..maybe they could even rehabilitate you.” You sigh, fiddling with your pockets before removing and tossing the evidence baggie. You’d removed the knife, leaving just the removed fragments.

“Its out. All of it.” You feel a genuine smile pinching at the side of your cheeks as you look to it.

“What – your life?” He snickers. He is still crying. His face is a contortion of emotions.

“The knife. Those are the fragments that were buried in my flesh. They’re all out.” You tell him as his eyes go fish like and cold. He isn’t staring at anything in particular as he keels back a little in his chair, before repositioning himself with a dead stare directly at your forehead.

“Janette.” His tone is neither friendly, mad, or saddened. It’s dead.

“Now if I get rid of that nasty little present you left on my back…” you whisper, setting your cup down and leaning back in your chair, ready to remove yourself.

“Janette.” It’s becoming a threat.

“Your crimes will be wiped off of me forever.” The thought is nearly laughable if you weren’t giddy to the thought of freedom.
The events happen so quick it’s like a photographic montage.

A sickening set of crunches and crackling signal the instantaneous cracking and breaking of Kevins wrists that wriggle deadly from the handcuffs binding him to his chair. Throwing his leg at an arch onto the table and pushing off with the adjacent, he propels over the table and directly at you as you continue to process his movement. Not a split moment later are you crying out as he bites down and onto your exposed neck and clavicle as you both topple back. Taking advantage of being atop you, he bashes his knee awkwardly into your guts as you gasp for air. The piercing set of canines along with the already bruising and breaking skin from his pressurized bite has you screaming out as the guards force their way into the cell upon realization.

In the blink of an eye, he is gone. You gasp for air and fly backwards into the cement wall as a guard instantly attends to covering and protecting you. Past his knee, you see a sea of blue magic. Sans has somehow gotten into the midst of the cell where the table once stood and is standing rigid with an arm extended towards your brother. He is clearly attempting to flail and scream but all you hear are gagged and choked sounds of surprise and gargling as he looks onto Sans. Undyne flies from the one-way rooms door and through the ajar cell, spear in hand. She wastes no time bringing it as close as possible to his jugular and her teeth chomping together. Her entire body is seething and pulsing; practically an inch away from ending his existence.

Everyone else scurries out right behind her. Papyrus has to duck under the entrance as he and Frisk rush to your side, Alphys right on their heels. Flowey slithers free and over to Sans. Neither flinches as Flowey ascends the skeleton and over his sleeved and extended arm, inching out close enough to nearly be in your brothers face. Floweys face from the side is obviously contorted into the thing of nightmares as Kevin can only look on in aghast horror.

“Disgustingly ill thing! You call yourself a human?! You have transcended the need of being an idiot. No. You are an ignoramus. An ignoramus who should be sent to the friggin’ end of the world, thrown off the edge, and left to suffocate in the vat of space. I should snap your miserable neck in two for what you just pulled. I’m thinking about it. Want to test my theory?” Floweys words are pure poison as thorn coated vines itch closer and closer to your brothers confined figure. Sans’ magic constricts him together even tighter before Papyrus covers your vision.

“HUMAN! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?” He dotes, uptaking your shoulder as you hiss in pain, sparing it a glance. His molars and buck teeth left the worst bruised impressions while the more cannibalistic and predatory set dug into your skin and ripped through the skin and flesh. A chipped tooth was left embedded in your shoulder as you reach around. With a quick tug, you yank it free with a grossed hiss before padded feet press and approach. You don’t even look to Toriel and can tell that regal aura and majesty is nowhere in her expression as she approaches the wall your brother is pinned against.

“Kevin Kiel. You have committed violent and deadly acts towards monsters, injured a monster supporter before me, abused, betrayed, and killed your loved ones and threatened others to come. In light of your recent acts your Level Of Violence has risen to 20 – the maximum allowance of Violence before we have no choice but to deal with the threat. It is the death sentence, you understand.” Toriels voice is laced with authority. Alphys has even taken up a type of defense as you look to Frisk and Papyrus for possible encouragement.

Papyrus is wielding a 4 foot long radius bone, crossing it between you and him as a form of protective line. He doesn’t quiver. No faltering. Frisk grapples onto you, eyes thin yet pleading. Pleading to leave. He spares a look back to Sans before burying his grip deeper into you. His eyes fill with distrust; fear.
Suddenly aware of the implication, you force yourself to rise. No matter how much hatred, loathing, fear, and resentment you harbored……this was your brother. The last of your family. He was still him – Sans had proven that. He had 1 LV, then 19. He was still within this…murderous husk he’d left behind. Hidden away. While he still was a remnant existence, he could very well be saved. Pushing up, Alphys is beside you.

“D-Don’t stand. Relax.” Alphys insists, easing you towards the cell door before you shake her off. You share a moment – tender and confused before she melts and lets you go. Brushing past Papyrus, you press the bone down in allowance, relaxing him. His face is one of pain. The other guard had advanced beside the other, stun guns at the ready though it was completely unnecessary so long as Sans held his grasp. The magic gave another sickening crunch as he gasped and flailed against the unseen restraints. He couldn’t even spit in his rage as you approached.

“I wish I could say I am sorry it has come to these circumstances……but your conduct and behavior are clear to show you are a broken man ind-“ You finally reach Toriel and rest your better hand onto her furred arms, cutting her speech as she looks down to you in surprise.

“No.” You whisper. When had your voice become so broken and weak?

“Jane…” Toriel tries to argue. You look deep into her eyes – so deep you are practically swimming in her thoughts. You understand this is more than just a simple Judgement. Toriel is letting her maternal instincts kick in – the need to defend someone she saw as a child. Why this is not the time for her parental step-in, you nearly shed a tear of delight for her even considering you as such close family after the short time of knowing the monsters. It’s blatantly obvious that this is something far more emotional. She must see something in you though as she finally wavers after a tense moment between you both.

“Kevin Kiel. Your punishment for your crimes is Janette Kiel will never again need to attend these meetings.” Toriel reinstructs as Undyne nearly snaps her neck in surprise.

“WHAT?!!?” She screams, looking with dumbfounded disbelief between you and Toriel. “You cannot be serious!! We can’t let him just- he’s- He’s as guilty as they come!!” Undyne barks, somehow finding even more space to fill with a threatening spear between the tip and his jugular.

“We are new to the legal workings of humans. He is imprisoned for the rest of his life time – he won’t be let loose. I’m sure nobody wants to go home tonight with human blood on their hands and the emotional high isn’t assisting in decision making. Currently, and even past the final decision, however, you will not be allowed access or contact with Janette Kiel unless she herself requests it. That is your punishment.” Toriel straightens out once more, turning to Undyne. “Undyne, Sans, release him. The humans will attend him from now on.” She instructs.

“N-No!” Undyne defends herself and Sans doesn’t budge an inch. Even Flowey looks flabbergasted. “Have you gone insane!? Lookit Jane! This scum deserves to be cold and lifeless!! His soul is probably black ’s tar!” Undyne hisses as you take a step closer to her, reaching out with your good hand and pressing the spear down. Undyne looks injured by the gesture.

“Undyne.” Your voice is soft and pleading.

“No. Don’t give me this! We aren’t just walking away from this! He can’t do that and just-!!” Undyne is practically frothing at the mouth and trembling with stuttered rage as you try to soothe her with your dry and tired fatigue.

“Undyne. Please. I……I just want to go home right now. Please.” You press it further, leaning your good arm uncomfortably around her neck to try and simulate a hug. With a few more crunches
of her teeth her spear dematerializes from her grasp and she is left to clench aggressively at the air and her own flesh. After another moment, she spins on her heel with a brush of your arm and paces towards Alphys before doing a perfect 180 and driving her fist into your brother's stomach with a bullseye. You wince as he gags and coughs, an acidic dribble erupting up from the action.

“If you ever come within 10 miles of her again, I’ll pierce you right in the friggin’ eye…..C’mon Alph. Lets get the car.” Undyne sneers, pushing off and approaching Alphys who just gives a solemn nod and is escorted back out. Trading your attention, Sans is still as stock and frozen as when he first appeared; if not stiffer.

“Flowey.” You begin to plead, noticing the thorns.

“I’m not okay with this.” He spits right in front of Kevins face, inches apart. Terror still overtakes his eyes – he knows the most current threat is apparently Sans, thought Floweys small banter was enough to have his attention completely trained on both the weed and the boney corpse monsters.

“Neither am I. Now let go of Sans and c’mere.” You insist, offering up your bad arm. “If you can go about freely on the surface after nearly killing Frisk and everyone else, I think my brother being forever condemned inside a prison cell is a similar trading. Or do I even need to start rattling off little similarities between you two psychopaths?” You grumble. Flowey seems to get the memo and the thorns dissolve as he takes caution with your arm. He is quick to just jut off it in the first place and wrap around your waist, avoiding the bruising cut all together. Blood is welling and mixing into your hair, leaving thin trails and patterns about your clothes.

Finally, the Judge.

His eye was flaring with that cyan magic, though it didn’t resonate out like a fire. It was solid and sharpened into a solid eye that was unfazed from his gripped target.


“Sans, let him go.” You try again, approaching from the side.

“no.”

“Sans, Toriel already picked the verdict.” You try to rub his shoulder, but he positions it away; deflecting any want of contact.

“it’s a bullshit verdict.” He growls. Neither him nor Toriel are supposedly upset with the fact Papyrus and Frisk stand directly behind them and within hearing range.

“That doesn’t matter. It’s a verdict – an instruction. You can’t kill him.” Nothing again.

Gathering yourself, you approach his side again and snake your good arm around his front. You aren’t sure he is aware but he nuzzles his face into your arms flesh, eye piercing gaze overlooking the top.

“You know what its like to have a brother……what would you do if Papyrus was killed?” You whisper, ensuring nobody can hear you.

“I’d kill the kid.” He hisses back. Is he aware he said ‘kid’?

“Okay. Now, what if it was reverse?…..What if, you died…..and Papyrus was all alone in this world? What would he do?” You retry, pressing the side of your head into his own, hair ruffling and contrasting against the white dulling bones. He is trembling beneath you.
“he’d……he’d find a peaceful resolve.” Sans admits, his intensity faltering.

“That’s right…Because he is great. But, Sans, you need to know……it’s probably the same with Papyrus.” You tell, looking to Papyrus with hope while still whispering.

“That no matter what happened, you would still be his brother…..and there is no forgetting those times…” Your voice seems to be soothing him as the magic air around him becomes much less concentrated, his grip slipping but still sustaining as your brother gasps desperately for air past the choking hold.

“No matter how much I can hate him for what he has done……somewhere…somewhere inside him? There’s still my brother. Don’t deny that to me. You saw his soul. My brother isn’t a murderer. Not normally. It’s not who he truly is. If he was, right now, who I know he can be……could you still hurt him without a conscious mind?” You ask desperately. You are trembling together before he releases a hiss between his teeth and nose.

Finally, your brother clatters to the floor before the floor erupts and tiles crack in every which way. A number of bones break through the tiles jaggedly and contain your brother in an awkward position as he struggles to be free from the trap. Before you can even utter a word in defense, Sans returns the gesture and wraps his hand around your shoulder to cover your mouth as he addresses Kevin.

“if you ever touch my human again……well…..I’ll see ya in court.” He growls, leading you out with Papyrus and Frisk taking the front the whole time, Toriel taking up the rear.

M-My human?

“J-Jane…..” You hear his whimper as you reach the door, it creaking open and the security on stand-by to wrangle him up.

“Goodbye Kevin.” Is all you can manage to supply before you are led out and away for likely the last time. You should feel enthralled, but……there’s just an emptiness now.

Almost nobody says a word through the whole walk back. Toriel stops by the Chiefs office to inform her of her final verdict regarding you as the rest lead you outside. Papyrus tries to be uplifting and trying conversation with one of the apparently friendlier inmates. Sans appears hollow as he neither rejects nor allows the situation ; just ignoring it all together. The man has a drool to him as Papyrus does what he does best. The guards chuckle leads you to collect more information despite your light injury. The man is imprisoned on a charge of necrophilia. You cannot describe how swiftly you take up Papyrus’ hand and try to encourage him to leave; even going so far as to enthuse him about making his famously ‘great’ spaghetti tonight. Its enough to send him flying towards the front door while Sans’ chuckle is as dry as his bone. A few instances you catch a thin trailed brushings of red on his contrasting blue jacket; blood from your hair that had swept over his shoulder. He pays it no mind. Once reaching the van, Alphys hops out of the open sliding door and collides with you with a little burst of tears.

“I-I’m s-sorry I couldn’t d-do more. I-I was s-so useless.” She sobs, embracing you as you attempt to reciprocate the feeling. It’s difficult with your arm going decently numb in shocked pain; it trembles with a little trickle of blood smearing past your hair. You couldn’t do much to keep it to the side with your lack of hair tie.

“You have nothing to apologize for, Alphys. You’re a lover, not a fighter.” You insist. “I appreciate you being there. All of you.” You turn around and catch Toriel pacing quickly towards you. “Toriel? How’d the decision go?”
“Sit her down now.” Toriel instructs to Undyne who snatches you up by the waist. Flowey makes an escape dash to Frisk as you simply give in and let her set you onto the edge of the van. Toriel passes through the group and attends to your shoulder instantly.

“Toriel, no, it’s fine. You shouldn’t heal me right in front of a police holding facility – it’s against the law!...Actually, wasn’t everything you guys did in there against the law?” You argue, hissing slightly before the relief overwhelms you.

“Magic is allowed during monster court. What isn’t allowed is letting the guilty party within a foot of such a-!! Letting you sit across from that- that- oh, I cannot even think of a word!” Toriel nips and hisses, though her focus is directed on the bite. Papyrus is wringing his hands together, eager but unable to assist – atleast not with Toriels presence looming over the injury.

“Toriel, I-“ You try to convince her lightly before she presses a fuzzy finger to your mouth.

“Not a word. We are going home and relaxing. Undyne and Papyrus can tour around tomorrow.” Toriel admits, wordlessly ushering people into the car. Brushing your head away from Toriels hand, you slip into the van as Frisk and Flowey pass you with nothing but a grunt from the little flower.

“No, Toriel, its fine. I’d honestly prefer if you guys went out. I’m sorry you had to see that happen…..I……..just……..I’d like to be alone at the house for a bit, if you don’t really mind.” You whisper, holding a few fingers in anticipation.

She gives you no reply. Nor does anyone else besides Flowey just muttering in rage the entire drive home. Toriel had healed the majority of the wound; the blood had ceased and there was little for bruising past a few toothy indents. You refused to inform her of the knee to the stomach you took as your hair is whipped around and dried by the open window while zooming past crop fields.

“Are you absolutely 100 percent sure you want to be alone?” Toriel pleads, standing at the door and holding the spare keys. Nobody had left the car, though you see Papyrus’ head sticking out the side. He is having issues hiding his excitement versus his concern for your well-being.

“Yes. 150 percent. I’ll be fine.” You ensure her, giving her arm an appreciative squeeze as she finally wears a struggling smile.

“We’ll be no more than an hour. Maybe two. You have our phone numbers in your cellular device; make sure to keep it on hand. I’ll call………Are you sur-“ Toriel was finally walking away before turning on her heel for possibly the 12th confirmation of your well-being alone in the house. You are forced to give her little pushes at the back while leading her out the door.

“I swear on my legs Toriel! I’ll go out on little tour and show you guys around tomorrow; today is your day to just do whatever you want.”

She doesn’t seem convinced, but finally gives in with a quick hug and ruffling of the hair and starts back to the car. You smile and wave as everyone waves back. You clearly see Sans being as rigid as before in the passenger side and refusing to look back as they take off.
You finally let the smile and arm drop as you limp inside and slide against the wall.

You aren’t sure how long you sit there trying to refuse your existence; simply staring into the adjacent wall that once held so many family portraits but now stood barren and fairly empty.

Forcing yourself to your feet, you clench and grumble about the aching gut wrenched bruise that was most assuredly appearing. Yet…something else. Higher – around your sternum. You push it off as him simply hitting you with the impact more than you had expected and focus on reaching your parents room.

Toriel had left it just as it was when you introduced her to it – the sheets were neatly laid and strewn across the bedding, pillows fluffed and one placed a little lower to accommodate Frisk. The drawers hadn’t been used as Toriel was considerate of the space and simply used the travelling bags to contain their clothing, though there was some articles in the clothing bin. Fidgeting with your mothers armoire and retrieving the hidden key from the top (though it was a struggle on your tip-toes), you unlock the final drawer at the base and fish free a little doll.

Its dress with long and frilly with flowers decorating it wildly. It wore a little pink apron that covered the little plush arms and feet. The head was nicely rounded with a red thread smile, tiny plush nose, and solid black oval eyes with little thread eyelashes on the side. With rosy cheeks beside her ribbon pigtailed hair, you appreciate the small doll you received on your fifth birthday – regardless of it being a hand-me-down. Fidgeting with the base of the dress and beneath, you find the turn key and proceed to wind up the toy.

It begins to play a slow version of “It’s A Small World After All” as the little head spins gently to the tune. The metal that rotated the neck gave a few distressed squeaks at certain junctions due to old age, but it didn’t affect the music. Tightly wrapped around the rotating neck was one of your mothers most prized possessions: a necklace and set of earrings.

It was a strong yet thin chain that held a large metal ring. Engraved onto the ring was a field of flowers with a airbrushed sunset overlooking the magenta and light blue field. An engraving on the inner ring read “Peace still exists within thine own chaos. You need only look and see.” You trace the engraving with your finger and admire the earrings left on the side – low hangers. They were glass flowers that reflected the very rainbow with the thinnest metal encasing it; trying to keep its eternal shape. You’d admired the jewels all your life and your mother had promised them to you on your 20th birthday.

Yet here they were. You told yourself it was because they were so important to her – you shouldn’t take them away.

But you knew better. It was more than you simply hadn’t pierced your ears – now without needing to supposedly visit your brother…what was left for you here? You sigh and ruffle your hand through the dolls hair, trying to free the accumulated dust. As the tune begins to die down and be the only sound in the now barren house, the hallway gives a gentle creak.

Allowing yourself to look up, you shouldn’t be completely surprised to find Sans standing by the doorway – though you are surprised to find Frisk and Flowey there too. Everyone remains silent as the tune finally dies, the head stopping its little rotation.

Frisk looks hurt. Like he sided with the wrong person the entire time and has sudden pity on the opposite party. You sigh and approach them, ignoring Sans’ existence as you squat down to Frisks height and bring the doll close to your ear.

“Hm? What?...Oh, I see.” You talk to yourself, interesting the child before holding the doll out
with a content smile. “Frisk, this is Mary. She’s my little friend. She said she is really sad being left behind and wanted to know if you would take her home so she could play you her little song?” You ask sincerely, offering the child the little doll. Frisk loos surprised, looking over the doll. Finally, using their only other free hand they give a solid nod and snake a little hand to hold her back.

“Thanks Frisk. I think Mary will be a lot happier with the rest of the family. Whenever you want to hear her little lullaby, you just need to wind this little thing…” You instruct, pointing out the little key before giving it a few turns for example. Sure enough, the head begins to rotate and the predetermined song begins to play and echo out in the large empty house. Frisks face lights up with delight to hearing it and looks to Sans for confirmation. His boney smile is broad and well-held as he gives Frisk an accepting ruffling of the hair, Flowey snaking a few vines to find new perch on the dolls head.

“How old is this thing?” He asks with a rough little voice, looking into the solid eyes.

“Well if you add my age and Frisks age, older than that.” You giggle, watching Frisk enjoy the little tune. Flowey simply stares back with aggression.

“I hate math.” He states simply, glaring at you. You finally have one of the first real laughs since last night and ruffle Floweys petals.

“Well then you might want to divide out before I start nerding out.” You giggle. Frisk and Flowey take it whole-heartedly and rush from the room with faint “Mush, Mary, MUSH!!” howls from Flowey.

Now it is only you and Sans in the semi-silence. Trying to break the tension, you raise up the jewelry.

“What – you want the earrings?” You snicker as he finally sighs and chuckles along with you. “they’d look fabulous.” He swipes a hand through non-existent hair as you turn into a little fit of giggles.

“Would totally match your eyes, darling.” You try to replicate Mettatons voice as Sans arches a brow bone. You lock up the now empty drawer, replace the key with a little struggle and return to Sans who freed open the doorway as you both walk through the hall.

“didn’t know you were a fan of that scrap-metal.” He says with a light voice, though there is a hint of aggression.

“Oh, but of course. His voice is silver and he steels himself! Who can’t fall for such a robot?” You giggle. Sans finally lets loose a joyous laugh – one of the hardest ones you’d ever heard from him – as you both make your way towards the cellar. You can’t explain how you went from being so miserable to being so pleasantly happy until you finally turn around and acknowledge it. You aren’t ever alone. They never want you to experience that loneliness ever again. You hope the appreciation makes it to your smile and eyes as you grasp Sans’ hand, leading him into the dark basement.

“woah, uh, smalls…its uh…p-pretty dark down here…huh?” Sans is stuttering for some reason as you give light little giggles. He sounds nervous and won’t let go of your hand.

“Well that a pickle?” You giggle, leading him expertly through the small cellar. He stubs his toe on something and gives a light hiss as you finally make your way to a slightly lit area. The bulb
is nearly fried and eerily blinks above a blank wall. Finally stopping and letting him go, he acts leisurely with his hands in his pockets, though sweat accumulates all around his skull.

“is this a play on the skeleton six feet under?” He snickers as you stealthily reach past him and shove a vase. Before Sans can instinctively catch it, he notices it stuck sideways with a thick wire coming out the bottom and into the podium. There are a few whirling clicks before the wooden and brick wall falls into the sides and reveals your fathers secret lab.

You are giddy with excitement to finally show off the secret lab to someone else and can’t break the smile of joy as the vibrantly lit room illuminates the majority of the trashed cellar – apart from the alcohol storage. You spare a glance at Sans. His eyes have turned into fucking stars.

Pat on the fucking back!

The vase falls back easily onto the pedestal as the last bits of the door open wide and inviting. Sans is almost in a trance as you both enter. The lab hadn’t been damaged during the fire, thankfully. Your father…well, he would have died for his experiments. Passing a plethora of saved failures and widgets, a metallic creek of constant water filtering through and around the sides into little plant basins that have only seen the underground provided light. Brushing off the dust of his high-technical laptop and computer set, Sans busies himself with pondering over the number of words in the 8 different filing cabinets. Plopping into the swiveling chair with a sigh, you lean back and appreciate the explosive left-overs on the ceiling.

“I can promise you there isn’t much in there that is useful. Most of his hypothesis’ ‘blew up’ in his face. But…hey, you and Alphys are people of science. Might as well share what he learned, y’know?” You sigh, gesturing to the cabinets. In an instant Sans is over you and on you, grasping you into a deep hug. You chuckle lightly and hug him back as he nuzzles into your hair. He backs up almost as quickly as it had all begun, aware of the boundary known as ‘space’.

“sorry. this is just…so much….” He gasps, not even noticing the bookshelves of recorded notes.

“I guess it would be. I just……I guess it can count as a thank you?” You giggle, spinning in the chair.

“a thank you?” He clarifies.

“Mmhmm.”

“you don’t owe us nothing, smalls…”

“No, I do.” You respond, stopping the spinning. “You guys…I honestly have no clue what or where I’d be right now if I hadn’t met you guys. You gave me friendship, good laughs and memories, a job….a home. All I have done is cause you all constant trouble……but you still stick around. There aren’t enough words or ways to reciprocate how much I appreciate everything all of you have done for me…I guess this is just a start, huh?” You reply, forcing yourself up from the honestly comfortable chair. Setting a hand on his shoulder, you finally look each other in the eyes and give a sincere smile. Though, his eyes are the first to avert from the gaze and trace your shoulder. Bringing his arm up and sweeping your hair back, he overlooks the bruise and brushes the tooth indent. His face is laced with exhausted guilt.

“Sans, this wasn’t your fault.” You instigate the conversation as he shakes off your reassurance.

“don’t smalls. don’t. if we’d been sterner about you getting sent in there, or, hell, if me ‘r Undyne gone in with ya…..it wouldn’t’ve happened. I wouldn’t’a let it.” His fingers clench up, though he is
considerate to not press into the light injury.

“Sans, stop. It’s fine. I’m fine. I didn’t know he would……he broke his wrists to do that.” You whisper in shock, looking to the floor. “How was I supposed to know he would go to such lengths?” Your voice cracks at the end as his grip turns to comforting instead of harsh blame.

“nobody saw it coming. he’s just……” Sans can’t finish the sentence and simply scoffs it off.

“…He is still there.” You whisper, meeting his eyes. “My brother. My real brother. He is still in there. Just…possessed or something.” You shiver at the thought – of your mind and body being taken while you saw it all. It was a horrifying prospect.

“Jane…” It sounds as though he is trying to convince you with nothing but your name.

“No, Sans. You saw it. His LV or whatever. It was 1 and then 19. You can’t tell me you didn’t!…That man is still my brother……and I don’t know what to do with him o-or how to h-help.” Your throat is choking itself as Sans snakes an arm around your waist, leading you towards the door yet again.

“c’mon smalls. none’a this is up to you. ‘e’s gotta help ‘imself.” Sans informs you, pushing the vase and once again sealing the hidden lab.

It’s still a marvel to you that Sans can cook, let alone bake. Yet, here he is, in your kitchen, pulling out an absolutely mouth-watering quiche. It doesn’t help that you eagerly eat it after the first bite – you weren’t expecting its rich flavor and hum in content. The smell must have drawn Frisk and Flowey out of hiding as Sans helps them with their own wedges (though Flowey’s is considerably smaller).

Sans is openly chuckling as you pick out a third piece and accusingly point your fork at him to backfire at him until the front-door is bashed open.

“U-Undyne! T-T-T-The door!!” Alphys’ voice is raised through the heavy clattering of feet that would only belong to Papyrus.

“…Whoops.” Is all she replies with as they walk back in. Papyrus has 3 bags worth of items that he lays out on the counter and he and Frisk plough through it until they find a Frisbee and rush outside to play. He spares you a little hello and a brief tight hug, though he suspects you still wish for some space and rushes back to Frisk.

“Hey, Jane! Got’ya a present!” Undyne snickers and places a box that wafts with a familiar scent. You can’t contain your excitement as you unbox a slice of strawberry cheesecake and lava cake. You can already feel a little waterfall of drool in your mouth as you fly up and hug Alphys and Undyne.

“Oh my god thank you!” You giggle, nuzzling your head between them as Undyne takes the initiative and sweeps you both into a big hug. Alphys was currently the only one who knew of your unhealthy obsession with sweets – pertaining mostly to cheesecake, chocolate and candy though. Alphys cried when she learned it did little in regard to weight damage for you.
Taking the last few bites of quiche you’d served yourself, you decide to save the cheesecake for later and take a hearty helping of the lava cake. If only your eyes could form little stars from the initial bite. If only…

After literally stuffing yourself, you shamble outside with an appreciative huff. Alphys and Toriel decided to relax in the lounging spots on the back deck. Sans has been following you around since he came back early; he also refused to tell you how they’d gotten here without a ride. Nevertheless, he followed you to the little shed on the side of the house where you pulled out an axe. Of course it’s only when you are wielding a dangerous blade do Frisk and Papyrus become curious of your doings.

“A FIRE?” Papyrus asks, watching and following as the little band makes their way over to the secluded log holder. There were still plenty of dead trees that had crisped during the fire and you held onto them for the fireplace and pit. Now was as good a time as any to fix the fire-pit and have some s’mores.

“Yeah. If you can be careful and watch with Frisk, I would like to give you two the assignment of collecting good sized rocks on the other side of the road. Think you can do that?” You ask with a smile as you heave one of the full logs. Sans didn’t even move an inch to help you as Papyrus briskly came to your side and lifted the log. How a magical skeleton managed to lift a 70-80 lb tree log was beyond your understanding, but he assisted you in bringing it over to the cutting block. He likely would have offered to cut it with the axe if Sans hadn’t stressed suddenly the need for those stones.

As they ran off and you began to chop up the lumber, you spared him a glance.

“You just didn’t want him wielding an axe, didn’t you?” You scoff, focusing on the target zone.

“it’s not’a trust issue. just seems unnecessary.” He shrugs, watching on.

“What? Afraid he’ll pull a muscle?” You giggle, hacking away at the wood. A bit of sap still leaks free.

“nah. think it’ll just rattle him a little more then ‘e’s used to.” Sans comments, coming closer. His eyes are transfixed on the sharp end of the axe as you huff and look to him. The sun didn’t assist with the increased heat of the area, your labor leaving you a tad fatigued and sweaty.

“Oh come on. It’s not that bad. Here-” You move aside, offering Sans a swing, “try it.”

“nah smalls. leave it to the pros.” He backs away with a fit of refusing shakes. You scoff and return your attention to the log.

“Chicken.” You whisper, going for the swing. A lurch brings you back into the hard front of Sans sternum as he keeps a solid grip at the base of the handle before slowly pulling it from your clutches.

“alright, ‘lright.” He grumbles, though he is totally not bothered and simply butt-hurt. You giggle as he tries to find a suitable position to swing at and aim. Finally bringing it down, it hardly makes a dent as the handle vibrates his arms and then his skull.

“wo-wo-woah-wo-o-o-o-” Sans has to release his grip of the handle that continues to waggle from the contact as he grips his skull. The light pupils in his sockets are still pinballing around in his skull before he looks a tad woozy to only shake it off. You finally give in and drop to the ground laughing like a maniac and wiping ecstatic tears from your eyes. As Sans still comes down from
the trembling rush, his face is slowly coated with a blueish tint as you grasp your gut. You get to your knees and look to him with a wide smile.

“O-Oh m-my gooood dude! Y-Your e-eyes where just pinballs!! HaHAHAHA~“ You divulge into another little fit and clutch your stomach. Sans only can reply with a nervous chuckle as you force yourself back up with a broken fit of giggles. Prying the axe free from the wood, Sans tries to shake out the literal rattling of his bones as you make an example. Sans’ cut went roughly a few inches in. Your follow up drove right through to the other end. You turn to him in pride. His face is one of past horrors.

Before you can question what was wrong, Frisk and Papyrus come bounding past the fence with their arms chockfull of stones in a variety of shapes and colors.

“HUMAN! WE PICKED ONLY THE FINEST OF STONES FOR THIS FIRE-PIT!” Papyrus yells in excitement as Frisk tries to match the skeletons pace. Slinging the axe to balance on your better shoulder, you turn to address them.

“Thanks a bunch Papyrus! You too Frisk.” You ruffle Frisks hair with your free hand while wary of the axes blade. “See that little indent in the ground over there? Can you put those rocks in a circle around it?” You instruct them as Papyrus gives a certain nod and set off with the newest task, Frisk right on his heels like a little chick following the mother hen. You turn to make a joke to Sans, but he is gone.

You make your way through the rest of the log before Papyrus finishes and ensure the axe is stored into safe keeping and out of misusers reach. Carrying over a little bundle of the wood you begin towering it into the pit as Frisk runs off to take a bath before dinner as Toriel instructed. Papyrus tries to help you with setting up the easy-fire starters, but he keeps trying to make it into a booby trap.

“BUT IF WE PLACE THESE LOGS AGAINST THE EDGES, ANYTHING STEPPING INTO THE MIDDLE WILL NOT FORESEE THE WEAKER EDGES AND THE WOOD WILL GIVE WAY – THUSLY, TRAPPING ANY PASSERBY’S IN THE FIRE-PIT!!” Papyrus states proudly and instantly trying to rearrange the logs to his plans. Its about the 5th time you’ve had to swat at his hand like a doting parent and tell him off.

“No, Papyrus! I promise you – nothing would be all the way out here, save a few coyotes or deer. Even then, the likely hood of them coming close to the house and stepping in this fire-pit is extremely low! And then what would happen? It’s not even 5 inches deep, Papyrus. It’s not like it’ll take much effort to get out.” You grumble, replacing the logs like you’d had them and wiping your hands off, pleased with your handy work. Undyne had done the pleasant work of gathering chairs around the pit and proved that your axe was unnecessary as she splits a log right in two. Alphys cant stop swooning as her and Undyne cuddle in a lawn chair, ready for the flames. Sans appears from nowhere with a newspaper over his head and is already asleep in the other lawn chair when you find him. Frisk dug a few lost pinecones from his pockets that they’d found when looking for rocks as you squirm them into beneath the logs.

Toriel cooked up a simple chicken with macaroni and salt potatoes meal that everyone munched on outside. You were lightly scolded for eating quiche and chocolate cake before dinner, but she simply sighed it off and let you deal with having to finish the whole plate.

Finally the stars came out as everyone became aware of the farther from light visibility of the nighttime. You stole Sans’ newspaper and woke him up. Your face hung a ways above his own as you nudged his clavicle with your knee. He seemed transfixed on your face as the stars danced
around in the backdrop, but during his moment of weakness stole his newspaper for a fire starter.

It was all pleasant laughing and conversation as the fire went on. Papyrus even tolerated the majority of Sans’ puns. Sans had apparently vanished earlier to show Alphys your fathers ‘Bat Cave’ as they gushed over the possibilities simply lying in wait in the files. As the logs shifted in the pit, you dragged out a few metal rods and balanced them between the stone wedges, inviting Frisk over to your side. Everyone watched on as you brought out some bananas and yams.

“Alright. Time to teach you how to make an S.S S’more.” You giggle, using a small kitchen knife to cut a slit down a potato and banana. Removing little chunks of banana (that Flowey ate happily), you stuff some marshmallow into the openings and wrap the entire thing in tinfoil before putting it over the fire with tongs. You follow a similar procedure with the yam. Frisk is drooling as you retrieve and unwrap the banana to show the gooey insides before you hastily shove some chocolate into the mesh and replace it.

On the final retrieval, you transfer the banana to a plate where its cut open further and the gooey internals drool out. Scattering brown sugar and graham crumbs about the top, you hand Frisk a spoon as they plow into it. Flowey steals a scoop and relaxes back into the ground. Papyrus has a bit of trouble with his yam, but is nonetheless enthused about “THE EXPERT S’MORE CRAFTSMANSHIP!” as he put it.

Alphys gives you high compliments as Undyne doesn’t seem too keen on sweet stuff but still gives it a try. Toriel asked for the recipe which you had to laugh at and inform her this was a campfire type of dish. Though sad, she informed you it was a possibility in the future (Frisk nearly jumped with excitement right into the flames.)

Of course, the fun times came to an end fairly quickly when, as a joke, Flowey tossed a little stone into the flames. You heard the hiss and reacted by tackling Frisk – you both were the only ones really close to the fire and deterring the mosquitos.

“Everyone down!!” You yelp, tackling and hugging Frisk to the ground. There is a pop and a few distressed gasps followed by a dull murmur as you both sit up. Nobody was injured and you had to explain the issues with rock popping. Flowey was certainly scolded before bed as Toriel, Frisk and Flowey were the first to retreat inside for sleep. Frisk was sleeping in Toriel’s arms with Flowey clutched in her other paw.

Undyne had to piggy back Alphys inside when their time finally came, which Sans did something similar with Papyrus – the taller skeleton was snoring and utterly exhausted as he tried to groggily stumble inside with Sans to lean on. The coals burned low as you tasked yourself with breaking up the last bits of fire with a large and blunt stick. It didn’t stop you from setting a thinner stick on fire and flitting it majestically through the air to relish in the ember flame and smoke trail gracefully left behind.

Making your way inside, you stumble on the stairs as your chest gives a heavy and cramping lurch. Short-breathed for the moment, you lean on the railing for support as you force your way in with a lock of all the doors. Plopping onto the couch is bliss, and for the first time in days, you doze off with relative ease.
The funny thing about falling asleep quickly – you often had fucking weird dreams.

You’d never heard of repeat dreams looking so much like deja-vu. Especially when that deja-vu happened to be a gooey skeleton existing in the non-existent space you seemed to wind up in more than you’d ever want. You float for a moment before groaning out and trying to find some realistic up. Finally, something pulls you down as the ground reacts like a water droplet and ripples along steadily. Following the ripple, you spot Gaster and throw your arms up.

“Why am I here now?! Huh?! First time I was depressed, sure, then last time I can understand – alcohol cancelled out my meds. Fine. But come on!!” You groan, approaching. He vanishes into the floor and you follow the black blur before it recongeals before you into a slimy form. He speaks static as you clench your ears tight.

“Ow, ow, OW! Just write it out, man! Jeez.” You tweek a pinky inside your ear, fake checking for blood as the ground juts up to make a little floating pool, Wing Dings beginning to form as you force yourself to focus on the meaning.

“To…..warn…..I.O.U? I.O.U what?” You ask, itching an eyebrow. The pool surges towards you as you get a clearer seeing of the symbols. “Oh. You. You need to make your hands and star symbols easier to discern.” You grumble, turning your head. “Warn me about what?”

The pool pulses with a new sentence.

“Do…Don’t….Use De…..oh fuck me uhhh…de-ter-mi-nation? Determination?” You repeat, looking to him as he gives a warbling nod. “ okay…..lightly……or else? Don’t use Determination lightly, or else? What are you even talking about? Why can’t I understand you?? I heard you just fine last time!” The pool pulses yet again. He makes it easier to discern the symbols.

“Last…time …… your mind….was far more….open?......I don’t remember getting drunk if that’s what you’re talking about.” You look back to the sentence as a few new words form beneath it. “….Good? How is that good?” He ignores you as you growl and try to piece things together.

“Okay. So I understood you better when I am drunk? Alright. I can only see you, apparently, when I am major depressed. Understandable…….What the fuck, though, is Determination, and what does it have to do with my life?” You ask with a bit more concern. The pool diminishes and splashes back into the ground as Gaster nears you. Extending a white thin hand, you feel your pulse quicken before your breath is caught and you gasp out a pained hiss – your chest lurching unpleasantly forward as a breathless scream escapes you. Something keeps you on your feet as you look up and into his hand.

It’s…duller.

Before you rests your soul. It looks sick. Literally. There’s a bright green goo leaking out and down these red strings that latch onto the other half that looks like stone.

There’s only two of the red strings left. Last time…there were three.

Gaster leans closer; uncomfortably so.

“3 V e+r+y-F h l n G.” The words come out warbled and broken as you shriek and fly back. Your sick soul follows you as you suddenly plunge into the murky water you once stood atop. Everything becomes clearer as you forget about your need for air.

“Avoid the stars. Do not become involved. Should you, your Determination will suffer – as
will you.”

You can’t move – the liquid is as thick as honey as you struggle and lose air. You look to Gaster for help. No – he can’t help you here. You’re both lost. Lost in this nothingness.

“Seek out Sans. He will help you……Take care of my boys…..And the Angel.”

Your whole body lurches up from the couch as you gasp and fall to the floor, struggling for air and clutching your chest. It feels heavy. It’s like at any moment you may vomit.

“Seek out Sans. He-“ You gasp and press your ears as you breath into the rug, willing the shrill screech to end as it echoes out inside your skull.

Sans.

You gasp and find perch on the couch.

I need to get Sans.

Forcing yourself up, you struggle to the stairs. Your breathing is heavy and labored as you work each leg upwards. Your legs are filled with lead as you trudge upstairs, uncaring of the amount of noise each step likely makes as you focus on just simply reaching the door.

With a blissful sigh at seeing your childhood door, you can’t even muster the strength to knock. Your head falls against it with an echoing thud, though you hardly feel anything anymore. Your body is going cold as you shiver and slowly descend to your knees.

“Sans….Sans…help…Sans please.” You plead to the door as the piercing sharp pain not only rockets through your head but into your chest. It practically blinds you as you huff in anguish and steel your eyes shut.

And then warmth. Blissful warmth. You are crying with joy as there is a warmth amongst all this shivering pain. Voices. Everything is blurry. Its more than one person. Thing. It’s something. Is this a dream? Warmth on your face. It’s a hand.

Forcing your eyes open to a blinding white, you finally discern the images. Its Sans and Toriel. You can’t register anything they are saying, you are just so happy you made it. You recognize the ceiling above as your room.

I made it. I made it to my room.

But what did you come here for?

A new voice. It wasn’t Gasters. Not Sans or Toriels. It wasn’t even your own consciousness this time.

A child. A girl, from the sounds of it. A girl with a lot of mirth and likely a wide smile.

I’m going insane.
That makes two of us then.

Definitely insane.

I’ll tattle.

To who? I got enough shit going on in my head right now – I don’t need something else to add to this madness.

Oh - Swear! Hehehee. Go ahead, take your time. Of course…while your adding…I’ll subtract.


“No!” You squeal, lurching forward and right into Sans’ other arm. Your breathing is haggard and sweat drips down your neck and hair. You feel gross. Just, everywhere. Like something disgusting just crawled over your entire being. The need to vomit is greater than before.

“Jane! Jane! do you hear me?” Sans is speaking – you can hear it. You can’t focus on it though as you bring your hands to your face. He’s the warmth. How is it a skeletal corpse monster made of magic is the one thing to give you warmth? You’re vaguely aware you’re breathlessly rambling.

“Th-there’s something wrong with me. In my mind. I heard it. It was smiling. It wasn’t him. He told me to come here. Something is wrong with me. Knife. The-There’s a knife. Right next to it. It’s there. It’s threatening me. It’s gross. It’s sick. My soul. Its sick. I’m sick. I’m b-broken. I’m br-broke-en.” Your muttering is turning into sobs as you try to wipe your face. Sans forces you to look at him, his stare stern and confused.

“Jane, tell us what’s going on. What happened?” His voice is clear. So clear. So much nicer than static. You lunge forward and grapple around him for a hug.

“It’s breaking. I saw it. I-Its going to break. My-My soul. It’s s-sick. I’m sick. It hurts. It hurts so much. Please, make it s-stop. Please.” You beg, grasping his shirt and tightly wadding it in your trembling fists. Sans has to disconnect you like a leech as you cannot manage to relinquish from the embrace. There’s roughly four blankets covering you yet you’re shaking like its negative five degrees.

“My child, please, you must remain calm and stable. What is wrong with your soul?” Toriel pipes in. She is in a pretty night gown. Don’t care. Warmth. Sans hasn’t let his hand drift off your forehead and cheek. You silently appreciate it.

“B-Broken. The strings. There-There’s less. He showed me. I-I don’t…I don’t feel good. It hurts. I-It hurts so m-much…” You gasp as they lay you back.

“shhh…ssshhhhhhh smalls. you gotta relax…..lookit me.” Sans’ voice is the single beacon you recognize in your confused mind as you focus onto it. You look to his bones that blind you with a blur of white.

“you’re gonna be okay, Jane…………..I promise…”
You don’t remember blacking out. There’s a fifth blanket on you – now it feels like a sauna as you try to strip away some of the layers while still half asleep. Dried tears stick to your cheeks as you wipe your face into the pillow. One of the blankets is loosened enough you kick it to the floor. The noise startles something as a familiar sensation touches and rubs your face.

“Jane.” Its deep and luxurious as you work an eye open.

“…Sans..” You whisper, your voice is shot. Your throat is dry and your body resonates with a dull ache.

“stay right there, smalls. I’ll get Tori.” He is whispering too. Is it still really early? Did you wake up anyone? A wave of guilt overcomes you as Sans hurries out the bedroom door.

…….This isn’t your room. Glancing around, you recognize this place past your blurred sight. Everything is inconsistent and just…colors. This is your parents room. The doll you gave Frisk is set next to the table-side, watching over you like a little pleasant sentry. Grounding your hands into the mattress, you hiss and gasp as you work your way more into a sitting up position. It does little as all the strength seems to have left you. A brisk set of footsteps hurry through the house.

“Ah ah ah! Don’t move.” Its Toriel. You struggle to get comfortable as she sets a paw to your back, helping you up herself. It’s slow and you appreciate the gesture as she brings a cup to your mouth before you can object. It helps to parch your throat, and you recognize the sweetness. Its Golden Flower Tea. Finding that, yes, your arms do in fact exist, you take up the cup yourself and take a long sip before sighing. It wells a pleasant heat in your core as you sigh and shut your eyes.

“Better?” Toriel asks, taking the cup. You nod, opening your eyes. Sans and Toriel are both on each side of the bed. “Now…” Toriel makes sure she isn’t sitting on your legs as she sets herself onto the bed, “what happened last night?”

“Last…night?” Your mind is a haze as you recollect your actions. “Um….a-after I put out the fire…I had this…ache? Something like that, here.” You point to the center of your chest and continue to remember. “I went to sleep…and that……Gaster. Gaster pulled out my soul.” You realize as you look down to your core, uselessly feeling if it’s still there. “It…It was sick. I think. It was all drippy and-and one of those red strings was missing.” You inform them both, though Toriel looks puzzled. “He….” You look to Sans. He isn’t really readable. “He told me to go to Sans.”

“A-After that……everything just…hurt. I felt empty yet heavy. Cold and bitter. I wasn’t….I felt unreal. In a bad way.” You finalize, looking between them before Toriel lets you hold the cup. You take another sip, enjoying the light feeling it provided over you. Toriel sits up off the bed and brushes he dress free of wrinkles.

“Sans.” It seems to be all she needs to say before Sans is clambering onto the bed.

“Wait, what?” You look between them as Sans seats himself right next to your hip; closer then you’d expected. “Sans, what’re you-“

“do you trust me.” It doesn’t feel like a question. You stammer wordlessly as you look between them, but put all your focus onto Sans for just a moment.

“…Yes.”

“lright. take a sip and relax yourself. close yer eyes. feel…open.” He instructs, nudging the cup towards you once more. You do as he tells; you down the rest of the cup and focus on the relaxing
effect. How does one feel open? You simply try and let yourself go limp; vulnerable. It’s a gentle tug. Familiar yet foreign. Then, everything feels light until Toriel gasps a little louder then you expected.

*Right. She wasn’t there when Flowey…* You can’t finish your thought as you finally open your eyes. It still looks positively ill. Sans holds an almost invisible bubble form around it as he inspects it.

“My child…” Toriels voice is more broken than you’d ever heard before as you both share a stare. She knows the cause instantly. Everyone simply takes some time to look over it, review its existence. It’s embarrassing, sort of. This is, supposedly, the culmination of your existence. Your literal core.

“did ‘e say anything?” Sans finally speaks up in the closing awkward silence as you try to recall.

“Um…D-Don’t….no…Avoid the Stars? Otherwise, my Determination will suffer; as will I? Something like that?” You try to summarize. How many times must you experience those tired sockets shoot open and devoid of light and care? How many.

“What Determination? And…Why is my soul dripping green? Or why is it purple? I don’t…” Toriel brushes your hair atop your head and tries to give you a straight face.

“Well. Souls have different colors. Each color represents a certain trait that that individual is most renowned for. It’s not uncommon that souls have two different colors, thusly, two traits. What is rarer is the transformation of the souls dominant trait.” Toriel tells calmly, brushing your hair and gesturing to your soul.

“…So, my soul…changed?” You try to conclude as she gives a pleased sigh.

“Yes. Though I am not sure as to how or when, it underwent change – and a heavy one at that. The green dripping out and seeping through these cracks? It is related best to Kindness. The purple, however, is clearly the overcoming dominant trait. It is clear, due to these coating cracks that the purple was not the first nor dominant trait. Purple is connected mostly to Perseverance. So, in short, at some point in your life, you adapted to have more Perseverance then Kindness.”

It instantly dawns on you. When did you go from being a kind little girl to focused and concentrated?

*Kevin.*

You can feel your hands clenching around the cup subconsciously before Sans relinquishes one of his hands from holding your soul and eases the cup down.

…..*He knows.*

“……So wait. What are the red string things?” You didn’t want to ask about the grey broken piece looming about. It was sad and depressed – you knew exactly what that was from the very moment you saw it.

“Well, Red is synonymous with Determination – one of the strongest of all the traits. Frisk, for example, has a soul made completely of Determination.” Toriel informs you as you are a tad shocked.

“However…” She resets her focus back onto the little cartoonish heart. “Never before have I seen a broken soul held together by Determination. Usually, should a soul crack apart, it diminishes and
the individual's life fades.” Toriel comments, reviewing it further.

“So, this is a first?” You wince a little as she nods. If they knew nothing of how you worked, how were you supposed to get better?! Sure, it was an improvement but not a solution.

“Soooo….what happens if all these….Determination Strings break off?” You inch a curious finger towards the floating soul. Curiosity killed the cat – satisfaction brought him ba-

Sans grabs your finger in an instant, stopping the possible interaction. He is hurt. Its clear on his face.

“you’ll die.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading the chapter :D
Come check out my Tumblr whenever you like - feel free to ask questions and dont be afraid to request them stay anonymous.
I will admit to happily squealing whenever I get a little mail icon. Its just like (O^O)!
People notice me?...Q///Q Oh shank you <3 <3

Leave your comments and questions below as well ^^ <3 I do like them.
I mean...there-there is also a Kudos button...I mean....you don't gotta touch it, but, hey, I mean, I don't control what you do to buttons.
So you do you - either you ignore it, give it a little pet, or smash it hard with your love.

Sexualizing buttons =u=
The Pasts Future is Present

Chapter Summary

Many trips and stumbles down memory lane.

Chapter Notes

Me at the beginning of this chapter : Okay! This chapter wont be much more than 20K words!!

(Has written nearly 10K words that don't even pertain to the main reason of the chapter)......FFFFF- 
Nearly 30K words later : Shoot me dead. I have reached writer Nirvana. I can't anymore 3

Songs :
  All About That Bass

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You shifted around uncomfortably beneath the blankets. Sans made a disapproving sound before chucking the next choice movie to the side as he continues to comb and scour through the selection your uncle resupplied.

_How had things gotten to this?

You groan and lean backwards over the arm, your body dull and aching but you’ve lost the capacity to care. Not as though anything would resolve it.

Toriel had informed you of the basics regarding your Soul. It was the natural culmination of energy and magic twining and swirling into your light of life. Something had occurred in your past that caused your Soul to wither and crack (Kevin). It cracked to the point of splitting. However, supposedly Perseverance is one _hell_ of a trait. It doesn’t apply to tasks needing to be seen through. She said your Perseverance manifested into tendon-like strings of Determination, and held you together through sheer will power. However, with every break in your supposed resolve, your life faded. A string would snap, thusly furthering the connection of your soul.

The reason for its depth and ‘shyness’, as she put it, was because you’d been unable to trust anybody enough with the true you. Then again, the true you was hidden beneath the Perseverance (your Kindness), so you could feel less guilty – it wasn’t of your own doing to be so secretive.

It didn’t make you _feel_ any less guilty, but you know that was the point of her encouragement.

In short, once you could finally let your Kindness seep through calmly and retake your soul, it
would begin to heal. Until then, it simply and literally clung to life. Like you. Well, it is you.

The whole conversation reeled through your mind again as Sans continued to shuffle through, tentative and choosing.

Toriel had you on house and Sans arrest. You asked for space, and Toriel didn’t even need to say anything before you knew she was going to make Sans like your temporary body guard until the Determination breaking side-affects subsided. She’d been sweet enough to start making a pie before she went out to inform the others and finally relax. Your guilt coiled and tensed – you’d made this trip nothing but disaster after disaster.

Sans sighs and gives up on the DVD stack, unsatisfied with the selection. The agreement was he could pick a movie if he atleast got you to the living room. Did it count if Toriel sort-of helped before leaving?

“in **record** time I have decided that *you* don’t watch good movies.” Sans chuckles, pointing to the stack. You feel a hint of aggression bubble inside you.

“What the hell is wrong with the selection?”

“They’re all musicals.” His voice is flat and disbelieving.

“Well excuse me for liking musicals!” You *humph* at him, turning away. “The only other movies we have are horror, time traveling, or historic. Take your pick – I vote *no* to horror.” You quickly supply, glaring at him.

“no horror equals me getting control of the remote too.” He winks, eyeing the other side that consisted of more VCR’s.

“Fine…” You huff, looking back. You were sleepy, yet you knew you wouldn’t sleep. Even if you did, it would likely simply be you conversing more with Gaster. “Dude, pick one of the time-travel ones. Like *Predestination*! That ones-“ “no.”

He wont even let you finish your sentence, skipping all that have any correlation with time travel. You faintly recall the tale Flowey spoke of in the Underground. How Frisk would RESET……and Sans and Flowey were the only ones who ever recalled there being ‘another time’. While time-travel seemed to be a trigger for Sans, he knew full well what you and your parents practically gushed over for years was the mere image and possibility. It was safe to say there were many movies of the travelling time nature.

“got any space ones?” His voice seems a little uplifted as you sigh and recline once more.

“Only Aliens, and that’s part horror – so no.”

He continues to shuffle through them until he makes an odd humming noise. Trying to peer past him, he finally stands and approaches the VCR player.

“Which did ya pick?” You squirm uneasily, queasy of the thought it was a horror. Or something along the lines. You couldn’t handle jumpscares – they plagued you constantly. He plops it in and lazily plops and fiddles with the remote, reaching through his pocket and retrieving a hotdog?!

You grossly peered at his pockets, trying to understand the physics. It already had ketchup smeared over the dog. Had he just left it in his pocket; letting it get stained with ketchup?! *Getting off track.*
“eh, it was in the history part.” He shrugs, unseeming to care as he flips on the television. The VCR whirs to life to your surprise and the screen blips a few times before recognizing the device. With a faint mechanical hum, the image and video begins to play.

The home video.

You already are cringing underneath the blankets as it opens hazily to your father finicking with the video recorder. You try to slowly and stealthily snake your foot from underneath the blanket before it simply floats away and to Sans side. You hope he senses your glaring; he seems to be intrigued with the short film. You recall seeing it a few times – it opened with your mother and father attempting different experiments.

“Yes! It’s up! Alright, hun, do the… ‘thing’.” Your father waggles his eyebrows as your mother gives that oh so familiar giggle, rolling her eyes.

“Don’t make this sexual.” She giggles, flipping a switch. The machine centered in the cameras view whirs to life; a barrage of lights and particles begin to freeze and practically stand still in the test of time as your father victoriously yells in the background. Sans is fully engrossed and the controller is completely out of your able reach. Resigning into your corner, you watch patiently until the machine explodes into a grand pile of rubble, shaking the entire lab and startling your parents. Soot covers the majority of the camera’s field of view as your parents cough and rush out to ventilate the lab.

Your father redirects the camera to his face. It’s completely blacked out in soot, ash and debris the machines explosion provided.

“Test attempt 49 conclusion – Machine isn’t ready to sustain any life form.” He says quite professionally past the queasiness in his voice. Clearing his throat, you hear your mothers sarcasm in the back.

“50th’s time the charm?”

“…Maybe next month.” Your father sighs, fiddling with the camera “Statistic Log Off.”

The moment the screen blacks out, another story whirs to life. He hadn’t been the best editor with making the VCR, that’s for sure. Sans seemed heartily interested – maybe not because of the object of fascination, but more on the workings and studies of your parents; this way, he could properly experience their work.

The trials grew shorter, but a pattern finally picked up. Failure. Failure. Some progress. Progress destroyed with Failure. Mother scolding Father for not ensuring a second copy of progress had been properly recorded. Dad just never saw it like that – he was a ‘its here, its now, its not anything else!’ type of guy.

Then, it took a peaceful turn. Well, as peaceful as your house was – without kids.

Your father was sneaking about with the camera, just video taping the entirety of the living-room, the kitchen, and peering through the kitchen window with a pleased sigh before proceeding outside. Your mother was in the background with the lush fields behind her. They weren’t always just tall grass; you hadn’t figured out how’d she’d done it, but it was once lush and colorful with bed after bed of wildflowers. She was tending to some in the center where a large oak once stood but burnt up in the fire. The breeze fluttered about and splayed her hair as she tucked it behind her ear. Her face was gentle as she caressed the soil of a fresh rosemary herb before adding it into the pot she was decorating with lilac and rosemary.
He settles the camera down on the side as it lightly beeps from lack of battery charge as he goes to her side.

You can’t hear the conversation – the winds drowns them out. Your mother leans back and affectionately into his shoulder while your father rests his chin besides her ear and nuzzles her forehead, wrapping an arm around her waist. He must tickle her as she suddenly squeaks and flails before tackling him to the ground out of the camera’s viewing point.

It’s black. There’s a rustling. Finally, the lab opens to reveal the lab where your mother is fast asleep in the chair. Your father needlessly shushes the camera and approaches, setting it off to the side on a cabinet. He cautiously nudges her experiment away and rouses her.

“Hun.” He whispers, rocking her shoulders as she stirs.

“Mmm?” She hums, resting her hand onto his.

“C’mon, Hun. We have to go shopping.”

“Mmmm for what?”

“Duh – Child safety locks.” He chuckles as she spins on the spot.

“What.”

“The adoption lease finally got accepted…..We can take him home. We’re going to have a son.”

Your mother instantaneously tackles your father, throwing him back and into the unfinished machine where his head bashes against the metallic floor. He groans in pain and giggles as your mother begins to plant a flurry of kisses about his face. Adopting had been his idea.

Jump ahead. The video isn’t even capturing before you hear gasps and giggles. It’s a little toddler Kevin crawling around on a rug. Your father teasingly follows behind him as he’ll take a moment to look behind at the approaching adult, giggle, and attempt to speed away. You can hear your mother humming with delight as she films the interaction.

“Babe, stop teasing the baby. He needs to go to bed.” She scolds, though there isn’t a hint of anger in her voice.

“No, Hun, look! He loves it! C’mere buddy!” He uses his higher pitched voice and quickly tease tickles Kevins side as the toddler fumbles over and flails with laughter. Finally, with a bit more laughter, your father scoops up your infant brother and playfully tosses him all the way upstairs. Settling the baby brother into his crib, they start up the mobile and watch him slowly doze off.

There is a 2 minute interval of fuzzy screeching of the TV’s disapproval of the tape. You spare a glance at Sans and it almost appears as if he had been looking at you, but you can’t tell. You’re smile is supposedly infectious – you’d expected him to turn it off at your brothers introduction. Yet, you both waited out the fuzz as the video cut around some more.

“BABE HE’S WALKING!!!” Your mother screeches, the camera trembling as your brother steadies himself against the kitchen tables leg. His face is one of fascination and stern concentration as his eyes are trained to the chair. Taking the first step forward, he foolishly lets go and bashes his little head into the edge of the chair. Your mother gasps, putting the camera down. He instantly begins to cry out wildly as she plucks him from the ground; giving wild kisses and shushes to uselessly calm him as your fathers harsh footsteps race up the stairs.
“What?! What’d I miss?!” He gasps, coming into view and looking over the spectacle before him.

“He hit his head on the chair.” Your mother tries to keep her voice calm as she continues to cradle and comfort Kevin.

“And I missed his first walking fail?!” He shouts, throwing his arms in disbelief. You can faintly hear Sans chuckling to your side as you roll your eyes knowingly.

“Babe!” Your mother scolds, bouncing the toddler in her arms.

“But that’s one for the home video!” He drawls, looking as miserable himself.

“Oh, please! Why wouldn’t I have been recording?!” Your mother insists, nudging her head in the direction of the camera as your father finally looks thrilled.

“Yes! Thanks Hun! You’ll thank me for this later buddy.” He briskly ruffles Kevins hair and snatches up the camera, not aiming it anywhere specific.

“I still don’t understand why you want a home video of our childs blunders…” She scoffs, the crying diminishing.

“Look, you’ll thank me in the future. Future you will thank me!!”

The video cuts out as the VCR gives some disapproving whirls before finally working yet again.

“Great job Kevin!!” Your father is up on his feet, cheering for Kevin who just won his first Science Fair project. Your mother is huffing back delighted sobs as she claps along with the rest of the room with the camera in her lap. He is only about 6 years old and he managed to make a music box that activated and replicated sound heard into a song. He was spruced up for the big event – his jacket hung loose and his clip-on tie was dangling on the edge as he hoisted his pants up once more since the buckle was just too big. There was little he could’ve done when it came to his shoelaces tripping him up and sending him plummeting off the celebratory stage. His fall was broken; similar to his invention and his enthusiasm.

Silence. Too much silence. Giggling. Your mother had strategically placed the camera out of sight as she giggled and made her way out. It was the piano room. With a sense of dread, you scooched closer to Sans. Sometime during the little static intervals, he’d pulled out the pie and served you a few slices. The monster food slowly regenerated your mobility, including your drive for the remote control as you cautiously inched closer.

Sans wasn’t stupid – you knew he was completely aware of your advances. Nevertheless, he remained silent and patient. Distant yelling could be heard inside the house by the time you were almost a foot away from Sans.

“Hey, uh, we should stop the video…” You mention, trying to seem uninterested.

“oh?” He teases, arching his eyebrows.

“Yeah…its uh……they mistook the tape and the rest is just……a sex tape..” You lie terribly, unable to keep eye-contact as you subtly reach around for the remote.

“oohh?” He continues to tease. You’d hoped this would be a deterrent.

“Y-Yeah. And I don’t want to see that.” You huff, reaching more boldly. He grasps it in his boney hands and transfers it to his other side. This fucker right here…
“well, then, don’t watch.” His smirk stretches wide as he addresses you with eye contact.

“Why the hell would I let you watch it then?” You retort; desperate.

“learning experience.” He shrugs. You hear the films front door slam shut and your brothers yelling conversation.

“What the fuck dude!?" You’re actually grossed out minorly at the mere thought. “Just look it up online!” You persist, trying to snake past him and snatch up the remote. He raises it above his head while his smile presses his eyes up in delight.

“smalls, you should be resting. I won’t patella you twice.” He winks, nudging you back with his knee. You press further, trying to reach above him.

“I feel fine; but seeing my parents doing stuff worse than making out will make me ill again!” You growl, all your focus dead set on the remote. Suddenly, the blankets swirl around you and you are pushed lightly back into the middle. You are almost weightless as you fall into the sheets embrace before they wrap around you like a cocoon – your head pokes free from the other side as you gasp and wriggle around.

“Sans, you ass!!” You shout, trying to kick as he chuckles lowly.

“hate to butt in here, pal, but you look a little… tied up.” He pokes jokingly at the cocoon as you struggle and writhe. It takes more energy out of you then you anticipated as you already are breathing heavy and just letting your head lull to the side. Seeming to understand your easing energy, the blankets loosen enough to let your body breathe as you poke free your feet at the very least.

Just surrender. He can watch it later if he really wanted. You force your brain to think, hunching down into a ball as your parents finally enter the room together; your father is in eager tow of your mother as she leads him inside. They settle onto the sofa real close as your mother tries to find words.

“Babe, whats wrong?.....If this is you worrying about the field test results, I promise, there will be some fluctuations. There are always fluctuations by Ebott. You aren’t going mad. Yet.” He growls, closing in on her as she settles back into the couch. She giggles and swats at his arm.

“Stop it! I’m being serious.” She murmurs into his shoulder as he leaves light pecks along her neck and shoulder.

“Didn’t know you were a sudden Harry Potter fan.” He replies as she giggles lightly and slaps his shoulder again.

“Honey.”

“You smell like honey, Honey.” He mimics her attitude and smells her hair.

“Oh, yes, totally. My hair is a pollinated ground of spores and seeds.” She jokes back to him as they both get a laugh out of it before he continues gentle advancements of affection.

“Sounds hot.”

“Know whats better then sounding hot?” Her voice is stammering and shy, though he doesn’t seem to catch onto it.
“Mmm?” He continues his pecking advancements along her neckline.

“no way, is this actually a sex vi-“ Sans starts to sweat lightly, though his focus is harshly trained onto the screen as the despairing line finally hits.

“I’m pregnant.” Your mother whimpers, tears trailing down her cheeks as your father finally throws himself backwards in shock. Nobody seems to have control over the situation as your brother in the unseen background lets his science project shatter against the floor.

“….What.” Your father finally responds, holding her sides and lifting her up into a sitting position. She just frantically nods with warm tears of delight while cradling her stomach.

Your father lets his head fall painfully low and rest right above her stomach, simply settling there before tears fall from his eyes as well.

“Is…Is this a dream? A different future? Hun – don’t fuck with me here; please.” He whimpers as they both envelop each other in a much needed hug. Rubble crunches as your brothers back comes into view.

“Mama…….” He is at as much of a loss for words as the rest of the room as your mother can only invite him over with an extended arm. He flies forward and into her embrace.

Static. A hospital. You’re not so official first visit to a hospital. Your father and brother rush into the little hospital room where your mother is waiting. She is nearly six months along and could no longer take the agony of not knowing the gender.

“Hey Hun.” Your fathers relief is evident as your mother comes into view. Her stomach has rounded considerably as your infant self continues to grow inside. She is laid out onto the little bed with the sonogram machine humming to life at her side. Kevin rushes to her side with some flowers from the garden and gives them in a messy bouquet.

“Oh, sweetie! Thank you.” She reaches her free hand over and pulls his neck close to nuzzle into. Your father sits and eagerly has the camera set to the computer screen.

“Alright, are you ready?” The doctor asks giddily.

“Yes! Yes yes yes yes yes yes-“ Kevin cannot contain his excitement as he bounces beside the bed as your mother laughs and tries to settle him on the edge.

“Easy, sweetie. Calm down. Yes, we’re ready.” She replies, gripping your fathers free hand as the doctor lifts the fabric off the stomach and applies the gel.

“whats that stuff?” Sans asks suddenly out of curiosity, “whats going on?”

“That’s me.” You comment, pointing to her stomach. He takes a minute while the doctor fumbles with the machine.

“…what?”

“Oh my god- how much do you know about human child birth?” You groan, rubbing your forehead.

“only that it’s not like monsters…”

“Okay. So. For about 9 months a baby will develop slowly inside a placenta sack that feeds it in a
female uterus. The gel is placed over the location of the uterus, and that machine is called a sonogram. At around 18-20 weeks doctors can use the sonogram which uses ultrasound and can basically see the baby. That gel helps with movement of the reader and just with results.” You explain as the doctor ensures there is enough gel. Your fathers breathing is very tense as he grips your mothers hand expectantly.

“It also helps to determine the age, abnormalities, and a rough due date.” You finalize. Looking to Sans, his eyes are wide and he slowly turns back to the television.

“So…that thing. that thing will show an image of you….inside your mums…uterus?” He summarizes as you nod He doesn’t say much else as the sonogram finally goes underway.

“Lets…see……here…..ah-ha. Found them. Mr. and Mrs. Kiel. This is your baby.” The doctor turns the screen and zooms in on you. Your mothers eyes are fluttering with tears as she has to relinquish the bouquet to cover her mouth. The film pauses as Sans just sits there, staring with the remote in his clutches.

“……Dude. Don’t, like, memorize my stutter image as a five month old in a uterus. That’s weird.” You shudder as he seems to snap out of some sort of trance, letting it play out.

“Can you tell the gender.” Your fathers anxiety isn’t helping your mother as she tries to fan back tears.

“Just let me……..” The doctor presses, finicking around with the device for a different angle.

“I hope it’s a boy!” Kevin blurts out, staring at your mothers stomach.

“Nuh-uh! Girl.” Your mother hushes him with a wave of a finger, as eager as your father to the reveal.

“But Mama! I want a brother!” Kevin flings his feet around, preparing for a fit.

“Easy there, bud. Nothing we can do about the gender of your little sibling. That doesn’t make it any less loved or different. Boy or girl, you treat them right, you hear?” Your father swiftly pulls Kevin into his lap, letting the camera rest in the still advantageous point in the other chair as he speaks to Kevin.

“But you were saying you wanted another boy earlier in the car!!” Kevin retorts as your mother shoots a surprised look to him. He can only shrug.

“It’d be nice to have another boy in the house, but that’s not the point. Whether it’s a boy or a girl, it’s still your new sibling and our new baby. Gender changes nothing.” He tries to sound informative, but your mother see’s through his lies as she rolls her eyes.

“Hate to break the boy streak, but you have a healthy little girl.” The doctor replies with a wide smile.

Your brother, to put it lightly, didn’t like the idea of a sister.

For the doctors safety, you parents were rushed out of the hospital with security as an extra measure. Your mother struggled with the camera as the power button was jammed as your father held your kicking and screaming brother.

“I don’t want it, I don’t!!” He shrieks, scaring patrons and patients alike.
“Kevin, you stop this behavior right now!!” Your father is fuming as he keeps his body in lock in his arms – doing his best to control the flailing limbs.

“NoooOooOoooo!!” He sobs angrily as he attempts to pry free of your father's arms. Even so, with security on the alert, he wouldn’t get far with his shorter legs.

“Kevin…” Your mother sighs, continuing to just concentrate on turning off the camera.

Finally, it powers off. A few more seconds of static allow you time to fork up some more pie. Butterscotch and Cinnamon. An odd combination, but it was still delicious.

After the incident, your father invested into a pair of glasses and remotely hooked a camera into the connector piece – the wires flowing through the frames and into a recording device in his pocket protector. It had supposedly been for on the job experiments, but the experiments came to a trickle the moment the anticipated day came.

Your father and Kevin waited patiently outside the hospital room with other family members you once had as grandparents and aunts/uncles. Kevin was being soothed by one of your grandfathers telling stories of his time during the war when the doctor finally lets your dad in. The birth had gone well and already there was an accumulation from far-away colleagues congratulating the couple with bouquet after bouquet. Your mother did love flowers.

He steps into the room and you can hear his exhilarated exhaling as he looks upon you both. Your mothers smile is warm yet weak. Even after three days of recovery and testing, she was clearly still exhausted from the ordeal. Yet, the likely joy she was swimming in as she held your little frame could be replaced nor scarred with nothing. Nothing would ruin that smile – that moment.

Your father nervously giggled as he clearly focused onto you. You were itty-bitty in her arms. Both of your feet fit into her palm and your hair was already fuzzing. You wildly looked around the room, but always just refocused on your mother before returning to your search. Your father was light footed as he approached and took the first stool closest to your mother he could be; craning forward, he plants a kiss on her lips and forehead before caressing her cheek and diverting his attention to you.

“She’s…” He whispers, his hands hovering around your little body as if his touch would set you ablaze on the spot.

“….so small.” Your mother whispers the rest of the sentence with a snicker, offering you to your father. He gasps and painstakingly slowly pulls you close and cradles you. He offers his pinky and you grasp onto it with your little hands as he lets out a strained gasp.

“Look. She’s holding my pinky. Look at her…….This is so unreal. I can’t-“ Your father begins to tear up as your mother rests a hand on his elbow, trying to comfort him but submitting to relieved tears as well.

“This is………the greatest thing we have created.” He whispers back to her; it’s so silent not even the room can hear them. Your mother just nods in agreement as you finally squirm a little and look to him. Of course, back then, you were terrified of his side-burns. You prove that point by whimpering and being on the verge of tears as he struggles and becomes afraid. Your mother chuckles as your father quickly returns you to her grasp.

“I told you she wouldn’t like the side-burns.” She giggles, planting a reassuring kiss to your forehead. You calm instantly as she begins to hum a familiar tune. A short yet gentle jingle she’d created while thinking of the wind and dancing flower petals. You ease down from your short-term
fear and just stare blankly at her.

Taking a moment to look at Sans from the corner of your eye, the TV has his undivided attention as he never looks away nor blinks.

“…..She’s so quiet…” Your father comments as he strokes your plush cheeks. You are simply breathing and staring everywhere you can.

“Mmm. She cried a little after the birth, but apparently she hasn’t made much of a peep since then…….they worry she may be mute.” Your mother whispers. You know the thought scares her, but she wouldn’t fix anything about you.

“She’s mute?” Kevins voice cuts through the silence. Your father turns to see him standing in the doorway. He’d been visiting a counselor and behaviorist to prepare Kevin for the baby. He still wasn’t pleased about the thought, but it no longer was a reason to break every vase in the house in useless retaliation.

“No, sweetie. We don’t know……do you want to come say hi?” Your mother offers. Kevin looks unsure as your father extends him an arm for encouragement. Shyly, he uptakes his hand and your father lifts him up onto the hospital bed. Cautiously and nervously, Kevin scooches closer and closer to you as you wriggle your arms out of the little bindings. Your mother offers you to him to hold as he just kinda outstretches his arms.

“Here; hold her like this.” Your father instructs him carefully, helping you into his grasp. It isn’t so much as holding as it is cradling – Kevin sits cross-legged on the bed with his arms resting on both knees and you in his arms. He stares at you like an intrigued scientist; twisting and turning his head for different perspectives. From the moment you saw your brothers face, something had clicked. Atleast, that’s what you’re parents had told you.

And it was evident.

Whenever he would turn his head, you would turn yours the other way. He would make some irritated face, and your smile would widen. It wasn’t until you reached out eagerly and grappled his nose with a following shriek that you started to laugh. Kevin practically flung you back into your mothers arms as you giggled and flailed happily to her amazement and Kevin crawled eagerly back into your fathers safety.

“Whoa there! What’s the matter? You made her laugh, bud!” Your father tries to encourage him as he shudders in his grasp.

“It tried to suffocate me!” He cries, grappling his arm. Your father laughs heartily and squeezes Kevin close.

“No, no! Kevin, she doesn’t know what she is grabbing. She didn’t mean it. Besides, you can still breathe out your mouth, buddy. C’mon – can you forgive her? Your face made her happy!” Your father encourages him.

Kevin takes a moment, but looks back. With a little more time, he clammers back onto the bed and into your mothers lap where she rests her free arm onto his leg. Your infant self eagerly watches as your brother suddenly pulls at his cheeks, crosses his eyes, and flicks his tongue menacingly.

Pretty sure the entire hospital heard you laughing.

You make wild grabbing motions towards Kevin as he continues to make faces. Other family members come in and take turns holding you close. Kevin never leaves your mothers lap as you
get passed around.

The only other person who made you instantly laugh was Uncle Dante. He took offense to it as you pulled at his hairs.

“Ouchie. Ouchie. Not the hair, princess, please!” He sarcastically cries out – it spurs you to pull more til you take a few locks as a souvenir.

“What are we naming her?” Kevin asks, finally pleased with your existence for the time being.

“Easy. Rachel.” Your father scoffs as your mother slaps his knee.

“We did not agree on Rachel!” She playfully hisses, combing through your thin hairs.

“Well, I think she looks like a Rachel...” He mutters, crossing his arms.

“Well too bad. Olivia was the final option.” Your mother sighs as your father perks up.

“She is not an Olivia!!” Dante butts in. “This little one is going to be more spunk than class, and Olivia is too classy.”

“Rachel is really classy though.” Your mother replies, cupping your cheeks.

Your brother wriggles his way in and snatches you free from your mother. Nobody can stop him as they finally realize his intentions. In the next moment, he has hopped off the bed with giggling you and is rushing down the halls.

“KEVIN!!!” Your uncle screams, racing past your fainting grandmother in hot pursuit.

“KEVIN!!?” Your mother calls out fearfully, trying to clamor out of the bed desperately but her legs and arms cannot support her. Your grandfather holds her down with reassurance as your father surges out the door after your Uncle. He is stuck at an intersection getting more and more frustrated as your father appears already out of breathe.

“Where’d he go?” He gasps, looking down each end. Its filled with doctors, nurses, patients, and chatter. Your little laugh is but an echo.

“If I friggin’ knew do you think I would be standing here?!” Your uncle snaps before setting his focus on a door and surging forward. Your father follows on point as he makes quick work of a staircase. The staircase leads to the bottom floor and after a few more perilous turns through traffic your uncle and father reach the main desk.

“There’s an 8 year old kid running around with a newborn infant!!” Your uncle gasps, tapping the desk. It takes not even four minutes for security to be on every exit. Security films supposedly don’t show anyone of that nature leaving the hospital, especially with an infant.

While security ensures them you would be found soon, neither of the men wait as they return to the upper floors and that same intersection. Your father wordlessly goes right and just trusts his gut.

For just a moment, he hears it. Your laugh. He’d only heard it a few times yet he can tell in a heartbeat it’s yours alone. Following it desperately, it gets louder and louder before he busts through a door. It’s a supply closet. Your laugh is now muffled. Switching on the light switch, you are held tightly in Kevins arms in the corner as he looks wide with fear. He should.

“Kevin Kiel!!! You are in such immense trouble!!” Your father aggressively shouts as Kevin
cowers in the corner. You’re being slightly smothered in your binding wrap.

“NoooooOOOoooo!!” He cries back, cuddling you closer. Using himself as a shield, he huddles further into the corner. “You gotta stop yelling!! You’re making her sad!! You’re making me sad!!” He sobs, twitching and terrified in the corner. Your father grunts and huffs in sheer rage but focuses on breathing calmly. He knows. He knows getting mad will only make things worse. It takes rationality to see the reasoning behind what Kevin does sometimes. Squatting down but inching forward, he keeps his voice level.

“Kevin – why did you take your sister away like that?” He persists.

“B-Because you and M-Mama we-we-we’re fighting! No fighting i-in front of J-Janette!!” He cries out, trying to keep you close yet breathing.

“Kevin, we weren’t fighting. We were just having a little disagre-……Janette?”

BEEP. BEEP. “Battery Low. Battery Saving Commence.”

Blackness.

“…………….what the literal fuck.” You can’t help but sputter a little bit of laughter at his zoned out expression. “that shits not funny. what the actual fuck?!” He looks to you, eyeing you up and down with insanity.

“Now you know how I got my name.” You giggle as the light static settles in. His dumbfounded face is priceless.

“What?!” He shrieks, throwing his arms in exasperation.

“Alright, so, my brother pulled me out because I was getting a little afraid of my parents talking so loud. So he pulled me away to a supply closet where he started writing out good names he thought I deserved. He picked Janette. Dad finally talked him out of the closet. Everyone scolded him really harsh. But, in the end, Mom and Dad thought Janette was perfect. Certainly made him happy.” You shrug your shoulders as you let the disbelief continue to settle in his face.

“…..you got your name….from a fucking hostage situation.” He comments as you mull over the idea.

“….Yes?” Wincing slightly at the implication, the TV whirs to life once more as your bubbly laughter rings out. You splash about in the bath tub at about 1 year old. Kevin was nearly 10, but you two were almost inseparable. He’d gotten more and more interested in Science while you were already leaning towards preferring flowers.

Splashing about in the bubbles as Kevin tries to scrub your hair, the first of many ‘accidents’ occurs. That’s what your parents called them.

You’d begun teething. He let his hand get too close to your mouth as your front teeth finally were beginning to come out and you chomped onto his pinky. Hard. He cried out and used the same hand to shove your entire head underwater. It was insanely brief – your mother had shrieked and plucked you out as you sputtered and held your eyes shut. Your father removed Kevin and shut the camera off.

It was the first of many ‘accidents’.

You were a slow walker. You wriggled before you slow crawled, you slow crawled before you
actually crawled reasonably. You were still testing out the workings of feet a little after turning one year old. Your parents claimed you were just a slow and perspective learner. For instance – you picked up on talking way too quickly, yet never used it. You’d witnessed and performed walking, but preferred crawling. As though to give yourself more of a challenge.

Your mother and father were finishing up in the garden. Your father had the recorder playing just in case and because some of the botanicals included in their more recent experiments.

“We should collect the herbs. Do you think tonight Kevin would eat some herbed chicken?” Your mother asks fondly, plucking some of the fresh herbs off their stalks.

“Eh. Maybe. Worth a shot........where is he anyway?” Your father comments, looking around.

“Hunting for worms by the shed.” She hums, looking in that direction. Neither of you are there.

The reaction time is like a light switch. Your mother dashes inside, calling out both of your names as your father starts calling out into the distance. He takes another mad look around the shed in desperation as your mother comes flying out of the house.

“Kevin is upstairs! He left Jane by the shed because she wanted to pick flowers!!” She gasps, looking out at the expanse of wild flowers. Your father wastes no time plunging into the extensive field in search of you. Your mother scurries off into another direction, remaining silent in her search. Minutes begin to pass as time becomes a maddening concept.

“I’VE FOUND HER!!” Your mothers echoing wail comes from the other side as your father spins on point and dashes through the field. Haggard and out of breath, he finds you and his wife just beside the forest. He prayed to the gods nothing feral or anything of the sort wandered out this time of day. Your mother bounced you reassuringly as you giggled and clutched a bundle of dandelions and daisies. Your father collapses and laughs heartedly.

“Guess you’re gonna give us a run for our sanity, huh?” He jokes, running his hand through his hair in sweet relief. Your mothers face remains stern and silent as she supposedly glares at the house. As your father returns to his feet and notices the off stance of his wife, he comes to her side.

“Hun? Whats wrong.”

“...I checked on her and Kevin......maybe 10 or 15 minutes ago........Baby – there’s no way she could have crawled here that quickly on her own...” Her voice is strained. The video cuts off as your father faces the house.

It picks up again later. Kevin is out and away on a school field trip with the parental guide being your mother. Thusly, it was just you and your father for about a week. You were nearly 4 now. You rushed through the house with the camera rolling in your little clutches (his glasses) as he playfully chased you around. Once he finally caught you, he had to turn off the camera to preserve power.

It turns on again as you eagerly sit at the piano, your father filming from a distance.

“Alright, Jane. Play that tune for mommy, okay?” He instructs. You already are curling into a ball as your past self enthusiastically nods and professionally cracks your fingers before the piano.

And then, you basically do the equivalent of bashing your hands wherever you can reach on the keyboard. After a few seconds you pause and look to the camera.

“Hi mummy!” And immediately back to the playing. Pause. “I really misses you.” , “ Daddy says
he does too.”, “So we send kisses through.”, “This video meant for you!””. Your father gave up trying to not laugh at the adorable display the first time he’d heard it. Sans took complete control of the remote. He was on the floor clutching his ribs and rewinding it in absolute bliss as you tucked away into the blankets. If you had close by neighbors still, they would file a noise complaint due to his laughter.

After a few minutes of repeating the embarrassing display, he lets it continue.

Your father continues to help you practice on the piano – teaching you the lullaby your favorite doll can play.

“Daddy.” You ask as you sit in his lap, eager to learn. Your pig tails fly out as you crane your neck to look up into his chin.

“Does Kev hate me?” You ask, clutching his arms.

“Why would he hate you muffin?”

“……He told me he did.” You stop playing the little tune and curl into his lap.

“Now why would he say that about such a cutie?” He snuggles you close with his chin resting on your head.

“Because I’m a bad sissy?” You ask; unsure. You didn’t understand Kevin. Your father hugs you close and turns you about so you can look into his eyes.

“Janette. Muffin. You know that your brother says things he doesn’t really mean.” He informs you, rubbing your cheek. Your eyes glisten with withheld tears.

“But I just want to play – he makes the games no fun. He’s too rough and he says is my fault! He says it all the time! I know he says things he doesn’t mean; but it still hurts……” You whimper, trying to withhold tears as a few trickle down your cheek.

“Now, Janette. You know your brother really well, right? He has his moments, but he is a good boy – and he does love you. Even if he has trouble saying it. But Janette, you……you are so kind.” He whispers, poking your forehead. “So kind, half the time I think you might just be an angel. You going to sprout wings?” He teases, poking at your back. You wriggle and giggle a little in his lap.

“That kindness is infectious, y’know?” His smile is warm as you stare into his eyes with confusion.

“In…Infat-Infec-“ You try to repeat the word as he ruffles your hair.

“Infectious, muffin. It means it spreads quickly.”

“Oh.....is that good?” You twist your fingers.

“In this case, it’s very good. Especially for Kevin. Because your kindness is your greatest trait – and you’ve infected Kevin with it. He calms down a lot quicker with you around. He smiles plenty. Janette; I think you are the one who will truly bring out the best in him.” Your father tells you, cupping your cheek. Your eyes glisten with creativity and hope before springing to life with need for action. Throwing yourself out of his lap, you charge for the door as he laughs.

“Muffin – where are you going?” He calls as you spin on your heel and nearly face plant into the door frame.
“I gotta go make things for Kev when he come home!! Imma make him a plant project science thing thing!” You call, jumping up and down with enthusiasm as your father rises.

“OOooohh – a thing thing now?” He teases as you nod.

“We gotta get flowers!! And leafs!! And roots, and twigs, and sticks, and sap, and little leafs, and big leafs, and-“ You gasp suddenly, looking intense. “....We gonna need a tree.” Without another word, your little feet carry you outside and into the fields as your father cuts the camera.

You recalled what came next. The short compilation of your parents catching you and Kevin into...shenanigans?

You were around 3. They opened the kitchen door to find you and Kevin staring cold and unsure back at the camera; you were absolutely soaked in strawberry Nesquik head to toe while the blender rapidly spun open and Kevin was pretty hosed down in the sloshed formula as well.

“She did it.” Kevin instantly points the blame to you as you clap around in a puddle. Your parents drag you both into the bathtub to “hose you down”, which is hardly punishment at all as they simply give a light scolding followed by plenty of bathroom fun. Kevin keeps brushing hair into his face and parting only one eye. You aren’t sure why it makes you giggle, but it has you splashing around as your parents try to shield their eyes from the suds.

You were towled off first and told to go to your room. You sped away without a shred of clothing after your father finished toweling your hair. Your mother sighed, finishing off Kevin and giving him shorts.

“Why were you two in the Nesquik anyway?” She grumbles, handing him the towel to clean out his ears.

“I told you, Jane did it.” He quips back.

“Kevin – you shouldn’t put the blame on your sister.” Your father reminds as Kevin looks hurt.

“But I hate Nesquik! I walked in and she was on the counter making it in the blender!” He argues while your father shoots him a parental glare.

“Kevin! Your sister can’t even run properly, what makes you think she learned how to climb t-“

vvvvvvvRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR.

Ah. That would be the blender.

Your father instantly drops all conversation and rushes to the kitchen with Kevin yelling “I TOLD YOU SO”s every which way as it turns into an echo over your giggle. You used the utensil drawers as a step ladder and had knocked over the remnants of the blender right back onto yourself as it high-speed gyrated against the counter. Your father instantly put the camera to the kitchen table and unplugged the electronic and plucking the sticky mess you were off the counter.

“Babe – we’re going to need to baby proof the drawers.” He yells back to the bathroom as you flail giddily in his arms.

Jumping ahead again, the house is dark save your mothers flashlight. She is home alone – your father had important business to attend to at the outer lab. You can’t recall the situation; but it wasn’t pleasant. She was giggling and talking you suppose to whoever was watching as she roams down the hall. There is a flash of lightning and booming thunder as you shudder in your seat on the
sofa. You’d reapproached Sans, though he seemed more or less unaware of your undetermined advance.

“So, I’m awake because I needed to check in on Kevin. He caught a cold. That, and, to check on Jane – I know how she hates lightning……..and look what I stumbled upon…” She giggles before gently pushing the door to your brothers room open with an aching creak.

Two little mounds stir beneath the sheets as she hastily yet silently approaches. Your mother could be such a ninja. She turns the lamp on to a modest light – enough to reveal the room, but not wake the sleeping children. Kevin laid out flat with his chin pointing up. He let his feet dangle out the bottom of the blanket for some sense of cooling with one arm overhead incase of an overbuilding of sweat. His breathing was heavier, but was necessary. Pulling back the sheets, your little head pokes free. Your cheeks are a roseys red and carry traces of frightened tears. Kevins other free arm is wrapped securely around your waist as you lie on your side above him. Gripping his shirt and his arm, you cradle your legs into both of your stomachs and listen to the beating of his heart.

“She is probably going to catch that cold in this little sweat out..” Your mother comments with a sigh. She presses and gives a light shake to your shoulder as you stir. A loose crackle of lightning echoes throughout the silenced house as you squeak and quiver into a little ball. Kevin instinctually brings his other arm down and around the shoulder your mother could reach and shake. Pulling you up and into his chin, you unconsciously nuzzle into his neck as he tries to find a comfortable spot for his head to tilt.

“Aaaaaaannnddd she’s gone. No prying her out of this. Trust me – I tried before.” She giggles, pulling the blankets up further. “We’ll just need to tell daddy you need a shower in the morning, m’kay?” She whispers, caressing your cheek.

This was your brother. What you knew. It was true – sometimes he wasn’t himself. More violent……more…cruel. You clench your gut for the upcoming memory.

Suddenly, the ceiling is being poorly configured to the zoom. Then you and Kevin – much older; around the age of... 5? 6? Your father had asked for you to fetch his glasses. Kevin took control and ripped them from your grasp. His growth spurt had hit hard.

“Cool. Wonder where the blueprints for these puppies are, huh Janette?” He chuckles, twirling it in his grasp.

“Prints aren’t blue. Unless they are Blues Clues!” You bounce excitedly as your brother groans in disbelief. You were a truly ignorant child in his eyes. You try and reach for the glasses as Kevin continues to observe them. “Lemme see like Daddy! Lemme see! Please please? Please please?!?” You plead kindly. Your brother actually gives in despite his height and authority over you as you spin and flail it at your side.

“If you break them, I am blaming you.” Kevin warns you harshly as you stop flailing it and put it onto your face. You gasp and shake your head.

“Daddy sees weird.” You comment, trying to fly around in the hazy vision. They still functioned as glasses, after all. Giggling wildly, you race around the room seeing things as an odd blur. That included the sinister face Kevin was making.

“Janette, stop and give them back.”

It was your only warning.
You were rolling around and zooming your head in and out of the quilted pattern on the bed as your brother yanked you up from your collar; the action caused a shortness of breathe, but not enough to choke you when his goal was to pluck the gadget from your hands. But you were childish; you struggle and tried to jump up and reclaim the technology.

“I won’t play no more! Straight to Daddy! Please please? I wanna helps!” You plead, bouncing on one foot to grab it. You think you are within reach of it as you try to grasp the edge. You end up grabbing onto the edge of his hand. You almost think you hear something snap before a sickening thud envelops the room.

The film only catches your body being flung halfway across the room for two……maybe four seconds. He’d thrust his knee directly into your gut while you dangled there helplessly. The camera was angled just properly to see the distorted aggression causing a toothy frown before amazement and shattering fear overtook it and the glasses dropped to the ground. It viewed your twitching curled inward body as you clench your arms around your gut whimpering.

“J-Janette.” Your brother whispers before rushing to your aid. He cups your face and is on the verge of tears as he overlooks you. “Ss-sssshh-shhh don’t cry. W-W-We’ll get mom, m’kay? M’kay. Sh-shhhshhh don’t cry, please. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.” His voice is completely broken as he scoops you up cautiously into his arms. Your face is contorted with pain as you fight back huffed sobs and screams.

He had, after all, broken a rib.

BEEP. BEEP. “Battery Low. Battery Saving Commence.” And, yet again, blackness.

The camera cuts ahead to that one visit to the lake. You and Kevin are bouncing around in your bathing suits while your father rubs sunblock into your mothers back.

“MmmmMm~ “ Your mother hums as your father tries to work some knots out of her tensing back. Work had been hard on them back then – the project had a time limit and it was hard to work on a project, make sure your kids didn’t do anything dangerous, and try to get relax time. Today, however, was one of the nicer vacations. Dante had come up to visit and got roped into tending for the kids. You were around 6 years old and ample weight to be tossed about. The camera glasses scan towards you and Kevin as Dante granny tosses you out into the open water with a scream. Kevin being too big needs to push off from his knee which still goes decently well. He drags you about from your arms and you kick your little feet to splay water everywhere. Kevin even throws you a few times. Tired of the swim, you both clamber over with Dante who playfully collapses onto the sand. Your father watches happily as you try and uselessly wrestle him when he is already pinned. He pokes and prods at your exposed gut, trying to find your ticklish spots as you giggle and writhe. Being a genius, you begin dumping sand filled buckets onto his abs; slowly and surely, you will bury him. Kevin only helps momentarily before the sun becomes a little much and he retreats beneath the shaded umbrella for a cold drink and his Rubix Cube.

It automatically fast forwards to later. The sun is setting and Dante has fallen asleep beneath the accumulated mound. You are curled up inside a mesh of towels as your mother begins rapidly drying your longer hair. The scene wells something inside him as he cannot tear his eyes nor the camera away. Mother and Daughter sharing the precious moment in the sunset, surrounded by family.

It was time for the final moment. Everything began to feel light and dull. Dark too.
Sans is gripping the arm of the sofa enough to nearly pierce the fabric with his fingers. He can now understand how severe your brothers case was. And how his LV grew so high.

He sits there trying to keep a decent smile on his face, letting all the negatives flow through his mind. That image of your little body splayed out and twitching on the ground……it was too similar. It was far too similar to him and Frisk – well, him and Frisk during the……‘bad runs’.

The VCR whirs painfully – likely on its last limbs as the screen flickers once more. Your mothers gentle hum thrums through the speakers. He saw so much of her in you that it was obvious where you got your attitude from. Your mother seemed to be a woman of simple peace; always content. While your father seemed more along the lines of someone who saw only now and wanted to live it to its current fullest.

Your mothers sweet hum carries nicely outside with a gentle breeze. You are squatting in the little garden poking at the ground. As she approaches, you turn around with a little fistful of worms. Your hair is in a delicate ponytail and your cheeks certainly aren’t as round as before. The brilliant and joyous smile you return at the realization of your mother approaching makes it obvious your main trait was kindness. How could it ever not?

You carefully tip-toed out of the garden and cupped the little critters.

“Mama, I found some more! Can we put them in that ferti bin?” You jump ecstatically as she simply chortles and ruffles your hair.

“Janette, there are already a lot of worms in the fertilizer bin. You just want to keep them as pets.” She giggles as you force an upset pout.

“But they don’t make Kevin sneeze…” You mumble as your mother guides you back towards the garden.

“Maybe we can get a lizard once Daddy finishes this project – that sounds good, right?” She insists, guiding you to put the crawling earthworms back in their homes. You oblige and release them before she guides you towards the watering hose. Washing your hands under the stream and rapidly shaking them around for a quick dry. “Janette. Come with me for a moment please.” Your mother requests, extending her arm. You follow her wordlessly as she starts walking you out over her lush wildflower expanse.

“…Janette. What you said to your father was rude. You know he just wants you to be happy.” Your mother starts off as you pout and shy away; though never releasing her hand.

“But I don’t wanna be rich or be suckcessfull.” You still struggled with large words back then as your mother giggles. You often just took other words that sounded similar and meshed them together when you couldn’t understand.

“He just wants you to have a bright future, baby. You know that.”

“Yeah, but you said he wants me to be happy! Bein’ a sighentist won’t make me happy – I’d be lonely!” You retort as you finally reach your destination. You giddily let go and race around beneath your tree. Its much smaller than the one he recalls seeing the other day.

“Why do you think scientists are lonely?” Your mother continues the conversation as you busy yourself with collecting fallen petals.
“Cause they’re always sleepy and working. You and Daddy don’t have a life.” You comment as your mother doubles over in laughter. Savage. She wipes a few tears out of her eyes and goes over to sit beneath the tiny trees shade. You still flutter about and gather petals as your mother picks a few stray clovers and wildflowers.

“But I met your father in the lab.” Your mother snickers as you finally have your hands full of petals and reapproach her in the shade. You plop down together and gather them in a ruffle of your little summer dress.

“But that’s because mama’s lucky and pretty and bootyfull.” You remind as she snickers once again. Sans catches himself snickering as well before looking towards you to tease. Your head is reclined on the side while your face mushes into the cushions of the couch as you sleep peacefully. He hadn’t noticed your closeness until now as he nearly shies away. Your head is slowly descending thanks to the angle. With a quick snap of his fingers, he sits right beside you and in the path of your falling head before it rests upon his shoulder. Your breathing is faint but he can hear your exhaling. Brushing a few hairs out of your shut eyes, he admires how much you’ve grown. Looking back to the screen, he doesn’t doubt you are one and the same.

“So are you, muffin.” She snarls playfully before mushing your cheeks with the palm of her hands. You swat her away happily while preserving all the petals. Your mother begins to form a weaving with the wildflower stalks and uses the petals to bind them like tape.

“Nuh-uh. I’m only pretty. When I get older…….I’ll be still pretty, but prettier!” You shout with determination as your mother weaves a few fingers through stray locks of hair.

“Oh? You’re not going to be beautiful? But you get your looks from mommy.” She comments.

“No. I don’t need to be bootyfull. Kev says I can be happy and pretty!” You reply while placing a few petals on your head like a balancing act. The wind instantly deters the idea and blows them away as you give rapid chase. Your mother collects the rest into a pile as you dash about for the scattered strays.

“What about lucky?” Your mother calls. You take a few moments as you collect them and finally address her question on the walk back.

“I have bad luck…” You actually frown, looking to the side as you release the gathered petals into the pile.

“Is that why you don’t want to be a scientist?” Your mother asks as you briskly nod and reacquire that happy smile.

“MmMmm! I wanna be a buttanist!” You exclaim, picking a flower for emphasis.

“You mean a botanist, muffin.” Your mother generously corrects while finishing the weaving. It’s a little flora crown vined and decorated with pale wildflowers and contrasting dark green clovers. In the center lies a four-leaf.

“Yeah! I can be kinda sighency and-and work with flowers and plants and-and-and be happy!” You frolic around and spin before falling back into the grass and giggling at it bristling and tickling your legs. “I can work with mama and make you bowkays! Bowkays makes people happy; I can make people happy!”

“Bouquets, muffin.” Your mother giggles as you offer a confused glare.

“That’s what I said.” You tell her as she can’t hold back a little snort that has you sputtering with
laughter as well.

“C’mere baby.” She extends out her hand in invitation as you flop around and dash back towards her. Standing infront of her, you can see all the dirt and cut grass sticking to your dress. You have a little polka-dot bandage on your knee and a few healing scrapes. Your cheeks are flushed with excitement.

“Janette. You can do whatever you set your mind to. If you want to be a botanist, you do that. If you want to be in the army, you do that. You can do whatever you set your mind to, sweetie. Do you know why?” Your mother comments, finishing the crown as you shake your head.

“Because you are a strong princess. Our little princess who has such a strong heart. You set your mind to it and I believe there isn’t anything you can’t do.” She whispers, fixing the crown onto your head as your eyes glisten in joy.

“You will always make people happy. You’re just so sweet that nobody can resist smiling with you. You don’t need to work with mommy or daddy. You don’t need to do things strictly for other peoples benefit. You just do whatever makes you the happiest. If making others happy makes you happier, then go right ahead. Lend them your strength and love, Princess Janette.” Your mother jokes, kissing your hand regally as you giggle and stomp your feet.

“Then I will make people and myself happy! I will be strong! No sirenddur!!” You shout like a battle cry.

“Keeheeeheee! You will ssssssurrender!” Your father playfully hisses as he swoops in from hiding in the wildflowers and plucks you right off the ground. You scream and squeal in his grasp as he hooks you under his shoulder. “You will be mine yet, my little pretty!!” He snickers, planting adored kisses around your face as you flail for freedom.

“Mama, heeeelllp-aaaAAAAHHH AHHHAAHAHA N-N-NO DADDY, STAAAHHHHP-HAAHAHA-“ Your dress had lifted and revealed your stomach and tight shorts underneath as your father began to trill his lips over your stomach with a tickling vibration.

“You should probably surrender muffin.” She calls with a laugh as she watches on.

“NEVE-AAHAHAHAHA NO-Noo00oo!!” You whine while gasping over insane laughter. Your father doesn’t let up.

Kevin comes dashing out of the wildflowers behind him and bashes into his back with a pained crack and groan. In the confusion he plucks you from your fathers clutches and begins the mad dash back home.

“THE PRINCESS IS MINE!! MUAAAHAAAA!” He calls back. You’re still giggling.

“White knight! White knight!” You chant all the way home with a joyous laughter. Your mother pats herself free of stray grass and petals as your father groans over the back attack.

“You should’ve seen that coming.” She comments with mirth.

“Yeah- probably. Augggh...”

“Hit your vertebrae?”

“His aim is a little too good if you ask me.” He grumbles, pointing back. He and Kevin had been out hunting. The only spoils were a few rabbits, but they were expertly retrieved. If you’d seen
them you would have certainly sobbed. Your mother wraps an arm around your father’s back for support as they watch you both dash into the house.

“They’ll be fine, hun.” Your mother whispers, likely reading your father’s thoughts as he sighs and watches you both turn into little blurs in the distance.

“I hope so…”

The video cuts off. The static cuts off as well as the TV rejects the tape from the player. The only thing breaking the silence is your gentle breathing pattern Sans has managed to match with his own. Looking over your face and the tranquility you have in this single moment, he can’t help himself. Reaching down tenderly and slowly he nuzzles his teeth into your forward. You lean in towards the interaction as he cups the back of your neck.

*From now on……you’ll be fine.*

“J-Jane…” You hear a gentle calling voice as you work a tired eye open. Someone is pushing and pulling your shoulder in a rousing motion. It’s Alphys – at least, Alphys’ blur.

“Jane you r-really should w-wake up. You’ve been o-out for n-nearly a day.” She whispers as you bolt both eyes open in surprise. Throwing yourself forward, your chest tightens inward as you gasp and grapple your shirt. You cough and sputter momentarily as she rubs your back. “E-Easy now.” She whispers and sits on the couch’s edge.

Handing off a mug topped with Golden Flower Tea, you sigh and appreciate that Toriel brought it in the first place. Hopefully Asgore could get more for the house as it seemed the supply was running short. Sipping lightly and hissing at the initial burn, you both sit in encompassing silence as the clock ticks away.

“How long was I asleep?” You ask, snatching up your tea. Fear of never getting back up slips through your mind so you remain standing.

“It’s almost n-noon and Saturday.” She informs you as you practically choke on the beverage.

“Frick! I’m sorry – I won’t be able to take you guys everywhere I wanted to…” You pout slightly; you’d decided to make a list of stops to bring the monsters to and it would have taken a full day to make it to all of them. “Have you guys eaten.” You demand instantly.

“N-No, but T-Tori-“ You refuse to listen to the rest as you zoom past her in a mad dash towards the kitchen. You can hear the faint sizzle of pancake against hot pain as Toriel’s fur blurs past your face as you slam the stove dial off. Huffing and catching your breath, Toriel is quick to move the hot plate out of the possible reach of your bare arm before adorning a rather upset face.

“Jane! You shouldn’t be doing something so dangerous!” She insists, pulling you away from the
stove and checking your arms and face.

“Out.” You gasp. Your chest is heaving heavier then you’d want, but it’s not important.

“What?” She asks for clarification.

“We are-“ You gag, coughing with a dry throat. Toriel doesn’t hesitate to swing around and reach into the refrigerator and grab you a water bottle. You give her an affirmative nod as you guzzle down nearly half of it with a thankful sigh. “I had plans to take you guys out, and one of those includes a diner. Today is just touring and going home.” You tell her as she looks surprised and rests her paw over your shoulder.

“My child ; why didn’t you tell us before? We’d gladly appreciate a tour of your hometown – Undyne and Papyrus have taken the reigns over the destinations.” She admits with a ruffling of the hair on her head. “Very well – when do you imagine we will return home to pack?”

“It’d be best if we packed now and picked it up on the way home. Save some time – it’ll be late.” You admit as Toriel discards her floral apron.

“Alrighty then. Best let the others know……take care of yourself, alright?” She insists with a slight amount of pressure into your shoulder. You understand instantly what she means as she scrapes and cleans the pan.

Appreciative of the compiled list you’d made, you walk outside to the already eager and bustling cars. You chose a loose button up grey shirt with a denim vest along with a knee length ruffled black skirt. Slipping into a sandal set and rushing out to the awaiting cars, you clumsily bypass the car door and jump inside. After buckling in Undyne reaches around and pulls you back into the seat for a quick hug. She is sporting her casual black tanktop and ripped jeans while Alphys opted for a ivory green button up and khakis. It really suited her well as she tests her seatbelt again for security.

“Alright you nerds! Lets go out and drink!!” Undyne cheers while drumming excitedly on the back of your chair.

“Undyne, we aren’t going out to drink today. Frisk is too young, Toriel wouldn’t like it, and Papyrus would be Papyrus.” You argue, looking over your list. “First stop is the diner, anyhow.” Undynes fire of excitement isn’t put out, but it certainly hits the coals fast as the conga line of cars begins their driving day.

Undyne immediately cranks up the radio volume and you instantly recognize the music as “All About That Bass”. She wastes little time pulling you into the swing of the catchy beat while Alphys quietly hums and bobs her head along. It echoes out over the vast valley of crops and wilderness you pass along as you return and close in on the heart of the town. Giving Alphys more detailed directions, it doesn’t take fairly long for your favorite diner to come into view. Everyone picks nearby parking spots as Papyrus ensures his is safe and within sight of the windows. He is sporting a funny croptop that has a singed pattern at the bottom while the top says “BEST COOK”. Beneath it he put on another orange tanktop and deep blue shorts. Sans leaves his jacket in Toriels van and comes out with a “Pi” shirt – it’s a pie with Pi bursting out the center. He still has on his black gym shorts, but atleast the brothers are both wearing actual socks and sneakers. Even if Sans’
are obviously mismatched. Toriel opted for a pleasant lilac summer dress that hangs above her sandal covered feet. Connected to her hand is Frisk – white and red striped shirt with above the knee shorts and roughed up sneakers and socks. Flowey is in a little pot that says “Please Avoid Touching” with little DANGER ZONE tape designed around the rim.

Leading everyone inside the establishment, Undyne and Frisk are the first to take a satisfactory whiff and sigh to the enamoring draft of food in the air.

“Damn something smells great!” Undyne barks.

“H-Honey, sshhh.” Alphys pleads. It’s a small diner, but even over the ancient jukebox Undynes voice echoes out and catches a few patrons by surprise. Luckily, most people who don’t live directly in the city area aren’t as hateful towards monsters apparently. Everyone goes about their business and food as a nervous waitress attends your group.

“W-Welcome! What can I do for you?” Her voice is high as she readjusts her glasses. Her brunette hair is pulled back tight into a ponytail and her cheeks are flushed with nervous embarrassment. Her nametag reads “Kate”.

“Hi, yes, table for…..” you need to take a moment to remind yourself how many people are in your little group and whether or not you can count Flowey. “Eight please.” You ask, trying to calm her nerves. She nods and quickly rushes over to a check-in book to write down the table entry.

“Oh my. This establishment must be quite old.” Toriel comments suddenly. Turning around, she is inspecting a wall of black and white photos from the 1950’s.

“Yeah, its been here for ages. Hopefully the owner is still doing well. Oh, that reminds me! Papyrus!” You spin on your heel and look up to the already looming skeleton. Sans is at his side, looking out over the thinned sea of people. “In about 3 minutes they should finish the first fresh handmade batch of pasta.” You wink as stars form in his socket and he gasps. His hands instantly go up to keep his jaw from unhinging.

“THERE’S SPAGHETTI?!?” He shrieks; you’re pretty sure the cooks can hear him as you try and shush down his level.

“There is more then just spaghetti, but you need to keep your voice down Papyrus. Diners are usually just quiet little leisure spots for families.” You inform him as he looks down to you with a ecstatic grin before plucking you off the ground.

“NYEHEHE! SO YOU ADMIT TO JOINING OUR FAMILY!!” He celebrates, squeezing you tighter as you gasp for air. Sans pats your dangling leg and Papyrus’ with a clank as he catches the taller brothers gaze.

“easy there, bro. no need to leave her breathless.” He jokes as Toriel giggles on the sidelines. Papyrus releases you carefully before glaring socket to socket with Sans. Alphys helps steady you as the waitress returns to your group.

“R-R-Right this way please.” She asks as your group follows her through. Its obvious people stop to stare, but it certainly isn’t with malice or disgust – more of interest. Monsters were a rare sight so far from Ebott, especially in more preserved and small towns like your own.

You are all set up at a conjoined booth and table. Toriel and Sans take one side of the booth while Papyrus and Alphys take the other. Since the brothers chose the side closest to the window, Frisk and Flowey are sitting right next to Toriel in the added chairs, while Undyne sits beside you to be
close to Alphys. You already foresee what’s coming which is why you asked kindly for an outer chair. Sans wastes little time confiscating a few packets of ketchup.

“SANS! DON’T STEAL KETCHUP!” Papyrus warns, trying to swat Sans’ fast moving hands.

“y’know I can’t help it bro.” Sans admits with a shrug and nabbing another.

“YES YOU CAN; STARTING NOW!” Papyrus fiddles underneath the table in desperation to reach his brothers pants pockets. Toriel and Frisk are looking over the menu when Frisk spots and makes a mad garb for the dessert menu. Flipping through it and shoving it into your space, he rapidly taps and points out the Apple Fritters. You can practically see the drool dripping over his lip as Toriel pulls back the menu.

“Ah-ah-ah. Brunch first.” Toriel warns and places the dessert menu out of reach.

Everyone places their orders before you and you make sure to use specific wording. You’d insisted you didn’t need a menu.

“I’ll get the Grand Sam without the bacon and with a side of Cheese Hashbrowns and a medium Orange Tropica.” You ask politely, handing back the rest of the menus as she fixes a puzzled look at you before leaning in carefully.

“U-Um, miss….w-we don’t have Grand Sams or Tropicas anym-more.” She relays as you giggle.

“Don’t worry. Just let Gray know.” You give her a wink as she shoots back up.

“Y-You know the head chef?” She asks bewildered, looking you up and down. You didn’t blame her one bit – Gray was very keen on solitude, little socialization, and constant ordering and aggression. However, he was a good friend of your fathers and always remembered your favorite order. It had been off the menu for years, but he never forgot the exact recipe.

“Yeah. Would that be alright with you?” You ask, not wanting to make her suffer. She is obviously new and getting chewed up and spit out by Gray like tobacco is never pleasant.

“N-No, o-of course! Right away!” She jumps, rushing off towards the kitchen. You and Toriel giggle lightly at her nervousness as everyone settles back into conversation.

“So what did you have planned for today?” Toriel asks as Undyne swiftly spins in her chair.

“Yeah! Go Kart Racing? Marathons? Anime Conventions?!” She starts listing off suggestions with growing enthusiasm.

“Nothing that fabulous. Golfing, Shopping, Bike and Dog park…” You had memorized the short list as Frisk and Papyrus began to glow with enthusiasm. “…..If we have enough time….maybe the planetarium.” You instantly catch Sans snapping his lulling head to attention at the mention of the exhibit as Frisk reaches hazardly across the table to hold your hand and speak.

“Dog Park!!” He squeals as Toriel pulls him safely back into his chair.

“Easy, my child. There will surely be enough time for everything. You two simply need to be on your best behavior.” Toriel instructs as Frisk nods quickly. Flowey simply crosses his petals and looks out the window at the little garden.

“Why are we going shopping anyways?” Undyne asks out of the blue with a scheming smile. You ruffle around in your purses pockets and retrieve your mothers earrings.
“Well, I thought it’d be a good chance to let you guys pick up souvenirs….and, maybe, probably, get these installed…” You murmur with much less confidence. Toriel gasps and offers her hand over to see as you lay the earrings in her paw. She brings them over and admires he jewelry.

“Jane……these are marvelous. They must have cost a fortune! You need to save your money, my child!” Toriel adds, turning them in hand. You fiddle with the hidden necklace.

“Its not mine. They’re my moms. She told me I could have them when I hit 20, but I didn’t bother getting my ears pierced.” You wince as she gingerly hands them over to Undyne who examines them with equal care along with Alphys.

“pierced?” Sans voice is a little shy and his face is one of uncertainty.

“Yeah, they pie-“ You try to explain before a booming shriek and laughter overtakes the tiny diner by surprise. Spinning your head around you see the quick approach of two of your favorite people – Gray and Tammy, the head waitress. Gasping and pushing off from the table and up to your feet, you race forward and straight into Tammy who heaves you off the ground with a tight squeeze.

“Oh my gosh – look how BIG you’ve gotten!!” She cackles, swinging you around like a ragdoll. Tammy is a veteran and has an amputated leg; but it hardly slows her down or takes away from her sheer strength. She kept her hair short and choppy so it required little management and it added a sweet appeal to her grey eyes. Gray was a complete contrast to her as she hands you off and he envelops you in the largest bear hug yet. He was a very tall, sturdy, and heavy man with skin as dark as rich chocolate. He’d always been a chef here and he had trained you – you worked here for a few years during highschool and the crew had supported you like any parent would a child. Pressing into his round stomach as he releases you back onto the ground, Tammy encompasses her arm around your shoulder.

“But, you'll still be a squirt in comparison!” She jokes, giving you a harsh nugie you cannot escape.

“Tam, you’d better leave this little pea-pod be! Comes home and you start harrassin’ ‘er!” Gray swats her away and gives you another affectionate hug. “And you!” He instantly takes a commanding voice as you shrink in size.

“While you’ve grown, you’ve also lost weight! Practically skin and bones!!” He complains, patting your stomach. “Don’t even think ‘bout lying to me that you’re eatin’ healthy! I know you, Janette – and you haven’t, been, eatin’!” He jabs at your stomach before spinning you around and leading you back towards your table. He and Tammy both freeze up when they notice your company.

“Ah, uh, Tammy and Gray, these are my friends.” You whisper, trying to slip away. Gray doesn’t allow it as he narrows his eyes at the skeleton brothers.

“GREETINGS HUMAN! ARE YOU THE ONE IN CHARGE OF DELIVERING THE HANDMADE SPAGHETTI!!?” Papyrus is eager and already has his fork and knife at the ready as Gray continues to glare them down.

“Janette. Your friends also seem to have a problem with eating. They’re nothing but bones!!” He exclaims, still in a glare as Sans sighs and tries to peek his head over Undyne.

“no need to be bear down on us bud. just came for good food, warmth, and friends.” He comments as Gray instantly leads you back to your seat.

“WHAT THE HELL!??!” Undyne screams out, hurdling the chair and looking intensely at
Tammys mechanical leg. “DOES THAT ACTUALLY WORK!?” Tammy gets into an uproaring laughter and playfully spins her leg as it obeys her movements.

“Yes! Lost it to a mine!” She enthuses, pointing around to its workings and connection.

“A what?” Undyne asks honestly, fixing her eyebrows in confusion.

“Tammy, monsters aren’t involved in war.” You comment from afar as she just nods in agreement.

“Well, mines are these vibration or pressure controlled bombs left in the ground. If you step too close to one, it’ll explode.” Tammy explains. Nobody seems to like the harsh realistic thought of inground bombs as you try to divert the conversation.

“Gray, you gotta be nicer to the new help. Her knees were practically buckling out from under her.”

“Quiet, girlie! Got to toughen her up for the big leagues!!” Gray threatens with a booming laughter.

“Gray, have a little mercy.” You plead.

“No mercy to you, nor to your stomachs! You all must be famished! To celebrate your return, the meals on me.” Gray demands as Toriel instantly fiddles for authority.

“No, please! You needn’t do such a thing!” She insists. It’s a battle over the more insisting.

“I also needn’t give ya’ll your check receipt which is how ya pay!” He guffaws over in laughter at his own brilliance before finally letting the harsh tone slide. “You don’t need to worry ‘bout the payment, miss. We’d be more than happy to serve any friends of little Janette here for 0 charge. Think of it as an early birthday present!”

Oh fuck.

“Birthday present?” Toriel asks as Frisk jumps with excitement. “No, dearie, your birthday isn’t for another month.” Toriel whispers before fixing her gaze back onto Gray. Gray returns that fixed gaze onto you as you begin to sweat.

“Oh, please tell me you told ‘em.” He threatens, crossing his arms. He’d always been harsh about you being more open with friends.

“I have no idea what you’re talking ab-UGH!” Tammy cuts you off in a headlock as you desperately grasp at her arm for air. She doesn’t block your breathing but she makes it hard to speak.

“What – getting all upset you’ll be turnin’….what – 24? Lookit you – your nearly a quarter way to a’hundred!” She cackles tightening her grip on you as you try to wriggle free.

“Y-Y-You never t-told me y-your birthday was c-coming up!” Alphys exclaims past Undynes chair while Undyne remains tall and rooted beside Tammy. Giving Tammy a variety of give-up taps, she flees the scene with a cackle as you gasp for air.

“T-There never –cough- was a need…” You manage to say past your tightened throat.

“.WELP! I’ll go get your meals – you all aren’t leaving here without some wheelbarrels!” Gray also retreats at the sudden tension surrounding the table.

“………..Well, I actually have to go to the bathro-UUGH!” You try to make your own dash for it,
but then again; Undyne. She plucks you up like a blamed child and plops you back into your seat while setting her hands over your shoulders.

“Your birthday, huh….” She giggles. You feel her hands tensing as you tremble at the thought of her ringing your neck.

“Look! I haven’t needed to celebrate my birthday in years! Of course I would forget to maybe mention it!” You exclaim in defense with an unsure pout. Undyne slaps you over the head before returning to her seat.

“Idiot! You’re supposed to tell us things like that! Don’t forget again!” Undyne instructs, giving a harsh nudge into your side.

“She is right, dear. We all would have felt terrible if we didn’t celebrate.” Toriel responds with sorrow in her eyes. She is obviously hurt you hadn’t mentioned it.

“No, please – its fine. Its just a birthday. I’m fine not celebrating.” You try to plea your way out of it as Flowey flicks a vine at your hand and you reel back.

“Idiot! Now that they know, of course they’re going to plan something! It’s pointless to talk your way out.” Flowey growls and glares as you try to glare back.

“Oh yeah, well then, when’s your birthday?” You sneer as he flicks his head away.

“Confidential.”

“Oh my. That’s coming up right after Frisks as well. Oh this is splendid!” Toriel sings with a clap of her hands. Flowey’s face turns a pale pink to the reveal. Frisk swings his shoulders around in the anticipation of the upcoming celebrations they’ll need to attend.

When the food finally makes it out, Tammy happens to be getting off her shift and settles down at the end. You let Alphys and Toriel try your Tropica and have them add their name to the petition to bring the drink back to fruitition. You assume he is playing on the petition of the fruity beverage, but only Papyrus and you seem to understand his true goal. While Spiderman has spideysense, Papyrus has punnysense – he can detect bad puns within the vicinity.

You are certain you see a golden orange drool salivate down Papyrus’ bones as he finally gets his perfect plate of spaghetti.

You certainly weren’t expecting him to sob about the spaghetti. Nobody honestly did. He had nothing but praise for Gray who’d made the entire tables dishes by himself; and supposedly in record time. Gray gave Sans quite the mouthful when he caught him drinking from the ketchup bottle – a lot about manors and health. Then he would turn to you and demand you shovel food into your face and eat hardly. Atleast Toriel found humor in it. She traded some old recipe info with Gray on the condition that they would stop by again the next time you visited and would need to try out any she brought along.

Tammy wouldn’t stop gushing about war stories to Undyne and Papyrus. Sans and Alphys took a medical and scientific perspective over her prosthetic leg which she had no issues showing off … or removing. Toriel nearly fainted when she straight up pulled the connector off and handed Undyne her leg. Alphys settled for mentally dissecting its workings. You are thoroughly surprised when Gray nabs and secretly delivers a few chocolate cherries to Frisk and Flowey who had once again obtained the dessert menu. Either Toriel didn’t mind or she didn’t see Flowey struggling to
keep them all in his mouth at once to avoid suspicion.

And not once did they question them as monster – they only questioned them as friends.

The goodbyes are bittersweet. And long. Gray had occupied you all so much that he called up all the staff he could that had known you and let them know you were visiting. You went from only having to hug Gray and Tammy, to hugging Gray, Tammy, and around 15 other people. By the time you reached the car and still heard Gray mouthing off to you as you slouched into the passenger seat, you already wanted to pass out – you were stuffed, happy, and drained. Yet this was only the beginning of the day. Pulling out your list and crossing off the diner, you trail down the pencil.

“Golfing next?” You ask happily. It was pleasant fun with a few added bonuses you wouldn’t spoil at the moment.

Once again, you are on the road. Your phone vibrates in your purse pocket as you struggle to free it in time. You catch a few texts from Frisk as Alphys leads the group through the town.

Frisky : 1:13 They were very nice!
Frisky : 1:13 Mom keeps saying how nice they were. How happy you were. I’m glad we went!
Frisky : 1:14 Flowey says he can’t move he’s so stuffed. Then he blames Gray for stuffing him. ^u^ It was delicious!

Attached at the end of the final one is a little image of a hunched over Flowey. His little cheeks are swelled. You’d warned Gray to give him a little – Flowey’s stomach was infinitely smaller than everyone else’s, yet if you recall he tried pretty much everything on the table. Taking pity on the poor flower (too many times have you been in that same predicament) you shoot Frisk a text back.

Jane : 1:16 Please tell him this exactly – Suck it up, BUTTERCUP. ;)

You reply with a giggle as Alphys takes a few turns. You catch a baritone laugh along the wind as you glance back. Sans is hunched over the back grappling his empty stomach and looking like he is choking with joy. A few minutes later, he sends you a text as well.

Bonehead : 1:21 nice one kid.

You sigh and pocket your phone away once more. Frisk must have shared it. Undyne sneaks her head between you two and fixes her gaze onto you. You’re certain she isn’t buckled, but there isn’t much you can do to change her mind.

“Sooo~” She hums, raising and lowering her eyebrows playfully as you glance between her and Alphys questioningly.

“Soooo?” You return with confusion.

“Tams told me you haven’t had a date in years.” She giggles.

“I too have!” You retort with offense.

“That karaoke night doesn’t count.” She counters quickly.

“………” You can feel your face burning in embarrassed shame as you retreat into your seat and
closer to the door.

“Are you serious punk?!” She shouts and nearly stands.

“Honey pl-please don’t tease her.” Alphys asks sweetly, though she gives you a pitiful look.

“I aint – in fact, we are going to fucking fix this!” She screams with confidence.

“Undyne, no.” You beg. Its far too late.

“Oh fucking hell yeah! Me and Alphy are going to get you a date!”

“T-That’s a g-great idea!” Alphys actually agrees. Alphys actually fucking agrees.

“Alphys!” You shriek in disbelief.

“Wh-what?!”

“You guys don’t have to play matchmaker for me…” Acting grateful you try and deflect their niceness. In reality, you don’t want this to become something huge. Which it will. Because Alphys and Undyne.

“It’s not that we HAVE to, it’s that we NEED to!1” Undyne prominently elects loudly before giving you a nugie. You can atleast escape her rough housing by ducking forward towards the car compartment.

“……..If you start randomly writing ships of me with other people, Alphys, I swear…” You warn with a heaving sigh. Undyne celebrates in the backseat as Alphys turns different shades of red but never loses her grin. Undyne fiddles around with a notebook in the back and brings her face forward – serious and bold.

“Alright. Now then! What are your preferences?” Undyne presses the ball of the eraser into her upper lip for added effect as you shy away.

“S-She likes guys from what I know.” Alphys tells Undyne who quickly and crazily jots it down as you glare disappointed daggers at Alphys. “W-What? You need to answer honestly or w-we can’t help!” She retorts, resetting her focus to driving as the path is turning very winding.

“Alright! Appearance?” Undyne continues to question rapid fire as you heave a sigh and give in.

“Appearance doesn’t really matter to me.” You grumble as Undyne gives little wolf whistle. You don’t fully understand and you don’t want to.

“Voice?”

“Voice?” You parrot back.

“Yeah. You like the smooth sounders or the booming bass? Please don’t tell me you’re into squeakers.” Undyne shudders as you try to reach back and slap her shoulder.

“No. I would prefer a deep voiced guy, but it really doesn’t matter again.” Undyne jots it down and thinks hard on the next question.

“Educational and Job E-Experience?” Alphys asks to help fuel the conversation.

“Okay, I don’t want one of those bad boys that skipped out a few years early. Solid education,
maybe going to college. It’s not me saying I would never date a drop out – it’s a preference.” You instantly correct incase they mentioned this to someone and made them feel insecure. “I would hope they had a job at the moment, but if they have had one or are working towards one that’s okay as well.”

“So in short, experienced?” Undyne cuts your answer short as you pout at her.

“Hey, you asked and I answered.” Undyne giggles and writes down the answers. Something seems to dawn on her.

“How funny do you like guys to be?” She asks with a sneaky smirk. Why is she smirking? You shrug it off as an inside joke.

“I always love a good laugh. Laughing is supposed to be the best medicine and prolong life. So… really funny?” You admit with a smile.

“Does height matter?” She is rapid firing at this point.

“Appearance doesn’t matter, Undyne.”

“What kind of bad habits can you tolerate?” What kind of question is that?

“Um….well…I really wouldn’t, but I could tolerate smoking. If they were messy, sure. Themselves filthy? Probably not…..If they had some weird kink, I don’t think I would mind unless its like… REALLY weird. Like they like to lick ankles? That’s weird.” You shudder at the thought. Of somebody licking your ankles. It wasn’t unheard of, but maybe not your preference.

The only sound is the blowing wind and the faint radio. Looking back to Undyne, she is quivering with the fattest toothy grin you’d ever seen. She looks like she might explode.

“Uhh….Undyne?” You ask with a hint of fear. She seems to shake it off and exhale deeply before fixing her face with another serious glare.

“And you don’t mind dating monsters.” She comments, almost quoting.

“…No.” You reply flatly after enough thought. She bolts up and nearly tosses the paper out of the bugger as Alphys gasps and steadies the car. Holding onto the door-handle for dear life, Undyne squats back into the seat and gets far too close to your face.

“Sans.”

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“Excuse me?” You ask for clarity as her grin widens.

“You would be perfect to date fucking Sans!!” She grabs your elbows and shakes you wildly with excitement as Alphys gasps. Its not out of fear.

“F-Frisk mentioned that!” She declares as the blood pales from your face.
“What?! That kid! HAHAHA!! YES!” Undyne throws her fist into the air before swirling it back and around your neck. You are too busy to still be processing this. “We’re good at this.” Undyne tells Alphys with a great grin before you flinch away.

“W-W-Whoa whoa WHOA. I can’t date Sans!” You declare, trying to keep your voice down but unable to hide your shock. “Why the fuck not, punk?! Literally everything you said points to Sans!”

“I-Its true! He easily could earn his bachelors w-within a year like me, and he once w-worked in the lab w-with me. He is quite bri-brilliant. While he can be a slob, he cleans up n-nicely. I don’t need to mention he’s funny.” Alphys begins her tirade and also wiggles her eyebrows with a knowing hint in her eyes.

“I-I haven’t known him that long! We’re just f-friends! He probably wouldn’t date a human anyway! Certainly not me!” You begin rapid firing excuses and melting into your chair.

“Hm hmmmmm~” Undyne playfully hums, closing in on your again.

“I-I prefer to know guys for a while before dating them. And for guys to be open. About, I don’t know, their life! You saw how he is with me – he looked hurt that I knew he had so many jobs! That I did his fucking laundry! And-And that incident back at the house – oh my god!!” You screech, burying your hands into your face. “He probably thinks I am the snoopiest perv or something!!”

“……But you could open him in more ways than one.” Undyne’s voice is reaching a chilling octave as you shriek and cover your ears. You are faintly aware of Undyne cackling like a maniac and Alphys turning miserable shades of shy magenta. After a few minutes, Alphys shakes your arm as a sign of peace and you retreat from shielding your ears.

“Y-You should try though.” Alphys admits.

“Try what?”

“Bone him.” Undyne can hardly get the joke out before she is sniffling an cackling into her elbow.
She obviously had a talk with Alphys as she gives you a sweet smile.

“Getting closer. Learning about him. Me and you are proof that you can get along with monsters easier than humans.” She explains while the car slows. You are nearing your destination.

“Yeah, but you were my roommate. And a girl. And relatable. And sweet. He can be sweet to family and close friends, and he is technically my roommate. But there is a certain line I can’t just openly converse with him about. And I don’t mean it rudely, but we just...........come from different viewpoints.” You try to put it lightly. “Sans is just one of those guys I see more as a good friend instead of me being his.....girlfriend.” The thought is awkward. Being all mushy and lovey-dovey with Sans?

It was almost comedic.

The conga line of cars finally pulls into the mini-golf course.

Undyne nearly breaks off from the rest of the group with Papyrus. The mini-golf course also came with a decently large hedge maze, climbing wall, mineral sifter and ice cream stand. It really had pretty much everything to entertain kids.....Okay, a stretch as it may be it was always so much for you.

“Undyne – they let you use the climbing wall or the sifters free if you play a game of minigolf. It’s cheaper and gives you more to do.” You argue before she can even get a word out. Frisk is quick to snatch up Sans and Papyrus and drag them over to the sign-in station giddily. Toriel follows you and Alphys with Frisk as Undyne catches up with the rest of the group.

“My, this place is simply adorable.” Toriel giggles, looking over the expanse of golfing holes and the maze.

“I-It’s quite elaborate.” Alphys chimes in.

“It’s so stupid.” Flowey groans.

“It’s mini-golf!” You cheer in at the end. It sounds like a sing-song infomercial. Flowey doesn’t appreciate your jazz hands. Approaching the main counter you aren’t surprised to see your bunch overwhelming the poor service person. Kids and parents around you are either staring or forcing themselves not to stare at your odd bunch. You’d never been so openly out in the daylight with the monsters – it was usually night time events or predetermined events. Never just you all going out and enjoying yourselves. However, it’s much more obvious to see those who are more disgusted with your company as you try and flash a glare here and there.

Was it like this for them all the time?

Fiddling with your wallet, Flowey is thrust into your grasp to take priority as Toriel swiftly retrieves her own wallet. She has that motherly grin. That one where you offer to pay, she insists, and then it’s a comedic battle of who is paying the same amount of money as the other and who will do it first. It would seem Toriel beat you this time as you give up on your wallet and simply snuggle hold Flowey. He’s been much more expressively upset, but he lacks much energy thanks to being literally stuffed by Gray.

Toriel cuts a path through the rambunctious group and speaks with ease to the club distributor. Papyrus, Frisk, Undyne and Sans are the first to zoom off together the moment they get handed the clubs. It concerns you when Papyrus nearly discards the club after receiving the golf ball.
Following your hunch, you turn to Alphys.

“Have you guys ever played golf before?” You ask while waiting for your club.

“N-No, b-but back in t-their hometown, Snowdin, t-there was a s-snowball you kicked i-into a hole and a f-flag would come out.” Alphys informs you as you swiftly thrust Flowey back into Toriels hands.

“Sorry – hold please!! Alphys grab my club and ball please!!” You shriek back as you descend the stairs and chase after your group. Right as you bend around the corner, Papyrus is the first up – he has the golf club like he is ready to bat. “PAPYRUS, WAIT!!” You shriek, startling the group as you continue to rush forward. Reaching the group and huffing to catch your breath, you lurch over and gasp. Your chest feels heavy and like you’ll collapse over as you struggle. A large skeletal hand only belonging to Papyrus helps lift your shoulders and, in return, your head. You give a few thankful nods and gasp before finally speaking.

“Y-You need to keep the b-ball inside the course. If it goes out, you need to restart. If it goes outside the entire complex, they cut you off and you can’t play anymore.” You huff as Frisk throws a slew of hand signs you don’t fully catch. Sans has you kind of covered.

“ah, so it ain’t like snowbowl back in town.” He tells himself and Frisk as Papyrus looks confused.

“You have to wait anyways. Toriel will get a little tally sheet and we need to keep track of how many stokes it takes to get into the hole. If you do really well, you can get prizes at the end once you hand it in. And there is a final hole that’s optional where if you can get it in, you win 3 prizes of any price. If you miss it, you lose them all.” You warn. Undyne seems let down at the complexity of the game, so you lean closer and whisper. “I hear if you get under 25 they’ll offer certified climbing gear for rock climbing.”

You think you see a legitimate fire burning in Undynes thin pupils as she tries to nudge in behind Papyrus for next to ‘swing’.

Toriel finally arrives and claps with joy as Alphys gives you your ball and club.

You had not doubts that Papyrus would be great at the game. You didn’t expect him to be getting nearly a perfect score. He was so calculated and precise it was intimidating. Sans’ attempts were straight up bullshit. It would bounce off one rock, fling over another, flow down the added stream, land in the secret chute, bounce off the edge of the mini-ferris wheel and just kinda meander perfectly into the hole. You shrieked and grabbed his shirt aggressively before shaking him with rage.

“How the hell are you doing that?!? If you’re magic cheating I swear on all that is mini-golf holy I will SINK you!!” You curse as he goes limp and acceptant with a deep laugh.

“hey kid, i’m wingin’ it.” Sans points to Frisk’s birdie which they nicely sink in with a high-five to Toriel. Toriel and Frisk were a tad more bouncy and unprecise, but it was clear they did it just for fun. Flowey was permitted to use his vines since he was too small for a golf club as he was positioning his aim. He had his mind set on getting one of those little dancing flowers – which he would then burn.

Undyne was desperately struggling to maintain her strength with each put, but luckily Alphys was there to coax her through with precision and force. Likewise, Undyne would instruct Alphys she needed to use more strength. Everyone reached the end and surprisingly Toriel had the worst score of everyone. Which was saying a lot since your crew was practically on a spree of hole-in-ones and
condors (nobody wanted to believe you when you told them the usual gold scoring method).

Handing in the tally sheet you saw the gift giver visibly sweat. They couldn’t disagree and claim you cheated – there were posts everywhere with surveillance cameras, and your group was incredibly hard to miss.

“Would any of you like to try for the special goal?” The lady asks with a sly grin. She obviously was someone fond of ripping prizes away from children. You saw Papyrus puzzle and gawk at the special goal. It was a trap hole. There was a steep incline that lead to an impossibly narrow opening where the hole was covered by a cage. The terrain grew increasingly bumpy and more likely to jostle the ball off course. A few scenery stones were planted around and a long tub-run fountain over “I’m afraid you only get one shot and it’s an all or nothing hole. Then again, maybe you’ll get lucky. We’ve limited it to only one person per group to save any cheating.” She giggles. You think Sans can sense it to – she is a lying little shit. Whenever your family came each of you got a turn. The proprietor only saw it as fair since it was so impossible. But you had an advantage.

“I’ll do it.” You inform the group as Papyrus gives you a look of unease. “Relax, Papyrus. If I miss it, I miss it. It’s all good fun.” You hum as you strut over to the hole. Placing your ball down, Papyrus rushes over and leans really close to your ear.

“Human, if you can perfectly balance the ball onto the edge of the rocky ramp, it will increase the likelihood of it going in. Even then, you must have spectacular aim. This hole is no joke.” He silently warns like this is life and death. You giggle and pat his clavicle with a little strain.

“Papyrus, this hole is one of the jokiest.” You hum, repositioning yourself. Before Papyrus can ask why, you bat it right towards one of the scenery stones. Papyrus yelps and groans at your blunder while you remain smiling. You can already hear the lady groaning in hatred. The ball overlaps the stone that is nothing but fabric held up with constant air. The force behind the ball is enough to flatten the rock and clog the air jet. A three second timer of basic congratulations takes place before the air jet rockets the ball into the air and right onto the little stream hanging above. It flows down and through a few loops before being discarded right above and into the hole. The hole triggers with loud celebratory clapping and confetti as you swing your club in pride. Nobody needs to know you spent years figuring that out as you hold a confident smile. Papyrus plucks you up and hugs you close as little bits of confetti cover the course.

“HUMAN! BRILLIANT WORK! SIMPLY BRILLIANT!!” He exclaims, lugging you back to the group like a rag doll.

“Eh, not really Paps. Its true with the best luck you can get it in, but its relatively impossibly low chances.” You dryly chuckle as you recall the many years you left here a sobbing mess thanks to this. Setting you down, Undyne gives a rather harsh congratulatory pat on the back with a toothy grin.

“That was splendid, my child!” Toriel agrees as she fiddles with a little scarf she’d won. It seems everyone but you and Papyrus had picked their prizes – Undyne had gotten too many points so the climbing gear was out of reach and she settled for a flashy set of sunglasses. Alphys got a few bracelets that you thought belly dancers wore, but they really gave a bring sheen to her scales. Frisk and Flowey both got little dancing flowers while Frisk also got a few keychains. A fish on a hook, a squishy lizard, and a neon orange and blue skeleton. It certainly made you giggle. Sans who had second most to Papyrus ended up getting a few books left behind, sunglasses, a kazoo, an orange skeleton keychain, and a can of silly string. There was evidence on Frisk that he’d already utilized his prize.

In lieu of Sans’ choice, Papyrus also picked up a neon blue skeleton keychain. The trio was
adorable as Papyrus picked the rest of his prizes. He had the most (least?) points of the entire group. A few cookbooks and recipes, a souveneir T-shirt that read “While you settle for Birdie or Par, I only seek Condor and more – CAW CAW!!” with a mass of prominent predator birds flying beneath the text. It was utterly ridiculous and cute. He also got a squishy stress ball, sunglasses, and a mirror. You don’t really understand the mirror, but he seemed enthralled so you didn’t mind.

The lady grimaced as you walked up with a Grinch smile.

“Please pick your 3 free items.” She sighs regrettably.

“I’ll take one set of climbing gear, one free group pass into the maze, aaanddd….. this guy!” You pluck one of the smallest yet cutest little things out of the tiny keychain container. It’s a squishy half stitch-doll half skeleton keychain. On the skeleton side it has a lulled eye and when you squeeze it, it’s eyes pop out and it emits a squeak. The lady looks baffled at your choice but fetches the other items none the less. You’d feel bad only picking one skeleton keychain since you’d already planned to help Undyne get the climbing gear and use the maze.

Pinning the keychain onto your purse keys, the lady hands you the maze permit and slugs the gear into your grasp. Everyone had been rushed off with Undyne and Papyrus who were extremely eager to get onto the climbing wall. Struggling to keep everything in your hands, you waddle towards the back and around to the climbing wall and sifter.

Undyne and Papyrus area already gearing up while Toriel sits on a shaded picnic table with Sans and Frisk, chatting quietly with Flowey taking a snooze behind them. Approaching and finally letting the gear drop with harsh weight onto the table, you sigh and close in.

“My child! What did you get?” Toriel asks, peeking at the goodies.

“Oh. I got some climbing gear for Undyne, one of those maze passes for everyone, and this little guy.” You give an experimental squeeze and watch its eyes bug out with kid-like excitement.

“’s all you got yourself?” Sans asks, pointing to the keychain.

“….Course.” You nod towards the golf course with sudden brilliance as Toriel giggles lightly. Setting your purse down, you spot Alphys over at the sifter fiddling with the bag holder. “Alphys!” You call out, running off in her direction. After a few steps Sans grasps your wrist and you whirl in unsure surprise. His one eye is doing that glowing thing again and he is just staring right through your center. It’s a little uncomfortable; his stare. Like he is looking into you. It makes you a little paranoid because it’s obviously not sexual. But your soul is too deep to see anyways…..

*And who’s fault is that?*

“Sans?” You ask quietly, not wanting to spook him in his zoned out stare. His eye vanishes and returns with the circular white pupils. He releases you and you wring your wrist – you were unaware as to how tight his grip had been.

“sorry. go ‘head.” Sans gestures towards Alphys. You hesitate and look him over before walking quickly towards Alphys.

She finally managed to retrieve a little baggy from the dispensary to collect colorful stones. You decide to join in and grab one yourself. It was simple – pick as many stones as you like or can fit in the bag. You showed Alphys how to sift just incase and before long you were both sharing your finds with one another.

“T-This place is nice.” She hums as she fiddles with one that is a brilliant turquoise.
“Yeah?” You reply.

“Yeah……it’s part of your c-childhood, isn’t it. All of th-the places we’re visiting.” Alphys asks with an understanding grin as you twiddle a smooth and white pebble in your fingers before adding it to your bag.

“Mmm.” You hum in agreement. “Not all of them, but I thought it’d be nice to just show you my favorite places in town. ‘Course that’d be places I visited as a child.” You giggle, picking another. Its slightly jagged and orangish yellow but you add it none the less. Alphys finally see’s what you’re up to before letting you have the turquoise stone. You were plucking stones that you thought represented the monsters. You still needed ones for all the boys as you tried to not be so picky it would takes hours.

“What color would Asgore be?” You ask uncertainly, fiddling around.

“W-White or Gray. Maybe some R-Red.” She admits. All of the stones she has picked out are cool colors of green and blue with a neon tint to them. They all look like scales that could shimmer across Undyne’s scales and you would be none-the-wiser.

“You could make a necklace out of those – they’d look great.” You admit, finding a deep red stone that had a bulky bottom. Red ones were harder to come by since they stuck out in the water like a sore-thumb and kids only like brilliant colors. The blues, greens and other cool colors or dark were in abundance.

“Y-Yeah?” She fiddles with a red one of crimson before shortly finding another.

Beginners luck? You scoff at your own thoughts. How could you ever think that. It was fricking sifting. There was no luck to it!

She lends you one of the red ones you dedicate instantly to Frisk and return to scavenging.

“Totally.” You finally jump back into the conversation as you move a little more towards the upper stream. Alphys follows to continue chatting.

“D-Do you like that boy?” She asks suddenly as you nearly drop a white and red speckled stone. It’s a little more rough on the edges, but it felt perfect for Asgore as you swiftly add it to your baggie.

“Which boy?” You ask.

“That o-one Sans t-told me about. T-The one you t-t-threw out of the karaoke b-bar.” She whispers, fiddling with more green then blue now.

“No, I think I am supposed to hate him.” You admit shyly.

“Think?” She questions.

“Like, I don’t remember a lot that happened. I got drunk as shit.” You whisper to her, trying to not let Frisk overhear. Despite them complaining about being full, Frisk and Sans still shared a split off popsicle while Flowey sipped a flurry and Toriel enjoyed a black raspberry ice-cream. “And I guess he is against monsters – which isn’t cool since the majority of my friends seem to be monsters.” You admit with a dry chuckle. You didn’t mind that life honestly. Your eye catches a white and yellow stone spotted with black and brown as you put it to the side for Flowey.

“B-But what if he was o-okay with monsters?” She continues the thought. You take a few
moments and stare into the water, deep in thought. It wasn’t like you’d known him long to develop feelings or anything of the sort. It was still a baffling struggle to call Rhianna your friend, but it seemed like that in every fact of the word.

“I…I don’t think I’d date him, if that’s what you mean. That outing hardly counted as a date in the first place. I…….I’m not sure.” You sigh, finding a pale orange with a few white lines swirling through. It was thin and oval-like as you add it to the baggy with a smile. Totally Papyrus.

Every bright blue stone you find just doesn’t suit your image of Sans. Finally, at the base of the little stream waterfall, you find it. A thick and oddly shaped cyan stone with coarse white cracked patterns running along it. Adding it to your baggie with a smile, you turn to be a little startled by Alphys. She holds up an amethyst mineral that is jagged and dull. It’s deteriorated so long that it’s fused together with a fake emerald as it’s a dual pointed edge. You flip it over in your hands and giggle to yourself.

“Is this one mine?” You ask with honesty as Alphys shies away with a red blush over her cheeks. Her baggie is tied off as a single brilliant red stone rests on top of the mountain of cool and deep greens and blues as she nods. Swinging your arm around her affectionately, you add the stone to your bag before tying it off. A perfect fit. She lets her own arm drape over your other shoulder as you walk together with a smile back to the table. Papyrus is laid out on the bench, huffing and reading his recipe books. Undyne keeps inspecting the gear like she doesn’t believe it’s real. Spotting you, she waves you over.

“Hey, punk! You got the climbing gear!!” She hollers with joy. She doesn’t seem to understand the purpose of it as you laugh loudly.

“Undyne; I got it for you! When the hell would I go climbing?!” Alphys slips away before you can plead for forgiveness and Undyne barrels full speed into you and knocks your breath clean out of you. Grasping your bag of stones for life as she grips you in the tightest hug ever you slowly feel your ribs bending to her force as you struggle. Noticing your tension, Undyne releases all her strength and holds you limp in her arms as you cough and groan.

“Sorry. Got excited.” She admits with a twitching smile.

“No shit…” You whisper softly as Alphys comes over to cradle your limp head.

You are on your third turn through the maze before you finally give up and let Frisk lead. You were shit at mazes and directions. The hedges were abnormally tall, so Papyrus, Toriel and Undyne couldn’t see over. Everyone was split off into competitive teams – each group is shoved into a different opening with a punch-out paper. The point is to find these punch-outs, solve their puzzles, and earn the right to punch a hole in the paper and move on. Once you finished the paper, you needed to find the exit. If you finished in great time, you could return to the prize booth. Each group had an individual timer on them and only the prize giver could turn it off. Luckily, you met the other prize giver before you all entered – it wasn’t that bitch on the other side and he seemed fond of Toriel. It was an elderly man who shambled around slowly.

So you, Frisk, Toriel and Flowey were on your way through the maze. It didn’t matter since everyone was given their own punch-out paper and timer, but you’re group was so large they suggested teams. Flowey kept insisting on cheating by ducking through the ground, but Frisk and
Toriel were completely against it. You wanted to stay on the outside of the maze – you weren’t good at these. Ever. You got stuck in here for an hour as a kid and you’d only gotten two of the punch-outs in that time. They had to come in and pull you out.

“NYEH HEH HEH!! NOT BAD, HUMANS! HOWEVER, YOU CANNOT JAPE THE GREAT PAPYRUS!! I HAVE MASTERED THE ART OF PUZZLE SOLVING!! NYEH HEH HEH!!” Papyrus’ voice echoes out from above as you halt and push yourself far enough back to peer over the hedges. It seems Papyrus found the only one you were ever able to find consistently – the one on a friggin wooden platform above the maze. He punched out his little card and glanced over the mazes expanse. Catching you in his sight he waved.

“HELLO JANE! HOW IS YOUR ESCAPADE OF PUZZLES COMING?” He echoes once more as you giggle. You can sort of see Sans punching his card out behind him, but its impossibly hard to see him thank to the height difference and the hedges.

“I’m not so great at these types of puzzles, Paps.” You admit, raising your single-hole punched card. You swear you heard Sans snicker.

“DO NOT GIVE UP, HUMAN! YOU ARE DOING WELL! YOU’RE NEXT PUZZLE IS STRAIGHT TO YOU-“ He is about to instruct you from a birds eye view before Sans uncharacteristically jumps in.

“’ey, bro, it’s a competition. you’d be givin’ her an advantage.” Sans informs him with a sly wink.

Oh this mother fucker. You hope and glare and hope it pierces his skull; your glare.

“AH! I’D FORGOTTEN!! FORGIVE ME, JANE, FOR I CANNOT ASSIST YOU! JUST KEEP YOUR HEAD HELD HIGH!!” Papyrus calls with a wave farewell. You wave back with pleasant smiles. All that’s left is Sans blissfully smiling and leaning over the platforms railing. Glancing to both of your sides for safety, you raise your middle finger as far as you can to ensure he sees it.

“You’re dead to me.” You grumble with a glare as his laugh booms over the maze outline. Its similar to a haunted house, but there is so much more to it that you can’t explain.

“kiddo, i’m dead to e’erybody.” He chuckles as you flip him off once more. It dawns on you that you can flip him off without Toriel seeing……

Where’s your group.

Throwing your head from side to side in panic, you hear Sans laugh with newfound playfulness as you groan and rub your face.

“think of it like this, smalls. its not so bad in here…” He starts off.

“Sans, if you finish that sentence-“ You halfheartedly warn as you try to recall which way you were headed with them before the split up.

“its pretty amaizing view up here.” He chuckles as you groan and bury your face in the soft hedges leaves. Pulling yourself free and brushing the leaves out of your hair.

“I’m going to go. Gone. Peace. Bye. No thank you.” You mumble with an irritated flip of the hands as you pick a frustrated pace and keep it.

“other way.” Flipping on your heel and trudging with more harshness in your step, you know he can see you flipping him off since he gets a good laugh out of it.
Plenty of time passes. It’s a little maddening being in the maze. Makes you paranoid of more things then one. Paranoid of not simply being lost and stupid – you were also alone. You hadn’t entered alone, yet here you were. Like a sick joke – that everything could be yanked from you without any say or word and you would be cold and single in number. You’re pretty sure you have hit this exact wall three times now as you give in and lean against the shrubs. Settling on the ground, you decide to wait it out. Flipping open your phone, it’s been nearly half an hour. Growling at your own incompetence, you shove the device and look back over your measly two punches. You hadn’t even made it to the platform this time.

Crawling into a ball of embarrassment and slight fear, you recall this scenario. You, Kevin and Dad had come in here, all of you separate from the start. Mom waited on the outside to congratulate everyone. Kevin made it out quickly and swiftly, while you’re pretty sure you got your fathers misconception of direction. Never-the-less, he made it out before you as well. While they waited outside patiently you’d given up then as well. You found a little flower poking out of the ground and huddled up into a lonely ball in the corner beside it.

You felt tears trickle down your knees as you shot up surprised and rubbing your cheeks. When had you begun to cry? You laugh a little with a faint sniffle and lean backwards. Resting your hands on the ground, you feel something gentle brush your arm as you look towards the source. A small pink flower pokes out like a determined weed from the tall shrubbery – begging for sunlight and water. Your eyes widen in surprise as you fiddle and dig to its side. Beneath a few roots and soil is an old worn down crumpled sheet of paper. Unfolding the ball, it’s the same one you’d lost as a kid. You keel over in stupid laughter at your own blunder with a stream of tears.

Even now, after all these years, you were trapped and alone in here. You honestly never really escaped this loneliness.

No…you thought, I did.

It had been an hour. Kevin dug a hole through one of the weaker edges of the shrubbery and rushed through the maze. He was the one that found you – not one of the staff. Now if he popped up, hunting you down in the maze, it would feel like the stupidest punchline in the world. Time repeating itself. You knew nobody was left inside – everyone had texted you their times. You’re cellphone was all you had to keep contact with everyone. Of course the brothers made it out first, and next were Alphys and Undyne. Toriel had been completely unaware to your disappearance, and it was too late to head back in once they were out. After all – they would think they were cheating. She sent a slew of texts full of apologies, while Papyrus kept trying to advise you where to go based off image texts that took forever to go through. You lied when you said you could manage on your own. You just wanted to stop bothering him. Sans had sent you the most random text ever that made literally no sense.

Bonehead : 3:01 headin two the bathroom.

You literally wanted to throw your phone. Skeletons don’t even use the bathroom!!

The crunching of dirt pulled you from your thoughts. Tensing up, you really were praying the punchline wasn’t real. Had they finally made a rule if you got mad lost or took too long they’d send somebody in. The approaching crunching of dirt proved that, yes, you weren’t alone. While thankful and embarrassed, you still quivered in fear at that underlying thought – what if it was him.

You aren’t expecting bones to be the one to find you so desperately alone – you also aren’t expecting it to be the more teasing of the two brothers as he looks upon you. Sans condescending smirk is wiped off his face as he sees your sorry state. You sniffle and show him your old punch-
“G-Guess I got stuck a-again.” You admit, rubbing your face. He comes to your side and produces a series of napkins to dab at your cheeks with.

“awe, c’mon smalls. didn’t know you missed me so much.” He chuckles as you try to swat him away. He holds both your hands and pulls you up and along with him as he leads you through the maze. It feels like time is jumping forward – with a bat of the eyes, you are standing in front of one of the last puzzles. Glancing around, you can’t recall when you’d gotten here. The only thing that felt real was his hand grasping your own. A heat rode through your veins and into your cheeks and face as you fling your hand free and grasped it gingerly in embarrassment.

“W-Wait – I thought we were going to the exit.” You stumble back and wring your wrist, like his touch had scorched your hand. Looking back, Sans is gone. You fling your head around with newfound fear; this puzzle was at a dead-end. Where had he gone?!

His deep chuckle emanates past and through the hedge, sending chills over your spine.

“Sans! This isn’t funny!” You call back, cornering yourself next to the puzzle.

“relax, smalls. i’m helpin’ ya aren’t I?” His voice echoes through as you try to make yourself small and unseeable.

“Its more like you’re freaking me the fuck out.” You murmur.

“hey, c’mon. I even brought you right to the next one. two more ‘n your done.”

“I want to be done now please.” You plead, looking around. Sans appears at the far end of the thin hedged corridor.

“ya want t’ leave it like this?” His voice carries a weight to it. This was just supposed to be some nice harmless fun, not an adventure into deeper meanings. You keep his eyes connected with your own before you sigh and turn to the puzzle. It’s fairly easy to solve and you are deadpanned staring at the empty space Sans once existed in. He feels phantasmal – like he is there and then not, similar to a ghost. Those thoughts are pierced with each echoing laughter he lets loose. You follow it to the best of your ability; you aren’t entirely sure why, but it’s the only hunch you have. It isn’t moving as you work your way around. Things finally look as unfamiliar as they can in the maze – leaves look different.

You find the wooden stairs and thank the stars and sky you finally found the \textit{fucking} platform.

Ascending the stairs with gratitude to the fresh air, you find Sans slouched in the corner and watching your approach with lidded eyes. Your first stop isn’t even the puzzle – its going to the railing and feeling free of the mazes stuffy air.

“see? imma \textbf{bone}afide guide.” He chuckles as you kick nudge him with your foot without a glance. He still gets a chuckle out of it as you finally put in the last punch. You’d given up on your other card and were punching them into the ancient paper from your childhood. It was stupidly symbolic, but you didn’t care. It felt……\textit{right}.

“Yeah, well, I’m not out yet.” You grumble, trying to memorize the way from the new birds eye view. The boney phalanges twist around your palm and yank you back. Stumbling against wood and instantly into dirt, you find yourself face first in a hedge. Pulling back with a sense of whiplash and peeking around you find yourself in the midst of the maze yet again. Except, down the other side, is the Exit.
“…….WHAT THE HELL!?” You shout, throwing your head back and around in complete confusion. Was your brain going stuffy from the dwindling air? Was this a dream – a really long and stupid dream turned nightmare? Sans was nowhere in sight as you hesitantly approached the Exit. It felt fake – like nothing was real or trustworthy. Like you had been thrust here directly from the platform; similar to an invisible portal or something.

This golf-course didn’t have that type of budget.

You walk fast and finally reach the end with a sigh from the on-guard staff.

“Glad you made it out alright!” He gives you a pat on the back.

“Mmm. Thanks for letting my friend help?” You offer back as he looks to you with confusion.

“Friend? We didn’t let anyone in yet.” The boy shares a confused stare with you as you sweat and dash off in the direction of the prize booth. You see the boy walk inside, likely checking for the other intruder. Where had Sans gone? How had he even gotten in?

The old man nearly spits his dentures loose when you slam down the ancient punch-out sheet. He exclaims of how its nearly 16 years old, and gives you a little clip-in bone bow for the good laugh. It’s a bone that makes a bow – quite subtle and cute honestly.

“Jane!” Toriel calls you over. Everyone is gathered and waiting by the van. Running forward, you collide with Frisk and Alphys. You can finally sigh with appreciation that atleast they waited.

“You idiot, where did you get to in there?! Dig yourself a hole to China?” Flowey scoffs from inside the van with a satisfactory giggle. He can’t escape your grasp as you pinch and pull his petals like cheeks and nuzzle your nose into his forehead. It’s incredibly bizarre that he still smells like a fresh flower. Pulling back you watch as his entire face turns a brilliant red and steam rises from his petals as he wilts over the steering wheel. You and Undyne share in a celebratory high-five before hopping in respective vehicles.

“Papyrus, where is Sans?” You call out as Papyrus is taping on his sunglasses for good measure.

“He said he required the bathroom. He hasn’t come out since.” He points over to the side-stall private restroom as you quirk an eyebrow.

Yeah, well Paps, he is a shit liar. There’s no w-

“Sorry ‘bout that bro. y’know what eggs do t’ me.” Sans voice is chilled and relaxed as he stretches his arms while leaving the bathroom. You can almost feel your jaw hit the floor.

“But we don’t digest human food like monster food – so it does relatively nothing to you…besides making you lazier!!” Papyrus adds with a stern glare while Sans hops in the passenger side.

“Hedge up, paps. looks like we’re movin’ on.” He snickers as Papyrus swings and misses to smack him over the back of the skull.

You are positive the undisguised disbelief is permanent on your face.
“Y-You’re doing just fine J-Jane.”

“Yeah, punk. It’ll hurt real quick.”

“Sweetie. I d-don’t think that’s helping.” Alphys admits as you lay back in the chair, waiting for them to pierce your ears. Everyone was equally intimidated by the mall so you split off into much smaller groups to spread yourselves out more with the time deadline of 4:15. You had chosen to go with Alphys and Undyne to get some girl shopping done. The brothers went off by themselves in promise that they wouldn’t get lost, and Toriel had the scattered maps here and there to direct her and the kids around. Undyne took ample care to ensure you were constantly within sight.

You stopped by a few anime and feminine stores. Somehow they’d gotten you to try on this gorgeous long irish green silk dress – it had loose ruffles layering in the front, yet hung tight around your hips thanks to a green sash. It had slightly poofed shoulders that had a slight kringle in the end. There was little you could do when Undyne snagged off the price tag and rushed it to the cashier. You recall asking if she did this when her and Undyne went shopping, to which she nodded and stealthily hid her own price tags on the inside of the clothes. She usually didn’t look there……..usually.

Undyne carried all the baggies besides the ones you refused to hand over, and the couple had practically stolen half the anime merchandise at the nearby Comic Zone. Of course, the Comic Zone happened to be right next door to the jewelry store that offered clean piercing, and the rest was history to date.

“Are you sure you want these ones first? You’ll need to leave them in for more than a week and these types can be heavy starters.” She warns despite the earrings being actually lighter than most low hangers. You’d lost your voice and could only nod to her words as she shrugged and went off to clean and freshen everything in preparation for the simple task.

“Look – it’ll be so fast you will barely feel it.” Undyne nudges you, pointing to her hardly noticeable stud earrings. It only then dawns onto you that Undyne is the only other woman with legitimately pierced ears. Nay – the only other housemate. Frisk probably wasn’t allowed thanks to Tori, Toriel and Asgore obviously didn’t have them, Alphys didn’t have large ears in the first place, and Sans and Papyrus…well, Sans and Papyrus.

“You’re d-doing fine.” Alphys assures you as the lady returns. She cleans your ear with a swab and you keep your hands connected to your friends.

“Alright, sweetie. Take a deep breathe in.” She asks, drawing a breath. You can feel the tip of the needle at the edge of your ear. You mimic her to a T. “And breathe out…” You follow her instructions as a quick and stinging pain shoots through you ear. Hissing and tensing your neck involuntarily before sighing with relief. Then you recall the other ear needs to get done and the sigh turns to just frustration. It’s not nearly as bad as you suspected, but it also isn’t pleasant. The woman heads off to clean the tools again and pierce your other ear while Undyne gives you a congratulatory pat on the shoulder.

“See? You’re fine. When I got mine pierced, I brought Paps with me. Poor soul nearly fainted.” Undyne laughs while Alphys sighs.

“Papyrus almost fainted?” You ask in surprise.

“H-He doesn’t like seeing others in pain.” Alphys admits, rubbing your forearm.

“I was panicking since Paps was panicking and that……..well it didn’t end well.” Undyne
scratches the back of her necks scales in admittance.

“OH, HUMAN!” You cringe intensely as that over-zealous voice can only belong to one person – one skeleton. Undyne slaps her hand over the fresh piercing to not alarm him as you hum in slight anguish.

“Hey Paps! We’re just finishing up here – we’ll meet ya at the food court.” Undyne speaks far too quickly and with a nervous hint to her. Looking up, Papyrus has a hefty amount of bags from shopping and Sans in tow.

“THAT IS FINE! WE CAN WAIT WITH YOU!” Papyrus shouts before something catches his eye and pulls him away from the scene. Sans just stands there looking onto all of you as a group sweat accumulates.

“H-H-Honey, m-maybe you should g-go watch Papyrus.” Alphys asks as Undyne gives a swift nod and zooms through the store. You can hear them chattering about bracelets as Alphys slips in to cover your ear. Sans just meanders over and sets up on the other side.

“you gonna leave here in one pierce?” He chuckles and pokes your ear. You squeak to the rough bone touch due to sensitive ears and he shies away. “are guys not allowed to see ‘r somethin’? He jokes, looking between you and Alphys. You and Alphys share an understanding look before she reveals your ear to grasp your hand. Sans leans over and takes a sample stare before backing up and giving you more space. “looks nice.”

A heat rises through your chest, like you were floating almost. He has this dopey smile with half lidded eyes as he looks over you and can’t help getting a tad flustered. There was something more in his stare, but you couldn’t read his eyes. Sans was certainly a man of secrets. You give your head a gentle small shake to distribute the thought that reminded you of that embarrassing car ride as the lady finally returns. She doesn’t seem to mind the swapped presence and simply shoos Sans a little away so she can reach your ear.

“Alrighty, last time. In.” You close your eyes and try to relax better, letting your head lull back more. Breathing in, you count the seconds. “Aaand out.” As you exhale you are certain you wince harder than the other side but breathe the legitimate sigh of relief to the light procedure being over. Alphys assist you in sitting up as the new weight feels foreign and strange. Your hair brushes against it as you tingle in surprise, but Alphys keeps rubbing your arm in comfort.

Undyne and Papyrus manage their way back a few minutes later while your ears are still tender. You’re fortunate that your hair is of optimal length to cover your ears, but you catch yourself involuntarily swiping it back and behind your ears only to pull it forward and drag the earring with you.

It’s a new weird sensation you neither fancy nor hate.

Papyrus looks absolutely enthralled in the dog park – not simply because of all the jogging athletes or the massive dog count, but he seems fixated on one of those octopus bikes. Toriel can’t seem to understand the contraption as your group wanders over to the picnic area. That, of course, elicits the passage through all the bounding hounds.
You knew from the get go the brothers didn’t stand a chance. Alphys stayed right beside Undyne who intimidated most of the dogs away. Frisk actually clung closer to the brothers for the complete hands on experience as they bounded after the bones. Papyrus shouted and jogged for what felt like forever, trying to keep them off his boney legs. Sans was much more acceptant as a puppy pile grew around him and licked his face and hands. Toriel followed with Undyne and Alphys to avoid all the commotion while you pulled out your phone. Some of the calmer dogs gravitated more towards you as you gave a few pets here and there.

“God Greater and Lesser woulda loved this place…” You sigh, videotaping Papyrus bounding around and evading capture. You knew he didn’t actually dislike dogs – just their interests. Namely, their interest in him. Following the camera to Frisk playing with a few puppies besides Sans the lens catches a familiar figure as you pan it up. Cutting off your phones recording, you follow with your own eyes.

“Yai?” You call as a short petite woman swings her head and spots you. There is a moment of hesitation before she jumps and throws the leashes she held and rushes towards you.

“Janette, oh my GOD!!” She yells, tackling into you as you swing her around. Your old friend from highschool – Yai. She is still quite a shorty, but her beauty is equal to that of the highest end model in your eyes. Her face is sleek and precise with gentle cheeks, her eyes a brilliant moss green to contrast her tan skin. Long black flowing locks drift and fall over her shoulders as you break the hug and look her up and down.

“That should be my line! I thought you moved to L.A!!” You shout in surprise as she comes in for another hearty hug.

“I did! Girl, do you think I got this tan anywhere else?” She giggles so pleasantly and petite you can just imagine her as a doll. Her little hands cup your cheeks and she backs up to give you a complete look over. You recall her dream to be a fashion designer, and it showed. Her button tank-top went perfectly with her transparent shawl combo. Alongside a tight set of black jeans and stylized flat-top shoes, she looked adorable yet in her own definition of sexy. It was just a suitable style for her – petite, yet slightly dangerous.

“Dammit- you got taller.” She grumbles before playfully smacking your arm and giving a loud whistle. A few stray and decisively deep barks has you trying to hold your ground as her abnormally large dogs come bounding directly at you. They contact nearly throws you off your feet as you try to push back and give a hug to the dogs. They don’t wait to jump from their hind legs and tower over you before leaning on your shoulders and pelting you with licks to the face. Grumbling and trying to breathe, you shove one off to be replaced by the heavier of the two. A stronger force plucks you away from the enormous hounds and into the air as Papyrus brings you up and into his arms. Yai’s dogs are a playful Mastiff named Oolong, and a white Newfoundland called Marble. You used to help Yai walk and train them and you’re hardly surprised to see they grew to massive size. Oolong attempts to jump up and free you from Papyrus’ clutches during the mayhem, and you’re pretty sure Papyrus wasn’t expecting the dog to come face to face with him.

“Hey! Hey! Easy girl!! Easy!” Yai commands, calling back Oolong as she finds her discarded leashes. Patting Papyrus’ shoulder blade, he remains wary of the pets but still places you back onto the ground.

“Thanks Papyrus.” You say with an appreciative smile. The little tapping of feet emits from the side before Frisk barrels right into a dormant Marble. The dog doesn’t even flinch as Frisk nuzzles his entire face into the silky fur. Yai can’t help but giggle and bend down to greet Frisk.
“Frisk, you might not want to hang onto him. He’ll give you a ride for your money.” You inform him of the approaching hazards as little hope dawns in his eyes. He springs off of the dog and rushes to hold your hand.

“I can ride him?!” He screams with jumping joy.

“He is fine with people riding him, but Toriel would kill me.” You leaned down and whisper to Frisk to not cause suspicion.

“Please? PLEASE!” Frisk pleads, looking from you to Marble and then Yai. Sans finally meanders over to the scene and looks almost intimidated by the beasts. With a sigh and the ruffle of hair, you turn to Yai.

“…I hate to ask-“ You start off and Yai giggles with another air swat towards you.

“Of course he can! He loves carting kids around!” Yai giggles with a whistle. Marble bounds over to Frisk for a few licks and nuzzles before lying down in wait. Frisk cautiously climbs on and gives a few pets in appreciation.

“Now don’t let go of that collar.” You instruct by guiding their hands. Once Frisk has a firm hold onto the collar, you give Marble three pats before he goes bounding off and around the park. Yai whistles in amazement at the speed Marble is picking up with the size of Frisk. You catch Sans sidle up to Papyrus and watch Frisk get thrown around the park like a mechanical bull ride. You will take the wrath of Toriel; there’s no way she could miss her child riding a giant white fuzzy dog that is doing rounds of the dog park. You reach over and pick up a stray tennis ball before getting Oolongs attention with it. With a vicious smirk, you chuck it as fast as you can at Sans. “Fetch!” You say quietly but enthusiastically as Oolong makes a beeline at the ball.

His arm comes up at an incredible speed to grab it and hold it in front of his face.

“heh, nice try smalls, but that one isn’t speedin’ by me anyti-“ He turns to face your direction only to have Oolong throw herself onto his entire body and pin him to the ground with a loud “Oomph”

“SANS!!” Papyrus shrieks in realization before setting himself into a battle mode with his arms at the ready to grab. “YOU WILL NOT BEST THE GREAT PAPYRUS, DOG!!” He cries out. Oolong seems to find new fun in Papyrus as she bounds over and playful up to his height. Latching her paws around his clavicle and hooking her paw into his ribs she goes to town with planting kisses over his entire skull.

“ACCK! NO!! CEASE AND DESIST!! AAACCK!! SANS!!” Papyrus shrieks helplessly as you watch this maddening scene unfold. Sans is on the ground clutching his ribs and groaning, Papyrus is battle hugging your friends Mastiff, and you see little blurs of Frisk being thrown around on a white Newfoundland.

You and Yai can’t help doubling over in laughter as you enjoy the view.

“Hey, it was great to see you, but I better get them back. We were doing training.” She sighs, reaching around to grab her whistle.

“That’s fine. Good luck with that – Oolong hates to listen.” You giggle, watching Papyrus succumb to the kisses and just bear with it.

“Doesn’t she.” Yai admits giving a harsh blow to catch the distant Marbles attention. Oolong finally relinquishes Papyrus and trots over to Yai as Marble comes zooming in with a dizzy Frisk.
Once stopped, Frisk steps off the beast and instantly collapses backwards with a spinning of the head. Leashing both the dogs you give her one final hug goodbye before she runs back to her group.

Turning around you have a dizzy sick Frisk, a dormant Sans, and Papyrus has slobber dripping from his vertebrae as he shivers to its touch. You giggle and pull free some extra napkins out of Sans’ pockets. Papyrus takes them with many thanks as he wipes clean his face and you rouse Sans.

“Come on Sans. Stop being so down to Earth.” You snort as he peeks one eye open.

“that wasn’t very nice.” He relays as you giggle a little and work your hand around and through his. Using your legs and upper body, you heave him upwards and onto his feet before relinquishing your grasp and toppling poor Frisk onto your back. He holds onto your elbows and upper arms.

“Again? Again. Again sounds like fun.” Even their mental voice is tired as you giggle and lead the little group over to Toriel.

“Not today buddy. You gotta go rest. Let me get chewed out by Tori.”

You were not only chewed, but also swallowed, thrown up, and flushed. You got a huge spiel of health violations, parental violations; the whole shebang. Before you knew it, everyone had vanished and Toriel had simmered enough to return to calling you ‘my child’.

“Where did everyone go?” You ask slightly troubled.

“They went off on one of those octopus contraptions. Undyne insisted it would build better teamwork and Papyrus instantly was interested. Alphys and Flowey were supposedly ‘dragged along’.” Toriel emphasizes the end and you both give a faint giggle before looking over the landscape. You can faintly see their struggle in the distance.

“It’s beautiful, you know.” Toriel whispers, keeping her gaze out and open.

“The view? Yeah, this place is great.” You sigh, settling back onto the bench as she gives a feminine giggle. She pats your shoulder and you look up into her pink and affectionate eyes.

“The view is indeed wonderful, but I was referring to your soul, my child.” She whispers, pointing towards the center of your chest. You follow her line of sight as if its right there before you.

“But… you said that my soul was too deep…” You remind her with a certain stare.

“Yes, except when your dominant trait is prominently showing. For instance, getting Undyne that wonderful set of climbing gear is you tapping into that kindness. And it shone beautifully.” Her voice is light and mirthful as she fixes her eyes back onto the distancing group of friends. “Sans most assuredly saw it as well – back at that golf course.”

Your mind does a complete rewind to when he’d wordlessly grabbed you when you went to sift with Alphys. So he had been looking through you….at you. Your core.

“Toriel......completely out of the blue question. Find no meaning or anything in this – its just me wanting to know more about monsters.” You start off, wringing your neck nervously with a need to crack it as Toriel situates herself.

“Monsters…….it’s safe to assume they don’t…y’know…do the usual things when........making love?” You wince as Toriel’s eyes pop open before she sputters and lets out a roaring laughter that
shakes the bench. Following her laughter with more nervousness behind it, she wipes a few stray gleeful tears from her eyes before humming and looking over you.

“……This is simply a learning experience. Delve no deeper than that. No meaning – just learning.” You clarify, smothering your elbow into the side of your face to reduce the obvious sweat. She chuckles past her shut mouth before sighing and looking to the sky.

“Yes, Jane. Monster reproduction is mostly centered around soul exposure.” She hums and hold her fingers together on her lap.

“Soul exposure?” You parrot, understanding – yet not.

“Mmmm yes. Once monsters are completely comfortable in a relationship and want to dedicate their lives to the other, exposing your soul is one of the rawest forms of acceptance, trust, and love.” She explains with minimal hand gestures. “Though some monsters have and some can create sexual organs for a physical birth, it rarely tends to be a factor in reproduction.” Toriel admits with a sigh.

“So, in short, if you let a monster see or even hold your soul, its…….intense?” You put lightly as she giggles and nods. Heat raises through you as you recall all your soul interactions. Each of them involved Sans hovering relatively close.

“By holding, touching, or feeling anothers soul, the other individual can often experience memories, emotions, feelings. Essentially, you can see through their eyes and their mind.” Toriel whispers like she is cast under a spell. You gulp to coat your drying throat at the thought of such a deep interaction.

“W-What if a monster doesn’t want you to see that, but wants to be that intimate?”

“It’s practically impossible. Improbable is a better word I suppose; the soul is the rawest source of that individual. If you are referring if monsters have sexual needs without the devotion to the other, that also tends to not be a case. Unlike humans, monsters seek much more solidity and are highly unlikely to do what I have heard are ‘one night stands’.” She quirks an accusatory eyebrow as you shuffle in shame. You’d never done it, but you were the only human present to place the blame on. She seems to catch your unease as she rests a paw on your shoulder.

“My child, it is not your fault. Humans magic has diminished over the years and slowly lost the ability to access their souls into physical manifestation. It’s no wonder humans have complications with relations; you both aren’t truly experiencing the others truest form.”

You lean back in the bench, letting these thoughts and knowledge be etched into your mind.

“What if a monster and a human loved each other?” You ask before branching off topic. You catch that knowing smile as you give a warning glare. “Look, I tried to ask Sans this stuff, but he won’t tell me anything! Alphys gets all shy, Undyne just laughs at how little I know, and I can’t ask Papyrus about this sort of stuff!!” You complain, burying your head into your hands. She hums in agreement and provides you space to breathe. This is so flipping awkward.

“You haven’t asked Asgore?”

“How could I ask Asgore about how monsters and humans have sex?! That’s not a normal girl to guy conversation, Toriel. Like, say I had to choose between my mom and my dad to who you’d ask about sex. Usually, you pick the same gendered person because they understand from your perspective!! I can’t just go up to a king and say “Hey, Asgore, how does a human and monster hit
it up? Lay down the details for me, man.” and walk away with an okay conscience!” Toriel is back into full blown laughter with a tint of pink to her cheeks fur as you crumple into an embarrassed ball. She ruffles your hair and admires your earrings with a careful examining before looking back over the dog park.

“It has been centuries since monsters and humans connected on an intimate level. It surely will be a difficult process since monsters cannot relate to the physicality behind humans, while humans cannot understand the depth of monster magic. Nevertheless, it’s possible. To love, I mean. It’s completely possible. Procreating? I’m not even sure of that myself.” She spares you a glance before standing and dusting her lap. You follow suit as you make sure all of your things are gathered and try to keep pace to her regal walk.

“So, humans and monsters can’t have babies?” You seek confirmation, but she simply shakes her head.

“I’m not sure. It certainly seems possible, but it also seems impossible.” She murmurs uncertainly as you try to get ahead of her just a little – her strides are so elegant and long while you’re short and stumbling.

“Is it possible or not?”

“Well…..it’s not recommended.” Toriel sighs, looking out over the dog park once more; she is unable to keep your eye.

“Not recommended?”

“In order for a monster to have a child, they often have to enter a bond with the other monster. You are aware of the bond, yes?”

“Yeah; bonds are basically like an intense version of marriage.” You shrug as she gives a mirthful chuckle past her shut lips.

“Mmm correct. Well…bonds are a thing for life. Breaking a bond is like death to a monster…..Besides Asgore.” She quickly adds on with a faint cough as you giggle and keep to her side.

“If a human and monster were to form such a bond………..its almost like a death wish.” Her tone has changed from pleased to tender and hurt. She stops walking and finally meets your eyes with her own sad gaze. “Normal monsters can live at least ten human lifetimes, and Boss monsters even longer. A human partner would die young in a comparison to a monster. The death of a partner to any monster is similar to the breaking of a bond – some may live on…..but they are never the same.” She whispers with such pain you shiver and cringe.

“So…you don’t recommend monsters and humans being together because…humans die early.” You clarify as she gives a somber nod. You gulp and think it over. Not only what Undyne and Alphys kept implying – no, your mind drifts to Rhianna. Her feelings towards that cat monster cashier…Max? If she were to get into a deep relationship like monsters do, and she bonded with him…

“When a human dies, so does their monster.” You voice solemnly, looking out into no particular distance as you let your thoughts run cold. The silence overhanging you both chills your being as you clamp your hands into aggravated fists.

“I’m sorry….” Toriel speaks with complete regret before gently taking you in and giving you a
deep maternal hug. You accept the comfort and security, but you have no reason to be sad. You felt nothing romantic towards any monsters – it wasn’t you that deserved this hug and apology. Cautiously pressing away and giving her an appreciative pat to her forearm, you glance down the road to see that little group has made it nearly out of eyesight. Toriel follows your line of sight and groans with acceptance.

“We’d best get them back. It’ll be getting late soon, and we have one more place to visit if I am correct.” Toriel informs you as you snap to attention and glance for the closest clock. Feeling like a dunce, you unpocket your phone and read the opening text time. It was nearly 6 P.M.!!

“Frick!” You groan, scrambling towards the bike admission. Pulling free your wallet, you find a few dollars and deposit them onto the counter. “I need a fast bike. For like, 10 minutes. Not even.” You plea as the person accepts the money and gives you a key to one of the further locks. Retrieving and locating the bike, it’s a mountain bike with a bit of wear but in considerable shape nonetheless. Unchaining it and testing the pedals and gears, you catch Toriels uncertainty.

“Relax Toriel. I’m great with bikes.” You remind her, adjusting the seat so you could even get on.

“I wish you’d wear a helmet.” She complains while wringing her paws together. Latching the seat on tight and hoping on, the seat feels foreign and strange against your thighs as you regret wearing a skirt. Damning it all, you stand and force pedal to get some initial speed. With the high set gear, it takes little time for you to be picking up a speed around 20 mph and rocketing down the thin trail in pursuit of your group. A few whistles here and there do little to slow you down as you finally catch sight of your friends on the ridiculous ride. Sitting properly onto the bike and lowering the gear, you catch your breath and make a slower approach.

Alphys and Sans were doing little to no pedaling as Undyne and Papyrus supplied the majority of the power to the bikes mobility. It seems Frisk and Flowey were in charge of steering as Flowey barked orders and directions.

“I told you dunces we shoulda gone left!!” Flowey screeches.

“Hey! Frisk is captaining the controls, runt!” Undyne returns at an equal level.

“Y-You’re both doing v-very well.” Alphys praises the hard workers. You can tell she is trying to make an effort, but the contraption is foreign to her and she didn’t seem like the type to ride a bike casually. Sans appeared as if he was asleep.

“NYEH HEH! BUT OF COURSE! TEAMWORK IS A IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THIS EXERCISE!” Papyrus cheers as he and Undyne pedal in sync. Reaching the back, you tap Alphys’ shoulder and spook the poor girl to death as she nearly jumps from the seat.

“J-Jane! Don’t do t-t-that!!” She cries out as you offer a sly smile before leaning over the handlebars.

“Toriel says you guys gotta come back – we need to hurry if we are going to make the planetarium and get home for your bedtimes and dinner.” You warn as Sans awakens to the memory of the final destination. Frisk is quick to crank the large steering wheel and turn the behemoth around as Undyne and Papyrus pick up a racing pace and clear a path. You try to stay at their side the whole time, which proves quite taxing.

“Sans, do you even know how to ride a normal bike?” You joke, watching his lack luster effort. You are certain Alphys would atleast try if the intimidating whirling speed of her pedals would cease.
“'course I do. see? I can do it with no hands.” He lazily yawns and just rests his feet on the pedals to move with their increasing speed. With a snicker and confidence, you find a balancing spot. Dropping your arms to your sides you manage to balance the bike and start up pedaling with a slight and constant swerve. Tapping Sans’ shoulder to regain his attention, his sockets shoot open as you give him jazz hands and a raspberry before speeding ahead. You faintly hear Alphys laughing from behind as you just relax and feel your surroundings. The wind blowing through your hair and jostling your new earrings. The dogs barking and the sun approaching the edge in the ever constant countdown til sunset. The pollinated air filled with laughter, chatter, and joy. Everything just feels…….whole.

Toriel is finally within sight as you let yourself simply glide the rest of the way and accept the thick breeze throwing your hair in every which way.

“OOLONG!!” You pleasantly look to the side to see Oolong bounding at you excitedly. You don’t have enough time to hit the brakes, speed up, or even grasp the handle bars as Oolong collides harshly with you and the bike and throws you both down into the grass with a dull thud. You groan and mentally swear as the bikes wheel spins beside you. You itch your eyes open right before a long tongue comes down and start attacking your face with love and affectionate forgiveness. Sputtering and trying to deflect the attention, your ankle pops uncomfortably as you groan in pain once more. It’s definitely bruised as you give it a test flex.

Okay. Yeah. No. Worse than bruised.

Groaning and pushing away Oolongs affection, you sit up and fix your skirt before anyone else can peer at your panties. Reaching over and grabbing the handle of the thrown bike, you check that it is indeed alright before looking over Oolong. Oolong seems to be uninjured as well from the collision. Breathing a sigh of relief, you work yourself onto your knees and get up.

Well…………..you make it to your knees. At this point you are certain you atleast twisted your left ankle thanks to the increasing throbbing pain when pressure is applied. It’s not unreasonable to bear with, just unpleasant. Forcing yourself up with much wincing, Oolon seems to understand she’d done something wrong and offers whimpers and balance for your side as you reconfigure your bike.

“Oh god, Jane, are you alright?!” Yai calls out with heavy panting. Marble is right at her side and behaving while Oolong gets a much harsher glare. “I’m so sorry – you know she just yanks out of my grip!” She exclaims, coming over to help dust a few tufts of mowed grass off your skirt and shirt.

“I understand. Be careful yourself – she’ll give you a run for your money.” You giggle, bending around and retrieving her leash and handing it back to Yai.

“Are you alright?” She asks worriedly, looking over you for cuts and bruises. You wave her off and pat her shoulder.

“Fine, fine! I was more worried ‘bout Oolong. She seems alright though.” You give her a little pat on the head before Yai tightens her reins.

“I’ll try and get that excitement simmered. You sure you’re alright?”

“Oh my jeez, yes, Yai. Go on – I gotta get going.” You reply with a sigh. Looking around, you weren’t aware that your friends had rocketed past you with no legitimate way of stopping. By the time the brakes were applied, they’d already reached a concerned Toriel. Papyrus was dashing heroically against the wind at you as you fixed your appearance. “Later Yai.”
“Bye Jane! Be careful!!” She waves you off before redirecting Oolong and Marble back towards the park. Turning back to face the incoming skeleton, you work a pained smile that feels real before waving at him.

“Sorry ‘bout that. Had a little spill.” You call back, hopping onto the bike. You can use your better ankle to apply pressure and just let your other foot follow through as you ride a little slower to meet Papyrus a little less than halfway. You stop the bike to look up to him.

Oh jeez. I can’t read his expression.

His face is stuck and puzzling – like he is investigating something as he narrows his sockets at you. Without another word, he lifts you up and over his shoulder with care and grasps the handlebars in the other before beginning the walk back.

“Wha-Hey- Papyrus!” You screech, trying to shove your skirt down and out of sight from peepers. “Pu-Put me down!” You plead with slight struggle.

“IT IS POINTLESS TO TRY AND FOOL THE GREAT PAPYRUS, HUMAN! IT IS CLEAR TO ME YOU HAVE BEEN INJURED IN YOUR ENCOUNTER WITH THE BEAST DOG OF EXCITEMENT.”

Beast dog of excitement? Does he mean Oolong?

“No, Papyrus; really, I’ll be fine – so please put me down. People will look up my skirt!” You squeal in surprise as he readjusts you over his shoulder. People around you are whispering as you try to hide your ashamed face in the back of his shirt.

“NONSENSE! WHY WOULD THEY DO SUCH A THING?” He genuinely asks with a slight turn of the head in search of your eyes. Covering your eyes in hope it will subdue your blushing, you can’t help but thank and damn god for making Papyrus so innocent.

“Goodness, my child, I told you it would be better if you’d worn a helmet.” You can already hear Toriel’s ridicule from the sidelines as you shoot a random pointing accusatory finger.

“Hey – my head is fine, thank you very much!” You spit uselessly as the tables come into view.

“I don’t think it was fine to begin with.” Flowey snickers off to the side along with a few aggressive claps from Frisk no doubt. Papyrus finally holds you up as the bike is returned and seats you onto a bench. Toriel looks mighty disappointed as she overlooks you.

“No, look, see? I’m fine-EEAGGHHH!!” You screech, biting your inner cheek to help from biting your tongue as Flowey gives an experimental twist of your ankle.

“What?! Look? See! Now we know what the problem is!” Flowey argues, gesturing to your ankle.

“That’s not how we go about discovering it though. You know better.” Toriel scolds before kneeling down and gingerly inspecting your ankle.

“No, Tori, I’ll be fine. Throw some ice and monster food on it. I’ll be-“

“No. We are going home.” Toriel sighs as she inspects it.
“What?! But Toriel-” “Ah ah aah!” Toriel tuts with a accusatory finger waving around “This is sprained – this isn’t going to heal with some simple ice and healing. It’ll take time. Time not being on it.” Toriel grieves before standing tall. “It will be getting late soon anyways, and there is still packing and dinner to be done.

You struggle to make up words, but you know it’s all over when Undyne takes her turn to sling you over her own shoulder. You pout all the way to the cars and home.

Sitting on the back-steps with an empty plate of food is relaxing with the chilling outside air that creates majestic waves over large field. It almost looks like an ocean made of grass – that you could dive inside and swim about; maybe see and discover a few stray fish. It’s all simple and wishful thinking, but you let your imagination wander freely.

With a final sigh, you work yourself up into standing using the railing and grievingly reaching around for the crutch. Papyrus and Alphys had done some digging for supplies. Alphys had found the materials to wrap it almost like a cast while Papyrus found an old crutch in the basement. Slowly making your way down the steps and letting your bare feet brush against the trimmed grass is soothing. The pain was dulled thanks to some painkillers, but it was certainly wearing you out with side-effects of drowsiness.

“out fer a midnight stroll?” The familiar deep voice can’t surprise you when you are too sleepy to be even be surprised. You giggle a little and lean against the crutch as you continue advancing towards and into the thick grass. You are certain Sans is shuffling through right behind you.

“It’s nowhere near midnight.” You argue, looking up at the stars. The moon is full and shines down onto the sea of grass like shimmers over breaking the surface.

“true, and even on that sprain you’re moonin’ pretty fast. slow down, smalls.” Sans chuckles, matching up to your pace as you wait for him in the tall grass. You both wordlessly walk and/or hobble along and through the grass until you finally find the clearing you had been searching for. You hope it will make up for not making it to the planetarium as you continue to guide Sans to beneath your birth tree. The petals are scattered in abundance this time of year as the ground is practically a bed of them.

“My parents planted this tree to celebrate my birth. It’s a wisteria.” You explain, settling down and plopping backwards into the falling petals.

“I know……you brought me out here a few nights ‘go.” Sans replies, settling down into the petals beside you. You blush once more but have no need to hide your face; it was dark enough, you supposed.

“S-Sorry. I don’t remember it.” You admit dryly. Watching the stars gleam and glisten in unison with the shining moon, its evident of Sans’ movements thanks to the shadow he emits. Then again, the skeleton settles his head not even a foot away from your own face with that stoned look of peace.

“you don’t remember? anything?” He seeks some sort of clarity as you gulp and feel something crawl down your back.
“Did I do something stupid?” You whisper, covering your heating cheeks.

“…..incredibly stupid.” He informs you with a devilish grin.

“……………You’re not going to tell me, are you.”

“nope.”

“Auggghhhhh, fuck.” You curse, writhing in the petals as he flops back beside you with pleased laughter.

“nah, wasn’t that bad. really nice ‘f ya ask me.” He admits with a huff.

“Stop talking about it you’ll just make me regret whatever it was more!!”

“the regret is so real.” He chuckles.

“Stahp!”

“easy, smalls. lets just steria at the moon.”

“……….Was that a fucking pun.” He breaks off into a gurgle of giggles as you reach over and try and slap him. “You are the worst!”

“you’re smilin’” He is over your head again, looking directly at your face.

“I am – and I hate it. Now get out.” You playfully shove him backwards as he just rolls back to your side.

“’m already out.”

“I meant out of my face.”

“wasn’t in that either.”

“You know what I mean!”

“you ain’t all that mean, but alright.” He shrugs as you take a fistful of petals and throw them over in his direction.

“You’re pushing it, skeleton.” You warn with a grin, preparing another pelting of petals.

“skeleton? where?” He jokingly looks around before dashing away with a baritone laugh as your volley more fistfuls of petals in his general direction.

“Come back here and take it like a man!!” You shout at him.

“don’t see how having petals thrown on me will make me manlier.” He shrugs before returning his hands into his long absent jackets pockets. Choosing to ignore his tricks, you give in and fall back into the grass, letting the wind and whistle of the flow of air drift you into dreams.

It’s almost 11 at night, but everyone is surprised to catch Asgore waiting for your return. He
doesn’t question everyone right then and there about their days – that would wait until Sunday. You also would need to get down to the grit details of the...incident back at the prison meeting.

Everyone shuffled inside with light greetings. Well, everyone that was awake. Which were the drivers – Sans, Undyne and Toriel. Alphys’ energy had completely depleted – she wasn’t often as proactive as she tried to be today, and it showed as she collapsed from exhaustion before even reaching her car. Sans took Papyrus’ keys as confiscation since Papyrus’ bedtime would be long past in the middle of their drive and Sans wouldn’t risk his brother speeding and dozing off.

Toriel carried Frisk and Flowey each in a hand as Asgore came around and helped snatch up souvenir bags and luggage. Asgore and Toriel shared quick sleep withered chatter with a quick side hug before the kids were whisked away inside while Asgore just left everything on the inside of the front door. Undyne groggily shut off and locked the car before stumbling around with Alphys balanced on her back as she carried their goody bags herself.

Sans gave Asgore a sleepy wave and took priority of carting Papyrus to bed. His brother was sluggish and mumbled in his sleep, but was relatively easy to get in and completely asleep. No story was necessary when he blared lullaby music for nearly half the car ride. With a relieved groan to the end of a long day, Sans catches Undyne stumbling out of her bedroom with a pissed etch in her brows.

“forget somethin’?”


“....I’ll get ‘er. you get to Alph.” Sans instructs her, catching her by enough surprise to widen her eye. He isn’t sure why he offered – she’d have it much easier and no magic would be used. He felt wrong and right at the same time, but certain. He was unsure if that was a good thing.

“........’lright.” Undyne huffs, tossing Sans the keys. She gives a light snicker before slamming and collapsing onto her bed with a faint squeak. Sans snaps his fingers and finds himself in the garage where Undyne had parked the car. You laid perfectly still in the backseat with a light snoring as Sans simply leaned over the edge and watched your breathing pattern. There was a tranquility to watching humans function – especially you and Frisk. He didn’t often have that luxury since it would draw attention and aggression.

Undoing the car door and unbuckling the light safeties that kept you seated, he scoops you into his arms like a bride. With a snap of his fingers, he brings himself into your room where Seymour and Louis remain relatively dormant. Pushing back the sheets with a few nudges of the knee, he pulls off your shoes and settles you underneath your sheets. You hum in delight as he covers your body with your blankets and snuggle in closer.

He can’t help himself.

Reaching down and letting his hand cup our cheek, he watches with mystification as your breathing rises and drops your body, while putting minimal pressure into your cheeks and out your nose.

_Humans are so strange_, he thinks as he continues to feel your smooth skin. It feels like a step out of boundaries, but he reaches around and pulls free the added on vest you’d left on. You wriggle around to the new sensation, but it’s obviously a relief to be rid of. Pushing a few hairs away and out of your face, he lets himself near you one last time just to press his forehead against yours.

It’s clammy and smooth, while your eyebrows tickle his skull with thin fibers. With a final and silent goodbye, Sans leaves the room and retreat back into his own. Atleast sleep comes pleasantly
easy that night.

He had one final chuckle of fear before he rested his heavy skull.

After all, tomorrow was Sunday.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, please leave your comments down below - I really like hearing from you guys and it helps to make me feel my work is worth it (which, I mean, I would write it regardless but it definitely gives me hope =u=")

Or, hey, leave your comments on the Tumblr page!
I like those too :3
Waking up is your nightmare. You grieve and groan as your ankle feels swollen and constricted. Swinging your legs out of bed with initial regret, you aren’t surprised to find that they’d left a crutch for you beside your bed. The fact that it was nearly noon didn’t matter to you as you longingly looked over at Seymour and Louis trying to outstretch their vines in your direction. Louis is whimpering as you giggle and swing your arm to reach the crutch; after a few moments of stabilization, you move closer with a wide grin and ignore the pain. You are pulled from your feet as they take initiative and lift you up and into their stem before nuzzling against your head. Smothered properly by Seymour and Louis who withheld you from advancing towards the food wasn’t terrible as you gave each a firm pet before hobbling into the next room.

Unfocused and mindful you choose to simply feed and supply affection to the long missed plants. Sitting beneath their gyrating jaws, you peel out your phone and connect it to the nearby outlet to be able to charge and chat. Cringing as you send a few quick informative texts to Grillby about your situation. He is incredibly understanding and informs you to take off another few days necessary – he’d hate for unsteady feet to be gliding around the floor. Scrolling through your contacts, you come onto Rhianna and cringe once more before sending an experimental text.

Jane : 12:13                         Hey. I may or may not have injured myself…

Setting your phone to the side with a sigh and leaning your head back into the supportive stem, you relax. You’re startled when your phone almost instantly replies.

Rhi-Rhi : 12:14                    Oh GREAT! Give details. All.

Groaning and concentrating on how to start the conversation, you scrunch up and begin tapping your fingers away.

Jane : 12:18                         Went to home-town for biz. Spent some time with the monster family, bonding. Embarrassing shit. I was either wasted, miserable, or injured for the majority of the trip. Any moment away from all of that was incredible. AKA I was either sleeping or with friends. I
shall not detail my biz.

You send the message and scrunch up your knees before giving an experimental twist of your ankle. Its torture, but not nearly as excruciating as prior. Leaning back once more into the pot and keeping your hair from landing in the soil, you listen calmly to the distant call of the neighboring cicada. Leaning forward to look into the research room, you are pleasantly thrilled that Asgore finally replaced that broken window in your absence. Your phone buzzes in alarm as you reach around and snatch it up once more.

Rhi-Rhi : 12:21                    Shit – will respect space. But FUCK JANE!!! Need gurl time?
Jane : 12:23                         Does ‘gurl time’ involve talking on and on bout Max?
Rhi-Rhi : 12:24                    Bitch…………..Maybe.

You huff a light laugh before tapping out another message.

Jane : 12:26                         Sounds fine to me – just don’t overdo it plz? We’ll talk after school yeah?
Rhi-Rhi : 12:29                    Tots!! BTW – Trent has been mad sad you havent said nothin. He switched seats and all the girls are being wary since he seems mad depressed!!

You grumbled and scrolled back through your contact messages from Trenton. He hadn’t sent you anything past little pleasantry greetings in days. It was concerning how he hadn’t been keeping in contact, and it seems now you had your answer regarding what had occurred. Choosing to not text him at the moment you return your attention to Rhianna.

Jane : 12:33                         I don’t even remember that much about the friggin fight. I’ll deal with it tomorrow as well I suppose…
Rhi-Rhi : 12:34                    I still say after the shit he pulled you don’t even give him the time of day. He was MAD rude! He called the Judge an asshole and a freak then tried pulling you outta there! I say he got what he had coming…

You can’t help but wince. You recalled atleast that part of the conversation – or the fight when better put.

Jane : 12:36                         Look – we’ll deal with it tomorrow. Promise. I need to get food in stomach.
Rhi-Rhi : 12:41                    Sure gurl. We’ll deal with it >;<

You can imagine it now – her threateningly pounding her fist into her hands. She probably is.
Making it downstairs is your newest nightmare.

Frisk nearly pummels into you with Flowey as they try to rush up the stairs. Frisk gasps with Flowey wincing from the reel back as he snakes his little hand between your own. You were becoming far too used to this interaction and what followed.

“Jane! Why are you downstairs? Sans just brought your food up.” Frisk relays as you groan and stare back at the stairs. Misery. Turning around and beginning your ascension, Frisk walks at your side but allows you reach of the stairs support railing just incase.

“You look awful.” Flowey grumbles; his little cheeks are still chewing on something so his words are muffled.

“Aww. Thank you!” You coo giving him the best adored expression you can at the moment. Frisk giggles while Flowey just squints his little eyes in your direction.

“Did trashbag just eat it himself?” Flowey asks, diverting his attention to Frisk. It was still hard to imagine you had missed him, but maybe he’d stopped by his or Papyrus’ room. After all, you hadn’t heard Papyrus yet and he’d boasted on one of the car-ride tours that he’d gotten today off to organize his souvenirs. Frisk wildly shakes his head at Floweys implication while connected with your hand.

“Sans doesn’t eat much to begin with – why would he eat Janes?” Frisk grumbles back with a pout. You giggle and ruffle their hair as you make it to the second floor.

“Gonna go play with some toys?” You ask as Frisk and Flowey make rounds to proceed to their room. Flowey is the first to sigh and glare into nothing.

“Homework.” He hisses and Frisk cringes before they trudge upstairs with a lot less excitement. You feel for the little duo, but there isn’t much you can offer until you reach your food goal. With a good luck wave Frisk trudges upstairs as you ease over to Sans’ bedroom. Giving a few experimental knocks and waiting it out as it echoes and drones within you try and twist the knob. As it gives a rattling indication of being locked, you sigh and make your way towards Papyrus’ room.

Nearing the door, you can hear both brothers inside.

“I-I’m not sure how it happened…” Its Papyrus – he sounds put out; even slightly upset.

“can’t ya just make it vanish?” That’s Sans. His voice isn’t concerned as much as confused.

“I have tried!”

“how’d you even get this?”

“An ad! It spoke of human medication that would help – but I wasn’t sure if it was necessary, so I checked. Now it wont go.” Papyrus grumbles, almost sounding annoyed. Not wanting to be a sneaky listener, you knock onto the door.

“Guys? It’s Jane.” You mutter. A few shuffling feet later and Sans peeks open the door. You give a shy wave as he settles next to the door frame, but he is completely blocking your view into the room.

“hey smalls. whats up?” Sans asks with a hint of cheer.
“Hey, uh, Frisk told me you were bringing food up………..is everything alright with Papyrus?”
You ask taking note of a few sweat trails leaking off his skull. He spares a side glance at what you assume must be Papyrus before he turns back uncertain.

“'e’s just havin’ magic control problems, I think…” He mumbles, trying to whisper.

“Problems? Is that bad?” You ask with concern – you also get a whiff of eggs and toast wafting through Papyrus’ door. Sans must’ve stopped in here with concern for Papyrus before dropping the food off.

“sometimes? I don’t know – he tried to do some research on humans since Tori told us it’d be best to let you be today – rest and what not.” He chuckles nervously.

“Is it a human related problem?” You continue with a tilt of the head. He is definitely sweating more.

“…I think?” He shrugs uncertain.

“I can help if you want.” You offer with an uncaring shrug. It wasn’t simply your desire to fill your starving stomach – Papyrus seemed to have everything down and controlled when it came to his magic. Atleast what he boasted about; the most magic you’d seen from either skeleton was levitation and magical facial expressions like something out of a cartoon. To hear Papyrus had lost control just feels off.

“'e’d probably appreciate it. this isn’t really my slice of work.”

“SANS!!” Papyrus shrieks as Sans chuckles while opening the door, inviting you in. You understand what he meant as you spot your plate of food – cinnamon butterscotch pie, some eggs and toast, and a glazed croissant.

But the smell can’t keep your eyes on and instantly off Papyrus as you hold a gasp and cover your eyes. You have to be seeing things. Peaking past your fingers and onto Papyrus’ content frame sitting on the side of the bed, there is no mistaking it. You fly backwards into the door, ensuring its shut and locked as quickly as you can fumble before addressing the elephant in the room.

Papyrus has a fucking dick.

Your face flushes as you look over the unsure skeleton. He has his casual battle-body outfit on as usual when he gets to stay home – though his fashion sense is branching out every day. Yet, at his pelvis, sits an elongated penis that grows a deep and bright orange. It almost looks like jello as you try to keep your composure. It could almost be the length of your fore-arm, but it’s thinner than usual. Wait – it’s a completely magical dick – of course it isn’t going to be usual!

“Why. Why? This isn’t how I wanted this morning to start…” You grumble as your hand runs down your face.

“'s it bad?” Sans asks, swinging around and approaching his increasingly concerned brother.

“It’s not bad per-say, as it is…private?” You cringe as you try to find words to describe this situation that suit it better then awkward and disturbing.

“Private?” Papyrus’ voice is certainly quieter as he overlooks his massive erection. It definitely not ordinary – glowing orange and unnaturally thin with extensive length.

“Uhhmm…yeeah. Private. Sans please don’t touch it.” You plead in embarrassment as Sans
surveys and tries to obviously assist how he can. How would a skeleton know what a fucking penis was/is? Making your way over to the bed, you settle down as far away as you can before addressing Papyrus. Sans just stands in front of him.

“Alright. How much has Sans told you about sex.” You demand as you rub your scalp; a headache has begun to dully press into your skull from lack of food most likely.

“enough.” Sans replies instantly, crossing his arms.

I doubt that… Grumbling and sweeping your hair to the side you try and maintain eye contact with Papyrus and ignoring the bulge; this is harder then previously perceived since it fucking glows.

“Alright, uh…well. That is what male humans and male animals use to reproduce. It is called a penis. And um…….oh god.” You mutter as you pull your hand down your face once more in irritation. Irritation and sheer embarrassment.

“And- and female humans and animals have an entrance called a vagina. Alright? So, um, well… when a male and female like each other a lot and want to have a baby, they have sex. It’s done by, um, putting a males dick inside a females vagina. It will take a little bit of time, but eventually the male will ejaculate his sperm which carries genetic info and DNA into the woman. That’s what a penis is for, past urination.” You finalize with a slight cringe. Papyrus and Sans skulls both change hues of blushed colors as an awkward silence overtakes the room.

“How, um, did you get…….it.” You plainly state, wishing to break the silence.

“There was an ad on the internet! It came up when I researched “How Humans Show Love”…” He chuckles nervously and scratches his skull. Sans is the first to decide to investigate the computer and leave the talking and fixing to you.

“Oh sweet Papyrus why. Rubbing your neck to avoid twisting it in mid-sentence you fixate your gaze onto the wall behind Papyrus.

“You just uh, touch it. Not now! Uh, when we leave. You just, um, grasp it and move your hand up and down.” You instruct with a hinting smile. Papyrus looks over his assembled genitalia with clear uncertainty as you choose to stand. Wincing from the added pressure onto your ankle, you try and wipe this experience from your mind as Papyrus gives you a subtle tap. Turning around and completely averting your focus from the phallic glowing sight, Papyrus leans closer to you as you lend an ear.

“Can you perhaps wait besides the door? Incase there are things I do not understand?” Papyrus whispers to you. Your face flushes at the implication that Papyrus simply wants you to wait outside as he masturbates. Cringing and trying to contain the ear stretching blush overtaking your face, you peer over to Sans. He seems to be shutting, blocking, and deleting any webpages Papyrus had opened in his quest for knowledge.

“Why can’t you just ask Sans to stick around?” You whisper back, trying to evade that role.

“But you have the better understanding of…..human anatomy……And I wouldn’t wish to go to Sans on such a matter.” Papyrus tries to triumphantly puff his chest out. He has too much pride in his own abilities. Sighing and looking into his hopeful eyes you respond with a saddened nod as he
beams and return his attention.

“Alright!! Now, I simply slide my closed hand up and down it.” Papyrus preannounces before advancing his hand towards his erection.

“No, no! Just- wait for us to leave, alright?” You reply far too quickly with a shake of the hands as Papyrus pauses and just sits patiently. Grabbing your plate and tapping Sans’ shoulder, you both sidle out of the room. After Sans ensures the door is properly shut tight, you both share a long pause of staring into each other.

“e’ll be fine...” Sans waves it off. Not even a few seconds later Papyrus screeches from inside his room as Sans is quick to rocket into the door and fling it open. Peeking inside Sans and you look over the flustered Papyrus who is finally concealing it using his clanked; though it does little as the glowing entity simply emits through the sheets.

“uh...bro?” Sans asks silently as Papyrus just looks into your eyes.

“I-I-I may require assistance…” Papyrus is quivering – he obviously has no idea what he is supposed to do. He even stuttered. You twitch and shiver as you walk inside and shoo Sans away.

“Can you give us some space?” You mutter, making your way to a little stool positioned on the side of Papyrus’ bed. Sans doesn’t reply and simply shuts the door behind him as he exits the room. Settling into the stool and setting the breakfast onto the side, you breathe steadily and place your breakfast to the side.

“I-I wasn’t a-aware it would-“ Papyrus tries to explain as you just bring up your hand to stop his talking.

“Its fine, Papyrus. If I can get through highschool health videos and science anatomical surgery, I think I can manage this.” You mutter back while plopping your hands impatiently into your lap. Papyrus looks uncertain as he reveals his erection once more. You don’t let your focus remain on that as you look up to the ceiling and lean back. Papyrus supposedly starts as you can hear huffs and grumbles along with a faint slick slop along with it. Trying to keep your mind clear and face unflustered you continue to look at the ceiling.

“You doing alright there Papyrus?” You ask as perspiration beads down your neck. There isn’t much more that can make this situation more awkward.

“I-I’m unsure I am doing this correctly.”

Scratch that. It can.

You inhale deeply before swinging your head forward and taking a gander. He has ungloved his hand and is running the bones over the base of the length and only bringing it to around the midway point of his shaft. The head is already producing a tad of pre-cum as you revert your attention back to the ceiling.

“You can go over the entire thing if you want, but its your call Papyrus. T-Theres nothing to be afraid of.” You stutter as he lets out a slightly more aroused moan; likely taking you up on your given advice. It would be a blatant lie that his following moans aren’t turning you on the least, but you assert your mind to remain assertive and assistive in the procedure.

“AH. AAAHH.”

“Papyrus, you need to quiet down. The walls.” You warn as you try to count the number of dry
paint cracks on his ceiling – trying to busy yourself from his actions.

“IT-ITS QUITE –AAAHH IN-INTENSE.” He huffs out in almost a form of growl. You can feel yourself becoming wetter beneath and it blatantlly isn’t the cause of concerned sweat. Looking over at your food with misery as it no longer steams nor emits the enchanting breakfast smell, you catch a hint of Papyrus’ face as he reels his skull back into the bed. The mattress creaks as he holds a hand over his mouth to suppress his moans. Nearly his entire skull has been dusted in orange and his other hand works diligently and with haste.

His release finally comes as you plug your ears and close your eyes. Waiting a solid 15 seconds after his ejaculation, you peek an eye open to check on Papyrus. As you open you visibly watch his penis dissipate back into his pelvis where it is bright orange until even the color begins to fade back into white. Creamsicle orange jizz is splattered about the sheets and his lower spine as you feel bad for the skeleton. Sweat drizzles down his skull and body bones as he found it necessary to peel away some of his battle body. Reaching behind you onto the table with action figures you snag the tissue box and pull free a few wads before placing them beside Papyrus.

“Feel any better?” You ask, trying to keep a brave face. Hopefully he doesn’t notice how much you’re grinding your thighs together.

“TH-THAT W-WAS SEX?” He gasps while trying to catch his breath. He almost looks amazed.

“Not exactly. When you do something like that by yourself, it’s called masturbation.” You continue to teach despite the circumstances. “It’s really private, so if this happens again it’s better to not have other people present. It’s your own thing.” You explain, working yourself back up into standing. You pray it isn’t soaking into your pants.

“I SEE!! T-THANK YOU.” Papyrus replies with an earnest smile as you pick up your plate.

“Sure thing Papyrus. At this point, you can basically ask me anything.” You painfully admit as you stumble out of the room. “Take some time to just relax, alright?”

Once outside and far enough away you allow your head to collide with the wall and groan while just willing away the cramping itch that is heating your nether regions. Sans appears at the base of the stairs as you spare him a glance.

“I’m not dealing with that again next time.”

It is completely stressfully awkward as you reheat your breakfast. Sans hasn’t looked you in the eye since you came out of Papyrus’ bedroom. Papyrus eventually returned to the group, more chipper and filled with energy. He acts as nothing had happened not even ten minutes ago. You, however, are pretty scared as that itch continues to pester at you from the pits of your conscious mind.

Undyne and Toriel threw a little fit about you being up and about as much as you were and informed that if you needed to go upstairs someone would be more than willing to provide transport. You waved it off with assurances that you were perfectly capable and fine; this was before you downed nearly 3 painkillers in desperation to a slight mis-twist. Of course, Asgore had plenty of reserves with healing magic and was able to mostly restore your ankle. With a few hesitant twists, it’s nearly completely healed – you just need to be careful to not stress it.
Finishing your reheated meal and depositing the dishes into the dishwasher you faintly hear the news channel in the background. Walking around the dining room and into the connecting hallway, you find the monsters gathered around the couch. Alphys and Undyne are cuddled together and clutching the same pillow. It seems natural that Toriel has Asgore’s arm swung around her shoulders and the brothers and kids sit beneath the couch patiently. You walk in on the side and drag your gaze to the television.

“-wanted posters for the previously mentioned people have been posted and scraped all about Ebott. The secret anti-monster gangs and assailants are still at large around the Ebott area, and no longer are they supposedly content with harassing monsters. Several monsters and eleven humans have vanished from the Ebott area in the past month and statistics show it is likely to rise. Authorities have been on the wild search for the locations of where all the missing individuals are, but currently, there are no leads. Monster supporters are suggested to stay inside or in large groups – avoiding the night life is also wiser. If you have any information regarding these disappearances and kidnappings, please call the police as quickly as possible. Greg.” The newswoman passes the camera view off to someone who quietly shares his condolences before gaining a chipper attitude and addressing fashion trends falling out and into the sales racks.

The tension in the room grows to overcome the volume of the TV as you look back over the couch of monsters. Frisk cowers a little closer to Papyrus and beside Asgores hairy legs as the giant extends his free arm to ruffle Frisk’s hair. Toriel appears puzzled and in deep thought, but concern is blatant on her troubled features as she watches the new til the end. Undyne keeps biting her long nails and glaring at the television.

“This is nuts. We can’t just sit here and not do anything to help!” Undyne finally bursts as she glares in Asgores direction. The king relates with a heavy sigh before looking over Frisk.

“Undyne. You know I agree, but we cannot take risks like the humans. Alls we can do in search for our missing people is assist the authorities in anyway possible.” Asgore mumbles with a burden weighing his shoulders down. He gains a hint of a smile as Frisk and Flowey struggle and crawl up into his lap and cuddle against the fluffy kings chest. “Right now we need to stay vigilant and careful – not only towards monsters, but good humans.” Asgore reminds, petting Frisks head before swiveling his head around in your direction. “You both need to take care while attending your classes. You especially, Jane. Public transportation is surely more dangerous now.” Asgore frowns as the attention is drawn onto you. Leaning against the wall you sigh and shrug.

“Its public transportation, Asgore. Not as though they are going to snatch me up off the bus. The only places I ever get off are that stop near Grillbys, the college, and the monster street. Even then, there are so many people around there shouldn’t be anything to worry about.” You groan in reply though you can see where his concerns can be placed.

“You never know, my child. Surely we could offer you necessary rid-“ Toriel chimes in.

“No. You guys have pretty busy schedules and I don’t want to screw them up. Look, if it’ll make you feel better I have an old mace can somewhere in my packed boxes – I’ll bring it along with me. Nobody likes a can of mace to the face.” You shrug off the concerns once again as Undyne fixes a confused glare onto you.

“How the hell did you fit a mace in a can?” She asks. You giggle and turn away; it accomplishes little as you let a few snorts pass your hand that quickly covers your nostrils and mouth in embarrassment.

“That is besides the point. Atleast allow someone to be able to pick you up from late shifts at either school or Grillbys – they news claimed the streets are dangerous at night despite the increase in
authorities scouring them.” Asgore reminds as you choose to subside and concede – there was likely no winning in this situation.

The depression certainly stopped that nagging itch. You weren’t sure whether to feel relieved or miserable.

Alphys was actually the one to assist you upstairs despite you not needing it after the healing session with Asgore. Everyone was pretty quiet after the new bulletin, but that didn’t stop you and Alphys from doing some botanical science. Even then, though, Alphys couldn’t focus. After making no progress with a few of the components and slide samples you both just give in and decide to relax on the couch in your art room and share a few packs of pocky. Alphys was reading back over a series of notes regarding the samples, though you could tell she wasn’t fully there. You choose to snatch up your sketchbook and draw Alphys with a ghostly spirit of Undyne coming in from behind to hug her. It wasn’t meant to be sad or imply everything – it seemed overall happy. That and you couldn’t really simply sketch a ghastly figure; which then begged the odd question of how one would draw Napstablook. That idea made you snicker and snap Alphys out of her trance.

“D-Do you think they’ll find those missing p-people?” She whispers while settling the book down.

“Of course they will. Do you see how many people they have in the police force around here? The search parties and ranges must be incredible.” Analyzing Alphys’ face after your words, it doesn’t appear you have eased her concerns.

“They will find everyone. The monsters. The people. All of them – alive and well.” You awkwardly extend your arm to rubs her shoulder and ease her worries. She gives you a pleased and appreciative smile – but you words have no deep meaning. You and the monsters both know there is a better chance of finding the humans alive and not the monsters. It might not even be the same gang of anti-monster kidnappers. Even if that mattered, it was the fact that monsters didn’t just vanish. Usually when a terrorizing group kidnaps the things they are terrorizing it doesn’t end happily.

All of the monsters seem to have that sense of dread – and it lasts the entire night. Sun down and dinner come quicker then you’d expected. Alphys had helped you with finishing up any and all homework you would need to have finished for your classes tomorrow. You appreciated her help greatly, despite the circumstances. You texted Grillby and he is taking the extra precaution by having you come in Tuesday instead of later in the week; also asking you to have a guaranteed ride after your late shift. Seems he also saw the news – you sigh and nod in agreement to his rules.

It was obvious Papyrus was trying to be the moral support of the group. Undyne was taking it out in useless anger of how she felt useless and angry, but Alphys was there to solemnly calm her down. Sans still was avoiding majority of contact of any sort – it was no longer simply eye contact.

*Has he spoken to me once after that today?*

Asgore and Toriel gave a brief speech and everyone toasted in hopes that the prayers of finding their lost comrades and the lost humans would spur on the police. You hadn’t expected it to effect Frisk so much. Looking up from the silent dinner you see Frisk has only poked around her veggies and meat. He’d usually devour broccoli in a heartbeat, especially the buttered and steamed. Nobody
seems to notice the put off state Frisk is in, and there are faint tear stains on his little cheeks.

Unable to bear the silence, you set your fork down with a tad of clatter and push the seat back. Atleast Toriel looks up from the solemn silence as you spin around your chair and tap Frisks shoulder. You point you the backyard with your thumb as he gives a quiet nod and gestures to be picked up as you hoist the child into your arms. Frisk grapples and clings to your neck and buries his face in your hair until every breath he breathes sends strands flying.

“Toriel, I’ll be back in a minute.” You relay, walking out. Nobody puts up a fight and Papyrus just gives a little wave. Slipping out back in the kitchen door, you already feel your shirt staining with Frisks warm tears as you walk around the edge of the pool and into one of the cushioned lawn chairs. Settling back and sighing with relief to the pleasant nighttime breeze you stare into the stars while stroking Frisks hair.

“It’s okay. You can let it out.” You whisper as he nuzzles into your ear. He makes sniffling and faint sobbing sounds as your shoulder is instantly drenched in Frisks tears. Hugging Frisk tighter to you as he ensures his grip around your neck will not break, you try to silence his concerns with reassurances.

“There are plenty of police and probably tons of volunteers. Frisk, they will find them. Just give it a little time. The monsters – the humans – everyone will be there; alive and safe.” You promise as Frisk nods against you and twists their little fingers into your hair.

“Ev-Everyonees okay.” Oh fuck even his inner voice is sniffling. Hugging him again you nod in agreement.

“Everyone is okay. Everyone will be found. We just need to have hope.” You reply as Frisk peels himself away from your drenched shoulder. Giving another weary nod before a long inhaling sniffle to clear out the snot, Frisk flashes that almost tooth-filled smile and fixes an assured face once more.

Bringing him back inside, Frisk finishes his dinner in record time (also nearly choking on it, much to Toriels dismay) and falls asleep with ease. Atleast you were able to bring somebodies thoughts to peace for the night.

You don’t even remember most of how you ended up on the morning bus. It seems as though you are just waking up about half-way to the campus. Groggily yawning and stretching your limbs, you check your bag to ensure everything was there – not that you currently recalled what was necessary.

There’s a brief flashback of Papyrus bursting into your room. Your alarm clock had gotten annoying. You think it may be broken when you get home. Papyrus and Alphys helped gather you up before he shoved a muffin into your mouth, hunched you over his shoulder, and sped off down the road. Leaving you at the bus stop, you either ate the muffin or someone stole it out of your mouth since there is a faint blueberry taste still lingering over your taste buds. That’s the gist of what you can recall.

Groaning with more awareness to the early morning rush you give a more detailed search and praise most likely Alphys for ensuring you had everything you needed. As the bus pulls up to the
campus and allows the other college dwellers off, you give an aggravated stretch and squeak at the popping of joints and the minor pain coursing through your ankle.

Taking the first few tired steps and already you are yawning with exhaustion. It doesn’t seem to stop Rhianna as she propels into you from the side and nearly throws you both to the ground as she grapples your side.

“Heehee! Welcome back!” She squeals out as you exhale and try to catch your breath from the impact.

“Rhi, I don’t need to be tackled to the ground first thing in the bloody morning, thank you.” You grumble with a hint of salt as she takes a step back and raises an eyebrow.

“Someone’s not a morning person.” She comments as you flip her off and begin to walk inside. It doesn’t put her off as she laughs and walks in besides you.

“Thairs been down everyone’s throats with work. I can pass you the notes, but there’s no way I am mentally retaining all he threw.” Rhianna sighs as you turn around a corner and maneuver through the student bustle.

“You say that, but you instantly thought up mentally retaining instead of just saying ‘remembering’.” You point out as she jokingly slaps your shoulder. “So?”

“So?” She mimics back with a sly smile.

“So – how are things with Max?” You waggle your eyebrows as she instantly defends herself; her face is changing deep red hues around her cheeks and ears.

“No-Nothing!” She insists while twirling her hair around with her finger. Raising your eyebrow quizzically at her, she yanks you over to a solitude corner in the midst of the hall and fiddles with her locks even more.

“So?!” You plead with a smile.

“…It was great.” She whispers with an ecstatic smile as your grin grows wide and toothy. Pulling her along, you hope she’ll explain on the way so you aren’t late to your classes.

“Details?”

“Oh my gawd. Alright. So I stopped by his MTT Mart when he was working and I brought his jacket, cause, like, I don’t want to seem like a creeper. And, so, I gave back his jacket. He’d just gotten off his shift….He used his employees discount and bought me a meal. For there!” Rhianna squeals as you giggle to her middle schooler excitement. “But, so, like, we ate lunch together. And he was telling me about himself. And I was telling him about myself, and apologizing for that embarrassing situation he found me in. I’m pretty sure I was sweating a fountain.”

“Less gross more progress.” You wince with a smile.

“In short?” You give an agreeing nod as she grows the widest grin, “We exchanged phone numbers!”

You’re truly hoping nobody questions the squealing scene before them as Rhianna jumps onto you screeching and you laugh and comfort her. She practically makes your piggy back her to victory the rest of the way to class until she learns of your little collision accident and kindly jumps off.
Walking into the class, Thair is just setting up as he eyes you and grows a grin. Rhianna waves off and goes to secure your seats as you walk over to Mr. Thair. You already see the stack of missed assignments he has on hold for you as you giddily cringe – was that weird?

“Well, welcome home.” Mr. Thair greets as you rub your neck anxiously. That seemed to be happening a lot more as of late.

“Hello sir. Thanks again for understanding why I had to take a few days leave.” You admit with a sigh.

“It’s no trouble at all; you know where to find me for extra-after class lessons.”

“I’ll probably have to take you up on that today.” You admit again with a twinge of regret to the amount of work you probably owe. Reaching around inside your backpack you produce the older homework assignments and hand them to the teacher. “I had a friend help me with this, but I would appreciate going over the other half of the lesson I wasn’t here for if that’s alright.”

“Of course.” He seems lost in thought as he skims his eyes over the paper. Fiddling with your bag to shut, you turn around and back to the professor before proceeding to your seat.

“Um, what happened with Trentons seating?” You whisper as Mr. Thair manages to unglue his attention from his work.

“Trenton? Ah, yes; he claimed that he’d rather not be a nuisance I believe.” Thair replies with an arch of the eyebrow as you cringe in on yourself and your shoulders joint together. “Anything I need to know about? It’s quite uncharacteristic of him to be as unsocial as he has.” Thair admits.

“Ooough. It’s my fault sir. We had a spat and I haven’t properly talked to him since. I’ll try to talk to him today.” You sigh as you slink over to your chair with newfound depression. It doesn’t seem to rub off onto Rhianna as she performs tiny impatient hops in her seat.

Trenton makes it right before the starting bell and your eyes lock together. You can feel the heated hatred of the rest of the girls in the room boring into your head, but you can only look over the sad mess that used to be so bright. He clearly has been crying and there are dark circles forming under his eyes. His hair isn’t on initial point and he looks possibly paler with his gasp turning to a frown. He walks up and backwards into seclusion away from the class – a aura radiating off him keeps all women away. You turn to Rhianna stunned.

“He’s been like that ever since?” You whisper as she looks him over and shrugs with a pout.

“I don’t know. He looks better today.”

“Enough chatter! The lesson is in progress.” Thair yells casually as the class sits to attention. Anyone who couldn’t handle the bossy attitude was gone within the first few days. Which was half the class.

Rhianna was completely understanding when you requested that your lunch be spent with Thair – you needed to make up so much time. In payment, however, you would need to invite her over tomorrow for a sleepover study session. It didn’t make you feel better when you’d called and Toriel couldn’t be more enthused to meet another human friend of yours. You’re pretty sure
Papyrus was partially at hand in her judgement, but it was already set as she cancelled all her plans.

Trenton was one of the first to have walked out of the class, and you made brief eye contact. He supposedly looked less miserable today then he’d been all week, which you weren’t sure how to feel about.

Mr. Thair gave you a four hour lesson about literally everything that had happened. Four. Hours. That was considered an extended class and you crammed in nearly 12 hours of classes into four. Luckily you were the only one present this time around as everyone else had plans for the free day off on Tuesday. He answered your questions, gave you a few review packets along with a missed exam, and you were on your way.

The sun was seeming to set soon and you sulk as the most recent bus just pulls out of the stop as you are leaving the building. Sulking, you are about to head inside before you eye a lit window – it’s the library. You contemplate your choices before springing free your phone and tapping away at the keys to your little group chat with Undyne and Alphys.

Jane : 6:42                           Hey. Missed the bus. Wanna visit library. Know if anyone could pick me up in a few?
Fish-Lips : 6:45                   What?
Dinotile : 6:46                     Undue could?
Fish-Lips : 6:50                   …What?

Pocketing your phone with a pleased grin, you make your way into the secluded library. Opening the door to the silence and pleasant book aroma you sidle around to the front and greet the librarian. She seems to be of few words as she just lets you scour at your own free will. Peering around at the vast collection of books, you try to find the art and science section. Along the windows bordering the corners, you find an unusual sight. Trenton is hunched over focused on a sports novel – completely engrossed and unaware of your presence. Rubbing your neck again with a sigh, you make your way over. You need to try and clear things up.

“Hey, Trent.” You call quietly. Trenton throws himself back in surprise and nearly topples out of the chair before finding you and standing abruptly.

“Oh, h-hi Jane.” He greets uncomfortably as you meander over to the table. Looking at the compiled books he has most of them appear to be sports novels and a few stray artistic references. He has the class textbook out and set to the study page as sweat dribbles down his neck.

“Look. I…don’t hate you. I don’t really remember what happened that last night either.” You begrudgingly admit with a twinge of guilt. His face instantly lightens and gains back some of his original skin color from the pale ghost he had become. “I was upset. That guy working reception was a good friend of mine and I was more than hurt about all you were saying. But, I just wanted to let you know……..I’m sorry.”

Before you can even protest he has yanked you from the ground in an embrace and hug. You try to not shriek and pat his back in appreciation, but you are completely and utterly stunned and confused as to why he felt it necessary to hug you so. He puts you down after a few moments and his weary eyes are filled with hope.

“You….You have no idea how much that just eased my heart. Holy shit – I thought it was about to
bounce out and do a little jig.” He nervously laughs, clearing some of the hair out of his eyes as you giggle.

“I don’t know about a dancing heart. Pictures or it didn’t happen.” He laughs like it’s the first time in years as you giggle together. Sighing with content, you turn around and skim the selection – the table he had was next to the art wing of the books.

“Hey…Jane?” He whispers as you spin around after finding a novel.

“Think that, maybe, you could…help me study?” He nervously chuckles and gestures to his open notebook. With a pleased grin you make your way back over. After all, it could be a good chance to have a study partner and ensure you were caught up in everything.

“Sure Trenton.” Settling into the seat across from him, you point out the basics and the more complex pieces, giving explanation after explanation. Before you know it, it’s practically been two hours and the night has settled in.

You and Trenton were being thrown out by the quiet librarian at last and you were told you couldn’t take out books because you didn’t have a proper students pass. Grumbling an pouting, Trenton pulls the book from your hand with a wink before admitting his card forward for the librarian to scan.

“I owe you for helping me study.” He replies as he retrieves back the book and hands it to you outside as the library is left to darkness. The campus is pretty much barren of life as you shoot Undyne and Alphys another set of texts.

Jane : 9:02
I’m all set. Do I still get a ride or do I get to go gang hunting? ;)

Fish-Lips : 9:04
Calm yer tots. I’m outside waiting >:)

Dinotile : 9:04
Please no haunting. Undy should bee there!

You giggle and pocket your phone before making your way to the front of the campus. Trenton walks alongside you as the parking lot also happens to be that way. He’d told you in the library – he has his own car. You’re pretty sure he was doing it just to try and earn brownie points, but you think he learned fast since he became a lot more truthful and just pleasant smiles. You’d tried to calmly enthuse him about some of your monster friends; namely Undyne and Alphys. He seemed a little startstruck as he instantly recognized them from the news, but you waved it off as a fame thing. He seemed alright, which just made you swell with joy.

He didn’t have to befriend them, just be a little more accepting. Like, maybe the thought of going to a monster and human friendly establishment wouldn’t be so grotesque and disturbing. Just to expand from there.

You spot Undyne’s car out front as she gives a hollering rev of the engine to show off. You scoff and turn to Trenton as you still appreciatively clench the book.

“Thanks again. I’ll need to get that card thing soon so I can get out of your hair.” You giggle nervously.

“No, its fine.” He replies quickly as you both kind of stand their stunned with one another. “I-I mean, I can pay you back for helping me study. With books.”

“What, you mean like a study date?” You raise an eyebrow. His face flushes from his nose to his ears before you realize that, yes, that’s his implication. Your face must mimic his as you both
awkwardly laugh.

“It doesn’t h-have to be a date…just……hanging out and studying. In the library. Me and you?” He offers with a genuine smile. It feels……off. Something – something is just off, but you can’t place it. Unsure whether to trust your gut or your brain, you hope it wont let you down this one time.

“Sure. I’d be down for study sessions.” You reply, walking backwards and towards Undynes car while still addressing him.

“Oh! Great! I-I’ll see you, um, Wednesday then? After class!??” He calls as you pick up your nervous pace. What was this chill overwhelming you.

“I might study with Thair some afterwards, but sure!” You call back as you open the car door. Undyne has the shadiest sly smile and it isn’t making anything better as she arches an eyebrow.

“Cool! Great! I’ll see you!” He yells as you shut the door. You vaguely see him make a fist pound gesture to the sky before rushing off to the parking lot. You lean back and snicker while feeling Undynes eyes all over you.

“Well isn’t someone having a bit too much fun?” She pokes at slyly with a devious grin.

“Oh hush up. He looked miserable and I just cheered him up.” You brush her off as you buckle in. She nearly lurches you free as she zooms off and immediately finds a stoplight.

“Yeah. With a ‘study-date’! Don’t you dare ruin the shipping me and Alphy got!” Undyne warns playfully as you are nearly tempted to attack her face with free-for-all slaps.

“Will you two stop trying to set me up with Sans? Things are so awkward right now.” You comment with a grumble as you’re left imagining how your next conversation with the skeleton will likely go.

“Eh – it’ll work out! If ya need help, just let us know!” Undyne gives a sly wink before guffawing with laughter – nearly swerving around the entire road.

Finally free of Undynes car trap as she puts it in the garage, she locks the doors as you shut yours and regain your bearings. With a hearty laughter, she lets you know she is heading in first with fistfuls of groceries in her hands that had been hiding in the tiny trunk. Bringing yourself from the haze and ensuring you had everything, you refit your bag on your shoulder and turn to leave the garage.

A light. A golden pale light catches the corner of your eye as you freeze up before leaving and shutting the garage goodnight. Turning back and inside, you aren’t really sure what you are looking at.

In the corner is a tiny little twinkle. You aren’t really sure what else to call it. Its shaped like a plus sign, but the corners are curved and the ends are pointed to make more of the effect of a blooming flower. It shines as bright as a flashlight but dims considerably as you look upon it. It’s as bizarre as Sans’ tornado stuffed with trash (which you did confirm with Toriel and Frisk was real.)
With a trepidation, you come up beside the odd object and gently tap its center. It makes an odd beeping noise and makes you feel a little safer, but nothing more. With a hint of confusion, you press it again only to retrieve the same effect.

With an unsure shrug, you walk back and outside closing the garage door behind you. Odd that the light isn’t shining through that garage window anymore.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Please leave your comments below - I really appreciate hearing from you guys <3

Also, I have a Tumblr! Leave any free-for-all questions and comments here <3
You hastily pace inside with a few uncertain glances back towards the garage – though nothing emanates from the window. The promising smell of dinner lures you into kitchen where Undyne is assisting Toriel with storing the groceries away while Toriel makes sure to check in on the stuffing. You clear your throat and drop your bag beside the arch-way which gains Undyne’s attention.

“Hey, uh, what’s that little light out in the garage?” You question as Undyne mimics your confused face.

“Light? You mean the ceiling light?” She chuckles dryly with a roll of the eyes.

“No – it was this tiny little light, behind a curtain? It makes a noise when you poke it.” Attempting to make more sense of it you mimic its size with your hands. Undyne shuts the fridge and narrows her eye at you, skeptically.

“That doesn’t sound familiar…” Toriel jumps in with bewilderment before testing the taste of the stuffing. She hums in approval and covers the top with its respective lid and turning off the burner.

“Eh, I’ll go check it out. Can never be too careful. Get me some extra on those chicken wings, y’hear?” Undyne laughs while nudging you into the archway. You nod and place your bag at the
corner of the stairs to avoid tripping anybody up before returning to the dinner table.

One look in Sans’ direction is clear he still isn’t up for conversing – or looking at you. It only continues to drive the point of what you did with Papyrus was…….awkward beyond statement. It certainly hasn’t effected the friendly skeleton as he gives a joyous wave to your return.

“WELCOME HOME HUMAN!! HOW WAS YOUR DAY?” Papyrus calls as you slug yourself into your respective seat. Leaning back and rotating your shoulders to get a few uncomfortable kinks out, you yawn in reply.

“Long. Tiring. Some fun – much study.” You grumble quietly as everyone congregates from seemingly nowhere. How do you possibly miss Asgore coming in? He looks as haggard as you feel – loosened his tie, his shirt seems wrinkled, and his beard is strewn wildly. “Bad day?” You comment as he gives a familiar and tiring groan.

“Just seemingly endless.” He replies with an uncomfortable grunt; repositioning himself in his chair.

“welcome to the club.” Sans adds on as he lets out a lengthy yawn. It’s the first words you’ve heard since yesterday.

“WAS THE MEETING STRENUEOUS, YOUR MAJESTY?” Papyrus fiddles with his gloves as Toriel brings out more food. Alphys bustles in with Frisk and Flowey – she seems to have been assisting them with their science homework as everyone takes their seats. Frisk looks…paler. If their complexion isn’t concerning, their lack of mirth or activity is certainly off putting. You gingerly reach over and ruffle his hair to try and coax him from the little emotional stupor. He only flashes a hinting smile before just staring towards the ground. Looking to Flowey in hopes for answers, he only subtly shrugs his leaves in equal confusion.

“That is putting it lightly, Papyrus. And you needn’t address me so at the dinner table – or anytime. You are as much friend as family.” Asgore gives a faint chuckle as Toriel scuttles in the last remainders of the meal. Undyne finally returns, scratching her forehead.

“H-Hi honey. Thank y-you for grabbing grocer-ries.” Alphys stutters as Undyne plants a few quick pecks to her scaled head before taking her seat.

“Anything for you, babe. Also – I turned that garage upside down. Didn’t find no noisy light.” Undyne shrugs her shoulders before taking a heaping ladle full of stuffing and chicken.

“Noisy light?” Asgore asks, eyes concentrating as food gets passed around.

“Jane claims she saw a strange light in the garage earlier.” Toriel admits as she puts food on Frisks plate. He isn’t particularly keen on paying attention.

“Yeah – it was ‘bout this big and it was like a twinkling little light. I poked it and it made this weird boop noise.” You comment, taking your own helping of chicken.


“You’re a boop noise. Now can it.” You stick your tongue out as it earns another snicker from Undyne.

“are you sardine it was there?” You would be much more surprised that Sans was addressing you if the horribly placed pun didn’t make it feel pushed. Papyrus keels over and simply plants his skull in his hands with misery.
I doubt im tired enough to be hallucinating or something. I felt it. It tingled. Like a faint electricity going through me – but warm?” You try to recall the little experience. As the green beans are passed around to your end and you get the chance you try to put some onto Frisks plate – it was the one food item Toriel had left out of her reach. “Frisk, how many green beans did y-“

Terror. Shock. Confusion. Its swimming over his entire face. You both stare deeply into each other’s eyes, neither phasing or glancing away. The voice in the hind of your mind is screaming that something is certainly not right. Frisk looks pale, his breathing seems practically labored, and their skin appears clammy and shaky.

“Frisk?” You murmur. It seems to pull him from the trance, but he clings onto your arm.

“You saw it? You touched it?” Frisk whispers as though someone will overhear. His eyes are darting about but focused on your own as his little hand trembles against your clothing. You nod to try and keep things on the down low while absent mindedly passing the green beans down.

“But how? Your soul isn’t made of Determination…How can you see i-!!” Frisks internal dialogue is cut short as he clutches his forehead and shivers in his seat. Frisks balance on their chair seems to cave as he falls against your chest and you cradle the child. He heavily breathes against your shirt as you try to assist the child; rubbing and pushing locks away from his forehead to dab away the sweat that is accumulating. Simply brushing past it is like a harsh touch – an unsavory heat radiates off their head as you plant your palm against it.

Frisk is running a fever and continues to clutch their head while his other has clutched his shirt at heart point.

“-its certainly not evident that they will be able to track down any of the missing persons and monsters soon, despite nearly the entire force in a broad-scale search.” Asgores sigh catches you as you look up. Nobody is aware of Frisks declining state as whatever Asgore was talking about certainly regarded the missing/kidnapped monsters and humans.

“Um, Tori-“ “Unbelievable! Why don’t we just get the guard helping in the search?! Doggo, Dogamy and Dogaressa have some of the keenest noses around! This would be solved in a cinch!!” Undyne cries out over your plea as you hug Frisk closer. Taking your napkin, you dab it over your water condensation and rest it onto his forehead.


“He-“ “Its not that simple Papyrus. These anti-monster gangs are not to be messed with. I will not allow more of my people to be subjugated to them – their minds are unchangeable. It’s a noble effort and thought, but unlikely.” Asgore sighs once more, running his hand over his head to curl in his beard thoughtfully. At this point you are cradling Frisk and wisps of aggression to being ignored fill your mind.

“Excus-“ “WHO said we need to CHANGE their mind?! We just gotta BEAT it outta ‘em!!” Undyne barks with a banging of the table – silverware clatters around in dismay to the vibrations. “H-Honey, please be careful.” Alphys pleas as she reaches out to her lover.

“IT CERTAINLY ISN’T ALRIGHT TO BEAT THE HUMANS! WE CAN’T JUS-"
Of everyones voice to overpower Papyrus, you were\textit{ certainly} not expecting Flowey to shriek at such a level. Clearly the irritation got the better of him. The whole room goes silent – Toriel looks mystified; certainly the first time you have ever heard him refer to her like that with her in actual ear shot. Then again, who could miss that yell? The neighbors would probably complain if it wasn’t a daily occurrence in this house with the noise.

“Y-Yes, um, Flowey, what is i-“ Toriel tries to speak through the uncertain silence but Flowey jabs two pointing vines towards you cradling the heavily breathing Frisk. Toriels face changes to one of horror as she jumps up from her chair and comes around to your side. “What happened?” she demands, uncertain whether to hold Frisk or leave him in your hands.

“He’s running a fever. Headache, clammy, trouble-breathing. He seemed fine this morning.” You mutter, trying to relinquish Frisk into Toriels arms, but Frisk clings to you like any other option is a deadly.

“Does he need a doctor?” Asgores voice cuts through the silence with certainty as he stands from his chair. These parents are panicking; it’s clear right in their faces. What you don’t understand is\textit{ why} – they’ve\textit{ had} a human child before; how had they not stumbled upon a similar issue before? You grumble and try to get a physical read on Frisks temperature but groan in dismay to your lack of memory skills.

“Do you have a thermometer? For the mouth.” You ask, cupping Frisk close. Rubbing soothing circles into his back seems to, for the moment, slow his breathing that had been panicked prior.

“Ah, yes, upstairs – bathroom in the cupboard. Do you need any medication or-“ Toriel begins to tangent off on something but you aren’t the least bit concerned as you hoist Frisk into your arms, reach out for Flowey who snags the meal to go and clings to your arm as you swivel past.

“Oh, Tori, if you don’t have the basil I could smell the mint in the car. Take a tablespoon of crushed mint leaves in one cup of water and steep that for about 10 minutes. Spoon of honey after its strained – please and thank you.” You call back like a rushing worry-wart as you ascend the stairs. You try to restrain from jostling Frisk too much.

Poking into the 2nd floor bathroom, you steal some of the outrageous multitude of wash-cloths Papyrus seems to own – seriously, he has around ten. It’s\textit{ absurd}. You refuse to question it as you recall a little basin in the upstairs bathroom before beginning the second ascent. Ducking into your bathroom, you manage to balance the towels, Frisk and Flowey, a basin of water, thermometer, and fresh towel.

Settling Frisk into his bed and leaning him against the wall, Flowey respectively slithers off with the stolen plate of food. Shuffling off Frisks shirt while taking ginger care to not upset the child anymore, you discard it and peel off his pants and socks to replace with shorts. Letting a few of the cloths dampen in the basin, you take a sponge you nabbed and wring it harshly before sponging Frisks clammy skin. Taking a second to stick the thermometer beneath his tongue, you uncover some of his hair-clips to hold back his persistent bangs before returning to attend to sponging him down.

The thermometer gives a few beeps before you cautiously pluck it out of Frisks mouth. 101.6. Not pleasant, but not serious. You place it on the side to clean later while shimmying Frisk beneath the
covers. He grunts and whines to the added heat as you push a few stray strands away from his eyes.

“Yeah yeah – I know it sucks. Don’t worry; I know what I am doin’.” You murmur, wringing a few of the washcloths and placing them beneath his neck and over his forehead.

“Are you sure? He isn’t getting better.” Flowey comments from the sidelines.

“Flowey – I’m not that type of miracle worker. It’s a fever – it takes time to get rid o-“ You turn to address him only to find he is also stricken with some sort of overlying fear and concern. His tiny eyes are glued onto Frisks heavy and labored breathing. You reach over and with a tint of sadness Flowey crawls over your arms and rests in your lap as you sit on the beds edge.

“I don’t understand. It’s just a fever probably – why are they acting like this is a life and death situation? Toriel stuttered.” You cringe, thinking back onto her wide horrified eyes.

“It reminds them.” Flowey whispers, trying to lace a vine with Frisks fingers in support.

“Of?” You hint at.

“……Of Chara.” You and Flowey both wince at the mention of the name.

“……When she ate the fl-“ “Yes.” He doesn’t seem to want you to finish the sentence – just focused on the here and now situation. Sighing, you reach forwards and snag the food. Cutting the beans and chicken into fairly tiny pieces, you offer each by Frisks mouth. Their condition drastically worsened in such a short period of time; medically, it didn’t make a lick of sense. While it’s true Frisk was considerably pale and ill looking, it was obvious he hadn’t exhibited any of these symptoms during the day – Toriel would have picked up on it surely if he had.

Frisk manages to nibble on piece of chicken and green beans as you avoid giving him stuffing that could somehow disrupt his taste-buds. The last thing you wanted was for him to throw-up and cause dehydration.

As if on mental cue, Toriel comes bustling up the stairs with an assorted tray – cups of both mint and basil, medicines that reduce fever, a few packs of raisins, some stuffing and water. You sigh and set everything down.

“Flowey, please keep trying to get him to nibble.” You instruct, patting yourself off and taking the tray from Toriel and placing it on the side. She opens her mouth to speak as you instantly signal for silence and point towards the hallway. Shutting Frisks door, Toriel walks halfway down the steps before spinning on her heels and looking directly into your eyes.

“Is it severe? Was it the food? He hadn’t been acting so severe the entire day! I knew I shouldn’t have made the chicken! Oh, stars, why…” Toriel buries her head into her hands and leans against the wall. You pry past her hands and grasp her fluffy cheeks that are wet with fresh tears.

“Toriel. I will say this once. You are a mother. You have dealt with sick kids before. Get your shit together.” You whisper hastily with a deadpanned stare. She bats her eyes a few times and sniffles before persistently wiping the tears off her face and fixing her frown into something fiercer.

“Now breathe.” You instruct as she slightly follows your example. About a minute later she has calmed enough to regain some regality to her stance.

“Frisk has a minor fever. I have tomorrow off so I can babysit, but I have that friend coming over. I can cancel if need be, or tell her to arrive later. I assure you I can take care of him – I have taken care of too many sick kids to keep count. You working yourself, Asgore, and everyone else up
about this isn’t going to help with anything. It wasn’t the food. This isn’t some food poisoning or anything – it’s likely just an invading infection and his body is fighting it off. He needs to drink plenty of water and orange juice, those herbal mixes a few times a day, and constant cleaning. I’ll stay up and watch over him during the night so you guys can relax and get some sleep.” You inform Toriel as she keeps her steady breathing continuous.

“Is it not infectious?” She asks suddenly, looking you over.

“It probably is, but that’s no big deal. It’s easier for an adult to deal with a fever then a kid – it won’t be the first time, it won’t be the last. Helps build immunity anyways.” You shrug off her concerns while trying to steady her breathing once more.

“…Alright.” She admits, wringing her paws fingers.

“Okay. Go downstairs, finish dinner, and just… relax.” You rub her shoulders and offer a slight smile and she nods in agreement, but pushes past you and back upstairs into Frisks room. Following her up reveals her nuzzling against Frisks head and tracing a paw over Floweys stem. He doesn’t seem keen to the contact, but he doesn’t repel the touch either. Toriels eyes glisten with a unique sorrow you likely can’t understand – a mother to child thing. She stands and walks out; not before, of course, giving you an appreciative hug.

Setting up a bean-bag beneath Frisks bed to be nearby, you grab a few sleepover requirements – your bag containing your homework and books, your phone, laptop, and notebooks to check over the botany results uselessly again. Frisk nods off after managing a few nibble on chicken and a couple green beans – not even touching the stuffing. As you spoon up and stuff your mouth with relief to the homemade cuisine, you snag Flowey and settle him at your side while flipping through other home-remedies for fevers.

“Alright. Spill. If Frisk knows what that light in the garage is, you do as well.” You grow a sly grin as Flowey shrivels in understanding – he makes it seem like its some form of interrogation; which, technically, it is.

“Uggh. How’d you even see it? Your soul shouldn’t have enough Determination to perceive it!” Flowey growls back in annoyance.

“What does Determination have to do with it?” You ask, squinting your eyes.

“Y’know when I was telling you about the Resets?” Flowey murmurs while twiddling his leaves absentmindedly.

“Yeeesss…” You unsurely reply, wincing at the memory. How did this and that correlate?

“That thing you touched? Frisk calls them ‘Save Stars’. It’s the thing that allowed Frisk to save, load, and reset anywhere.” Flowey relays as you nearly choke on the fresh spoonful of stuffing you’d eaten. Holding the spoon still in your mouth, you turn to him with a hint of trepidation and a cascade of concern.

“S-Sho that fing in the garash ish a safe scar? And I can touch et? Isan’t that realin bahd?! What if I axeidently lud ore someping?! Or reset!!? Flowey, doe you halve annie igea how bahd fish could be?! W-What if I shend ever-“ You begin to sporadically imagine scenarios of how fucked this entire situation is, but Flowey yanks the spoon out of your mouth as you flick your tongue to the new space available.

“Don’t talk with your damn spoon in your mou-“ Flowey growls.
"-But what if I reset everything?! By accident?!? If I have enough Determination to see and touch it, would it- how does it- how do I make sure I don’t do stupid things?!” You cry back while pulling Flowey into your lap.

"You think I know!? Ever since Frisk arrived in the Underground I haven’t had enough Determination to mess with the Saves and Loads on my own, let alone a Reset. It’s not something an amateur should be in charge of.” Flowey huffs before crossing his leaves indignantly.

“Amateur.” You squint at him harshly before sighing and leaning back against Frisk’s bed; the mattress gives a confused squeak as you press into the comforter. Frisk’s breathing is shallow, but steady. The open windows let a perfect breeze flow through the room and force Flowey’s petals to sway.

Its peaceful, and understandably perfect conditions to lull you into a similar sleep.

You rouse the next morning with an aching neck; it cricks and aches as you rise and uselessly rub at the muscles contracting roughly. Yawning and feeling backwards on the bed to adjust the blanket your hair had dragged with you, you’re surprised to find the lump of Frisk has vanished. Reaching further in your groggy confusion, you snag a paper and drag it before your eyes.

"Thank you for taking care of me! I’m feeling better. Sorry to scare everyone. I’m going to school today – Alphys has work today, so don’t get lonely!! – Love, Frisk and Flowey <3"

You sigh and feel about for your phone before flipping it open. 10 texts, 2 calls, and it was nearly noon. Groaning and trying to fix your bedhead hair, you prop yourself up with the bed and walk from Frisk’s rooms with your belongings as the ringtone plays off.

--“Where the hell you been?!” Rhianna screeches as you mush your cheeks in hopes to wake yourself up.

“Sorry. Just woke up. Still sleeping over today?” You grumble as you reach your room. Dropping all your belongings and fiddling around in your dresser for fresh clothes. A casual sundress with some knee-length leggings before slipping into sandals.

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world!!” She squeals excitedly – something on her end crashes down as she lets loose a few quiet swears that gets a snicker out of you.

“Alright. Just know that nobody but me is home.” Yawning as you trudge downstairs, you look out to the quiet carless expanse and shrug admittedly – home alone. The referring to this house as your home sends a giddy warm tingle through you as you make your way to the kitchen. Inside the microwave sits a wrapped stack of pancakes and oranges – beside it rests another note.

“My child! It would seem Frisk has made a full recovery! I’ve informed Asgore I will be taking Frisk to the doctors as a precautionary, but he lacked fever, headache, and aching throat! Thank you for your assistance and I apologize for causing such a disturbance. I recall you saying your friend was coming over – should you choose, there is fresh bread and pie in their containers. Enjoy, and take care. --- Toriel”

You sigh with relief as you unwrap the pancakes and let the microwave give them a little extra heat.
“Total girls day?” Rhianna hums through the phone as you are recertified to her existence on the other side.

“Til later? Probably.” You snicker.

“Eeexxxxcellent.” She begins to maniacally giggle as you sigh and remove the reheated pancakes from the microwave. Not bothering to sit down at the table, you lean over the counter and look into the vivid and bright backyard and take in the progress made on the pool.

“What time you plan to gut hair?” You muffle past your mouthful. The pancakes, while reheated, still held their fluffy and divine texture – there was even a hint of strawberry in the center.

“Choking on something?” Nearly gagging and choking on the food stuffed into your cheek you glare at the phone as the mental winking seems to permeate through.

“Shut up – what time?” You grumble back; trying to uselessly hide the flush in your face.

“Like…ten minutes?”

“Alright. Head over now – I’ll meet you at the entrance.” Swift to close the phone, you check the time and groan at the time you’d likely let your neck remain reclined so harshly. Shoveling the remainder of the fluffy treat into your mouth, you grudgingly heave yourself back upstairs to get suitable clothing. While you hoped to get some actual homework done, you sigh and betray your bag. It had been so long since an invited person came over that knew you. She also tended to be more outgoing then proactive – therefore, nothing was bound to get done regardless.

Making your way down the road with simple and pocketed cargo pants and a tank top, you yawn and stretch your limbs. It seemed everyone was out working; the entire street was devoid of characteristic life.

You’d never paid much mind to the fact there was an outpost guard authorizing who entered and left. It usually was to prevent humans from getting in, causing mayhem. Like a neighborhood watch – except 24/7 watching. You hadn’t bothered to talk with them at any opportunity; Toriel and Asgore had informed them of your housing and they certainly never stopped you all the times you grievingly walked right by.

It was clear they weren’t slackers at their job – Rhianna currently sat with flailing arms as she had what appeared to be a heated discussion with whoever sat within the outpost; you hadn’t bothered to meet them, but it was most certainly a constantly changing shift. Sighing and approaching with a mumbling wave, you feel you shouldn’t be surprised at her outfit choice. Rainbow hightops with pink leopard socks, a puffy sleeved blouse that differs greatly from her very short cut ripped jeans. Her hair is tied back and into an explosive afro pigtail as she continues to keep the stray ringlets by her ears. On the ground is a giant bag clearly stuffed with items for the sleepover.

“Ah! JANE!!” Rhianna screams, waving you down the instant she spots your approach. Finally reaching her side, she clings to you with a hug before shooting a pout to the ball-capped man behind the post.

“This gentlemen told me to ‘bugger off.’, even though I informed him you invited me!” She cries maniacally with a twitch to her eye. Clearly, she is on her last mental ropes.
“Hey, uh, sorry. Didn’t mean to cause you to wait or any hassle. It okay if she comes in? Toriel and Asgore gave me the okay.” You call back. Getting a look at the guards face, he is exhausted; but it certainly doesn’t call for his attitude.

“Yeah yeah. Just get fucking going.” He spits before ruffling and returning to his newspaper. While you stand there a tad shell-shocked at the unsavory introduction, Rhianna snatches your arm while grasping her carry-bag and pulls you along the street as though she knows the way. Once of out hearing distance, she screeches and kicks a few stones.

“What was with that asshole?! He threatened to taze me!!” She huffs aggressively before spinning back towards you. “And then he was like that with you? Do you deal with that jackass every time?!”

“No no. I’ve never talked to any of the guard-post people. I….I honestly wasn’t expecting the hostility.” You mumble, crossing your arms and taking initiative in the walk to lead the way.

“Oh so he is just a general ass.” Rhianna grits her teeth together.

“Look – maybe he was just tired. They run 24 hour shifts for pete’s sake. Bad day. Exhausted. Regulations? I didn’t exactly know I needed to inform them I had a human friend coming over; but I can see why they would be on edge with all the anti-monster issues recently..” You admit with a sigh as you both trek onwards.

“Oh yeah! You know the king and queen – is there any word on it?” While her voice stays as pitchy as ever, you can tell it’s lost some mirth. So she had been dwelling on that news as well…

“Nothing. Undyne and Papyrus want to be out there, actively helping. But Asgore apparently won’t have it. Monsters aren’t allowed yet to work alongside the police – which is bull crap in my opinion, but them staying safe is at least a solid point to look forward to.”

“Max told me that there is going to start being a curfew!” Rhianna replies which in turns causes your eyes to bulge and head to swivel.

“A curfew?”

“Yeah – all monsters need to be in their houses by 10:30! They’ll be sending a guard around to ensure everyone is home. He heard it from one of his co-workers whose brother is on the police force! Did you not know?” Tilting her head, you both share a quizzical stare.

“No – I had no idea. I’ll talk to Asgore about it….” You sigh, rubbing your neck. The house is finally within sights after a few more minutes. Turning to Rhianna you find that her jaw has nearly hit the floor and her eyes scour the entire abode.

“Yo. You LIVE here?!?” She squeals; clearly incapable of containing her excitement as she picks up the pace.

“Yeah, but, uh, I need to set up some ground rules.” You groan, fiddling around with the front-door key.

“Lay it ON me!!” She drops the bag at the front – she’ll pick it up probably after the tour.

“Okay – Rule 1 : No screaming. Please. Rule 2 : No intense fan-girling unless it’s with Alphys and Undyne. Toriel and Asgore aren’t usually big on appearing all regal and what-not at home. He wears Hawaii shirts for fucks sake.” You giggle, managing to finally pry open the front door. Rhianna’s giggles turn into breathless wonder as she scans around the house. You begin to tour her
through the house as if it had been done 100 times – like a pro.

“Rule 3 : Don’t enter anyone’s bedrooms without permission. Especially Sans’ – he is a pretty private dude. Uh… Rule 4 : Don’t antagonize Flowey.” You murmur, showing the library and the piano room.

“Flowey?”

“He is a flower. Best friends with Frisk, and he can be a little handful – a threatening little handful. He shouldn’t do anything, but, just…don’t push it?” You shrug uncertainly as you open the sun-room. Rhianan steps inside and her eyes sparkle as she glues them onto the photo wall.

“Wow! Is this all of them!? Oh my god I could cry.” Holding her cheeks with her hand she nearly has her face pressed into the frames as she examines every particle.

“Yeah. Family photo wall.”

“…Is…Is this you?” She asks quietly, pointing at the clear portrait with not a single monster in it. You sidle up beside her and straighten it out from its slight crook.

“Yeah. My mom, dad, brother, and uncle.”

“…I didn’t know you had a brother.”

“……Because sometimes I wish I didn’t.” You sigh, running your hand along the frame.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Rhianna sets her hand onto your shoulder and fixes a glassy eyed concern stare onto you. It makes something inside you churn – in neither a good nor bad way.

“…Not now. Maybe some other time. Is that alright?” You ask pleafully as she gives a gentle nod and you both leave together. Huffing and relaxing your breathing, you continue the tour and the rules list.

“Rule 5 : Be ready to be literally stuffed with spaghetti and pie when everyone gets home.” You snicker as Rhianna giggles, admiring the woodwork of the stairs. “And Rule 6…”

“…Rule 6?” She arches her eyes as you make it to your room at the tippity top.

“Uh, well, Rule 6 correlates with Rule 1 : No screaming and anything that happens inside this house STAYS in this house.” You can feel a concerning sweat accumulate as she raises her eyebrows and questioningly pouts.

“Oh…” She answers quietly as you creak open the door. Before you can even enter, she gives a yelp and latches onto your shoulders. Only then are you vaguely aware of the disappearing vine behind the corner and mentally slap yourself.

“Okay. Look. I am a botany specialist and a while back I had this experiment go wrong, and it ended up with me getting a giant venus fly trap that can think, see, smell, and hear. It also has a wide-range of abilities in cases of movement and sounds, but he is super docile. I’ll let you sleep on the bed so you don’t have to walk past them, but can you at least get the screaming done now instead of later.” You grumble, pinching the arch of your nose as you cautiously guide her in.
“T-T-T-That-t t-thin-ing isn’t a-a-a m-mons-ster?!” She is still stuttering and holding her face, but with a wide and maniac smile.

It’s been nearly an hour. You hadn’t predicted she’d faint so suddenly, but what else could you expect? After nearly an hour of waiting, she rouses and you fetched her some of Toriel’s pie to soothe her. It was giving her some weird happy jitters, but she said it was fantastic so you didn’t try to pull away.

“D-Does it eat?” She continues to ask questions for the past time and it isn’t even based off of the monsters in the household.

“Yes. Of course they eat.” You punctuate – it felt rude calling Seymour and Louis an *it* at this point.

“And you gre-grew them back at your old college?!” She screeches as you lower your hands to try and relay she needs to drop her volume.

“Yes.”

“Woah…” Her bewildered stare sticks onto you as you fiddle with your thumbs.

“Rhi…please, you can’t tell anyone. I don’t want them to be publicly aware of some hybrid creation! I could get thrown in jail, they could be carted away to a lab! Please understand that I just-“

“Woah, woah! Easy! I ain’t gonna tell anybody!” She yells back, grasping your shoulder firmly. “I’m not that big a blabber mouth!” Rhianna giggles at her own misery as you finally etch a smile back onto your face. Scarfing down the remainder of the pie, sighing, and patting her belly in relief, she claps and stands abruptly.

“Well! To show I mean well, we should start making dinner! I brought one of my ma’s old stew recipes! Ingredients and everything; just in case!” Rhianna hums, strolling to the kitchen. Picking up her plate, she is already rummaging through the fridge and her bag consecutively – instead of books and supplies, she stored tons of canned and fresh food inside. Giggling at the ridiculous sight you fiddle around in the fridge, slyly hiding the pre-made food Toriel had left behind for the said moment. She likely wouldn’t be *too* upset to someone else making dinner for a change; right?

Setting up the pots and pans, she hands you the paper with pretty detailed ingredients – you work on the stew while she works on the hand-made bread. It’s a strange meat and beans recipe that sounds delicious. Carefully pouring the cans of beans into the pot at the low boil, you are surprised when she somehow pulls a CD player radio out of her bag.

*Is it infinite?*

Fiddling around with an old case, you ensure the bread mixture doesn’t go stale while stirring the bean mixture.

“Uh, Rhi, help?” You plead as you raise your eyebrows.

“Hol’up!!” She wags her arm back in defiance before finally picking a CD and jamming it in to the machine. ‘Diamonds’ begins to play and Rhianna does giddy circles before kneading the dough; humming along to the tune. It’s clearly a personalized song because not long after ‘Louder’ starts playing which is instantly cut off when the front door opens and Rhianna lunges to silence the tape.

“…..H-Hello?” Calls back a timid voice that has you relaxing enough to slouch and nearly drip
your hair into the mixture.

“Alphys! I’m in the kitchen! With my friend!” You call back. A few moments later, Alphys cautiously creeps into the kitchen and locks eyes with Rhianna. Turning the burner down, you attend to your timid friend.

“Alphys, this is Rhianna. Rhianna, this is Doctor Alphys – she and I went to my last college together, and she was my dormmate. Please don’t scare-“

“Ohmygodit’sapleasuretomeetyouIneverthoughtIwouldseethedayIcouldmeethefriggin’royalscientistohmy HI.” Rhianna quickly jumbles words together as her eyes grow in fascination. Alphys is quick to use you as cover; grasping your elbows and using you as a human shield. Sighing, you pat her hand.

“Little too enthusiastic start Rhi.” You grumble as Rhianna tries to pleadingly wave her arms about.

“I’m sorry! She is just adorable!! And smart, and just gawd!!” She squeals; stomping her feet in excitement she does a few circles before forcing herself to relax.

“Alph. It’s alright – she is just a monster fanatic.” You relay before trying to pry your head away and even slightly reveal the intimidated Alphys.

“U-U-U-U-Uh-W-we-well u-um i-i-i-it-its n-nic-ni-nice to-to me-mee-meet you-ou-ou.”

“L-Likewise! Oh my god even her stuttering is adorable!” Rhianna whispers the last part as you hum and pat Alphys’ hand. She quickly releases you as you rub the connecting point – she’d clung so hard it left an imprint.

“S-S-So-So-So-Sorry-ry b-bout t-t-that-t…” Alphys clings her hands together and looks directly at the floor.

“Hey, hey. No apologies. Just…relax.” You reply, rubbing her shoulder before returning and making sure the beans haven’t burnt. Rhianna tries her best to not invade Alphys’ space as Alphys rummages through the fridge. “How was work?”

“O-Oh-Oh! U-Um, w-well there-re was a n-n-new u-um m-member who u-um didn’t k-k-k-no-k-th-th-that it w-was a m-monster f-f-frien-friendl-y fa-facility…” Alphys murmurs, returning to her gazing at the ground.

“Did they say something?” Rhianna’s voice once again cuts through very seriously as you can’t help raise an eyebrow. Non-monster friendly facility? That should be explained in the friggin’ interviews, you puzzle over the thought.

“W-Well, u-uh, th-threa-threaten-t-t o-o u-u a-strike.” Alphys squeaks out as you both drop your dishes priority.

“They what??” You yell out first as Rhianna’s face fumes with rage. It’s clearly been building since she got here.

“Assholes like that, on their first day? Just friggin’ fire ‘em! Don’t give ‘em a chance!” Rhianna aggressively states before running her hands in cold water and running them down her face and breathing thoroughly.

“You alright?” You ask Rhianna as she vaguely nods.
“It just works me up. All these anti-monster scum-bags likely haven’t even had a real conversation with any of you guys! How they could hate you is beyond me and every time I hear about it I just, ugh, just!” Rhianna’s wet hands splatter around the table, but it’s of no concern presently.

“O-O-Oh no-no it-it’s okay! H-He w-was f-fire-fired v-very, u-um, quickly. Y-You d-d-don’t n-need to g-get so worked u-up over s-someth-thing like-like this.”

“How can I not!?” Rhianna slams her hands onto the counter which in return makes Alphys jump. Grabbing Rhianna’s hands into yours, you hold them down together and make her look at you.

“No breaking Rule 1. Relax. Breathe. It’s been handled, but I know someone who will be even more pissed about this news.” You groan, looking back at Alphys. She gulps and fiddles with her claws again. Rhianna takes a few moments to calm her mind before her hands just naturally slip out of yours.

“Sorry…”

“Don’t be.” You reply hastily; giving her a slap on the back reassuringly, you return to the pot mixture. Atleast she manages to get the bread in the oven.

“I-Isn’t, um, a b-bit early fo-for dinner?” Alphys asks, checking on the dinner plan.

“Sorry – didn’t know it was already planned!” Rhianna’s mood does a swift change as she guiltily rubs her neck. Sighing, you turn your attention to Alphys.

“We’ll have an early dinner and surprise Tori. She’d appreciate it, I think; what with the news, Frisk feeling ill last night? She probably could use a slight break.” Cringing at the sight of poor Frisk, you try and refocus back onto the stew. Rhianna adds a few spices now that her bread-duty has been fulfilled.

“S-She didn’t g-get m-much sleep l-las-last night, I-I thi-think. I-I hea-heard her t-talking w- with Sans dow-downstairs; v-very early in-in the mor-morning.”

“A-Are you alright? Yo-You’ve been ru-rubbing your neck a-a lot more re-recently…” Alphys asks, try to check the hurting nerves and flinching back at the slight reveal of your scar.

“Yeah. I’m alright. It just aches from sleeping against Frisks bed the wrong way. How was he this morning?” You ask with concern swallowing your eyes.

“O-Oh! He-he was b-better the-then he h-has been in d-days! His s-symptoms don’t m-make much sense a-after I did some research on it. They s-should have lasted almost t-two days. Peculiar, i-isn’t it?” Readjusting her glasses, she takes up a seat by the counter – not wanting to leave the only company present.

“Sick? Should I not have come?” Rhianna suddenly puts the pieces together in her mind as you shake your head.

“We aren’t sure. Last night he got an instant fever – it was literally out of the blue. I thought maybe he caught a cold, maybe the flu or something else. He was looking so pale yesterday night. But, apparently, he was well enough to go to school today and Toriel not demanding him to stay home means he must’ve been looking well enough as well. I doubt it was an food-poisoning or anything like that…….I don’t understand, honestly.” You reply, looking into the bean stew that wafts with a spicy yet sweet scent that almost makes you salivate directly into the pot.
“Huh. That does sound weird. Tends to last longer…” Rhianna admits before silence takes over the kitchen once more. She digs around in her purse and the fridge for ingredients to make a salad, and Alphys actually offers to help her in cutting the veggies up. Rhianna can’t seem to take the silence much longer before the radio jamming commences once more. The stew is finished, and set to chill a while in the microwave as you assist in the salad making – Alphys decides you are better at slicing and begins making freshly made lemonade. While she shies away from the more hard-rock songs, she certainly loses herself once a suitable one comes into play. Eventually, all three of you are singing together in a harmony. It fills you with a giddy joy – seeing Rhianna and Alphys being such friends despite the circumstances.

‘Dinosaur’ begins to play as you and Rhianna pick a bouncing beat.


“And a S-C-I-E-N-T-I-S-T-Y one at that! Girl you’re just all that!!” You replace the lyrics to boost her confidence and Rhianna breaks into silly dancing. You simply bounce your shoulders as Alphys giggles and swishes her tail around beneath skirt. She finally discarded the lab coat and was wearing an adorable tanktop and fluffy skirt that almost went to her ankles.

Rhianna can see the embarrassing hues of Alphys and fiddles around with the CD player once more for possibly the hundredth time in twenty minutes. Eventually, she settles on Adam Lambert.

“So I got my boots on! Got the right ‘mount of leather– And I’m doing me up – with a black color liner.” Rhianna runs right into it, swaying to the beat as she pulls you over. “And I’m workin’ my strut, but I know it wont matter – alls we need in this world is some love!”

“There’s a thin line between the dark side and the light side – baby tonight. Theres a struggle, gotta rumble, tryin’ fiinnddd it!” You jump in with her before the beat hits and Alphys remembers the lyrics – you’d liked this song and she’d heard it before back at the old dorms. All of you actually harmonize and sing along.

“But if I had you? That would be the only thing I ever needeed!! Yeah, if I had you? The money, fame and fortune never coouuld compete! Yeah if I had you – life would be a party, it’d be ecstasy!! Yeah if I had youuu!!” Alphys and you dance together while she pumps her fists excitedly. She needed this – to help forget the shit day.

“From New York to L.A, getting’ high, rock and rolling. Get a room trash it up; til it’s ten in the morning!”

“Girls ins stripper heels, boys rolling in Maserati’s! What they need in this world is some love.” Rhianna bumps your hip, which causes you to stumble directly into Alphys.

“There’s a thin line between the wild time, and a flat-line; baby tonight. It’s a struggle – gotta rumble, tryin to fiinnddd it!” Alphys belts out the rest of the verse which has Rhianna going nuts and you giggling. In an instant, Alphys’ yellow body is swept up into Undynes blue arms as she presses her face into Alphys’ skull while it quickly hues to a deep red with bulging eyes.

“If I had YOU!! That would be the only thing I’d ever friggin’ NEEEEED!!” Undyne screeches along, hugging Alphys close as she tries to shrivel into a ball. Rhianna panics excitedly and flails about before shutting off the radio. Undynes laughter breaks through the silence along with Alphys and her muttering mutters of woe.

“OhmygoditsUndyneTheCaptainOfTheRoyalGuardohmygodyouhavenoideahowbigafanIamofyou.Youha
OH MY GOD!!!?” Rhianna squeals, covering her face as she jumps on her toes around the kitchen with ecstatic joy. Not long after, Papyrus and Sans poke their boney heads in.

“OH JANE!! YOUR NEW HUMAN FRIEND ARRIVED?! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, KNEW MY EARS DIDN’T DECEIVE ME TO NEW AND FRIENDLY LAUGHTER!!!” Papyrus triumphantly poses as Rhianna is physically drooling at the sight of the enormous skeleton.

“bro, ya don’t got ears.” Sans chimes in, on que, eliciting a faint giggle from Rhianna as she is too preoccupied trying to handle all this new excitement.

“THEN HOW COULD I HEAR, SANS?!” Papyrus face indignantly.

“magic~” Once more does he sprinkle his fingers around with a lulled expression. Papyrus’ foot begins to stamp with impatience.

“HONESTLY SANS! SOMETIMES I WISH I DIDN’T HAVE HEARING – THEN I WOULDN’T HAVE TO SUFFER THROUGH YOUR DISGRACEFUL PUNS!!” Papyrus shrieks throwing his arms into the air and nearly bonking them into the light-fixture above.

“aw, c’mon paps. y’know my puns are *sans*tional.” Papyrus hoists his brother into the air before turning him completely upside down to allow his hoody to dangle and shoving him under his arm to carry.

“NYEH-HEH-HEH!! NOW YOU CAN LOOK ON THE UPSIDE OF THINGS – NO MORE GLOOMY DAY! YOU SHOULD THANK ME BY SPARING ME MORE OF YOUR DRIVELING PUNS!!” Papyrus asks, trying to keep his scolding face off and away to be pleasant around the new company. Rhianna is still completely overwhelmed – Alphys as finally relinquished and squirmed eye as Undyne threw and arm around Rhianna. She has been nothing but quaking and growing the biggest grin.

“eh, sure paps. bein’ *down to earth* was making me feel *weighed* on.” Sans shrugs casually before pushing his hands right back into pockets. You near and poke his cheekbone – the odd sensation of it giving way continues to add things to your Sunday Questionnaire.

“Aw man. What a *pit*.” You snort, pointing to Papyrus arm-pits. In one swift motion, Sans is dropped and Papyrus hoists you into the air and right beside his face.

“HUMAN, HOW COULD YOU BETRAY ME SO!?” Papyrus screeches – sockets full of betrayal with a hint of fun.

“Sorry Papyrus. It’s in my *human*ity to pun while he is on the bench.” You shrug, snickering once more before Papyrus places you back on the ground.

“THAT’S IT! I AM RETREATING TO MY ROOM!!” Papyrus calls, dashing off towards the staircase.

“Aw Paps!! But we are making new food! My friend and I made it – plus a little assistance from Alphys!!” You call back, leaning out the kitchen archway. Sans is huffing laughter as he rubs little cyan tears from his eyes directed at his brothers reactions.

“AAHHHH STARS!!” Papyrus shrieks back before instantly returning to the kitchen.
Rhianna fainted once more when after another 10 minutes of fan-girling led to Asgore walking in and she physically couldn’t breathe she became so excited. While she was out-cold, Tori came home with Frisk and Flowey – the last of the missing people for dinner.

Toriel had taken Frisk to the doctor and the doc had given him a perfect bill of health; the news certainly made Toriel happy, but it put you into a rut of worry. Why had it so drastically declined and returned – and in such a short period of time? You didn’t get any answers – Toriel was told if it happened again to return and seek more assistance.

Papyrus dealt nicely with Sans’ spur of puns for the night; which you believe were to just impress Rhianna – which was completely unnecessary. The fact that she just got to see the monster officials caused her to faint. Toriel was thankfully thrilled to try the food Rhianna brought along with her, and it had been delicious. Alphys and Asgore looked completely drained of all emotion: Asgore because the work day was apparently pretty hectic for him as well considering the disappearances, complaints, requests, actual job, and just worrying as he always does. Alphys, on the other hand, had to deal with the incredible rant from Undyne regarding the fired co-worker who’d threatened to protest. Actually, everyone honestly suffered from that. It was a miracle Toriel was able to bring her down enough for her to speak without screaming every line.

Flowey, at the least, wasn’t constantly insulting and/or questioning Rhianna the entire dinner. Though she did finally catch on he could be a little prick without you and Toriel’s protective eyes scanning about. Any trials at conversation with the tiny bud failed miserably, but she didn’t seem to mind all that much.

Frisk clung to you the entire dinner. Rhianna commented on how cute it was, but you couldn’t get past the unsureness growing in your gut. There were little differences – little things you didn’t recall Frisk doing often or ever. While he was looking much healthier, it was just simple actions nobody would generally notice – unless they were basically glued to the person.

Like the slightly forced laugh at some of Sans’ puns. It always was genuine, but you could feel Frisk pushing extra air out to lengthen it. And eating and drinking with their left hand? Frisk was right-handed. He dragged you along even to the kitchen to clean his plate once he’d finished his food; you hadn’t, but complied nevertheless.

It gave you alone time. Questioning time.

“Hey, Frisk…you okay lil’buddy?” You ask, giving a gentle tug on his hand as he turns his head towards you. His eyes had a faint redness to them, almost bloodshot. Like he’d been crying.

“Yes, I’m okay.” Frisk internally replies, placing his dish in the washer. Kneeling down, you carefully grasp his shoulder and turn him towards you.

“You can talk to me Frisk. You know that. You look exhausted – your poor eyes are so red.” You comment, wiping the bangs from his face. He takes his little fist and presses it against the closed lid sleepily.

“I didn’t sleep great…”

“I can imagine not. Gave us a little scare last night with that fever…….You sure you’re feeling better?” You rub his shoulder. He slaps your hand away, breaking the contact.

“I told you – I’m fine.” He says……..He says. It’s not a whisper, not a mental message – you
watch his little lips aggressively bite back at you. You can hardly contain your gasp as you cover your own mouth – as though it had been burnt or your tongue threatened. He seems just as surprised as you, covering his own before clinging onto your leg.

“Please. Please. Help. I can’t…” Tears begin to trickle down his cheeks, adding to the bloodshot effect as you hug him close.

“Frisk. Talk to me. Not like, talk talk, which, apparently you can just – whats going on. Please buddy.” You plead, hugging him closer into your neck.

“My head. I don’t feel right.” Frisk whispers, his tiny fingers digging into your skin.

“Do you feel sick? Light headed? Did you suffer brain damage?” You grasp his little head and pull him back to see a cascade of little tears with terrified eyes.

“No. No no. They aren’t mine. They aren’t mine. I…” Frisk refuses to finish the sentence, instead balling up bits of your tank and using it to wipe his cheeks from the staining tears.

“…You don’t want your parents to know about whatever this is, do you.” You comment before he briskly refuses with his head. Figures. You sigh and stroke his hair. “Alright, alright. Tomorrow, I’ll-I’ll sneak you out, we’ll go to the doctor, get some answers. I’ll take you right after I get home from school – have Tori think it’s a visit to Napstablook or-or something. Think you can hold on til th.“ You try to mentally schedule the time it will take to get to the doctors office before Frisk gives tight squeeze to your chest.

“No! You can’t leave me alone! I-I can’t be alone!” Frisk pleads, practically ripping your shirt.

“Shh, shh Frisk. You won’t be alone. You’ll be at school, with your friends. MK. Your mom.” You try to reassure Frisk.

“We don’t have school tomorrow. It’s a parent-teacher conference.” Frisk replies rather bluntly.

“Even better! You’ll be home with your mom, safe and sound, maybe somebody else will be home to preoccupy you? Flowey will, that’s for sure.”

“No! Please! You can’t leave!” Frisk grapples around your neck before hoisting himself into your neck and breathing stagnant. It’s honestly scary but you worry for him and hold him close. It feels as though he is trying to push you back or that gravity is trying to pull you both down.

“Frisk?” You jump in surprise when Asgore’s voice cuts through the sad silence. Frisk flinches as well. Asgore quickly sweeps forward – hands hovering and unsure as to how to proceed. “What happened?”

“Uh, nothing. Just stressed out with all the disappearances and what-not. He just needs some reassurance is all. Frisk, we can talk more later if you aren’t asleep – I still need to help with dishes and being with the guest.” You pat his back, trying to coax him out of the slump he appears to be in. After a hesitant moment, he sniffs and rubs his eyes again before pleading to be held by Asgore. The large king doesn’t shy away; hoisting Frisk into his large arms and suffocating the child in his fur. He carts him into the living room for a momentary conversation likely – away from the chatter of the house. You could squeeze dry your shirt it’s so thoroughly soaked. Standing and dusting yourself off, you hand hits the corner of a drawer and has you yelp in surprise and quick pain.

Shaking off the pain, you crane your head to the source of the injury.
Why the hell is the knife drawer open?

Grumbling in confusion, you close and retrieve the rest of the dishware out on the table before agreeing with Rhianna to retire to bed early. Waking in the middle of the night to Rhiannas obsessing snores, you sneak by and peek into Frisks bedroom; he is sound asleep with faint tear stains still on his cheeks. Flowey is there with him as well. If anyone could talk to him, it was Flowey. And Flowey sometimes had a rather big mouth for such a small flower.

Returning to your room and stretching, you sneak past the snoozing guest and duo before reaching your science room and logging into your computer. The white opening lights the entire room as you scroll through your e-mails and begin to type one out – to Mr. Thair.

“Mr. Thair – I apologize in advance that I won’t be able to attend school tomorrow. I need to take a friend of mine to the doctors and I know they’ll need me there with them for support. I understand how much work I owe and I will be seeing you after classes regularly to go over some of the missed presentations, if that’s fine by you. I hope you understand and have a pleasant day – Janette Kiel.” You read it out in a whisper before hitting enter, sighing, and reclining in the office chair.

“Hey. Jane?” You hear your name and throw your head up from its recline.

“Yes?!” You ask hastily, eyes still closed and sleepy.

“Oh – thought you left. Where are you?” Its Rhianna, you tell yourself as you return to your previous sleeping position.

“Here…” You mumble back, already letting sleep take hold once more. A few moments later, someone is shaking your shoulder.

“Hey. You’re sleepin’ on your keyboard. Wake up.” She smacks the back of your head before your nose prominently is shoved into the electronic you used as a pillow. Rubbing your face, you can feel the key imprint pressed into your cheek. Groaning, you swivel around to see an exhausted but packed Rhianna.

“Goin’? You slur, rubbing your eyes.

“Yeeaaahhh…” She takes a moment to yawn and clear her throat. “My brother has plans for today and if I’m not home soon he will throw a little tantrum.” She groans, looking at her wrist-watch.

“Plans? Not going to school today?” You mutter as you push the hair from your eyes. You must look a mess as it gets a minor giggle from Rhianna.

“School? Girl – it’s a holiday.” She snickers before your eyes bulge open.


“Thansies. We’ll do this again sometime?” She begs with a smile as she approaches the door.

“Sure, sure. Just, don’t do my nails next time.” You grumble, looking down at the neon blue and black nail-polish she’d forced onto you last night. Rhianna rushes out and down the stairs with a
tirade of loud steps. You can already hear Papyrus downstairs – guess it’s a universal holiday. At this time, he is usually on his way to the morning shift at the pet-store. You hadn’t heard anything regarding it, but it was of little importance to you. Now your concern was placed on how to get Frisk out of the house stealthily without anyone else tagging along? Cutting through your thoughts, you phone vibrates. Hunching over painfully and finally reaching it with the tip of your fingers, you draw it close and open to the calling screen before answering.

“Hello?” You grumble, still trying to wipe the crust out of your eyes.

“……It’s me.” You flinch and cautiously straighten yourself out. Usually Grillby just texted you.

“Grillby? What’s up?”

“Do…….Do you have today off? I wasn’t aware of the holiday – it’s packed in here, and I could use a hand until the other help arrives.” His voice is clear but hurrying as a faint bustle works its way up in the back. It sounds like a full house. Sweating concerned bullets, you fly from your chair and check your wardrobe. Your uniform is clean and dried. Clenching it, you consider Frisk.

“When does the help arrive?” You ask hastily.

“Hour – Hour and a half?…..I asked him to come in early.” Grillby replies. You are vaguely aware he hired an extra chef so he could spend either more time in the kitchen or more time by the bar. It hadn’t been busy enough for there to be a need for you both to be on the same shift, so you hadn’t met him before. Apparently he is a young human boy who is a masterful chef. At least, in Grillbys perspective.

Regardless, you couldn’t leave your boss hanging with such a crowd – especially on a holiday commute. It was only an hour and Frisk had survived the night after Asgore had pulled him away; hopefully he could manage one more hour or so.

“Alright. I’ll be there in a little bit.” You reply, already shuffling around to get your socks and shoes while you press the phone into your shoulder and ear.

“Oh thank you Jane. I have to go now, but I appreciate this so much.” Grillby speaks quickly as more of the crowd grows impatient.

“Yeah, no, go Grillby. I’ll hurry I promise.” You hang up immediately and slip on the clothes. You can worry about the degree of embarrassment you will feel as you slip on the skirt and thinnest top – it seemed to be a hot one today and you had no time to think through the details. Morning prayers to lack of peeping toms.

Fiddling with your bag and ensuring everything will stay on, you speed down the stairs and out the door to nearly getting bashed in the face with a soccerball. Ducking narrowly, it bounces off the door and right into Undynes arms.

“Jane? Nice outfit, nerd!!” Undyne whistles as you already feel a welling embarrassment grow in your eyes. Why… Why is everyone outside playing ball?!

Frisk, Flowey and Toriel are set up in a little picnic area eating buttered bread. Asgore is trimming back the hydrangeas, with precision tips from Alphys. Sans is off on the side trying to sun-bathe of all things while Papyrus and Undyne seem to be playing soccer.

“Oh, Janette. Do you work today?” Asgore asks as you toss your head and rush past.

“Yes. Sorta. I really gotta get there quickly – sorry, can’t chat, BYE!!!” You call back, already hearing the fangirl disappointment resonating within Alphys and Undyne.
"HAVE A GOOD DAY HUMAN! MAKE SURE YOU BRING AN UMBRELLA – IT IS SUPPOSED TO RAIN SOON! THAT’S WHY WE ARE ENJOYING THE BEAUTIFUL OUTDOORS WHILE IT IS BEAUTIFUL!!" Papyrus calls to you with a wave. You stop at the picnic blanket and a confused Frisk before kneeling down and grabbing his shoulders.

"Frisk, I didn’t forget our promise – but I really need to go help Grillby right now. He needs me. Can you hold out for another hour?" You plead, rushing for air to fill your lungs. Frisk doesn’t reply but gives a subtle thumbs up. Quickly giving him an approving rustle of the hair, you dash off down the street once more. "Good boy. Strong man. Be good!!" You call back, racing down the street as you check the time. Hopefully Toriel didn’t notice you snagged a piece of buttered bread and shoved it into your mouth as you try to focus on pacing and breathing.

It takes roughly ten minutes with the increased traffic before you make it to Grillbys, and sure enough it is a lone-bartenders nightmare inside. All the seats filled with barely any dishes out. Tightening your skirt and fitting an apron around your top, you jump in at the bar to grab a notepad.

"Thank you so much." He replies, hurrying past with a platter.

"Thank me when this is done. I’ll cover tables, you cover food – oh grill master." You haggardly giggle, wipe the sweat from your brow, and attend to the first of many tables.

The time flies when nothing but your job is your singular focus. Apparently this town has a year-round celebration at the church for hearty business and crop sales every-year. To ensure that it will start off the next day with a load of cash, everyone shuts down for the day. Since Grillby hadn’t gotten the memo, he was essentially the only bar open in the entire town, besides other places that shared a similar fate or simply couldn’t imagine a day without sales.

Customers coming in were merciless, but everyone left hearty tips. You’d forgotten to drink, eat, and breathe – you literally were nothing but your job about 30 tables in to your shift. After that, time didn’t exist. It just decided when to stop fast-forwarding; exactly when you collapsed aggressively against the bar and heaved a sigh of relief that it had slowed down more than enough and you were insured the chef was going to be there any moment.

"Here." A cold glass taps against your hand as you manage to drag your head off the bar. It’s a little glass filled with a strange purple mixture that smells of lilac. You hoist it in thanks before downing the whole thing and a buzz fills every bone and sense you have with a tranquility.

"Good?"

"Thank you. I needed that." You sigh, pushing yourself off the desk.

"……..You’re welcome to stay and sample drinks. You’ve earned it." Grillbys smile reaches the bits of flames for cheeks as he is already pouring you another divine glass of whatever the purple stuff is. You accept it once more before giving a heavy sigh of relief.

"I would take you up on that offer if I wasn’t in such a rush. I gotta head back and take care of Frisk…” You mumble, rubbing the back of your neck anxiously.

"……..Are Toriel and the others not home?" Grillby asks as he mindlessly attends to cleaning glasses.

“No, they are, but…” You mutter, pressing your hands together in concern. Frisk had been so upset yesterday. He seemed alright this morning, and from the looks of it had been relaxing with the crew when you came downstairs. He would be alright for just a little longer……wouldn’t he? You almost felt compelled to check, until you noticed your battery life was on its last limbs and by the time the call broke through, it was likely pointless.
“…………..I’m sure they can take care of Frisk. They are good parents.” Grillby relays as you admittedly take a seat and sigh.

“I’m not saying they aren’t good parents. They are great. It just seems like somethings got him down and he can’t talk to anyone about it. Not his parents, hardly even me.” You groan, handing Grillby a stray shot glass left behind.

“……Even children keep secrets.”

“This isn’t some little secret, Grillby. Its eating him up inside! He broke down the other day…” You argue. Grillby replies by setting down another drink – it looks to be just a light alcoholic beverage.

“Drink…….it’ll help you relax…………It’s clear you are so concerned about Frisk that it’s ruining you as well. You are overworked, and I dragged you in here. Go get changed, have a few drinks, talk it out. I’ll call Toriel and check in to make sure everythings alright.” Grillby soothes with his smooth voice and patting your hand. While before you would flinch away from the surprise contact, you can’t help but marvel at how his slick flames lick the cuffs of his shirt, how his pristine black gloves glisten like tar beneath a flame. You sigh and give in – feeling a weight left behind as you make your way to the bathroom to change.

You can faintly hear the clicking of the corded phone outside which puts your mind to better ease as you open the largest stall and fiddle around in your prepared bag. Throwing on some jeans and a tight t-shirt, you stuff the work-outfit into the bag to be cleaned once more. Slinging the bag over your shoulder, you head over to the sinks to wash your hands. Taking a moment to contemplate how exhausted you are, you take a handful of freezing water and splash your face gently. It certainly gives you chills as you jump back and shake the water from the stray hairs caught in the fire.

Blinking open your eyes, you yelp and throw yourself back into the stall as a twinkling little light obscures your view. A star. A save-star; right on top of the bathroom sink counter. It was not there a few moments ago – you could not miss it, by a long shot. It almost made the well-lit bathroom look dim in comparison to its gleam. Gasters words faintly resonate inside you:

“Avoid the stars.” He said. You touched one, you idiot. Mentally kicking your brain, you can’t help but be enamored with the pleasant glow. It’s warm and welcoming, yet piercing cold. It’s the oddest sensation to describe touching i-

DING.

Popping your eyes, you notice your hands are gently caressing the tiny star as you inwardly punish yourself for being an ignoramus.

“‘Avoid the stars.” he says – “Touch the yellow stars.” brain replies. Listen to your fucking elders brain!! I punch you; mentally.” You grumble aloud, relinquishing your grasp and rushing out the door. Hopefully it didn’t do anything.

Chapter End Notes

Huh?
HUUUHH??
You know where this is going. Yet, alas, more waiting is upon you. I'll try and get the next chapter up sooner, but I really can't promise shit.

Visit the Tumblr Page!!! : Fanfic Page OP?
Red, Purple, Yellow - Killed A Little Fellow

Chapter Summary

. . . . . . .
=)

Chapter Notes

Hey.
Hey.
ADHD is a fucking bitch when it comes to fucking concentration.
"I'll have this done tonight :D!!"
---3 Days Later
"Wait.....did I not finish it.....O_O" 

So here ya go~ Yay~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Time passed fluently when you relaxed with Grillby – he was such a calm listener and a different perspective. It was no wonder he and Sans were so close – the monster of many secrets and the book to hold them all. He had listened to you ramble on and on about the supposed new monster safety requirements, your concerns regarding the missing individuals, and just every day stress. Grillby kept silently apologizing for snatching you up and away on your day off while you insisted it was a good change of pace.

He’d verified that Toriel and the others were fine and she had agreed you needed a short break – so here you were; taste sampling some of Grillbys new drinks. He hadn’t thought up any names for most of them, but they all had some magical base that gave the drinker certain effects. It likely varied from monster to human, but it still was amazing to experience first-hand. Setting down the most recent glass, you watch your fingertips illuminate like a rainbow before fading away. The drink had perfectly resembled water but Grillby had vowed it wasn’t. He certainly didn’t disappoint.

“What do you think?” He proposed as you smacked your tongue – desperate to put taste to words.

“It’s sweet yet has a cider tartness to it. You know I love the effect – I get amazed over the smallest stuff you pull. Its genius and special.” You giggle with a grin. Grillbys facial expressions were much easier to read the more you chatted with him. The pink wisps at the top of his flames always indicated her was either embarrassed or happy.

“…Good to hear.” He resounds before finally getting a plate for a waiting table and trudging off.

The extra help had arrived – a tall man with thickly structured shoulders. He looked more like a wrestler then a cook. You had internally dubbed him ‘Chef Ass’ since his first sentence to you was “Grillby – you know how to pick ‘em!!” and then let out a wolf whistle that triggered the table of wolves playing cards in the corner. He was snobby and arrogant; it made you all the more thankful
Retrieving your phone out and cussing to yourself at the low battery, your jaw nearly falls off when you read the time. How had you been here another hour?! You look outside in hope to get a reading on the sun – dark looming clouds covered the sky and a faint drizzle had already started up.

“W-What?” You murmured, swiveling in the bar stool and looking out the window. It was clear that the sidewalks and people walking them had accustomed to the downpour – how had you missed it?

“Is something the matter?” Grillby asks as he takes up place behind the bar once more.

“How long has it been raining?” You reply with your eyebrows knotting in confusion.

“……Almost the entire hour. Why?”

“I-I hadn’t realized so much time passed. I really need to get home to Frisk. God he is going to kill me…” You jokingly giggle while sighing to your walking fate.

“I can give you a ride.” Grillby responds. Trying to deny Grillby earns you a finger to the lips. Its smothering and warm – the fire magic tingles against your soft skin. You aren’t sure if the looming monster of flames looming over you or the close heart proximity is setting your cheeks ablaze, but you can discern they are most certainly red in this moment. “I won’t take no as an answer. You helped enough for today….even stayed behind to assist with taste testing. This is returning the urgent favor.” Grillby reminds with a hasty wink and a preposterous chuckle as you sigh and agree.

“Leavin’ the hired help all alone?” You comment as Grillby grabs an umbrella and leads you around through the ‘FIRE EXIT’. It led into the kitchen where the pots and pans were lit with licking flames and enticing smells. Another day laid on the side, while the third had a glass window and showed the increasing downpour.

“…Johnny. I’ll be back shortly.” Grillby replies while opening the umbrella preemptively.

“Yeah, sure boss, uh-huh.” The cook, Johnny, doesn’t seem completely there as he twiddles through his cellphone. Grillby lets out an indignant sigh before leading you through the back and outside. You make sure to keep haste in your stride and ensure Grillby is completely under the umbrella – you weren’t sure if the effective rain was against magic fire, but you hadn’t planned on testing it out. He led you to a sleek black car and opened the passenger seat with invitation inside. His fingers sizzled against the soaked door handle as you quickly hopped inside and buckled up. Moments later, Grillby circled around, squeezed the umbrella dry and hopped into the drivers seat. Starting the ignition and ensuring he could escape the parking lot with ease, Grillby blazes off down the street only to be instantly stuck in congested traffic.

“Guess we’ll remember this happens and be better prepared next year, huh?” You snicker and get comfy in the seat. The plush leather is almost engulfing your back.

“Hopefully… You will be here next year?” Grillby asks quietly as he grips the steering wheel a tad tighter. Inside you scream for even bringing up that sort of topic – you didn’t know yourself but it was almost as if making a promise. It wasn’t your intent.

“…Hopefully.” You reply solemnly before gazing out the window to the rain battered sidewalk and streets.
It takes another ten minutes to return home. It is nearly as quick as running back, but you certainly aren’t unthankful for Grillby’s helpful ride. It kept you dry and warm, but after the short conversation left it a tad awkward in the car. Driving through the monster neighborhood with ease, Grillby suddenly slows and creeps along.

“Grillby? Afraid of some hydroplaning?” You snicker unsurely, looking to him for answers to the sudden change.

“……None of the Waterfall monsters are outside.” Grillby lowly comments. Peeking an eye out the window, sure enough, nobody is out and splashing about in the puddles. Not even the slime household is out and enjoying the refreshing rain. Frisk had made a side-note that he and Monster Kid loved splashing around in puddles because MK was a really good stomper. Yet, despite the holiday, there was no motion or stir.

“….Yeah. Guess not? Think it’s too cold outside? Might catch a cold.” You persuade and Grillby shakes his head in refusal.

“We don’t catch colds similar to humans. Weather like this would never effect anyone besides dwellers of Hotland.” Grillby informs you before picking up speed. His thin white glowing eyes are trained directly onto the road up-ahead. Passing under the thin forest area between the rest of the housing and yours, there is still no sign of life as you pull up to the side of the door.

The door hangs ajar and is lightly splattered with stray pelts of rain – indications that it’s been open for as long as the storm has happened. Yet nothing stirs – inside or out. You grip the handle of the car anxiously, waiting. Grillby kills the ignition and cautiously rolls down your window, listening.

“W-W-WAIT!!”

In an instant you are flinging yourself out of the car and into the house. Grillby’s door slams right behind you as he rushes in behind. You reach the edge of the stairs before he catches you and covers your mouth for silence. Tensing under his flame but nodding in agreement, you both creep through the house cautiously as his flame flickers low.

That voice…You twinge at the memory before nearly sliding against the ground and falling in alarm. With a light gasp, Grillby thankfully grabs you. You turn to thank him, but his eyes are trained and wide at the ground. Fearful but curious, you follow his stare.

You’d nearly slipped on an elongated red fabric. Crimson and lack luster as it lays in a faint pile of dust.

Your eyes widened in terror and dismay as time around you practically froze while you leaned over and retrieved the fabric. Tears fell quickly and into the fabric that once swayed with reason; once adorned a cherished friend and complimented his toothy white smile. Your knees crashed into the ground as you clutched the scarf closer; using it to muffle your gasps and cries. Grillby was livid; his flames could almost touch the particularly tall ceiling with the rage that had instantly built.

“Stay here.” He demanded with a sparking voice that caused sparks to fly before pacing off past you. He took care to gingerly step around the hallway hastily towards the living room. With unclear eyes, you looked ahead with trepidation. A half-eaten bagel and a blue hoodie were practically buried in a large pile of dust. Scooching over towards the pile, you silently brush the
blue hoodie once worn by an idiot.

No, you mentally cringe, he was more than that.

“G-GRILLBY?!!?” Echoes that screech. That familiar screech. Flowey. The tragedy around you slowly became more obvious as anger and hatred filled your eyes. Dust – everywhere. You could weep when whoever had caused this nightmare upon you had been dealt with. Still gripping the contrasting fabrics, you rush towards the living room.

The largest dust piles lie in the center of the room – one with an apron and another a Hawaiian shirt. Cringing but forcing yourself to change the focus, you force your eyes up.


Frisk stands beside another dust-pile; within rests an eyepatch. Behind him rests a beaten flower pot cracked and broken slightly against the ground. Flowey still lies in the pot – his petals are tattered, his eye bruised, and leaves cut and lost to dust. The flower shivers fearfully before his eyes catch onto you. Little tears well into his eyes as a thin unthorned vine feebly reaches out to you. In a millisecond, it’s gone. Cut and discarded into nothingness before Flowey ceases to exist before your eyes.

A pang of anger and sadness courses through you before Grillbys flames encase the entirety of the room. You must shield your eyes with the blue hoodie just to keep from becoming blinded by the sudden and intense light burning at your eyes. You can hear the wind slice and Grillby scream out in anguish. The flames recede and die before running into a pile of dust that is disturbed by the landing of tiny feet. Peeking beyond the blue barrier, your eyes widen in shock.

That face. That face. It wasn’t Frisks. It never could be Frisks. Their skin seemed pale and they wore a thin smile – their eyes cut from vision due to their lengthy bangs hanging overhead. Their skin crawls with goosebumps and stray limb twitches that sometimes abruptly swing the knife grasped tightly in their little hand. The end of his sleeves, his pants, and his shoes were completely covered in faint white dust. Frisk finally raised their head up enough for you to catch the glint in their eyes; his irises were as crimson as fresh blood.

“Chara…” You whisper in realization. It hits you – everything. Frisks warnings, Flowey’s stories. This was the child that had caused all of your friends such pain.

“Aww. An idiot who actually knows my name. I’m flattered.” They sarcastically blink their eyes in awe, cupping the knife ‘adorably’ between their hands.

“You’re a murderer.” You cringe, nervous sweat dribbling down your cheek.

“Oh! Give this idiot a gold star for stupidity!!” They scream out, pointing the knife directly at your neck. Despite the distance and safety, your skin still crawls with tensing nerves. ‘I was hoping you’d understand. You seemed to get along with Flowey enough that maybe you could’ve been a good sister. But then you had to go and get sappy with all of these monsters – it was honestly disgusting to watch. And they were trying to set you up with that garbage comedian?! Barf.” Chara scoffs , waving the knife around with ease.

“Why. Why do you hate them? Why did you do this?” You plead as tears continue to roll down your cheeks.

“….It doesn’t matter. You don’t matter. But actually…you do, don’t you? To all of them! But now, they’re gone. Nobody to matter to now! I set you free!!” Chara congratulates as your hands twist
You scream abruptly, halting Chara's broad smile. “Set me free? Hate them? They were your friends – your family!! How did they ever contain you?! They loved you as their own, took you in, and you try to pull this shit?!” You bellow out, uncaring of your tone or words. “They LOVED you!!”

Silence hangs about longer than wanted, so you continue – “They had always wanted to give you a better life, a happier life. But your obsession with revenge got not only you killed, but your brother as well! When will you learn to give up-” “SHUT UP!! Shut up shut up shut up!!” Chara aggressively screams, burying their hands into their head with agony. Chara's teeth grit together tightly as she finally simmered.

The room vanished beneath your feet and an enveloping darkness like the dark void of your Gaster related dreams appeared around you. Trying to ensure you kept a stable footing on the nothingness below, Chara scoffed to catch your attention. Two giant golden and white boxes rested behind the child. They both looked used and weary. One read ‘LOAD’, the other….’RESET’.

Terror rode up your spine as the child turned away. “I won’t allow this to continue. Next time – don’t even think of becoming involved with us.” Chara warns, approaching the buttons.

“Stop them or it will all be reset.” Gaster. Its Gaster’s voice. You don’t need to tell me that...

You rush forwards – the ground beneath you grabbing like super glue to the flats of your feet. You fight through the yank and pull behind you compelling you to stay away. As the child reaches for the ‘RESET’ button, knife in hand, you manage to reach their back. Chara turns their stunned head a little too late.

“That should be my line!!” You screech, throwing both your arms around Chara and throwing yourselves forward. There is a gasp, a scream, a stabbing pain directly into your upper arm, and blackne-

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LOAD

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Your fingers tingle at the feeling of the ‘Save Star’ before you. Memories that aren’t your own suddenly come flushing back through like a twisted tornado. You gasp and steady yourself against the sink. Luckily the bathroom is empty as you agonizingly vomit into the sink abruptly and tears begin to aggressively stream down your cheeks.

Frisk wasn’t Frisk. Flowey, Sans, Papyrus….they’re dead. Undyne, Asgore and Toriel, probably even Alphys. Everyone. And Chara was going to reset. Reset the world – your memory – everything.

Grillby doesn’t get even a word in of confusion as you throw yourself out the bathroom and rush past him towards the open door. Focusing on breathing and memory, you dedicate your legs to pump and run as fast as humanly possible, and then some.

Never should have left, you cringe and contemplate, Frisk gave me all these warnings. I never should have left his side! And then I actually stayed at Grillby’s!! Not this time. You mentally assert yourself as you throw yourself quicker down the sidewalk; narrowly avoiding and dodging
between passerby’s and confused pedestrians.

You’re huffing and haggard as you finally reach the street; the rain had come on cue as you run past the guard post. The individual inside doesn’t even bother to look past the newspaper – you’ll memory bank to report that later. The hastily forming puddles cause the street to become a slippery mess. The memories had been overwhelming and fueling your aggressive run since you’d left Grillbys. Only now when you come within eye-sight of the house do you recall that stabbing pain overtaking your upper arm. Wincing, you recall it far too vividly. Looking down, you are nearly stunned to a stop that fresh blood flows down your shoulder and into the fabric. No cuts over the fabric, but you can feel the depth of the wound.

Ignore it. Ignore the pain. Right now…Chara could be-

Nearly at the door, the side window crashes and shatters. An excruciatingly bright light blooms forth from the window as the curtains fly outwards and become obliterated. Your ear-drums ring as the booming sound that follows nearly drops you onto your feet from the sheer pressure surrounding it all. You gasp and grit your teeth harder as you push off the asphalt with both arms and throw yourself towards the front door. Atleast you have the mindfulness to use the better of the arms. Dust. It’s in the air alone. A red scarf. You know who once owned that. You pick it up in a bailing fist and force the tears down – because there is a way. You knew Chara, Frisk, Sans and Flowey remembered everything – that’s what Flowey had said was the only similarity between the Loads and Resets; their memories. Frisk had apparently Loaded during your first encounter with Grillby, but you hadn’t remembered that at all. Possibly, due to your intervention, you remembered this Load because you affected it directly.

It was pointless nonsense running through your mind as you gripped the scarf and cautiously threw yourself through the house. Your shoulder burned for attention and healing, yet you force yourself to take precedence in the dust around you and the location of the once innocent child. A series of bones came crashing through the adjacent wall as you shrieked and ducked for cover.

“J-J-J-Ja-Jane?!” A terrified screech came resounding out of nowhere as you threw your head up into realization. A little yellow peeked out from behind a dooiframe as you scrambled closer. Throwing yourself around the corner, you find a terrorized and violently shaking Alphys. She screams loudly and tries to duck behind a chair as a little flurry of vines and seeds suddenly form before you. Wrapped around the center of her arm was Flowey who already had a few injuries, but certainly not as severe as the last time… His little eyes widened as he took you in. In an instant, he hooked a vine around your finger and vaulted himself into your neck, muffling his cries in your skin and muscle. Alphys quivered and turned to the realization it was you before burying her own face into your shirt. You wrap your arms tightly around her back as much as you could and squeezed until her rough scales nearly bruised your fingers.

“Thank god….” You weep into her shoulder and Flowey nearly constricts the air directly out of you. A sinister laughter resonates through the house to thoroughly shakes Alphys as she grips onto your back desperately. Another flurry of piercing bones cuts through the wall as Alphys shrieks and tries to pull you along.

“We-we ne-ne-need to get o-out of here!!” She cries out while keeping low. The ceiling rumbles as another searing white beam blinds you from behind a corner.

“What the hell is happening?!” You yell to Flowey over the clamoring insanity.

“Trashbag came early to stop Chara! Chara has-“ “Taken over Frisk mentally and physically and went on a murder spree of everyone in the house, and then me and Grillby showed up?” You don’t let Flowey finish his sentence; then he is stuck staring in awe.
“You remember?!” He screams before Alphys gives a yank at your arm and you both duck into the kitchen, where it’s quieter.

“N-No-Now i-isn’t th-the time f-for a c-c-c-conversa-sa-tion!!” Alphys barks behind a sob, peering out the arch way of the kitchen to the wide-open front door.

“This is a necessary conversation, Alphys! Asriel – I was there. I saw those… buttons or whatever! I saw them and I plowed into Chara and… a-and I think it loaded from the star I had touched.” You murmur, looking at your hands and the dust covered tiles for an oblivious answer.

“What?! How?!” Flowey demands, bashing his leaves against you for a reply.

“You think I have any idea?! You were the one who was saying I was an idiot when it came to this!” You relay before Alphys gives another desperate tug and urges you to rush towards the front door. A sheen of blue passes the corner of your eye as you dart your gaze into the dining room.

Sans’ eye is nearly all cyan with a black center reminiscent of a black hole. His jacket is a little seared at the edges with light cuts here and there along the sleeves and the center. He is struggling to get up from fatigue and takes a knee – huffed smoke and labored breathing fill the air past a distant chuckle. His focus is taken on something down the hallway, and as little feet pad against the hardwood, you steal yourself.

Chara is practically looming over Sans with that knife at the ready before you toss yourself directly into the child with a clatter of the tables chairs that are in the way of the collision. Chara is clearly also panting from fatigue yet wears an insane smile you wished you’d only see on one person. Quickly you contort Frisks limbs until their head is pinned to the floor, both arms are irregularly twisted behind them, and a leg pins each of their own down. You struggle to keep enough weight on that you don’t crush the child, but they can’t wriggle free.

“Can, uh, s-somebody get me some rope? I don’t like pinning brats. It just brings a new weight on my heart.” You urge with a shout, making sure your scream isn’t directly into the childs ear.

“G-Get off me!! Why are you here?!” Chara shouts and tries to violently bash their heels into your back. It will be little more then a bruise.

“Because……I won’t let you Reset. Fun fact….I see the stars too.” You whisper; it turns Chara rigid and still before their eye finally forces itself to your gaze. Absolute terror. “Sorry. It wasn’t on purpose, honest. But this needs to end. No matter what you Load, no matter if you Reset, I can come back. For you. I will do what I think is necessary – even if it means brutally pinning you to the ground and threatening your life. You reap what you sow.” You warn as movement rustles behind you. Peering back, Sans is shambling over with the remnants of his hood nearly drooping down his shoulder – the entire hood has nearly been cut off and detached.

….Sans? His eyes aren’t clear – actually, non-existent. His one socket continues to be filled with that cyan fire that still pulls the strings around your heart in sorrow and fear, but it isn’t just that. He is looking through you. His hand glows blue for a moment before he simply flicks it to the side. Your chest feels nauseous in an instant before your body and Chara’s is yanked so quickly to the side you shatter through the wall and outside the broken window into the drenched driveway. You gasp and groan, forcing yourself to turn and feel about for anything broken. You have to wrench your eyes away from the disconnected elbow that is running a numb pain throughout your system.

A little grumble on the sidelines drags your eyes away from your injuries to the sprawled child with a series of burns and cuts thanks to the sudden force and scattered glass.

“J-J-Jane!!” “Hey, idiot!! What are you doing?!” Distant calls fog your mind as the pain begins to seep into your spine; numb and burning. A blur of yellow and green frantically wave from the
garages direction. Your mind is befuddled as glass begins to crunch and shatter under a weight. A hand…no, there is nothing. It’s invisible. An invisible force grabs your throat and lifts you a few stray feet off the ground – choking you as you desperately grab at nothing.

“S-S-Sa-Sans-Sans!! W-What are you doing?! Stop!!” “Trashbags fucking lost it!!!”

Blue and white is all that clouds your vision – aside from that haunting blackness they rests within and behind the neon glow. You gasp and reach out towards Sans, desperate.

“S-Sa--nsss.” Your mind begins to blacken and blot for a second before the pressure is released and you gasp – giddy for air. His other socket widened considerably with a pearl sized white dot trembling frantically within.

“…Jane.” He whispers, the magic dying out from his eye before it frantically sparks and he lurches forward. You are dropped only for him to throw himself onto you. Clattering against the pavement again, your head is atleast kept from taking a brutal hit against the pavement as you try to hoist Sans off of you with your one working arm. There is nothing. His weight against you vanishes into nothing.

You are left lying flat against the pavement as water pellets you from above and you looks down over your body to recognize the grey powder and blue hoodie left behind……for good.

Coughing and gasping back sobs, you aren’t sure whether to wipe off the ash or not move – to let things just end and rest. Chara looms a foot away with a large piece of glass gripped between their hands; it draws blood, but doesn’t wipe away that malicious smile. Chara screams and lunges down at you with the shard. You grab the glass with a tight fist and hiss loudly as it serrates and slices through your skin like butter.

“This…This is your fault!! Everything!!” Chara declares loudly over the roaring thunder. “You tried to convince Frisk that everything was alright with the world, but it’s not!! You tried to tell mom and dad that the monsters and humans will come back, but they’re dead!!! Then – Then you even try to take the stupid remains of my idiot brother?! And you THREATEN ME!!?!” Chara screeches as you struggle against the glass.

“Chara, please!!! You- You only see the negatives! Everything with Frisk would be fine if you weren’t doing this!! We won’t know about the monsters and humans, but we can’t lose hope!! And this is how you repay your brother?! You killed him!” You retaliate and grit your teeth.

“This world killed him!!! Humanity, Monsters, EVERYONE!!” The shard of glass sinks closer and closer to your jugular, despite your desperate struggle.

Jane – HP : 5

“Everyone thinks they have control over this world, over our situation!! What situation!!?”

Jane – HP : 3

“Looking at us like we’re freaks! Making rules to tie us down!! It’s just like humanity!”

Jane – HP : 1

“What hope?! This world is doomed to crumble off and die! It might as well be by my hand!!!” Chara urges as the tip of the glass pricks a little blood from your throat.

“You’re wrong……….It everywhere. Everyone has it. No-No matter how small. Even
you….*Even you* have hope, right?” You plead. Something stirs through Chara that gives you enough time to at least force the glass away from your jugular.

**Jane – HP : 1**

“Nothing is perfect. It never is. This world. Its rules. Everything can seem like bullshit at times – trust me, I know.”

**Jane – HP : 5**

“But isn’t that a reason to rebel? To come back, wide and proud with a smile and show humanity that it can’t keep you down from being you – no matter what?”

**Jane – HP : 8**

“You don’t hate everything. You are scared. Terrified. That’s why you went to Ebott… to escape it all, right? And you found friends – friends who genuinely cared about you, your life, your hobbies, everything. You found family – family who wanted to hug you, give you love, and make sure your future was bright and happy.”

**Jane – HP : 10**

“But that was even scarier; you felt lost and unsure. And you made a mistake you can never take back……….Its true. You can *never* change what happened in the past.” You urge, almost managing to shove the child back. Your hand is running numb and cold – Alphys has been screaming this entire time, but you can no longer hear her. Chara’s red worried gaze is slowly sucking you in.

“*Asriel* has also done things he can never take back. But look….Look at him, honestly. Not the fact your brother is a flower. Not the fact over the past mistakes. Just….at him……..If he can change, you can change…………..And if *I* can save him…I can save you.” Chara’s eyes widen in an instant before hiding behind her bangs. The pressure of the glass is back – you struggle to finish your statement; praying.

“You-You can always change, whether if it’s for the better or worse. I don’t know what I am doing. I know I shouldn’t even be involved, but – but it doesn’t matter! You, Frisk and Flowey – if you are all brothers and sisters because of Toriel and Asgore, and if Flowey and Frisk both consider me their big sister, then that means you’re my little sister!! Blood relation or not! And-And I know you are just lost; you took the wrong path and got steered down it too far to find your way back! But, even if I am bad at directions, I will find you! Both you and Asriel!! Because I can’t stand seeing you so lost and alone to lead you to this point of madness!!! Do you hear me, Chara?! I promise – I’m going to save yo-“

Warmth. Red warmth spilling freely out and onto your hands. Time seems to cease and halt as the pressure behind the glass is finally gone – leaving it imbedded in the tiny body that once pinned you down.

“Prove it…” Chara whispers, eyes becoming lidded as the blood runs out of the tiny body at an alarming pace. You lurch forward, cradling the child and trying to press the wound closed. The red and grey mixes to make a disgusting murky mesh on the wet pavement. A blood drenched hand caresses your cheek as their red eyes begin to dim.

“Prove to me……to us........t-that someone else…….can save us.” Chara pleads with the single most earnest and terrified smile a child could ever bear. But then they fall limp. There is a hasty pitter
patter against the pavement, high pitched screeches and cries. All you see is red. A vibrant, lively red. A tiny little blazing red heart floats before your eyes. As if made of glass, deep black cracks form along the entirety of the vibrant heart before shattering into pebble sized pieces and vanishing in thin air.

“Jaaannnee…” Alphys is grossly sobbing as she tethers herself onto your shoulders; her claws breaking the skins surface. Flowey weeps and trails his leaves over the dead stuck face. A scream bottles in from the base of your being, desperate and dead, before there is nothing but shadows. Light. Shadows again.

Yellow.

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LOAD

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You gasp and bend over the sink, vomiting out the little that was currently in your stomach in the first place. Your chest stirs and churns unpleasantly as your arms, legs and neck hairs all stand on electric ends. Looking down, no dust nor blood nor corpse cover your body. You are in Grillbys bathroom…again. Gritting your teeth, a faint purple illuminates from your chest – it’s not entirely there, but you are positive of its glow. You already feel winded as you, once more, throw yourself out of Grillbys doors frantically and without a word.

The run home feels more like a drunken stumble – your chest is giving lurches and pangs you don’t recognize; your feet are off-balance to your need and direction. Even your head is hazy. The front door is a few feet away; you don’t remember any time or distance passing. You practically want to vomit as you lurch forward and heave open the door, catching your breath.

“Is-Is everything alr-“ Golden flower tea boils and churns its calming aroma into the air as you catch a whiff and recognize the lovely goat behind the stove. Toriel turns swiftly and gasps before turning the flame for the kettle off and hanging up the phone.

“Jane! Oh thank goodness you are alright, my child. I just was speaking with Grillby – he said you ran out into the pouring rain as if there had been a dire accident! Are you alright? I look positively wind- Oh!” Toriel lightly gasps as you throw your arms around her wait and bury your face into her apron – stifling your sobs. “What is the matter Jane? Was there an accident? Did something happen between you, Alphys, and the kids?” Toriel pleads, rubbing your shoulders lovingly. You have to tilt your head away to breathe – your internals feel like they are concaving.


“What? Yes – everyone is fine! Well, Alphys and the children are very distraught over something – they have been sobbing and clinging to everyone. I was making them some golden flower tea.” Toriel gestures to the full kettle that is just coming off the stove. Looking down at you, she grabs an extra glass and a tray. “Come along – it seems there needs to be a family discussion as to what everyone is so upset about. It might help calm your nerves.” Toriel gently hooks her arm around your shoulders and leads your sniveling self into the living room. Alphys is curled and clutching desperately onto Undyne as they sit on the floor. Undyne looks confused, stumped, and concerned all in the same instance. Flowey and Frisk are getting reassuring pats on the back from Papyrus as he calmly speaks into the phone.

“Sans? Yes, it’s me. I apologize to call; I understand they called you in for a short shift, but we
really could use you back home. Alphys and the children are distraught. They mentioned you and are sobbing. Flowey scolded me to call you home as soon as—OH JANE!! WELCOME HO—"
Papyrus freezes as he identifies the tears still freshly dribbling down your cheeks. “Make that human’S. Alphys and the human’S are all sobbing.” You can’t even coherently mesh the jumbling groan of joy to seeing that scarf randomly wave in nothing once more – even though Papyrus sounds very defeated to the misery surrounding him.

Your eyes stick to Frisk in an instant – your eyes meeting together. Toriel doesn’t even get the tray down on the coffee table before Frisk vaults himself and Flowey into your arms and onto the floor. Your chest pounds with anguish, but so does your heart as you scoop the children into your lap and muffle your sobs with Frisks hair while they use your shirt. Frisks little fingers lock around your forearm before delivering desperate shouts.

“I’m so sorry! We’re so sorry! I couldn’t – she was – we didn’t- I didn’t mean to- everyone was- I didn’t Load! Y-You Loaded!! I’m so confused, and-and-and so so SO sorry!!” Frisk shouts as you nuzzle them closer, your heartbeat resonating in time with their own. Flowey is clutching and nearly ripping your shirt with his vines.

“You IDIOT!! Idiot. Idiot! IDIOT!! YOU-YOU-GWAAAAA—” Flowey muffles his frustrated sobs into your shirt before the shrill scream resonates into the entire house.

“Feelin’ any better babe?” Undynes voice sparks new tears into your eyes – luckily, thankful ones – as she continues to soothe Alphys.

“N-No-No-N-No. I-I-I re-remember i-it-it…… s-so clearly.” Alphys mutters while gripping a fistful of Undynes tank-top.

“Can you talk about it to me?” Undyne asks soothingly, but Alphys violently shakes her head into her shirt.

“N-No-Not yet. We-We-W-We n-eed-d t-to f-f-f-figure th-this out. J-Jane?” Alphys voice squeaks and cracks as you spare her a glance from comforting yourself and the kids. Her cheeks are rosey and scales drenched in tears. “Y-You…..You re-remember?” She whispers as you give a faint nod. Your mind slowly becomes foggy as you lean against Frisk. Breathing pitching, Frisk startles from underneath you and rushes behind you. You faintly catch “S-Sans! Sans, there was a LO—” before Frisk lets go and their little voice vanishes with them.

“woah, ‘ey, kid. what’s got ya’ll cranky and what-n—” Sans’ deep voice is the faintest thing you hear before a force is pulling you downwards. You breathing pitches and something catches and causes your head to bob and lurch. Voices. Light. Darkness. Throbbing. Tears? It’s unclear.

“Jane?”

You suck in an air. Your eyes are closed, revealing nothing but blackness. How long have you been wandering in this…nothing.

“J@nE.”

Your eyes fly open to show an intensely bright light that pierces your vision. Vaulting yourself forward, the mattress beneath you creaks absentely as you gasp desperately for air. Your chest
throbs enough that you are almost sputtering. A gentle force places you back down against the mattress as you squint your eyes in concentration. He’s….in a lab coat? His attire is all white – signature jacket and everything replaced with a doctor’s coat. His hand is over your face – no, its over the breathing mask attached to you. Sweat still dribbles down this idiot’s skull.

You feel practically drunk off the numbness and hollow pain surrounding you. Alphys shambles over quickly; her mouth opening and moving while looking to Sans. You can’t hear a word – its all muffled as though you were underwater for it all. Hair is wiped away from your sweating brow from a cold boney hand. Even your senses like smell and touch are reacting oddly to all this contact. Trying to forms words seems to tilt your head to the side and press your ear into the pillow – it whispers with a ghastly voice, but you still can’t make out a thing.

A long threaded IV tube runs at you – a red liquid like neon blood funneling through. Alphys is kind enough to absentmindedly readjust your head, and you manage to catch where the end of the tube leads. Your soul is resting gently on a little pillow beneath your chest – even went so far as to tie down the pillow so it doesn’t fall off……how nice. Your heart….your soul……..there’s only one string.

Rigid and electric pain shoots through your system at the thought that forces the bystanders to hold you down against the bed. Beeping. Television static. A blaring siren…..

Gaster.

“TwArneD You.”

Eh?

“mESsing with the $aves. MaNagiNG to L0aD.” He sighs with a slight gleam of disappointment in his empty eyes. Leaning overhead, he settles a hand over your chest before a bursting wrench rushes through your core.

Throwing yourself up from the bed once more, the walls are painted white. Reality and dreams are meshing together – everything changed. You’re in a hospital; the walls are white and pastel, the air stinks of medicine and cleaning supplies. No, you wonder before taking a deep breath past the mask.

There is something else……..sweet.

Following your instincts, you drag your head towards the side of the pillow to see the bright sun trying to pierce through storm clouds hanging in the sky. A variety of watered flowers rest in vases, a few stray bouquets, even a fresh steaming bowl of spaghetti. “Jane??”

Dragging your head back towards the other side of the bed, there is that ever sweet face that can only belong to the tallest of skeletons……..but his face. Papyrus is settled calmly and practically slack in the bedside chair the hospital provided. You never imagined you could compare the sleep deprivation under Sans’ sockets to Papyrus, but low and behold, it was possible to find Papyrus exhausted. The sweet skeletons sockets looked heavier than usual, little tear stains were evident on his precious cheekbones, and he wasn’t even wearing his ‘Battle Body’ that constantly cheered him straight out of any stupor. Instead he bore a white flannel shirt and brown corduroys.

Regardless, his face lit up to the realization you had awoken and he reached downwards; there was a rustling of a bag before he produced a little cellphone and properly poked in the necessary numbers. He waited patiently as it lightly buzzed against his skull – with his free hand he cupped the nearest he could reach simply and gave a small longing look at you. Unsure how to respond,
you hoped you were smiling as much as you wished you were.

“Ah! YOUR MAJESTY! JANE IS AWAKE!” Papyrus cheered giddily as you could just watch his face begin to kindle that joyous smile once more. He was silent for a few moments - likely waiting for the response on the other end. “YES! I’LL START TO BRING HER HOME! ALPHYS WILL KNOW HOW TO HELP.” Papyrus gives a quick wave at the phone “Wait, Papyrus, wh-“ is all you catch as he hits the off button. Papyrus carefully sets the phone back into the bag beneath him and hauls it over his side. You squeak in surprise as Papyrus gingerly pulls the breathing mask off and extracts the IV from your arm. Coughing to the fresh and sickly air rushing over your tastebuds, Papyrus doesn’t even give you a warning before he bridal snatches you up into his lanky arms.

“FEAR NOT HUMAN! WE WILL INFORM THE DESK OF THE FRONT THAT YOU ARE ALIVE, AWAKE, AND WELL! I WILL ENSURE YOU AREN’T JOSTLED! NYEH-HEH-HEH!!” Papyrus cheers with a toothy grin.

The poor sweet-pea doesn’t realize that you go wider then his body and winds up clonking your head into the rooms doorframe upon leaving the hospital room. He rushes evenly to the front, not wanting to break the promise of non-jostling and stuns the front desk. Tracing their eyes down, you are incapacitated and limp in his arms. Eyes bugging out and the whispers of surrounding humans makes him sheepish before he offers you like a peace offering to the lady in charge.

“NYEH-HEH. C-CAN YOU PLEASE FIX THE HUMAN UP SO THAT WE MAY HEAD HOME? NYEH?”

Your eyes don’t necessarily fly open so much as they just…open. An aggravation swells in your gut as you force yourself upwards. Atleast, finally, you are in your room. Your head pounds as though you tipped back vodka, but you can’t recall anything past that hospital room……and your soul. That red liquid that they funneled into your soul…it was like lava. Boiling, hot, and rage inducing numbness was all that would follow. It had felt like you were drowning and suffocating, yet also boiling and spontaneously combusting. The image brought ill thoughts to your mind as you swung your legs around your bed-side. Pressing your hand into your head, you contemplated all the events you could vaguely recall.

What is even reality anymore? What happened to me? Is….Is Frisk and Flowey alright?

The internal mention of Frisk had you rising to your feet to only then discover they were like jelly. Nearly collapsing, you catch yourself on the side of the bed with a shocked sigh. Looking down, you seemed thinner – and the starving sensation slowly overwhelmed your stomach. However, food could wait.

Pushing yourself up and using the wall for support, you work your way to the bedroom door and creak it open. Of course, it’s the middle of the night – which you found from the indication of the moons gleam seeping through the open bathroom door and the window within – so you gingerly pass the stairs and open Frisks room just a hair.

Frisk is settled in for the night with Flowey behind him on the pillow. He has less blankets now that his fever has died down, but he still squirms uncomfortably under the sheets because of the increasing temperatures of the night. Sighing and clicking the door shut you let relief wash over you.
Everything’s okay now, you announce. You grasp hold of that hope and stare longingly at the stairs – at the path towards food. Gripping the railing tightly you meander softly down the stairs, trying to avoid what you recall are creaking spots. A luminescent wisp of blue drags your attention over towards Sans’ room. You can’t keep your mouth shut – his magic is wandering out beneath the door and creating majestic hues of blue and yellow that run static and rigid before smoothing out. It’s almost as though it beckons you forward – and you obey it. While it’s slipping back beneath the door, you test the door knob and discover once more it is shut. Biting your lip, you consider your options and press your ear into the door.

Huffing, grunts, blue magic? It’s safe to say you are stuck with red cheeks permanently. Heated memories flow from the back creak of your mind and remind you of the last time you entered Sans’ rooms without him knowing. It lead to regret; insanely awkward regret.

……You push the open, just a hair. If anything seemed off, you would quickly evade and leave him to his….devices? That thought sent another weird shiver over your back and neck. Peering within, you are surprised to find the entire room is glowing an ethereal blue – a majority of the furniture floating in the air. It’s breathtaking to behold, but out of the corner of your eye you catch Sans tossing and turning beneath his sheets – and it is evident that the skeletons don’t feel the heat and cold like humans, so it certainly isn’t his discomfort for the sweltering night. Peeking your head in, you clear your throat in an attempt to catch his attention. Nothing. You take a wary step inside the door, still holding the outer bit of the door knob and clear your throat a little louder. . . .

Heavy sleeper. Forgot.

Resigning your plans for food, you look to Sans and see sweat still dribbling down his skull and over his sockets.

“You ask a tad louder while taking a tentative step forwards. Then another. He growls and turns to face towards the wall – whether it’s because he acknowledges you and doesn’t want your presence or his nightmare is still piercing his mind, you force yourself to continue forward. Nearly halfway to the bed, another wave of magic emanates from Sans and washes freshly over the room, and you. Your core feel unbalanced and in slight turmoil – as though you will stumble and fall infinitely. Looking down proves your theory wrong – you aren’t even touching the floor. A hazy blue fog covers your body like a messy shell and suspends you in the air. You clutch both of your hands over your mouth to suppress a gasp that nearly transformed into a scream and cautiously waggle around. Calming your nerves brings a certain peace to the situation and you somehow manage to manipulate yourself to touching the wall. This isn’t painful nor choking like the previous time Sans’ magic held you. There was no gravity; he had somehow created a gravity defiant chamber right in his room in his fucking sleep. You would be astounded beyond words if the goal wasn’t clearly a few feet away and you were concerned for his own health.

Says the person who was out cold long enough to forget how to fucking walk. You internally snicker with a drop of hurt.

Clutching the beds back frame, you maneuver yourself down until you can grasp onto Sans’ blanket. He himself was holding the sheets tough enough that you were tethered to him.

“Sans!” You shout slightly, reaching for his clavicle. The sheet you are clutching is thrown to his opposing side and you follow with it only to meet his upward rushing skull halfway and gravity to also find its place. You both grumble with attest and trying to extricate yourself from the bunched sheets and poking bones. Picking yourself up, you adjust yourself to the left to try and slip off the bed. With a wince and flutter of the eyes, you find Sans’ ivory skull not even a foot below your own face as you awkwardly straddle his arm and ribs. His eyes shine brighter as you flush and fly backwards to the foot of the bed. Sitting to attention, he rubs his weary sockets.
“S-Sorry.” You mutter, awkwardly fixing your clothing and clutching the center of your chest. You hadn’t recalled feeling so empty – just hungry. The sheets shifted and Sans gingerly crawled out of the covers and uptook your hands, bringing them down with his towards the mattress and just… staring. You gulp and squeeze his hands; his phalanges digging into the palms of your hand as they try to keep you grounded.

“did I hurt you?” He whispers. You finally can feel the faint vibrating quivers that are resonating off his bones; you can hear the rib rattling.

“I-I’m fine. You okay?” You reply, stroking the bones and base of his metacarpals as he gives a tired chuckle.

“there’s no pa-tellin’ anymore.” He quips silently, but his own chuckles die down once he knows you aren’t in a laughing mood. If he had a wall clock, you are certain you would hear the uncomfortable seconds passing by.

“…What happened? How long have I been asleep?…..Was I even sleeping? Sans, my sou-“ He cuts your sentence off as he lurches you forward and into his frame. You would gasp with shock and embarrassment if his arms didn’t instantly envelop you with the sheet and hold you against his sternum. It felt like second-nature; taking your arms around and squeezing into his back and prodding your fingers at the spine. Burying your face in his shoulder, the ketchup, sweat and faint musk was clear yet homely. In complete honesty, you missed it.

“What happened…” You repeat quieter, needy for answers. He sighs beside you and runs a set of phalanges through your hair absently.

“you, uh, passed out. Alph told me you’d Loaded – anyone you were in direct contact with at that final moment seems to recall it, save me. heh heh…..we checked it…your soul. another Determination string snapped………… yo-you nearly fell apart on us there, smalls.” He grumbles with a sniffle, clutching your back just a smidge tighter. The pressure was comforting.

“me and Alph……we-we did what we could – human hospitals don’t know shit on soul repairs and w-we didn’t have any experience with your situation, so we just……” He took a moment to sigh and released you enough to meet your eyes. Faint blue tears welled in his sockets as he continued to play with your hair. You could feel your own tears trailing slowly down your cheeks, yet you couldn’t place the reason why you were crying. You hoped it was the fact you were practically starving, otherwise you weren’t sure how to explain this emptiness.

“Frisk donated fresh Determination samples to the recovery. we took those samples and hooked them up directly to your Soul. it was beyond stupid a-and wrong on so many levels – me and Alph were preparing for the brunt of the worst when we explained it all; you don’t…just…..do that, b- but we couldn’t think of anything else, smalls, yo-you were literally being torn apart.” He whispered, caressing your face. It felt so right – his bones against your cheek. Your internal screams cursed everything about this situation; it felt too intimate and you were pretty good friends and here he was basically wearing his figurative heart on his sleeve. Since when did Sans ever tell you honestly about anything important? Maybe that was the reason why you were sobbing erratically…

“b-but we couldn’t keep you down there – so we admitted you to the human hospital on the agreement we could continue to perform check-ups. we didn’t tell ‘em ‘bout the soul business because those dunces didn’t even understand; and they claimed to be a general hospital!” He scoffs with aggravation, leaning back down to his pillow and pulling you down along with him. Resting on top of his sternum you can make out a faint humming. You shouldn’t be, but it’s lulling you back to sleep.
“Why….” “hmm?” He asks, rubbing your shoulder blade calmly.

*Why are we both crying this much?* Looking up to him, he gave up trying to keep them from rolling down his smile. You snuffle and bury your face into his clavicle as his hand cups your scalp.

“Why do I feel empty…” You whispers into his shirt. The hand cupping your head gives a light squeeze before he buries his teeth into your shoulder as well.

“we’ll figure that out….together…lets, just, get some sleep – alrighty?”

*Way ahead of you…*

Chapter End Notes

I felt like sharing an epiphany I had. Is that the write word? I was cleaning my insane messy room, and I had a thought as I sneezed.

"If....What if monsters are insanely small....So small we literally walk on top of them and they poof into dust....and their remains get scattered thanks to airflow....and I just inhaled monster dust and sneezed them out........" Q~Q"

(I mean its technically not far off since a good portion of it can tend to be dead skin powderized, but whatreya gonna do bout it \(-3-)_/)

*Come check out the Main Tumblr Page! Bring me any questions you got *]=]
Date - 1 Notes - 2?

Chapter Summary

Oh the madness.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait - here it is!! Would have uploaded it last night but I added a little extra, went over with a quick skim and even managed to get the next chapter summary set up.
Its a grand and slightly painful 21k so enjoy the long reads my peeps and Happy Holidays!!

Also - so many thank you's are in order.
We have hit 16k Views my peeps! That's all you and everytime I see it rise I just well with joy.
We are less then 25 Kudos away from the big and glorious 1000 Kudos!!
Like holy crap guys, THANK YOU. I cannot express this enough nor will I *ever* be able to!! Just THANK YOU.
Finally - 100 Public Bookmarkings!! I know it hit more then 100 bookmarks already because people can keep my fic to themselves, but to those of you without fear? Good on ya!!

So, again, thank you for all your support - your attention keeps me going and I hope we reach some of the juicey bits real soon.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Waking up while being spooned by a skeleton is never pleasant, and newfound depression washes over you as you bury your face into the pillow. You can’t place any feelings besides emptiness as you try to squirm free of his grasp only to give up a few seconds in. Every moment you make is taxing and miserable, your mind clouded with unknown guilt. You bring your neck around after the third attempt to see Sans burying his face into your back; he nuzzles into the back of your shirt, ruffling and wrinkling the fine fabric. You can’t even bring yourself to care about his arm stretching around one waist and gripping the other – your surroundings feel slow and dull. Even looking to the unexplainable tornado of trash in the corner feels like it’s slowed down in time. A faint echoing knock comes from the door before Papyrus pokes his skull inside, his sockets bulging open once he realizes you are present. He shambles over, eyeing the clock and ensuring Sans is present in the bed before leaning down and stroking your head.

“Human – how are you feeling?” He asks quietly, Sans stirring ever so slightly but remaining asleep. Your eyes feel heavy and your body sluggish as you sniffle and try to think and form words.

“…..Tired.” You mumble, fidgeting and sneak beneath the covers more. It was so cold despite you knowing it’s the midst of summer.
“Were you able to sleep?”

“…I think?” You grumble, yawning in time with his question.

“It would be best to get up. We cannot leave you here – tired or not. Some breakfast will do you wonders I’m sure.” Papyrus relents, carefully extracting you from Sans embrace and carrying you like a burping toddler. You don’t fight it – you have no fight in you. Papyrus cautiously returns the blankets back onto Sans before sneaking out of the bedroom and taking careful steps downstairs. His free hand caresses your head where you recall bashing it against a doorframe.

“Does your head hurt?” He asks, still quiet. It toils your guilt to hear Papyrus so quiet and out of character.

“..No? I just…..don’t want to move.” You admit, sniffling as you lay your mouth against his clavicle in deep thought. Papyrus shudders to the exhalation coming from your nose as gentle clanging resonates behind you. You spare a glance towards the counter as Papyrus busies himself with constructing two bowls of cereal and mugs for cocoa as he fiddles around with the packets. He gently keeps a rocking motion going as he begins to boil the water in a kettle and taking intervals to rub soothing circles onto your back. You are only aware of the action because of the rustling of your shirt. Similar to Sans, Papyrus’ sternum and ribs vibrate with a soothing hum and warmth that relaxes you against his rough bones. The faint sound of the kettle whisking and pouring resonates behind you before a faint clacking happens and Papyrus carts you out to the living room.

You are settled back carefully into the couch as the cushions threaten to swallow your frame. Papyrus drags a nice wooly blanket over the tips of your feet and lays it loose against your chest before offering you a cocoa cup. You accept it and the warmth that spreads over your fingers and palms, generating a tingly joy in your arms. It’s the closest to happiness you have felt since the other day; when you were atleast able to confide in Sans. Papyrus vanishes before hastily returning, plopping onto the couch with the two bowls of cereal and mindlessly turning on the television. The clock ticks by as he cautiously blows and sips at the drink, you stirring it uselessly to pass the time – even this simple action feels weighty.

“Would you like to talk about what is making you sad?” Papyrus asks after a long sip. You rotate the cup in your hand, forcing a sad smile.

“Is it that obvious?” You snicker in pain.

“Yes, but I am used to noticing the signs. Sans often displayed a similar attitude during our time in the Underground…” Papyrus sighs, placing the mug onto a coaster and lowering the volume of the TV. “He always cracked puns, smiled wide, and left to do many jobs. He hid it well – he still thinks he does atleast. But I know when he is thrown and internally distraught. It hurts – trying to have him confide in me. Treats me like an ignorant baby-bones…” His hands join together, the bones creaking to the pressure applied in his grip. You rest a hand over his bones, trying to relax his tense fingers.

“I know what you mean…..” You sigh admittedly. Papyrus gives an appreciative smile.

“You are showing similar signs, Jane. Your eyes are very clouded; similar, likely, to your mind. I chose to not intervene with my brother and his secrets because he refused to speak to me, and…… things were not as pleasant as I had presumed. He was in a very dark place for a long period of time; even after reaching the surface he was reclusive to all who were around him – including me.” Papyrus relays with a heavy sigh before pained sockets stare into your eyes point blank.

“But he finally saw that friends and family and professionals were there to aid him and hear him
out. Even though he lacks the constant ability to speak his true feelings, he is better then I ever recall him being in the Underground – besides, of course, when we were baby-bones!” Papyrus clarifies which earns a tiny genuine giggle from you. He just had the ability to make you smile and become inspired – how Sans ever stayed gloomy while existing around Papyrus was beyond you. Then again……after Loading for the, what, 3rd time? You had an inkling of knowledge of what he went through.

“What I suppose I am trying to say is,” Papyrus grows a faint orange hue over his cheek bones, a little hint of sweat beginning to bead on his skull, “is that you can rely on the Great Papyrus – and all of your friends. We are here if you ever need to talk about stuff that troubles you.”

Your smile stretches across your cheeks as tired eyes mellow out. Just your simple change of attitude seems to brighten Papyrus’ mood.

“Thank you, Papyrus. I would talk to you about this if I could place the reason for my feeling – I just feel…..empty. Like I am missing something.” You grumble, absently staring into the cocoa.

“LIKELY HUNGER, WHICH IS WHY I PREPARED YOU SIMPLE AND COMPLETELY EDIBLE CEREAL!!” Papyrus shouts with a rejuvenated air to him as he pulls the coffee table closer in offering for your bowl. You oblige the worried skeleton and try to heartily eat the cereal. It’s plain and easy to swallow – simple, as Papyrus had put it. You hadn’t expected yourself to feel like gagging up the food but Papyrus has to fetch you a distress plastic baggy as you dry heave. He continues to futilely rub comforting circles into your back and getting you a little glass of water to quench your throat.

“Jane.”

Dragging your eyes from the bag up to the arch-way, Toriel stands elegantly with a sleek night gown that almost reaches her ankles. Her stare is worrying but grows into a thankful smile as she sighs and walks towards the couch.

“AH! GOOD MORNING YOUR MAJESTY! WOULD YOU CARE FOR ANYTHING TO EAT?”

“In a little bit Papyrus, but thank you. Could you kindly go and quietly rouse Alphys – let her know Jane is awake and downstairs. She likely has many questions and Alphys has more scientific knowledge about the process then I.” Toriel calmly asks, Papyrus quickly saluting the queen before getting onto his tip-toes and rapidly speeding up the stairs. Toriel takes his place on the couch and turning off the background sound of the television to gain your undivided attention.

“How are you feeling?” She asks, her brows knotted with concern as she takes in your anguishing face.

“Tired. Empty. Sluggish. Barfy.” You make a quick list with a weary smile as you dry heave once more into the bag.

“That is, from what I heard, possible side effects.” Wiping your mouth with your sleeve of saliva, you sniffle and look to her again.

“Of the Determination?” Toriel nods in agreement. “Sans gave me a q-quick rundown last night.”

“So you are aware of your souls condition?” Toriel asks.

“Uh…..one of-of the Determination strings or whatever holds it together…snapped when I Loaded?
And by doing the Determination Experiment they were able to basically replace the string?” You ask hazily – trying to fit the pieces of the puzzle together.

“N-No-Not ex-exactly.” Alphys’ voice is tired and sad, but she can’t hide the joyous smile to seeing you awake and moving. Papyrus walks in with Alphys, sitting on the farthest end of the couch as Alphys fiddles about with a file in her claws. A few stray notes cluttered and clipped on the end of the file flutter as she finally produces a disarray of papers and adjusting her specs on her nose to better read over the information at hand.

“We-We - Sans a-and I – administered an estimated amount of ¼’ a pint in regards to the quantity of the Determination. Th-The sample was fresh thanks to F-Frisks donation, h-h-however-r th-the um si-side-effects are……rther counter-p-productive.” Alphys fiddles, checking a line graph with insane scribbles bordering the table. You steadily breathe besides Toriel who has wrapped her large fuzzy arm around your back in support as it clutches onto your opposing shoulder. The fur tingles the sensitive nerves across your shoulder and neck nape.

“Th-The sample reacted similarly t-to u-uh incorrect blood transfusions. It-It was a shot in the dark – the tran-transfusion. We sh-should have used P-Perservation considering your soul type b-b-but we hypothesized that Determination would re-re-store-re the u-uh certain missing component – the Determination strings. B-But your-your soul rejected the tr-treatment and it amplified negatives – Sadness, Holl-Hollowness, and other sense’s commonly re-related with, u-um, suicidal thoughts…” Alphys quietly whispered. Her fingers shake while grasping the thin papers and blame furrowing her brows. Her teeth clenched tightly behind a rough frown – clear unsureness drenched over her with nervous sweat.

You supposed that made slight sense; her explanation that is. It also would explain your current mood regarding everything – especially the news. You felt your heart swell and deflate to the knowledge of your depression, but there was little to nothing to physically be done about this. The matter was completely internal and scientifically effective; it wasn’t as though a therapy visit or just relaxation and ease of mind would fix the issue at hand.

“Do you know how long the side-effects will last, Alphys?” Toriel questions to ease the odd silence that has overwhelmed the room. Even Papyrus is thoroughly shut-up. Alphys cannot muster any words as she solemnly shakes her head as the room is once more swallowed in silence.

“I WILL, ERM, FE-…..Fetch some tea.” Papyrus excuses himself quietly as your heart shatters to see the saddened skeleton slinking away to the kitchen. Toriel gives you a reassuring rub up and down your arm.

“I’d best let you two have a moment. I will go see to Papyrus.” She adds before excusing herself. Alphys has little tear pricks swelling into her eyes behind her glasses as she desperately tries to claw them out of existence with her free hand. Some of the notes attached to the end of the file begin to clutter on the ground, but she pays them little mind as she waddles her way over towards the couch until she plops down beside you discards the files onto the coffee table. She reclines backwards with an exhausted slump and pulls her knees upwards into her face as she almost makes a little armadillo ball. You set down the cocoa and snuggle closer, extending the blanket Papyrus had laid upon you over her as well as she lets a muffled sniffle get past.

“You did what you had to do.” You mumble, rubbing her arm.

“I-I-I sw-swore to-to never g-get involved with-with those ex-exper-riments again an-and-and I d-did it on-on my best fr-fri-friend!” She whimpers through her pained gasps as you snuggle closer and wrapping an arm behind her and grip her other shoulder before slowly dragging the sad bundle closer and into a hug.
“You did it to save my life.” You comment as you rest your head onto her quivering shoulder.

“Bu-Bu-But...” “Shhhh it’s okay. I’m...I’m okay.” You cut her off and give a reassuring squeeze. You feel her neck move as her face comes up, teeth clenched tightly and tears dragging along her glasses with streaks.

“Y-Yo-You’re not. It-It’s uncertain wh-when the effects w-will wear off and-and I sw-sw- swore that I wo-would never get-get-g-get involved with th-th-those experi-ri-me-ments again! Ho-Ho-How could I ha-have let this happen...” She whispers to herself as her eyes betray her and shut forcibly to desperately withhold the spilling tears. You reach forwards with your other hand, entwining it with her claws. She seemed so defeated.

“Alphys. I am very thankful for what you did – I wasn’t aware of the consequences. But you know why I had to...Load?” You inquire as she gives a quick nod; fresh tears burst into her eyes as her eyes seem distant in memory. “And, personally, I think it was worth it. And you learned something regarding souls. I know you don’t like testing on patients anymore – but sometimes graphs can’t provide every answer or possibility. But now you know. And I am alive. What have you lost?” You plead as you bring her face around delicately with your hand, her tears trailing down your hand which brings a cold shiver through your arm.

“Yo-Your trust...” She mutters. You cannot contain the tiny smile peeking at your cheeks as you bring her forehead against yours, your eyes shut in a sense of peace.

“You will never lose my trust, Alph. You’re one of my best-friends – I, quite literally, trust you with my life.” You snicker as she gasps past her sob and manages a wavering smile. Your little snicker finally brings a little laugh from Alphys as she wipes her eyes against the scales on her arms – the tears sticking to the edges like dew on grass.

Rapid footsteps approach from the kitchen as Alphys flies back and Papyrus appears from the arch-way. He has tears in his sockets as well, but his smile and pose are triumphant and confident.

“HUMAN! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, SHALL BE THE LIGHT TO YOUR TUNNEL UNTIL YOU BREAK FORTH FROM YOUR MOUNTAIN OF SORROW!! COME – LET US GET YOU INTO CLOTHING AND SET OFF FOR YOUR SCHOLARLY TRAINING!!” Papyrus screeches with joy before rushing forward and drawing you into a tight hug against his armor plating. You watch sadly from behind as Alphys begins to pick at the cereal you hadn’t had a chance to eat. You sigh and just go with the flow of Papyrus as he rushes towards the top of the stairs and plopping you down before your door.

“HERE YOU ARE. I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL WAIT PATIENTLY OUTSIDE! NYEH-HEH-HEH!!” Papyrus cackles gloriously as you give him a grateful wave and sneak into your room. Finding your dresser, you open one drawer to look at all the clothes before you let your knees fall out from beneath you and your forehead bashes against the top of the dresser. Wordlessly you drag your hands forward and press at the point of contact, your mind and heart dull. You could already feel anxiety stressing your neck as you bent it back and forth in attempts to unkink the knot forming at the ridge. Thin veins snake around your torso before lovingly pulling you backwards across the ground before your back presses in to the giant pot containing Seymour and Louis. Your head rests back against their stem as your lidded eyes gaze up at the looming heads above. It wouldn’t surprise you if someone, likely Alphys or Undyne, took care of them while you weren’t able – they didn’t seem deflated or grey in relation to normal plant passing.

You laid slouched against their pot before their bulbous heads finally sunk down to your height and nestled atop your scalp. The touch was strange and it felt like there were purring vibrations coming off of them despite the lack of noise. You dragged yourself from their needy clutches at the
thought of Papyrus eagerly waiting outside and shimmied through the clothing selections for the day. It was getting warmer out as you’d heard but you were unable to shake the cold sweat coming over you as you busied yourself with hunting down a light jacket at the least. Finally you picked out some simple socks, ripped jeans, a beige shirt you tucked into your pants and a green flannel jacket to cover your arms. It doubled as a concealer for your new evident scar traced across your arm as you slugged your backpack over your shoulder. Popping into your science room you mindlessly threw Seymour and Louis a few anchovies and noted your need to restock soon from the lack of inventory while also giving them both two leeches for being kind and letting you crawl to freedom. They seemed more obedient, but there were too many variables and not enough time to calculate the reasoning behind their laid-back attitude.

Checking over the backpacks contents you carefully pulled open the door to find Papyrus, as promised, guarding your doorway with his spine to you. It felt a little wrong but you couldn’t resist eyeing and inspecting the individual grooves and indents in each of his lengthy vertebrae. Papyrus finally noticed the door behind him was open, spun about, and gave a cheeky grin at your appearance.

“PERFECTLY SUBTLE ATTIRE, JANE! ARE YOU PREPARED FOR YOUR CURRICULUM??” He bends down as if speaking to a child and lets his gloved hands push off his slightly bent knees. You force a smile into your eyes.

“’Course Papyrus. I’m going to need to make up enough work as is.” You groan behind the smile before he hoists you onto his back and full throttle runs with you on his back. Atleast you don’t need to feel guilty about not brushing your hair and your teeth could wait until you got home. You grabbed a paperboy styled cap regardless before Papyrus dashed out the door.

The return was a nightmare.

Mr. Thair was on your ass faster than starving piranhas to fresh meat. You’d missed a quiz and a test recently and struggled to get the necessary notes to fix your hindered progress. Rhianna seems to understand and doesn’t bother you excessively for details for your absence – at the very least you fill her in you had a brief hospital visit and were feeling much better; luckily it didn’t seem as though she saw through your lies. Your smile grew weary after class where you hung behind and desperately finished up the missed assignments with the appreciated help of Thair and the quiz being optional open book. Using the book caused your grade to automatically drop, but it was necessary.

He gave you a giant pile of work and, unfortunately, had to slink away to a meeting instead of the usual after-class help he was always eager to offer. You tiredly sneak a bowl of macaroni and a water bottle into the library as you duck into the corner to eat, study, and finish the make-up work. Luckily it was relatively quiet past the faint chatter from the front and the vibrations of your phone. It was mostly Undyne and Alphys or even Papyrus. During the car ride he had gone into multiple discussions about tackling the day in a positive mannerism, but it was impossible as the smile became exhausting the longer the day run on. Alphys kept sending either diagnostics or little memes to try and cheer you up – even Undyne posing in a photo like the cat dangling from a branch. It brought out a quiet chortle from you, but nothing more. Misery couldn’t even begin to describe the overwhelming emptiness flooding you. At one point you found yourself gripping your shirt before your soul and just pleading for anything within; the only response being your constant heartbeat.

You are busy inhaling some macaroni and studying so deeply in the books you only spy Trenton
before he settles his own study books down adjacent to you and you dumbly look up into his eyes - completely ignorant to the libraries eerie silence and the noodle sticking between your lips. His eyes are heavy and his face rugged against the faint tan that somehow compliments the well-kept hair atop his head. He even has hints of aftershave closer to his ears. Meeting your face his eyes widen before he lets a snicker get the better of him to your dumb-founded look. Quickly you suck in the noodle and wipe your face with your wrists of any stains you might have made in your hungry haste.

“You leave on personal business to come back and promise me that we get to have these library study ‘dates’ only to wind up in the hospital for a rough week and you come back looking like this?” He snickers past his teeth while addressing yourself. You were almost positive you looked as exhausted as him as you huffed a tired sigh.

“You don’t look any better, baggy eyes.” You tease back until his tiny laugh becomes contagious. He settles into the adjacent chair and readily opens his book to the same chapter you are at. He snatches up your homework before you can defy and checks over your current progress before handing it back and picking out a paragraph.

“Hey – these baggy eyes are partially your fault. My study buddy vanished leaving me up into weary and lonely nights. I am heartbroken here and you are just laughing.” You hiss at the reminder and ruggedly jab a finger into your homework.

“Hey, we are both being sunk – at least you know what the material is; I am a week behind! I didn’t ask to be hospitalized.”

“I know, I know.” He sighs back with a thin smile before you let yourself get buried into your work. The windows begin to patter with rain droplets and darkness envelops the campus to welcome the fresh summer night.

“So…..I was thinkin’…..” Trenton begins to mumble while his face is buried in a book before his eyes peer over the pages to ensure he has your attention.

“Hmm?”

“Well….We both have had pretty rough nights the past week, right? So, uh….I thought…maybe-“

“Are you nervous?” You ask as a faint red blush pokes at the base of his eyes. He releases the book and grows a pretty prideful look without a hint of agitation.

“Of course not! I was just asking if you wanted to go out for a drink or maybe dinner!” He grumpily shoves his arms together in an angered motion before realization hits his face and his eyes go slightly buggy. You find yourself fiddling with your hair, your neck stressing and heart off-beat. He shoots from his chair with a nervous sweat dripping down his brow painstakingly.

“I-It doesn’t, y’know, have to be today or-or ever I was just, y’know, as friends! Study friends?!! Like a study-date but with food!! Maybe drinks? Dinner even?! Study-dinner-date!!” He begins to garble his sentences together as his face becomes flushed in a gentle red and pink tone of blush. You can tell your mouth is gaping wide and a blush is heavy on your cheeks, but your wide eyes are trained onto the stammering man before you with disbelief.

“You’re…..asking me on a date.” You comment as his hands fly to his mouth while his eyes dart about the library in desperation.

“No-Not exactly?” He states after giving himself a moment to breathe. “I-I-I just thought, y’know,
we could get dinner? You owe me for skipping out on a week of studies and I owe you because you’ve clearly had a shit week. I just….y’know?” He shrugs and his foot begins to gently tap with anxiety. You never knew he was such a nervous wreck with woman as you stretch a snickering grin over your face; your own hand comes around to try and hide your giggling evidence but it cannot block the chortling sound.

“Who would have known you were a shy dater?” You giggle as his face quickly changes hues similar to a chameleon or, at least, Alphys.

“Am not!” He aggressively replies, leaning on the table with increasing pride.

“Then explain this situation.” You snicker and fold your arms on the table while you find yourself enraptured by his desperate blush and stutters. He finally gives in – falling back into his chair and leaning his face into his hands against the table. He mutters to himself as you lean an ear closer. “If you can tell me I will give you a reply.” He drags his hands down his face before hiding it in the shadow he casts.

“I’ve never been nervous before.” He mutters while meeting you dead in the eyes. You fidget in your chair, considering your options.

“Sure, but not tonight.” You finally whisper back as his face turns into that of shock and then delight.

“’C-Course. So….uh….Thursday?” You mentally checked your week and winced – Grillby had you set to work that day the majority of the night. He obviously wanted a day that was after school so you both had a reason to be tired.

“Friday and I get to pick the bar.” You announce as his grin becomes toothy and bright. It is a complete parallel to the baggy and weary eyes he sports.

“Fair enough. Do I get to know ‘bout it now or is it a surprise?” He snickers and eases back against the table.

“It’s a monster-owned bar.” You watch his skin jolt and become laced with goosebumps as his eyes refuse to meet yours. He is, clearly, mulling it over. It takes him a moment as you wait patiently.

“Okay.” He agrees which lights up your mood as you can’t help but stretch a smile and your arm across the table to place on his own. You don’t fully understand his dislike for monsters, but the fact he is willing is commendable enough for you.

“It’ll be fine. I know it’s a lot to ask considering your preferences, but I really appreciate it.” He shares a thin smile with you before the library lights cut out and your eyes both spasm. The librarian had a new tendency of just ignoring your existences and would, possibly, lock you both in. You scramble and call out to her desperately while gathering your stuff half-hazardly and rush towards the front door only to open and be welcomed by the chilled night with temperate rain falling onto the pavement. You sigh and pinch the bridge of your nose – you’d left your umbrella at home.

A faint pitter patter of rain breaking its fall resonates above you after a simple click unleashes Trenton’s umbrella and he invites you under with a quick gesture. You allow it and squeeze beneath it to avoid the pouring rain. Huddled together, you press through the rain with the sync of two feet tied together. Its plenty of giggles and stumbles until you recognize the close heat of his arm against your own and growl to yourself that, once more, everyone just has to be taller then
you. Frisk didn’t count because they were still growing and Flowey didn’t count merely because his original form was transferred into a flower. But, in retrospect, baby monsters grew so Asriels true form also couldn’t apply since they were also, likely, still growing. Alphys was your height, but not shorter.

“Soos….” He stutters beneath his breathe with a indicating cough. The faint rain splashes cold against your sleeve and seeps towards your skin as you involuntarily shiver to the invasive chill. A warm hand grips the spot that had gotten lightly splashed and pulsates with a fleshy warmth you can feel through the thin material. Your heart beats against your breast – you fear it is evidently jumping free and splashing in the growing puddles.

“Yes?” Your voice is little more than a whisper as you both walk in sync beneath the coverage. He keeps his eyes low; you aren’t entirely sure whether he is ensuring he won’t tread on your foot, looking out for puddles, or just can’t look you in the eye or general direction at the moment.

“What, uh…..what time should I pick you up – or are we heading out after studying?” You lean your head back to catch a gleam of a star faintly through the clouds beyond the umbrella.

“Well unless we need to get ready before hand we should be ready immediately.”

“You just figured you might want to…..I-I don’t know, freshen up?” He shrugs as you look to him with an arched eyebrow.

“Oh. So I stink.”

“No! No no! I, just, y’know?! I thought girls just wanted time to freshen up before a date!” He argues innocently. You can’t hold back the little snicker you let loose as you watch him distress.

“Thought you said it wasn’t a date?” You nudge him as his face brightens like a stop light. He grumbles something off to the side as you sidle around to try and see his face. It’s clearly beet red. A series of rapid car horn honks comes off in the background as you both crane your heads around to see Toriels van waiting on the street. The wheels are bouncing from the internal activity as music begins to amp and blare from the family invented vehicle. You snicker and point towards the car.

“Sorry. My, uh, ride showed up.” You give a little waving gesture before daring to brave the cold rain but the umbrella follows you as you take a quick glance back to find Trenton following you for coverage. You give an appreciative smile as you walk in unison with him until you reach the front of the car. “Thanks.” You quickly mutter with your fingers twined together. He rubs the back of his neck as his hair falls slightly off to the side – likely from the humidity. You absently reach for the car door only for it to be jammed as though locked. You pause for a moment and try again only to return with the same result. You narrow your eyes and peer into the window but can only really make out the fish driver you are familiar with.

“Hey, Undyne, open up?” You call out as you knock on the window. Trenton waits patiently until the window begins to painstakingly creak down and reveal a bright white skull that had matched together with the beige seating set within Toriels van. It’s Sans and he has a comical eye-wear that has open eye like those sleeping masks set over his sockets. He gingerly removes his hand from the window opener and peeks from the base of the mask – you can feel Trenton tense behind you as a squinting giddy eye belonging only to Undyne peers from the drivers seat.

“password.” He yawns

“Let me in.”
“password denied.” He replies almost robotically before the window ever so slowly rolls back into darkness. Once completely shut you hear Undyne’s howl of laughter and faint NYEH’s in the back. You sigh and rub your face before turning back around to Trenton. His eyes are tense and his grip on the umbrella is so tight the blood rushes out of his knuckles. Placing your hand over his to try and ease the tension, it only sparks an odd blush between you both as he diverts his eyes and you both take a step away from the car.

“Their being geeks but my day has been too rough to put up with it – is that car offer still a possibility?” You plead as his face is lit with new found passion.

“O-Of course!”

No faster do you take him up on the request do two lengthy boney arms wrap around your torso and waist before hastily yanking you back, into the first available seat, and Papyrus shouting “DRIVE!!!” The next moment the car screeches with agony as Undyne floors it off the campus and you are left, ever so slightly drenched, and thoroughly confused. Only when the car jerks to a stop at the stop light does Undyne crane and scowl at you.

“I drive all that way and you are about to get into another mans car?! AW HELL NO!!” She scolds you like a mother to a child. You can’t help the confusion laced over your face as Papyrus on the sidelines and Sans has, at least, removed the eye mask.

“But you weren’t-“ “NO.” “….But Un-“ “NUH-UH, NOPE.” You glare thin daggers at her through the seat and huff with a pout before crossing your arms in disagreement. It was one of those days.

“But UNDYNE IS CORRECT! YOU BEST NOT WANDER OFF WITH STRANGE HUMANS AT NIGHT – THE NEWS HAS SAID THAT!” Papyrus relays as you sigh and pat his shoulder.

“But Papyrus, I knew him.”

“eye could seat that.” Sans grumbles in the front. You recall him being in front of you as you drive your knee hastily into the back of his chair.

“Liar. Hope your pants catch on fire.” You huff as you turn to readdress Papyrus. “No Papyrus he is….my study friend. He was asking about when to pick me up for our date later o-“ You are thrown physically from your conversation as Undyne slams on the breaks and swerves crazily to the edge of the road to allow traffic to pass by and slamming her index into the hazard button before craning herself as far around to see you as possible. You get bashed into the back of Sans’ seat and are worse for wear then you’d like to admit, but Undynes face is mere inches from your own so you feel more inclined to be concerned about the matter at hand.

“YOU HAVE A DATE?!?” She shouts as you hiss and cover your hands over your ears. He had, technically, mentioned it didn’t need to be a date…but fuck it – you hadn’t had a date in so long and you weren’t about to back out now; best fetch your shovel for this hole situation.

“Yes.” You reply while you tweak your ears, ensuring she didn’t shatter the eardrums.

“How? When?! With?!?” She demands while her grip threatens to tear the fabric off the seats. Papyrus’ gloves giddily cover his jaw as he looks on with strange eyes – they have grown like giant black orbs and twinkle almost artistically similar to anime. You were only aware he could go bug-eyed but it was so adorable.

“He asked. I am not at liberty to say. The guy I was just talking to.” You answer all her questions
with a sinister grin as you lean back in your chair with slight swelling pride. You hadn’t earned it, but you refused to admit now that it didn’t mean you were dating or anything; you both were, after all, just friends. “Can we please go home? It’s no big deal…” You watch Sans fidget in the front seat as Undyne bares her teeth closer.

“No big deal?? THIS IS HUGE!! Ya finally found someone! Course it’s not the ship, but I’m sure Alph will be excited to hear!!” You draw your backpack up to your face and grumble.

“Please stop shipping.” You plead.

“have you even known this guy long?” Sans pipes in suddenly as Undyne busies herself with getting home to tell Alphys the news.

“No…I don’t usually do this, but I owe him – I help him study and he helps me take books out of the library. It’s more or less a study date.” You shrug off his question. Date was still applied to the meaning.

“isn’t that the dude from the karaoke bar?” Sans asks again.

“Yeah. It is…” You grumble as you hear him sigh. Grabbing the chair before you, you bring your head around to pout at him face to face. He put the mask back over his eyes. “What? Is there a problem?”

“oh no. go right ahead and date a racist or whatever they call ‘em. I won’t stop you.” He off-handedly has a hint of attitude to his voice as you feel your eyebrows knot in anger.

“Whats that supposed to mean? I might not remember that night very well but at least he is willing to give monsters a chance! Pretty unlike a lot of people who are just one sided.” You growl back to match his attitude. He finally removes the mask for good and looks back to you with lidded eyes; he cannot, though, hide the kneading bones of aggression over his sockets.

“look buddy. I’m all for givin’ people second chances and waiting before judging, but I’ve seen ‘im and what his lil’ pals do. granted he ain’t usually present, but that ain’t an excuse ta be hanging ‘round ‘em.” He argues back, his teeth clenched tighter.

“Of course it’s not an excuse, but he doesn’t need one! Some friends you don’t get rid of despite their opposing preferences! He may be no different! You even admitted he isn’t usually there so how does it correlate to him being a bad person?! You met him once.” You nearly shout back – you can’t help the disbelieving rage overflowing you right now as he runs his boney hands down his face. He is also clearly trying to keep his composure together.

“Alright alright you two hush up.” Undyne bites suddenly as the monster street comes into view. There are certainly more flashlight wielding guards out during the nighttime. It felt almost like the military entrance it was so heavily manned. Undyne pulled up to the security post, made light chatter with the guard, and drove off down the road. The car sat in uncomfortable silence for a tad longer, even Papyrus uneasily fidgeting on the sidelines. You tried to reach over or say something to ease his concern.

“don’t need to meet him twice to know he is an ass.” You suddenly hear Sans whisper to himself in the front before you physically feel a vein in your head pop.

“Oh shut up Sans! What has gotten into you!?” You finally snap back and stiffen in your chair.

“nothin’! I’m just sayin’ you shouldn’t trust that guy!” He barks in return as you flinch back – it wasn’t often he spoke up, let alone yelled. It only floored you more as Undyne sighed and rolled
into the driveway. Once she is finally in park you snatch up your bag and throw the van door open. You are vaguely aware of Papyrus’ calming gestures of desperation, but it’s far too late for soothing.

“Oh, really? You coulda just said it then!!” You shout back before jumping out and marching up towards the door. You hear the front door to the van slam as well.

“apparently not ‘cause you’re going on a date with that jerk regardless!” He yells back again as you ready both of the straps of your backpack in your hand and preparing to beat the skeleton senseless with it.

“Ah, Jane! Great to see you’re awa-“ You spin around from greeting Asgore and glare daggers at Sans.

“It is a study date!!” You scream back before storming upstairs in disbelief and mentally screaming at yourself for acting so upset in front of Asgore. You know you have likely left the gentle giant completely stunned and confused but you rush upstairs and throw your backpack into your room with the following slam of the door. It skids across the floorboards before tripping up at the carpet and vines begin to happily wriggle on the ground with anticipation. You bypass both issues and just throw yourself onto your bed, snatch up the nearest pillow you can, and volley a variety of colorful curses fly free from your mouth. You feel disgusted with yourself and your own attitude – getting huffy and angry like a denied teenager – but he just didn’t understand!

You laid there, grumbling and huffing and even biting back the occasional frustrated tear, before you reminded yourself you weren’t truly yourself right now. Alphys mentioned you’d have a broad spectrum of generally negative thoughts for an indefinite period of time, but was this really the work of that or were you sincerely just fed up with his unnecessary concerns? No…they weren’t entirely unnecessary. In your situation you would probably ask that person the same thing, but Trenton had gotten you to laugh and smile – a simple study date never did anyone harm. It would be in a place you knew well and were surrounded by people who looked out for you. Sans might be there that night regardless if you told them or not of your plans to drag Trenton to Grillbys. It was a good start to just introducing him to monsters – it wasn’t constantly teeming with monsters and there would be humans as well, you knew the regulars and could ask for them to grant you both some space for ‘studying’ and Grillby could, if you pleaded, likely give you a discount. If this didn’t work out you would honestly consider your friendship, but just being racist, speciesist, or whatever they were didn’t mean he wasn’t a good person.

You slid off the edge of your bed, your light appetite gone from the foul mood you found yourself in, and sulked at the base of the mattress. Seymour wormed his vines near enough to catch your foot and gave a quick tug, but it only resulted in them seizing your shoe. They didn’t seem completely aware of the disattachement to the article of clothing, but you were too far gone in your own mind and thoughts to be bothered.

Waking up was a nightmare in and of itself. You’d accidentally fallen asleep on the floor and your legs had wormed beneath the already growing dust balls below your bed with a few hidden art books. It was mostly graphical bits involving nudity which was completely common to come across with an artist, but you weren’t taking chances with Frisk lurking just across the hall with possible access to your room.

Your hip gave a disdainful ache and you growled at your own stupidity for falling asleep in such a place as you managed to extract your lower half from beneath the tense metal. You pushed into
your aching bones and did what you could to keep your neck from craning around, though the
temptation was almost drool worthy. You reach upwards for your phone and snatch it off the stand
to only feel your blood run cold and your world to clutter as nearly an hour late. But that persistent
nagging uncaring hatred wells up from nowhere and you miserably clatter your head onto the
dresser. You just stand there with your face stuck to the dresser like skin to leather in nothing past
your underwear – you honestly can’t even recall how long it’s been since you checked your phone
or started getting dressed.

You finally manage to drag yourself downstairs as you scroll your phone for the next closest time
for the bus to be arriving. It reads that it will take an hour or longer and you ponder walking to save
time – but that ache in your hip from the hard floor and your detestive attitude as of late rears its
ugly head and you decide to submit to just sleeping on the bench until it arrives. Hopefully nobody
was cruel enough to pick your pockets.

Forcing yourself downstairs you hear a rapid clutter and heavy feet before Asgores fuzzy face
laced with rush stumbles around the hall. You check your phone to ensure you aren’t going insane
– he really shouldn’t be home right now.

“Asgore? What are you doing home?” You ask past a well-timed yawn. Asgore finally perks up
and spins around to find you before his face turns gentle and he walks over to cup your face in his
massive paw. It’s comforting and warm, almost like a velvet pillow; in short, you can’t resist
nuzzling into it.

“Thank heavens you didn’t already leave. I was just on my way to make sure you didn’t arrive on
campus.” He replies with a momentary sigh of relief. His words finally echo into your brain as you
straighten yourself out and quirk an eyebrow.

“Wait what? What happened on campus?” You pry desperately as he sighs again and drags his
hand back to painfully rolls through his mane and fur.

“Oh gosh. You must’ve been asleep – forgive me, nobody checked your room for sake of well…
your attitude last night.” He tries to mutter it but the pang of guilt washes over you as you cross
your arms self-consciously.

“Hey, look, I-I’m sorry. I got into a stupid argument with Sans and I am still a little on edge about
it – I don’t mean it rudely, but could we kindly change the subject?” You plead as Asgore gives a
quick nod and clasps his hands together.

“Yes. Of course. You were asking about your campus! Unfortunately last night there was
vandalism with proof directing it towards the anti-monster attacks lately – including threats to all
related students. It is all over the news along with other recent vandalisms to monster owned stores,
though I hear Grillbys was spared. Classes are either cancelled or are being hosted over the
internet. The police have finally allowed us Monster Representatives to have a say in what has
happened and how we can help – Undyne and Papyrus were more than eager. I was just on my
way out after a very early meeting this morning but Toriel called regarding your safety so I decided
to stop by the campus. Luckily, it seems I have no need.” He doesn’t mesh the words together per
say as your brain physically cannot contain the large amount of information just thrust onto your
lap. He checks his clock and his face turns back into that rushed shock as he gathers and tries to
carefully yet swiftly compact them together into a suitcase.

“What’s the rush?” You ask as he rushes past you and straightening his tie. You didn’t question his
need for a tie and suit – he often needed it for work.

“They are holding a conference with the officials and the Representatives are required. Toriel is
keeping them at bay for me. Please take care and if you let yourself out at the very least leave a note, location, and time of return. There is lunch premade in the fridge from last nights dinner!!” He calls as he scurries off, hops into his car with a less then graceful bound, buckles in, and almost speeds. You are left stunned, concerned and just... alone.

Shutting the door and dropping your bag at the base of the stairs you run your hands over your face and try to gather your thoughts. The news would provide better answers, you relay to yourself, as you shamble out and into the living room. There was slight mess here and there – even an unfinished breakfast. You settle it to the side as you fidget around for the TV remote. Finally finding it you flip to the first news channel you can recall off of the top of your mind.

“Officials say that all students, including those not living within a close vicinity to the vandalized college should steer clear of any attacked areas, stick in groups, and/or stay indoors.” The news casters voice finally cuts in but you ignore the majority of her message as your hand flies to your mouth in shock. Pictures of the college – inside and out – are displayed and it’s horrendous. Paintings and pictures both beaten and shattered against the wall while indents line the familiar stone. Paint has been spelled into blurred words – likely too profane to show on live television, but you can only imagine. Rooms are being vacuumed from a window and are slowly yet surely being undrowned from apparent seas of water in some of the classes. Some of the windows are shattered, covered in plywood, or painted deep black or red X’d. Once the graffiti images of the monsters dying scrawled colorfully along the walls unsettles your stomach you flip to another news channel. The coverage is slightly different.

“We will have our friends at our side and see through these troubling times. Hopefully it is nothing more than a graphical outbreak. Regardless, attacking the students and their education system is low to seek the officials attention. Each of them will be fairly and rightfully judged for their crimes against the people – both humans and monsters.” A cheering here, a booing there and a volley of questions as you watch Toriel stand firmly at a speech stand. “All questions will hopefully be answered during our meeting and interview, so I hope you can forgive me if I am unable to answer your comments and questions at this moment. Thank you for your time.” Toriel gives a brief bow and walks off and into a doorway, almost hiding the dazzlingly regal indigo gown she is sporting beneath a spring jacket of black and grey. It’s enamoring and is overshadowed by the outraging voices in the crowd. It’s impossible to decipher friend from foe as the camera is tilted around in the sea of people and finally gets a viewing vantage point of all of the others – Sans, Papyrus, Alphys, Undyne, Frisk and Flowey even. Even Mettaton!!

Sans is, as always, subtle. He has a white shirt lazily tucked into black dress pants, sneakers, and suspenders he keeps fiddling with. His mouth moves ever so slightly as he catches the eyes of the camera and shies away from the attention. You wouldn’t have played Sans for a camera shy kind of guy. That angry welling whirls into your stomach again, but it’s also being overwhelmed with guilt at points. Guilt that the conversation turned to an argument got so out of hand so quickly. Your mood swings aren’t a viable excuse, but he was in the wrong as well, right?

Papyrus stands, as always, the complete paradoxical of Sans. His demeanor is sharp and proud where Sans slouches and sighs. He is dressed in a completely outrageous orange blazer with white defined pockets and he cannot stop fiddling with the front buttons. Beneath the blazer rests and well crafted white and red gingham patterned tie which adds flair to the plain white tee below. He has a buckle tied a tad too tight around his pants that are fairly dapper and black on his lengthy legs. It all cuts off with simple black dress shoes however. He is switching between obviously scolding Sans to easing the sea of peoples tension.

Mettaton is beside them, posing and ready for the publicity, but you know he likely isn’t there just for that. He is, from what you understand, one of the highest renowned monsters out there with
near global products. He has a dazzling gold bowtie and a neon pink shirt covered in a rather shiny tuxedo top – it literally gleamed against the sun rays. His pants were darker then the night and almost seemed to have nay a wrinkle possible before it lead out into his insanely unnecessary (yet fashionable) pink classic heels.

Alphys and Undyne stuck together at the hips, as always. Undyne’s hair is pulled tight leaving but a few stray hairs tangle around her fins. She almost looks like a captain – her outfit even has tassels along the shoulder pieces. It’s white and deep blue to contrast against her eyes and hair but blend nicely with her blue scales. She even wore heels – though, on her, they are like deadly knives she can kick with. Alphys is suited into an adorable pale cherry blouse complete with puffy shoulders. The blouse stretches down fairly far and is only accented by a thick black skirt. Even Alphys is wearing heels, though hers are not nearly as lethal as Undyne – they are black with a little white bow at the opening and only bring her to about another inch taller then you. You had your own heels to amend this situation later.

Finally the camera drew around to Flowey and Frisk. Frisk seemed serious but oddly content as he released Flowey’s pot and gave the people a little wave and showing the slightly gone pearly whites. When did Frisk lose another tooth?! You sigh and growl over the time you’d missed with your fam-……your friends. Calling them……gods you couldn’t even attempt to repeat it. It was pain but joy; the most utter sadness turned into the brightest bliss in mere seconds at the muttering of a single word. Frisk was dressed similarly to Sans – white shirt which was much more neatly tucked into little slack jeans with brown leather suspenders to meet at their freshly cut hair. The wore sneakers, but at the very least it wasn’t untied shoelaces like some skeleton.

Flowey was too cute for words – he had a bright red bow nearly the size of his face tied tightly around his little stem. He kept scowling and barking something over the crowd, likely hopes of death upon them all. It dragged a giggle out of you. Everyone quickly proceeded inside after Toriel was assured entry and the news cut back to the newscasters. You didn’t stick around to listen to the daily drivel as you slunk into the kitchen and fidgeted around with the refrigerator. You found a tiny tupperware, and ‘Janette’ oddly scrawled onto a tiny note taped to the top. You flip it over as usual only to find a little message.

‘jane. didnt see you at dinner! please dont get mad at sans – he is just worried. the ship sails on!! ;D –Frisky and Flowey <3 <3 <3’

You snorty and press the note to your heart. What a little nerd, you ponder as you unveil the cold meal. It was some thin slices of turkey, another tiny container with ready to heat gravy and broccoli. On the side was a covered and concealed potato and on the opposing side was a little bit of dessert – two cookies and a slice of apple pie. You happily sighed and shoved most of the contents into the microwave and watched it spin as it gave a low hum. Leaning against the counter and rereading the note back to yourself kills a little something inside. You can’t really anticipate the tearful flow welling over your eyes as you cry in admittance. You lean your head into the hard counter and finally let a sob rake out of your throat.

It was completely undeserving – these amazing people took you in, let you live under their roof and eat their food and completely accepted you and all your problems. Yet what had you given them? A few vague smiles and memories, but mostly worry and anger. It was worse than simply free-loading. You slid down the counter with each huffed sob and sat against the floor with your forehead pressed into the cabinet before you. You’d given them so little yet they had given you so much that you…..they……they were family.

You wipe away the tears trailing onto the floor but the broad smile you have spread across you cannot be undone as the situation overwhelms you. Forcing yourself to your feet you take a deep
Thair was, luckily, one of the teachers who considered the idea of online teaching. You finally picked out his notice among your unnecessary strew of e-mails. You jumped in rather late to the online class where you became instantly aware of Rhianna and Trentons presences but were unable to talk to them in your eager need to learn. Of course by the end of it you were missing material not simply from the prior week still but the beginning of the class as well. You huffed a sigh before an e-mail dinged into your presence and you read it over.

“I understand you are likely having issues with your studies – know that I am always willing to help those in need of the academic aid…” You read back the text and ponder your thoughts. The news showed no resolve or just general information regarding how long the meeting for the monsters would press on or the length of it, but currently you didn’t have a file of options as you quickly scrawled a reply.

‘I would appreciate some tutoring if that is a possibility. I could use the fresh air and friendly faces. I know a family friendly place that will grant pretty good quiet so long as you are comfortable around monsters.’ You type back in reply as you one more rely on Grillbys. Even if he is unable to make it you cannot keep yourself contained in the house any longer or you may simply go mad from the nothingness that is slowly beginning to swallow the room despite your efforts. Atleast at Grillbys you weren’t judged for drinking away worries.

You didn’t wait for his reply as you gathered your belongings and sketch paper in case you needed a momentary distracter – you needed to submit art samples regardless for class. Shoveling the essentials into your backpack and slinging it over your shoulder you look back to only catch the quick hint of a snaking vine. You toss a few fish to Seymour and Louis and regretfully need to visit the fish market once you found the time; at the very least you could ask someone to pick it up on their way home and you pay them back later.

Reaching the downstairs you fumble around and leave a pretty unnecessary clutter here and there but finally find two pieces of paper.

“To whoever reads this first – Please inform one of the adults; namely Asgore or Toriel. I am going to Grillbys to study in a less quiet space. Just give me a call – I’ll have my phone on hand. Jane. P.S : Thank you for the lunch – and I will apologize to Sans.” You read aloud as you write down the words with a smile before the reminder of the final sentence hits you. You flip over the paper to the other piece for simpler access and choose your words carefully.

‘Sans it’s Jane. I’m sorry I got snappy at you yesterday and I can understand that you are just being concerned and protective – especially regarding all the craziness with the anti-monster gangs. I also don’t approve of his friends but I can’t technically admit to anything since I hardly recall them in the first place. It isn’t my job to judge him based off of his friends and I hope you are willing to see that I cannot just refuse him a chance. I am still going on the ‘date’ which is more or less studying but with dinner. If you are still so high strung about the whole thing it will be at Grillbys so he can watch over me along with the Canine Unit. So please – go steam your bones and relax.’ You stress his need for relaxation because these were certainly tense times. You hoped it was nothing more than the tension and timing leading to his little outburst the other night, but a written apology that was upfront was better than nothing to begin with. Leaving the note for Toriel or Asgore on the table you quickly stomp upstairs, fidget about, and carefully shove the letter for him beneath the door. You’d written in neon blue pen that was practically iridescent in his dark room so...
he should hopefully catch it. In a nervous fit he will imagine it is clutter you try to jiggle the door knob to find it is in fact locked as you had presumed. You sigh and admit to fate because you refuse to let someone else pick it up by accident.

“Bye guys!” You shout uselessly to your pets before wandering to the front door. Suddenly the security system begins to whir and alarm with unknown insanity before you even half your hand to the knob. You panic immediately because red lights extrude from the top like an ambulance and begin to spin and siren. You gasp, dropping your bag, and plugging one ear while you desperately fiddle with the device. You’d hate for them to concern over a false alarm to only find your sorry ass sulking away to study. Finally, it ceases all form of activity or even life – the screen has gone black and a strange noise emanated from it. It caused a uncertain welling in your stomach but the last known time of the alarm system stressed you enough that you left the device alone – if you’d broken it you would end up sincerely apologizing to Alphys while she fixed it. It was best to not make it any worse than it likely already was.

Strolling outside you take steady breaths of the fresh summer sun. It was getting a little too hot for your liking but it was a nice change of pace from the rain and dullness your previous campus had showered you in........Sans would’ve liked that one. You gripped the back of your neck as your fingers ever so slightly grazed the scarred tissue as you focused on your relaxing breathing and the direction of your stride. Things just seemed to be getting more tense with Sans every passing day. Was it some horoscope dislike? A curse? Were you both just banned from being anything resembling friendship?! You sighed as you shook the thought from your mind – banishing it to the deposit bin in the depths of your memory. You both just needed to sit down and sort things out; getting Sans to sit was as easy as getting a baby to cry.

Grillbys finally comes into view as you make a light jog to the business before feeling blessed by the relaxing crackle of his fire and the delicious burger smell wafting through the air. It was pretty slow in general – LD and GD were playing some card game, that bird smoker was seated at the bar and the tipsy bunny was as drunk as ever. There was even a strange hamster creature with punk-related hair and a leather jacket messing with the jukebox. Grillby clearly caught sight of you as you tried your best to slink away to a far and out of reach booth – you hadn’t come to socialize. Simply knowing that somebody else’s presence was near and not hostile put you at greater ease then you had felt since yesterday. Well, that and the end booth had an outlet for your laptop.

You set up your laptop and your drawing pad incase you had any form of inspiration. Your textbook was set on the seat next to you as to keep those who sought conversation to be deterred by your concentration. Grillby surely didn’t mind as he sidled over to the table with a glass of water with an ever so slightly cooked lemon. You gave him a thoughtful and took a tiny sip to only catch how strangely parched you were.

“Are you alright?.....You’ve been in the hospital recently.” Grillby’s flame crackles a tad lower as his eyebrows knot into concern. You give an appreciative face back to your boss with an attempted smile.

“I’ll be fine. I’ve gotten back on my feet from worse. Just takes a little time.” You relay as he gives a understanding nod before straightening himself out, hands on the hip of his apron.

“….Ordering?” You scrunch your eyebrows as you try to recall the menu. Would Thair be hungry if he showed up? You wouldn’t be surprised if he already ate his lunch or possibly a very early dinner, but you were not able to deny the hunger pains growling from your stomach in warning.

“Just some fries for now. I am expecting someone.” You admit as he casts a curious glance through his glasses.
“…Date?”

“Haha not ‘til Friday Grillby. No its my professor. He was offering to help with my work because I am so behind.” You regretfully admit as Grillby lets out a tiny heart warming giggle.

“Alright…… Do the others know you are out? It’s dangerous on the roads right now……….. I could have given you a ride.” Grillby sighs with hints of disbelief. Sure, it wasn’t your wisest idea as of late –especially considering the recent news. Then again, that quietness would have swallowed you whole and you might have made decisions you’d regret later on. You’d never been suited for the silence.

“No, Grillby! I can’t rely on you guys to take me everywhere or I will never find my way around this town. Besides it’s still light out and there are plenty of people looking so when would I get kidnapped? How would they know to kidnap me? It isn’t extremely evident that I live with the Monster Representatives.” You snicker as he gives a roll of the eyes. He wanders off back to the bar with your order in mind as you finally let yourself get into your work – your little fingers type away at a necessary essay as you spend every other minute rereading material for an owed test. Grillby brought by the fries in a decent sized bowl for you to snack on as you gave a thankful glance before getting back to your work.

Roughly half an hour of sheer work passed before you knew it and the little bell to Grillbys jangled. You couldn’t help yourself from looking up to find Mr. Thair and your heart skipped a happy little beat – mostly because his little arms were stuffed with a suitcase and all the files he couldn’t fit in the carrier to begin with. It was nearly bursting at the clutch.

“Mr. Thair!” You called from your booth as he caught the light from your laptop, grew a thin smile and wandered right on over. He got to the table and settled into the opposing side as he leaned back and relaxed with a few heavy breaths.

“Sorry I am so late – my wife nearly bit my head off.” He chuckles as you meander your laptop more to the side.

“Oh no did I interrupt anything?” You ask with concern because you’d hate to ruin some sort of plans they had.

“Oh no no! She just expected me to take the day off regarding the recent events. Even the online study stressed her.” He admits as he rubs his neck and stretches his arms and shoulders. “But I must admit, I don’t recall the last time I had such an enthusiastic learner in the midst of my classes – asking the teacher for curriculum well after the class is over and even inviting them out? It’s a first.” Your face grows a faint blush as your bring your hands up in some form of defense.

“N-No-No! I-I just know t-that I need to catch up! You have n-no idea how much I appreciate you even bothering with me!! I know I will have bad marks for this marking period.…” You mutter that last bit to yourself not wanting to offend him or, even more, yourself and lack of concentration as of late.

“Now when would you believe you were having bad marks?” He snickers as he pops open his suitcase and keeps it from overflowing and spilling over the table. You glance up to him with a tad of guilt in your heart – he’d heard you.

“Because I have slacked off so much! I was out for two weeks now! Two! One of them wasn’t even planned!” Leaning your face into your hands you complain and groan in possible slight exaggeration. Grades were important to you because it gave a better guarantee you could get plucked up by a nicer college who saw your potential. All you ever dreamed was to be a botanist
but the science aspect had called to you. Your need to help people.

You felt a little tug inside your stomach and a faint beating as you gasped and pressed a little fist to your sternum. Thair didn’t seem to notice as he organizes his sheets as you stare at your center. That, you ponder, most certainly wasn’t your heart. Your thoughts were interrupted when Thair produced a paper to you and you quickly accepted it. It was your report card. Hastily you scanned over you marks as soon as you recognized the paper and its purpose and you couldn’t keep the giddy glow of red blush or the slight prickle of tears out of your eyelids.

“How…” You muttered in complete bafflement. You’d presumed your marks would round you, at best, to a B+ - this was reading that with the work you would finish at the bar you would have an A+. You look to Thair for answers as you dab your sleeve at your eyes gingerly.

“I told a lie. I didn’t let your make-up test be a make-up simply because the test was one day before you returned. Then you go off and study for a single hour regarding most material you didn’t have any time to review or even learn….Janette….You aced that test. Most of your other classmates managed a B+.“ He chuckles quite amused as his glimmering eyes look at you – they are confident and profound. “It’s a shame you aren’t aiming for an artistic academic because you are a rare seed among many. But you have potential. I’m not sure if you see it yourself, but it is blatantly obvious you refuse to yield to the obstacles at hand and put your heart into your work.”

“I know a top-tier botanist school, but they only accept students through grades – they don’t believe money can buy the mind. If you carry these grades through to the next marking period……I can make a few calls.” He snickers and leans back in his chair with pride and a wide smile. You can’t dab your eyes fast enough with your sleeve to keep the disbelieving tears from flowing down your cheeks. Thair finds a chuckle of joy in your reaction and extends a hand. “If you can amaze me next semester, then I have no doubts you will reach your dreams.” You reach forward and grip his hand – it isn’t a shake but a good and firm support. You cup the other hand over your mouth to keep your open maw from grossly sobbing.

“T-Thank you sir…” You stutter past a silent whine. It felt so surreal. He chuckles again, reaching out with the other hand to comfort the one in his grasp before he makes it clear that you both should pull away.

“Alright, alright. Enough of the water-works and more study-words. How caught up are you?” He asks persistently as he organizes the papers and refills your report card. You sniffle and quickly use the provided napkin to dab the tears off your eyes and out of your cheeks. You fix your composure and posture with newfound determination and pull your laptop over.

“I’d gotten to maybe four days after my most recent absence. Trenton was nice enough to help me and Rhianna pointed out the key points she could remember.” You sniffle and contain your explosion of emotions for now and focus. You prayed to anyone who was willing to listen that this wasn’t some depression fueled dream that when you woke up your world would once again shatter around you.

“I hate to interrupt….” A silky voice comes from the other side of the table. You hear a slight pop and immediately recognize it as Grillby as you provide him your attention – the other customers had been kind enough to recognize your need for focus at the time so nobody but the bartender had bothered you the whole night. He must have spotted that your fries had vanished into your stomach and that your professor had arrived. Thair also turned to greet the fire elemental though he was clearly overwhelmed with the fire-being and his brilliant glow.

“You’re not interrupting anything Grillby! Grillby this is my college professor Mr. Thair. Mr. Thair this is my employer and boss, Grillby.” You introduce the two men as Thair extends a grateful
hand to shake. Grillby uptakes it as Thair makes a slight face of amazement before it melts away into gratitude.

“A pleasure to meet you.”

“…Likewise.” You chuckle and wave your hand with exaggeration.

“Its fine – he is of few words.” You inform Thair as the handshake is broken. “What’s up Grillby?”

“…..Did you need anything to eat tonight?” Grillby brought a menu over just incase. Thair’s face freezes and contorts in thought before he gives you a smile.

“Well I’ll take whatever is most liked on the menu. I’m no picky eater.” He shrugs as you ponder.

“Wouldn’t that be the burger?” You ask Grillby with concern as he grows a little white smile and pats your head like a dog.

“Yes……anything for you?” He crackles his question as you give a light laugh.

“I’ll take a burger but if you throw lettuce and cheese on it I would really appreciate.”

“Oh – I’ll take pickles if you do throw the lettuce and cheese on.” Thair adds as everyone catches a little snicker.

“Drinks?”

“I don’t think you should be handling liquids friend.” Thair jokes as it gets an earnest laugh from both the men.

“I’ll take the Fruit Mirage.” You ask with a smile – it was half soda and half fruit extracts. Your favorite was Sprite with peaches and mangos. Grillby didn’t need a reminder of your favorite.

“Water or a beer would be fine with me.” Thair admits as you don’t mind the little drink.

“Mn…” Grillby nods while grabbing the fry container. As soon as he is gone you crack your knuckles and cautiously roll your slightly strained neck.

“Alright. Ready.” You inform your professor as his posture fixes.

Plenty of the time you spend together following that is him asking questions and you receiving fifteen seconds to scan the pages for the answer. If you weren’t able to find it, you were taught the location, the premise, and the answer to his question. He would move on but he always returned to that question later on to likely test your memory.

Grillby came by again about ten minutes after the order and delivered the burgers. You gave them a minute or two to cool while you munched happily on the perfectly salted and redelivered fries. Grillby was present with the drinks when Thair decided to take his first bite into the burger. He practically moaned at the juiced flavors flowing through his mouth as you and Grillby shared a high-five of joy for getting somebody else hooked on his amazing grilling. Atleast Grillby gave you your schedule – each one marked with a notice to call ahead incase you already didn’t have a form of transportation. You wouldn’t want to bother him but you knew if you didn’t call he would probably inform Toriel of your lone escapades.

Time begins to lose its value to you as you are lost in your work. Eventually, Grillby closes down the store – apparently he wanted to relax earlier tonight. Didn’t stop him from pulling up a chair to
the table with his own little meal on hand and growing interest in your studies. Thair had give you nearly two make-up quizzes and twelve make-up assignments in the short time you had been there. While you worked away and stretched your fingers periodically Mr. Thair and Grillby made light chatter – mostly about academics and business. Grillby didn’t speak so much as he listened, but you knew he was truly listening and not just pretending to tone him out. Grillby was the center of all knowledge, after all; being a bartender and whatnot came with its learning perks.

About an hour after you finished the fifth assignment the phone began to blare. It surprised everyone but Grillby relaxed in when he recalled he called early and the phone call was, technically, still within store hours. However, they hung up before the third ring as Grillby had been attempting to approach. He waited by the landline for a few minutes incase they tried again, but they didn’t for five minutes so Grillby returned to the table, conversation and his meal.

Thair finally pulled the plug when he noticed how overwhelmed and exhausted you were getting – it only took five bobs of the head from lack of sleep before he finally admitted it was enough. You were two assignments away but because they were so recent you still had time to hand them in on time – of course that required you handing them in tomorrow. Mr. Thair had informed you classes were likely opening back up on Friday or Saturday which worked perfectly for you considering your outing with Trenton and you could have a little time to reflect and catch up with your… family. The thought of the word sent a shudder down your back as you tried to accept the fact that that’s what you knew they meant to you now. It wasn’t just your friend letting you stay at her house – they were the closest to family you’d felt since you left the landlords. It was slightly surreal but even after each unsure shudder you grew a stupid little smile. You packed away your material but left your laptop open to simply relax – Grillby offered to give you a ride home whenever you were ready since he didn’t mind hiding and relaxing in his own bar; it meant there were drinks.

Thairs phone suddenly blared a ringtone he seemed to recognize before he stuttered, gasped, and picked it up. With a few clacks he pressed it to his ear with a nervous sweat growing by his brow.

“He-Hey honey!” He tries to greet enthusiastically. You could hear some of her scream from the receiver as he quickly excused himself to the section right before the front door outside. He settled under the cover as he nodded to anything she said likely. You and Grillby shared a little giggle before he straightened in his chair.

“So what happened…” Grillby asks before he takes a quick sip of his watered margarita. “between you and Sans?” his finished sentence drags an uncomfortable chill through you as you groan and lean over the table. He allowed you a few drinks and you felt tipsy but not enough to not feel the painful reminder hit you.

“He told you?” You flinch slightly.

“Drunkenly, yes. Came in the other night and started downing ketchup like the world was ending tomorrow. Hasn’t done that since the Underground.” You hated when Grillby grew chatty – his voice grew tense and you now it had reason as you flinched over and over again in your seat. You knew he was concentrating all his attention onto you. “Went on to say he felt like a fool for making you so upset but…things got out of hand the other night.” You admit as Grillby waits patiently for the whole truth. You knew he wasn’t going to ask directly about the issue, but you knew he was curious and was a willing to listen ear –… despite his apparent lack of ears. Maybe they were just enveloped in the flame hair or whatever he called it or maybe they just weren’t there, but the glasses didn’t just rest nowhere.
“Okay, okay. I-I….Ugh, I had a study ‘date’ planned for Friday night and I was planning on bringing them here. It was a guy who had anti-monster friends and he was pretty anti-monster too. He and Sans had a scuffle this one time but nothing physical ever happened! I left for a while to go deal with my brother in prison and the entire time before and after we were deadly depressed about the fight we got into – because I support monsters and I couldn’t believe him. But I forgave and asked if we could be friends despite the differences in opinion. But he has shown a lot of proof that he doesn’t mind monsters as much as before – even let me decide to come here for our study ‘date!’ You emphasize as you nearly slosh your drink around. “But I told him, Undyne and Papyrus once I got off school the other day since he was kind enough to walk me through the rain to the car. It started off pretty simple and Undyne seemed happy, Papyrus is always happy, and then Sans is all like “have you known this guy long? he is a racist. you are making a huge mistake. do you know who his friends even are??” You mock Sans’ deep voice as you continue to remind yourself of your aggravation for that skeleton. “And I tell him that he shouldn’t judge people before atleast meeting them twice, and he friggin’ whispers “don’t need to meet him twice to know he is an ass.”!! Like, Grillby, I am sitting right behind him!! So he was really starting to tick me off so I started shouting at him, he started shouting at me, and I just wanted him to understand that I knew it probably isn’t a good idea but I can’t judge him off of one time!” You begin to plead as though you are trying to defend your life. “I know he probably isn’t trustable and it’s really odd that I feel so light and happy around him, but I was just so happy he claimed it was a date! I haven’t been on a date for a year Grillby, and the dude didn’t even call – he dumped me by simply making out with another chick in public and dissing me off when I confronted him…….Can’t I have a hint of hope?” You ask as he sets his hand on your shoulder.

“You are right, but also wrong.” Grillby riddles like a sage. “Sans is very concerned about you meeting with this man, surely. Especially regarding all the events and kidnappings recently, I would be worried too.” You sigh and fidget beneath his hand and gaze.

“I know – I know that now. I left a letter behind that was an apology which is better than just letting it sit and fester, bu-“ Grillby puts a finger to your mouth, pauses, and continues where he left off.

“But I know Sans probably even better then Papyrus. I know he is a great judge of people and their characters just by reading their faces. Regardless of what he sees, however, it doesn’t bring him such obvious hatred towards the individual to grant never even meeting them again. I believe there is another element to his outburst besides anger and disbelief.” Grillby adds before his smile grows and he removes his finger as you are losing yourself in thought once more. “What do you think that is?”

“Uh! Umm……” You stutter and put your hand to your chin in pondering. Something besides anger and surprise? What else would he feel? “S….Sadness?” You ask in confusion as he shakes his head in denial. “Happiness? He is secretly happy for me but he is just being a tsundere?” You ask as he laughs a little harder while shaking his head once more. “Grillby I need a better clue here I have no idea what that skeleton even thinks half the time – I haven’t dissected his brain yet and he hardly ever talks feelings!!” You groan in frustration as your mind works and wonders. Grillby hums with slight content as he settles back into the chair and cross his legs.

“Everyday he comes in here and lets himself get drunk enough to chatter……he always mentions you. Always. His concerns, his doubts, but then an oversea of compliments about how strong and loving you are.” Grillby tattles as you can feel a thick blush overwhelm your cheeks.

“He…..He does?” Your voice is but a whisper and a squeak as Grillby nods in confirmation.

“Yes. Everything he cannot see he has as well. For every cruel thing he says he must amend it with
more and more compliments. He makes it sound like for every imperfection you are perfecting yourself twice over. It’s quite amazing he hasn’t run out of ways to express himself… clueless to himself and his words.” Grillby whispers the last bit but you lose yourself in thought. Every imperfection you perfect yourself twice over?

“……He is not jealous.” You comment with a warning finger pointed at Grillby. He only smiles – no nod nor shake of the head. You feel a dribble of sweat forming at your hairline. “He isn’t jealous, right, Grillby?” You ask as you ease up slightly. No reply but his smile growing wider. Your eyes bulge and you scramble in your seat before your hand bashes onto the table and clatters the utensils and cups. “He’s fucking JEALOUS?!?” You screech as Grillby gives in to a victorious laugh. He gives the approving nod in his fit of laughter and you slouch back in your chair and your eyes as wide as your discovery.

“Jealous of what?! Me going on a date? Wanting a love life?? That it’s someone who is, possibly, a monster racist or whatever!? The hell!??” You screech in continuing disbelief before you drag your hands down your face and try to control yourself. “Jesus I stressed that it was little more than studying with a dude at night! Dinner and studying! That’s all it is!!” You groan as Grillby finally manages to control his popping laughter and brightening glow.

“Well….I suppose you’ll need to ask him once you get home; his reason for being jealous.” Grillby replies as he begins to gather your dishes. You freeze as he grasps your plate and give him a wide stare.

“You know why he is jealous.”

“Of course.” Grillby replies without skipping a beat.

“Gril-“ You are about to plead and beg to the best of your ability, puppy dog eyes on standby, before the air in the bar begins to shift. There is a heavy sucking of air and a faint almost explosive flash that immediately seeps into a fast and vanishing black. And then Sans. Sans just standing in the restaurant and breathing heavily. You and Grillby don’t utter a word as he begins to dash back and jumps the bar. He doesn’t stop at the drinks – he aims for the back door.

“Sans?” Grillby asks and Sans freezes in place before spinning on the heel of his shoes. His eyes are taught and tight little orbs of light and sweat beads down his skull. His jacket hoodie is up and covering the majority of the ivory skull you have grown familiar with in such a short time, but his mouth is broken apart as he sucks in air. You cannot keep your jaw from hanging open in disbelief. You finally shoot up from your seat in the booth.

“grillbz! I tried calling!! ha-have you seen-“ Sans jumps the bar once more with clear precision and mastery and begins to walk harshly towards Grillby but he instantly catches your eye. Your mouth wobbles before the words come screaming out of your mouth in total realization.

“YOU FUCKING TELEPORT?!?!” You screech in disbelief as Grillby has to actually shy away from your uproar. “Oh-Oh my god, that’s how- with-with the maze and th-the grilled cheese!! OH MY GOD YOU SNEAKY LITTLE FUCKING BITC-“ You are about to scream profanities to your startling discovery before Sans rushes the booth and pulls you harshly into his embrace. He buries his skull into your shoulder while his heavy breath lingers on the nape of your neck. He shudders harshly as though your skin on contact is as cold as ice. The tips of his phalanges dig into the fabric in your back and his grip is hard enough that you can feel it past the unnerved scar. His gasps turn into a weary whine as the shuddering intensifies and he loses his ability to stand – you fall with him onto your knees as he clatters to his own as he desperately embraces you. You aren’t entirely sure of the actions happening around you as you are still struck in awe of your revelation but you are pulled from your confusion when your shoulder begins to grow damp.
“Sa-Sans-“

don’t talk…..” He whispers almost desperately and dangerously into your ear as you immediately clack your teeth shut and together. Grillby gives a little sigh and a slow wave before walking outside to the front door. Silence lingers between the two of you as you try and determine what was even happening anymore. Instinctively you drag your arms around Sans’ back and reciprocate a tight hug. You can feel the suspenders still on him but you hadn’t recognized his lazy shoes from the news this morning. You obeyed his demands and kept quiet for minutes as the clock ticked on and his sobs were muffled in your shirt. His mouth to your shirt meant his inhalations were all done by his strange nose and it made the air around your neck hot and cold at the same time. Cold because it was abrupt and fast but warm at the possible knowledge that he could totally smell you right now. As fast as the embrace had begun he flung you away and narrowly bashed your head into the table before he uptook your upper arms. His grasp was painful and his face was feral; the points of hidden canines protruded at the base of his jaw like that of a werewolf. You winced at the connection but he gave you no opportunities to speak up about your discomfort.

“why didn’t you leave a note?! what happened to leaving a fucking note?! everyone thinks you’ve been kidnapped or worse!!” He shouts in similar disbelief. You can’t help but snap back at his sudden shift in emotions.

“Note? I left a note you dunce – I left two! How and why would I get kidnapped?!” You try to push up on his arms to dislodge them from the pincer grip they have over your arms which are losing slight blood flow but his bones don’t budge and you hiss to the pressure.

“there wasn’t a single note in that entire house – we read through each of the scattered papers!! it was a wreck in there and-and Alphys had gotten a memo on her phone that she couldn’t read until after that fucking meeting that the alarm system went off! I rush home and find you gone, doors open, shit scattered everywhere and no connection to your location!! the alarm was fucking broken!! what the fuck were you thinking we thought happened??!”

“Okay, look. Alarm thing was totally my fault but I didn’t want to freak anyone out and I don’t know what happened but it just powered d- wait, shit I broke it?” You ask with concern as he quickly jostles you.

“why weren’t you picking up your phone?! we called grillbz like an hour ago!!! do you know how late it is – how long everyone has been tirelessly searching for you?! are you trying to give us all heart attacks?!!”

“My phone? My phone didn’t even ring! Grillbys did sure but whoever it was hung up before he could get to it – he closed early and was helping me with my studies. I see its dark outside so its atleast 7:30.“ Your sentence is cut off as you let out a yawn and blink your eyes for clarity. You finally catch Sans’ eyes – he is not only livid but in shock. He begins to jostle you again which causes your head to spin.

“it’s nearly fucking midnight!!!!” He shouts right near your ear as you wince and try to wriggle free of his grip. Grillby finally comes back in after sending Thair back home with promises of getting you home at the late hour before he finds your situation. He is quick to come between you and Sans while trying to contain his friend. He snatches him behind and locks his arms in place before yanking the fierce skeleton off you.

“What is going on.” He warns with a quirked eyebrow as you rub your arms tenderly. Frustrated tears spring forth from Sans’ eyes again as he struggles in Grillbys grasp. “Are you alright?” Grillby asks after he catches the imprint of Sans’ bones on your arms. You wince as you press the tender skin; it was likely going to bruise later.
“Yeah, I think…” You sigh before trying to help settle Sans. “I-I need to call Toriel.” You admit before flinging around and digging through your backpack to ease your friends’ minds. You recall leaving the house in slight disarray when you were hunting for paper but you wish you hadn’t messed with the alarm system. There had to of been a note on the counter – you remembered each and every word to a T. Finally you produced your phone and made a fatal discovery. You turn back with immense stupidity and shock written over the sweat crawling down your face.

“I, uh….forgot to charge my phone last night.” You admit with a wince as Sans’ eyes go dark.

“you fucking-” Before Sans can utter another word Grillby whips him off his feet and plants one of the supporting hands over his mouth.

“You need to relax and rationalize your mind.” Grillby says almost warningly as he brings Sans over to the bar. A fiery chain is put between Sans hands as it leads into Grillbys hand that he leaves slammed on the table which prevents Sans from getting away to scream more profanities. He takes the other hand, uncaps a ketchup bottle and forcefully shoves it into Sans’ mouth. He doesn’t complain but he fidgets against the bonds. You gather the rest of your items, including your laptop where you catch the time. You wince as it reads 11:30. With everything packed away you settle it onto the booth as you rush Grillbys phone.

“Gri-Grillby, can I use-“ “Go ahead. I’ll deal with him.” Grillby mutters as he leans his elbow on the counter and just stares at Sans. He seems to be cooling off even if the ketchup bottle is just sitting in between his jaws. You input the numbers as quickly as your little fingers could tap away the memories. They picked up before the first ring could even finish.

“Hello?! It was Asgore.

“Asgore? It’s Jane! I-I’m so sorry I-I didn’t mean to worry anybody! I’m the one who broke the system but it wasn’t on purpose!! I also u-um made the mess because I was looking for papers to write the notes. I know I wrote those and one of them should have been on the counter! My-My phone died and I didn’t pay any attention and I am really, really sorry. I was so busy studying and-“ You can’t help the frustrated tears finding perch in your eyes once more as Asgore finally sighs and hums.

“Shh shhhhh it-it’s fine. We will let the others know. We weren’t able to find any note but I appreciate the call. We appreciate it.” He softly says – he likely can hear your sniffling.

“I’m so sorry.” Your voice is heartbroken and your whole frame is shuddering as you press the phone to your ear.

“Please relax. Where are you? Do you need someone to pick you up?” He asks warmly as Toriel comes to investigate in the background. He mutters something to her and she shouts with joy and tramples off somewhere else to probably inform the others and ease their concerns.

“I-I’ve been at Grillbys the whole time. He was going to give me a ride home but-but I-I lost track of time! I had no idea it was so-“ You wince again, dragging your eyes to the blatant clock.

“Please relax. Keep yourself from stressing and thinking negative thoughts – Alphys suggests it.” He pleads as you take a moment to take a very deep breath.


“Will you be home anytime soon? Do you require dinner?”

“No, no. I ate some food here – I’ll be fine. I’ll have Grillby give me a ride home as soon as
“Jane, please.” Asgore almost gets a chuckle out of your need to apologize and you force yourself to smile and understand.

“Alright.”

“I’m going to hang up now and inform the others. Give my regards and thank you to Grillby.” He asks sweetly.

“Yes sir.” The phone goes cold and you hang up the phone. Turning around Grillby has busied himself with cleaning the utensils and dishes he had left at your table. Sans is now longer bound by flames and just shakily grasps the ketchup bottle in his clutches. Words likely cannot amend your mistake and he is still hot-headed from the other night. Maybe you hadn’t left those notes – though you distinctly recall writing them and pushing something beneath Sans’ door. You fidget and try to pull the sleeve of your shirt over your arm and prevent the imprint from making an impression…….He would have liked that one too. You sigh and grumble as your hand presses against your weary head.

“I’m really sorry for all this mess Grillby but I need to head home now.” You sigh as you go to snatch up your things. Sans likely was staying late with Grillby – they seemed to be good friends for understanding each other better than his own brother apparently could. Grillby gives a little whining moan as he stretches and pops his shoulders before slouching back and putting the last of the dishes away.

“Actually…..I am exhausted from that studying and Sans is here. Resolve this little spat and you both can go home together. Goodnight.” Grillby yawns with a bidding farewell before he makes his way to the ‘FIRE EXIT’.

“Wha-But- Grill-“ You can’t form words in time as he gives a lazy wave and slips out the door. The lights in the bar now only really emit from the faint glow of the moon and Sans’ eyes. He doesn’t say anything as you mutter beneath your breath of the ridiculous situation and try to prevent yourself from banging into anything on the way to the bar. It doesn’t work as you collide your knee with one of the bar stools and hiss sharply to the painful contact. Sans doesn’t even react but you can vaguely make out his shape, the white of his bones past the jacket and the glugging sound from the ketchup. You awkwardly set yourself up in the stool beside him and place your backpack onto the counter to rest your face into. The night had gone from success to hell in a matter of minutes and you wanted to crawl into a dark hole and die.

“there was no note.” Sans mutters as you sharpen your glare just for him.

“I left a fucking note on the counter and slid one beneath your fucking door.” You can’t help the hint of attitude that still draws itself out.

“nobody could get ahold of you.” He whispers and the ketchup bottle begins to wobble in his hold.

“My phone was dead. I didn’t know.” You sigh wearily. There is a crackling sound before the ketchup bottle breaks and shatters against the table, leaving a faintly red mess everywhere. Sans doesn’t even flinch as his fist forms tense and pained. You gasp and jump to your feet. “Christ Sans!” You gasp out before throwing yourself around the bar and flicking on a little candle – Grillby always had a match set on hand as you spark a stick and light the wick before grabbing the entire wax and pulling it over to the breakage. The bottle is shattered and the remnants of the condiment are either soaking or stuck into the sleeve of his jacket, seeping through his taut bones or spreading over the counter. The last thing you wanted was for Grillby to catch a spark when he
saw the mess. Using the candle light you dragged over the trashcan and wiped the majority of the ketchup into the container with a wash cloth, cleaning out the cloth and wiping down the counter. Gingerly you picked up the glass pieces and deposited them into the trash as well. Sans refused to move from the rigid position he found himself in and you sighed deeply before pulling his sleeve closer and unfurling his fists.

Sans didn’t tend to be the type of monster to get mad easily, but this had been your fault. You wiped his hands as clean as you could in the dim lighting and reached for his sleeve when the clean hand snatched up your wrist. You turned to his face to try and dispute his need to grab you so much, but his eyes were tender, raw with tears and just……broken.

“Undyne wouldn’t shut up…..” He muttered as his grip began to falter and shake. It wasn’t the harsh grip that he’d had when he grasped your arms, but it wasn’t gentle. It was desperate. “’bout how it’s my fault.”

“You-Your fault? What’s your fault?” You warily asked as he flinched and bright cyan tears began to form in his sockets – the lids of his growing in pain.

“’eryone else thinks you were kidnapped…..bu-but Undyne……she and Paps reminded me you tend to run. I thought……you ran away. you ran and-and someone found you and took you and you were gone. that you’d turn up dead within the next day. that we’d never hear from you again. and it was all my fault…” His words turned to whispering whimpers as you tried to console him.

“Sans, I……I-I’m sorry I got mad the other day. I-I know you had your reasons to be upset with me and yes I haven’t known him very long…..but it is honestly just me and him going to dinner while we study. And it will be here; right at Grillbys! He agreed to it and I know that the Guard Dogs are off this Friday so-so I will have eyes and ears to watch out for me. Right after it I will go home.” You relay the information as the pricks of light of his eyes wander your face for any lies. He finally gives up enough strength for you to drag your hand out and grasp his own. He manages a smile as your other hand is left free to clean his still condiment covered hand. You switch your hold on the candle to better see what needs to be done before you hastily wash his bones as best you can manage with the dirty rag. Switching the candle back to your dominant hand sloshes the already forming wet wax enough to spill over and onto your skin. You shriek and drop the candle with thankfully goes out from the air as you cup your hand and hiss harshly. Before you can stand and dash the searing burn over to the sink Sans grabs your wrist once more and yanks you back.

There is a fast and slight pressure before something gooey and cold laces over the burn. It brings a pleased hum out of you before you turn about and find the source.

Sans has your burned flesh in his mouth. You stutter and try to pull your hand away in embarrassment but he lathes his tongue over the tender skin again which causes you to oddly twitch. It doesn’t help that he looks up to catch your reactions. You hate how you can see his eyes and bones that are illuminated by the faint moonlight seeping in the front windows. You hope it isn’t enough to display the beet red blush overwhelming your face. He does it a few more times before he releases the hold on your wrist and you fly your hand back. He has a stupid sneer on his face as you cup your hand – the light burn is healing.

“wha’s the matter? cat got your tongue?” He snickers as you stutter to form words. It might.

“N-No! I-I just thought you would b-burn my hand!” You reply uncharacteristically nervous.

“oh yeah? y’s that?”

“…Because you’re a hot-head lately.” You grumble embarrassingly as he sputters a laugh. You hate being the only one embarrassed, so you regret your next words that come to mind.
“Sans.”

“‘sup?” He asks nonchalantly while he fixes his sleeves.

“Are you jealous that I have a date?”

He goes completely rigid. Statue in mere milliseconds. You don’t want to give away the information that Grillby provided so you focus on putting the rag in the sink and cleaning the mess.

“I thought you might be and I just wanted to know…” You whisper before fixing the candle and the light wax that was sticking to the counter. You meet his eyes but he averts his own. His face is blushing deep and light blue hues that dance in the moons illumination and you feel slightly successful though you can hardly mask your still awkward embarrassment.

“….Yeah. I am.”

Your heart skips a beat as you gulp pretty heavily. Why is your throat so dry and crackling? Because you’d been crying?

“Why?” Your mouth forms the words before you can stop them.

“………because you….ugh.” Sans grumbles and shoves his hands into his face. “this is the worst way-“ He mutters to himself but you manage to catch it before he stiffens and finally meets your eyes. His are thick but intense and true. “because you’re able to get a date when I am sitting here, wondering ‘how the hell can I ask her? how do I not make this awkward? when is a good time? will she even like me?’ but you just come up after meeting this guy or something and just…” He snaps his fingers for emphasis as you lean across the bar. Was this what it was like to be Grillby?

“So…..you like someone. Good on you pal! Go out and get her – pluck her right off her feet with some witty jokes or something and just show your love!! I know that’s a lot asking from you but if its genuine it’s genuine! So – whos the lucky girl?!” Your eyes are alight with new passion as Sans grows wary of your sudden interest. You could never walk away from someone in need of relationship help despite your failing track record. He sighs, undoes his hood and rubs his skull in near agony.

“she’s……ugh she’s perfect.” He sighs while he stares into the wood of the bar. “fills up my mind whenever I am actually trying to ignore it. warms my bones with her laugh. her skin is so soft yet so firm. her heart is large and her soul….stars her soul. it’s impossible to explain the beauty and purity of her soul – it just rings with love.” He growls as you arch an eyebrow.

“Rings? Wait – you’ve seen her soul!? I thought that was super personal!” You ask with newfound curiosity.

“it is, but she was curious and willing. every soul has a different type of beat or pulsation that almost sounds like music, but hers……it’s like the bell on a kids bike with her beautiful voice humming a tune to it’s song.” You honestly don’t know how to handle that extremely poetic statement, but it just makes you shrivel and clutch your fist to your sternum. Your soul probably lost its tune a long time ago.

“she can be an idiot, but I always forgive her. sometimes she even manages to shock me and I just can never get her out of my mind. and her eyes…” He pulls his attention from the wood and gazes deeply into your eyes. “like ambers dropped in a sea of honey.”

“Sounds sweet. Didn’t know you had a sweet tooth, Sansy.” You snicker as you say the little pet name and he flinches back with embarrassment.
“She-she is sweet. She is strong, independent, funny, beautiful and just……perfect.” He whispers the last bit before his face falls. Grillby had mentioned he views himself on a much lower scale.

“B-But Sans, you’re strong! I’ve seen and experienced it myself. You are blatantly independent to the point of aggravating but you treat your family and friends above all else! I don’t got to say shit about you being funny – you’re one of the funniest people I know! I’m not sure what the monsters definition of good looking is but you have your own handsome charms to you as well. Sans.” You call for him as you put your hands on both of his shoulders, gaining his attention.

“Nobody is perfect. What completes that is your significant other. She isn’t perfect, you’re not perfect; but you are perfect together!” Your words seem to catch him in a trance as you back up and snap your fingers with a realization.

“Dude! We could have a double date Friday! You and your mystery girl and me and Trenton!! I could be there to support you and study, Trenton to study and get better with monsters, you would be relaxed because me and Grillby are in your corner and mystery girl will be all over you as soon as you start just being yourself! Its full proof!!” You shout with victory as he starts to deeply laugh. You hope he is excited or even considering the prospect, but his face is laced with regret.

“it won’t happen.”

“How the hell do you know that if you haven’t even asked her yet?!” You grumble.

“she has a date on Friday.” He admits as a painful pang bruises your heart.

“…Whats her name?” You ask suddenly.

“the hell you need to know that for.”

“So the first time I meet her I can get really mad at how dumb she is for not even considering you might be interested!” You scowl as he lets out another laugh. He almost looks like he is on the verge of tears. “I’m serious!! I’ll beat her up – with words, mostly. I don’t think I could win physically…but it’s the thought that counts!!” You growl with desperation to help your needy friend.

“Jane.” Sans says.

“No! It-It’s wrong that you’ve probably spent hours upon hours just standing on the sidelines when you’ve apparently completely fallen for this girl and she won’t even pay you a glance!” You gasp suddenly with realization before demanding, “Did you atleast get her phone number? I will call her to meet and fight this out.” You warn.

“Jane.” He repeats himself.

“What?!” You bark back at the interruption.

“Jane.” He replies.

“What I asked what?!”
“Her name is Jane.”

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The ticking of the clock envelops the last of your echoes in the store as a strange silence overwhelms the store. Your enthusiasm dies as you settle your finger on your chin.

“Hmm…..that….that would make the double date weird.” You admit as Sans lets loose a sputtering laughter.

“are-are you serious?”

“Well ,yeah! If we invited this Jane onto the double date you both would say Jane and we would both turn our heads like does in the headlights!” You argue as he falls to the counter and laughs hysterically. “What?! I don’t want to get called Janette – especially by an entire table of friends in Grillbys! Grillby would never drop it.” You harrowingly reply with a shudder. He’d likely start calling you it around the store hours.

“oh-oh my god you are serious.” Tears form in his sockets as you scowl at him.

“Of course I am serious!! When am I not serious!? That’s like asking Papyrus if he is ever serious – which he is, obviously! God I should smack you outside the head…” You grumble, choosing to yank his hoodie back over his skull as he lets his chuckle begin to die and you gather your stuff in disbelief. “Whatever. I am going home.” You state.

Once more he snatches up your wrist and drags you back to him. You plop into his hold where he has another sneering Cheshire grin forming in his teeth as he looks slightly down on you. You puff your cheek in retaliation.

“Okay do you have a wrist fetish or something because I refuse to fuel this if you do.” You warn while trying to recount the times he’s done the same action over and over to constantly be successful. He snorts and buries the rest of his laughter into your shoulder as you grumble in agony. You just want to go home, sleep, repeat, wake up, date, sleep, and be done with all the fuss. He finally extracts himself from your shoulder with a broad smile and pulls you closer against his sternum. It almost makes it hard to blink.

“don’t move. hold onto me.” He informs as you glare up at him.

“Why the hell should I?”

“I ain’ walkin’ home, Jane. keep your eyes closed and just remember to not let go.” His voice is more of a warning as you very quickly put together the pieces and almost glow with amazement he was going to teleport. He would not hear the last on this matter. You did what he told – holding onto one arm and the other firmly wrapped around his back. You don’t want to close your eyes incase the possible motion sickness makes you vomit so you just bury your face into his jacket. It reeks of ketchup and a hint of cologne – the same type Papyrus uses whenever Mettaton comes around.

In an instant, the floor is gone. Your feet dangle and are dragged into a nothingness below. Without looking you know there is nothing beneath you – it just feels empty and void. The air is chilled and it hurts to breath. It’s almost too dark to see the vibrant blue of Sans’ jacket anymore as a hand that was firmly on the curve of your back comes up to pull your head back into his jacket; when had it begun to drift away?

“don’t look. stay calm. we’re almost there.” He whispers as you oblige to his demands – you
weren’t the super teleportation wizard.

Your stomach nearly flips when you finally find the floor again and you can’t help hunching over immediately and trying to not barf. It sort of works as the acidic discharge is small in quantity and doesn’t spew out of your mouth which leads you to disgustingly swallow it back down in confused haste. The arm at your head now pressed firmly enough into your back that you felt light pressure as it stroked up and down in concern.

“prob’y shoulda warned ya ‘bout getting’ sick.” Sans snickers as you choose to glare at him. Your glare catches another hint of bone and red before you are plucked from the ground once more and find yourself pressed against a polo shirt and thin and pokey sternum; its Papyrus.

“JANE! WHERE COULD YOU HAVE POSSIBLY BEEN ALL THIS TIME!??” Papyrus shrieks with sadness and delight.

“she was hangin’ round Grillbys bro. tattling on how much of a hot-head I was the other night. no bones about it though – we fixed up the friendship.” Sans shrugged as Papyrus crushed you further in his embrace. You hadn’t had time to properly begin breathing one more as you feel like you are nearly choking down another vomit.

“SANS!! JANE IS SURELY TIRED, AND I AM SURELY TIRED OF YOUR PUN-GAMES. I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL NOT STAND BY AND LET POOR JANE SUFFER YOUR IMPULSIVENESS TO JOKE WITH WORDS!!” Papyrus quickly turns on his heel with churns your stomach and walks off calmly and dashingly to the stairs.

“’lright. don’t need a story tonight bro?” Sans asks leisurely as he follows. You weren’t able to see if anyone was even present anymore but as you ascended the stairs you vaguely hear Undynes insane snoring. Alphys had to be asleep before Undyne or she’d never manage any rest, so it was safe to assume she was asleep too. Even if you had gone missing, Toriel wouldn’t let Frisk stay up later then 10 p.m and Flowey was almost always with Frisk so they likely were out cold as well. Toriel and Asgore must be either relaxing and/or sleeping as well after hearing the news. Papyrus likely wasn’t asleep because he is generally concerned for your well-being…….but mostly because he didn’t get a bed time story. You can hear in his slowly waning voice he is tuckered out. Finally pulling your face from Papyrus’ sternum you glare at Sans.

“Ya need to take my puns now, do ya?” You grumble on the thought of the hot-head one as he gives a shrug. “Get some more backbone and make your own why dontchya.” You warn as you stick out your tongue. Papyrus instantly drops you on realization and points upstairs.

“TO BED WITH YOU SMALL HUMAN!! I ,THE GREAT PAPYRUS, MUST FETCH MY JAMMIES!!” Papyrus yells triumphantly but you can see he is on the border of crashing. He, also, hadn’t bothered to remove his clothes from the meeting besides his orange blazer. With that he walks off into his room with a slam of the door and a very obvious exhausted groan. Sans wanders over to his door and you follow him.

“what? wanna sleep together again?” He asks with a condescending snicker as you push him towards the door with a new vibrant blush.

“Shut up! I just wanted to verify the note I wrote for you wasn’t in your room! I swear I wrote two – I put one on the counter and one under your door.” You mutter as he shrugs and opens the door. He takes a few steps in and you flick on the light to check the floor. The note doesn’t appear to be there but a fluttering catches your ear as you look to the right. It had gotten pulled into the trash tornado. “Ha!” You proclaim, “I knew I wrote one!!” You reach in quickly and pluck the paper from the tornado as Sans wanders over. However, what you read is the notice you’d left for Toriel
about where you’d gone. Had you left the apology on the counter? Before you can go investigate
Sans plucks the page from your hand, reads it and flips it over. He snickers before handing it back.

“you’re such an idiot sometimes.”

Checking the paper, you foolishly rush to your room in more embarrassment. The note was just put
on the other side of Sans’ message.

Frisk is the one to wake you up early the next morning. They head off to school with Toriel and
Asgore goes off to work. Breakfast is relatively slow with just you and Papyrus but you’re
surprised to catch Sans shambling down the stairs. He is in his café attire and looks utterly
miserable and exhausted.

“SANS! COME EAT SOME BREAKFAST!” Papyrus invites him to the table as you sip the last
of the cocoa. You were actually going with Papyrus later to fetch ingredients at the grocery store
before he had to go to work – he had promised you that you could pick up a new supply of
anchovies.

“can’t bro. gotta go ta work…” He grumbles as he takes a quick swig of ketchup from the fridge
and some orange juice. The combination makes your skin crawl.

“OH!! JANE, IF WE PROVIDE SANS A RIDE TO WORK WE CAN SAVE ON GAS AND
ALSO DO OUR SHOPPING AFTERWARDS!” Papyrus proclaims. You think about it and shrug
– better now than later.

“Sure Papyrus. I can get something to snack on for afterwards anyways.” You agree as you clean
up the dishes of cereal.

“nuh bro you don’t hafta-” Sans’ morning slurs were worse than usual but Papyrus didn’t mind.
Quickly he hoists his brother under his arm and he makes no effort to escape.

“RIDICULOUS! YOU WERE USING MAGIC TOO MUCH YESTERDAY IN OUR HUMAN
HUNT AND ARE THEREFORE EXHAUSTED!! WHAT IF YOU FELL ASLEEP AT THE
WHEEL OF THAT DEATH MACHINE?!” Papyrus exaggerates as you snicker with a little yawn.

“It doesn’t have a wheel Papyrus. It’s a motorcycle.”

“REGARDLESS!” Papyrus shouts in reply as you shrug. Papyrus and Alphys had showed you that
the new security system read souls. You’d explained what had happened and apparently your soul
must have swelled with Kindness or Perseverance when it was accustomed to the mixture of your
soul. You spent an hour with Alphys that morning very early trying to ensure that the alarm
wouldn’t blare again from the unusual soul entering the house. It didn’t do anything when you
walked outside so you were thankful that hour of concentration and emotions was not for naught.

The car ride was simple yet enjoyable, but over in a flash. Time felt like it was skipping in places
and it unsettled you. Papyrus gasped and looked inside the store.

“OH, OH! WE NEED TO GET COFFEE AND COCOA! THEY SELL THOSE HERE!” Papyrus
shouts with victory before grabbing his wallet, shoving it in the rare to see jeans and rushes inside.
You get out as slowly as Sans who can’t withhold the yawn he creates as well which has a domino
effect on you.
“You gonna be alright? You look awful.” You comment seeing the darkening bags beneath his eyes.

“really? shit – this was my good side.” He manages a little snicker as he bump into him purposefully. The door jingles from the bell above and you enter a quaint little café store. A woman the register is helping with Papyrus’ order. Her hair is silky black and long and nearly goes down to the mid of her back. She has more piercings in her ears then you can see past the shadow locks gently braided down the sides to withhold her bangs. She appeared to be your age if not a little younger and she perked up instantly to your arrival.

“Ah! Hi Sans!” She waves enthusiastically – she is almost like a human version of Papyrus. Her voice is a little high pitched but nowhere near annoying, it’s nearly soothing.

“hey J.” He lazily greets before he slips behind the counter and to the coffee machine to pour himself a cup. “don’t tell ‘em I’m sneakin’ drinks in here. they’ll think I’m an alcoholic.” He quips which has her giggling sweetly. Papyrus seems to have gathered all the supplies and is looking over the breakfast options as you find yourself just near the display case.

“Hello ma’am! What can I get for you today?” The sweet girl has wandered around the side as she hung up her apron because she seemed to be swapping shifts with Sans. She was perky and sweet; you’d be lying if she didn’t have a good figure too. She was…..

perfect.

You froze and did the fastest scan over her you could. Beautiful hair, loving laughter, supple looking skin, friendly with Sans, her eyes…..a deep hazel. They nearly dragged you into them. Finally, her name tag. You could almost feel your jaw drop in amazement. You grab her shoulders and she shrieks in surprise.

“Your name. Your name is Jane.” You comment with disbelief. She looks a little shocked but puts on a tough smile.

“Yes! But everyone calls me J thanks to Sans.” She giggles as she grants you the biggest and happiest grin you could ever do. Your mind has the entire thing playing out and you can’t stop it now.

“That’s cool! My name is also Jane but you can call me Janette! And, actually, I was wondering if you could help me.” You ask with a wink. Her mouth drops in surprise too as she bring a hand to try and cover it.

“Oh my gosh, no way!” She shrieks in excitement to the discovery and relaxes under your hold. “How can I help you, Jane? Oh gosh this is weird.”

“But excellent.” You snicker and grasp her hands in both of yours. “See, do you have plans this Friday?” You ask and you hear Sans sputter and choke on his coffee.

“Actually, I did but the other person cancelled. It was going to be awfully lonely but I figured I could ask one of the coworkers to change shifts with me.”

“Please don’t!” You plead and catch the girls attention. “See I am really nervous because this Friday I have a date!”

“Oh!” She gasps and her smile grows. “Congratulations!!”

“Thank you!” You squeal with joy; god she was so pure. He hadn’t lied about how deep her eyes transfix you. “But I had asked Sans to be there to kind of support me, but I’d hate for him to feel lonely or anything, y’know? The guy deserves better.” You whisper to her as she nods in
agreement.

“Oh totally! Sans is such a sweet guy – very funny as well.” She almost sings. Jackpot.

“I know right?! So, I thought that maybe you would be willing to go on a double-date with us? Me and my date and you with Sans?” She gasps and pulls one of the hands from the grasp to her heart as her eyes glow brighter.

“Re-Really? Me?” She asks warily.

“Of course! It doesn’t even have to be a date – me and him are really only going to be studying – but with Sans there I will feel more comfortable! I just thought that since you apparently won’t be busy that night and because Sans isn’t really okay with this guy and me, a fourth person would set his mind at ease! Why not a friend, coworker, and kind hearted person like you?” You arch an eyebrow at the girl who looks like she is on the verge of tears. “If it’s too much to ask for, let me know. I just figured it would be nice and maybe we could even be friends – you seem like a very sweet girl. Sans talks about you a lot to me.”

“Re-Re-Really?!” She squeaks with her face going red. You can hear Papyrus squealing giddily in the background.

“Yes! He is always saying about how kind hearted you are and have so much strength that others can’t see. He certainly didn’t lie about how gorgeous you were – you might even steal my date right out from under my nose! But wouldn’t it be fun?” You ask as she fiercely nods her head.

“I’ll do it! I’ll most certainly do it!!” She replies as you jump with joy and she joins. Even gets too excited and grapples you around in a loving hug. You don’t deny the affection. You feel like you are glowing on the tippy top of Ebott right now.

“Great. It is this Friday at Grillbys. Roughly around 8 p.m if that’s alright. If you need it I will make sure that idiot bag of bones picks you up.” You warn as she lightly puts an arm on your shoulder.

“Oh he isn’t an idiot at all! I’m surprised he doesn’t have a PHD! Thank you so much for the invitation – I’ll be there on the dot!” She giggles with joy and brings her face past you to check on Sans. You follow her line of sight – fresh coffee is being wiped off with a paper towel and his eyes are wider then you have ever seen them. “I’ll see you Friday Sans! It’ll be great!!” She squeaks with joy before turning the other way. You continue to turn to find Papyrus tiptoeing rapidly on his feet and his mittens shoved into his mouth to prevent him from screaming. “Bye Papyrus – great to see you again!” She shouts once more before throwing her arms around you. “Thank you too for this Jane. I will completely support you and Sans!!”

“Thank you too…Jane. Oh gods this is going to get weird.” You snicker and her eyes practically glow.

“I know!”

“You can just call me Janette when we meet up and I will call you J – does that sound alright? That way we won’t get confused.”

“Of course! I like your full name though; it’s very pretty.”

“I’m glad one of us does.” You sigh with a hint of tension before you give a little wave and she skips out the door. You watch her quickly drive away before you turn to Sans with the biggest grin – his face is still frozen in complete shock.
“I am the master of romance over here right now! Make it rain cocoa on the call of my name!”
You shout gloriously to nobody. Papyrus lets out a shrill squeak and swoops you into his grasp as the bags of goodies rustle around.

“OH THANK YOU HUMAN! SANS HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN TELLING YOU THAT YOU SHOULD GET TO KNOW SOME OF THESE HUMANS BETTER? LOOK HOW EXCITED SHE WAS!!” Papyrus cheers as you cheer with him.

“From now on and only in this store must people call me the love guru.” You comment as Papyrus tosses you into the air and nearly into the slowly rotating ceiling fan.

“LOVE GURU!” Papyrus calls and before long it turns into a chant. He chants it the entire way out of the store. The last thing you see is Sans still completely frozen as he can’t pry his eyes off you. You snap your fingers repeatedly and point at him each time with a quick wink.

“See ya Friday. Better get your balls ready boy!”

“BALLS!!!” Papyrus suddenly screams as you can’t help but snort at the awkwardness as he drags you out and into the car.

He watches in complete terrorized shock as Papyrus drives away with a great grin and you keep pumping your fists in victory. The millisecond his bright red car is out of sight he lets his weary skull bash against the counter. Slowly he loses the energy in his feet and slumps down the side of the counter and behind the register.

“…..are you seriously this dense.” He can’t help the words coming out of his mouth with a pained laugh.

What had he pulled himself into?

Chapter End Notes

If you hate me for stupid Jane, please comment below <3
Okay no I had way too much fun writing this chapter ^^"

Check out my Tumblr page for my Fanfics!!
Please leave me your comments below or send me messages over my Tumblr - your feedback is very inspiring.
Dating Start. . . ?

Chapter Summary

Jane does that thing known as 'double dating'.

Chapter Notes

I froze up on the weekend when I realized I only had about 4 thousand words made up. It wasn't supposed to reach more then 15k in total honesty. 23K later....Nightmare.

Also - we missed it, but the 1 Year Anniversary of the start of this happened!! January 29th, 2016!! Hot damn - it's already been a year!! Thank you for everyones support and patience during this time. You guys are incredible!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“OOOOOH!!” Papyrus has been squealing and rapidly running in place for nearly the entire visit to the grocery store. You hadn’t expected his excitement to excel for nearly half the hour that you were there, gathering supplies and food. Papyrus managed the groceries and daily products while you bought yourself some blank paper sheets – ensuring that Papyrus had no idea of your intentions. Swiftly you were dropped off at the house as Papyrus rushed inside to stuff the groceries away, get dressed, and trample by just as fast in haste to get to work early. You waved and watched Papyrus leave, ensured the house was empty, and ran upstairs to gather the necessary equipment.

The repayment price for all they had done and were, apparently, willing to do was too steep to return in cash. All’s you knew were flowers and art; this was all you could manage at this point – a conveyor for your appreciation. Frisk had mentioned to you that when they were encountering everyone, they all had a different ‘battle theme’ music. While it makes no sense personally, it was the only thing you were sure they shared in common.

So you would make piano music scores for each of them.

Cracking your fingers and craning your neck calmly, you look over the side table you dragged into the piano room and study the labelled pages – even Flowey had one. Everyone was set and ready, awaiting that burst of inspiration you got after your class. Content with the work and readiness, you work your way into the corner with your laptop and open the course for the classes; your phone charged and on stand-by incase of any messages.

The online class is cut shorter which is fine in retrospective, and the remainder of the notes and homework that would guarantee that A+ for the semester are finalized and sent via email. With a popping stretch you extract yourself from your work and skip over to the piano, slide onto the bench, and freeze.

............I don’t know what their themes would be.
You lean back, hand at your chin, and ponder. While everyone had a general feel to them, it wasn’t such a simple thing: translating feelings into pieces of art and music. Some implied it required thought, others didn’t. Plenty of he said, she said and not enough facts of what worked better – and you never dealt with it before on a personal level like this.

Toriel’s would be light, warm and protective. Asgore would be deep and powerful with the underbelly that is lovable and caring. Sans’ would be silly and relaxed, but low and mysterious. Papyrus would clearly fit with a confident upbeat tempo that screams his quirky attitude. Undyne is demanding, charming, with slight elegance. Alphys’ likely a nerdy type that consisted of odd stutters that only added to the overall piece. Frisk is an assured youth full of energy but also dignity righteousness, and even maturity. Just because you knew Flowey a little more, you wanted to give him something evil and outrageous, while the ending would be smooth, gentle, and soft like he can be. With the extra papers you found yourself writing out more and more names: Grillby, Mettaton, Napstablook…….Even Chara. Everyone deserved something because they had impacted your life, but it took you so long to realize it all.

What follows is the best part of any artistic inspiration: where to start. You fiddle with the pencil, twisting it around using your fingers and staring off into space and nothingness. Paintings and music were two completely separate concepts, styles, even genres. It didn’t help that you made more work for yourself – for now, atleast, you would keep your focus on making something nice for the household and Grillby. Grillby counted because he was your boss; end of discussion. Your fingers began to tap at the keys without the pressure to resonate sound from the grand instrument as you tried to think of melodies. Asking was out of the question because it would ruin the surprise, but you lacked plenty of knowledge about them and their time Underground while Frisk remained blatantly vague. All they had told you was their ‘battle themes’ were all different yet suiting – did you have to fight them? That seemed rather backwards…

“What’re you doin’ in here?” The voice from behind throws you into such shock your knee bashes into the base of the keys and the chair tilts enough backwards that you descend and clamber onto the floor and someone’s legs. You wince and peek upwards to see a snickering smile from Undyne as a little thought pops into your mind. Captain of the Royal Guard, trained human hunter, badass strong fish monster…

I might need to think of something else for Undyne….

The intimidating fish squats down to only prove herself further – she hooks her arms beneath your own and lifts you with ease before setting you back on your feet and dusting off your back.

“Sheesh, what’s with that face ya gave me?”

“Face? What face?” You ask as you recall and scurry to hide the papers and names. Luckily, the one you had set against the piano board was blank……..why was it blank?

“Ya looked at me funny.” Undynes hands find the side of her hips as she watches you gather your papers in secrecy.

“Never would I ever.” You reply is rather dull and sarcastic, but you didn’t doubt looking wrong at Undyne when you didn’t know her better was another form of suicide. Now, though, she guffawed it off and tightly hooked her arm around your neck before dragging you through the house while you hid the papers. It wasn’t enough to choke or bruise, but it didn’t help but make you gag slightly.

“Well, whatev’s – c’mon, we gotta go!” She encourages as you are dragged out the front door and into the bright sunlight.
“Wait, what, why, what?” Your questions slew together as she straps you into her car, vaults over and snug right into the driver’s seat and buckles in. Nothing is answered as your hair gets caught in the speeding wind and panicked squeaks.

“No.”

“We are not repeating that insanity with the dress.”

“Undyne – they are all two pieces.” Your head bashers into the side of the changing room in agony. Swimsuits. She has taken you swimsuit shopping. While enthused that the pool would be done any day now, it came with the issue of finding a swimsuit. Undyne was not the type to sit by with one pieces. The entire store had nothing regarding full piece swimsuits, and it was a nightmare. While the others were completely aware of your scarring besides Asgore, you weren’t personally prepared for any reactions or stares. The thoughts, while foolish, weren’t unwarranted.

“I won’t see you waddling around without atleast having some gawkers!!” Undyne demands as she slings another 4 sets into the changing room. They were getting more outrageous, frilly, or sexual.

“….Undyne. This is literally just string.” You growl as you throw one back.

“YEP.”

“NO!!” You groan with anguish. “Atleast find me one of those two pieces that covers more then just my chest and ass!” You pleadingly hiss into the changing door as she stumps off with a grumble. Picking up one of the sets, you recognize it. It’s a near perfect replica of the one the childhood you sported in that photo resting in the sun room. It was the most decent one thus far despite the frills so you place it to the reserved side. Undyne may not let you leave the store without buying something regardless – if she was going to do that, you would atleast take this over the string. Another swimsuit comes flying over the door and lands ceremoniously on your head.

“There. It covers your back. But its only one piece and you need to pick the other, so if you go with that I get to pick the thing for your ass!!” She howls with a chuckle and presses her back against the door. At first glance, it’s a lengthy top piece that appears to hang above your belly button! You sigh with relief as your prayers are answe-

The front cannot even be considered a piece. The boob coverage is nothing more then a belt. It looks awkward and leaves you at a loss for words.

“Undyne…i-is there any that has more coverage?” You meekly plead.

“I don’t know.” She mutters back.

“…Can you go look?”

“Only if you try that on.” Her wager is deadly as you sigh and give in. If Undyne was ready to see you wear strings, she has no decency for the female form past Alphys. Using the bottoms already adorning your skin, you slip the apparently intricate piece over and on. Once you finally manage it, it doesn’t just look it; it feels ridiculous. It was like one of those key hole necks – except the only thing keeping the front covered were the size of your breasts. Which wasn’t a lot as you looked down and over your fairly average breasts. This was meant for modelling and blowjobs – two
things that weren’t happening anytime soon, nor would you allow to.

“Sooo, wha-“

“No.”

“Awww, c’mon! Just cross your arms under your boobs like you always do and make ‘em perk!”

“No way! This is going to come off so much easier! I will be exposed!” You curl up in a ball.

Wait, when did you do that with your arms? You didn’t…

“Well, they only get ‘worse’ from there.” She grumbles just as impatiently as yourself. Looking at
the thin selection you deemed a possibility, nothing was great; you certainly didn’t doubt Undyne
when they said they only got worse. You sighed inwardly as you grasped one of the two pieces: the
one with the frills. While it was embarrassing, you picked it because it was white and didn’t make
your skin stick out but provided the most coverage for the more private sections. The only issues
were the frills on the bottom and the top was only kept on with some tying in the back. An easy
issue to solve; just finding a crop-top to put on top could even prevent sun burning. It was the best,
cheapest, and likely wisest option.

“Alright. I picked one.” You sigh. The regret would likely grow later, but swimming was your first
priority. Second was coverage.

“Thank the stars.” Undyne sighs as you strip off the other suit. The only thing you despised of the
clothing – the removal. Twisting and turning desperately to escape the tight and constricting cloth,
you can breath easily once removed before hastily squirming into your bra and shirt. Your pants
slip on with ease as you ensure you grab your selection and leave the stall. Undyne had picked her
swimsuit out while you took an eternity; Alphys had already gotten one, although she had never
shown you.

Proceeding to the check-out, Undyne snatches away your purse and lifts it away and free of your
reach. She tosses her credit card to the clerk as you struggle to take control of the order, but its
impossible when she is capable of holding you and the purse so far apart. The order is wrung
before you even get within a foot of it. You glare and grumble as you snatch the baggie and stroll
towards the front door. Undyne lets a snicker escape her as you snap your head around to question
what was apparently so funny. She points in your direction; following her gaze you catch yourself,
in fact, crossing your arms beneath your breasts. You immediately drop them and avoid eye contact
while her arm is thrown around the back of your neck and pulled closer.

Undyne also had personal business at the grocery store, so you made another pit stop there. You
snatched a few extra cans of fish despite the recent restocking and proceeded home. The time had
certainly disappeared; the sun was nearing the horizon already. You help haul the groceries in, but
a baguette blocks your vision as you carry everything in and trip over the slight step up into the
entrance. You drop the food off in the kitchen and Undyne shoos you away to ‘do whatever it was
you were earlier with a certain blink. You sneak back and snatch up the piano sheets as you slip
and sneak through the now bustling house. Alphys, Papyrus, Frisk and Flowey are at the kitchen
table playing something that looks an awful lot like Mouse Trap. You sneak past them and quietly
shut the door to the study to evade any intrusions before a heavy snore startles you. Spinning your
head around, Sans is skull first on the science table that has papers and notebooks strewn about, some crumpled and stained. You sneak a hint closer to inspect if he is truly unconscious – he doesn’t respond as you wave your hand enthusiastically in his face nor waggle your tongue; it’s genuine.

The books and documents are half legible while the other half is coming out in scribbled wingdings. Snatching up a stapled together packet you rummage and scan through quickly, your brain working faster then your capable eyes to interpret the message. It seemed to be a passage about the CORE, something about the Snowdin ‘Stabilizing’ project, and some more nonsensical notes involving a slew or 1’s and 0’s. Almost like coding. Sans begins to fidget and finally props his arms beneath his skull. Peering closer, you can see the dip and softness to his somehow hard bones as breath magically leaves his clenched teeth. If you took out the open nasal passage and the slight reveal of his vertebrae and clavicle, maybe added a hat or ears, you could see him being an insanely pale human when he is asleep. You work your way around his chair to nearly stumble on a fallen blanket collapsed beneath his seat. With a sigh, you hoist and flare the blanket as you pat it free of any excess dirt and dust before cautiously laying it over Sans. He fidgets, but gets comfortable quickly. In his movement you manage to catch eye of what he was working on – and he was using an ink jar! Subtle not so subtle curiosity gets the better of you as you practically need to pry the paper out from beneath his arms. Eyes scour the page before your face lights up with marvel and goosebumps travel across your skin.

They layout of the page was plenty of theory and noted facts regarding his studies into time manipulation, reversing history, even multiple universals and realities hidden across the plain of our existence like a mirror. You can feel the enthralment and sincerity behind his every hand-written word as your eyes cannot detach from the passages. Fumbling around leads to the other papers before it as you study. This was it; your parents dreams were real, were capable reality, and Sans and Gaster had already figured it out with nothing but human scraps and their creativity. You lay the papers down and rest your arms against the table to lean into the palm of your hands as a giggle arises from your center. The answer had been under a mountain for who knows how long with a completely hidden from society population of magical beings. It was like the most idiotic punchline that still manages to pull a strained laugh from you.

She’d been right there. I’d been right there...

Peering through your fingers, you catch sight of the paper Sans had been prioritizing – another thing regarding the CORE, but it seemed to be undergoing reworking or replacement. Plenty of ideas and questions corrected or scratched out in denial. Seemed he was having issues.

“wha’re ya doin’?” Sans’ slur breaks through the scientific silence as you peek past the page at his lidded sockets. Looking back, you shrug and offer him the paper.

“She’s right, y’know? You should have a PhD by now. It would save your apparent need for an outrageous range of jobs, and be just financially helpful.” You murmur, placing the papers back onto the table. “By the way, this just needs a thermal generator and a subjugate server link.” You snicker as he flies and reads over the scrawled notes. You return to the piano without another word with knowledge of his dumb-found eyes piercing your back. It was chilling, but satisfying.

Hours pass and few bother your time in the piano room which is rapidly filled and littered with complete failed ideas and tempos. Its Toriel who finally drags you out from your supposed slump and into the dining room. She, at least, didn’t pester you about your work. There was sweet seasoned ham with yams, an arrangement of veggies, wings, bread, and even some crackers and cheese. The party-like offerings were strange, but you wouldn’t deny your hunger. You caught Sans staring at you while you dug into a chicken wing, and Papyrus kept clearing his…throat? No
words were said. Shrugging it off, Asgore stressed the current issues at hand.

“We managed to get permission to assist in any ways we can so long as we are directly cooperating with human police. While things will be getting busier, we all must stay on guard while out and about in the city. Complying is key, but helping them find those who have been either kidnapped or gone missing is equally important. No lone wolfling.” Asgore explains after his much needed sip of coffee. He looked haggard from all the stress, but he had been a king who helped rebuild his people under a mountain of magical imprisonment.

Everyone nodded in agreement with the kings wishes, including Undyne despite the defiant gleam in her eyes and fin flaring. Asgore and Toriel were whispering something as Papyrus gathered and removed the cleaned plates and silverware leaving everyone to sip at their preferred beverages.

“Jane.” Turning to Asgores voice you are met with a fearful gaze. “Are you returning back to school tomorrow?”

“Hmm? Ah- probably will if they are letting people back onto campus.” You shrug. “They claimed that the campus will either reopen tomorrow or Saturday. Haven’t heard anything else in the news about it.”

“Hmmmm…” Asgores nails trail through his beard in thought while Frisk grapples around your arm. Papyrus returns and sits down silently for the important conversation being flitted around. Frisk and Flowey are on edge because of all the anti-monster activity going about recently. It wasn’t even their school, but they have every right to be concerned as they are the ambassador.

“Well, Jane, it might be unwise to return to the campus immediately after reopening. Not because we want you to have issues with your professors, but researching the premises brought up the fact that some of the rooms were only teacher accessible. I am certainly not insinuating any of your professors are responsible, but they want to sweep through the staff. It just feels improper to send you back with possible hostiles watching…” Toriel explains as you nod in slight agreement. It was simple to fathom that politically deranged teachers were hanging around the campus, but there was a higher likelihood the students were more of a threat. There were plenty more and nearly all of them were nothing but strangers.

“I understand, but I’m also an adult. I appreciate the concerns, but it’s nothing but girl bathroom bomb threats – dramatic and specific to offset academics and get people out for a ‘break’ to replicate fear. People won’t pull anything on campus because there are too many witnesses. I’ll have my phone, so will Rhianna, and I won’t dilly-dally at the library with Trenton while the investigations stand.”

“…you what?”

“Kevin?! Where are they?” “I’ve got some…bad news, sweetie.”, “You weren’t responsible dearie. You can’t take that blame…”, “HOW COULD YOU NOT HAVE KNOWN?!?”, “Insolent brats; the both of ‘em.”, “You were never my sister.”

“J @ n E”

“NO!!” You bolt off of your drenched pillow. Your legs are shaking with clammy sweat. Flinging
the blankets off your skin, you huddle swiftly into a compact ball with your legs hugged close. Been a while since you last had an entire series of nightmares. Rubbing your eyes off drying tears, you reach about for your phone; it’s clearly not the night anymore but the sun hasn’t risen. 5:30. With a sigh, you survey your soggy bedding with regret and give in to just having an early start to the interesting day ahead. Forcing your breathing to ease you bundle and gather the blankets, pillow covers, and clothing before sneakily strutting down to the wash in nothing but underwear. The only morning threat right now was either Sans or Papyrus – but even this was too early for Papyrus, and from the last night revelation and knowledge of Sans’ lack of exercise, he likely just teleported between rooms. Refusing to let that conversation or topic die anytime soon, you pop the fabrics into the washer and zip back towards the upstairs bathroom. If you were going to start a new day all sweaty you’d only go about if it meant you were staying home. Too much was at risk, you pondered, as you peeled off the under layers to add to the wash once your shower was complete.

Daring to face a cold shower to awaken the dulled senses. Jumping in nearly results in you slipping and bashing your skull into the wall, but also elicits a quick unsuppressed squeak of alarm to the instant chill. Shivering and scrubbing at the sweat coated skin is soothing despite the temperature, and a body lathering with the soap helps to remove any smell. You squirt the shampoo in and work at your scalp lovingly because it just always helped to destress after nightmares. Stepping out of the tub and tightly wrapping your body within a towel just leaning back against the toilet, pondering. Shutting your eyes, you let your mind clear and drift into a trance – at least it meant escaping the memories.

The rapping at the door nearly sends you flying off the toilet lid as you press your ear to the wood.

“Y-Yes?”

The knocking sequence almost sounds like code. It had to be Frisk. You stutter backwards and slip into a robe – it was more decent then nothing. Tying it tightly at the waist, you peek through the crack and confirm only Frisk before opening the door.

‘Are you okay?’

“Huh? Oh, yeah. I’m fine. Just getting a early start to the day y’know?” You shrug and sidle closer to your bedroom; you ensure you can see Frisks movements just incase he wants to say something else. However, he ducks into the bathroom while you head to your own room. Today was going to be special and from the sounds of it the plans were to head straight for Grillbys. You slip into a purple with white lace trim summer dress that has a hinting flair at the ends. You wear short shorts underneath to protect your panties before packing a coat into your bag to avoid that “You’re Cold Right? Take My Jacket” scenario. There were enough cheesy romance movies to teach you what to avoid, and you often acted like you turned temporarily lactose intolerant.

The clock on the stand read nearly 7:30; you’d dozed off with your hair still being a tangled wet mess. You grumbled as you picked apart the already increasing rats nest before the bathroom door opened and Frisk popped out. You waved him by as he began the descent downstairs for school, but you paused in the bathroom doorway.

“Frisk? Have you seen my hair drier?” You call out to the child who spins on their heel. He pauses, puts his finger to his chin, playfully shrugs, and dashes downstairs. So much for that – but Frisk wouldn’t have a reason to steal your hair drier when they had their own. With an immediate swish of the dress your bare feet are patting down the stairs. You would just need to borrow Undynes temporarily. Coming to the second floor and inspecting Undynes room, she and Alphys already seem to have vanished. Before prying into the bathroom and just taking it temporarily you hear
Undynes resonating guffaw from downstairs and sigh. You weren’t one to just take things. You make your way downstairs.

“Alright – we will be splitting the work division with the officers starting this Monday. Papyrus will be assisting during the morning surveillance, Sans with the nighttime, and Undyne they requested you and any available dogs help with finding their possible base of operations. Is this alright?” Asgore must be going over the new regimen. The pattering of your feet reaches the final steps as the front door hangs wide; Toriel is driving off with Frisk and Flowey probably.

“Understood, your majesty!!” “OF COURSE, YOUR MAJESTY!!” “zzzz…” “SANSS!!!”

Snickering as you round the corner, Asgore sneaks out through the hallway while you wander into the kitchen. The sun is beaming through the windows in the kitchen, temporarily blinding you while you feel for the cupboards. A light gasp comes from the sidelines while you cover your eyes. Its Alphys, and her eyes are filled with wonder and a giddy smile spread over her cheeks.

“Ja-J-J-Jane!” She gasps as she lets her mug clatter onto the counter before rushing over. “Y-You- Yo- l-look gr-great!!” She squeals while looking you up and down. You can’t suppress the thrilled grin and blush that heat your face as you rub your neck bashfully.

“A-Aww. Thanks Alphys. It, uh, for later. Do you think Undyne would be alright with me borrowing her hair drier real quick?”

“Oh, u-uh, P-Papyrus is b-borrowing them.” Alphys informs as you quirk up an eyebrow.

“…But u-he doesn’t have hair.”

“He-He believes t-that it wi-will bring a sh-shine to his bones l-like an ad sho-s-s-showed on the TV. U-Undynes br-broke fr-fr-from d-dust build-up.”

“Oh. Great.” The whirring of your hair drier starts up as you peek into the living room and inspect. Sans is half asleep on the sofa while the news plays. Undyne is fiddling with a police uniform that was provided for fitting. Papyrus is, in fact, using your hair drier on his bones. “Papyrus?” His skull nearly swiveled like an owl and glowed as his sight glazed over your form. Like the spin of a dime, his entire body spun about without a movement and his sockets grew wide and cartoonish.

“JANE!! YOU LOOK LOVELY!” He compliments with a faint orange blush dusting his cheekbones. You chuckle and approach the tall skeleton, Undyne and Sans sparing their gaze to the rare sight before them.

“Oh. Great.” The whirring of your hair drier starts up as you peek into the living room and inspect. Sans is half asleep on the sofa while the news plays. Undyne is fiddling with a police uniform that was provided for fitting. Papyrus is, in fact, using your hair drier on his bones. “Papyrus?” His skull nearly swiveled like an owl and glowed as his sight glazed over your form. Like the spin of a dime, his entire body spun about without a movement and his sockets grew wide and cartoonish.

“Okay, thanks, but can we please not go insane whenever I wear a dress?” You plead with a dry chuckle.

“Nerd! Ya look adorable! You’re goin’ all out on this date, heh?” Undyne jabs your ribs with her elbow as you retreat and rub the sensitive bone.

“Papyrus. You don’t have hair. What are you doing with my hair drier?”

“THE COMMERCIAL SHOWED THAT USING THE HAIR DRIER BROUGHT AMPLE AND ABUNDANT HAIR THAT SHIMMERED AND SLOWED IN THE WIND!!” Papyrus glows with enthusiasm as you rub the temple of your head. Undyne snickers in the background as Alphys roams to her side.

“Papyrus; you do know it doesn’t grow hair, right?” You wince as his sockets fill with saddened tears.
“YES…NYEHHH…” He sighs, relinquishing your hair drier. It slips free from his grasp before it’s entirely within your reach, and he had failed to disengage the power coursing through the active blow drier as it clatters to the floor. In an instant, your face is shielded with purple as your dress flies backwards from the air propulsion. Undyne cackles hysterically as Alphys rushes the outlet to unplug the drier. Finally blinking away from the instant shock, you aggressively shove the skirt down to have a heated air throttle forward. You brace your face tightly as the heat causes a gag to rise through you before the plug is yanked free of the ground. The fabric fell at last to reveal your stunned face. Snatching up the hair drier, you rush to the downstairs bathroom and ignore the laughter and silence – it’s all the same. At the very least you’d brushed your hair before you short bathroom nap, and the time had dried it nicely to keep a certain shape. It took only a few minutes before you were ready to go. You run your hand through your hair and gaze into the mirror – it had been a while since you’d done yourself up for anything.

Rocketing upstairs, you uncover a pair of sandals and slip into them with ease – they were comfortable and dark brown. Finally, you grabbed your mother’s earrings, gave them a kiss of appreciation, and very cautiously put them through the holes. The sensation was still new and awkward, but you wouldn’t deny it: you looked good. Feeding Seymour and Louis their share of sardines, you snatch your laptop and cellphone before running back downstairs, already out of breath before reaching the bus stop.

“But guys! I’ll see you tonight, Sans! Don’t forget to offer to pick ‘er up!!!” You screech, knowing his lazy pelvis would probably forget. Your allowed leisure as you walk to the bus stop – you were going to be early, regardless of walking or running. You texted a message to Rhianna and surveyed through the emails you had missed. The bus stop bench came into sight as you carefully swung yourself around and plopped onto the wood. You’d also been trying to keep a schedule of what everyone was doing certain days so you didn’t bother them. On cue, Undyne and Papyrus rolled up on the side in Undyne’s car as she gave a screech and a thumbs up before both ‘super cool’ monsters shoved sunglasses onto their face. It didn’t work out well because Undyne only had one driving eye, and they instantly fell off Papyrus as they swerved and zoomed away. Seems they had work together as Papyrus was still part timing with Undyne despite his new job. Alphys had work in half an hour, and the fact that Sans was supposed to be at work ten minutes ago meant he teleported, or forgot. It wasn’t your constant responsibility to ensure he made sure to make it, but you couldn’t help the anger brewing in the back of your mind at his overture and constant lazy attitude.

Finally you reached some important messages – namely, one from Flynn and another from Gloria.

-- Flynn --

Heyyy sweet cheeks! Did you go back to hiding under a rock?? Probably. But, hey, I like your rock. Just sendin a checkup for ya incase you care <3!! Had to bring the ol boy in for repairs – picked a fight with that foreigner. He totally started it. Wound up chuckin my sax while I chucked my foot up his sex. See him get a Lewinski after that – a dent for a dent. He also totally didn’t break my rib. I totally am not typing this in the hospital. Two bells got rung that night. Sax to sex? Wait, no, that sounds nasty. I ain’t deleting it because I want you to acknowledge it and save you the trouble of considering it. I don’t want your first to be with my saxophone <3 That’s just rude.

Totally honest, I really wanna see you. Its been years and I am to blame. You can be mad at me; I am. The term has ended and I am tying ties with work – getting that time off. I’m
coming……as soon as I learn your new address if you are still living in Royal Mansion with suave skeleton butlers or w/e!! Text or email me whenever you can, sweet cheeks! Our paths will cross again, turtledove? See – I added the question mark because IDK if you wanna get called that. You can tell me in bed later <3

-3 Attachments-

You click onto the attachments with a wince. Ignoring the semi-prominent abs he is actually trying to build, his upper chest is thickly wrapped in bandages nearly up to his armpits while his left arm hangs in a cast and sling. This idiot…you sigh and scroll to the next. It’s a picture of his damaged saxophone – the color is chipped and the bell of the instrument along with a portion of the body are awfully dented, aside from a key missing or inhaled by the saxophone. The final picture is hysterical as it comes with a caption.

It is one of those cats hanging on a branch, but its instead that internet famous grumpy cat on a steel gurder in the city with the wording “Guess I’m here again…Great.” with his personal caption “I literally was looking for one of these to send to you, looked up, and it was right fucking there. Praise the hospital gods of comic placement. PRAISE THEM!!”

Finding the note to reply with, you hastily type your own short response.

-- Janette --

Hi hi <3 I like my rock, thank you very much. His name is Reginald. He knows how to get me in bed properly! I’ve been dealing with some shit that also involved the hospital, time space, magic – y’know – my new normal at this point, fam. Sorry to say but I have a study date tonight – got a dress and everything!!

-1 Attachment-

Hope ya like. Everyone else was screaming. I basically had a Marilyn Monroe infront of everyone too; the one time I wear one. FML. Luckily it was only skeletons and lesbians – I’m in the clear despite embarrassment. They aren’t butlers bruh; they don’t have butts. Nice try tho. One of ‘em is technically gay, for a celebrity robot (oh gee, I wonder whooo), so he is taken, and the other is coming with my on this date to double date with another girl who is also named Jane!! Dude – she is super sweet and I hope this goes well – he deserves someone sweet like her.

Don’t go picking fights you aren’t going to win, ya idiot. If I am allowed to call her a bitch I thought that meant she wasn’t anything anymore!! Do I need to go back to bish? What happened to the chick? Off for another Dick??? See, the phone thought I was spelling someones name and I left that in because you also can see what I meant! Speedy recovery my boi – you better get here. And yes, I am mad, so alls you get is this. Good luck.

-1 Attachment-

The first picture is a very fast shot of you somewhat lustfully draped back on the bench, keeping your face hidden similar to himself and exposing the dress in its current glory. Female power for the win. The second was the front view from the bench – the town. There were plenty of street names, shops, and key points that he could probably narrow down your location. He also had an inkling idea of the college you were attending, which didn’t hurt. If he was going to find you now, might as well make it a little escapade. You send the message with a light-hearted giggle before
sending it on its way. A little car honk suddenly occurs beside you as Alphys’ buggy crawls into view and she waves you off before pulling into the growing traffic. She looked momentarily terrified. It was cute. Scrolling down the messages with your memory, you land on the email from Gloria and open it.

-- Gloria --

Sorry I wasn’t able to explain anything beforehand. I still really can’t, but it’s about the surprise. Just know I will be coming by sometime. With a present; but you can’t unwrap it. It’s honestly for you, Alphys, and Undyne, but it’s mostly mine. None of that take backsie shit.

Oh, and if you tell anyone about the hint I am going to give you, I will suplex you into Ebott.

-1 Attachment-

You click onto the attachment, giddy. You freeze. The grip on your phone falters before a raw scream comes curdling out of your throat. Your feet plant onto the ground and both arms jolt into the air in celebration. Tons of passerby’s on the opposing side of the street stare back at the source of the scream like a released zoo animal or mental asylum patient. Your phone is whipped back down into your gaze while your eyes adjust.

It’s a pregnancy test. It’s positive. She’s having a baby. Another scream. An email prompt suddenly blares from your phone as you rapidly fiddle through your messages. Thair called off the classes and was hosting online. Mild let down, but it wouldn’t ruin anything!!

It does entitle, however, that you need to walk back home and will need to walk to Grillbys. Spectacular; free exercise.

Once more, you are alone in the house. It’s still unsettling – the quiet vastness surrounding you will take some getting, of course. You trot back upstairs, give a loving rub to the underbites of Seymour and Louis, then log in to the campus website and the class.

Halfway through the lesson, you receive two texts.

Rhi-Rhi 10:09 Yo – most classes are still out of the count for campus. Did you hear they are running surveillance and questioning professors?!?

Trent 10:12 We still on for tonight?? I’d understand you backing out – its dangerous out. Police are everywhere.

You open a separate tab quickly to check in with the news. It wasn’t just the monsters getting employed for the missing person cases – other districts and cities were sending assistance in police forces. Eight more people vanished. Five monsters, three humans. Two were children. A disgusted chill crawls over your being – children!? It was a mass kidnapping; they had all apparently gone to a party and were picked out. Paint cans were thrown at the fire department building, which wasn’t hard to remove considering their fire hoses. Any perpetrators mentioned evaded capture and were masked and cloaked from the neck down. Like a cult. The others would be joining the police force on Monday, essentially. Likely getting enlisted the rights considering the police weren’t ready and/or legally allowed to employ monsters personally. After having Undyne and Papyrus for a day, they likely would reconsider. It would give the Guard Dogs more purpose past being bouncers, item locators, and guides.

Jane 10:15 Rhi- I don’t blame em. Too much shit going on. I did – Asgore brought
it up last night. The news caused my hair to stand. Please keep yourself and brother safe, alright??

Jane 10:17  Trent- if you don’t think it’s safe, we can call this off. I kinda, sorta, accidentally, made this a double date. Sans is going to be there, sidelines. Bringing a girl named Jane, but we can call her J. If you wanna talk to me, you’ll need to say Janette tho. I hope everyone who vanished turns up soon. This is insanity.

You send twain messages before focusing back onto the lesson. Your phone pings almost instantly which brings a little gasp from you before you check the phone.

Trent 10:20  I’ll be fine so long as you’re there.

Ba-dump

…

Ba-dump…..Ba-dump.

“…Oh dear.” You grumble, letting your head fall into your propped hands. It’s hot to the touch; your face.

To say it took courage to extract yourself from the house to Grillbys would be an understatement. You had your bag with you, a jacket and umbrella because it was destined to rain. The odd flux in weather brought along chapped lips as you applied chapstick with a sigh. The more and more you did, the more it felt like this was an actual date. You had to stare headlong into a notebook to remind yourself of the true purpose behind the visit. Sticking close to buildings and crowds, following the street lights, you are pleased to finally make it to Grillbys. Your hair even managed to stay tied back with the clip.

You lurk outside Grillbys in a frozen state of confusion. You had been for five minutes. You spotted Papyrus’ car in the parking lot and pushed a questioning eye before recalling he specifically went in Undynes. Papyrus must have let Sans borrow it to impress Jane. Sans was already at the bar with Jane; both of them cleaned up nicely. Jane was in a pair of leather pants with a contrasting frilly black blouse while Sans pulled a plain white shirt, jeans, and sneakers. It was better than slippers. Trenton wasn’t inside though. You pinch your fingers patiently and fiddle with your nails – they still had that fresh polish coat Rhianna insisted. It’s a miracle you haven’t nipped or scratched the odd nail polish shade off yet out of sheer stress.

You are shaken from your fiddling as a hand grasps your shoulder firmly. Suppressing a scream, your name echoes in the darkness as your head swivels to meet the equally startled face of Trenton. Everything is silent past the chatter and bustle of the street. A strained and equally relieved laugh bubbles in your gut and a nervous snicker emits from Trenton. Not long after you find Trenton and yourself laughing like fools on the sidelines. Easing the beating fear in your heart, you place a hand on his shoulder and sigh.

“Way to come from the shadows.” Almost making it through the words without a contagious snicker, he grumbles and looks pale at the bar.

“Yeah, sorry, I…just…..jeez it’s so weird. I haven’t gone to any of those anti-monster rallies, but
all their eyes on you is kinda agitating. Not, like, angry, just…” He shivers and looks to the warm bar. Without hesitation you uptake his hand. It’s warm and coarse.

“Hey, relax, and trust me. They’ll see you don’t mean any harm and you’ll warm right up. I’ll be right there giving you any tips.” Giving a reassuring squeeze he hesitates, takes a deep breath, and tightens the warm grip. Finally, you can see him clearly. He also picked something simple that wasn’t a daily outfit – slack dress pants, a grey button up shirt and a dark blue thin long sleeve flannel.

“Yeah. Okay.” Leading him around to the front, you try and recall what could possibly be good tips. The warm light pouring through the windows and hearty laughs.

“Okay. Uh, don’t…don’t pet the dogs.” You start off the tip jar pretty simple as you jiggle the knob.

“Alright – no petti- what?” He freezes as the door swings open, the bell jingling, and a few celebratory yells resonate out to your arrival. You let Trenton take a minute to soak in the glowing joy and almost festive activities and spare a wave to Grillby. He is chatting and cleaning with Sans and Jane. He brightens up his spark as he waves back, directing Jane and Sans to your arrival. Sans’ face blanches similarly to how pale Trenton is appearing past his tan. Jane jumps from her bar stool and rushes you with a huge hug, squeezing your shoulder blades in appreciation.

“Oh my gosh, thanks for inviting me! I hadn’t had a chance to come here yet, but this place is incredible! Grillby is a card, Sans pulled that whoopee cushion trick, and everyone has just been sweet. Thanks again!!” Before you can dispute the invitation right to Sans she pecks both of your cheeks, bops your nose, and rushes back to the skeleton and bar. You rub your cheek awkwardly to the unique interaction, but Grillby motions you to the booths where you lead Trenton. He is still completely preoccupied with taking in the entire scene before him: all the monsters and positive energy.

Settling into the booth, you pull free your laptop and textbook before setting them to the side. His eyes still wander over the boisterous bar and laughter as you let a little giggle rise again while you dig for pencils and pens.

“This…” His whisper catches your attention as you look to him. His face has softened as he watches the human and monster interactions around him. He flits his gaze into your eyes, his tension softening and practically melting. “This place suites you perfectly.” He whispers with fascination. You can’t hold the snort that suddenly escapes you as you fly your hand towards your face, covering the insistent noises hiccupping from you naturally.

“What? What’s so funny?!?” Practically flown back in his chair with sarcastic offense, he leans back towards the table to offer one of the complimentary waters Grillby set up before hand. You drink the water to suppress the frivolous sounds that rise.

“I-I just d-don’t-” another snort sneaks through as you gasp and drink water again. “I don’t understand how you correlate me to a bar.” You manage to reform the words you’d intended. His eyes widen momentarily before softening with his grin.

“Well it’s warm, friendly, energetic, and seems like a lot of fun. I shouldn’t be surprised that you work here – like the final piece of the puzzle has been set into place.” He adds as your cheeks warm up. You blame Grillby as he steps around and to the front of your table, spooking Trenton from his calmness as he shivers in the booth. Grillby stares at the new human as you give them a moment of quiet despite the tension.
“Hey there Grillbz. This is Trenton, my college friend. This is his first time around a lot of monsters, so go easy on the poor guy please.” You plead with a wink. Grillby slowly extends his hand out to Trenton.

“……Pleasure to meet you.” His words are like wisps in the air. Trenton’s gaze cuts from Grillbys glasses, his gloved hand, back to you, his hand, and repeating. You snicker and nudge his foot underneath the booth which gains his attention before motioning with your head. Trenton gulps harshly before a trembling hand locks together with Grillbys and a slow handshake ensues. He almost looks amazed and mystified that his hand isn’t hot; likely pleasantly warm. Grillby lets Trenton hold his hand for a tad longer as he continues to gap and ponder in his own little world. Your giggle bubbles up once again to the strange scene which finally snaps Trenton from his gawking mindset. His hand flies back and beneath the booth to curl in fear yet confusion.

“Y-Y-Yeah. S-Same.” He finally replies after the silence. Your eyes spy that Grillby is growing a little smile, but you won’t poke fun at a serious step forward. He wasn’t angry, he was just scared. Your presence seemed to ease his mind ever so slightly as his nervous gaze wanders to you consistently.

“…What would you……like to eat?” Grillby questions as you and Trenton grab a menu. You were fine with him drinking a little bit, but you opted to do that later considering there was work to be done still.

“Hmmm, I’ll take the baked pasta with the peas and chicken, a chocolate milkshake, and can we get a large cheese fry?” You ask politely as Grillby jots everything down. Trenton is flipping through the pages, trying to make up his mind while he clears his drying throat.

“I-I’ll have….um…..th-the steak. Potatoes and gravy on the side, with, um….a root beer f-float.” He finally manages to extract the words from his tense throat while Grillby writes the order down.

“How’s Johnny doing?” You ask Grillby as he gives a heavy sigh.

“……Good cook, troublesome…….attitude.” He grieves.

“Thinking of firing him already?” You snicker as he readjusts his glare towards you.

“...I have enough of that at the bar, missy.” He warns with a point of the pen before trotting over to the ‘FIRE EXIT’. You continue to laugh as you spy on Jane and Sans; they both wear pretty big smiles and their contagious laughs are spreading through the establishment.

“So-“ Trenton cuts in as you bring your attention back to your study buddy. “-why Janette?” He asks curiously, trying to ease himself into the place. You groan and remind him of the complimentary water which he desperately needed for his stale throat.

“It’s the real name that got really worn out. Don’t want to go on a double date with two Janes, call out for Jane, then both of us respond. Besides, he likes to call her J, so it works out in the end. Only request : Don’t say Janette in front of Grillby…..he will never let me live it down.” You whisper with horror in your eyes. He nods in agreement before his eyes go wide.

“So, like, is he m-made of fire, or-“ He asks with amazement as Grillby finally returns from the ‘FIRE EXIT’ and sneaks behind the bar to absently clean more things. “-is there a person under there?! Like, how?!?”

“Well, he is an elemental, and I don’t have the best history with human combustion, so I like to think he is just an eternal flame with spirit.” You wave away his concerns. He at last releases a
held breath and looks around.

“I’d never heard of this place before but it seems really popular.”

“It is! Grillby’s is a huge factor to bringing humans and monsters together in a peaceful environment. It’s like Sans always says: good food, good warmth, good friends…or something like that.” You pause in concentration, trying to recall what he constantly says.

“You really think it can happen?” He asks. He sounds slightly downtrodden.

“What?” You curiously reply.

“This.” He gestures to the restaurant. “You think the world will accept this? Monsters coexisting with us so calmly and peacefully? Having fun?” His words are like a bite, but there is still misery.

“Why does it have to be impossible? It’s okay for people to not like them because it’s basically like racism. I’m not trying to say that people should be forced to like something. They can believe in what they believe. But…kidnapping people is wrong.” You whisper, leaning back in your booth with your arms folded. He winces.

“You saw the news?”

“Did children really get taken?!” He nods as you tremble. He looks as miserable as you feel. You spies around the joint before beckoning over towards you to lean in.

“…You didn’t hear this from me. Those friends I brought to that karaoke bar that turned out to be monster owned? They’ve been talking about the kidnappings like they were there…” He whispers as your skin runs cold and you fling your head around to face him. This is a tense discussion.

“What? T-Then tell the police!” You snap as he sets a finger to your lips.

“I don’t have any proof. Plus, those are my friends.” You grasp his finger lightly, moving it away.

“Your friends are potential kidnappers! I know that’s a hard call to make, but you should be worried! If that’s true, you shouldn’t hang out with me…if they knew-“ He cuts you off again with two fingers this time.

“I doubt they had anything to do with it. The most they do is go to strikes and hold little conversation rings – nothing extreme like this.” His words finally sink in a little as you both lean back from the close facial encounter and ponder.

“…Why do you sound like that?” You quietly ponder.

“Like what?”

“You sound sad. Not upset.” Clarifying your statement seems to throw him off as he glares at the table.

“I don’t…ugh.” he grumbles, shoving his hands into his face. Confused, lost, terrified; that’s what he looks like right now. Even tired. The moment of silence you provide him to clear his mind is interrupted as Grillby comes by with your drinks and fries. Trenton atleast extracts himself from the stupor and forces a wire smile and “Thank you”. Grillby can practically feel the tense air so he retreats back towards the bar. Picking up a fry, you offer it silently to Trenton. He hesitates, blushes, then simply leans forward and takes it with his mouth while it rests in your hand. You freeze up as he munches and blushes in harmony with yourself.
“…Good fries.” he murmurs as you can’t resist the inching smile despite the awkward interaction that left the table heated. Another moment, another fry, and finally a pleased hum. “Okay, seriously, is this magic bullshit or something because these fries are fucking good.” An amazed laugh erupts out of you as he curls inwards and blushes. He reminded you of yourself when you first moved in with Alphys – all the questions.

“That’s the beauty of it! They are handmade so that they contain majority the elements for human consumption, but there is enough magic imbued in them that monsters can eat them as well!” You explain as wonder grows in his eyes.

“What’s the difference?”

“Well, most monsters aren’t relatively human like. Take Sans and Papyrus – they are skeletons. Similar to humans, however, monsters eat to restore energy and HP; atleast that is what Frisk tells me. So, anything they eat is just automatically converted to energy. Similar to us when our acidic saliva and stomach acids work together to break down food, but they break it down instantly as they chew.” You explain with fascination as his jaw hangs agape.

“They can do that?!” He practically shrieks as you lean over and shoosh his outbreak.

“Yes.” You reply with withheld excitement as his mind opens up but his mouth clacks shut. That sad expression dances over his face again and his hands knot and intertwine together on the table.

“..Trent?”

“I…I don’t hate monsters.” He finally relays as you pause your concerns.

“….Well yeah. I knew that.” You reply, taking a sip of your milkshake. It was creamy heaven but with chocolate as you take another greedy sip and ignore the irritating sounds of your straw.

“No, I-I mean- Wait what? When?!”

“It was obvious. If you hated monsters that much you wouldn’t make an effort to even come to this bar. I upfront told you it was a monster owned bar, therefore, there would be tons of monsters around here. Still, you came. Unlike your friends back at the karaoke bar, from what I heard, you didn’t try to physically start anything but got personally told off by Sans which is natural to get mad at because its personal. It was clear to see you didn’t have a blatant or even expressive hatred towards monsters; more then anything, you are wary.”

He freezes up as you give your lengthy explanation before absent mindedly sipping his root-beer float. He seems to melt into it despite the coldness of the beverage. The cold drinks were a good polar opposite to the rowdy and heated bar. Dammit, you’d have to remember to tell Sans later when you got home or something.

“B-But I don’t even…dislike them. I, uuggghh, I just hate them for my brother to be honest?” He shrugs as you pause your milkshake tirade.

“Your brother? Huh? What does he have to do with it?” Trenton uses his straw to unknowingly stir his drink.

“W-Well he hates monsters. My folks are pretty chill and uncaring to the situation, and I was too. But a few weeks ago or something he got thrown out of college for causing something with monsters. He started spreading tons of rumors in the house, to his friends and mine. Even my folks workplaces. They all believe him despite what he did…” You set your milkshake to the side.

“What….did he do?” Trenton seems hesitant to answer that question, but your eyes plead.
“He says that at the last campus he was at the monsters were overrunning the place and threatening people who lived their. He said some girl started throwing around fake accusations that he raped her so they expelled him. I don’t buy it for one second because he was loyal to his girlfriend, but apparently he got some old friends together and he led them around the back before they busted in and ransacked the place. It was in the news a while ago.” Your hands are covering your mouth in shock to the revelation. “Before you go off asking why I haven’t reported it to the police, my dads a deputy. He acts like he feels sorry about it, but he still meets up with those creeps. My folks wont report it, and if I do, they’ll surely disown me and dissolve the facts.”

“That’s awful…….wait, no, that’s illegal!” You gasp out, trying to contain your aggression.

“Withholding information like that is illegal.”

“Exactly. At this point, my dad would also lose his job.” He sigh’s while ruffling his hair. “I woulda turned him in, but he keeps making these stupid threats. I doubt he’d ever go through with them.”

“….Trenton… I-I’m so sorry. That seems like a shitstorm if I have ever heard one……how about this, yeah? Get some information on him and anonymously send it to the monster officials housing. Say it regards internal info regarding previous monster vandalism or whatever activity! Atleast letting someone know is better then keeping it a secret!” You urge as he greets your eyes with harsh fear.

“But I told you…I haven’t told anyone.”

“And I won’t tell anyone because they’ll ask how I came across that in the first place! They’ll track my college history if I say I saw it, and I can’t just say you told me because then it’s pointless. But you gotta let the police or someone who is running the missing persons cases understand. I hate to do this to your brother, but that’s a crime. You know that.”

“I know it……I just……It’s hard to know you can’t trust your family or friends.” He mutters in agony. His hands are going white from the fierce grip he is maintaining with them until you reach past the table and cradle his hand with yours. He eases up, folding them before letting his hand cautiously hold yours.

“I know all too well what it’s like to not be able to trust family. Far too well….I, uh, also have a brother. He is, in my eyes, a traitor to my mom and dad. It’s a crime he can never take back, honestly.” Now your grip is the tight one as you both stare into each other’s eyes for considerable length of time. They were still enamoringly green and lush; his eyelashes were so long for being a boy. “But you can move past it. It might not be forgiven, it might not be the best choice in your perspective. That’s your choice. All’s I am saying is if he is capable of letting people in to hurt monsters who may have not deserved it, he might be capable of causing them harm here. Be the man here, Trent.” You plead as he takes a shaky breath and nods.

“Should I tell Sans the date is going well?” Grillby intervenes with two steaming plates resting in his hands as he patiently looms and crackles. You both fly backwards with embarrassment as he sets the plates down and smirks.

“Uh, um, n-not a d-date bu-but sure?!” Trenton replies quickly and uncertainly as Grillby wanders back to the bar. You fiddle with the utensils and clear your throat before gesturing to the notes and laptop.

“We, uh, s-should, um.”

“Y-Yeah; totally.”
“Eat.” “Work.” You freeze from undoing the napkin around your fork and meet his eyes while he fiddles with the bag. When had your priorities shifted? An infectious nervous laugh begins to churn within him that you are quick to catch and parallel him. Soon both of you are clutching your guts in nervous rambling laughter.

“W-We can eat first. Would be easier to focus then…” He replies with a calm mirth. You watch him tenderly take a bite of the steak before he lets out a blatant moan. You throw a thumbs up to Grillby as you bite into the pasta dish. Outdone himself once again.

Looking at the time, you weren’t surprised a lot of the customers had left. It was nearly 10:30. Jane and Sans were obviously tipsy – Jane kept stumbling around and leaning on Sans’ clavicle from her stool to ranting about wanting another shot. Grillby cut them off, even going so far as to procure all the ketchup and hot sauce. Sans’ drunken jokes resonated through the bar and earned consistent tired chuckles from you and the tipsy bunny at the other booth. The only customers left were beer belly fish, the smoking duck, that punk hamster, Dogamy with Dogaressa and Doggo, Grillby, some bears, and you with Trenton.

Trenton, also, was hammered. You’d probably be driving him home and picking up a cab. Of course, you had only two drinks and already felt the giddy tingle, but it certainly wasn’t his level of drunken stumbling. He continuously murmured into the table while clutching the empty beer mug. Atleast the work had gotten finished before he bothered to drink.

He talked a lot about his folks and avoided the brother conversation. His mother works periodically in the college cafeteria while his father was the deputy of police at the station. He was also one of the ones who brought up the monster regulation laws but also was in charge of protecting them from any outside threats. It was commendable considering how large the plate was for him currently. You fished around in your purse for your wallet before a giggling bunch of bears left the store. The ringing bell shocked Trenton from his drunken sleep momentarily before he fell back into his arms.

“Trent. We should probably get goin’.” You slightly slur, shaking his arm.

“Mmm. Nice vooiicee.” He reaches out and pets your arm lovingly as you giggle to the strange interaction. He feels at the thin hairs adorning your forearm before a devious thought rouses in your mind.

“I warned you not to pet the dogs!!” You silently shriek as he propels back and goes completely wide eyed before seeing your toothy grin and groaning as he leans back against the booth. “’C’mon buddy. I’ll get you home.” You urge, still fiddling with your purse before the familiar blue jacket catches your sight. When had he brought that? Right, teleporting. That conversation still stood. He passed it to Jane and hooked it sweetly around her shoulders as she giggled and blushed. You cooed to the loving gesture and high-fived yourself to the brilliant pairing while Sans waved Papyrus’ car keys – it had the blue skeleton keychain he had won at the mini-golf course tied around it. Making his way out the door to fetch the car, you extracted yourself from the booth to go say goodbye and thank her as Trenton suddenly grappled your wrist.

“Noooooo…” He grumbled as you pat his head.
“Trenton, I will be right back. Telling Jane goodbye. Then we gotta pay and go home, m’kay?” You whisper back to him and cautiously pry his hand off your wrist before running to Janes side. She sees your approach and opens her arms wide and lovingly inviting you into a hug. You were tipsy enough to accept as she laughs in your ear.

“Ooooohhh I am sooo coming back here!!” She declares with a fist aimed at the sky. You sputter and try to calm her down.

“How’d it go!?” You insist giddily.

“Oh it was so good. So goood.” She is petting your face as you try to keep her from falling over.

“Yeah? Would you, like, I don’t know, date him?” You pressure the question a little before she shoots up wide eyed. The moment freezes before she sputters giddily and extracts her phone.

“Wa-Wait-Wait wait wait – I want a selfie of my new bestie!!” She waves her phone around while oddly jabbing her phone into the buttons. She pulls you around and pecks the section between your cheek and air as you let a squeak out and the camera snaps. You couldn’t blame her attitude – she was generally sweet and she was drunk off her rocker. “Okay, what, dda-date who?”

“Sans! I heard he has a thing for you!” You bump her rib as she guffaws.

“Oh, no no no!!” She denies everything as you blanche. What. Why? They were having so much fun!

“Why-“ she cuts you off with her phone being thrust into your face. It was her and another girl. She had short blonde hair with a few eyebrow piercings; she was nipping Janes ear with a wink as she melted beneath her.

“My- hehhee- my-my girlfriend just texted me. I gotsa goooo!!” She laughs as you freeze and stare.

“…Your girlfriend??”

“Yeah yeah!! Midna!! I’ve been dwating her….oh gosh….f-four years! Sans loves her ‘cause she makes jokes too, an-“

“Wait wait. Backpedal please. Your…in a relationship, with a girl. Sans is aware you are in a relationship with a girl and has met her…..Th-Then why did you come on the date?!”

“We-Well- heHIC- y-you said it didn’t need to be a date, so it wasn’t. He said it was fine and ‘e just wanted to make sure you were ‘lright.” She mimics his deep voice momentarily. “Also, my girlfriend thought it was cute and said you sound adorable and sweet. She ha-HIC- had to reschedule ‘cause we had a date tonight! So meeaahn…” She draws as a few honks come from the street. She perks up to the sight of Papyrus’ car and Sans waving before she gives another dual peck to both of your cheeks. “God he was right!! You are such a cutie!! Lookit your lil flustered face!” She pinches your cheeks lovingly.

“Who said?” You ask in your statuesque stance.

“Sans!! God he was talkin’ and talkin’ ‘bout you all night!!” She leaned in real close with her lips against your burning ears, “I th-HICK- think he has a thing for you………so does that guy. She points to Trenton, “That guy I think too.” She gestures to Grillby. You can no longer keep your jaw shut as she pushes it up with her hand. “Yep. A real cutie!! Stop by again! BYE BYE TRENTON!! LOVELY NOT TALKING TO YOU!!” She shrieks and waves erratically back to Trenton- you
can barely make out his miserable wave back as his face lays on the table. She slips a piece of paper behind your ear and rushes out Grillbys and into the car as Sans works on getting the roof up. Looks like the rain is coming.

Your head rotates so slowly as you pane around to look through the front door at Jane hopping in the car. He waits for her to settle in, warm up, and buckle. Your mind is a flurry of fire and frozen gears that are slowly being set into proper placement. It hurts.

“Are you jealous that I have a date?”

“….yeah. I am.”

“……..because you….ugh. this is the worst way. because you’re able to get a date when I am sitting here, wondering ‘how the hell can I ask her? how do I not make this awkward? when is a good time? will she even like me?’ but you just come up after meeting this guy or something and just...”

Snap.

“So…..you like someone. Good on you pal! Go out and get her – pluck her right off her feet with some witty jokes or something and just show your love!! I know that’s a lot asking from you but if its genuine it’s genuine! So – whos the lucky girl?!”

“she’s……ugh she’s perfect. fills up my mind whenever I am actually trying to ignore it. warms my bones with her laugh. her skin is so soft yet so firm. her heart is large and her soul....stars her soul. it’s impossible to explain the beauty and purity of her soul – it just rings with love.”

Heat.

“Rings? Wait – you’ve seen her soul!? I thought that was super personal!”

“it is, but she was curious and willing. every soul has a different type of beat or pulsation that almost sounds like music, but hers.....it’s like the bell on a kids bike with her beautiful voice humming a tune to it’s song.”

Admiration.

“she can be an idiot, but I always forgive her. sometimes she even manages to shock me and I just can never get her out of my mind. and her eyes…-“

He’s looking.

“-like ambers dropped in a sea of honey.”

Hotter.

“Sounds sweet. Didn’t know you had a sweet tooth, Sansy.”

Sansy.

“she-she is sweet. she is strong, independent, funny, beautiful and just......perfect.”

Loving.

“Dude! We could have a double date Friday! You and your mystery girl and me and Trenton!! I could be there to support you and study, Trenton to study and get better with monsters, you would
be relaxed because me and Grillby are in your corner and mystery girl will be all over you as soon as you start just being yourself! Its full proof!!"

“it won’t happen. she has a date on Friday.”

“…Whats her name? So the first time I meet her I can get really mad at how dumb she is for not even considering you might be interested!”

“Jane.”

“No! It-Its wrong that you’ve probably spent hours upon hours just standing on the sidelines when you’ve apparently completely fallen for this girl and she won’t even pay you a glance!”

“Jane.”

Idiot.

“Jane.”

Idiot.

“Jane?”

“OH MY CHRIST ON A CRACKER!!” Your scream pierces the walls was Grillby flinches back. He’s gone; the car is gone. Spinning on your heel, you snatch Grillbys vest and pull him closer – you could headbutt him now that he is brought to your level, but he looks concerned and terrified of the sudden motions as well.

“Jane?!” He replies a little more drastically.

“Is it me???” You murmur, trying to keep calm.

“…What?” Snap. You are shaking Grillby back in forth with desperation.

“IS IT ME?! DOES HE LIKE ME?! JANE, ME NOT OTHER JANE THAT APPRENTLY IS GAY?!?!” You scream as he readjusts his glasses and holds your hands. You are hyperventilating. Your eyes beg.

“…Yes.”

Well you honestly weren’t expecting a reply, especially that fast. You continue to grip desperately at the man of fire as a garbled groan comes from behind and nestles onto your shoulder. Its Trenton. He looks worn out and has his coat in inside out.

“….Jane.”

“Yeah?” Its Grillby, but you can’t even see him despite the closeness.

“Your face is very red.”

“Yeah. No. That’s to be expected. I’m……….I won’t say okay because that is a lie.” Your voice is pinched and monotone as you manage to release Grillby, but you still stand unfazed.

“……Do you need help?”

“No, no. I’ll, uh……I need to think.” You mutter, spinning around and yanking Trentons jacket off
to insist he properly wear it.

“Alright. He paid while you were talking with your friend. Have a safe trip.”

“Sure, Grillbz.” You wave as your mouth stays slightly open while you retreat, grab your purse, leave a tip, and lug Trenton out to the street. He is in no condition to drive as you settle him into the passenger side. Thanking the stars you had your drivers license on hand, you readjust the seat and windows, warm the car, and sit there. Finally, a desperate groan escapes as you slip down the seat and towards the pedals. Trenton weakly reaches for you while thinking they floor and swallowing you.

“No no, no noo don’t droowwn.” He pleads while strewn out along the controls and such. Forcing your way back into the seat, you press your hands into the face and try to cool down; a difficult task to prove useful as the car is heating up. Feeling around your coat pocket you find the directions to Trentons house. You’d insisted that if he was going to drink himself to death you atleast needed to know where he lived. Internet searching for the location on your phone as you try to come to terms with a series of things, Trenton hugs your arm. He is almost asleep which isn’t so bad considering how loopy he is acting.

Finally, with the directions and your phone hooked up to his GPS, you start driving. Luckily its late at night so not many people are roaming the roads. It had been a while since you’d driven, and the incoming downpour was doing nothing to help. You were thankful for the fold-up umbrella in your purse as you eased through the streetlights and stayed cautious for any rogue pedestrians in the chilling night.

Trenton fiddles with the radio before it starts playing Irish music to which you can’t help but snicker. He starts head banging for no apparent reason but instantly collides with the dash as you gasp and hiss to the painful connection. He grumbles some profanities before resting against the door and window, easing back as you turn the radio off. Letting him sleep was probably less problematic and gave you time to think with the lengthy drive.

Sans has a crush on you. It couldn’t have been the other Jane, which, now that you think about it, has extreme similarities to you to a terrifying degree. Sans was aware of her girlfriend from the very beginning and neither of them had even taken a moment to clarify that fact!! He should have been clearer- he said it out loud that you were an idiot! He can’t expect for you to understand everything!!

Your grip on the steering wheel causes your knuckles to whiten as you come to a stop. You can’t help but propel your head into the back of the seat with anger and hatred to yourself and slightly Sans. Now what am I going to do?! Of course I want to consider and contemplate his feelings and discover for myself if he means more than a friend, but-

For a moment the sneering giddy faces of Alphys, Undyne and Frisk flash through your mind as your face pales.

“NOOOO ANYTHING BUT THAT!!” You shriek and curl in as your face becomes a cherry. A light squeeze at your inner thigh interrupts your agonizing train of thought as Trenton halts from pinching your leg. Your dress had ridden up before you even had a moment to notice. You gasp and he flies back in his chair, similarly red and terrified.

“I-I-I’m sorry!!” He cries back, tears threatening to spill from his eyes as he drunkenly hiccups. You can’t blame the poor bastard- he was male, apparently had feelings for you (which now that you recall was slightly previous knowledge that was rectified by Jane), and was drunk off his rocker. Readjusting your dress first and foremost and keeping your eyes on the road and
navigations you sigh and focus. Right now, Trenton needs to go home. You can scream about your romantic frustrations in the cab.

Finally, after about twenty minutes, you arrive at Trenton’s house. Luckily you are positive it is his considering the fact there is a “Nolick” plaque on a tree. Again his last name rushes through your mind and you can’t register where you’d heard that strange last name from. Glancing about you spot the light illuminated front door – his parents are probably home and expecting his return. Daring the rain, you retrieve the keys, turn the car off, and rush out the door. It had increased in intensity and almost felt like warm hail. He is thrown over your shoulder for stability as you drag him to the front door. You would attempt knocking and, if that didn’t work, he probably had keys. You didn’t want to use his keys, go inside, and just leave him somewhere. If someone was indeed awake, it would be an extremely strange situation you would rather avoid.

The housing is no joke, though. It was at least two floors tall and resembled a mansion – stone pillars held a roofing over the door that gave you a sigh of relief to escape beneath. You require a moment to catch your breath beneath the cover because you had no idea Trenton was so heavy. Then again, he was human and fleshy with muscles. What more could you expect? Reaching for the door, Trenton reaches around you, grabbing your hand and bringing it back to your front to cross with his own over your stomach. It’s loving and sweet, but you’re losing patience and would rather be less soaked sooner rather than later.

“Trenton, let go. It’s time to go home.” You insist, extricating your arm and reaching for the door again.

“Can we do it again?” He whispers and nuzzles into your neck. Oh gods he was a sappy drunk.

“What? A study date? Yes we can do a study date again. Or do you mean going to Grill-“ “No no….just the date.” He murmurs into your skin as your words stall. You sigh and try to think which doesn’t work out great as he begins to trail the tiniest pecks along your shoulder. It elicits a shiver from you to the warm touch of lips skimming your skin.

“she can be an idiot-“

Your hand flies up and under his proceedings to keep his lips off your skin while your other hand works on unhooking his grip on your front. Your own lip quivers as he backs off your neck for the moment.

“I….I can’t return your feelings, Trenton. I need time. Alone. I’m glad you can trust me enough to talk about such important things, but I just…….I can’t.” You plead, unable to meet his gaze that you know is right on your back. You’re slightly still hoping your hair is covering the remainder of the scarring across your back that the dress can’t conceal. You groan at the realization you left your coat at Grillby-You’re against the pillar. One of your arms is pinned above you, the other left astray. It almost feels like whiplash until a wet heat rushes around. Trenton’s face becomes clearer and blurry as the same time as he is nothing but an inch away. You freeze with eyes wide as he moans into you. His tongue is in your mouth. Gasping through your nose, your free arm flies to his shoulder in desperation. He growls and groans into you, closing the gap. Your captured hand cannot be freed of course; he is part of the football team. You never stood a chance. His chest is pressing into you as you resort to curling your knee upward and driving it into his gut. Turning your face away causes him to grab your cheeks and turn you back. Tears are springing in your eyes. His hair is brushing against your forehead. You’d bite his tongue if you knew you wouldn’t instantly regret it. He was drunk off his rocker. He tasted of alcohol and ice-cream. The heat and swirling began to cloud your mind as you pleaded. His hands release your face and arm to go to your back, fiddling
with the fabric of your dress. The brushing of his fingers on your back spurs new life into you as you can use both arms and leg to push him off. He is aggravated; something behind you is ripped. You’re practically sobbing as he kisses you. You freeze, focus, and push his face off your own. At least it’s a step.

Words aren’t what escapes you; it’s a scream. He latched onto your neck with his mouth. Nipping, biting, sucking, Kevin. You’re pinned. He is biting, gnawing, angry. You’re positive you’re bleeding as he picks another spot further against your neck to suckle. First a whimper, then a scream. Now you are sobbing and shaking. The heart is going a million times a minute. Feet- the pattering of feet. You’re pleading as he presses you deeper and down the pillar. Your arm goes numb with fright as you feel your purse beneath you. With force, you grab the edge and swing it upwards into his face.

“What Trenton? Is th—” It’s a woman’s voice who gasps right as you throttle your purse into his face. While he should tumble towards the door, he stumbles backwards into the opposing pillar. You throw the purse for good measure as you brokenly gasp for any air you can manage. You can feel blood trickling down your neck. Through your tears you can spy the woman at the door – you recall her vaguely from the college cafeteria; his mother. She looks terrified yet pissed; her main concerns are on you.

“D-Dear, are you ok—“

Trenton unknowingly recoils. He backhands your face. The sting is instantaneous and throws you off the steps. You do the first thing you can past seeing immediate regret crawl up his face – his sudden awareness.

You run.

“Wa-Wait! Dear!!” She cries out as you speed down her lawn.

“Jane?!” Its Trenton. He also sounds horrified.

You run. Just run.


You duck into a bridges overpassing and settle beneath it similar to the homeless as you sit and breathe. You let a moment pass before your body shakes with sobs and confusion. Why me? It had been a long time since you considered that thought, but it seemed suitable.

10 minutes? 20? You hope you aren’t sitting there sputtering for more than half an hour as your heart finally begins to pick a proper pace. Finalizing your bearings, you check your back. He ripped your dress. You groan as your head falls back as a strained and shaky hand traces your neck. There were ripe teeth marks in roughly three places. There goes swimming—hell, you were going to need a turtleneck for work. They would surely bruise. Looking out to the expanse of the city before you, you quiver and wish you’d remembered your jacket. It had to be after 11 now. Sans left not even 10 minutes before Grillbys closed- he had to have known you were gone already. You curled inwards once more; you intended to do something good and you only caused them more worries. You could vomit from the building stress and anguish swallowing you whole. Reaching down for your purse, you freeze and recall its not there. You chucked it at Trenton. A trembling anger turns into a growling shout as you punch the underbelly of the bridge – it’s followed with a curse to the idiotic action as you nurse your fist. Looking to the road, you didn’t have money for a taxi, a phone
for a pick-up, a jacket for warmth, nor a sense of direction. You’d never been in this part of the
town. Sitting under a bridge like a troll didn’t do any good either. Sighing and readjusting your hair
behind you to try and cover the more exposed skin, you shove the numbingly cold fingers beneath
your armpits and begin a wet trudge home in silence. Silence you spend in your mind. Clarifying.

Okay. You think, one step at a time. On step, on thought. Fair. Trenton has feelings for you and
took it way too far. He was completely drunk – like Jane. Grillby’s drinks were no joke. Inexcusable
actions, indeed, but that sputtering nervous fool from earlier was certainly not just going to
transform into a flirtatious fiend in just one short drive along. He’ll need to explain himself and
return my purse and jacket, and explain. Oh god I have to see his mother at school – added weird
to the already tense meet up later. It’s impossible to just avoid him when you both attend the same
class.

Okay. Alright. Can’t do shit about that but deal with it later. Now- Sans. Fucking Sans. Why
couldn’t he have just told me instead of making it so cryptic?! True I kinda put him on the spot like
that, but he should have immediately clarified my stupidity!! Inexcusable. Atleast Grillby
remembered I am a dunce and cleared things up ahead of time. But you lived with him, so it would
be practically impossible to get thinking time anywhere for this considering he could be literally
anywhere in the blink of an eye.

You don’t know where you are. Nothing looks remotely familiar. The rain has gone from quick
and cold to just soaking and freezing. It was the mountain rushing cold air that made it so much
chillier at night; the rain didn’t do anything to help. You regretted forgetting the jacket so much
right now as you shivered and teeth chattered. A can tumbled onto the ground suddenly to only
continue to get onslaught by the rain.

Eight more people vanished.

A new shiver ran over your skin as you hung closer to buildings and lights – which were minimal.
All the stores and residential lighting was turned off for the night. You hastily wandered in hopes
of some form of landmark before coming upon a park. The lights were still dim, but there was a
clock. It was midnight. Toriel would have your head. More sounds and the rushing summer breeze
forced you to continue advancing. You now, at the very least, had a direction to go. Ebott was
barely visible past the thick clouds and downpour. Ebott meant home essentially because the
monster housing was close by. If you couldn’t find the housing you would forcibly bold the
mountain and hide in the monster cave at the worst.

The lack of cars and people wasn’t doing anything to ease the tension locking your shoulders.
You’d forcibly halted to grindings of the neck from the overbearing stress as you spastically
became cautious of behind and around corners. Your head rears back as a harsh sneeze comes from
nowhere and leaves you sniffling. A set of headlights instantly come to life not even three feet
behind you and scare you so harshly you throw yourself into a nearby fence- luckily, its metal and
doesn’t bend to your pressure. Holding your arm up to look past the headlights, it’s a cop car. The
passenger door opened to reveal a very young patrolman. He had almost platinum blonde hair with
very albino like skin which clashed with the deep blue uniform. He unsnapped an umbrella,
slammed the door and rushed to your side with a determined face as you quivered in thought and
slow understanding.

“Ma’am, are you alright?!” He shouts over the heavy downpour. “We tried calling out to you! Can
you hear alright!?” He shouts more. His words register after a minute and you shook your head yes
to being able to hear. It took a moment to notice he’d brought the umbrella from being over him to
over you. It was still freezing, and you were too soaked for it to matter.
“Okay! Now, are you alright and do you need assistance?!” His words turn into useless echoes again as you can manage nothing but a stare. Finally, recollection tears spring in your eyes with a weak nod. “Alright. Are you comfortable with me guiding you to the car!” He shouts, extending an arm. He can clearly see your condition despite the darkness and your damp hair strung along your shoulders. You nod and slowly take up his hand as he painstakingly guides you to the police car. He guides you into the backseat where a rush of hot air practically overwhelms you. It also reeks of coffee in the car, but you’ll take it. He ensures you are buckled and comfortable before calmly shutting the door and jumping in the front.

There is a considerable older woman in the drivers seat sipping at some coffee. Her hair is mostly grey with hints of black strands holding onto their youth. Her face can only be described as edgy-her dark makeup around her eyes and lips is thick, her skin also pale to the night, and her eyes are a piercing blue- similar to the boys. She stares at you quivering in the backseat for a moment before pulling the gear shifter and starting her drive. The boy fiddles in his chair before he is gazing over the back of the seat with what appears to be regret.

“If you wouldn’t mind me asking- where were you headed? And do you, perhaps, require any urgent care?” He asks calmly, but you can see the tension on his face. Your fingers entangle together as you lay and bask in the warm air.

“I-I, u-um, wa-was-s-s g-g-going h-home…..no-n-no ur-urgent c-care.” Your teeth chatter continuously. The woman pries a hand off the steering wheel and reaches past the boy towards the glove compartment. She pulls a blanket from within, undoes the separating window with her elbow, and pushes the warm cloth through. You instantly bundle it around yourself and feel bad about soaking it almost immediately. A stoplight comes up as the woman bends back as well. Her wrinkles prove her age and wisdom.

“Alright lil' bitsy. Where’s home?” Her voice is rough and choked from smoking cigarettes.

“Oh-Oh u-u-umm-umm, th-th-the m-mon-st-st-ter s-s-str-treet….e-e-end of-of th-the road.” You declare past your teeth as her eyes widen and she sighs regrettably. The male also seizes up like he just watched someone get whacked.

“So we’re headed back to the station?” He asks.

“Mhmm. We can also get an explanation for this late night adventure and maybe get some aid for ya. Just hang in there, lil bitsy.” The woman requests as you nod and patiently wait. You’d forgotten about the new regulations, requirements, and even the set curfew. Great you grumbled I’m causing, yet again, more issues. A disturbing silence fell over the car as the boy cleared his voice and forced a smile.

“So, what’s your name? My name is Logan!” Logan piped up. He somewhat reminded you of Papyrus, minus the height and insatiable energy deposits.

“Um-U-Uum, J-J-Jan-ne. J-Jan-ne-ne K-K-Ki-el-l…”
“No kidding?” The woman speaks up suddenly. “Was yer moms name Candice??” She asks and everything around you freezes. Your father had almost never referred to her like that, even without you guys around. It was always pet names.

“H-H-Ho-How d-do y-y-y-yo-you k-know he-her?” You whisper, newfound tears welling up in your eyes. The boy watches silently and stutters around before he finds you a tissue box.

“Aaahh those are some memories. I was in charge of guiding her ‘round Ebott when she was gathering study samples for some science shenanigans. She hated the silence so she would just chatter and chatter ‘bout her family and her kids. You and that other boy were often the main subjects if she wasn’t gushing over her husband……I heard what happened. I went to the funeral. I’m sorry to bring it up, but she was a great woman.” She whispers as you snag a few tissues to dab at the base of your eyes. A weak smile worms onto your face.

“Yeah……a re-real pi-pi-p-piec-ce o-of wo-work.” You chuckle dryly while you suppress the tears. Her memories still lived, apparently.

The police station finally came into view after another five minutes of mindless chatter. Logan ignored the talk about your family and focused on your current life- mostly regarding work and school. Susan, the older officer, led you and Logan into the police station that was bustling with activity. Section groups, assignments, interrogations. You suddenly feared for how overwhelmed this would probably leave Papyrus as they led you into a room. Sitting you down, Logan left to fetch you a warm beverage that wasn’t coffee. Susan dipped out to get someone to take a statement about what you were doing, where you were before, and where you were going. You basically were about to get interrogated.

Logan rushed back in crazily with a towel and, the miracle of life, cocoa. Despite the lack of marshmallows, it was a sight for sore eyes as you chugged a bit down. A poor decision on your part is it burnt the tip of your tongue instantly and ruined the flavor. Setting the cocoa down to cool and stir you undid your hair which turned out to be a hazard in itself, lightly combed through the with less numb fingers, and went to town with the towel. There was little to be down about your cold and soaked clothing at the time.

Susan walked back in with another person of equal age if not slightly younger. He had a lengthy scar from his cheek to his ear that was clearly a bullet wound. He looked utterly exhausted. He doesn’t have so much as a beer gut as you would say he does, but he doesn’t seem properly fit for chases anymore.

“Jane this is Deputy Dallas. He is going to ask some questions that should verify you live with the Dreemurrs, inform the chief, and we’ll get you on your way home. Once everything is verified you are free to call them after the interrogation.” Susan excuses herself, momentarily halts, and gestures for Logan. Logan bolts up, salutes the deputy, waves goodbye to you, and rushes off to help however he can. The deputy waddles over with a coffee in his hand and wears a warm smile. Leaning down, he extend his hand for you to shake and you uptake it. Warm, coarse, and wrinkly. Almost like a grandfathers grip despite probably being in his late 50’s or early 60’s.

“Deputy Dallas Nolick, at your service.”

Everything halts instantly as you could curse like a sailor and pull out your hair.

“Now, I’ll ask you those pesky questions and we’ll get onto the workings of tonight, hmm?”

How the fuck do I tell him his son tried to rape me on his front step!??
“Ms. Kiel?”

“Huh?! What?!” You snap free of the daze and stare nervously at the man before you. He seemed so sweet, but you had your secrets. Namely, two regarding his sons. Then again, if he asked, you weren’t about to lie to the law. It seemed you were causing enough trouble as is. He has a clipboard that he is reading over.

“What is Dr. Alphys’ favorite anime that you should totally know?”

...

...

...

“What?”

“What is Dr. Alphys’ favorite anime that you should totally know?”

“Um….the Mew Mew Kissy Cutie franchise?” He scribbles something with a pencil.

“Behold, human, for I am The Great blank. Please fill in the blank.”

“….Papyrus? The Great Papyrus?”

“Alright.” Another scribble.

“What does Frisk use to communicate?”

“Sign language, but sometimes he just lets the others talk for him.”

“Knock knock.”

“…Whos there?” You are starting to sense a pattern here.

“Police.”

“.Police who?

“Police open up, it’s chilly out here.” You can’t help but giggle at the irony or the fact the cop takes a minute to get the joke and scribble something else down.

“Who is the God of Hyperdeath?”

“The what?”

“Who is the God of Hyperdeath?”

“Flowey and Asriel?” You shrug. Was that what he referred to himself as? You thought it was just his Dark Souls 2 character name. May Toriel never know of your late night escapades…

“The monsters required seven souls. How many did they have when Frisk arrived?”

“6?”

“Fuhuhuhu, I am Undyne the blank. Please fill in the blank.” You groan and put your hands to your face. Was this seriously all personal questions?
“Undying.”

“Finally,” you got excited that this was almost over “what is Asgore’s greatest regret?” You instantly halt your excitement and dig. Deeper. Deeper. Nothing. You had no friggin’ idea!! Asgore didn’t talk about anything past the kids, and even that was a touchy subject.

“Um….th-that he wasn’t able to do anything for his kids or the other kids?” You shrug. “I don’t know. He doesn’t really talk to me about that kind of stuff. He learned to live for the present, for his currently family, and that’s what’s keeping him going sometimes.” You mumble, recalling that failing this meant you couldn’t go home. He snickers and puts the clipboard down – checkmarks across the board. You breathe a sigh of relief.

“I am sorry to have brought you into the little mess, Ms. Kiel. I will bring this information to the chief right after the briefing, if that’s alright.”

“Oh, um, ye-yes.” You fidget around as he leans back and gestures towards your cocoa. You pick it up and sip attentively; thankfully the beverage doesn’t burn your tongue this time around.

“Can you please explain to me what occurred tonight? From the brief report I have you were wandering the streets and either pretended or were incapable of hearing the officers calls. You also had no regard for the traffic and could have been injured along with suspicious actions.” You sigh and rub your neck. The towel did all it could do- only a shower could amend the distraught hair. You see his eyes linger on your ripped clothing as you try to imagine where to begin.

“Um, well, I was on a study date at Grillbys. I went with ,um….your son. Trenton Nolick.” You flinch as you see something register on his face. He smiles a bit wider and re-extends his hand.

“Oh! You’re Jane! My son talks about you often and how helpful you’ve been with his studies!!” He shakes your hand enthusiastically as you curse everything inside of you.

“Um, well, yes, but, um, we-we went, um, to Grillbys! And, um, studied.” You fiddle with your mug as he eagerly nods.

“Grillbys is that fire-elementals bar and restaurant, correct?”

“Um, yes. I, uh, work there.” You clarify as he nods.

“I hear the food is delicious.”

“Its pretty good.” You want this to end so badly. Just go home, sleep, sleep, and sleep. Hopefully never wake up. None of this sleeping beauty bullshit either – coma would be slightly appreciated now.

“Anyway, um, we talked for a bit and he got pretty drunk accidentally so I drove him home…” You gulp and readjust yourself in the seat and meet the poor mans eyes. He looks so excited. Trenton must have told him of his feelings for you – it would explain his excitement in meeting you and the prospect of you working.

“He, um, was very drunk. Had no idea what he was doing. And, um, th-the next minute I k-knew I was, um, pinned and he was kissing me. Unconsented. And, um, h-he uh, r-ripped my dress and bit my neck……I-I- I pa-panicked, th-threw my purse at him a-and ran.” You’re shivering and the joyous smile has fallen from the elders face. You take no joy in telling him this; Trenton is already probably getting his ear chewed out by his mother. “I-I don’t blame him! He was s-so drunk! I didn’t expect it, an-and I know he will be sorry tomorrow……but, um, I j-just ran. I hid out under a bri-bridge for a b-bit to collect my, um, thoughts. But I was lost – I haven’t been in this t-town very
long. Then w-with all the news about, um, ki-kidnappings I was super freaked o-out about, um, lurkers or s-something. My mind wasn’t, um, th-there. S-Sorry.” You apologize to the man for the muttering as you sip at the cocoa. Your hand is shaking erratically and the liquid is threatening to spill out of the mug despite being half depleted. He brings one hand under the mug and another gently wraps around your hands as he guides the cocoa back onto the table.

“Are you going to be alright? Need to talk to anybody?” He whispers, rubbing your alright shoulder.

“No-No. I-I’m okay, just…tired. I had planned on calling for-for a ride or getting a cab, but my notes a-are still in the car, and I, um, sorta, ba-bashed him in the head w-with my purse which had my phone and-and wallet. Not t-to mention I left my coat a-at the b-b-bar.” A nervous giggle springs loose from your fidgeting “To-Tonight j-just isn’t, uh, m-my night, huh?” The deputy also gives a dry chuckle and a grip on your shoulder.

“I can only imagine….Welp, ah, I’ll submit the report, see if Logan and Susan will get you home, and I’ll make sure he knows how much he screwed up when I get home.”

“O-Oh, um, h-his mother, kinda, opened the door and saw.” You supply and fidget as another chuckle escapes him while he stands.

“Oh goodie. I’ll be hearing that all night.” You tense and shrink in your seat.

“I-I’m sorry.” Is the whisper that escapes.

“Think nothing of it. Rest up, finish your drink, give the folks a call if you need to and we’ll get you home. Have a better night.” He encourages and leaves you for a moment. Logan and Susan return a few moments later as Susan puts out a smoke and Logan works the wall phone. Susan stands before the little coffee table as she snuffs the cigarette.

“Logan is calling up the house to see if anyone is still awake. If not, we got a spare key on standby. How’re ya doin’ lil bitsy?” You stand after draining the mug and she sets her hand on your better shoulder. In her other hand, she retrieved good sized band-aids for you.

“Well, uh, just had to tell the u-uh deputy his son tried to slightly rape me outside his house, so, uh…” You whisper as Susan sputters and holds a smile behind a hand.

“So-Sorry, sorry. But, seriously? That prick - I knew he was trouble ever since he got sent home.”

“O-Oh no. Not his brother, it was, um, Trenton.” Susan looks surprised. You figured he wasn’t one to do that sort of thing. This guaranteed it.

“Really?”

“Yeah, but, uh, he-he was drunk. Like dead drunk.” You wave it off and take the band-aids. You manage to peel and stick on only one, though, because you can’t see the other two. She motions that you hand her back the band-aids and she will apply them.

“Hello, this is the Ebott Police, how-……Ah, yes, haha, h-hello! An honor, sir!.....S-Sir, I can understand you are distraught but might I request you not scream into the receiver?” Logan pleads as he holds the phone away.

“Wrong number?” Susan asks as she starts to undo a band-aid while you carefully press the other one in. The teeth marks were still there, though at the very least they had ceased bleeding.
“Um, no, they started yelling and proclaimed themselves as the Great Papyrus.” Logan relays as you straighten up.

“Papyrus? He should have had his bedtime story hours ago!!” You reply in shock, making your way over to the phone.

“‘The Great Papyrus?’” Susan says.

“Bedtime story?” Logan winces as you gesture for the phone. He doesn’t hesitate to hand it over.

“-WHILE IT IS VERY LATE, I HAVE A VERY GREAT QUESTION FOR YOU!! I HATE TO BOTHER YOU SO LATE, BUT MY VERY DEAR FRIEND HAS GONE MISSING AND THEY WON’T LET US LEAVE TO FIND HER!!”

“Uh, Papyrus?”

“OH, HELLO MRS. POLICE LADY!! I-I AM THE GREAT PAPYRUS, BUT, UM WE-WE ARE WORRIED ABOUT OUR TINY HUMAN FRIEND!!! SHE IS TINY, HUMAN, AND KIND!!” You can’t help but laugh. That was all completely unhelpful and somewhat untrue.

“Papyrus, go to bed. It’s me, Jane. It’s past your bedtime.” You plead. His voice is raw and tired. He’d cried. He shrieks abnormally and you have to pull the phone away. The octave could shatter the windows on this side.

“J-J-JAANNNNEEEE!!” He is sobbing. You feel utterly miserable now. “What?! Jane!??! OI!! FRISK!! GET THOSE IDIOTS BACK IN HERE!!!” Flowey is screeching past Papyrus’ sobs. There is a sudden whisking of the phone. “Where the hell you been?!”

“Flowey…” You sigh with relief and anger. “What the hell is Toriel letting you guys stay up for? I heard you mention Frisk. You guys need to get to bed.”

“Bullshit!”

“Swear!!” You rectify.

“I don’t give a damn!! Alphys has been passing the house and outside thinking the signal for your phone was fucking jammed, everyone else besides me, Frisk and brave bones here went to the guard station to try and negotiate a search party!! Assholes are like fucking HAWKS!” There is a pause, before, “HEY!! GO TELL ALPHYS!!”

“A-ALRIGHTY!!” Papyrus shrieks, rushing out some door. You rub your face and groan.

“Okay. You take Frisk and Papyrus and get to sleep before I get back. The police are giving me a ride.” You relay.

“M’kay………Wh-What happened?” His voice takes a different tone while there is a suppressed snuffle. You sigh and run a hand through your hair. It was cold and sticky – the only thing to amend it would be a shower. Hell, screw the shower. You probably weren’t sleeping tonight. Full blow it – bath it is.

“I, uh, I’ll explain it later, okay? I’m….sorry to have worried you guys. Its just not….something I want to explain tonight.”

“…..Okay.” He whispers. “B-But when will you be home?” It’s Asriel; sweet little Asriel.
“I don’t know, but tonight.”

“It’s midnight. It’s the next day.” You can feel the sneer from the opposing side and sigh.

“Under half an hour. Now go to bed, m’kay? I’m going to hang up so we can start driving.” You relay. There is a pause then a groan.

“This is so stupid. I just nodded.” He growls as you cackle almost sinisterly.

“Love you too. Goodnight.” You whisper as he outlandish series of gasps and failed words escape him before you hang up. Logan puts the phone back on the holder when the door opens with a pained squeak. Another person walks in – a short woman who looks more like a secretary than anything. She is fast as she whisks over to you and hand you a seal of approval, a tag with a chain, and new residency information.

“This will let you return for tonight, this tag is for accidents like this, but each late return without validated reason will be put onto a watch list. The residency is just so it doesn’t require questioning again. Have a good night.” And she instantly vanishes back into the bustling station. She must be overworked as well.

Logan and Susan escort you out to the police car where you are given another blanket upon immediately beginning to shiver. There was still nothing they could do about your wet clothes and the increasing sniffles and sneezing. Logan gave little looks of pity and managed to sneak a coffee cup that was actually just full of hot water. You grasped it appreciatively and hummed as another sneeze escaped you. Susan kept snickering at your tiny sneeze which returned you to the mindset of crawling into a bottomless hole for eternity.

At long last, the street came into sight. The guard looked angry as you passed the signed passing to Susan who, with equal aggression, presented it to the guard. Peeking through the window, they were right – there was a taser and a lockbox that definitely wasn’t for lunches. He shoved his thumb towards the street and the police car advanced down the street. The rain still hadn’t let up. Had they been waiting in the rain?!

You could cry. You didn’t deserve them.

The police car finally passes the trees and the housing comes into view. You doubted anyone besides the kids actually obeyed your pleas to go to sleep. It was nearly one in the morning. You were totally going to cry and they would presume you’d gone through something traumatic. Uuggghhhhhh…

The car pulls around after the headlights beam into windows which probably alerts the others to your return home. Logan is such a sweetheart like Papyrus; he rounds the car almost like a valet and opens the door invitingly while holding an umbrella.

“Ease up there, romeo. Lil bitsy goes home, we give the run down, then we rush back.” Susan instructs as she slams her car door shut, another signal to your arrival. You almost forget to leave the blanket behind in the cruiser as you harshly sniffle.

“Yes ma’am.” He replies honestly. Susan braves the cold rain as they walk you up to the front step calmly. The front door flies open and you’re prepared for Undyne or Papyrus to full throttle you and cut off your air supply. Toriel is the one hesitating in the doorway before she covers her snout, tears prickling at her eyes. She had definitely been either standing in the rain or just ran out of the shower. Fresh droplets hung on her fur coat like a dew. In a matter of seconds she ran out the doorway, crashing into a puddle, and grappling you into her chest. It was warm from the fire and
smelled of smoked wood, pie, and perfume.

“Oh stars thank you…” She whispered softly while cradling your head. Your small hands gripped the fabric of her dress as you muttered apology after apology. She silenced it all and nuzzled your head, leaned back to look at you, and instantaneously was aghast. She removed her paw and her mouth dropped. “What happened?” She demanded while Susan held a hand up.

“Ma’am, we can discuss this inside. Ms. Kiel, from what I understand, has had enough action for tonight.” Susan intervened. It wasn’t that explaining would be painful; you’d just continuously kept nodding off and a bath was in order.

“Yo! Idiot sandwich is home!!” Undyne shrieks from behind as Toriel moves aside. Undyne snickered and opened her arms expecting you to rush inside and froze after seeing your state.

“No. No. Tell me the fucker is either dead or hospitalized.” Undyne bites immediately, her eye a glare while Susan busies herself with snagging a cigarette.

“Undyne.” Toriel growls quietly, but Undyne is seething with rage.

“I, um-“ You raise your arm wearily. “I just wanna take a bath and go to sleep please. No dying, hospitalization or punishment.” You groan, rubbing your neck to prevent rotation.

“Go on ‘head, lil bitsy. We got this.” She nudges your back with your elbow, egging you forward as you carefully nod.

“Goodnight Jane!” Logan waves pleasantly; bless his soul. You give a tiny smile with a similarly sized wave as you slink past Toriel who instantly takes a more professional approach with the officers. Undyne stopped you in the door and pulled you into the most compassionate and gentle hug you thought was possible before harshly headbutting you.

“We’ll be more careful from now on…” She whispers, gritting her teeth. You return a similarly small smile again and pat her cheek which manages to ease her bite. Asgore is resting – the poor guy looks on the verge of passing out, but he stands as you enter. He doesn’t advance, but he sees and gives a certain nod.

“Welcome home. We’re glad you’re alright.”

Logan and Susan make their way into the living room with Undyne and Toriel while your weary ascent upstairs has begun. You try to keep quiet because waking Papyrus or Frisk would be a nightmare. Also avoiding Sans. That would be excellent – he was either asleep, getting Papyrus to sleep, or randomly got called to work super suddenly. A light tremble shakes you while you tip-toe upstairs without making a lot of creaking. Unfortunately, a sniffle leads to a delicate sneeze you manage to suppress besides a little squeak. Papyrus’ door slams open in the next second and a pajama dawning skeleton snuggles you into his embrace. Its ribs and cotton as you’re mushed into his humming ribs.

“OUR HUMAN HAS RETURNED!!!” Papyrus shrieks with joy as he smooshes your face into his chest. In a flash, you are drooped so low that your face is muffled against his vertebrae and the cloth is concealing your head. “OH!! Nye-NYEHEHE TH-THAT TI-TI-TICKLES-S HUMAN!!” Papyrus pulls you away like it was your forceful intent before hoisting you into the air. His eyes glow with stars before he looks down and sees the disrepair you are in.

“GOODNESS HUMAN!! DID A BEAR GET YOU? WHAT HAS OCCURRED TO YOUR FACE, NECK AND DRESS!? AND YOU ARE ALL DAMP AND CHILLY – YOUR LITTLE
“GEESE PIMPLES ARE ON THE FRITZ!” He shrieks in astonishment.

“Geese pimp-…..Goosebumps?” You clarify as he looks at you strangely.

“THAT IS WHAT I SAID.”

“J-Jane!” Alphys stuttered beneath you as Papyrus relinquishes you suddenly. He rushes back into your room as tears form in Alphys’ eyes. Her initial thought is to give you space, but you can see in her eyes how much she desires contact. You open an arm and invite her in as she takes the smaller of the spoons and nestles he head above your breast. “W-W-Wha-t, u-um, ha-happened?”


“'ey, lookit who finally made it home. had some fun with your huma-“ Sans is still drunk and slurring before he comes into view and Alphys looks amazed he is even standing. His sockets go empty in an instant. Your face feels hot in complete disregard to his cold gaze that lingers on you.

“I, uh….” Tears begin to prickle in your eyes. The stupidity of the night starts flooding back. The stress. The nightmares. Oh fucking hell. “I need a bath.” You insist quietly, rushing out of Alphys’ grasp and running straight up into the bathroom. You lock the door before hand and let yourself fall against the grain. You crawl towards the tub and just initially fill it a quarter of the way with nothing other than boiling water. A few more petty sneezes escape while the cold water meshes to make a pleasant mixture. Initially hot but equally as instantly pleasant. The dress could just be ripped off after witnessing the jagged tear he’d performed. It had buttons, but they likely went flying once he’d intruded. There was a possibility of repair, but at that point it very well could just be turned around. Finally cutting off the water, you step in. The warmth brings newfound jolts of pain and pleasure that mix together strangely until you immediately submerge and return rejuvenated. The bath wait was worth it. Withholding a sniffle, you reach around for the soap and shampoo. To get actual scrubbing done you press the soap into a wash cloth and guide it over your skin. You can’t help the wincing hiss that drags through when the cloth brushes over the bites. Feeling gingerly at the areas with your pinky, there are still a few stray indentations. It did nothing for your mentality at the moment as you laid back. While this incredible relaxation was rare considering you weren’t usually one to take drawling long bathes, it was also nearly 2 A.M. Disregarding the fact you weren’t even going to probably sleep tonight, you still run the shower head briefly before intensely scrubbing at your head and pores. You needed two thorough scrubs to feel even remotely clean as you finally extract yourself from the tub.

You could scream when you recalled that you hadn’t brought the hair-drier back upstairs. Even then you couldn’t use it – the walls were thin and Frisk had to be asleep next door. Towel drying to the best of your ability you sneak a peek through the medical cabinet and sigh when the compartment is found. Downing the anti-depressants never sits well with you at first, but you know it will be practically necessary. Brushing your teeth, drying the loose locks again, drinking water and readjusting the towel, you finally admit its time to go pretend to sleep. Your hand is on the knob before you recall your barren neck and reach into the cupboard for some good sized band aids.

Opening the door, Sans is sitting on the stairs. He spins his skull around only to have it plastered in blue. You don’t react as embarrassed as you likely should. True, you were basically nude and he had a slight degree upward angle, but it definitely wasn’t even enough to see your knees as the towel adorning you was humongous. The other issue is skeletons were supposedly asexual – sure they could make dicks, but they didn’t need to. Alphys basically explained they don’t commonly
show attraction to anything and at least it’s the insignificant bits. Regardless, he stared dazed and stunned. You were too tired to care and strolled into your room without asking questions.

Everything remains perfectly silent as you slip around your room to get some form of clothing. While not-sleeping in the nude was perfectly fine, you just weren’t feeling it. As you slip into a loose sports bra and underwear, a tiny tapping knock comes at the door. You halt what you are doing and gaze at the door. Snagging a pair of pajama pants you maneuver back. There another tapping.

“Yes?” You murmur besides the doorframe before your body just naturally descends the wall until you are sitting cross legged.

“knock knock.” His voice is quiet and wary of Frisk.

“I hope you know a knock knock joke really doesn’t suit an interrogation.” You comment while fiddling with the waistline of your panties.

“shit, they really asked it? I threw that in for shits and giggles.” He admits as you groan and lean your ear into the doorframe. He must be against the door himself because that familiar hum is reverberating close by.

“Well, thanks to you, I managed to get the deputy officer who happened to be Trents father to laugh despite then having to explain how his son drunkenly pinned and roughly molested me at his doorstep.” You deliver the news rather swiftly and let it fester and hang within the silent air.

“knock knock.”

“No, its past 2 in the morning. Go to bed like a sane and normal person.” You plead.

“you won’t go to sleep, will you?” He pesters.

“…..”

“knock knock.”

“Who’s there.” You’ll play along.

“al.”

“Al who?”

“al give it a kiss if you open the door.”

A very short chortle is pulled out as you tiredly lay your head against the doorframe. Finally your absent fiddling manages to pull the pants up and around your waist.

“You’re awful.”

“heh, ya got me there.”

“…..Knock knock.”

“oohh fighting back. heh – whos there.”

“Needle.”
“needle who?” You reach upwards, jiggle the knob, and gently fling it open. It creaks forwards until Sans’ skull comes into view and he looks over your harrowed and exhausted form.

“I needle little love right now, honestly…” You admit. He pauses as though asking permission before getting onto his knees then feet and walking into your room. He leans over and gestures you forward. He assists in rising you off the floor and leads you over towards your bed where you sit with a squeak. Gently his finger hooks underneath your chin, almost beckoning with the slightest of movements to tilt your head. You do so which elicits a hiss from you both, but he is clearly more angry. His hand dives into his jacket pocket and returns with a weird tube— it’s teal and tied with leather as he undoes the top. Inside is a honey like substance that is translucent and purple almost like jelly. He can read the sheer curiosity in your eyes as you stare towards the tube.

“it’s medicine. helps relieve the pain. figured it’d help ya sleep a bit better without worryin’ of rollin’ on it.” Sans shrugs as he sticks a phalange in. It comes out exactly as you had predicted: a purple translucent honey. “it might sting real quick.” He warns before bringing it to your shoulder. A pained sigh escapes you as there is a sudden rush of cold, though it dissipates along with the aching sting. He busies himself with ensuring its spread well enough as thoughts begin to arise.

“’m sorry.” He insists out of the blue. Your reply is stunted as he gasp and strained noise follow suit when he presses the medicine into the likely deepest of the bites. Regardless, you appreciate it.

“For what? Being a gentlemen and driving your date home?” You snicker.

“yeah……I never shoulda let you go alone …”He whispers and you immediately set a hand to his cheekbone. He freezes up. His bone is like air hardened clay that still has that leathery give to it. Mendable but tough; almost akin to muscle. Yet he was smooth and grainy at the same time.

“Stop that. Nobody could have known….if anyone should say sorry, its me.”

“stop. you got nothin’ to say sorry about.” He insists, removing your hand and pressing the last neck bite.

“…I set you up on a date with a girl you didn’t even like.” You mutter as your knees rub together. His touch turns into a glazing and his eyes go distant before he brings himself to gaze through your eyes. “You were right. She is an idiot. A complete ignoramus honestly. Needed a day, a fire elemental, a gay chick, and a drunken admirer to even get me to consider it. How the hell do I fight myself with words?! Look in a mirror and just keep muttering insults?” You plead helplessly.

“How was I supposed to- you worded it so weirdly! You didn’t even correct me. I was so excited. I thought I could make you happy. You deserve it; you deserve so much better, and I’m just—”The words can’t escape as a bubbled whimper cuts you off. Sans says nothing as he gently presses the medicine into your cheek. You shut your eye to protect from receiving any treatment for your vision.

“I’m nothing, Sans.” You insist. Cautiously he presses his skull into your forehead and shuts his eyes, just breathing. He looks so content. “I-I don’t know what you see in me, but you…..you can do so much better.” You plead.

“Jane…” He mumbles. The tube is capped as the weird sensation over your skin acts similarly to a bandage.

“I-I’m definitely not smart, or strong.” You chuckle at the humor in it as you frantically try to wipe the tears away. “My soul and life is a emotional mesh of just shit hitting the fan.” You admit.

“But the worst thing is I don’t know how to reply t-to your feelings, or even what they are or-or
“how I even-” You growl in frustration as a hiccup pops out. One hand tilts your better cheek up to meet his gaze while the other comforts your forearm. His face is a confused blue as he takes a gulp.

“How do you even gulp when you don’t have a throat?” Your curiosity accidentally blossoms and brings a surprised chuckle from Sans before eases up.

“It a miracle you are even considering it. Considering me. But we got time. There’s so much time…” He informs as you nod and blush.

“So…you really do like me? I need to hear it from your mouth or I swear everyone is just fuc-“ His palm goes over your mouth as he tries to suppress more laughter.

“s-sorry b-but how much reinforcement do you need?” He chuckles as you pull back suddenly.

“N-None! You, just, yourself, never, directly, um-“ You fidget and pinch at the covers shyly. He still grasps your hand.

“………………I like you.” He whispers. Then, poof. Nothing. *Teleporting son of a-!!*

You smother yourself in the blankets and pillows to contain your screams and frantic blushing.

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*Your eyes open lazily to only be greeted by your floating reflection. Quirking your head in question, you reach out towards the reflection only for a light zap to repel you. The liquid is resembles a mirror made of tar.*

“*j@Ne…” The erratic voice from behind lures your gaze elsewhere. Floating turns to standing. The floor is a strange opaque white while the walls are an unsatisfying black hue that hurts your eyes. From the wall that mask like face appears once more and you could just bash your head into the wall. Maybe then you could see where he is and how to free him.

“Gaster.” You reply and his smile grows ever so slightly more sinister. You suppose it makes him briefly happy knowing that somebody is aware of his considered existence. He wearily forms wing dings on the wall in white as you look them over. He seemed to prefer this method over direct audible conversation considering it resulted in a lot less pain.

“soul……in- no, is……there……tethered? soul is tethered? Your’s or mine?” You ask openly as he points to you. You lean back and hum in thought “Tethered to what?” It takes him a moment: it’s almost as though he doesn’t want to tell you. Finally, he spells it out.

“God Gaster why do you have to use such big words……Ines……cap……able……..future. Inescapable future. Well, yeah, G – it’s the future. I don’t know what’s going to happen, and if its supposed to happen – it’ll happen!!” You shriek in defiance and wander the odd room. It’s the first time you’d experienced this space before. There didn’t appear to be any door you could make out; it would make things simpler.

A finger suddenly ghosts over your cheek and draws attention. It drags and pokes at all the spots where the medicine was applies and you realize its faintly glowing a purple and deep blue. You stare in wonder as Gaster begins to spell.
“Family…..medicine…..” You place your hand over your mouth as you look to the curative. That’s why that tube seemed so strange – it was almost like a momento. It was for family….

You bolt awake with fresh tears and suddenly bash your head into another’s. You fall back with disdain and a growl as you rub the soon to exist bruised forehead before glaring at the clock. Two hours of sleep. Better than nothing in complete honesty.

“You good?” A voice cuts through the darkness and the neon red hair can only belong to Undyne as you sleepily rub your eyes.

“’Ndyne? Wha’ ou doing in me bed…” You mutter and slur.

“Your nightmare alarm shit started going off. Tori told Alphys to rehook it back up after you came back from the hospital.”

“Mmmm okay.” You honestly weren’t capable of registering everything she was mumbling at the moment. Your brain wasn’t catching up with your body quite yet. She paused, overlooked you, and instantly swallowed you in your blanket. Before you could sputter complaints, she hoisted the burrito containing your body and threw it onto her shoulder.

“Fuck it.” She mutters as she trails out of your door leaving it completely ajar. It was, alas, gone when you reached for the knob. Undyne lugged your burrito form downstairs, kicked open her bedroom door which startled dear little Alphys. “Babe we got company. No spooning your roomie burrito.” Undyne warns as she drops you right in the middle of the bed before vaulting both of your bodies and flopping into bed. It does, however, result in Alphys and yourself getting thrown like a salad while she immediately grapples onto your blankets for protection. She is drooling and making a very strange face, but it was considerable adorable. Undyne didn’t take long to similarly latch onto the blanket cocoon. You suppose this is just going to happen considering the chances of escape were improbably thin. Within moments Undynes heavy snore is rumbling from the back while Alphys curls into your cocoon and tries to get inside. You slightly recall her enjoyment of the insanely heated areas like greenhouses and the beach because it reminded her of Hotland. You suppose even up on the surface and in summer it wasn’t enough. Opening your cocoon, she is quick to sleepily fidget her way inside.

The remainder of the morning you are in and out of sleep, sobbing, and just being an encompassing emotional wreck. In the end, you were but a miserable cocoon receiving a double spooning by your similarly sleep deprived lesbian friends. Alphys had somehow worked her tail around your ankle and the weight caused blood to cease flowing. Undyne was nuzzled and pecking at your rough back probably thinking it was Alphys. She’d attempted on multiple occasions to work her hand under the saving sports bra and just hold your breast, but you would sink into the cocoon. It was a two bird one stone situation that fought against you, however. Whenever you motioned downwards, Alphys wriggled because her close proximity meant you ducking away from Undyne
meant you were essentially headfirst in her lap. She’d fidget and bump your head around with her knee.

Undyne woke up first and caught the situation you were in with a sigh and an irritated grumble. She wasn’t a complete morning person – if it meant she was losing time with Alphys, she regretted the rising sun. She rolled out and snagged a fresh eye-patch (apparently she has a drawer just full of eyepatches) and adjusts it. You’d unfortunately lost another opportunity to see her scarring.

Undyne hoists your bundle as you moan in agony. She yawns heavily as you are brought around to her back and piggy backed downstairs. Alphys’ grip on the blankets is solid as only a tiny silk one is left to drape your shoulders as Undyne proceeds down.

“D’you sleep?” She mutters before yawning again. Managing a shake of the head into her neck she sighs with dejection. Another heavy echoed yawn comes from the living room as Undyne makes a pit stop in the kitchen. You balance yourself out like a koala on her back with your arms lurched over her shoulders as she prepares two bowls of cereal for you. This reminds you of Papyrus’ coddling the other day. You don’t mind it – you lack any energy at the time being. Undyne stumbles ever so slightly while making her destination clear; the living room. The news is creating background sound as you enter to find the familiar faces. Flowey was present which was surprising because Frisk was nowhere to be found. Toriel and Asgore were trance-like on the couch with Papyrus, Sans taking the floor by his brothers feet and nodding in and out. Everyone looked desperate for a break.

“'ornin’” Sans mutters past the pillow he left on his face.

“Hey.” “Hnnnn…” Your attempt at a ‘hi’ get muffled in her scales as Asgore perks up.

“Ah, Jane, sorry – I didn’t see you there.” He mumbles with a strained smile. Lifting your arm to inform the others of presence, Undyne casually lets you slide off her shirt and plop down by Toriel’s leg. Undyne relinquishes one of the bowls for you to stir at mindlessly and nibble as she decides to stand; sitting down would bring weariness.

“So, what’s the plan.” Undyne insists to Asgore and Toriel. Asgore sighs and rubs his tired temple.

“Plan?” You mumble past a mouthful of cereal.

“For keeping you and Frisk safe. We aren’t able to physically do anything about your classmates or Frisks and, from what the news is saying, all classes are opened on campus again.” Toriel briefs you as Flowey loudly crunches some toast in his smacking maw.

“…N-Nothings changed. It’s still classes. I’ll talk to him.” You shrug and a pillow gets launched onto the floor.

“ya ain’t getting’ close to that creep again.” Sans found energy to sit up straight from his slouched position.

“It’s school. He is a classmate. He was drunk.” You mutter towards your spoon and munch into the plain cereal. You still had to confront that issue and the problems regarding his brother. Hopefully his parents didn’t get too pissed.

“I, unfortunately, must agree with Sans. While I presume he is very regretful of his actions, it is completely inexcusable.” Asgore grumbles as he feels his unkempt beard through.

“Either he regrets it, or he w i l l.” Floweys face does that incredible contorting again to appear much more terrifying then you know he is. Reaching over, you can’t resist scratching beneath his
chin which startles the flower back into his tiny dot eyed form. You snicker and scratch the base of his petals. He reacts almost like a dog, closing his eyes like a little tsundere and easing his head up to reposition your itchy finger.

“Shhh shhh…” You coax.

“The most we can do is drop her off and pick her up at a set time unless she requires study materials only accessible on campus.” Asgore finalizes as a few bits of cereal are spewed from Undyne’s hacking jaw.

“Hell no! She needs security! Like Frisk!!”

“Frisk has security?” Your head swivels around to look to Toriel who gives a light nod.

“Being the Ambassador comes with its threats. I’m still stunned people can be so hateful to a mere child… Papyrus and Sans are usually in charge of ensuring Frisks safety, but the Royal Guard Dogs assist every now and then – namely Lesser and Greater dog.” Toriel tells you as you nod in thought. You hadn’t considered he need security such like that, but it was likely inevitable considering the status of Monster Ambassador. It didn’t help that nearly half the town seemed to be against the newfound creatures.


“eh. not big on physical contact.” He replies.

“I WOULD CERTAINLY HOPE NOT!! WHILE WE ONE OF US SLACKS AROUND AND DIVERTS ATTENTION, I HANDLE ANY THREATENING HUMANS WITH SIMPLE REDIRECTING!!” Papyrus proclaims proudly from his point on the couch. You consistently even forget his presence when he is so silent. Its abnormal. You slouch further into your grounded seat.

“I don’t need a security guard. I’ll just buy some pepper spray or a swiss army knife.” You shrug and watch Sans go briefly rigid, his bones clattering. You pause for a moment, contemplating his odd reaction, then your mind reels back to Chara. It seemed her preferred weapon was a kitchen knife. The similarities between her and Kevin could even point to them being related….which was complete nonsense and impractical. Chara was the first human – hundreds of years ago.

“UMMM-“

“Alright. Undercover Security Coverage is a-go.” Undyne warns as you pull up to the college. Sans and Flowey were settled into the car. You could die.

“WHY DON’T WE SEND FLOWEY WITH JANE??” Papyrus suddenly requests. “HE IS VERY PROTECTIVE OF OUR HUMAN BUT IS SMALL ENOUGH TO ESCAPE UNNOTICED!! A LITTLE THREAT HANGING IN THE BAGGAGE!”

Thusly, Flowey was your new dedicated protector. You couldn’t even deny it – summer break for central school was coming up. You found it odd that it started earlier then other locations, but you didn’t question it. Flowey clenched his leaf with affirmation before ducking his head into your bag. You aren’t incredibly sure why Sans tagged along in the first place as he seems to just be
unconscious in the passenger seat.

Yanking your bag with a sigh, you picked tights with knee length shorts, Undyne letting you borrow a pair of sandals so your feet don’t swelter. The v-neck optimally covered the most of your neck, but you needed to wear a thin spaghetti strap tank beneath it to not have your cleavage bouncing around. The medicine had worked wonders and you demanded nobody heal the wounds because of their minor existence and the condition everyone seemed to be in. The revealed marks were covered with a bandage – any questions regarding would result in you claiming it was a pillow fight that got too intense.

Hopping out of the car, Undyne hangs back to ensure you make it inside. Sans even brought along that eye mask to conceal his shut sockets as he snoozed away. Stepping out of the car, you proceed in and past the little entrance gate. Off to the side you can hear an argument commencing as you spare a glance.

It’s Rhianna and Trenton. You can’t make out either of their faces from the distance, but only one crazy chick had her hair. Trenton, from even the distance, is trembling and perks up from his slouch. You wince as Rhianna flips around to catch you in her sights before making a beeline across the yard. Bracing yourself for the impact, Rhianna throws herself at you with enough force to have thrown you onto the ground. Her hands join around your back as she gives a harsh squeeze and you’re left gasping for air. You gasp and flail for air as she cuts off your oxygen. Swiftly, she yanks you backwards as your head goes reeling and she pulls at the v-neck to expose your shoulder. You gasp harshly and turn hues of red as you fight for ownership over the material as she is shocked into momentary silence.

“You are in SO MUCH TROUBLE!!!” She shouts aggressively as she spins and flails angrily at Trenton. He is approaching and you wince with pain for him. Hand print bruises decorate his head, arms and hands. He even has faint dried blood trail at the base of his nose. Despite it all, you can’t help but feel sorry for him. He, also, clearly didn’t get any sleep and cried in bed. The tear tracks are still visible. You shrink in size as he is cautious with his approach. Rhianna is about to go on another rant as you lay your arm out against her proceedings. She pauses, pouts, and impatiently taps her foot. He manages to make it to about two feet away.

“Are you okay?” You ask cautiously and wring your wrists as a sad chuckle escapes him.

“That’s the last thing I expected you to say.” He confesses and sniffles to clear his nose. You give a faint smile. A car door slams open and a hiss comes from within your bag. Spinning around, you glare at Undyne who freezes as she stands on the drivers side. Sans is missing.

Turning back to warn Trenton, Sans pops into immediate existence at his side. In an instant, he throws his fist into Trenton’s jaw. The force in it throws him backwards towards the ground as Rhianna gasps.

“OOOOHHHHHHHHH DAAMNNNNN!!!” Undyne shouts with astoundment while Sans glares and lurks above Trenton. The surrounding students have frozen in their tracks and observe. A blue faze overwhelsm Sans’ hand as you finally see need for action. Lurching forward, you grab his arm and pull backwards.

“Sans, no! Th-This is my campus!” You yank on his bones which results in only pulling at his sleeve. He jabs an accusatory finger towards Trenton and ignores all of your attempts.

“listen here because imma only say this once. I’ve never punched anybody.” His voice is like icicles that pierce your skin. “I’ve never had a reason to – but you’ve forced my hand. I don’t want to make this a fucking agenda plan or a tally board. ya don’t touch my human again, capiche?” His
teeth grind while Trenton nods to his demands. He looks horrified. Undynes cackle roars out as she bashes a dent into the car from her hysteries.

“Oh my stars!! ‘i don’t punch anyone’ WHAT BULL, HAHAHA!!” Undyne exclaims while Sans shoves his hands into his pockets, spares a tense glance at you, and works his way back to the car. Once you are certain he isn’t paying attention you reach down and help Trenton up onto his feet.

“I’m sorry. He isn’t usually a pissed skeleton.” You insist. Trenton holds a hand up with a sorrowful gaze.

“It’s fine. I deserve it.”

“Not really. What you did was, honestly, foul and cruel. But I know you were drunk. While its not an excuse, I think I understand you well enough to know you didn’t intend it. Just….maybe next time, don’t drink as much.” You plead as his eyes widen with wonder.

“….Ne-Next time?” He whispers.

“Yeah. We can bring Rhianna next time.” You shrug and turn to her as she becomes alight with joy.

The bell begins to resound as terror crosses all over your faces before you go rushing into the college. Everyone squeezes through the crowd and pops into the classroom, snagging a seat before the final bell rings. Breathing sighs of relief and complete exhaustion despite the day not even beginning, Mr. Thair walks inside.

“Hello everyone. Glad to see everyone’s doing alright…..Now get your textbooks out and turn to page 30-“ “BWAHAHAHAHHAHA!!” You and the entire class freeze as you follow the sound. Flowey is in tears while he stares towards Mr. Thair, pointing a vine.

“OH MY STARS A BABY IS TEACHING YOUR CLASS!!!! HOW STUPID CAN YOU GET?!?”

Your head falls into your textbook with exhaustion.

*The fresh nightmare begins*...

Chapter End Notes

Hahahaha thanks for reading!! Leave your comments and kudos below if you're interested that would be grand!!

[Here's The Link To The Official Tumblr Page!!!]
Shrug It Off

Chapter Summary

Let's have a good time!

Chapter Notes

This hiatus sucks.
Life sucks.
Right now really sucks.
"You have to get to work on the chapter!" Says the subconscious.
"What the hell are you waiting for?!" Screams the heart.

"Bashing my head against a brick sounds like a good idea for planning..." Says the brain

Thank you so much for your support and patience with this - its certainly a rough time right now, but work will be starting up soon so...I'll be on less *insert sad confetti here*
But seriously can we step back and just look at the views and whatnot?! Over 1000 kudos?!
150 SUBS?!!
18000 HITS?!?!!
My heart cannot handle all the positivity you guys are giving me. It means so much I can't even how grateful I am for all your feedback. Hopefully, for now, the chapter can be pleasing enough to make a thank you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Your head smacks roughly against the table with immense relief as the bell tolls and people start to siphon out of the hall. Flowey gave an exhausted yawn from your backpack and you fixed an off-hand glare at the rude weed. The class embarrassment he’d put you through was likely permanently flushed onto your face as you subconsciously try to melt into a vat of nothingness within the ground.

“Soooo...” Rhianna hums besides you as you spare her a glance. She hadn’t hidden any of the sudden chortles she’d gotten from the interactions between you and Flowey; public or private. At least she catches the hint of relief in your shoulders while your eyes betray the exhaustion from the ordeal. The first half hour he had gone on and on with snickers and hysterics about the teacher while the other half he questioned everything like a curious child. Each question was followed up
with a slur of insults, of course. Mr. Thair had given up screaming at the incessant monster who would then guiltily blame you. Luckily, however, Thair had children of his own and clearly noticed your struggle, so his demands and backfires to the ruckus were minimized. Another saint was the woman behind you – she admitted to also having children despite her young appearance and age and offered a little sketchbook for Flowey to busy himself with. Flowey pretended not to care, though he was already on his eighth doodle of Frisk, Toriel, Asgore and Papyrus. You’d nudged him to try and add the others but he simply would puff out his petals and pout.

Rhianna clears her throat and gives you a stare as if expecting an answer. Had you missed something? Dragging your head into your hands you mutter a “Sorry, what?” to her as she shakes off the ignoring.

“I asked how long you have to ‘babysit’?” She quoted with her fingers and gave Flowey a dubious gaze.

“Hell if I know. Hopefully only today. If not, I’ll bring a muzzle next time…” You groan and straighten into your chair.

“He’s right here!!” Flowey argues while you gather your books.

“That’s the issue. I don’t need a bodyguard; I love you Mr. Pouty Petals, but your attitude and disruptiveness today was agony. Agony.” You stress to Flowey as you snuggle your books in beside the pot.

“I wasn’t kidnapped. I drove him home, there was an incident, and some bad stuff happened. He certainly wasn’t in his right mind.” You huffed as you dug out the sketch book the woman had lent you. Turning around, she had a nostalgic gleam in her eye as you handed it back to her.

“Thank you so much. I don’t think I would have survived class.” You admit as she gives a light hearted giggle and pats your head.

“Says the idiot who got kidnapped…” Flowey mutters as you flick one of his petals gently in warning.

“Regardless, thanks. I owe you, um…” “Molly. Don’t worry about it – it’s my good deed for the day I guess.” She shrugged happily before trotting down the center pathway. You gave a grateful smile as Rhianna let out a heavy sigh.

“But, seriously, this is so fucked. I know the dude had a thing for you, but I never expected that from him!” Rhianna growls as she casts her eyes to a mobile group. Your vague glance finds the blonde and tanned skin of Trenton swerving among the crowd to escape undetected.

“It is fucked up and don’t you dare tell your mother I cursed around you~” You warn Flowey hastily as his grin grows. “, but the bastards had it hard enough with his parents probably. His mom works at the cafeteria while his dad is a police deputy! I had to explain that shit to his father last night…” You grumble as Rhianna’s eyes light up with new information.

“Wait, seriously?! Holy shit-o!” Rhianna can’t make a face but you can tell she wants to laugh and feel bad at the same time.

“Yes, seriously. I got lost and couldn’t get back in without a pass so the police picked me up and I had to give a detailed report.” You sigh as you finally gather the remainder of your items while
stretching your legs. The majority of the class has dispersed or are conversing with Mr. Thair.

“Ouch. So, what’s the plan?” Rhianna inquires as you slug the heavier bag over your shoulder.

“Just give each other space, I guess. Probably for the better. Let him figure out how to apologize. Knowing him as much as I do he will want to do it properly in his own way.”

“Fair enough.” Rhianna gives a lazy shrug and follows behind you. You stop by Thair’s desk and apologize deeply for Floweys behavior. You’re lucky you both escape with a warning this time around. Dodging into the cafeteria and being mindful to avoid Trentons mother, you manage to snag some macaroni, chips, Ritz crackers, and a Dr. Pepper. You wander over to the library for some privacy and peek in through the windows for any signs of Trenton lurking within. He seems relatively absent but it doesn’t stop you from procuring a different corner away from anyone else. You settle Flowey against the table in the dropping suns basking light and place the crackers and chips besides his pot. The abrupt opening and slamming of your text book startles Flowey from munching into a Ritz, but you can’t help the need to busy your mind.

“Sho whats in t-” Your hand practically slaps Floweys face to silence his loud voice as you nervously peer down the undisturbed halls and bookcases. Either the librarian didn’t hear him or she wasn’t bothered because she continued to sit idly at her computer. With a relieved sigh, you relinquished Floweys mouth.

“Keep your voice down. If I get kicked out of the library, I’ll tell Toriel you can’t have desert for an entire month.” You warn and Flowey gasps with offence before scrunching up his face.

“You wouldn’t dare…” He whispers aggressively. He obviously takes the threat seriously if he isn’t barking it back to you so you even your eyes out with his own.

“Probably, but don’t tempt me.” You warn as you snag a cracker for yourself. “This place is the only calm quiet spot I have found and I just want to keep it. It has books.” You shrug, eyeing the bookshelves with a peaceful mirth. A faint little cart catches your attention as you hastily lean over and snag a comic book. It’s a Captain Underpants book; good memories lie within. Handing the book to Flowey to distract him, he doesn’t put up nearly as much a fuss as you’d predicted and begins flipping through the pages. You return to your necessary studies and are only pulled free whenever Flowey gives a little chuckle.

You hang behind in the library even after you’ve done an adequate amount of studying. Your mind is too muddled to keep your concentration for anything extensive, especially memorization. You sighed into the wooden table again for what seemed like the hundredth time.

“Are you feeling better?” Flowey asks out of the blue, pulling you from your slight stupor.

“Gonna need to be a tad more specific for me…” You inquire as Flowey pouts, though his little eyebrows scrunch in anger.

“About everything! The Saves, your brother, getting hurt, that douche, the incident with Chara, a- and you cracking so-“ Violent tears begin to stream down his face with frustration, but you silence his rant as you yank his pot into your chest. He is rigid for a moment before nuzzling in beneath your neck.

“Hey now, where’d my little badass go, hm? I’ve been fine and sane thanks to you guys – I doubt I’d be here without you all now…” You admit sadly as fresh tears blossom and soak into your shirt. He muffles pained gasps while you gingerly pet his petals.
“Bu-But………I… I don’t want you to go….I don’t want you to die.” He whispers as little vines clutch your wrist and fingers. Pangs of guilt riddle through you as Flowey aggressively sobs against you. Your calming ministrations can only do so much.

“Shhh I’m okay now. I promised to do my very best to not touch the Saves and I most certainly won’t be doing the Loading again unless it’s extremely dire. Right now, though, we are out of the woods so lets….lets just forget all that happened and enjoy the peace?” You offer with a shrug as he tilts his face up enough to glare at you.

“That sounds stupid.” He mutters with a sniffle.

“Your face is stupid.” You counter with a sly grin.

“Your brain is stupid.”

“Derp.” You flick his forehead and stick your tongue out playfully. He grimaces and glares, but you can tell from the embarrassed blush he doesn’t mean it. Cuddling the pot closer your phone vibrates within your bag. Before you can even reach in you hear in the distance Papyrus’ obnoxiously adorable car horn echoing out. With a sigh you gather your things and snuggle Flowey back into your bag before lugging everything out of the library.

You and Flowey pop into the passenger seat right as Papyrus’ sockets begin to beam.

“How did Mission Undercover Security Coverage go?” Papyrus hollers as you wince back. Papyrus always meant well and was refreshingly enthusiastic, but you would likely never be used to his close proximity unawareness.

“Meh.” Flowey shrugged casually as he stared off into the distance. You manage the brightest smile for Papyrus.

“There really wasn’t a need for the extra security on campus, Papyrus, but I really appreciate the concern.” Papyrus didn’t need to know about the morning situation more then he needed to and certainly would be downtrodden if you ratted on Flowey being a figurative little shit the entire time.

“That’s grand – perhaps then you could allow Flowey to continue accompanying you for your college classes?” He enthuses as you return a deadpanned stare. It takes a few moments to register his words.

“…What?”

“Well Ms. Toriel made a point once Undyne and Sans returned home that Flowey had been ‘lacking in attention skills’ and ‘putting off necessary learning’!!! She had the brilliant idea that if Flowey accompanied you to school more regularly he would understand his need to focus!” Papyrus says. You can’t wipe the dumbfounded face away and even Flowey looks dejected to that plan. “Oh!! I nearly forgot!!” Papyrus exclaims before bringing his gloved hands together to entwine his fingers and gives you a brilliant smile with real stars in his sockets dancing and twirling. While you would certainly remember to question both brothers on their ability to manipulate shapes into their sockets, he was giving off an aura that you couldn’t possibly say no to….

“Papyrus….why are you making that face?” You wince inwardly as your resolve deteriorates.

“Ms. Toriel told me to as an additional precaution incase you would
REFUSE THE OFFER!!"

Oh sweet Papyrus no….

Making a mental note to get payback upon Toriel on a later date, you weigh the options. Either Flowey would be lugged around with you for some indefinite amount of time and cause you mortal embarrassment for the possible remainder of time in this college………Or you rode home in the car with a depressed Papyrus.

“I’ll take him.” You sigh with defeat as Papyrus giddily starts the ignition. Flowey gives you a betrayed look and you scowl back at him “Hey, I ain’t ‘bout to deal with him being pouty. My heart wouldn’t handle it.” You whisper down to him; you’re ignored.

Papyrus atleast blasts more Weird Al Yankovic while returning home. Flowey pretends to not get into the music and the upbeat jostling within the car, but he certainly isn’t able to hide it. Sans is, luckily, not around when you return home. You didn’t want to have any form of confrontation with him regarding this morning or… the earlier morning. The mere memory brings a vague flush to your face.

“…………I like you.”

You scream into your pillow again with uncertain agony. You’d waddled away to bed before the others and heard Toriel dismiss herself from Frisks room. You lay back, staring at the ceiling and trying to piece together the scattered bits of your brain. Since when did you have people confessing their attractions to you?! First Trenton, then Sans, Flynn does it jokingly and constantly, and that other Jane made it sound like she was flirting with you. A realization comes to mind as you press your hands into your face.

How much misinterpreted flirting have I straight up ignored?!

Unable to find any peace of mind you slink out of bed in your baggy PJ’s and tank top. It was rather cool but it would be warm tomorrow from the weather report. Snuggle inside and keep away from the heat was your only option until the pool was available. Seymour and Louis are relatively quiet and in an almost sleep-like trance. You drape a light cloth over their head individually similarly to a bird cage to give them peace. It was also a brief test on their visibility and perception.

Plopping into your computer chair proves a bad idea as the cloth and leather desperately sticks to your bare skin that you would need to rip yourself off instead of peeling. Opening the desktop and scrolling through the online feed, you recall to check in on your emails. There wasn’t anymore news from Gloria, though you had forgotten to send any form of reply because you were utterly struck with shock. You open another email and begin replying finally.

– Janette –

I am so flipping excited I totally forgot to reply!! I swear I won’t be telling anyone, but how far along are you?! Fuck I seriously can’t wait – will I get to come see while it’s still developing!? I nearly cried earlier. I saw the email at the bus stop and people started looking at my funny. You owe me a feel!!

You hastily send the reply and lean back with satisfaction. There wasn’t a reply back from Flynn, not that you minded. Different time zones made communication slightly troublesome. Leaning back in the chair despite the sticky material clinging onto your skin you let your mind wander. It’s the most peace you’d felt through the entire day and you honestly welcomed it.
“OH WOWIE!!”

“Fuck yeah!!!” You grumbled and tried to toss yourself only to lose your footing and fall out and onto the hard ground. You groan and rub the impact points as you glance around…..right, you fell asleep in the science room. Desperately wiggling the mouse show the desktop and the time isn’t even 10 in the morning yet.

“why’d ya need m’?” You faintly make out Sans’ slur. It and the rest of the commotion seems to be coming from out back as you drag yourself to your feet and trying to clear the bed head. Chair head? You wouldn’t bother questioning it; there was enough going on. You slip the sheet off of Seymour and Louis to let them bask in the early morning sunlight as you shamble out the door.

“THIS IS SIMPLY MOMENTOUS!! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, MIGHT JUST SHED A TEAR!” Papyrus cries as you cringe to the pitched echo resonating across the mountain side.

“water ya doing?”

“Paps is right! This is huge!! Get a picture to frame the moment.”

“Undyne, it will be here for a good while. There isn’t a need to frame it, but I appreciate the enthusiasm.” Asgore is also outside as you finally accept the piercing sun onto your eyes and skin to peer down.

A beautiful pond of teal and blue gently waves a vague reflection back to you. Colors dance along the waters surface and turn the sky back into your eyes as a spark of delight fulfills you. The pool is filled and finished.

“Can’t wait to get that first dip!!” Undyne screeches with enthusiasm.

“Now, now. From what I understand you bought swimsuits for a reason.” Asgore argues heartily. All the words are on faint ears as you open the overhanging doors as wide as possible, positioning yourself. The mornings sun also came with an unsavory heat wave as you lined yourself up with the door.

Fuck the swimsuit.

Before allowing the rational side of your brain have a say in the matter, you break into a sprint from the point against your bed right to the fence meant to keep you from doing exactly what you were. It was a terrible idea to begin with, but you were desperate. You give a faint jump to follow up your other foot that pushes off the top of the fence with as much mustered force as you can manage. You are successful and the fence actually manages to stay in place to your surprise as you now float and instantly descend towards the drink. For protection, you curl yourself into a ball and heave a quick breathe to hold.

“HUMA-“ Papyrus’ shriek only registers last minute and is cut off as you make contact. There is initial sting, but fortunately the cannon ball had resulted with your lower back hitting first. You open your eyes to be mystified by the surrounding water – the sun peeks through and gives it an illuminous glow that warms your heart as you let yourself float beneath the subtle waves. A faint tinge of red and white grabs your attention and the slight guilt for scaring them finally rummages through your mind as you swim upwards. Breaking the surface and gasping for air, you flail your
head around to remove the waterlogged mess from your face.

“Jane!! What in stars name were you thinking?!!?” Asgore screeches as you recoil back.

“HUMAN!! THAT JUMP WAS SIMPLY MAGNIFICENT!!!” Papyrus cheers, reaching downwards and extending a gloved hand, “THOUGH IF I HAD SKIN LIKE YOURSELF I AM CERTAIN IT WOULD BE LOST.” He adds with a side glance. Following his sight, Sans is standing quite rigid before he blinks and calms. You must have scared them all. Another splash sounds behind you; your legs are grappled by arms as hair presses to your chest and Undyne hoists you up onto her shoulders. She has a confident smile on her face but a leer to her eye. She looks decently terrifying as she grips your thigh harder.

“I WAS SUPPOSED TO JUMP IN FIRST!!” She shouts with giddy rage as she jumps and plummets you both backwards into the water. A fair portion of liquid runs up and into your nose as you struggle and breach the surface again, coughing and gagging. Undyne comes up beside you giving a hearty shove.

“S-Sorry. Couldn’t help myself…” You unfortunately admit as you recall the stern gaze Asgore has ultimately transfixed onto you. Undyne helps lug you out of the pool as Asgore sends the brothers off to prepare for the swimming – apparently you were the only one left uninformed of the pools finalization date to make it a surprise, but Asgore and Toriel wish they had just mentioned it.

Asgore and Toriel chew you out in the kitchen while Alphys snuggles you into two layers of towels.

“It was reckless, you didn’t even have your swimsuit on, you could have been injured or need to return to the hospital-“ Is all you caught before you drowned them out. Your rational mind didn’t have a say in it – it was going to get even hotter than it was now, which was estimated to about 80 degrees, and the water always soothed your back and cuts. Toriel finalizes that she is just appreciative that you weren’t injured and quickly instructs you to apply sunscreen after getting your bathing suit. Rushing upstairs you pass Papyrus who is rapping against Sans’ door impatiently. Papyrus is wearing a blue speedo but there are visible lines of sewing an extra trim to the ends and upper half to conceal his pelvis better. He doesn’t seem aware of you as he barks at Sans to make haste.

Rushing into your dresser and finding the embarrassing swimsuit, you hesitate only momentarily when a splash resonates into your still open door. Your pajamas are chucked onto your bed and you try to slightly straighten your hair out as you squeeze back into the bathing suit. The frills wouldn’t matter once you were back in and just soaking. Unravelling your towel from the confines of the closet you begin your descent back only to catch Papyrus still struggling to get Sans out from his room. You stealthily wandered downstairs where Alphys was completely shrouded in her blanket and watching from the kitchen doorway.

“Alphys? What are you doing?” You ask as you wrap your own towel around yourself. She had chosen a two piece because it was certainly easier to maneuver around her tail. It seemed to be hand tailored as a major support was the bottom half being tied up and around the base of her tail to keep in place. You only could see the strings because she was so swaddled.

“O-Oh! U-u-u-uh-um-“ She stuttered nervously as fearful eyes were locked onto the gentle waves.

“Hey. Just breathe. We aren’t even in yet. You’ll probably be a natural floater and nobody here would even give you a chance to drown.” Even though it sounds degrading, you mean well. It was scientifically shown that those with more matter had easier time distributing weight in the water to make floating simpler. Whether this theory applied to monsters who consisted of more magic then
mass was to be tested – and you weren’t about to tell her otherwise and let her hide under a bed. She shivered when you took up her hand and graciously led her towards the shaded areas. Frisk was there with Flowey trying desperately to apply suntan lotion. Flowey was completely set up in something similar to a drink carrier on the water; he looked like he was shoved into a little floaty. His eyes were also trained to the water. “Are you afraid too? You are **guaranteed** to float!” You shrug as he gives a wary look.

“And what about when one of you idiots jumps in and makes a bunch of waves?!” He screeches in retaliation. Your sun is just barely snuffed out as a shadow is cast along the umbrellas set along lounge chairs; it’s only a light cloud but you see bright red hair let free from its ponytail and your attention is instantaneously dragged from the relaxing sky. Undyne is eyeing the pool from the diving board with a broad smile. She had even removed her eyepatch to show a rather ragged scar nearly encompassing her entire closed lid. It’s a teal pale disorientation, but it didn’t take away from her powerful vibrant beauty. Her sharp teeth bite into an enthralled smile before she hastily takes the plunge and causes waves to reverberate around the edges. You’re surprised she picked for a rather slimming black and red one piece, but you also doubt that any two piece swimsuit would be able to withstand her tenacious energy and athleticism. Scanning the rest of the garden, Asgore is finishing flowering his segment of the garden and you vaguely recall noise coming from Toriel’s room. Asgore picked pretty baggy and father like swimming boxers that you could respect. You didn’t want to picture Asgore in a speedo. It sent a weird chill throughout your body.

“Ehh.” You shrug once you recall Flowey was speaking to you. Frisk is trying to bend their arms around their back desperately and is completely unsuccessful. They have blue and orange floral printed shorts with a red drawstring and trim. It was certainly vibrant and matched their naturally enthusiastic attitude. “Frisk, c’mere I’ll get your sun screen.” You call as you set yourself into one of the lounge chairs. A quick burst of water slaps you directly in the face – following the source, it’s Undyne.

“Don’t see why you even need that lotion junk! It’ll just wash off.” Undyne hollers as her webbed hands keep her steady and afloat. Alphys looks on with almost green envy to her lovers capability in the water.

“Well unlike somebody, we have natural skin. If we get too much UV rays from the sun it can lead to sunburns or skin cancer. I remember when I once fell asleep on the side of a pool and nobody woke me up. I was redder then a lobster for nearly a week. It hurt so badly I wasn’t capable of moving without being in sheer agony, therefore, I am putting sunscreen on. You and Alphys have scales so you’ll be fine. That and I don’t think monsters can catch cancer…” You admit with thought before turning to Alphys, “Can monsters get cancer?”

“Uh-uh we-well th-there isn’t any current or-o-or past p-proof of anything si-similar to it f-from what I-I’ve stud-died…………B-But ju-just o-on the off ch-ch-cha-“ Alphys begins to perspire in fear as you pat her shoulder while Frisk pounces into your lap.

“I get it, Alphys. I’ll get ya some sunscreen……Unless Undyne wants to!” You holler, inviting her over.

“Not that I don’t love being with my favorite girls, but I am already in the water. Ya ain’t taking me outta my element that easily!!” Undyne barks as a devious smile crosses your face.

“Oh alrighty. I guess I’ll just need to put a ton of lotion on my **hands and rub Alphys’ entire body!!** Even **under the swimsuit** – because you can never be too careful!!” You dictate and turn to Alphys cruelly. You hear water splash and webbed feet tapping against the surrounding concrete and you can’t help your pride even when Alphys is shriveling into a cherry tomato.
“You are like a fish – hook, line, and sin.” “Finish that and I’ll show ya were the fish sleeps.” She warns with a sneer but adopts a caring touch for Alphys who looks equally terrified and excited. Mostly terrified. You squirt a little into your hand to cover Frisk for the moment and lend Undyne the bottle as Alphys looks for a corner to hide in and flush. Undyne hunts the poor girl like prey.

“I know where the fish sleeps already, Undyne!!” You call out to her as she hastily flips you off and pursues her lover.

“Are you really going to teach everyone how to swim?” Frisk asks through you as you nearly jump to the sudden sound.

“I doubt I’ll be good at it, but at least I know about floating. Undyne will probably be the on-duty lifeguard past Papyrus.” You admit while clearing his hair away from the neck. He gives a small jump to the cold lotion application, but quickly settles.

“I heard you jumped out your window.” Frisk tattles with a sinister smile.

“It was not the window – I used the fence.” You correct.

“REALLY?!” They scream within the close proximity and almost glow with admiration to your daring acts.

“Yes, and it was really stupid now that I reflect on it….but I just…really wanted to get into the water.” You grumble honestly. Frisk seems confused by your statement.

“Ya can’t like it that much.” Flowey grumbles from the sidelines as you defiantly press a glob of sunscreen to the center of his face. He gasps back and struggles to eliminate the substance with his vines. It gets a giggle out of both you and Frisk.

“Oh I love the water. Back when the scar was a lot fresher it was honestly agony to move. A doctor prescribed that I look into just bathing. That feeling of floating and relaxing helped ease the pain tremendously to the point it was a short miracle I was walking with ease. Kinda like a curative or a charm in my prospective.”

Clacking bones finally stamp out into the backyard as you spare a glance. Sans is hugged beneath one of Papyrus’ arms as he looks over the pool with a victorious pose – like he won the battle, but knew the war awaited. Sans didn’t look any different from his casual self except it was just his pants; you bet anyone he didn’t even bother to get literal swim shorts and is just using the ones he always does because they look identical. Papyrus catches wind of you and marches over to set Sans into a lounge chair – he, for some reason, has a sleep mask on.

“I SWEAR SANS! YOU CAN’T EVEN BOTHER TO GREET THE HUMANS ON THIS MOMENTOUS DAY!!” Papyrus growls and nudges Sans’ lounge chair in hopes to stir him.

“what can I say bro? I don’t know how to live in the moment like you. ain’t seein’ the major bright side.” He shrugs. The words and tone put you off as you give him your momentary attention. If he weren’t a skeleton, he’d still look dead with the way he is just draped and unmoving on the lounge.

“Something rattle you? That’s some pretty heavy humor…” You whisper as Papyrus goes to the edge to investigate the waves.

“’m fine…” He mutters, his head shrinking into his ribs.

“Ya ya. Hope the sun catches your pants on fire you filthy little liar.” You stick your tongue out
and feel Frisk jolt beneath you.

“Dirty brother killer....” Frisk mimics back with eyes growing a bit wider then casually possible.

“Huh? Wha-“ You nearly ask curiously as Papyrus wanders back over.

“HUMAN JANE WHAT ARE YOU APPLYING TO FRISK?” He asks curiously.

“Oh, uh, sunscreen. It protects the skin from UV rays. I’d show you the bottle and details but Undyne stole it.” You chuckle lightly, not letting go of the little slip up.

“Oh! WILL WE REQUIRE THIS LIQUID ARMOR FROM THESE UV RAYS? WHO IS SHOOTING RAYS??” Papyrus asks curiously as a mirthful laugh comes from beyond Papyrus.

“Oh Papyrus dear. UV rays are things the sun naturally emits. They are good in small quantities, but best to not let yourself be in them too long. The lotion product gives humans protection from the rays while they are outside wherever it is applied. You and Sans will not require it seeing as though you’re both bones.” Toriel informs as she slips out of the kitchen. She is in a dazzling two piece with an attached sash skirt that flips against the faint wind just above her ankles. She looks equally embarrassed as Papyrus momentarily ogles.

“Woah, Tori, you look great!” You call, hoping the statement is loud enough to disturb Asgore’s focus.

“Oh, my dear, you’re making me blush.” She waves off the compliment as you shake your head.

“You were blushing before you came out! It really looks nice!” You give her a certain thumbs up – the colors were crisp deep purples and they had rings to catch the fabric tightly. It nicely paralleled her ivory fur.

“WOWIE YOUR MAJESTY!” Papyrus’ sockets regain an almost anime-like twinkle in them as he overlooks the queen. Sans finally relinquishes the eyewear to gander at the queen who is going timid under all the stares. Frisk, cleared of sunscreen duty, hops off the chair and charges off into the garden – likely hunting for Asgore.

“ya look nice, tori.” Sans offers with a smug grin.

“Thank you Sans. You as well, Papyrus. Will you two be working with Jane to work on your swimming?” She inquires.

“Ehh, first floating then swimming. Think if Sans had the stomach for it, he’d be a natural floater, but-“ you cut yourself off with a shrug. Sans didn’t seem nearly as eager for the water as Papyrus – even less so then Alphys, and she was too terrified to even come out besides the pool.

Undyne and Alphys finally return from wherever they had escaped to and Alphys is practically twinkling like a star with the light bouncing off her shined scales. It’s borderline blinding.

“Alph you go on ahead and get working on getting in the water. You don’t need to get off the steps, but just try and make it to third.” You offer, pointing towards the stairs into the pool. She nodded uncertainly and was still diminishing the flush from her face as Undyne gently guided her with ‘encouraging’ words.

“Those stairs aren’t gonna know what stepped on ‘em!!” She shouts as you wince for Alphys. Undyne was certainly an exceptional enthusiast and would be great at training people, but Alphys needed more support than encouraging words; she certainly appreciated Undyne’s efforts,
regardless.

“So, ya gonna go show off your swimsuit to Asgore or you jumping in?” You waggle your eyebrow at Toriel and heavy footsteps come from the other end. Toriel gives a wide-eyed stare to the other end of the pool which leads to the garden. Sparing a glance you see Frisk leading Asgore over and he looks absolutely stunned out of forming words as his maw hangs agape. Toriel takes a deep breath and approaches him – her steps were as regal as wonky with flustered anxiety.

“OH PUNK!! HEADS UP!” Undyne shouts suddenly. The air before you whips and you narrowly dodge the sunscreen that bounces against the back of the lounge chair. You would scowl at her but you are too keen on getting yourself in. Uncapping the sunscreen, you stretch your legs out and get a quick layer on.

“So we will not require the screen for the sun?” Papyrus asks curiously.

“No Papyrus. You don’t have skin, so you can’t get a sunburn or skin cancer.” You inform him as you pinch the bits between your toes. You were pretty susceptible to sunburns and they were annoying.

cancer?...like, cancer cancer?” Sans raises from the lounge chair to further the question.

“Mmm.” You reply with a hum of affirmation as you shed the towel and stretch into the sunlight.

“What is a sunburn then?”

“Well a sunburn is basically a much lesser form of skin cancer I suppose. The heat seeps into the skin and cells making it inflamed. Certain people have a harder time or an easier time getting sunburnt then others – I am, unfortunately, the latter.” You sigh as you stretch your arms towards the sky and breathe deeply. You do some light twists and bends to make sure you don’t cramp or tweak anything from the sudden burst of exercise. On the final twist you catch Sans and Papyrus simply staring like deer in the headlights at your form. You presume it is because of the frilly swimsuit, but Papyrus seems deep in thought. Pondering…

“Papyrus? What’s up?” You ask, applying the rest to your back while awkwardly bending. You wouldn’t burden the boys with the task of your utterly fucked back half. Papyrus squints his sockets more then meanders over, takes up your arms, and lifts them similarly to your stretches.

“JANE!! Your internal skeleton is showing!” Papyrus exclaims with giddy wonder as he ever so gently pokes a rib pressing against your skin. You giggle at the ticklish sensation.

“Well, yeah. I’m not perfectly skinny, but enough that it’ll show when I stretch or straighten myself out. You just can’t ever see it because I am always wearing a shirt. You can also barely feel and see my pelvis jut out.” You carefully takes Papyrus’ hand and guide it to the edge of your hip where he gives a little press and feel the wing of your pelvis. His eyes light up with new life as he checks the other side.

“That is amazing!! It is still troubling that I, the great Papyrus, haven’t become accustomed to humans being part skeleton.” Papyrus grumbles at the new discovery.

“Relax, Papyrus. It’s kinda a new concept for skeletons to walk and not mention the zombie apocalypse.” You shrug his dismissive off as he gives another tweak.

“sans! do you want to feel?” Papyrus calls. Sans’ entire skull is pastel blue as he watches his brother poke at your internal bones.
“u-uh-uhm n-no paps. I’m good.” He breaks his gaze and tries to dab the sweat away with a handkerchief. Where’d he even pull that from?! You totally understand it’s a boundary between you two, but the refusal is somewhat depressing…

“SUIT YOURSELF! WHEN WILL WE BE LEARNING HOW TO SWIM?” Papyrus pleas as you gesture for him to ease his joy.

“First floating. Then swimming……You coming?” You ask Sans beside his lounge. He won’t even look at you.

“go ‘head without me. gotta get me beauty sleep aft’al.” He waves you off, pulling the mask back over his sockets. You pout but give him the desired space as Papyrus follows behind you. Undyne had managed to get Alphys onto the second step, but the third just seemed beyond her capabilities. You sigh and sidle up besides her on the steps.

“Papyrus why don’t you and Undyne look into what Tori and Asgore got for floaties?” Undyne doesn’t put up a fight and is just as equally interested as they both rush off towards a shed. You step out to be in front of Alphys and extend your arms for her to see.

“Take the step. I’ll be holding onto you. I know you trust me; I know you trust everyone here. Please don’t let fear keep you from experiencing new and exciting things……” Your pleas strike something in her as she gives a hesitant nod, reaches for your arms and grips them tightly in her claws. It’s almost like a pinch, but you support her completely as she takes the next step. It’s up above her waist and she gives a shiver.

“I-I th-think I-s-s-sha-are si-simil-lar qual-qu-qualities t-to, u-um, co-cold blooded critters…”

“Heh, I wouldn’t doubt it. In my personal experience it gets warmer the longer you stay in – it’s always that initial exposure.” The calming conversation manages to bring her in another step. She freezes up and you are ready to persuade her further as she takes the chance to lunge at you and grapple your waist. She is shaking horribly and any tighter squeezing would result in cutting air off from your lungs.

“Hey, hey, you’re fine…….Alphys, you can stand here. It’ll be to the base of your neck, but it’s fairly shallow water.” You inform her as she jolts in surprise. Her feet which had clung to your thighs and back legs gingerly travel downwards until you are positive she is touching the bottom. She switches her support to your arms and blushes with a wince of agony in her eyes.

“Alls you are going to do is let go and relax backwards.” You instruct.

“Th-T-That’s it-it?”

“You are going to do is let go and relax backwards.” You instruct.

“Th-T-That’s it-it?”

“Yeah. I’ll be right here. Undyne is probably going to pick up on this shit faster than a hungry hawk though..” You sigh, keeping a side glance on Undyne and Papyrus fiddling around with the pool toys – whoever allowed Undyne to wield a water-gun was a huge mistake. Asgore and Toriel
have migrated to the hot tub and are setting off a pretty love-bird aura. Frisk was splashing around and playing in the bubbles the created with Flowey on the side sipping a lemonade. You would make a joke involving his sour face, but you kept your focus set on Alphys.

“M’kay. Just relax and let yourself go backwards.” You ease her backwards and she nods, taking a heavy gulp of air before going rather rigid. “I’m going to lift you to just get it started, alright?” You call to her clearly as you shake free one of her still clinging arms and reach beneath to raise her legs. She struggles only momentarily before continuing the rigid trust. Of course, she floats, but her eyes are screwed shut and won’t peer up at the clear sky.

“Alphys. Open your eyes. You’re floating.” You gently pat her shoulder and she peeks just past the lid. She initially panics and stutters about, though once she realizes her accomplishment she grows a wary smile and finally relinquishes your arm. You grin widely and step back as she feels about in the water. Its honestly adorable to see her testing the waters. You withhold a little chortle to your pun and turn to Sans in order to inform him of your discovery – he is out-cold in the lounge chair.

“NICE BABE!!” Undyne rushes the side of the pool, startling you and Alphys as her gaze glows with admiration.

“OH! OH!! THE GREAT PAPYRUS WOULD LIKE A HAND AT THIS FLOATING!!!” Papyrus screeches with joy and hops right in. Toriel gives him a slight stink eye for the inadequacy, but he is just so excited. You have your reserved doubts that he’ll actually float, though Sans was always differentiating them from normal human skeletons; maybe they could.

“Alright Papyrus.” You guide Papyrus a little ways from Alphys as Undyne comes besides her to coo and be supportive; Alphys was allowed the moment of victory. “You’re going to do the same thing I told Alphys to do – relax yourself, lie back, I’ll lift your legs and you just lay flat across the surface. Think you can do that?”

“BUT OF COURSE!! I AM, AFTERALL, THE GREAT PAPYRUS!! NYEH-HEH-HEH!!” Papyrus follows your instructions by settling in closer to the water and breathing deeply – you’d never witnessed such intent focus from Papyrus. It is somewhat daunting and nearly pulls you into a trance. You raise his legs and guide him to lay flat because his body is so tall from the water.

He sinks like a rock.

He has this casket pose going on where his sockets are completely shut – it wouldn’t be incredibly farfetched for someone to presume him a drowned corpse. He finally opens his sockets which lets free a few air bubbles that were somehow trapped within his skull.

“AWM I DUWING IW!?” He screams beneath the water excitedly as you shove a hand over your mouth to hide your obnoxious giggle. How were you going to explain that your theory had pretty much been spot on?

“Um, n-no Papyrus.” You mutter, inviting him back. His skull pops out the water with a quizzical tilt. “Um, yo-you don’t have enough body mass to stay afloat. I figured as much, but Sans probably can’t either! It’s my fault – I thought one of your bones would atleast be buoyant enough for some results, but honestly that’s my ow- Papyrus?” You try to let the news down easy but Papyrus gets up abruptly and hurdles the edge of the pool.

“SANS!!!” He shrieks and the shorter skeleton jumps in surprise before his sleep mask is ripped from his sockets. He winces to the shimmering sun though has little time to react to Papyrus who heaves him over his skull with ease in both arms letting him dangle downwards. The next moment he is rushing the deep end as you watch on in comedic horror.
“uh-bro-what-wai-“ Sans stutters helplessly from above as Papyrus jumps at the edge.

“BROTHER I REQUIRE YOUR BUOYANCY!!!” Papyrus shrieks before they both splash and sink. You sidle over to the edge of the pool and let loose a hysteric laugh as the white skulls vanish into the deep blue. Small air bubbles keep ventilating up to the surface to prove of their underwater existence.

“U-Uh, U-Undyneee? Th-They can’t d-drown, right?” You keep attempting to catch your breathe and hide your smile, though Undyne had a devilish smirk to her teeth as well. Alphys looked mildly confused.

“Not that I know. Those dweebs don’t need to breathe.” Undyne shrugs, splashing Alphys gently as she shrieks and shies away. “Why? Worried your boneboy is in peril?” You freeze up to the name call and glare at her. Turning back to give her a light glare, you pout.

“He isn’t my bone-boy.” You deflect and Undynes eye and smile goes wide with surprise. You gulp an air and dive down in search of the goofballs to avoid anymore teasing. It’s serene beneath the water and a free floating feeling tempts you back as you force yourself deeper. Your ears pop awkwardly as you resist a wince and continue downwards. Finally a shimmer of white at the bottom catches your eye and you recoil in desperation to keep from openly laughing underwater. Papyrus has Sans simply gripped out in front of like he would naturally do above the waves. All you can hear from the two are warbled words and the mass amount of bubbles. They didn’t seem the least concerned about the sinking, Sans didn’t even seem to care.

Closing in, Papyrus tilts his head to the side and shouts something that is lost in the water. Sans turns his attention as well, but his sockets go wide with almost awe. Was he surprised you could swim? You shrug off the questions for later as you near them and grab Papyrus’ clavicle. He winces in surprise and you mutter a silent apology in your own brain – probably not the most comfortable place to grab, but you were running low on oxygen. For sinking so quickly they are fairly light to drag through the water – it could be under the circumstance that the water is making things easier to rise, like earlier when you had lifted Papyrus up and he sunk afterwards.

Finally breaching, you take a heaving air of relief as you swim to the shallower side. While Sans could have certainly escaped via that teleportation or whatever, you weren’t sure if Papyrus held the same ability. Even if he did, though, it was likely rare he ever used it considering he likes to uptake challenges – scaling the flat marble incline of the pool was a perfect example. Undyne snickers on the sidelines as Papyrus’ disappointed skull emerges like Nessie.

“Awww, whats the matter Paps?” She chortles as Alphys floats around, still enraptured by the new discovery and its simplicity.

“I CANNOT FLOAT. NEITHER CAN SANS. THIS POOL HOLDS DISDAIN FOR SKELETONS!” Papyrus erupts and plucks Sans from the water. Water falls from his sockets like a short-burst waterfall and you finally let yourself dissolve into hysteric laughter while your wet locks dangle in your sight.

“bro, adding our weight doesn’t mean floating easier.” Sans interrupts, spewing the remainder of the water trapped within his skull out.

“But if I am unable to float, then I am unable to swim, and if I am unable to swim, how am I supposed to save the humans from drowning like Undyne?!” Papyrus breaks out into almost a bawl as he grits his teeth and fights frustrated tears. You keep giggling as you extricate yourself from the pool and wander over to the pool toys. Shifting through the gathered items, you are stuck trying to decide between arm floatation or the
inner tube. The defining point was that if they were strapped to his arms, it probably wouldn’t be
enough. You pluck a few noodles, a tube, and a seated float with a net.

“aw paps. undynes got ’er perks but you got yer own..” Sans coddles his brother as he fights his
emotions.

“L-LIKE WHAT?” He sniffs desperately.

“she….. uh, can’t summon bones.”

“But spears are better then bones!”

“not true.” Sans bites back in slight offense.

“Yeah Paps! I can only make ordinary spears, but with a bit more practice I bet ya can make bone
spears!!” Undyne tries to cheer on Papyrus as well as you work on inflating the inner tube. You
pause, and wanting to surprise Papyrus drag the barely inflated inner tube back towards the pool.

“Oh my, what is the matter with Papyrus?” Toriel inquires, tilting her head with hints of woe for
the sobbing skeleton in question.

“Ah. He is kinda disappointed he can’t naturally float...” You mutter, feeling guilty for bringing
the normally proud skeleton into a muttering mess. Looking back over, he is shaking Sans rather
violently for answers.

“BUT HUMANS FLOAT, AND HUMANS HAVE SKELETONS WITHIN THEM,
THEREFORE, SHOULDN’T SKELETONS FLOAT?!” He demands as Sans goes limp and
confused. He obviously doesn’t have a good answer as you plop into the shallow end. The entrance
brings a cold shiver back over you, but you ignore it before diving beneath. You position the tube
with Papyrus’ feet and manage to meander his feet within the tube before pulling it upwards and it
manages past his pelvis as you return to the surface. Bones clack together violently as Papyrus
grips his brother in a bear hug and leave his feet barely dangling in the water. Sans looks so tired
and defeated, but perks up when he hears you forcing air into the tube.

‘Keep him busy.’ You mouth to him and he scrunches his brows in confusion again to which you
roll your eyes – while he seemed to understand people well he was a terrible lip-reader. You nearly
go light-headed with how quickly you blow up the inner tube, but before long it’s capped and
Papyrus still hasn’t a clue to your antics. Rounding the back, you grip the tube and begin to pull
out towards the deep end. Papyrus’ attention piques and he swivels his head around inhumanely to
look down onto you. You try to hide your guilty mischievous smile as you give a harsh tug and
manage to rip his questionable grip of the ground and leave him to begin drifting into the deep. He
looks down, interested in the inner tube.

“Papyrus!! Right now you are technically floating!!!” You call out, giving him a victorious thumbs
up as he continues to inspect the object pressing against his ribs. Suddenly, his sockets shimmer
with stars and twinkle with joy as his freshly invigorated smile mirrors his internal bliss. He
wrenches Sans off his ribs who has returned to his lazy façade of acceptance.

“BROTHER! BROTHER!! SKELETONS CAN FLOAT!!! COME – WE MUST LEARN HOW
TO SWIM!!!” Papyrus demands from Sans as he suddenly looks perplexed. “HOW DO I MOVE?”
He asks, looking to Sans for the answers. You giggle and swim out to grip the tube again.

“I’ll teach ya, don’t worry – c’mon I got a thing for Sans too.” You pull them back and Sans gives
you a rather disdainful look. Closer to his skull shows the gray bags of exhaustion taking home
beneath his sockets; he clearly hasn’t slept well recently. Well, at least less than.

Finally returned to the shallow end, Sans is set back down into the water and you grip his clavicle to prevent him from escaping.

“Oh hell no. You are going to be a part of this, lazybones.” He sighs and goes limp again.

“it’s mr. lazybones…” He mutters with a yawn.

Sans took to the seated float like butter on toast – he was strewn back and snoring in it nearly instantly, slouched back and soaking. Undyne tried to give you space to teach the others their swimming; Alphys, Frisk, and Papyrus. Toriel forbids Frisk from the deep end without you and Undyne right there for him, but the child has arm flotation so you convince her that you would only be necessary. Undyne takes charge of teaching Papyrus how to swim with bits and pieces of guidance from you so he doesn’t pop the inner tube. Alphys takes to the noodle which doesn’t surprise you and Undyne nearly appears to cry out of joy for Alphys’ accomplishment.

Asgore and Toriel remain in the hot tub the majority of the time for the teaching, but Asgore finally allows himself to cannonball into the pool and give Frisk and Undyne a tidal wave for fun. He and Frisk fiddle around like father and son – each moment is just cherishing and sad, but in a good way. It reminds you of your father as Asgore drags Frisk through the water and gives gentle throws to let Frisk plunge back in.

Papyrus and Undyne had adopted this weird pastime of him hooking his arms around her stomach and her swimming with him dragging behind. She was zooming through the water like a torpedo and avoided violently jostling the trailing bones lest she have to dive beneath and retrieve him again. Toriel and Flowey chose to sunbathe – Flowey certainly didn’t take to the water and Toriel seemed content just watching in bliss.

“SANS! WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY THIS SWIMMING?!” Papyrus shrieked on Undyne’s back.

“Yeah, get yer lazy pelvis over here!!” Undyne agreed and Sans waved them both off.

“N’ tha’k’s…” He murmured, clearly exhausted. Alphys was still trying to get the swimming down without the noodle but was currently relaxing and floating beside you.

“Is he alright?” You ask her.

“I-i i-ima-g-gine not…” She sighs as you arch your brows.

“What happened?”

“W-Well on-on top o-of being wo-worried f-for th-the missing persons, t-the police w-w-or-k-k, ta-taking ca-care o-of Papyrus-us, and his be-before-hand d-diff-i-i-culty w-with sleep? I h-heard he-he got an-another job……” She murmurs as you nearly jolt up straight.

“He WHAT?!” You hiss to her as she shushes you hastily. How many jobs is that again? Eight? Nine?..... “If he has so many jobs, how is he here – it doesn’t feel like he even leaves the house..”
“W-Well, the n-new job is just t-tinkering, so-so he can stay home. I-I-I think he used va-vacation days?” She ponders her words, “Yeah, I-I remember he-he sai-said that.”

“Why would he use all of his vacation days? Gods how many bosses does he have to get to even confirm that?!?”

“Not many?”

“What?” You ask, needing clarification.

“He-H-He di-didn’t t-tell you?.....He-he quit f-four of his jobs.”

“WHAT?!” You shriek finally and slap the hands over your mouth. You can feel eyes on you, but your focus is devoted to Alphys right now. “What?! When?” You mimic her whisper with a hiss.

“L-Last w-week. I hear he-he will d-drop two more b-because his co-co-w-work-orker su-suggested a sc-science facility to-to him! I-I vouched fo-for him, and th-the pay is im-impressive and outdoes th-the majority of his o-o-other t-ter-terrible jobs. I-I also heard As-Asgore convinced him-him to relinquish a f-few beforehand.” Alphys explains as you lean back against the pools edge. Lost in contemplation, a thought pops into your mind.

“Wait, so did he take today off because he knew the pool would be finished?”

“Y-Yeah?” Alphys gives a surprised squeak as you lurch forward.

“If he is going to take such precious time off for the pool, he better enjoy it.” You grumble before diving down. Swimming close to the floor you venture out into the deeper end and find Sans’ feet. You take a moment to appreciate the bone structure and the differences with the anatomical model – his bones were thicker and toes shorter. Then the mindset of ‘This is a living individual you converse with on a daily basis who probably doesn’t want you artistically caressing his feet’ surges back into your mind as you tweak his pinky toe. He jolts up and curls into the chair, you can see his wide sockets even blow the water as you bring your head up just enough to breathe through your nose. He gives you a rather upset glare again as you stare back with cold nothingness.

“What?” He grumbles as he fights a yawn. You are ready to pop up, apologize, and invite him to have fun with the others, but something is snaked into your hand as a blur of red dashes beneath the water. You feel the plastic and grow a hidden grin. “what ‘s it?” He mutters as you stealthily bring the water gun up from the water and spritz it directly into his nasal opening. You certainly hadn’t been aiming there and Sans recoils and spatters, coughing.

“Crud, sorry. You okay?” You fret quickly as he coughs into his hand. “Crud dude I am sorry – I just wanted to get you to relax; I was aiming for your forehead promise!” Sans hand takes a faintly blue haze and his finger twitches inwards. The next moment, a water gun is beside his skull and water is dripping from the ends of his nose. His eyes would look playful and lazy if there wasn’t a mischievous intent behind it.

“water you talking ‘bout? ‘m finnee. how ‘bout we get a drink and go with the flow?” His smile widens as the gun squirts without even being in his clutches. You duck down back into the water and swim away. When could he do that again?! You pop up earlier then you wanted because you had forgotten to take a breath before diving and you feel a splash from behind.

“Ya cheat! No magic allowed!” You scorn Sans with a smile. Spinning around; his chair is empty.

“shoulda said that ‘t the star.” His voice snickers from behind you on the land right as you receive
another spray from the back of you. Whipping around, he is gone.

“Star? Really? Get it right, you beach.” You shrug as water somehow comes down from above. Glaring up, the water gun is just floating there.

“ooooh, language.” You can tell he is certainly farther away, but you can’t plant his exact position.

“Papyrus!! Your brother is trying to water-log me!” You cry for defense as Papyrus perks up. He does a hasty shimmy and splash in the inner tube as he reaches your side. Grabbing your torso he plucks you from the water and sets you atop his clavicle, his head between your thighs. You flush briefly as Papyrus suddenly pumps his own water gun.

“BE READY FOR A SNEAK ATTACK!! UNDYNE HAS VANISHED WITH THE OTHER WEAPONRY! I BELIEVE THEY ARE CONSPIRING AGAINST OUR UTTERLY PRO FLOATING TECHNIQUES….THEY HAVE COME FOR THE FORMULA!! ALPHYS, WE MUST PROTECT THE KEEPER OF FLOATATION!!” Papyrus calls eagerly as Alphys waves from the sidelines, taking the bench on the matter. “NOOO WE’VE LOST ALPHYS!!” You giggle and lean down onto his skull.

“HHNNYYAAAGGHHHHH!!!” Undyne’s shout comes from the sidelines before the webbed pounding finally registers. Undyne throws herself at you and Papyrus and tackles the skeleton into the deep end as you are thrown deeper. Breaching the top and flailing your hair out of your eyes, another little stream of water gets sprayed in the back of your head.

“Those are some real cheap shots, Mr. Lazybones.” You grumble and spin to playfully glare at Sans. He looks so much more lively and the smile he wore seemed that much more genuine.

“hey now, when’d I give ya rights to call me somethin’ so lame? ya haven’t noticed my water gun prowess enough to learn ya can’t beat a champ. puttin’ ya in line.” He shrugs and squirts you again between the eyes. You wince only momentarily as a giggle bubbles up in your heart. You see a faint yellow pale blur from beyond Sans and wider grin takes place on your face.

“I had a pun for ya, you know.”

“oh? lay it on me. I’m all ears.” He winks and bending ever so slightly to indulge you.

“Eh, I don’t know anymore. Why don’t ya test the waters?” You wink and hear Frisks feet padding as he gives Sans a hearty shove. It’s only then that you realize….you are right beneath him. His ribs crash right into your face as you’re busy perceiving the predicament and you both fall backwards; well, for him, forwards.

You struggle underwater but at the very least grab a bone to ensure he doesn’t slip to the very bottom again. Your head feels groggy as you come back up and heartily breathe, clutching the bone and trying to drag it upwards.

“J-J-Ja-n-n.”

You pry your eyes open to find your hair is horribly curled into his ribs and vertebrae. You peer up through the drenched hair to eye him in question and apology, but his face is shading blue. Following his supposed sight you catch your hand gripping the internal pelvis to keep him afloat. You cannot describe how fast you snap your hand away

“SOR-” The instant you let go all the weight goes into your hair and your head is pulled under. You struggle and wince at the pulling tension on your scalp as you ensure you grab nothing but his
clavicle as you haul him back to the surface. He still seems dazed and blue as you desperately try to untangle from his ribs. “Sorry, sorry, s-ouch. Sorry.” You mutter quickly as you manage to free all the strands as you free a hand to rub your aching scalp.

“…ya-mmhmm.” Sans clears his fake throat and begins to perspire. “ya alright?”

“Huh? U-Uh yeah. Fine. Peachy. Swell. Lets, uh, get back.” You point to the others and he just silently nods, eyes open but blank – not empty, of course; unreadable. “Uh, here, c’mon.” You guide his arms to wrap around your neck and shoulders so you can side stroke easier. He tries to flinch away but you make sure to have an arm wrapped behind his spine to keep from slipping away or down. You spy Undyne from the sidelines with Papyrus waggling her eyebrows as you drag Sans back to the shallow end. You certainly won’t bring up the weird feeling of his phalanges tracing over your clavicle.

Asgore yells something about food from the kitchen as people begin to trickle out of the pool. The promise of food is enticing, but you have barely had any moments to simply float around yourself. Then again it wasn’t as though it was going anywhere.

“Oh!” You exclaim, “Sans, its Sunday so I need to ask more-” You spin to address him properly only to find the skeleton has vanished. Hopefully you would get used to that trick at some point.

Asgore was practically built for being a barbecue dad. Him hunched over the outdoor grill with a hawaiian shirt and his hair tied back into a messy ponytail just seemed so right as he meticulously finalizes your burger. It is heaven, but you know you wouldn’t bother swimming after nearly vacuuming the lunch into your gut; another thing you had to explain to the others. Slipping into the hot tub, it is just as pleasant as you’d imagined; had never experienced it in the past, though the opportunities were slim to begin with.

Everyone had returned to the pool, Frisk taking to the shallow end on Toriels request until the lunch cramps passed. They were currently playing volleyball – Undyne and Alphys versus Sans, Papyrus, and Frisk. Flowey was apparently keeping score, though he was constantly dodging the ball for being on the sidelines.

“Did something happen, my dear?” Toriel hummed with a devious grin.

“Something happen? Like what?” Toriel settles in besides you with a burger for you both; you are practically mesmerized as the fresh cheese is still bubbling so you refrain and let it cool for now.

“Between you and Sans.” She clarifies as you nearly sputter the soda you’d been sipping beforehand.

“Wh-When isn’t there something going on between me and Sans? We have more ups and downs then a see-saw!” You nervously chuckle and nudge her with your elbow to try and break the serious mood she is trying to set.

“My dear, you may confide in me. He may not have eyes, but I know the look he gives you anywhere.” Toriel sips her lemonade as you wince, attempting to turn your head. “I wouldn’t bother. He just spins away to avoid detection, or even vanishes.” You sigh and slump into the bubbles.

“Do you have any idea when he started to, y’know….”

“Well, are you admitting you are aware of his feelings?”
“…Yes, but, I…I don’t know how to answer him.” Your thumbs begin to fiddle and fuss beneath the water.

“How are you unsure? You like him, yes?” Toriel settles in for the long haul.

“Well yeah, but as a friend. I never considered him anything else so I promised him I would think about it.” You try to sneak in a side-way glance, but the last moment you watch his head swivel away.

“Then what are your thoughts up until now?”

“God, Tori, there is so much…”

“We have time.” She offers. Only a few moments later do you realize she is pointing to the outdoor clock mounted on the fence that earns a giggle from you both.

“Well, first off, he is a great guy. I realize he can be a downer when it comes to himself, but he doesn’t see just how important and amazing he can be! He’s absolutely hysterical, kind, playful, and a total nerd for science and time-space. I read some of those documents he had in the science study- he’s utterly brilliant!” You rattle off as Toriel hums in thought.

“Sans certainly is one of the brightest and most caring monsters I have experienced. His attitude surely doesn’t show the protective man he can be. The older brother rule surely suits him.”

“That’s another thing! He is all about friends and family – putting their well-being before his! I heard he finally is quitting some of those jobs and I can’t wait to just see the exhaustion drain from his sockets because he needs the break. He’s earned it.” You stress as Toriel nods in agreement.

“Most certainly. We are all relieved that he is dropping a few of his workplaces – not only for us, but it will be good for him.” Toriel sips her lemonade as you test the burger. The juices within nearly burn your tongue but the tango of flavors and spices nicely deters out the heated sensation.

“Please tell me I can have this meat recipe or at the very least the seasonings you used.”

“Hahahaa! I’m sorry, but it was just simple spices from the store.” Toriel admits as she helps herself. You can almost hear her suppressing a pleased moan.

“How are the burgers, ladies?” Asgore cuts in, silently asking permission to take the other half of the hot tub. Toriel nods to him which must signal yes as he meanders over to the other side.

“It’s great, Asgore! Thanks.” You nod as you take another huge bite and ignoring the slight burn.

“Terrific, Gorey. Thank you very much.” Toriel leans across hastily to plant a sweet peck on Asgores cheek. The giants ears tilt forward enough to cover the majority of the flush overwhelming his face as he smiles tenderly.

“Looks like you two are doing swell.” You note with a curious hum. Toriel gives you a playful and incredulous look.

“Jane here is telling me about Sans confessing to her and her thoughts on the matter.” Toriel brings Asgore up to speed as you both blush in the bubbles.

“Toriel!” You hiss, peaking to ensure nobody was listening in. The volleyball was far too important as Undyne and Papyrus’ passes could kill. It seems Frisk, Alphys and Sans had taken to floating and lounging; Sans every now and then would lovingly spray Frisk with a little water
pistol which seemed to tickle him.

“Hmm……Then, what is the issue? Jane, you seem very fond of Sans.” Asgore gives his piece as you shrug and pull your legs in to fiddle with idly.

“Well, I don’t hate him, but I don’t know if I…y’know…”

“Would date a monster?” Asgore murmurs as you shoot him a wide stare.

“Uh- n-no! No I imagine I would freely date a monster, I mean, that’s what I said the first time. And I am sure I would! No, um, i-its a lot of just…..other stuff.” You sigh, feeling the cut grooves on your legs and the scars of your issues.

“I…..honestly, in my opinion, Sans can get someone much better than me. I’m just….a mess.” You shrug.

“Jane…” Asgore grumbles, reaching out and comforting you.

“You can’t tell me no. You can’t. I’ve accepted it all. My past issues aren’t just the only thing now – now I have a life I want to live, dreams to fulfill, and-….Christ.” You mutter, wiping your face. You aren’t crying yet but the sting is present. Asgore shuffles closer to your other side and rubs you back – he doesn’t once flinch to the jagged and rough texture and you can make out the bristles of fur swathing the entirety of it.

“I was almost raped twice in one year, Temmie died in my hands, that horror show with my brother, a-and the cutting problem, and all these damn anti-monster people want to kill the only friends and family I feel I have anymore and I just- I can’t focus. I can’t figure anything out..” You finally start to weep as Asgore pulls your head into his floof. It was a lot fluffier then fur, and warm – like some insane pillow of chest hair.

“It’s okay….go ahead.” Asgore coaxes as you sniffle and try to keep yourself from letting snot drip into his hair or anything. You felt their tender eyes on you.

“There’s just too much going on and too much--….I-I remembered that there is a difference in monster aging and human. Won’t that hurt him? Shouldn’t he find a monster to spend all his time with? If…If he isn’t strong enough when I die, what would happen? I couldn’t make Papyrus cry because I killed his brother by being gone! I wouldn’t be able to live again, whether I recalled it or not!” You exclaim and try to bring yourself back into control – Asgores hand caresses your head and scalp soothingly and you almost melt into the warm touch.

“Jane, my dear, you are letting this stress pile up and confuse you. For now I believe you only require to worry about your studies and answering Sans. There is plenty of time and people to help resolve the other issues. Can you try and do that for us?” Toriel argues peacefully with a motherly smile.

“Tori is right. Give him an honest answer, but please try to not make him wait too long. While he is quite patient, I don’t know what his patience with romance is.” Asgore chuckles dryly as you extricate yourself from his chest. You rub your eyes fiercely with your forearm as you nod in acknowledgement and agreement as you take the tears out on the burger.

You remained the majority of the time in the hot tub with Toriel and Asgore, but gave them space once you were sure that you could float without cramping in subtle peace. Papyrus couldn’t get enough of the diving board and Undyne got somewhat fed up with retrieving the drowned skeleton. She wound up tying a rope to the base of the diving board that went all the way to the bottom that
he could climb. Sans often seemed to be plucked from his leisure to ‘go’ diving with Papyrus. They were both wacky and gave you a smile. Undyne and Alphys were sharing the noodles and Undyne was taking full advantage of the trick you’d taught her at any given moment – leaving half the noodle submerged, you can blow into one end and propel water out the other side. Flowey appeared to take the brunt of it - evident by the flurry of agitated vines. Flowey and Frisk were sharing an inner tube that had a little indent for a cup holder that carefully held the pot. Flowey was clearly wary but you didn’t miss the playful splashes he and Frisk shared every now and then. It was precious in your opinion. There is a minor whispering on the sidelines and it seems to be Papyrus and Sans – you forget still that Papyrus has another level of speaking before megaphone. You can’t make anything out and won’t pry on the matter.

“Hey Jane?” Frisk’s little hidden voice pokes through your silence.

“Hmm? Yeah?” You tilt your head back to see their little wet mound of hair.

“You like us right?” Their voice is quiet and careful. You can’t help the kneading concern in your eyebrows.

“Of course I like you guys. Everyone here is great.”

“And you like our house, right?”

“Yeah it’s really nice here. But the occupants matter more than the house.” You shrug and feel at the tense waters surface. Had someone jumped in? You didn’t hear anything; Papyrus often made cries to call his moves, Sans and Alphys weren’t jumping in, and Undyne was a loud splasher.

“So, you’ll stay here?”

You pause the light backwards stroke and ponder his words. Finally flipping about, you see the saddened gaze in Frisk’s eyes as they stare into the water. Flowey seems silent or adamant on the matter.

“I heard you talking to mom and dad…y-you said that you had a life to live, and-“ They seemed on the verge of silent tears as well as your brow kneaded into concern.

“Oh Frisk. I didn’t mean it like that. While I don’t want to stay here forever and take advantage of your hospitality. But I would still see you guys, bring you flowers, it’ll be fine.” Your words seem to do little to soothe him as you smile painfully and swim closer.

“Come on Frisk – don’t you trust me?” Frisk gives a little nod “Look at me Frisk…please.” Frisk drags their head to face you as you try to put on a brave smile.

“Even if I one day leave, I will always come visit, stay in contact, everything. I could never just walk away from the closest thing to family I have here.”

Something grasps your ankle and yanks you underwater. Water presses into your nose and your mouth as you gag desperately from the sudden tug. Horror flashes through your mind. It’s the pond. You were alone with him. It certainly didn’t feel like a prank. Looking down, your eyes can’t blink. They both have a sinister smile, but his eyes are black. Black and empty- no, there is a light. Sans.

He looks utterly stunned as you try to wipe the horror off your face. It felt like that dream – the skeletal hand piercing the base of the pond. Attempts at air were met with choking as blue haze overwhelmed your body and you shot up for air faster than you could think. Breaching, you
coughed and gagged in agony at the faint water in your lungs. Paddling awkwardly to the edge of the pool, you sputter and gasp before a skeletal hand takes your hand.

“shit, are you okay?” Sans hisses, quiet enough to not be overheard by the incoming concerned crowd. You’re too busy hacking the salty water back up, so you only supply a shaky thumbs up.

“Jane? Are you alright dear?” Toriel and Undyne are closing in.

“Tori, sorry this—” You slap your hand over his mouth quickly, though it does little good it at least startles him into silence.

“’m fine guys. Just cramped up when I was swimming. I’m fine, really.” You have to hack the sentence out but it gets Toriel to breathe a sigh of relief.

“Why don’t you come out until you feel better dearie?” Toriel suggests sweetly as Sans keeps quiet – you know he can feel your uncontrollable shaking.

“Yeah, that is fine. I’ll feel better soon.” You dictate yourself for Sans to ease his worries too, though you know he blames himself entirely. Undyne assists you with getting out and you lay yourself out on the lounge chairs in the shade. Your coughing was much briefer as you continued to sputter the water out from your lungs. Cold metal bumps your shoulder – turning about, Sans offers you a soda can as he keeps up that face.

“mind if I take this spot?” He points to the other lounge chair as you accept the drink.

“Well nobody is sitting in it, soda.” Sans is halfway down onto the seat as he freezes and contemplates your words. You were sure you exaggerated the ‘duh’... “Uh, yeah, just sit.”

You snap the top and shiver to the cold refreshing drink, letting a sigh escape you.

“If you’d brought me water I would probably give you a weird look honestly.” You admit, watching Papyrus and Frisk twirl about in their inner tubes.

“sorry.” He mutters as he sulks.

“Please don’t start with this. Please. It’s clear you didn’t mean to try and drown me, Sans.”

“I almost drowned you?” He replies with horror.

“Yeah but you didn’t mean to! I just panicked ‘cause something else came to mind...” Hopefully Sans would pick up on your desire to avoid the discussion. You were trying to do what Toriel and Asgore had requested – thinking of your brother was useless stress; you never had to see him again unless on your choice. That piece of your life was over and it was to be put there in the past and cell.


“…..are ya positive?” He looks so torn. You feel guilty but you know if you don’t dismiss it now he will just continue to worry.

“Yes, Sans. I am fine. More importantly, it’s Sunday.” You poke her ulna as he chuckles rather dryly.

“so it is. I’ll let you go first, I guess.” He shrugs, leaning back with a can of beer.
“What a gentleman. Okay, um, are there other skeletons besides you, Papyrus and y-“ You freeze up before saying ‘your father’ because you aren’t supposed to tell him!! You can only tell the angel. Sans is just staring at your mouth agape as you try to reroute your thoughts.

“Gaster! You, Papyrus and Gaster – any other skeletons?”

“……nope. none that I’ve seen at least. heard they died out in the war. it was brittle.” He taps his brittle bones and you sigh at his attempt for humor. It was such a sad topic – he didn’t need to try to make it light-hearted.

“mkay………………mkay..” He parrots himself, fiddling with his phalanges. “alright.”

“Oh just ask it.” You nudge his arm lightly which seems to startle him.

“um, why can we see your inner skeleton?” Sans asks, pointing to your ribs.

“Oh! Well I am decently skinny so when I stretch my bones become more visible.”

“…..does it hurt?”

“What, the bones pressing against my skin?” He nods and stares at the location of your ribcage and the base of your neck. He must be thinking the same thing regarding the bone section of your clavicle beneath your neck. “No it doesn’t hurt at all.”

“okay.”

“Okay – who is ‘the angel’ of the Underground?” I might as well get as much information to help learn more about Gaster, right?

“where’d ya hear that?” Sans inquires as you puff your cheeks in thought.

“Uh, um, I-I think Toriel or Asgore brought it up? Maybe Alphys?” You shrug and laugh nervously. He gives you a clear stink eye but shrugs it off too.

“legend back in the Underground. it’s the symbol of the royal family that holds a prophecy. it’s said that the three triangles ‘t the bottom are the monsters being trapped Underground, while the circle with wings is ‘the angel’. there were two theories ‘bout this ‘angel’ – first was it was a being who had seen the surface who would descend and bring us freedom. the other was it was an ‘angel of death’; a bringer of pain and destruction while ‘freeing’ us from the mortal realm or whatev’. take one funny guess ‘bout who the fabled ‘angel’ is.”

You drag your surprise to look at Frisk, splashing about with Papyrus. It made sense – Frisk and Chara could be perceived as both, whether the ‘RESET’ was a good or bad. That’s how Flowey told it anyhow.

“What does that mean?” You ask as Sans gives you a blatant look of “I don’t know”. You sigh and rub your temple, but it was a start. So you needed to talk to Frisk about that dream with Gaster, about what he really was. It felt horrible to not be clear with Sans; and it involved him entirely. It was practically lying.

“why do some humans have no hair? is it hereditary or choice?” Sans speaks and breaks your thoughts as you return your attention to him.

“What, bald people? It can be related to genes; hair loss. Some people shave their head. Some people lose it by other means – it doesn’t make them any less human for not having hair.”
“wasn’t sayin’ they were – just freaky to see someone mimic my do is all.”

You contemplate what to ask for your turn, but there need to be some steps forward – for Gaster, for you…

“Alright. Might I extend the rules regarding these Skeleton Sundays?” You ask openly as he scrunches his sockets, but remains lazy and laid out.

“sure. depends. whatchya offering?”

“Favors. Activities to help learn about the other.”

“…eh, sure, why not. lay it on me.” Sans takes a heart chug of beer.

“I want you and I to have a confrontation.”Aaand there goes the beer. He coughs roughly into his arm and gazes at you with wide sockets and miniscule pupils.

“er, uh… h-huh…..wh-what d-do ya need that for?”  He gives a wry smile that is desperate for some humor in this, but you straighten yourself out and stretch your arms. It earns a light shoulder pop, thankfully.

“It wouldn’t be just you so don’t think I am upset or anything. I need to just experience it briefly – y’know…get a feel?” If you came out and said you wanted to listen to their ‘theme’ it would ruin the entire surprise.

“get a feel.” He parrots in astonishment.

“Yeah? Why – is that wrong?...Look I just need to confront everyone. Is that a possibility?” You clarify with a tilt of your head.

“uh, um, s-….sure? probably? you’re probably gon’ need to explain why, but….I mean, its possible, but wh-“ “Great, thanks! One more favor!” You cut off his words to prevent him asking questions you weren’t able to answer at the moment.

“Is there any way I could go through the ‘Frisk’ tour of the Underground? From start to finish?”

“the ‘Frisk’ tour?”

“Yeah- from the hole he fell in and everything. That way, I can better understand what Frisk went through and I can learn more about you guys – even just a little.” You admit and scratch your cheek shyly. Sans rubs his skull and lets himself droop in thought as he gives a faint nod.

“yeah. we can do that – but I get two favors too.” He replies as you give an agreeing nod.

“Fair is fair.”

“okay; first, anyone who wants to listen can come but you teach about the human anatomy. all of it.”

“You realize that would take hours right?” You hiss at the thought of it – and it was open attendance, so Frisk or Papyrus could stroll in.

“m not asking for the nit-grit down to micro’s of it. just fluids, organs, skeletons, yadda yadda.”

“Fine. The other?”
“….can I watch you swim?” His face is tinted blue around his cheekbones – that has to be blush or something.

“Can’t you watch Undyne swim?” You suggest to him and he shakes his skull.

“she is made for the water. while humans have minor webbing between ‘eir fingers, you’re still exceptional swimmers. it’d be interesting to see the differences in my opinion.” You settle your hand against your chin in thought, pondering the pro’s and con’s. There was nothing to lose from this except time, but it was given to the others in the form of learning.

“Alright. Do you need to be underwater or can you see enough aboveground?”

“it’d probably be easier underwater, but the shallow ends t’ deep…” He mutters as he wanders clearly into thought.

“Why don’t you just dangle on the rope?” You point to the still attached rope and he gives an agreeing nod as you line up with the end of the pool. Why had he had such a outburst regarding confrontation? It was getting difficult to recall everything they’d taught you. You set it to the side as you note Sans’ disappearance. You dive in and spot the blur of white before you let your mind slip into the tranquility of swimming. The feeling of floating, weightless movement and the coolness rushing through just lets you drift and playfully twirl. You spin and do a circle as you let yourself gasp for a free breathe before slipping back beneath the surface. For some reason it’s enjoyable to watch your hair drift about freely and flow with your slightest movements.

Relocating Sans, you give him a thumbs up as a question if it was enough and he returned the gesture before popping away. You could beat him outside the skull for that incessantly lazy nature. Breaching and dragging yourself out the side you tweak your hair of trailing water and readjust it on your back to cover the scarring. Sans has returned to the lounge area.

“we’ll do the confrontation in a ‘ore private setting. next sunday can be the walkthrough- fair?” He suggests and tosses you a towel – you are quick to wrap yourself tightly in it.

“Fair. I’ll handle asking the others on my own time.” You nod and allow yourself to slump over towards the lounge chair. You can finally take in the frantic chirping of the forests birds and the cicada trying to accustom to the incoming summer. You lay the towel flat on the lounge and lay back with a content sigh. The shade was sheer bliss.

A gentle fluttering nearby manages to drag you from your daze. Had you fallen asleep? You yawn and stretch, feeling your back desperate to crack but just unwilling. Your fingers graze against your palm and you feel the ever familiar pruned finger tips that are returning to their original shape. You push yourself off the lounge chair only to experience a very familiar sharp sting. Looking down, your legs are a pale cherry the entire way up to your thighs. You could scream – it was even burnt on the base of your feet. It probably wore down from jumping in instantly after application and then toweling it off before letting them just be strewn out for the sun. Your upper half was shaded with the umbrella for the most part, though your hands had light burns.

Pressing your feet into the ground is like lightning zapping your toes and heel. You recoil and hiss in agony. The sun seemed on the verge of setting and the sky was giving faint glimpses of the
mountains stars. You had to of been asleep for more than five hours; you could make out the scent of noodles coming from inside and typical burns didn’t affect the pain sensors until roughly six hours later.

“Oh? Good, you’re awake! C’mon – dinners ready.” Undyne barked with a towel laid out around her neck. Everyone must’ve changed while you were asleep as she has a shark t-shirt on and short shorts.

“Oh, uh, Undyne?” You beckon as she spins back as she heads back inside. “I, uh, can’t walk.”

“Huh?” She gives a very confused look and you point to your legs. She squints her eye intensely and finally notices the discoloration. “Huh?! The hell happened?” She wanders over, looking the rest of you over.

“Sunburn. The ultimate enemy of summer past mosquitos and sweltering to death.” You admit with a fake single tear.

“Do ya need help to stand, or-“ She looks confused on how to assist.

“No. I can’t stand. The base of my feet are burned. If you can pick me up, bring me to the living room couch, and go upstairs to find ointment and painkiller I should be alright for the night.” You sigh, pondering how you will get to school tomorrow. The bus would be a nightmare – you’d need to leave earlier just to make it on time. Running most certainly wasn’t an option. Undyne recoils when you wince at her attempt to bridal style, so she hooks her arms around your torso and carries you backwards lifted off the ground. While you can prevent the hitting of the walls and such, Undyne’s legs to brush the back of yours here and there. It certainly isn’t as painful as the front. Finally you are strewn out on the couch and Undyne wanders off to tell the others of your predicament.

Alphys comes out with a surprise of her own – she could get sunburned. A few of her scales were dyed orange or red; she said they were sensitive to a point, but nothing painful. She brought some yellow chicken with rice, veggies, and stir-fry along with a tiny bowl of buttered pasta. The healing factor within the food didn’t seem to have any effect – you learned this by Papyrus pressing his entire hand into your thigh and becoming mesmerized by the color indent. The instant he left you screamed into a pillow and Alphys consoled you.

Toriel administered the ointment and suggested against the painkiller as it wouldn’t help with sleep anyways. You nodded in agreement and let her at the very least heal the soles of your feet. It was light torture because you were required to hold your feet still on your own to prevent people from touching it.

The others had convinced Sans to go to sleep early, but it seemed everyone had business early tomorrow morning as well. It was then you remembered it was Monday – the police work would start from what you had heard. Toriel had a staff meeting at school, Asgore with Undyne, Papyrus and Sans were to meet up with the police chief, and Alphys had a presentation. Frisk was to get babysat by Napstablook, but he had apparent plans with Mettaton – the news hurt Papyrus, but he was pleased that the robot was spending time with his cousin. You were certainly happy for him. The new issue of who would care for Frisk was thrust into your lap rather unceremoniously – not only Flowey, but Frisk would accompany you to classes tomorrow. You could already feel yourself driving a pencil into your brain. It would, however, provide a chance to speak with Frisk about the dream with Gaster and why Frisk was the only one allowed to know.

Toriel brought you to the bathroom and left you to shower while she read Frisk to sleep. Your swimsuit was deposited with your earlier outfit into the wash and you scrubbed your hair through
twice for good measure. Toriel had left you shorts, the option of slippers, the necessary underwear save the bra, and a tank top. The perfect bedtime leisure.

So using the door as support you stroll out of the bathroom only to find a skeleton on the stairs once more. It was certainly de-javu, but you needed to remain quiet for Frisk.

“Sans? Weren’t you supposed to be asleep?” You grumble, using the wall as support as he perks to your arrival.

“ain’t you supposed to be protected from ‘em UV rays?” He raises a brow bone and looks to your legs.

“Yeah, well, it’s my own fault. Frisk wasn’t affected, so I can deal with it.”

“’s hurt?”

“Would I be using the wall as a support if it didn’t hurt?” You mutter and he winces for you before offering his arm in support. You can’t help but smile and shift bits of weight onto him.

“What are you doing up anyways? Don’t you all need to be awake early to get stuff done at the police station?” You press as he leads towards your room.

“I believe we have a confrontation to attend to…”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!!
I actually managed only around 15k this time =3
Come Check Out The Official Fanfic Tumblr (=u=)b

Please leave your comments below; I love both criticism and compliments - it really invigorates me to keep writing ^^"
Did My Shutter Stutter?

Chapter Summary

You never know what solutions you can stumble upon.
Yet you can never foresee the consequences that follow.
And there are always consequences.

Chapter Notes

Guess who literally just worked for **14 hours straight** to post this today!?!?
Tomorrow? Yeah its tomorrow.
THIS CHICK <3
And I didn't fuck around either - 16K <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sans guides you inside and ignores the needy tendrils sprouting from Louis and Seymour.
Releasing your hands and letting you stand further inside, you face each other. He chuckles dryly
and rubs his vertebrae with what you swear is anxiety. Letting your arms cross you ponder your
choice of words.

“So are we going to do it?” Sans gulps desperately as you furrow your brows.

“Why are you reacting like this? I just want to confront you.”

“look, u-uuh –ugh… confrontations can have two completely different meanin’s. they’re for
fighting and just for, like, certain monsters.”

“Well, I don’t want to fight. I just need to go through a confrontation.” You reply and sigh. “Look
if it’s that big a deal you don’t need to do it. But I appreciate it.” You murmur and fight the urge to
scratch your sunburnt legs.

A few clicks spark in the quiet. Your eyesight dulls as the world becomes black and white. A brief
tug pulled loose your soul and settles the ill-heart in the center of a white box. Peering down into
your hands only shows a monochrome coloring – it’s bizarre and somewhat unsettling. A gentle
and silly theme – you can make out a cowbell, some weird keyboard extension, and a saxophone?
You can’t help but smile and look up to see Sans – he looks smaller like this and is as equally
monochrome as yourself.

Little boxes appear in front of you:

[ FIGHT ]                              [ ACTION ]                           [ ITEMS ]
[ SPARE ]

Looking over the options, an even tinier box appears beneath them.
*Sans began a confrontation.

You feel dizzy with the slew of information, and only now do you realize your inability to move freely. Every attempt at movement causes your heart to weakly swivel around. It isn’t very fast. It keeps dripping green everywhere as well. As though it were an injured animal you attempt to reach out and console it, only winding up pushing it away from you. This would take getting used to.

“Alright. What the hell is that music though?” You ask brazenly. Patiently, you await an answer.

“Sans?” Peeking over, he seems to be patiently awaiting you. Waving only waggled the heart around. His eyes were glued onto your quivering soul as you considered your options. Apparently just staring at the ACTION button long enough causes something else to appear.

*Sans

Uncertain to the possibilities, you let yourself stare at the name before another slew of words appear!

*Check     *Joke
*Admit     *Question

Staring at question you think, yes, I have TONS of those.

*You fret over the slew of questions you have to ask Sans.

“ah, sorry. I can’t interact unless you use your turn.”

“What?” You ask when stunned and surprised by his sudden talking. Then-

*Sans waits patiently for you to interact with him again.

-pops up.

“WHAT?” You screech and sigh. Ok. Ok. Frisk never mentioned this was complicated as fuck.

Deciding to approach it from a knowing angle, you glare at the ACTION button until you reach the *Question once more.

What even is this thing?

*You ponder about the reason behind the Question option.

The little text appears on the screen, and a moment later Sans speaks up.

“each action pertains to you and the monster specifically. it limits your options, but still gives you what you need. for example, the question option in your action category will allow you to ask questions. you probably won’t have that with anyone else. and at the end of your turn, it is my turn to do the same process.”

*Sans waits patiently for you to interact with him again.

Feeling ever so slightly more confident, you return to the *Question option once more.

*You ask yourself if Sans can hear you talking besides going to these buttons.
“nope. like I said, it’s kinda turn based. so, now, it’s my turn.”

*Sans waits patiently for you to interact with him again.*

Emboldened, you finally feel strangely comfortable despite still causing your soul to waddle about the square. You’re already on the *Question* option before you have the right thought in mind.

*You continue to question why your soul is so slow.*

“…….”

The pause you leave for the response offers nothing. Looking up, Sans doesn’t take his turn.

*Sans is strained for a response.*

It jumps to your turn apparently without him doing anything. Biting your lip, you choose to warily continue the topic.

*You wonder why Sans didn’t respond.*

“it’s…not something made for battle.” He reluctantly admits. He reaches out as though he could touch the distant soul. “I can’t tell you for sure……the kids is faster. maybe ‘e’s young, o-or, like, you just aren’t driven enough to have a purpose to move fast. usually the kid’s fighting someone.”

*Sans waits patiently for you to interact with him again.*

Now you simply feel horrible for pushing the subject. Choosing to change it, you return to your only current response.

*You wonder what the rest of the buttons do.*

“uh, well, you should have **FIGHT, ACTION, ITEMS, and SPARE. FIGHT** just allows you to attack your opponent. **ACTION** gives you options regarding interactions – again, it changes with each monster. **ITEMS** lets you access whatever is in your inventory. **SPARE** allows you to Flee from a confrontation or Spare the other individual depending on if you have satisfied them or not. i’m choosing to not be satisfied, so you can’t Spare me – you can when the text changes colors.”

*Sans shambles foot to foot, waiting for your response.*

You struggle to keep the majority of what he had said in your brain – all of it was really big text in a really tiny box. The scrolling speed was extensively fast. Heading back into the **ACTION** button, you stare at the *Check* box.

**SANS  1 ATK  1 DEF**

*A great friend.
*Can only deal 1 damage.
*Is always there.

*Sans blushes as he realizes what you just looked into.*

You blush just knowing he knows! How were you supposed to know what would pop up?! You glare at the *Question* box.
*I'm so sorry!!

*Please enter a valid question.

*Are you fucking serious?

*You demand about whether this is fucking serious.

*Sans laughs heartily.

You do your best to suppress your blushing. You almost can naturally hear his laughter within your head.

*You finally remember to ask what that music is.

“what music?”

It only clicks as you are working your way back towards the *Question button. Everything Frisk had told you finally clicked into place. This was Sans’ music!! You’d throw your arm up in victory for the discovery, but your heart merely jumped. Even that wasn’t excessive or even impressive. Decidedly you run over to the SPARE option.

*Spare

*Flee

Just as Sans said, there were the only two options, and the *Spare was white like the rest of them. Some way or another you return back to the main selection and choose to peruse your ITEMS. You don’t namely have a lot on you:

*Moms Earrings                      *Hair Tie
*Borrowed Slippers

Each miniature item offers its own little explanations and usefulness.

*Hair Tie  .5 ATK  .5 DEF
*Next to the rubber band as a painful ammunition to slingshot at friends.

*Moms Earrings   5 DEF
*Precious memento. Never forget, but learn to let go.
*Restores 1 HP each Check.

*Borrowed Slippers   2 DEF
*Not your own, but still comfortable footwear you have.

Choosing to broaden the scope, you move your eyes instead over the *Joke option within ACTIONS.

*You tell a witty joke about pineapples.

*Sans has never eaten pineapple, therefore, doesn’t understand the joke.

*When the hell did I even mention pineapples these past few days. Even I don’t know the friggin’ joke and I said it – apparently!!*
Even through your exhaustion and frustration, you are having a surprisingly pleasant time. Sans had said it wasn’t a violent confrontation though so you didn’t need to fret about defending yourself. Curiosity plagues you as a vacant glance at the **FIGHT** option sets it off. Completely unaware of the happenings, you try to cease whatever is occurring. A multitude of colors and a bar appear. Somehow it lands in the middle despite your flailing and begging to stop.

**M I S S**

Sans dodges it and moves to the sideline. You’re positive you parallel your utterly stunned face. The music changed; sharp and contrasting to the laid-back tune played just a moment ago. You aren’t sure if Sans intended it or not, but the box widens. He is sweating and shivering despite the distance.

Your heart turns blue and a weight overwhelms your body. Gasping out, you struggle to lift anything, even your soul. White bars appear within the box. Large skeletal heads appear on the sidelines – something you’d never witnessed before. A whirring sound permeated the air from one of the skulls that you instinctively backed away from. A blinding beam not even a second later shot free, obliterating anything in its way. The sound alone tore the music and set in a blinding fear. Another appeared across from your soul. Desperately you forced it to jump up a level – it barely reached the landing. The speed only increased, regardless that it lasted a mere 5 seconds. Sans had said nothing for his turn with a completely vacant expression.

“**SPARE** allows you to Flee from a confrontation or Spare the other individual depending on if you have satisfied them or not.”

Your turn comes around and the pressure is constricting as you peer at the **SPARE** box. Just like before, it was still white. Panicking, you rush back to the **ACTION** choices. They’ve changed.

*Check  *Scream
*Admit  *Question

*Joke* was now missing entirely. Vaguely recalling Sans’ words, he’d said the choices changed for the monster. Judging off that knowledge and the intense music, Sans had changed.

“He doesn’t show it, but he can be fucking impossible. I lost track of the times that idiot killed them! He made it almost like a game.” Flowey’s words rush through your head. Was this what Sans was like when Frisk went around killing? A fresh terrified chill worms through your skin. Unsure of how to proceed, you decide to go with the fresh option: *Scream*

*You scream and plea at Sans.*

*Sans is shaken briefly from his confusion. Sans misses his turn.*

Courage emboldens you as you ironically choose again to *Scream.*

*You scream and plea at Sans.*

*Sans seems confused. Sans misses his turn.*

It doesn’t seem like it’ll do much else. He looks confused enough as is; his hand is against his skull as he gives an aching expression of doubt. Switching again, you return to *Question.*

*You ask if Sans knows who you are.*
……!” He doesn’t say anything, but you watch his pupils shrink. Hanging his head, you await his turn.

*Sans is sparing you.*

Looking between the words and Sans’ expression, you know for certain he hadn’t intended. The music didn’t change – it stopped. It was empty of sound past the little bleeps of the buttons. Your brow painfully furrows as you let your eyes lull towards the SPARE button.

*YOU WON?*

*You earned 0 EXP and 0 gold.*

The familiar world finally returns to your eyes – your bedroom, the needy vines of Louis and Seymour, even the vague light from your PC illuminating the other room. Sans stands still and rigid with his head hung low. Finally able to move, you just instinctively reach around and hug him. He was clearly traumatized by the FIGHT option. He didn’t fight the embrace nor uttered a word.

“What?” You whispered, trying to be clear and quiet. He shivered as you called for him.

“‘m sorry…..”

“Sans, it’s fine. I’m fine.” You rub his back to soothe him. He pushes you away gently and takes a step back for precaution.

“it aint. you coulda died.” His insistence is almost inaudible. “I coulda-“

“Sans, stop that. I didn’t mean to start a Fight with you, so if anyone’s to blame its m-“ He doesn’t even allow you to finish before he vanishes from your room. You sigh, collapse onto your bed, and shuffle your face into your pillow; his music repeats and echoes in your mind. Each was Sans. He lets off this aloof, funny, kind guy attitude – but his true capabilities lie in battle. He is pacifistic of course, but he does what is necessary. While you are appreciative of the chance to understand Sans even a hair better, it feels as though the distance between you both has grown yet again. Letting out a frustrated sigh, you toss and turn your way into slumber.

You awaken early with an excessive desire to itch. Your legs are burning and freezing at the same moment as you fight the urge to scratch the dried skin. Managing to stand you choose to water and feed Louis and Seymour. Seymour nibbles at your hair in what you perceive as only a loving gesture, although he leaves a drool tail behind. Louis continues to hum timidly. Peeking out the dual doors reveals a completely shrouded sky – the clouds looming above aren’t distinguishable between rain clouds or just drifters, but you choose to include your umbrella anyways.

The toughest decision of the morning is instantly present – what will you use to hide your legs. Stockings or pants. With admitted anguish you snag a pair of light baggy pants to avoid chafing and tightness. You foresee and vivid amount of groaning and aching with a fair river of sweat, but it’s better this way. Sparing your upper half with a tank top you slink downstairs with your backpack.

The kitchen is bustling with chatter and rushing feet.

“Morning Jane!!” Undyne calls, adjusting her collar. She has her own personal police outfit and you feel your eyes sparkle to how nicely it fits her. You can easily imagine how heavily Alphys
will be drooling about the perfect form.

“Mornin’. Nice uniform.” You focus on withholding a yawn as Undyne flashes you a tooth grin.

“Arrived yesterday when everyone was swimmin’! Even Paps got one!” Undyne gestures behind you. Turning about you find Papyrus staring off into the distance with an absolutely enthralled and shimmering sparkle to his enlarged twinkling eyes. A blue haze fixes his tie as he continues to glimmer. Beneath him is Sans who has a miniature uniform to fit himself. You almost giggle as your eyes notice that Toriel clearly hemmed his pants to be shorter.

“Hey.” You follow the voice and locate an exhausted Frisk and Flowey munching on oatmeal with a spare bowl besides them with a cover. A large fuzzy hand rests on your shoulder as you look behind to meet Toriels tired yet warm gaze.

“Good morning dearie. How are you feeling?”

“A little better. Can’t do much about my legs. Everyone’s in a hurry?” You ask as you watch the bustle move about.

“Mmm.” Toriel nods with a sigh. “I’m really thankful for you taking Frisk and Flowey with you. Hopefully it won’t need to occur for much longer and we really appreciate it.”

“Think nothing of it Toriel. ‘Least I can do since I am living here.” You sigh with a forced smile, making your way around the table. Sans won’t turn your way. You hear a light peck and turn to see Toriel kissing Asgores cheek. The giant flares bright pink past his fur, but gives Toriel a look of pure adoration. You can vaguely catch Alphys squirming away from Undynes assault of kisses in the kitchen and you manage to crack a smile.

“Alright, Asgore, it would probably be wisest to let you take the van. That way Frisk and Flowey don’t have to go with Jane on the bus.” Toriel hands Asgore the keys as he nods in affirmation. Frisk drops their spoon and quickly uses sign language to spell something to Asgore. The father smiles and pats Frisks head.

“Yes you’ll be spending the day with Jane. I must apologize that even though school is ending you are headed right back.” A chuckle escapes them both and Frisk nods with contentment.

“I can’t move why the hell do I have to go?” Flowey grumbles past a spoonful of oatmeal. You uncap your own and cautiously blow before eating. The grains are perfectly melted and the sweetness warms your heart.

“FLOWEY YOU ARE ATTENDING AS A GUARDSMAN! IT IS A MOST HONORABLE AND RESPECTED POSITION!! ONE DAY YOU MAY VERY WELL AID IN THE HUMANS POLICE FORCE!” Papyrus still had a twinkling air about him as he ensured to, of course, put his scarf on over the uniform.

“Ya, Flowey. We’re rooting for you.” You give him an exhausted finger gun and hear him sputter on oatmeal. Toriel swiftly comes about and kisses Frisks head, Floweys petals, and Asgores cheeks again before checking her watch.

“Alphys dearie it’s in thirty minutes.” Toriel calls as she swiftly makes her way towards the door.

“Oh-O-Okay! I-I-I’ll se-see you la-later.” Alphys waves to the group and you offer a minimal good bye wave. She had briefly discussed it before – today was the presentation of her project at the lab. Asgore looked to the wall clock as the front door swung open and sighed.
“Suppose we should get going soon as well.” Asgore knowingly looks to you and offers tiny smile as you try to cover up your greedy morning eating. “Don’t choke. Take your time.”

“Can you even choke on oatmeal?” Flowey asks with a sarcastic attitude. You gulp down your bite and rest your elbow down and press your hand to your face. Getting another spoonful you push the full spoon into Floweys mouth. His little cheeks bulge and an intense face overwhelms him as you snicker.

“I’m not sure. Lemme know will ya sprout.” Flowey pats leaf against his stem and gulps it all down. He glares at you and threatens you with inching vines. You gladly let him grab at your fingers and nags you by pulling at them; simply switching your spoon to the other hand isn’t that difficult as you allow him to wrestle with your hand. Even though Asgore says to not rush you gulp down the rest hastily and gather the dishes yourself.

“Frisk you got everything you need to keep you occupied? We’ll be there for a bit. Classes won’t be starting for almost another hour.” You murmur and watch Frisk and Flowey gather themselves together and rush upstairs. Wandering into the kitchen you quickly swathe the bowls clean and put them into the drying rack. Slinging your backpack over your shoulders again you walk towards the door just as the others are filing out. Frisk comes rushing hazardously down the stairs and nearly jumps onto your back – he does manage to snatch your hand and drag you out. Asgore is the final one to exit and lock the door behind him. Papyrus has to take front seat because of his sheer sight, and Sans is lounging in the back as Frisk quickly crawls into the back. It’s difficult with Undyne settled in the middle give crazy gestures and yelling something at Papyrus. You just decide to sit in the middle because you don’t want to cram into the back.

…Okay mainly because of Sans.

He won’t look at you, talk to you; hell it’s as though the entire morning he has denied your existence. Your heart throbs achingly. That tune plays in the very stern of your mind, mixing and becoming something it isn’t meant to be. Unable to throw the thought from your mind, you decide on a split second decision and turn to Undyne.

“Okay, so, like, super random question. Feel free to shoot down this somewhat request.” Undyne turns to meet your eyes as you fumble for the words in your throat.

“Can we have a confrontation?” “Huh? Sure. You mean like a fight?” You can hear sputtering in the back seat and twinkling eyes from the front, but you ignore them – Undyne at least wasn’t making a huge deal about it! Just like he had been, you ignore Sans.

“Well sorta? I can’t fight because of my Soul, but if we can just interact that’d be fine.” You absently pick at your nails as she gives you a toothy grin and snags your head in a lock with her arm.

‘Course we can!!” She gives you an intense noogie splaying your hair about in every direction as you try to escape her grasp.

“WHY DO YOU NEED TO GO THROUGH CONFRONTATIONS?” Papyrus quizzically adds.

“Well I just wanted to understand you guys, even just a little better. It might seem kinda weird, but I feel it might work. You guys bonded with Frisk through battles and whatnot, didn’t you?” You hum as Undyne finally releases your neck to peek back at Frisk.

“ Heck ya! Battling is the solution to making best friends!! Right Papyrus?!?” Undyne cheers, threatening to punch a hole through the van with her gesturing.
“INDUBITABLY!!” Papyrus shouts and shines his enthusiasm at you from the front.

“I WOULD GLADLY LIKE TO TAKE PART IN A FRIENDLY CONFRONTATION WITH YOU AS WELL!!!”

“Aw Papyrus! Thank you…” Your warm smile presses against your cheeks and you hear Flowey muttering something behind you. “You too, little mister.” You point back at Flowey – you could feel Sans’ eyes burrowing onto your back, though he would likely turn about when you peered back.

“Huh?! Why me?!”

“Why not you? I think it would be fun! And I don’t want that Flowey shtick either – be honest with me, please.” You humbly request. He keeps blabbering on about something as your eyes divert to the rear view mirror. “Can I request the same of you and Toriel, Asgore?”

Asgore gives a sigh and his grip on the wheel tightens, but his face looks pained from what you can make out.

“I suppose that would be fine. It’s natural that you are curious, therefore, I do not see reason to oppose this opportunity. Toriel would gladly participate and likely teach you the ways, so it may be best to start with her.”

You feel like doing a victory lap if the exhaustion wasn’t keeping your knees locked and your legs weren’t burnt to a crisp. For the moment, you let an internal clap be the celebratory action. You’d start with Toriel to avoid suspicion.

The college gates come within reach even earlier then you last recall. Asgore parks at the entrance briefly and turns back towards you and Frisk.

“You two are to listen to Jane, understood? Don’t cause her too much trouble. Behave and don’t go too far away.” Asgore clearly details the rules as Frisk attentively nods in agreement. Flowey sighs and shrivels into his pot.

“Just where the hell does it look like I can go?” Flowey gestures to his pot prison with an uncaring face. Asgore raised his eyebrows in understanding and focused on the steering wheel as you hopped out. An unfavorable action, but quicker. You set the seat to slouch so you can reach back towards you and Frisk.

“You two are to listen to Jane, understood? Don’t cause her too much trouble. Behave and don’t go too far away.” Asgore clearly details the rules as Frisk attentively nods in agreement. Flowey sighs and shrivels into his pot.

“And just where the hell does it look like I can go?” Flowey gestures to his pot prison with an uncaring face. Asgore raised his eyebrows in understanding and focused on the steering wheel as you hopped out. An unfavorable action, but quicker. You set the seat to slouch so you can reach back and take Flowey. Sans has his elbow resting against the window side and his hand supporting his clearly sleep deprived face. The police outfit, while big, did suit his smaller frame. Even the unexplainable gut earned a smile from you as you instantly imagined him just hiding a slew of donuts in his ribcage. The recollection of the recent distancing rushed back through your head however, earning a childish pout. Frisk meandered past you as you pulled Flowey out.

“Fine, I won’t talk to you until you’re flipping ready. I don’t blame you or anything so I can’t understand the reason you won’t even look at me!” You say, finally gaining his attention as you slam the van door shut. Frisk looks conflicted between the van and you but accepts your hand and walks alongside. A various amount of eyes land onto Frisk and Flowey as you keep them close to hip. Sighing, you enter the building and check your phone. At least the traffic was heavy and left only twenty minutes to wait around. Taking advantage of the time, you wander down the halls slowly as Frisk eats up the fresh new environment. They are enamored by all the students, groups, and the variety of colors presented by the art clubs that are apparently putting on a presentation outside. It seems to be a color run – quickly, you divert Frisk away lest Toriel get huffy about the stains left behind.
You can’t help biting your lip as you cautiously knock on Mr. Thairs door.

“Yes?” He calls from within.

“Ah, sir, it’s Jane. Might I have a word?” You echo back and wait patiently. He takes a minute, but finally replies with a “Please come in.” You open the door and allow Frisk and Flowey to enter. Thair doesn’t notice them at first because of the desk, but once Frisk begins to climb into one of the painfully tall chairs you watch his eyes pop open. Rubbing your neck you fight the urge to twist it by raising your shoulder.

“So, uh, there wasn’t anyone to babysit Frisk and Flowey so I just needed to check with you that it was alright to bring—“ He silently brought up a hand to silence your spiel and you awkwardly stand there as he rummages through his desk. He hops off his chair and comes around the desk with two little baggies brimming with mini muffins of chocolate chip and blueberry, not to mention peppermints, butterscotches, and even cow tails. You’re certain he laughs at the blatant shock spread over your face as he offers a sympathetic smile.

“You aren’t the only person who brings children to class – Molly behind you has had to bring her children in a fair amount of times, and other students bring babies in constantly. I see no issue in allowing it in your case. I’ve come prepared this time however…” Thair strolls over to his filing cabinet and picks out a series of word searches and color in puzzles. Frisk bounces excitedly in their chair as Flowey shoves a few of the candies into his mouth contently.

“Thank you so much sir.” You reply with a whisper. He flashes you a knowing smile and redirects his attention to the loving family pictures littering his office.

For the remainder of time before class Frisk lets you translate ASL for him – he understood it, but Frisk was too quick for him to keep up. Thair boasts about the school even going so far as a five minute tour before class. Your little group earned a wide variety of stares – a technical midget professor guiding a teen, the monster ambassador, and a glaring glower through the halls history. Frisk ogled and gasped at the slew of trophies, but their favorite thing was definitely the art pieces. He pulled out his phone, rushing through a huge slew of photos before tugging kindly on Thairs sleeve. Turning around, Thair pulls out reading glasses and looks at the photo with astonishment.

“Oh my, who’s piece is this?” Peeking down you groan and itch the back of your neck.

“Uh, th-that’s my piece at my last school. Papyrus has it now in his room. Ribbon and all.” Your blush heats your ears and your foot drags along the floor. He doesn’t make any precedent comment, just leads everyone into the classroom early. Only a few people are there opposed to the usual surrounding. It was only a minute or two before class started up. You showed Frisk to where your seat was and Thair came over and unfolded a quilt on the side of your chair.

“Made sure the last person babies drool was washed out.” He gave you a sympathetic wink and walked back to his chair. You ensured all your notebooks were open and chose to lay down the ground rules early on.

“I love you guys, but I need to focus. If you have genuine questions pass me a little note and I will try my best to reply quickly. Flowey, buddy, please try to be polite.” You plead and grab the owed assignments to bring up to Thair. He has grown used to you presenting it before the collection period of the class. Gratefully, he accepted them and started skimming as the morning bell rang. A slew of last minute people weaved through the door and took their seats as you returned to your own. You distinctly caught a variety of whispers and kept your foot near Frisk as they popped a peppermint in their mouth and offered you a butterscotch candy.
“Thank you.” You whisper, accepting the treat. Molly came by and her eyes twinkled with that motherly love you’d witnessed in Toriel. Without saying a word you saw her sneak them both a bag of Gummi worms and rush to her seat. A whistle occurs nearby as you look up to find Rhianna – her hair is braided almost like Rapunzel, but the two sets of braids made for her bangs reach around to aid to the French one. It looks elegant and you are slightly jealous – nobody has really braided your hair in years. Alphys doesn’t have hair, therefore, has no idea, Undyne would probably yank out your scalp, and Frisk only does really tiny ones. Withholding a sigh, you gesture to the extra package.

“Look. I had a child. Can we still be friends?” Rhianna gets a snicker and a little high five from Frisk whom she’d nicknamed ‘Boss’.

“What’s little Boss doing here?” She points to them as she takes her seat. You lay head against your folded arms and give a begging look.

“Well, Tori had a school meeting, Alphys has a project presentation at the labs, and Asgore, Undyne, Sans, and Papyrus are all starting their work at the police station.” You pull out your fingers and start counting the unavailable people. “Grillby is the bar owner so he can’t just keep Frisk there, Napstablook has classes longer then I, Mettaton went back on tour briefly or something, all the Guard Dogs have police work today as well, and there is no fucking way Jerry is babysitting.” At the mention of Jerry, Frisk giggles and shows you he’d been drawing everyone on the back of a crossword – including Jerry.

“He can be complex, but he is a good guy!” Frisk whispers through you. Your face crinkles in doubt.

“I didn’t say anything about him being good or bad, but I am not letting him babysit you.” You announce back to Frisk.

“What?” Rhianna asks as you whip your head around. “Fuck, she can’t hear Frisk’s inner voice thingie!!!”

“Eh, I-I just am so used to him I can almost read his mind. Right, Frisk?” You peek over begging for a wingman. Frisk gives a solid thumbs up as you let a sigh escape you. The alerting final bell finally rang as surprisingly Trenton is one of the last to dash into the classroom. He looks paler and his eyes are shifting – you want to chalk it up to sleep deprivation, but he doesn’t return the clear little wave you send him. Hopefully he would allow a brief conversation after class; he’d confided in you plenty already.

Class starts up and right off the bat Frisk is slipping you pieces of paper out of blatant curiosity to the class. It proves increasingly difficult to jot notes down each time Frisk passes you a note. Rhianna helps with a few notes, even writing little notes back to him. The note passing is obvious, though you are certain Thair is understanding the situation as each note returns to Frisk and Flowey. Flowey turns out to be a greedy Gummi worm eater as he has nearly polished the bag of all the green and pink worms. It’s adorable watching him attempt to suck them up like spaghetti. His cheeks have gone fat from the mass he is trying to fit in his teeny tiny mouth. Frisk sucked on a butterscotch as he worked his way through a crossword. Peering around there is a blatant absence of students – you couldn’t possibly pin it down onto it being a Monday. It fills you with a strange unease, but the class proceeds regardless.

Thankfully, Flowey is much less disturbing – either it’s the thankful amount of distractions or Frisks natural and calm presence that keeps them both on the rather down low. The class is dismissed and Rhianna stretches backwards with a grateful sigh as you write down the remainder of your notes.
“Hey, you wanna get some lunch? Bet they could use some food.” Rhianna nods off to Frisk and Flowey who have begun packing the stuff they hadn’t finished into Frisk’s backpack as Frisk rushes all the trash to the can. You watch them the entire way not wanting to risk someone snatching them for any reason.

“I’m sure the librarians would appreciate a break from Flowey.” You sigh and close your notes page.

“Hey, I can hear you!” Flowey snarls as your head cradles off the back of the chair.

“Exactly.”

“Daaaw just lookit you!” Cooing comes from the sidelines as Molly admires Frisk who extends a hand to shake. She uptakes it with a gentle blush overwhelming her cheeks.

“Ah, Molly this is Frisk.” Stashing your books away Rhianna has her things already gathered together.

“Aah. I nearly thought you were the mother, Jane! You two look so similar its bizarre.” Molly ruffles Frisk’s hair as he snickers and scrunches his head and shoulders.

“Right?! It’s uncanny!” Rhianna adds with surprise. You shoot her a dumbfounded glare and she shrugs at you. “It’s the first thing I thought of when I visited; I know he’s Toriel’s.” Frisk signs something to Molly and she obviously has no clue what they had intended.

“Here, Frisk, she doesn’t know ASL.” Frisk acknowledges this fact and relays the message to you.

“Is he deaf?” Molly frets and squats down to pat Flowey’s petals. He gives a hesitant hiss and shrinks closer to the provided soil.

“No, he is just a preferred mute. Doesn’t like to talk really. Also, he says that it is very nice to meet you and can tell you are a sweet mother.” Frisk turns about to give her an approval thumbs up. Molly’s warm smile matches Frisk’s own as she gasps at the bell.

“Oh shoot I got to go pick up David at the babysitter. I hope we can chat later!” Molly calls, snatching her bag and rushing down towards the door.

“Sure thing! Bye Molly!” Rhianna calls as you wave her good-bye. Rhianna helps you gather your items together, and you need to pay a short and silent farewell with Thair as he has a slew of students questioning him. Confident with the amount of work you’d gotten done recently, you don’t dote on the fact of getting ahead for a change and wander with Rhianna towards the cafeteria. From the shadows, a hand snatches your shoulder. You are pulled hastily into a stairwell. Trenton looks nervous and is peeking up the stairs.

“S-Sorry…” He whispers, making a motion for silence between you. Not even a second passes before Rhianna busts the door between the stairwell and the hall open.

“Trenton?!?” She screeches and Trenton flings his hand to her mouth, shushing her. You preemptively place a hand over Flowey’s mouth to keep him from blabbering on as Frisk just stares up at him. Obviously unsettled, Trenton looks from Frisk to you.

“Please don’t tell me this is the Monster Ambassador.” He clearly states and your guilty face must be like a book as he groans into his hands.

“What is he doing here?!” He whispers harshly.
“What’s it matter to you?” Rhianna bites back with a glare as you cautiously put a hand up to silence her. His eyes continued to shift towards the stairs.

“What, Trenton, what is wrong?” You whisper back as he loosens his collar.

“Do you have any idea the size of the target you are putting on your back by bringing Frisk the Monster Ambassador to school?” He jumps to the point. Your throat begins to dry and Frisk clings onto your pants. You ignore the stinging pain of the sun burn and train your attention strictly on Trenton.

“Trenton I don’t understand. Please.” His gaze peeks at the stairs and he gulps pretty audibly.

“Alright, alright…” He huddles you together and Flowey nibbles on your hand, but you refuse to remove it.

“You notice how people are missing? Not like vanished, just not showing up today?” You and Rhianna nods, but she adds “Yeah, my bro was also telling me maybe not to head into school.”

“I heard it from my friends. There is a huge protest war at the enforcement offices about the police allowing monsters on the team. Both anti-monster and pro-monster activists are popping up. It’ll be a nightmare. It should have gone down already and broadcast all over the news.” Trenton keeps his voice hush and you bring your free hand to cradle Frisk close to your side regardless of the sting.

“So, what does that mean?” Rhianna asks. “I’m more for monsters, but I am totally not into this politic talk.”

“What it means is that the Ambassador is becoming a more blatant target.” Trenton growls and you feel your heart drop. Frisk grips your fingers and offers you a concerned stare. “They are supposed to be the median between monsters and humans, so if people can disconnect that—”

“It would cause the monsters to lose plenty of privileges, hell even political power.” Rhianna gasps and tightens her hold onto her backpack.

“Would they get placed back into the temporary camps!?”

“What temporary camps?” You ask and both of them give a shameful look.

“It wasn’t covered over the news. For the nearly a whole month they had them pretty much on military lock down. Where all the housing is was briefly used as a camp grounds for them since there was grand refusal of staying within the mountain.” Trenton sighs and leans against the wall to keep a keener eye on the upstairs.

“What the hell.” You hiss and look down at Flowey and Frisk. Flowey still has clear anger, but he partially halted on biting your hand to offer a dejected look. Frisk had their lips turned inwards with a furrowed eyebrow. It had to be true then…and that only filled your heart with more anger and anguish. Alphys hadn’t even confided to you that it had occurred like that.

“We need to get out of here then.” You state and grip Frisk closer.

“With the recent attacks against the school, there isn’t a doubt in my mind that there is an inside source. It doesn’t matter if you have this one or not—” Trenton points to Flowey rather rudely, but you dismiss it for the time being. “You’re just strolling around the halls of a recently attacked school with the flipping Monster Ambassador. You can’t trust anyone in here sometimes.”
“Like you.” Rhianna growls and folds her arms in disappointment. It strikes a nerve as a timid and pained aura waves off Trenton.

“I’m guessing the bus isn’t a viable trusted transport at the moment.” You sigh and pat his arm to try and dismiss his upset state.

“Absolutely! Like, if you can’t trust people at school and you just jump on a bus of strangers you don’t know what will happen!” Rhianna starts as you and Trenton both shush her. Deeming it allowable, you remove your hand from Flowey’s mouth.

“Can’t we wait for a ride? I don’t think Asgore and the others are supposed to be there for more than two hours from now! Alphys and Toriel should be meeting up with them at the police station to discuss a scheduling right now.”

“Don’t expect it. That riot could turn dangerous so I wouldn’t be surprised if they are delayed there. In that time, hell, even if they did make it in two hours, that’s two hours of people identifying you and your target will just grow.” Gritting your teeth, you pull free your cellphone. Toriel was almost assuredly already there, but maybe you could stop Alphys. Trenton catches Rhianna up on the basic situation as the political talk seemed to stump her.

Jane 1:37 Alph!? Do t head to the police station! Apparently there is a riot goin on as I don’t think anyone can get out for a while!!

Shooting the imperfect text out, Frisk tugs your pant leg.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to get you involved like this…” Your eyes jump between Trenton and Rhianna who are arguing quietly over something as you kneel down and settle a hand against their cheek.

“Don’t even think about it. I don’t think the others thought this far ahead, but we will head home and bunker down.” You whisper and tap their nose. Turning down to Flowey you whisper, “Got any clue of how long it’ll take to walk and what sort of back paths there are? The less we get seen the safer.”

“Pssh! How the hell would I know?!” He hisses back and Frisk holds up their hand while pulling up their phone. “We’ll check a map, don’t worry!!” Frisk offers a vibrant thumbs up – patting both their heads, you turn your attention back to Trenton and Rhianna.

“So, like, what should she do?!” Rhianna growls agitated.

“Well she can’t stay here!” Trenton exclaims and you sigh, rubbing your temple.

“It’s fine. I am having Frisk search up back roads to take.” You murmur and Rhianna briskly throws her head in your face.

“That’s even worse! What if someone follows you from school and you get jumped?!” Rhianna retorts and you grumble again.

“Well what other option is there? I can’t walk, I can’t take the bus, but I also can’t just stay here!”

“I’ll drive you.” Trenton declares and freezes up. Even he seems shocked by the offer.

“But you can’t get into the compound!” Rhianna freezes up and gasps, a new horror overtaking her. “What if one of the security guards is a traitor?”
“Don’t say that.” You grasp her shoulder firmly and look to Frisk – he looks scared as he sends out a text; either Tori or Asgore probably. “Not around him.” You plea.

“What if I stayed until they came home? Nobody will likely pick up during the call, and if they did, it’s not as if they are capable of getting out. In all honesty it’d be best to just let them know you got a ride home.” Rhianna pouts and stomps over and into his face, waving her finger at his neck and chest.

“If you think I am about to let you just stay with her practically alone you are dead frigging wrong! I’m coming too!” Rhianna declares – Trenton doesn’t deny her one bit, but he definitely looks hurt.

“As if I’d let him find out…” Trenton almost gets a scoff out of it, but stops himself. “I insist. I got a lot to make up for.”

“You realize that I live with like every boss of the Underground and while a minority of them want you dead, the majority of them will probably not be okay with this?” You both wince and he gives a pained chuckle and shrugs it off. Peeking out the door, he turns back towards you and Rhianna.

“We’ll take the fire exit. Me and Rhianna walk together where the majority of the crowd is so they don’t see Frisk and you go on ahead to make sure nobody is near the cars. Here are my keys – open it up and hop in front because I need you to show me the way.” Trenton hands you his car keys and you nod. Frisk pulls at your pant leg again and signs up to you.

“Yeah, this is kinda like a recon mission huh. Here are you’re escorts, Mr. Dreemurr.” You gesture to Rhianna namely and Frisk bats their eyes to get full eyelash effect. You chortle and peck Frisks forehead.

“Hey hey hey! Wait a second! I’m supposed to be your guard! I’m coming with you.” Flowey demands with a pout to his petals. You sigh and don’t even fight him on the matter – Frisk hands him to you as you peer out the door.

“We’ll lag behind you. You remember which ones my car?” Trenton asks, checking the stairs. Pressure and nerves settled in your heart, but for the moment you did your absolute best to dismiss any nausea.

“Of course.” With that, you leave. Flowey rests in your backpack watching behind you while you walk expeditiously through the hallways and try to not appear in a blatant rush. Peeking out the fire exit you only find a group of teens out for a smoke. Ignoring them, you wander round the street and find the parking lot. Unlocking the car signals its whereabouts and you awkwardly waddle over.

“They’re watching…”Flowey whispers as he curls in closer to the pot. You don’t dare glance behind you because you’re hoping it’s related to leaving the fire exit. Popping into Trentons car you snag your phone quickly from your backpack and sigh from the lack of texts. Little droplets of rain splat onto the windshield as you text Trenton.

Jane 1:41 Try to find another exit there are people.

You press the send button and scroll through to Alphys.

Jane 1:41 Did you see my text? Don’t go close to police there is a mob!

Pressing send again that stressing knot starts to well in the back of your neck – with impatience you
just scrunch your head in as you flip to a group messaging.

Jane 1:43 Guys I just heard what was happening! Is everything alright? I am getting home early thanks to a friend- they’re staying til you all get home. Stay safe.

Sighing and leaning back you hiss from the knotted muscle in your back. You gingerly poke the muscle as a gentle downpour starts up.

“Hey put me on the back! I’ll keep a lookout!” Flowey calls and you just hiss and grab his pot. It takes a bit of maneuvering and a fair amount of pain but you finally safely slide him against the back window. “What’s the matter?”

“Nothing, just my neck is tensing up.” You whimper and press harder into the muscle – it works briefly and you take the chance to lean it around, but only once. The action alone makes you light headed as you keep your phone in the door pocket. The pitter patter becomes a downright downpour as you sigh and free your umbrella. You let the momentary joy of coming prepared last a few seconds when you recalled it would barely come in handy. It was for when you had to walk from the school to the car, but if you were going to be staying he could simply park at the front. Somewhat pointless to open an umbrella for not even 5 seconds.

“Ah! They’re coming!” Flowey calls after a few minutes. Moments later Rhianna practically tosses Frisk in and plops down in the backseat. They pant and relax while Rhianna works on checking her hair. Trenton comes up just a few seconds behind and practically slams the car door – his head plops onto the steering wheel, but you suppose thanks to his athleticism he isn’t out of breath.

“What happened?” Flowey yelled, trying to hop down into Frisks lap.

“One of my friends found us in the stairwell. We had to bolt for it, and just when we were finding the fire exit you said we had to find another way out. Turns out my friends were waiting for me to join the anti-rally at the police station.” He throws his fist into the horn which is luckily off, but you can see crumbling frustration in his face.

“Trenton… If they’re really your friends, you shouldn’t be—“ “No. I’ve made this decision on my own. I had a stupid, biased look on the whole thing. I actually made some friends in football who were sorta like you- just trying to show me how cool they were and that appearance didn’t change personality.”

“Trenton…” You whisper breathlessly; this was honestly momentous. With everything that had been going on, you were certain he’d changed his mind. He whips his phone out, scrolls through and shows you a picture. A dainty little girl with incredibly curly hair wielded two pom-poms and a cheerleaders outfit. She looked like a fawn, and she sported a colossal smile as she only stood to Trentons stomach.

“This is Lotti. She is just…. sweet and kind – some team members were picking on her ‘cause she was short and stumbled a lot. I……I decided to defend her. She’s chatted to me each practice after.” Trenton brings the photo back and a gentle smile curls onto his face. “Whenever I think of her, then I think of my other friends, I know they wouldn’t ever get along. I know I can’t do anything, but I know that something has to be done. I need to decide for myself whether or not I can deserve a monster in some portion of my life, y’know?”

Without warning, Frisk leaned forward and wrapped their little hands around Trentons sides. He nearly jumped from the gesture but looked down to see it was merely Frisk. A torn curiosity was clear on his face, but he wound up petting Frisks head; how many times today would that happen?
“It’s a huge step. I can’t say I understand where you are coming from – but you are conflicting with two major things. Whether to listen to the morals you’ve known, or whether to accept the change.” Rhianna nods in agreement, but she won’t meet Trenton’s eyes. “I wasn’t super friendly with any monsters until I met Max. The dudes not like other monsters, but he has a figurative heart of gold. It’s all thanks to Jane that even talked to him!” Rhianna cheered and patted your shoulder as you worked on containing your blush.

“It’s the same with me.” Trenton declared with newfound confidence. “If you hadn’t talked me out to Grillbys that one night…..I wouldn’t have myself to feel comfortable; to even continue conversations with monsters when seen again. So, in my book, I owe you a lot…” Unbidden tears trickle down your cheeks suddenly as your smile perks your cheeks.

“I haven’t done that much. Honestly speaking, Frisk is the reason the monsters even have any recognition. If Frisk hadn’t freed them, I never would have met Alphys; I would not have met the others at the art exhibit, not moved in with them, not met you guys – it’s all thanks to this little guy!” You ruffle Frisks hair as they waddle past Rhiannas legs to hug you from behind as well.

“Will you all stop being sentimental and gross and just drive!?” Flowey demands from the back window and alerts Trenton again.

“Right. We got to get out of here…” Trenton starts the car, pulls out, and briskly takes out of the parking lot. He does take advantage of the back roads, and it only takes a few more minutes than usual for the return home. Guards seem more on edge then usual as they stop the car preemptively, meeting at the driver’s seat and the passenger as well.

“Identification and permit pass, sir.” The guard demands and you pull yours out. Frisk is ahead of you and rolls down the window to show them their own pass. The guard seems startled about Frisk being there, but you present the one at your window with your own pass.

“We are coming back from the college. My friends here were going to stay until Asgore and the others came home. From the sounds of it, things are pretty terrible at the station. Has there been any word?” You plead as the guard checks your identity. Trenton doesn’t hesitate to offer his and Rhianna’s identifications.

“Sounds like they may be placing martial law on the complex. Once you’re in they probably won’t let anyone out til tomorrow morning.” The guard whispers to you. The one overlooking Trentons identity must be harder to earn info from.

“Even with identification or a pass?” You whisper back.

“I’m guessing you haven’t heard the news. It’s a shit storm from the sounds of it.” He whispers back but quickly backs away. The guard on the drivers side ushers you all ahead and you don’t even get the instance to warn them.

“Um, they’re, uh, thinking they may commence, uh, martial law?”

“Mhmm. I know.” Trenton hums and cautiously strolls down the street. The intense rain was making visibility rather poor.

“Oh just, uh, go til the very end. It’s literally the last one.” You instruct and Trenton cruises through the storm. Rhianna kept Frisk busy with different little games – right now they were doing Cats Cradle. Peeking over at Trenton as you had the entire ride you notice his knuckles going white around the wheel.
“If you stress over it too much you might vomit.” You relay as he forces himself to take a breath.

“I didn’t think anything would make more nervous than the final moments before a big game.” He chuckles dryly. You pat his shoulder and give it a miniature shake to attempt and soothe him. He just focuses on breathing as the large house finally comes into view. He looks somewhat awestruck as you instruct it likely to be just fine to just pull up on the edge. He does so and turns off the car. It was essentially a waterfall of water at this point; the umbrella may not even be able to withstand the intensity.

“Alright. I’ll run up, unlock the door, and try to start scrounging up dry clothes. If we really are stuck here for the night, you guys aren’t permitted to just wear those everywhere. You’ll catch a cold. M’kay?”

“Sounds like a plan to me.” Trenton nods and Rhianna shoots a thumbs up to you. Opening the car door the brief run from door to door leaves you pretty well drenched. Unlocking the door you leave it open and usher everyone else in. The others have their things gathered and rush inside. Locking the door behind you and ensuring the security system doesn’t get set off, all of you release a relieved sigh and shed backpacks. Trenton double checks that he locked his car then becomes captivated by the house. Rhianna flips off her shoes and works on unbraid her hair.

“Uuugh it’s going to be so tangled…” Rhianna nags. You take your shoes off and Trenton soon follows suit.

“Frisk, can you go get my brush from upstairs? I’m going to check the laundry for some clean and dry clothes.” Frisk nods giddily and begins traversing the stairs. You take Frisks, Rhiannas and Trentons backpacks and leave them in a pile by the door to prevent the floor from getting wet. “Wait right here I’ll get some towels.” You rush upstairs and just borrow Undyne and Alphys’ shower towels. You hear Frisk rush back downstairs to let Rhianna use your hairbrush. You don’t rush nearly as much, but by the time you do get back downstairs Trenton just has straight up shed his shirt. You do your best to hide your blush and pass him Undynes towel. Rhianna works on drying her entangled hair as Frisk helps her loosen it from the tight braids.

“This place is bigger than I imagined…” Trenton mentions and runs his hand along the wallpaper.

“Well a lot of people live here. I’d suggest we swim til they came home, but that’s kind of impossible at this point. How ‘bout some cocoa and games, hmm?” You ask Frisk who beams. Flowey is still trying to drip dry. “Frisk go put Flowey on a little stack of paper towels near the window. If you can fill the kettle I’ll go get you some clean clothes, alright?” Swishing their wet locks around almost like a dogs, Frisk nods and runs off into the kitchen. You wander back upstairs and pick through the laundry.

“Trent, is it okay if you have a really baggy shirt?! None of the guys are proper human sized!” You call back down – Rhianna was going to borrow Undynes skinny jeans, slippers, and tank top. Trenton was pretty tall so you just grabbed Papyrus’ pants with a belt, but the issue was whether to get him a tall skeletons shirt or a fat skeletons shirt. Sans would probably be adamant on him borrowing his clothes more than Papyrus, but everything Papyrus had in the wash went with his battle-body.

“Yeah I don’t mind!!” He calls back and you just throw caution to the wind and grab one of Sans’ joke shirts. Pulling it up, it reads ‘I’m Not Short. I’m A People McNugget’. You sigh and nearly put it back down, but you don’t want to keep them waiting. You snag some of Frisks clothes and grab your underwear for Rhianna. Papyrus is the loaner of underwear this time around. Trotting back downstairs Rhianna’s hair has begun to puff and explode with a urgency to defy gravity. You withhold a chortle and hand her the clothes while directing her to the second floor bathroom. You
knew she knew where it was, but it just made you feel better for some reason.

“Trenton here ya go. The bathrooms right down here.” You point to the door. Trenton reads the door and chortles. “That’s Sans’ shirt.” You reply; he shuts up instantly and his face contorts into concern. “Unless you want to waddle around with Papyrus’ battle-body which will probably be even harder to explain, this is one of the only options.

“His what?” Trenton asks for clarification and you just nudge him down towards the bathroom. He doesn’t bother asking again and walks into the bathroom. Strolling towards the kitchen Frisk has just finished up filling the kettle.

“Thanks little champ. I’ll start boiling this if you head up to your room or something to change.” You pass Frisk his clothes and he instantly buries his head in the clean fabric to sniff it. You pat his back and watch him rush his way all the way back upstairs.

“Hmph.” You roll your eyes without even looking to Flowey and offer him a piece of peppermint you’d saved. He tucks it into his cheek while you start heating the water. As the fire works its magic, you pull your phone out – it managed to stay dry despite your complete soaking. Alphys had finally texted you!

Dinotile          1:57  OH gawds >^<"!!! I didn’t check my phone til now Q3Q! Is everything alright?! T^T?? It’s really bad down here – not to mention the rain <=(

Jane                2:04    Gurl we’re fine! Me and Frisk got a ride home but my friends may need t stay the night – they aren’t letting any one out.

You felt bad responding late and she likely wouldn’t even catch the message until later today. Nobody had managed to respond in the group messaging, but you didn’t blame them at all. Trenton is the first out – the shirt is so baggy the collar dips down to the muscle line of his abs and his shoulders pop out. The pants drag and you don’t doubt he has it buckled in the farthest possible hole.

“I left the clothes in the sink to dry. I hope that’s alright.” He sighs, pulling the towel off his head and letting his frizzed hair splay everywhere.

“Did you need the hair brush? The only ones really in the house with one are me and Frisk. Undyne broke hers and I have never seen Asgore or Toriel with one.” You scratch your head in thought as he uptakes the kettle duty.

“Go change. I’ll watch this.” He waves you off as you appreciate and wander upstairs. Seymour and Louis are down in the dumps about the excessive rain storm so they aren’t nearly as upbeat when you stroll into the room and directly towards the dresser. You throw on a tank top with an internal bra. It’ll work, you say to yourself as you slip into another pair of jeans which stick close to your legs. It’s slightly unsavory, but not any worse then what you’ve been dealing with. You hear Frisks feet stamp downstairs as you shake your head in disbelief to their rambunctious energy. Trotting downstairs you meet with Rhianna on the second floor who is just finishing up with her hair. It’s silky and straightened out one again as she grumbles over her locks.

“I texted my brother. He said to check the news. “ She sighs and pockets her phone.

“Hope Undynes stuff fits alright. It’s my bra though.” “Figured. Wasn’t ‘bout to use Alphys’ and
suffer a spear, I am pretty sure Toriels has the capability to consume my face, and Undyne has pecs before breasts.” You snort reflexively and cover your mouth as Rhianna catches the mistake and twinkles with newfound ambition. She rushes ahead, pattering through the halls.

“Trent!! She snorts! She snorts when she laughs!!” She shrieks. A blush blooms over your face as you race after her. Colliding into her back in the kitchen you find Frisk already sitting up on the counter blowing on a little mug of hot chocolate. Trenton has a prideful smile as he fidgets around for more ordinary looking mugs. Smacking Rhianna and giving her a warning glare you warn your way around and help Trent.

“Is it good, buddy?” You ask Frisk. He giddily nods and instantly burns his tongue on it. You reach up and hand Trenton Flowys mug. He gives you a tender look as you continue to pull free accessible mugs. A cameras shutter sound resonates and you glare at Rhianna.

“Oh my gawd you guys look like a married couple!! #NerdsForRealTho~” Rhianna squealed, clearly excited by the picture. You both blush and stammer to tell her to stop, but she pours her own mug and trots off towards the living room. You hoist Frisk who won’t relinquish their mug and set him onto the floor.

“Head on over to the living room. We need to check the news.” You nudge Frisk and he nods while taking another careful sip. Absentminded and distracted Frisk wanders into the living room. You poke Trenton with a weary smile and pour your mugs and stir on the way. Plopping onto the couch you find Rhianna is already scrolling through the channels. Trenton still seems surprised by the actual sizing of the house as you stir on. Frisk froze before nearly throwing their mug down and rushing into the kitchen. They come back with a pouting Flowey who still was sucking on his peppermint. Flowey is settled onto the coffee table with his paper towels as Rhianna finally finds the news.

“-itude of reports saying that the stations front is a danger zone as a series of fights and brawls have occurred over the past three hours. All civilians are requested to not near the police station as a variety of incidents able to cause open harm have occurred including bomb threats and multiple gun shots. Thirteen people already have been arrested from both factions in this political war. No news from the police has come out to the happenings of the meeting, but it doesn’t deter anyone awaiting the monster committee on the outside. Oddly enough the Monster Ambassador was absent for a supposedly critical meeting, but some believe that to be a purposeful move on the Kings part. The Ambassador is a child after all.” One newswoman rants on as another interludes.

“That doesn’t change anything. Monsters should be able to integrate themselves into society without needing a child as a form of poster-card!”

“They aren’t using the Monster Ambassador as a poster card though. They are the proof that monsters are capable of change, of settlement, of so much hard work that nobody would have ever discovered without their help. I’m sure it’s not an easy position to be in, and you are insinuating that kid steps into these types of debates?” The first woman scolds.

“Precisely! In this line of work you don’t get to back out from unsavory situations just because things are getting difficult and people are making threats!” The other lady rants back as the first shoots from her chair.

“It is a child!!”

“Enough, both of you!” A man on the side interjects as the camera focuses onto him. “Reports say the monster complex will be under strict martial law as of this point. Only those with a solidified pass and with the police chiefs seal of approval will be allowed entry. No inhabitants are permitted
to leave the boundaries until, at the earliest, tomorrow morning.” He straightens his papers and glares at the woman off camera. Rhianna turns it off instantly and we all just lay there in the silence. Frisk sets his cocoa down on the coffee table and curls into your side. You snuggle him close and feel him quiver.

“It’s alright Frisk. Everything alright. Don’t let what they said get to you.” You comfort them, rubbing their back. You hear a faint hiccup and sigh – setting your cocoa on a coaster you pull Frisk into your lap and stand up. He knots your shirt in his tiny hands as you hold him up with one arm to grab Flowey with the other. “I’ll be right back.”

“Take your time…” Rhianna murmurs and sips her cocoa. Carrying Frisk off you wander into the piano room and shut the door. You plop yourself onto the piano stool and settle Frisk onto your lap. Pulling your fingers over the keys, you run off memory and begin to play a little tune. That same lazy tune you are certain they are familiar with. You hum along just to make things easier but Frisk instantly perks up and watches you play. After a few moments, even Frisk begins to hum along after wiping their tears onto their arm.

“UUGGHH when did you hear the trashbags music!?” Flowey tries to plug his nonexistent ears with his leaves as you play on despite his squeals. Frisk seems to settle down and actually manage a weak smile as you bounce them slightly on your knee to change pedals. You can’t play it much longer because your mind instantaneously splits off to the version you are certain Frisk heard when it was their genocide routes through the Underground.

“Y’know Sans already let me do a confrontation with him.” You admit as you slowly close the song.

“Really?” Frisk continues to wipe their face as you calmly nod.

“Yep and he kept getting super suspicious about why I had asked for something so weird….if you think you can handle it, I wanted to tell you. Actually, you are the only one I am supposed to tell, oh Angel.” You tap his nose and he looks amazed like it was a magic trick.

“What? What what what!?” He bounces giddily – you stop him from hurting your legs more than they already stung.

“Well, what do you know about Gaster? Remember that one man who you drew on the paper that I found in my room? The one that looked like black slime?”

“Mr. Tar? So his name was Gaster? I heard that he was the previous Royal Scientist!” As the words register in you, his face gives a shade of fear. “There were….things there, that weren’t there? They told me about him.”

“What do you mean things?” You ask Frisk to go into further detail, but Flowey cuts in.

“Eh some creepy add-ins. They only show up in certain runs for some reason. They’ll just murmur to Frisk about how Alphys may not be able to follow up in his glory, or how he’s listening all the time. The creepiest one is the dude holding a gasping head saying he has a piece of him.” Flowey stem shivers at the recollection. Just hearing about that makes you flinch and squirm.

“Well, uh, Gaster has been talking to me. Through my dreams. He’s been warning me about the Save Stars and an inescapable future of sorts.” Absently you press the keys to make just background sound.

“Well you can’t really use them – it’s dangerous in your case. But I don’t know about this
inescapable future’. Isn’t there a quote...uhh..umm.....!- Nothings set in rocks!” Frisks snaps at the realization.

“Nothing’s set in stone.” Flowey replies rather monotone with a glare. Frisk pouts and kicks their legs in the air.

“Have you ever met him? Like face to face?”

“Yeah! A few times. Most the time it’s a hallway that was never there in Waterfall but then just shows up. There’s a grey door and when I open it he’s inside. He gets spooked easily because whenever I get close he vanishes.”

A grey door...Your mind refers back to that dream of being pulled through the lake. You’d seen that door!

“Alright….Frisk. On Sunday Sans agreed he’d give me the boneafied walkthrough of the Underground from your perspective. Can you tag along and show me exactly where that door was?” Frisk glows at the gesture and nods erratically nearly tipping himself off the seat. “Alright. Thanks.” You pat his head and pick him up off your lap, saying “Feel better now?”

Frisk nods in agreement and jumps around the stool.

“Oh yeah. I should probably also mention that I found out Gaster is Sans and Papyrus’ father.” Frisk freezes before he leaps and stares at you wide-eyed showing off his hazel eyes. Even Flowey is slack jawed.

“THEIR WHAT?!?!” Flowey screeches and Frisk cannot help letting a variety of jumbled screams and squeaks in joy as he cartwheels around the entire room.

“They have a dad!! THEY HAVE A DAD!! Ooohhh!!!!! Can I tell them?! LEMME TELL ‘EM! OHHHH I am so happeyyyyy!!!” Frisk threatens to give you a headache as the squeaks are somewhat piercing. Flowey has somehow reached a face beyond flabbergasted as you pick him up.

“Absolutely not. Gaster wants to tell them himself probably.”

“HE’S COMING HERE?!?!?” It’s a joint scream between the both of them as you hush them both.

“We’re working on it.” You offer them both a playful wink and stroll back towards the living room. Frisk is bounding through and giggling erratically.

“What happened with him?” Trenton asks as he finishes plugging in your Xbox.

“Told him some good news. Now the issue is him keeping it a secret.”

“Aaawwww…” Rhianna coo’s from the ground as you set Flowey onto the table. She crawls over and pats your tummy. “Congratulations.”

“Oh my god, shut up, stop that, no.” Frisk comes flying back into the living room and vaults himself up onto the couch. Rhianna avoids your petty slaps and jumps onto the couch alongside Frisk to wrestle with him. Trenton brings the controllers over as the TV pings to life and smiles over at the silly display between Frisk and Rhianna. You can’t resist pulling your phone out and taking a silent photo of the warm spectacle. You wish the others were in the picture though…

Jane 2:17 Things alright over there? Were settling down four games. Please don’t let Sans get too upset.
You attach the image and ignore the autocorrected things as you plop down in the middle of the mayhem. Trenton scrolls through the available game choices and chooses Viva Piñata. Frisk and Rhianna quickly get into it as you pull your laptop over to look up the certain things to get variants. Flowey and Trent stay on radar control about any pests sneaking in. A thunder clap outside practically sends you flying off the couch as you land directly into Trentons lap. His hands naturally wrap around you and it takes an instant to rewind the happenings. Then the camera shutter goes off again. Flying out of Trentons lap you tackle Rhianna and try to pry her phone free and prevent her from saving all these perfectly timed framing photographs.

After a while of that and Flowey gets bored to the point of nearing sleep you change it up and let them play Overwatch. Trenton doesn’t get into it nearly as much as the others and wanders off with a solemn look in his eyes. Ensuring the others will be okay and informing Rhianna to not let Flowey shatter your controller, you trail after Trenton who accidentally went the wrong way and stumbled into the sun-room. His eyes land onto the broad walls of picture frames as his sight scan each one.

“Trent?” You ask but he ignores you and slowly wanders inside. He runs his hand along a few frames – his focus is mainly trained on the baby and childhood photos. You take the opportunity to look at each photo too as you hadn’t beforehand. Then you see it.

There are a bunch of photos obviously cut and put together to almost make like a slideshow. It’s Toriel and a variety of children. You tilt it down to see past the glare and look at each child. On the very farthest right you can instantly tell who they are – Asgore, Toriel, Asriel, and likely Chara. After that its all sorts of different children.

A preteen boy with little blonde braids and a cowboy hat sporting a clearly torn shirt and little fake studded shoes. He was missing a few teeth and pointing around what you assume is a fake gun, but his smile was genuine and massive. Toriel holds a bundle of clovers.

A pudgy child with milk chocolate skin who looked nervous. He still managed a smile even if it was mostly hidden behind a far too large frying pan. His apron had a series of stains and he had slippers on his feet which seemed backwards if he was trying to be a chef. Toriel is instead holding a fresh made omelet.

A young girl who must be Frisks age appears even shier than the last boy – she hides behind a dictionary. Her glasses are massive and her hair covers the majority of her head. She sticks close to Toriel and kneads down her skirt even though its knee length or longer. Toriel is displaying a set of papers proudly.

A child with a concentrated and confident look appears to be a ballerina in training. She looks ready to leap as she balances on one foot with her ballet shoes looking loose. Her hair and skin are both a deep chocolate color, but her hair is a series of unkempt pigtails and braids. Toriel is holding some sort of instrument.

A young boy has an orange bandana far too tightly wound around his head causing his hair to rise awkwardly. He must be laughing as he gives a wide stance and a double thumbs up to the camera with worn fighting gloves. Toriel copies his double thumbs up in stride.

A preteen girl stands completely still and only with the tiniest of smiles. While wearing an aqua dress and black flats, her head ribbon is red. Her hands are folded back and behind her as though she hides something. Toriel is undoing another bandage to add to the child’s massive series of wounds.

The final photo – Frisk and everyone are gathered close to fit into the extended frame. It warms
your heart, but you look back on all the other children. Counting them, a frown pulls at your face. These are the 6 children souls… You tell yourself and clench your heart. Toriel had surely cemented places in her heart for each of them – why else would these photos hang here?

A fist bangs the wall, causing the photos to clatter. Looking to Trenton his teeth are grit tightly and he won’t look to towards the wall.

“Trent-“ He doesn’t allow you to finish before storming out the room, muttering things. You pursue right behind him after shutting the door. Rhianna and the others aren’t fazed as you both rush past them. He makes a dash for the front entrance and you prevent him from heading into the rain by throwing yourself onto the door.

“Okay, stop, talk to me, what’s wro-“ He swiftly turns on his heel to avoid you but you snag his hand. Pulling him into the waiting room on the side of the door, you drag him and throw him onto the couch. His attempts to get up are thwarted as you stand above and cross your arms. He met your eyes only briefly and sorrow and pain pulled at all his features. He rests both his elbows onto his knees and buries his head into his hands.

“I can’t- what- what am I supposed to even think, Jane?” He whimpers and sniffles as you try to rub his shoulders.

“What are you talking about? Please Tr-“ “They look so normal! So happy! Just….natural! Like any normal family photos would be! All this time my brothers been just driving words and images into my head and made me believe that monsters didn’t know anything and weren’t like humans, but I am starting to see them as more human than people I know. Then I have these horrible thoughts rushing through my mind about what’s even right anymore and it’s just- it just gets so frustrating.”

You don’t think as you lean over and wrap him into a hug. He doesn’t hesitate to pull you down until you are practically straddling him. Thin tears escape and soak instantly into your tank top as you stroke his shoulder blades. He quivers and tries to withhold the tears.

“Dude its fine. You can cry. I don’t judge.” You murmur into his ear as his puffed breathe lands directly onto your neck. It makes you want to squirm with the warm air coming in brief bursts, but your resolve to comfort him is stronger. He controls himself faster than you figured he would break down for, but you still try to rub comforting circles into his back.

“I’ll- I’ll be fine. I just….am really confused on what to believe.” He mutters and rests his chin on your shoulder. The pressure pushes your legs down til your sunburn is pressing into the sofa. You let your lap settle on his as to not put pressure onto your legs and it seems to work.

“Well…….Everyone has their own opinions? You can’t expect your opinion to match exactly with somebody else’s. So you can, I guess, still believe in your brother, but like monsters? I’m not sure myself because I don’t know that exact feeling. I guess just trust what you see and hear for yourself, not what others say. You shouldn’t listen to your brother or me – decide based off your own knowledge.” You sigh and rest your forehead in his hair. He turns upwards making the gesture really close for comfort as your lips are only a few inches from his nose. His wide and unsure eyes finally settle to match his pleased smile. You match it and giggle as his hands brush the tips of your hair and dance along the back of your shoulders. You wince as his knuckle presses against the knotted muscle still lying dormant in your neck.

“What?” He asks and you grumble back, “My neck’s been bothering me…” His calloused hands rest on the back and pressure in certain areas. It takes a few attempts but he finally finds the agitated spot and presses just perfectly into it at that nearly let a pleased moan escape.
“This is incredible…” He whispers as you look to him quizzically; he reads your mind and continues with “Well I mean a few days ago we left on the worst note possible and I doubted you would ever even look at me again. Now you’ve let me come over to your house and massage your neck while you hear me blabber about stupid things.” A flash of light and distant thunder rumbling naturally makes you flinch into Trenton as you pull yourself back with guilty sweat beading at your hair line.

“Yeah that sounds about right. I try to not let the past define people who are in the now. The now you understands your mistakes and you’re trying to basically repent for what you did. How can I fault or ignore your trying? It’s honestly commendable.” You giggle as he tickles your neck briefly and you pull away so you don’t fall face first into him. He rests his hands on the small of your back with his fingers laced together keeping you trapped. A soft silence settles between you both.

Then the door is thrown open.

“WE’RE HOME PUNKS!! SO WHO’D YA INVITE?!” “Wa-Wait-WAIT SWEETIE I-I-I-I j-just che-chech-“ Undyne doesn’t let Alphys finish as she storms in and her still functioning eye instantly lands on you both. Heat instantly blossoms between you both as you pull your face away from his. She drops her tie and just stares with her mouth agape, her hair dripping still from the outdoor downpour. Your own mouth runs dry as more people just start to wander inside. His grip has tightened and you can note the intimidated fear in his face.

“Un-Undyne ma-maybe we-we-we sh-should han-hang on a second? Appa-Apparently, u-um, she brought ov-over um ‘him’, so it-it may be b-b-b-e-best to make su-sure he av-avoi-avoids-SANS!!!” Alphys rounds the corner and shrieks nearly propelling herself back into the bathroom with shock.

“Trenton, I know you are terrified, but you really gotta let go right now!” You plea as Trenton just stammers and remains completely dumbfound. His face is lit up like a ripe cherry tomato.

“yo Alph you called?” Undyne slams the door shut extremely abruptly. Rushing back, she just continues to stare as you fidget to escape his practically entering rigor mortis. Grabbing his face you turn his attention to you.

“Trenton!!” You shriek and shake him. He blinks out of it and releases you, but the scream has the opposite effect. You can feel the air in the room grow heavy and you sigh while trying to stand. “Sans, please just ha-“ Ignoring your every word Trenton is overwhelmed in blue and smacked into the wall.

“what the fuck did I say last time. “ Sans growls and ignore the fact that by flinging him you were tossed onto the ground. Alphys helps work you onto your feet as Trenton coughs and generally chokes under the pressured hold. You snag Sans’ shoulder and pull him back.

“Enough! Put him down!” Sans drops him and turns onto you with that glaring blue eye. You only flinch briefly but you manage to stand your ground.

“why did you bring this scumbag here?!” Sans shouts and jabs an accusatory finger towards Trenton who is sprawled on the floor and catching his breath.

“OH GOODIE! JANE, WE HAVE RETURNED SAFELY WITH DON-“ “ Well if you would open your ears and let me explain before you go about throwing my friends into the flipping walls, maybe you’d stop with these unprovoked attacks!!” You scream back and jab your finger into his sternum. Trenton coughs and works his way onto his feet, but Sans glares at him with his empty socket.
“don’t move a fucking muscle.” Sans scowls and Trenton instantly obeys.

“Yes sir.” He mumbles sitting cross legged on the ground and faintly coughing.

“Trenton, you don’t have to sit there. Just go back to Rhianna and Frisk for a few minutes please.” You plead and Trenton looks utterly torn. It must be Undyne who just straight out ushers him out with a spear and a neutral glare on her face.

“Move out soldier…” She mutters and Trenton instantly obeys. The instant he is out of sight, Sans doesn’t hold back.

“what the fuck were you thinking?! no- where did your fucking brain go?!”

“Oh I’m sorry I did what I had to do to get out of school!!” Asgore and Toriel pick this time to walk in and directly into the storm. Toriel appears completely drained and doesn’t seem keen on dealing with the epidemic at hand, but at least Asgore steps in.

“What is going on here?” Asgore requests.

“she fucking brought that asshole that raped her into our friggin house!!” “He is throwing my friend around and not listening to anything I have to say!!” You and Sans shout in unison as he begins to pace the waiting room.

“Papyrus, sweetie, maybe you should go put the donuts down for now.” Toriel motions for Papyrus to walk away from the confrontation.

“WAIT, YOUR MAJESTY…… JANE…WAS THAT BOY REALLY THE ONE WHO HURT YOU?” Papyrus’ confused tone catches you as you offer a baffled look to him.

“I mean yes but he won-“ “if you are admitting it why did you let him in here?! what did you just suddenly decide to hit that up because of some fucking muscle-“ “Excuse me!! What the hell are you saying?!” You screech and growl at Sans.

“oh please save me the almighty banter!! you were all over that fucking-“ “ENOUGH!” Asgore shouts and instantly silences Sans, though he is still pacing and fuming. “Both of you will explain yourselves this instant. Frisk and Papyrus don’t need to hear this.” Asgore demands and rubs his temples, adding, “Sans, you first.”

“yeah, so, remember how she came home that night absolutely shredded and sobbing?! that bast-“ The glare Asgore kills the swear before Sans can even spit it. “-jerk wad is the one who did it! and I warned him not to get close to her again and she was practically riding him!!!” The pacing quickens and he throws his tie onto the couch.

“Jane, your side?” Asgore sighs and you turn around to him.

“Okay, look, yes that’s him. I made an upfront statement that I didn’t judge him based off some drunk actions. That isn’t him! He has been apologizing every moment I see him and been distancing himself a lot more. He didn’t have the best opinion of monsters, but he has changed so much too! He was really confused and unsure about what to really think so I was just comforting him. I was in his lap because the sunburn on my legs was bothering me again.” You retort and Sans doesn’t lose the beat.

“that doesn’t give him any reason to fucking be here.” Sans snarls and you don’t even bother to look at him and continue to address Asgore.
“He warned us at school about all the riots going on at the police station. Tons of students were missing and everywhere we went I felt eyes. He was worried people were, like, putting a target on my back because I had Frisk with me. I was the one who decided that I needed to go home early, and he provided a ride so I didn’t need to walk or take the bus!! And Rhianna came with us to make sure he didn’t try anything else, but he wouldn’t! We didn’t know until we were already in here about the martial law so they can’t leave until morning! He is so apologetic and I am certain he wanted to apologize to you guys for hurting me! But SANS here is going absolutely a-wall just because I was trying to comfort him!!”

“who the hell comforts somebody by sitting on their fucking-“ “ENOUGH! BOTH OF YOU!!” Asgore roars and shuts you both up. “Both of you separate and cool your heads this instant. I’m going to talk to him. Undyne, Alphys and Papyrus would you please come with me? Sweetie, go fetch yourself a coffee or tea and relax.” Asgore commands and Toriel is the only one who doesn’t hesitate. Asgore waits for you both to split apart and you gladly are the first to move. Stamping as quickly as you’re capable you rush to your room and slam the door. Distinctively you hear more shouting but the front door also slams shut. If he didn’t have 1 fucking HP you are certain you would’ve thrown a punch. He probably would have done the same with yourself. Frustrated tears well into your eyes and your neck begins to seize in the back again even after the massage. You pass by Seymour and Louis and stand just outside the doors. Shutting them behind you, you slide down the panes and collapse into a crumpled ball of tears. Why did things between you have to turn into something so painfully complicated? Why couldn’t he just respect your decisions instead of spitting them back in your face? Why did he always have to jump to silly conclusions?! You wish you had a series of rocks to just randomly chuck out to the forest landscape – even then you'd feel bad if one hit the hidden workshop windows. Water trickles down like a miniature waterfall and you vaguely recall that you didn’t do their laundry or the towels. Alphys and Undyne always did morning showers. You give it a minute and slink back downstairs while wiping at your face and cheeks to clear your warm tears.

You sneak around to make sure Toriel doesn’t see you as you reach the bathroom. Frisk comes running around the bend and gasps when seeing you. He looks concerned and also torn but he bypasses you and runs out the front door. A weird smelling smoke infiltrates the house as you reach into the bathroom towards the sink to grab the clothes. He was kind enough to wrap everything in the towel and not make you feel awkward just grabbing whatever his underwear.

“whaddya want smalls.” You nearly drop everything as Sans’ voice comes in past the foul smoke and the patter of raindrops. You dare to peek out the bathroom and see Frisk hand him a cellphone. A few moments of clicking passes before he says “why’re ya showin’ me these……I can’t just forgive him. ‘e hurt her. no amount of star wishin’ could make me forgive that sleazy-“ You can vaguely make out Frisk sign a slew of words, but you don’t want to listen to it anymore. Tip-toeing away you know Frisk sees you pass and head towards the stairs. Gingerly you avoid the creaking spots.

“…….fine. but don’t expect nothin’ kid…” Something is thrown to the rain and Sans walks in absolutely drenched. You crouch on the stairs to make yourself smaller, and he doesn’t seem to notice. It’s a good thing because, as you’d predicted, you were crying again. Faintly sniffling you sneak back up the remainder of the stairs. Poking your tear stained face into the second floor bathroom you snag Rhianna’s clothes and towel and drag the bundles over to the laundry room. Setting the wash up you gather and distribute the cleaned clothes to give yourself something to do. They were at least past the living room so you could maneuver around the majority of the house.

Dropping everything off and nicely folded, you rub your arms and dare to move closer to the living room. It’s been ten minutes. Was that enough time? You aren’t even sure where Frisk dragged Sans, but you’re hoping it isn’t to wherever Asgore is having the meeting regarding Trenton. The
news plays in the background as you peek into the living room. Toriel is settled onto the sofa with a tea as Rhianna runs through her phone – Flowey fell asleep on the controller.

“Jane, dear?” Toriel calls and you wince back into hiding, though pointless. “Come here sweetie.” Toriel quietly beckons. You oblige her and round the corner. Her face grows sad as you near her; she pats the seat besides her and you fall into it only to be swallowed into a huge hug. Rhianna rubs your back as your tears plop and trickle down Toriels fur.

“I’m sorry.” You whisper and try to get comfy. It’s practically impossible with the sun burn, though Rhianna lets you extend your legs out across her lap.

“You needn’t apologize dearie. If you trust him, you trust him. You know how protective Sans can be. I doubt the boy has ever been in love before – he doesn’t know how to handle jealousy.” A comfortable silence follows her wise words-

“Wait.” You freeze and look up to her a wide eyed stare. “He’s………jealous.”

“Well I imagine so. If you found someone you had a crush on snuggling so affectionately as you two had been then of course he would get vividly jealous. Rhianna showed me the picture before Sans threw him.” Your head spun around almost like the Grudges to glare at Rhianna who snickered hesitantly. She raised her hands up defensively.

“Can you blame me? You both just sorta vanished and I saw the car lights come into the drive way so I wanted to greet them but I did not want to be involved in the mess that would transpire. And I do not regret being a coward!” She snaps her fingers together and points to you. You can feel your glare turn into literal fire as you lunge backwards at her. She squeaks as you fumble for her phone – you recognized the case as the phone Frisk showed Sans earlier.

“What the hell did you let Frisk show Sans?!” You screech and try to snatch it out of her sweating palms.

“Just a few pics with you two together!!” She ensures, holding a hand up to make you stop as she showed you herself. She snuck a photo of you two giggling in the library from the window! There was a photo from class where he kept handing you notes, another she somehow got of him walking you to the car- seriously, how? Then there was the picture he’d sent her from when you two went out that night, all of you compiled into the car and dripping wet, Frisk on the counter as you both made cocoa, you jumped terrified into his lap, and then you comforting him – from the shot she’d gotten it made it more clear about the intention.

“And why did you show a jealous man these pictures?!?” You growl and Toriel pulls you back ever so slightly.

“Because it shows you are friends – nothing more. There is no loving or amorous intention in any of these photos. It also shows that you’ve certainly moved past his mistakes; it’s fine that a few of them are from before the incident.” Toriel sigh’s and forces you to lay back against her. You fidget and turn anxiously as more and more time passes – the ticking clock and brief lightning flashes do nothing to help settle you. Unable to stop stressing you stand and pace in a circle. Toriel has to scold you a multitude of times as you continue to roll your head about. The knotted muscle makes it even more painful than previous tries, though it certainly doesn’t stop you. The door opens and you spin around as Trenton is led out with Alphys and Papyrus. Papyrus is smiling and pats his back nearly lurching him forward. Trenton nervously laughs it off and spots you.

“Look! No holes!” He gestures to himself with amazement as the final frustrated tears roll down your cheeks. You laugh and Alphys wanders over to you.
“H-He ga-gave a r-really long speech. Th-Th-hen S-Sans walked in. Ev-Everyo-on-one thought it-it was going to-to start-rt a fight.” Alphys lets her own relieved sigh escape as she pats your back. Asgore, Undyne and Sans come walking back. He seems shocked at your presence and averts his eyes quickly. Though his brows are still knotted together in anger, and his cheeks are flushing blue, he isn’t yelling or anything. Frisk comes running over and gives you a double thumbs up with a toothy grin. It reminds you of the little boy with the bandana.

A blinding pain shoots into your voice as static overwhelms your mind. You roll your head naturally and feel yourself crumple to the ground. Alphys always did suck at saving you from crashing into the floor, but you weren’t upset. Someone caught you.

“Gaster?” A warm yet slightly wicked smile stretched as the blackness swirled in.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!!!
As some of you may be aware, I am headed off to camp on August 5th! I'll be updating EOW before I head out, so look forward to the nearby update.

Leave your comments below and Kudos if you think I am worthy =u="
Winter Memories

Chapter Summary

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year~
Bye, 2017!

Chapter Notes

HOLY FUCK I'M SORRY?!?!
Work held onto me longer then I thought, and I had so many presents to hand make -
all the hats and scarves fam, like GOD.
Wanted to get this done for Christmas, but a lot happened and 'tis the season to spread
illness~

I hope everyone enjoyed the year, isn't freezing in my -6 degree weather, and will have
a great start to next year!!
Hit my up on Tumblr if you have any questions.
Again, really sorry - It's a short chapter, but I wanted to let you all know I am alive,
well, and this is not getting discontinued. I'm working on it, promise!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Silent whimpers both terrorized and alone haunt the jolly night. My own wishes are lies and
spectral; merely a trick of the lights. What is green to the red that stains my view on this sacred
holiday? What is this deathly fear when no one gives a damn; nay, a thought, to my lives purpose?”
You mumble back your written story and feel your eyebrow etch in disgust. Not only was it
horribly dark poetry, you wrote it. Instantly you crumple it up and chuck it into the darkness. The
snowfall was guided and soft, but the bitter cold was seeping through your mishandled jacket.
Shaking your hair loose of the growing snow mound you hear a crunching coming from behind.

“That poem was really bad.” He snickers and grins while holding a paper bag. You pout and turn
away- Flynn’s dirty blonde hair was littered with snow and the blue eyes pierce the encompassing
darkness.

“That’s why I threw it.” You grumble quietly and scratch raggedly at the sketch book. His presence
closes in and you curl in to contain your own body heat.

“Why are you up here?”

“Lady Judithis was…….upsetting me.”

“Ah. You mean pissing you off?” He plops besides you on the ledge and your teeth grit in
irritation.

“What if there are children down there to hear your vile mouth spouting curses?” You growl and
see his eyes widen. It doesn’t take long for his gaze to soften and the coy smile stretch and press
against his cheeks.

“Well I am just lookin’ out for the new kid on the block. Some cursing isn’t going to get you in trouble. Besides, we’re orphans! Who gives a damn; am I right?”

“Don’t call me that.” Your hands grip the sketchbook and crinkle the papers.

“What? It’s true.” You stand so abruptly you nearly slip from the roofs snowy side. Flynn flinches forward in panic of your stumble, but backs up when he meets your iced glare.

“I’m no orphan. I had parent’s that loved me!” You shout back and jump down onto the crunchy flat of the apartments roof. Shivering, you rearrange your jacket accordingly.

“Yeah, but they’re gone.” You stop dead in your tracks, stock still. “I’m not tryin’ to insult you or something. I’m stating the truth. All the other kids are gathered up and celebrating. Why are you out here on your own? Shouldn’t you of all people know what that warm and cozy family Christmas should be like?” He purrs after you and snags your shoulder. You don’t fight him as he rounds to face you. Tears are fresh and streaming down your cheeks as you bite your lip raw with blood.

“I can’t do it-“ “What?” He yells; your voice is muffled on a strong gust of wind.

“IT’s NOT THE SAME!” You push him from your body and curl in as you crouch down. “Everything I had is just gone! You couldn’t understand! I’m all alone! This isn’t my Christmas anymore- I don’t know them! I-I’m not- this is- isn’t-“ You sniffle hard and rub harshly at your eyes. The frigid wind threatens to freeze your tears right in their tracks and against your fluttering eyelashes. You can feel Flynn gazing at you in the sobbing silence before arms gently stretch around your head and pull you against his chest. He was only a few years older than you, yet his body was sturdier and wider despite his thin frame. Warmth radiated off him as you were clutched closer in. The comforting does you in as freely you let yourself sob. Minutes pass as you both hug closer to prevent the cold entrance. The midnight bell chimes loud causing you to jump in alarm as it echoes over the quiet yet lively town. Something hard and frozen presses beneath your hair as you try to push Flynn away hazardously – you only wind up getting dragged along and slightly choked.

“Jeez, relax! I’m not hurting you.” He grumbles and fidgets.

“It’s cold! What is it?! Sto-“ “There!” He pats something against your chest as the bell gives another chime. Peering down, your thoughts cease. Bringing your hands up you cradle the chain necklace. It’s a celadon green gemstone held in a silver casing similar to a snowflake. It sheens with the iridescence provided by the moon and sparkles in your palm.

“Merry Christmas Jane.” He whispers as the third chime resonates. You’re still stock silent until the fourth ring.

“There’s no way you could afford this with the allowance they give us.” You state bluntly as his façade breaks into a nervous smile.

“I may have or may not have ‘borrow-‘ “IS THIS STOLEN!?” You shriek as he clamps his frozen palm over your mouth; the fifth ring.

“Will you just shut up and take it! The lady who got it was saying how tacky it was; obviously she didn’t appreciate it. The others are too young for jewels anyways.” He crossed his arms and shoved his fingers beneath his pits while giving a shrug and shiver. You twirl it in the air and bite your lip.
“That doesn’t mean stealing is right. We should hand this to the police.” The sixth echoes out through the town.

“They’re corrupt anyways. Probably hand it over, he’ll pocket it, give it to his wife or girlfriend later. I went to the trouble of getting you something, so just take it.” Flynn grabs my fingers, presses the stone to the center and curls my hand around it manually. My eyebrows knead in guilt, but he was right. Your mouth tightens as you listen to the seventh toll. Silence fills the air as the eighth and ninth bell chimes through the valley.

“So did you get us anything?” He abruptly coughs as your cheeks flush with embarrassment.

“I-I told you! I don’t know yo-yo guys; why would I-“ “Do you have something or not?” He dramatically sighs and laces his hands behind his head. As he sifts his hands through his hair to remove all the sticking snow, the tenth chime sounds.

“What- But- I-“ “Tick tock tick tock.” He points past you- likely towards the church clock and bells. Hazardously, you fiddle with your pockets. He stands jokingly with his arms crossed in patience as you mutter beneath your breath. The eleventh warns you as you fiddle with your back pocket.

“Ahh!” You gasp and shove the little plastic package into his hands- it was a cherry ring-pop. “Merry Christmas Flynn!!” You growl and cross your arms. His eyes open wide as he turns to read the label. Instantly, laughter fills the air with the twelfth bell sounding out. Your lips purse hard as he practically doubles over in hearty laughter.

“Why are you laughing?!” You finally growl as he frees it from the package. Slipping it on his ring finger, he smiles tenderly at it before giving it a kiss. Your cheeks flush violently as his gaze looks to you and he carefully punches your shoulder playfully. You give him an incredulous and confused look.

“Never thought the girl would offer the boy the ring.” He winks. You gape and slap his arm. He chuckles and wraps his arm around the back of your head invitingly.

“Come on. Let’s head home! Wife~”

“Oh my god NO!!!” You shove against him with heated embarrassment as he snuggles you closer to his chest.

“I’m just kidding! I love it. Thanks, kid. I thought you’d catch on that I was just pulling your leg!”

“WHAT?! Give it back!” You hold out your hand impatiently.

“Hell no. Christmas is over!” You don’t hesitate to reach down and bundle the fresh snow into a flimsy snowball. You shove it down the back of his jacket as his gives a yelp and leaps about trying to free it from his coat. You chuckle giddily at his chicken dance. Fear fills you though as he readies his own snowball.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!!
Here's the Tumblr Page! Stop on by and say Hi ☺️
If you could still support me and all the waiting, please pop a like or even hit that bookmarking button. It really just- OOOH I can't put it in words TuT"
I appreciate you guys so much; it hurts.
Human Squad, Unite

Chapter Summary

Do monsters give human hospitality, or monster hospitality?
Is there a difference?

Chapter Notes

Few days late, but I had a lot to focus on! Thank you for your patience, everyone!
I really lost my groove over the winter and just wanted to relax.
I want to be more on top of the story, so expect another updated, at best, in a few weeks.
Not here though.

Real talk though - 200 Bookmarks?! OVER 200?! You guys Q///Q
AND 22K views?!?!
Is it already Christmas?! ((Peeks out to blizzard outside))
Feels like Christmas Q///Q

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Gaster hums in thought as you float around rather nauseously. Time seems irrelevant here, and after explaining to him what had occurred before your return he has just been in a clear state of deep thinking and exaggerated hums. He keeps mumbling garble you cannot understand in the slightest as you concern yourself with the orientation of your body. The vast grey and black space aside, you cannot discern what is up from down. Your hair flows about like its flowing with water, but your body doesn’t feel up right or upside down. In your vision, at the moment, Gaster is upside down; who’s to say he isn’t the one right side up?

“Gaster, I appreciate you thinking and talking to yourself, but if I am here again by any means of accident I’d rather go back or wake up. This slow spinning is getting to my head.” You grumble to him while holding your skull. He perks up to your voice and a faint streak of sweat trickles past his brow. Distorted text begins to form around him – he must either be getting stronger or healthier considering its not chalk full on Wing Dings.

“For g1vE Me, MY dE @ r. I’d Ngear1Y Fo0rg07TeN 0f YoYr pRE§eNee.” His faint chuckle is dry and humorless as he wanders his way back over towards you. At some point, he manages to orient himself perfectly with you despite the continuous spin. Was it you, or the space?!

“Awful rude to ignore a guest.” You pout back and feign disinterest.

“It is n0t of+eN I h@ve COmpaY pa$t my 0wN foUL CrEat1onS to pa$5 tHe +/me.” He admits solemnly. He grasps your shoulder, sending a brief shiver across your skin, while spinning you into a certain position. His tar body coils and bubbles besides you, eliciting past fears from those
nightmares. You wince as he tries to say something and it comes out a disturbed screech. He covers his mouth while you mimic with your ears. He backs away to give you space.

“1 @p0logize, wHeN Wef!rst met, I WAs r@THeR iRrAt0nAl.” He makes a soured face-downtrodden even. You gape in utter disbelief at him.

“Irrational? Irrational?” You parrot and stare – every few moments trickles of white would encase him almost replicating the lab coat form you’d briefly seen beforehand.

“Wh@T?” He blinks precariously at your surprised tone. You continue to gape at his, hopefully, deliberate forgetful attitude.

“When you did that honestly terrifying stalking act in my little nightmare elevator before pulling out my SOUL and nearly, almost, kinda, killing me? That’s considered irrational!?” You feel your agitated smile twitch as a blank face as barren as the space surrounding you blinks with realization.

“...... . Ah/...... Th@t...... .” He murmurs. His face becomes rather lilac, even deeper hues of purple, and you have come to recognize that as skeleton blushing. How it works past just imaging Sans shrugging and saying ‘magic’ isn’t what you are currently questioning.

“You were just putting that on the backburner?” You comment reservedly. His mouth grows tight, and drawing you back to Gaster, you haven’t the will to struggle as you look onto a broken man. He looks crazed, deranged even. You gape in utter disbelief at him.

“Christ, you are as bad as lying as Papyrus.” Rubbing my forehead and peeking around, you confirm that nothing has changed. It was getting to you – the nothingness. Gasters presence was at your side before you could gasp; the concern had melted into a strained and dead glare. He looked sharper, and not in the intellectual sense.

“i Do n0t tEc@LI @NyH1nG Of Th3 50Rt. . .” He mutters. You can see little dribbles of black run down his white face, which it usually doesn’t.

“Chrst, you are as b@d as lying as Papyrus.” Rubbing my forehead and peeking around, you confirm that nothing has changed. It was getting to you – the nothingness. Gasters presence was at your side before you could gasp; the concern had melted into a strained and dead glare. He looked sharper, and not in the intellectual sense.

“i kn0w Mh@t y0U ArE FeC3LIng.” He mutters in your ear, an uneasy shiver raising hairs across your neck. Spinning to meet his gaze; cold and distant. His sockets widen while his smile snickers in a sinister tone; his arms leap forth as the grime splays and scatters endlessly.

“ABSOLUTELY FUCKING NOTHING!!!” He screams and gestures to the void. Fear riddles your body as you make a brief effort to back away from Gaster. He looks crazed, deranged even. Transparent hands materialize at his side as he scopes the barren area with a deep laughter. They shoot towards you, flexing and spelling too fast for you to perceive. Snatching at your shoulders and drawing you back to Gaster, you haven’t the will to struggle as you look onto a broken man. Tears brim his sockets – his gaze landing on your frame seems to draw him from the brief insanity.

“1. . . . l @p0Logize fOr ThHaT OuBuR$! Th!s. . . . h@uNtiNG !n hERe t0 s@Y thEt LeA5t. N0Th1nge55 c@N truLy d$tArAY tHe m/nD.” His mood has shied considerably, even diminished into what you can only perceive as forlorn and depression. The faint purple hands release your shoulders and diminish within the encompassing white. Gasters head rests in his hands while his form slouches. You can’t resist from pushing yourself forward enough to wrap your hands around his neck. The tar-like ooze he seems made of feels like honey, but you force your eyes closed in order to not flinch to the sticky sensation as it slides over your hands. He emits something akin to a strangled hum, but his hands press into your back hesitantly. He feels the fabric around with his fingers, pressing at different pressures and gliding it along the fabrics texture. He sighs and tugs you in deeper into the hug taking a heavy breath. If it were anyone else,
you’d be creeped out – compared to the time you’ve spent in here, he has been here long enough.

“I’ll get you out of here. Somehow. There has to be a way.” You suppress a sad hiccup as you rethink his situation.

“M-Y dE®r, Y0u pO En0Ug|H F0r ThE5E @n!(EnT b0nE$ @lReAdY. !f tHeRe MErE @ WAy T0 es(AdE tH15 di$50LVeD ex15tEnTiAL tMb0, i WoULd h@Ve W0rkEd t0w@Rd5 !t. . .”

“But Gaster! Sans and Papyrus have the right to know you’re their father, and you weren’t meant for this!” Your eyes vaguely travel back into the open space but his hand guides your gaze back to him. His smile is gentle, fixed, and sad all at the same time. Longing.

“B-But if Flowey exists, why can’t you?! I mean, sure, it isn’t the best option, but- Gaster! I can touch you! You’re real! So what’s to say I can’t, like, just-- UGH I don’t even know how to phrase it!!” You shriek in grief. He sighs and merely breathes you in before a hum fills the comforting silence. Gaster begins to hum something akin to a lullaby, but the distortion in his voice makes it hard to follow. Your senses finally begin to relax despite the goo texture still encasing your hands and your closed eyes fall still.

“N0w, Y0U mUt G0.” Before you can utter any form of response, you feel bone press against your eyelid. It’s hesitant and hasty, before Gaster makes a little ‘mwah’ sound; something Papyrus would d-

“JANE?” You blink in confusion as the whiteness of the Void churns into shapes and colors. Reaching out for Gaster is met with nothing but metal plating as the real world finally merges into the image. It’s disorienting and your stomach churns briefly as you cover your face and groan. Like you’d been put into a brutal rollercoaster ride the high and nausea slowly melts away as you focus on your breathing. You feel Papyrus’ gloved hand soothing your shoulder as you peek between your fingers. It was the living room, and your ears were starting to pick up on the conversation in the next room.

“Papyrus?……Uuugh, how long was I out?” You murmur and feel about your face. Pulling back from a sudden wetness you perceive for tears, you find purple and black tinging it. Surprise must fill your features as Papyrus places his hand against your head and his skull.

“IT WAS AN ASTOUNDING RECORD! ONLY APPROXIMATELY 10 MINUTES!” He tries to carry a hushed tone to his naturally loud voice as you wait patiently and with slight bewilderment. He looks puzzled as his concentration flits from your head to his.

“Papyrus……are you…are you checking my temperature?” You can’t help the tugging smile creaking on your face as his grin grows.

“IT IS THE PRIMARY WAY TO CHECK IF YOU HAVE A COLD!!”

“Papyrus. This has happened before. It can’t be a cold.” You can’t resist smiling at the endearing side of Papyrus – which was all of him.

“YOU’RE NEVER TOO CAREFUL WITH THE COMMON COLD! IT IS COMMON!” You pluck his hand from your forehead and give him a considerate smile.
“Thanks for the concern Papyrus, but I’m fine. Where’s Trent and Rhianna?” You ignore the still fresh boiling grief and force it down. Nobody but Frisk could know, and Frisk didn’t need these stressed feelings in their already dizzying life.

“YOUR FEMALE HUMAN FRIEND AND HER MAJESTY THOUGHT IT WOULD BE BEST TO START DINNER BECAUSE IT IS GETTING LATE!” Papyrus straightened up and extended an inviting hand. You were practically thrown into the air from his kindness as he rose you from the couch. As you round the couch and enter the dining room, you find most everyone gathered at the dining table. Frisk is contently sitting in Trenton’s lap and Flowey is nibbling on some donut holes that are settled in a bowl. Undyne has her feet up on the table at an awkward angle with a gritting sneer. Sans won’t even pull his eyes from the bowl of donuts even with Papyrus excitedly popping and gesturing towards you enthusiastically. Alphys and Asgore are sitting on the sides trying to remain content and quiet to the clearly hostile attitude lingering in the air.

“Oh, uh, J-Jane~” Trenton motions to get up only to seem surprised and peer back down to Frisk before bashfully chuckling. “Heh sorry about that Frisk. You’re so light and quiet I forgot you were there.” He pats Frisks head affectionately and you can’t help easing despite the tension. Frisk’s cheeks puff with a playful yet upset expression as he swiftly signs to you. Trenton seems almost more intimidated by the speed of Frisks sign language despite the tense atmosphere.

“He said he’ll make you remember him next time.” You wave off his worries and decide to appease them a little to settle between Undyne and Sans. Papyrus doesn’t mind swinging around to sit excitedly next to Trenton.

“WE’RE YOU ALSO INJURED BADLY WHEN YOU BOTH DID THIS ‘RAPE’ TRAINING?” Papyrus proudly states as you and Trenton lose color in the face. Asgore coughs uncomfortably as Rhianna comes in with a giant pot of spaghetti.

“Fire magic cook’s fast! Jane, do they sell any stoves or microwaves with fire…magic..?” Rhianna looks around the table at the awkward atmosphere and takes a tentative step backwards as Toriel comes up with fresh bread and meatballs. Her kind smile turns into a scowl.

“Undyne, no feet on the table.” Toriel insists as Undyne gives a scoff. She obliges her though as Toriel sets the bread and meatballs at the table and Rhianna lugs the spaghetti up. Papyrus makes a lunge for the spaghetti ladle and promptly serves everyone who instinctively offers their plate. Must be a Papyrus courtesy. Once everyone is served up, Alphys instigates a chatter with Papyrus to ease the tension. It must work as faint conversations pop up here and there while everyone settles; you pay little attention to anything and instead watch Trenton for any uncomfortable moods. He makes hesitant glances to Papyrus every few minutes as he serves out spaghetti gleefully. A few times he makes wide gestures nearly whacking Trenton right in the face.

His mind seems to clear as he puts his hands together and shuts his eyes. It takes you a moment to register it, but you vaguely recall him being a Christian – at least, his parents are. You lace your fingers together and try to recall the prayer Hope and Dennis drilled into your head.

“Uh, bless us, o’ lord, for these, thy gifts, which we are about to receive. Thy bounty be blessed and, um, received upon others as we partake in thy gift. Through Christ, our Lord. The Father, Son, Holy Spirit, Amen.” You murmur out the last bit and do a hasty cross. It gets a snicker out of Trenton but he follows suit before snagging his fork.

“I didn’t know you were Christian.” He says and spins his fork through his noodles.

“I- uh, no I’m not. I lived with Christians though. It’s kinda drilled into my head at this point.” You sigh and immediately go for the meatballs.
“Well, you did pretty good.” He offers his fork upwards in sign of agreement before eating. His face lights up immediately and a content sigh comes through. Peeking down the table at Rhianna and Toriel who were seated next to each other, Rhianna has her arms clenched close to her chest and her smile is wide as she chipmunks it.

“Rhianna, you’re gonna choke.” You wave at her as she mumbles something past the chatter.

“SO, WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?” Papyrus has stars in his eyes as he looks to you and Trenton. He seems ready to answer, but you stop Trenton considering he’d give a complicated answer.

“Christians are people who learned and follow the religion of Christianity. It’s a religion that follows the teachings of Jesus. Certain teachings differentiate, but it’s relatively the same from what I can understand.” You slurp up spaghetti real quick as you anticipate the next question.

“BUT WHAT IS RELIGION?” Papyrus cocks his skull thoughtfully.

“Uh, well, the closest thing I could relate it to is your belief in, like, the ‘Angel’ in your symbol. Religion is basically when you worship some over-head power, like gods.”

“OOOH!”

“And there are a lot of different types of gods.” Rhianna adds while pointing with her fork.

“Many indeed.” Trenton jumps in.

“Too many to count.” You sigh and take another bite.

“I-Is re-religion, u-uh, a h-h-h-hum-m-man th-thing?” Alphys stutters in the new company. You were gradually catching on whenever she met somebody new her nervous tendencies reared their head despite the mass of familiar faces among her.

“Well, um, I would think that monsters are free to join religions, but you might want to be careful about which. Some aren’t, uh, well-“

“-accepting of our kind?” You hear Sans bite at Trenton. Trentons large frame shrivels just a bit. It feels like a Pug is glaring down a Rottweiler; the Pug is winning too. You sneak a strand of spaghetti and whip it directly at Sans. It lands square between his sockets and stick to his bones. His eyelights vanish as his smile seems forced while you clamp a hand over your mouth and withhold a chortle. Not a second later his iris bursts a solid light blue and a meatball comes rocketing at your forehead.

“Sans.” Toriel bites into the conversation. The meatball loses its velocity and plops onto your plate. You let a relieved sigh fill the silence as the glare lands on you. “Jane, since you must act like a child at the table, you can eat upstairs until you finish.” She concludes quickly. The grieving sigh then fills the silence as you push your chair back and accept the fate. You pat Rhianna’s shoulder in good spirit; this wasn’t going to go well. It seemed like a long day for everyone, namely Toriel.

Obliging and working your way silently upstairs, you swipe past the coiling vines and weave into the study. Peeking out and observing Seymour and Louis you watch their activity levels drop and choose to leave them be for the night.

Not prioritizing the meal you gather your stuff together – blanket, pillow, backpack, and water bottle. Munching away on the meatballs as you scroll through the web, you check the latest updates regarding the protests. Your teeth grit as you come across the news; some people were holding molotovs. Skimming the report dawns fresh information possibly Asgore or Toriel weren’t even aware of. Thirty-two bystanders and seventeen participants were injured, three in critical
condition, two deceased. Letting a groan slip out while kneading your forehead with numb fingers, you evaluate the situation. Staying indoors wasn’t an option from the get go. The instant the others were aware of the news, though, they were likely to want to confine you out of protectiveness. They’d find out sooner or later anyways – you’d simply have to convince them. Frisk was in more peril then you regardless. You slurp up the remainder of the spaghetti and check the time. Roughly twenty minutes had passed; Toriel is likely calmer. Perhaps even Sans.

You stuff your pillow into your backpack that has mostly dried off and lug your plate and blanket downstairs. Dishes clatter as you catch Alphys and Frisk washing plates. You hum to catch their attention and not frighten your easily unnerved friend. She turns about and a smile wriggles across her scales.

“H-Hi.” She bluntly states as you reach around Frisk to plop your plate into the water.

“Hey. Frisk I’ll cover for you- go ahead and relax.” You sift your hand through their nearly dried hair to straighten it out a tad. He doesn’t show any signs of happiness; a tense dinner no doubt. As he scampers off towards the living room you can hear light chuckles and the TV revving up a game. You don’t really understand how they got to the Viva Pinata again, but you won’t judge.

“How’d dinner go?” You break the silence in the kitchen and watch Alphys jolt with fear.

“U-Uh, we-well, u-u-um-m-um-” Her stutter was in time with her shivering as a hint of annoyance stirs in you. If they had this huge conversation with him in private, why were things as tense as before said conversation?

“That bad?” You wince as Alphys gives an affirming nod.

“Sans, u-uh, h-he just so-sorta shut d-down after you le-left. Tor-T-Toriel fe-feels b-ba-bout send-f-fing yo-you upstairs. And Papyrus…”

“Papyrus?” You turn and see an almost cartoonish stream of tears rolling down her cheeks.

“H-He wouldn’t stop as-asking him qu-que-stions about yo-your ‘fight’.” She murmurs. You groan and lean against the sink. The world feels heavier with each little stutter as she presses on.

“Every t-time Sans’ fa-face got, uh, da-darker. Trent-t-ton l-look-ked a-about re-re-r-read-dy to-to c-cry.” Alphys peers towards the corner leading to the living room. Frustration bubbles while some suds flutter off the plate you’re scrubbing and fade towards the floor.

“Okay, I understand you guys are protective of me and I shouldn’t be asking but what exactly happened during that chat in the sunroom? Anything? It doesn’t seem like anything.” You blurt irately and set the plate to the side while brandishing the sponge as Alphys’ mouth tightens shut. As your eye raises with inquisition, she sighs and sets the finished plates on the drying rack.

“As-Asg-gore said tha-that if you a-asked, you’d n-ne-ne-need to pr-properly explain-n-n th-th-th-th-the eve-events that occurred w-with Trent-“ You didn’t even let her finish the entire sentence as you gave a guttural groan and crouched to bash your head against the cabinets. It made a dull thud in response.

“Di-Did you st-still-“ “No Alphys.” You grumble and scrub harder at the plates and sauce. You knew immediately from the amount of coverage on the plate that this was Papyrus’. The loveable goof was causing more trouble than he could possibly know – perhaps it would be for the best to keep him away from you and Trenton for the rest of the night.

The dishes get finished in relative silence; Alphys always preferred it that way in the dorms
anyways. Even though nothing was said or noted, you both felt closer each time you worked together. It had become a habit to jump beside her to help even if there was only one thing to clean. Though the day was surmising to be stressful and long, this simple moment tugged a smile at your face as you calmed yourself. They had their reasons to be concerned; opposing reasons towards the argument weren’t going to simply fix the matter. You wanted to hang your head low, but backing down from this would feel like betraying Trenton. So you bear it despite the unfavorable opinion.

Alphys wordlessly passes you a towel to dry your clamming hands on. Accepting with a faint smile you pull your best sleepy eyed face to try and disguise your irritation. You know the minute you walk through the living room you will be glaring at Sans, maybe Asgore. But your goal was already set in mind as you hang the towels to dry. Hitching your backpack, you proceed into the fray.

Peeking into the living room you catch Rhianna, Frisk, and Papyrus cross-legged on the ground close to the TV; Papyrus’ glasses were at his feet. Confused, you surprisingly catch Flowey besides Toriel on the table trying to wolf down a cookie like a snake. Undyne was watching him intently on the couch as Sans looked like he was asleep on the rest of the couch. Looking to the left you caught Asgore leisurely resting and reading in his giant arm-chair, but his eyes flit to you immediately. Besides him, leaning on the wall, is Trenton. He looked content and concerned at the same time. Almost like a nervous smile, but without the grin.

“Ah, hey.” Trenton perks up with a quaint wave. You smile and stroll to his side. You briefly catch Sans’ eyelights watching your movement, but you know he won’t open his eyes.

“Hey. Sorry about earlier—” “O-Oh! Don’t even worry about it! Happens all the time.” He waves off your concerns as you raise an eyebrow. He pauses for a moment and catches your quizzical stare before stumbling on his words. “I mean, like, u-uh, meeting the parents! It’s always stressful!”

“Well?” He enthusiastically nod.

“You probably just didn’t notice! You’re tough, so I don’t doubt you got it from one of your parents! I’m sure they were as brutal to your previous boyfriends.”

“My parents died when I was young. I also couldn’t introduce them to Dennis or Hope considering they’d offer, like, beatings with a cane.” You shrug. He sucks his lips in and a clammy sweat breaks over his face. Your eyebrows knot at his wide-eyed expression as you plant a hand against your head and his own; he starts at the contact.

“You okay? You’re trembling.”

“Eh! Um! P-Pillow!” His face is blooming with redness as you reevaluate the closeness and back away to give him breathing room.

“Don’t worry about that. Since we didn’t get to study at the library, wanna hit the study?” You gesture to the hallway and the mini library. He doesn’t hesitate to nod in agreement. Wandering past you towards the front for his backpack you sneak to Asgores side as Rhianna and Papyrus babble about something involving the game. You can hear Flowey choking, Undyne laughing, and Toriel scolding him. It felt so natural, yet you were feeling so miserable and hurt over matters that could be simplified.

“You really don’t want me to know what went down in there, do you?” You whisper as he licks his finger to flip the stuck pages.
“I had wondered if you would ask, though now I am glad I informed Alphys of the small rule.” His eyes don’t leave the pages.

“You basically know what happened from the police report. Why make us explain?”

“Make him feel a bit more guilty.”

“That’s sort of petty, isn’t it?” Asgore casually shuts the book and adjusts his glasses down. You meet his eyes— they are tender. It stuns you out of your upset state.

“He hurt a part of our family. I acknowledge that you have forgiven him, but it doesn’t make everything right. I accept his apology, but I won’t let him perceive mercy and kindness as a permission or pass for what he’d done and what he is capable of doing. Even when I turn into an enemy in your eyes, at least you’re protected.”

You could almost see the white hairs growing into his blonde locks from the stress etched into his face. Your sleep guise fell away as you leaned down to place your head on his shoulder. His movements are slow, but he pats your back before pulling in for a gentle hug.

“Thank you then…………… I’m sorry. I know you guys are just trying to help. I could never hate you guys for just trying to do what’s right. It’s my fault for being so damn forgiving I suppose.” You sigh into his mane as a little chuckle rumbles through him. Pulling back, his smile warms his beard once again.

“It’s part of your Kindness.” He gestures towards your chest; your SOUL. “We would never ask you to be something you’re rediscovering about yourself. Your decision stands.” He clasps your hands between his as he gives a relieved sigh.

“I suppose we can ease up on the boy for the remainder of his stay. But only that. He’ll have to prove himself before his next visit though. Rhianna has already agreed to report in on any positive or negative activities regarding him.”

“You’re using Rhianna as a spy? Really? Is this what it’s like for the boyfriend to meet the parents?” You snicker and grumble. It felt normal and warm.

“Meet the parents?” He parroted back as you waved his question off. You take a peek back and lean closer to Asgore’s ear.

“Did you sick Sans on him or something? Can you reel him in a little? He’ll make the poor guy faint at this rate. His hearts beating faster than a hummingbirds.” He chuckles into his paw after unclasping your hands and reaches for a steaming mug. An aromatic tea wafts from it, but you aren’t sure what it is; not Golden Flower Tea though. Taking a sip and peering at you and Sans as Trenton comes bounding back in, he merely gives a quiet tiny nod as your night flips around.

“Thank you!!” You squeal at Asgore, peck his fuzzy forehead abruptly which nearly causes him to drop his tea as you hook your arm around a confused and smiling Trenton. You guide him past the others who were startled by your loud sound. They must not have noticed any of you since they were engrossed in their activities. Whipping Trenton around you rush behind Rhianna who leans back to watch you leave. Papyrus is engrossed with a minigame but waves as you pass.

“Where are you nerds goin’?!” Undyne hollers aggressively. You turn around to beam at her and a sly smile worms onto your face.

“To study. You want to watch? Didn’t think so- nobody come in!” You shout back quickly as you drag Trenton away from the crowd.
“Wait! I need notes too!!” Rhianna abruptly yells back as you peer back to see her scrambling to pass the controller to someone. She stumbles and sprints to the front door as you open the study door. Trenton just gapes and glances around the confined yet stuffed study.

“DO NOT PARTICIPATE IN ANY MORE RAPE ACTIVITIES! IT WILL CAUSE AN UPROAR!!” Papyrus calls back as Trenton blooms a fresh red and bobs his head past the door frame.

“We won’t!!” He yells back as you are on the precipice of bashing your forehead into the doorframe. Rhi comes sprinting through the pack of monsters and nearly collides with you before pushing you all together into the study.

“Chill, chill! We weren’t going to start without you.” Trenton tries to calm her down as he takes the inside seat closest to the window. She immediately plops her backpack into the seat besides his with a confident smile. You sigh and resign revolving around the fact that she was likely to take this ‘Spy’ role intensely serious.

Immediately you plunge into the deep of it. Rhianna seems a bit thrown considering she hadn’t attended one of your little study sessions before. It took almost an hour for her to reorient with where you and Trenton had left off, plus the extra material from the earlier class. Things steadily quieted outside the door as the hours passed.

“Wh-Wait.” Rhianna blurted at one moment, clearly overwhelmed.

“What don’t you get?” Trenton pulled his chair closer to her side again and compared notes.

“If the metaphysical lab C has these components, what about lab A?” She gestures to the provided tables on lab A as you sigh. She really struggled with this part for the last half hour. Trenton took the lead on the subject and pointed out the basis towards the answer in the simplest way. It was almost mesmerizing how easily he could clear her confusion.

“I can read your thoughts just because of the look you’re giving.” Rhianna blurt out suddenly with a glare directed at you as you hide your snicker. Trenton snaps his fingers to pull back her attention, but it merely worsens her mood. As Rhianna starts an argument against Trenton and the question, you check over the notes and nod in contentment. Spinning it around, you point to the process you’d followed, stilling Rhianna’s tirade. She grumbles something under her breath while comparing the work. Trenton gives you an incredulous stare but shrugs it off and gives in to comparing as well. Your nose grew when he discovered he’d solved it wrong as well.

Giving a stretch and pop of the joints, you rise first with your finished work. Checking the time, you sigh when it’s nearly midnight. Trenton has most of his things stuffed away as Rhianna struggles with the last problem.

“I meant to ask earlier, but did you guys need PJ’s for tonight? I can see if there is anything else in the dryer. I’m sure they won’t mind since I’ll wash them later.” Trenton stands and walks towards the door while turning back to address you.

“Nah, its fine. These feel like PJ’s already.” Trenton pulls at the excessive looseness of Sans’ shirt.

“Well he is big-boned.” You chortle back; his eyes widen in amazement, though he smiles in the end. Rhianna’s book claps shut behind you both as she lets out a heavy sigh.

“If Alphys had a nightgown or something I’d appreciate it, but this should be fine for me too.” Rhianna haphazardly shoves her books and notes away into her backpack as she lugs it over her
“You don’t think Undyne would have one?” You inquire as a devilish smile curves her face.

“Not anything publicly acceptable.” She snickers.

“I don’t want this topic of conversation when we are sleeping,” Trenton clears as he barricades the door. Rhianna punches his shoulder light and playfully.

“You already know where you’re sleeping? Did Asgore decide it?” You ask as Rhianna claps her hands to surprise you.

“No, it was actually Papyrus! He was telling us to sleep in the living room so we didn’t need to worry about the others snoring and he could visit us during the night to have sleepover time!” She sways excitedly in place as your eyebrows raise.

“Papyrus staying up for a sleepover is as impossible as Papyrus suddenly decreeing he hates spaghetti.”

“Why not? He’s a grown man….skeleton….monster…….person?” Trenton jumps in awkwardly as Rhianna clamps a hand over his mouth and mutters “Stop. Please. You’ll hurt yourself.”

“Papyrus is a kid at heart sometimes. Including his 9-10 sleep curfew.” You admit and push past Trenton to open the way. The hall isn’t as quiet as you’d expected – namely Papyrus talking excitedly as he watches a movie with everyone else.

“Then again, peacocks can fly, so…”

“I don’t think that’s how that term goes.” Trenton clarifies and makes a pitiful sound as Rhianna elbows his ribs. Wandering out to the living room grabs the attention of everyone. Giving a timid wave, Papyrus jumps with excitement.

“You are finished with your education work?” He is a bit wobbly and groggy. Toriel pauses the movie and gives a yawn and gentle smile.

“Glad to see you were able to get everything done, my dear.” She fidgets in her seat as Frisk rises from the blanket in her lap. He was almost invisible, but you saw his groggy grin as he pushes the blanket off and plops onto the ground. He waddles over and grabs your leg, yawning and hugging your leg. You can’t help smiling and leaning down to lift him up. He snuggles into your shoulder and rubs his eyes – even though he can be mature, the constant reminder of him being a needy child warms your heart. Peeking around, Flowey is sound asleep in his pot on the end table. Undyne is lazily lounging with Sans, Alphys reading rather than watching, and Asgore also struggling to stay awake.

“Daawww.” Rhianna murmurs and brushes Frisks hair from their face. Toriel rises from her chair as she folds the blanket.

“What are you guys still doing up?” You ask as Papyrus comes to give your posse a wide huge. Trenton tries to free and arm while Papyrus’ skull plops onto your head. “You three specifically.” You point to Flowey despite his lack of activity.

“Eh, they wanted to watch the movie with us!” Undyne lurches from the couch and stretches her muscles proudly. “And now the movie is watched, we’re off to bed!” Undyne states and scoops up Alphys who gives a surprised squeak. She was so engrossed in her reading material and putting the page divider in her chapter that she didn’t say anything as Undyne carted her away.
“I call couch with Sans!” Rhianna blurts and skips to the couch. In the blink of an eye, Sans pops from being in the center of the seats to the side. Trenton makes a strangled sound as you just stare in whimsy. It was still weird.

“Sans, no matter how tired you can at least shimmy to the side on your own accord.” Toriel sighs and walks to the TV to turn it off. Asgore gives a groan as he struggles to rise from the seat.

“What time is it?” He mutters, rubbing his eyes and glancing slowly for a clock.

“It’s nearly midnight, your majesty.” Trenton blurts and earns the more surprised stare from you. Asgore seems too exhausted to revise the formal reply. Toriel reigns down the pyre, but lets the gentle flames warm the room without being a concern. She comes to Asgores brief aid to assist out of the seat; pops of the joint sound in the almost silent room.

“HHHNNNN…” Papyrus wheezes or sighs above you. You peek up to see his peaceful state as you give a resolved sigh.

“You’ve all been busy. It’s not good to stay up all night when tomorrow is likely as busy as today. Here, hold him for a second.” You pass Papyrus’ generally limp body to Trenton who holds him up awkwardly. You worm Frisk into your better arm and scoop Floweys pot into your spare hand. Wandering back to Trenton, you turn about and say, “Put him on my back. I’ll drag him upstairs.” Trenton hesitates but soon Papyrus’ arms lace around your neck.

“I’ll put them up and be right back down.” You tell Trenton as you drag Papyrus upstairs.

“thinkin’ of taking my couch are we?” Sans mutters and gives you an obscure glare. You knew, at the end of the day, you owed him an apology. But it was almost midnight. You give as happy a smile as you can manage with the increasing weight lingering in your arms.

“Rhianna clearly called the couch, so I’ll just sleep on the floor.” You don’t look back to see his expression, but Asgore gives a clear sigh. “Goodnight.” You call back as you lug the kids upstairs.

“YOU SMELL VERY NICEEE…” He murmurs and nuzzles your head. He doesn’t necessarily cooperate with walking up the stairs as much as you drag him and so he doesn’t fall he pulls his feet up.

“I’m glad you like my shampoo. You shouldn’t stay up this late though, Papyrus.” You sigh and round towards his room on the second floor.

“JUST WANNA TO CHECK ON YOOOUUURR!! MAKE SURE YURR NOT CRYIN’.” He pats your face with one hand as the other gets tangled in your hair.

“That’s very sweet of you, Papyrus, but I’m okay.” You lift your foot and jiggle the doorknob with your toes to get it to swing open. You’d done it plenty in the orphanage with Flynn when you were both exhausted and didn’t dare make multiple trips. You managed to carry five of them – two koala stuck to your back and three curled in your arms and latching onto your front. Flynn kept hitting things with his four add ons, so you had to jiggle the knob plenty. Papyrus interrupted your thoughts with a whimper.

“What ABOUT THE SLEEPPOVvveerr…” His voice was trailing off as he bobbed his head lightly. You catch yourself smiling as you lean back. Papyrus lets gravity pull him as he falls onto his bed. Naturally, he coils and shimmies under his sheets as you adjust them as best you can with
your knee.

“We’ll do that next time. We can get snacks, watch movies, tell stories and gossip, play some
games. It’ll get late and we’ll sneak some candy or something. Sound nice?” He nuzzles into his
blankets and gives a approving hum. “Goodnight Papyrus.” You whisper as the gentle ‘NYEHS’
fill the air.

Winding upstairs you gingerly adjust your double bundle as they weigh down on you. Frisk
murmurs something in his sleep as you twist your fingers to rub his back soothingly. From the grip
on your shirt, he is in a nightmare. Once more your feet jiggle the knob as you give a sigh of relief –
your legs still burned and itched from the sunburn, while their combined weight was stressing
your calves. Setting Flowey carefully onto the side table, you try to detach Frisk from your shirt.
He doesn’t budge an inch.

“Frisk, buddy, it’s time for bed.” You whisper softly and brush his bangs to the side. He makes a
denial face before nuzzling into your chest. You grumble and weigh your options. Peeking at both
boys as they gingerly sleep you give the one option you have a try and wriggle free of your shirt.
Frisk fuss’ about to your plan, but continues to clutch the shirt as your free hand comes to lay him
down. Bra only, but free, you settle Frisk down as he coils in around the shirt. Breathing a heavy
sigh of relief you sneak out of the room and shut the door gingerly with a squeak. Rummaging
through your own room you find a fine set of PJ pants a-

You nearly shriek as a pair of arms curls around your leg. Looking down, Frisk has brought
himself, pillow and blanket, your shirt, and Flowey. Each item presses into your calf while little
upset tears form in his eyes.

“Frisk, sweetie, go to bed.” You insist. He shakes his head vehemently. You groan and rub your
face. Arms lurch around to hoist the child and carry him to the door. “Wait here then. I need to
change.” You whisper and gently press your thumbs to his tears. His nod is more like a bobbing
apple, but you take it. Ensuring the door doesn’t entirely close you rush into your dresser and snag
the first tank top you find. It’ll work, you tell yourself and slip into the clothes. Counting the pile of
bodies downstairs you snag one of your blankets, stuff it in besides the pillow, and fling it over
your back. Opening the door you catch Frisks head resting on the doorframe. You loosen the straps
on your backpack and kneel down. Taking the belongings from Frisk you merely chuck your shirt
back towards your room and shut the door. You set Flowey and Frisks stuff to the side and pat
your backpack.

“Come on, climb up. Hold my head.” Frisk immediately obeys and scrambles onto your backpack.
Similar to Papyrus, he nuzzles his face into your hair and breathes it in with a content sigh. Making
sure he is secure and the pillow presses Frisk on your neck, you scoop up his things along with
Flowey and descend the stairs. Taking ginger steps to not jostle the kids you trek down in near
perfect peace. A steam whistle fills the air as you land on the first floor and round towards the
kitchen. Toriel is attempting to withhold a yawn as she removes a kettle from the burner and pours
water into a few mugs. Spoons take up a blue haze and stir idly as she gives a sigh.

“Sans…” She murmurs, looking to the side as you approach.

“can’t help it Tori. lazy lives ‘n these ‘ere bones.” You can almost hear him shrug as your doubtful
face peers in past the arch.

“How the heck do you do that with your eyes closed though?” You speak up and startle them both.
“Seems like cheating. Then again, that’s in your bones too.” Raising your eyebrows in expectancy
of a retort, Toriel is first to speak.
“Oh, my children, shouldn’t you be in bed?” Frisk nuzzles and groans into your hair as you shrug your shoulders.

“I tried.” You state simply. Toriel lifts herself up with weary eyes, but manages a smile. She catches you eyeing the array of mugs smelling distinctly of tea and cocoa.

“Made some for our guests. I don’t want to wake up in the middle of the early morning and hear you all raiding the kitchen, alright?” Her voice perks up with that motherly tone as you roll your eyes. Little did she know you were a night raid ninja.

“You make it sound like we’ll be up all night.”

“ya will.” Sans interludes without even sparing you a glance.

“That’s rather presumptuous.” You bite back and brush past him and Toriel.

“call it my sixth sense.” You don’t really understand the exaggeration until you hear bones and change rattling around in a pocket. You don’t need to look at Toriel to feel her eyes roll with a light giggle.

“I’d rather call it skele-ptical.” Toriel fills the silence with a sputtering chortle as you internally smile. “Goodnight Toriel. Night Sans.” You would wave back towards them if your hands weren’t full. Rhianna is fluffing the pillows on the couch while Trent fiddles with the settings on the recline chair.

“Alright. Accidental sleepover commenced.” You blurt to announce your presence. They whip their heads around catching Frisk and you in their sight.

“Aww. Couldn’t shake the kids?” Rhianna snickers and prods at the pillow against the armrest. Trent wanders over and takes the pillow and blankets from your grasp. You give him an approving nod as he sets them up in the other chair.

“Figured Flowey didn’t want to wake up alone. Frisk is just glued to me at this point.” You keep a hushed tone while setting Flowey onto the coffee table.

“Well ain’t that sweet. Do we need an extra mug?” Rhianna declares, walking towards the dining room.

“Maybe. He might wake up. Some cocoa if there is water left. There should be since there’s only us four.”

“Four?” Trenton asks, while you turn back to him. You mimic his confusion.

“….Yeah?”

“Oh, thank you Sans!” You hear Rhianna blurt as a string of sanity snaps inside you.

“Oh, so-“ “He said he’d take part for Papyrus.” Trenton and you are both wincing or clearly irked.

“Of course he did.” You mutter and pinch the bridge of your nose.

“He doesn’t mind taking the floor.” Trenton clarifies. You give a sigh.

“No, I’ll take the floor. He’s been busier and has trouble sleeping.”

“Really? Seems like he’d be out in a light.”
“You’d think…” You brush your hair behind your ears, tickling Frisk’s arm as he lets it droop away. Both you and Trenton panic.

“Crud, here, I—I’ll take him and you—“ “Yeah, yeah.” Almost wordlessly you both work together to pry Frisk from your head. Trenton doesn’t cradle him – just holds him awkwardly in front of him. You sputter and chuckle at his confused face as you wrench off your backpack.

“Not used to holding kids?”

“I’m just not….great with them.” He clarifies with a clearing of his throat. You can see his face tinging red with embarrassment.

“Too many babysitting gigs?”

“Try none.”

“Lucky aren’t we?” You both giggle as Rhianna comes back in.

“We got the drinks JaaAA—“ She finishes with a gasp and catches your attention. One of the cups is pressed to her mouth as her eyes stare wide and dilated directly at you.

“Rhi? You okay?” You turn about and drop your backpack to the side-

“OH MY G—“ Trenton shrieks behind you jumping your nerves and skin as you whirl around in time to catch a blue hazed mug bash right into his mouth. He recoils but catches it. All the while your main focus is Frisk merely floating within a bubble of blue magic.

“Sans, what the heck?!” You hiss, scoop Frisk up into safety, and spin to glare at the skeleton walking in with a lazy expression and mug.

“’e asked fer tea.” He shrugs and slouches against the bottom of the couch’s armrest as he takes a sip.

“You could’ve broken his teeth!” You growl, ignore the continuous stares of Rhianna, and readdress Trenton. He is cupping his mouth cautiously with a pained expression.

“Are you okay? Are you bleeding? Sans, if he loses a tooth-!!” You cut yourself off and pull Trentons hand from his mouth, expecting his teeth. Only his lip burst in a spot. You ignore all retorts and check his front teeth and gums; he’s fine in that respect. “Hang on, there’s tissues—“

“Jane, y-your back—“ His sentence is muffled immediately as Sans’ magic overwelms the cup into his face again. You don’t pay it any mind besides glaring at Sans.

“Right, right, my backpack, just hang on.” You wave back at Trent while fiddling around with the zippers. You find the tiny pack of tissues relatively quick and spin around to dab at Trent’s lip. He is giving a rather incredulous look between you, Rhianna, and Sans.

“There, just hold it for a bit. It isn’t too big, so you shouldn’t need a bandage or anything.” You pat his shoulder and walk over to Sans, pouting.

“Was that necessary?”

“’e said ‘e wanted tea. I heard tooth.” You grumble and cross your arms. He didn’t budge an inch.

“Is this going to be the whole night?” He blatantly ignores your question as he slips his infamous blue jacket free and offers it to you. It’s spontaneous and you are left questioning everything.
“gonna catch a cold with that low cut.” His voice isn’t laced with humor as usual; a pair of eyes rest upon your back. Peeking down at the tank top, you only briefly recall that you snagged one at random. It was the spaghetti strap with the somewhat open back. You blush and instinctually clench your hands behind you.

I-I’m not cold.”

“ya. ye seem pretty warm now.” He slips back into his jacket as your mind races with a proper response. It wasn’t the same with the monsters – you’d put so much trust in them so early because you knew they were genuine, real, and would not think of you any differently. Some of them also didn’t deal with the reveal before the explanation.

………..Wait wasn’t it only Asgore? How much were the worried? I don’t remember half of it. Oh god how bad was that?! Are they going to be super panicky all night?! You shake your head free of the turbulent thoughts before sucking in a breath. Spinning around, you walk to their sides.

Trenton’s mouth is tight while Rhianna fidgets with her fingers.

“I can kind of explain.” You blurt, nervous sweat beading above your hair line.

“I would think!!” Rhianna screeches as you clamp hands over her loud mouth while shushing her. You peer back towards Frisk and Flowey- still sound asleep. You don’t know at what point, but Sans taped glasses to his skull as his phalanges clack away on a laptop; light illuminates his tired sockets and casual smile.

“Look, it’s fine.”

“A scar that bad isn’t defined as fine Jane.” Trenton coughs as you fix him with a light glare. Something fierce yet gentle lays in his eyes. His hand reaches your shoulder, holding firm.

“Just…..is it…..are you okay? Now?”

You’re honestly stunned silent. You knew Rhianna would beg for details, but Trenton almost seemed like a gentleman for not invading something classified as a private matter.

What am I thinking? He is a gentleman!

“Yeah. Yeah I’m good. Thanks.” Your smile presses into your cheeks. Rhianna just gapes, struggles for words, and growls at her incapability to produce words. Trenton snags his pillow and sits on the floor with you for the time being while Rhianna plops onto the couch.

“So, what exactly do girls do at sleepovers?” Trenton snickers as Rhianna looms closer.

“Watch trashy romance films, eat tubs of ice cream, compare bra sizes, talk about how bad our current crush is when he is totally terrible in every possible way; normal stuff.” She waves her hand in unison with her joking tone. Trenton has this miraculous disbelief – he honestly couldn’t detect jokes. Sans, on the other hand, was snickering into his sleeve.

“i’m a b.”

“You don’t even know what bra sizes count as!” Rhianna blurts and flips the blanket over his skull with her toes.

“sure’e do. b for boned.” Sans leans back to hide his skull beneath the blanket. He gets pretty relaxed as you and Rhianna scoff at the attempted involvement. You weren’t going to throw him out, but you had wanted to discuss the news you found out with the others. Sans didn’t need that on his mind. He’d find out eventually, but it was too soon. Monsters were too kind and death wasn’t
something they didn’t need to be a part of. You also wanted to properly devise an in school strategy to avoid being scoped and targeted. None of the family needed that worry on their plate either; you wouldn’t worry them anymore if you could fight against it. A silent prayer left your heart that Sans would just knock himself out with lack of sleep.

“Wait, so was any of that true?” Trenton asks. Rhianna and you exchange a look as you snag your cocoa. It warms your frigid fingers.

“Only some of it.” You mumble and take a tentative sip. You hiss as it burns your tongue and throat, but such is the fate of a cocoa lover. Trenton could probably have stars in his mind with the conversations that went down, but Rhianna luckily jumped subjects.

“So what are you going to do about those friends?” She directs the conversation back to Trent, who is freed of his daydreaming. His gaze falls to the ground, torn and perplexed; his thumb traces the rim of the tea mug.

“They’ll be on my case tomorrow for sure.” He groans as his hand combs through tangling hair.

“Need protection? I can give you Flowey.”

“no ditching the bud.” Sans grumbles from beneath the blanket. Your eyes roll as Trenton shakes his head.

“I’m on the football team. I don’t need a flower to protect me, though I appreciate the sentiment.” Swigging down a bit of tea, he smacks his tongue and looks down at the blend.

“Wow, this is great. They sell it in town.”

“That’s the house blend from the smell of it. Golden Flower Tea. Asgore and Toriel make it from thin air it seems like half the time. Not for sale either.” Blowing on the cocoa before the next sip proves more fruitful, delicious, and less burning/searing pain.

“It’s good. Gives me a tingly feeling……Is it laced?” He suddenly blurts as you nearly choke on your drink.

“No no! Toriel and Papyrus told me earlier! It’s mostly compromised of magic. Because in humans magic isn’t the prime factor. So it takes a minute to distribute it into your SOUL. At least that’s what they say.”

“Have you ever seen it?” Trenton questions.

“The SOUL?”

“Yeah.”

“No, but I heard it sort of looks like a cartoonish heart?” Rhianna taps her chin in concentration.

“Yeah, but it’s not 8 bit blocky. It certainly is cartoonish, but its more like a childish drawing of a heart. I guess?” You interlude and grab their immediate attention.

“Wait, you’ve seen it?!” Rhianna blurts and shrivels down when Frisk fusses about. You’re surprised how out of it Flowey is that Rhianna hasn’t woken him yet. You feel the base of his soil; a trick you learned in the hospital- when he feels sick, his stem goes cold. It was fine and warm as he responded to you pressing the earth. You tried to pull away, but his vines snaked around the pressing finger and snuggle it into his leaves. It reminded you of a child grasping a teddy bear.
“Yeah, only a few times.”

“Your own, or…” She is leaned in close and off the couch.

“Mine, Frisks and, uh….” You immediately thought of Gaster. They would ask. Rhianna at least. You were astounded that she didn’t pry on the scar source – you didn’t want to upset Sans or Frisk either. Sans namely. He held the most knowledge and emotional memory regarding Gaster. Would his opinion of his father he didn’t know about shift if he knew that’s how you saw it all?

“A close friends.” You keep it as ambiguous as possible. You didn’t have many, but if they pried, you wouldn’t be able to get away with it.

“That’s nuts. Max told me its private matters. Like hush hush behind closed doors. Sock on the handle if you catch my drift.” Rhianna exaggerates a wink.

“That doesn’t make any sense though.” Trenton bickers back and looks to you. As though you have every answer now. Looking back, Sans’ chest is heaving as he lets out blatant snores.

“Typical…” You mutter under your breath.

“What?”

“Oh, nothing.” You sigh twist the back of your neck with your hand. “Well, for the most part, it makes sense. SOUL’s are the life force of monsters. Monsters are only compromised of magic. They don’t have genes really. No blood, no DNA, nothing. It’s just- from what I understand- taking your SOUL and…….touching them together? I heard it’s only with your partner. Like, they have junk. It’s just not what they use to reproduce? God this is like asking me why platypus lay eggs.” You groan. Your hands run down your face as you work on rewording yourself. It doesn’t seem necessary as Rhianna is already blushing and fanning her face, Trenton trying to clear his throat and not seem too interested on the subject matter.

“SOUL’s are magic oriented. Monsters are magic beings. It’s how they do it. That’s about it.” You mutter and hide your face in your knees. Toriel would probably smack you upside the head with that half-assed explanation.

“Yeah…” Rhianna withheld snickers as you stood.

“I will not sit here without ice cream to deal with this!” You grumble and stomp towards the kitchen.

“Oh, oh, grab some chips and extra spoons!” Rhianna waves her hand excitedly.

“If you could, I’d like a glass of water.” Trenton politely adds. You nod and sigh. You can’t resist asking because it’s in your nature to not make double trips. You bend down and lift the blanket while muttering, “Sans, you want anything?” You are certain he won’t reply; a pun would be the only thing.

His sockets are lidded, but not lazy. His smile is wide, but not cocky. His features are calm, earnest, and complex.

“you.” He whispers.

Your face mimics his – bright, wide eyed, and surprised at the words shared. At least he hides under a blanket while your face burns and mouth gapes.
“What, did he ask for lobster thermidor?” Trenton snickers as your beet red face glares at him. Stomping into the kitchen and letting your face rest in the freezer for a moment as your head spins feverishly you snag the ice cream, spoons, chips, water, and steal two beers from Undyne's cupboard.

Speeding back into the living room you almost toss the chips and water as you squat down immediately and crack open the ice cream and beer at the same time. Your eye spied Sans coiling into the blanket pathetically like an armadillo and abandoning his laptop completely. Steam would be radiating out of it if you also hoisted him over the tiny fire.

“Is that really a good idea?” Rhianna points as you chug a beer instantly.

“I’m going to burn my tongue, get drunk, and get brain freeze!! That’ll fix it!!” You wail and shovel two spoons of ice cream in. It’s an instant regret of flavors.

An hour passes with idle chit chat after your “How Monsters Sex” fiasco and the “Lets Not Talk About This Yet Please” dilemma rearing its ugly head. It had taken a lighter tone at long last. Not about bra size though- Trenton couldn’t participate. For the most part you were sure Sans was asleep; he’d likely fainted from overheating in his cocoon. Frisk and Flowey were assuredly out cold. Based off the activity levels of the rest of the house, none of the monsters were awake. The drinks were finally making you light and fuzzy, but every mind reel you remember his whisper and whine into the empty can and nearly empty tub. At the very least they helped with you not getting extreme brain freeze.

“Can, can we get to real talk?” You ask quietly, pointing to Sans. It seems to make sense to them both as Rhianna comes over to huddle closer.

“We gotta talk about the protest and tomorrow.” Trenton jumps in and catches you.

“Yeah, that’s what I was thinking.”

“Well we know next to nothing about the protest.” Rhianna sighs and puts the mugs on the table.

“I read it up when I went upstairs.” You whisper, gesturing them inwards. They oblige.

“Plenty of people were injured, but two are dead. Three in critical.” Trentons teeth clack together as they grit and grate, Rhianna just wearing a sorrowful expression.

“From what?” Trentons fists are clenching and releasing.

“Not disclosed.” You gesture towards Sans and Flowey to emphasis. Rhianna nods. “Nothing can change. At least we can’t do anything major about it.” You sigh and press into your pillow.

“That’s such shiiit though.” Trenton bites out. Rhianna doesn’t correct him in the presence of Frisk.
She simply nods in agreement and hugs her pillow.

“And? What about you?” Trenton sighs and grips his hair with one hand. The other drums fingers over his knee.

“Nothing can change.” You repeat back to him. He clearly doesn’t like that answer as he stands abruptly.

“What does that mean?! Do you not remember that not even about a week back our school was internally vandalized?! Internal means that its coming from the ins-“ “I know what it means.” You hiss quietly to attempt awaring him of his volume. Frisk was grumbling and you are almost certain Sans’ snore pitched.

“You can’t come to school?” Rhianna jumps in as Trenton huffs and paces.

“I am not falling behind in my studies.” You declare.

“Jane!” Trenton shrieks as you rise and clamp your hand over nearly his entire face while keeping eye contact.

“Listen to me Trent. I’ve missed enough. I know what this entails. But isn’t it good if I can also figure out who the internal person is? They pick me up after school anyways- if I wasn’t there, they’d go to the police. Camera’s are littered about the school. Someone will see me. Me up and vanishing just makes things more suspicious. When would it be resolved? I can’t just become a recluse, Trent!”

“I’m not asking you to be a recluse, I’m insisting you don’t get involved.” His teeth clench as your glare boils with bitterness.

“I can’t be much more involved then I already am Trent!” You release his mouth. He rubs his chin, but glares at the floor.

“We can be there for her in school though!” Rhianna perks up.

“You two, at the least, aren’t involved. I don’t want what happened today to happen again unless I think I am in actual danger. I have no qualms with bringing Flowey along with me. He knows how to make a ruckus. If anything bad happens, you’ll know by the screeching and cussing bud in my backpack.” You plop back onto the floor and rest your cheek against the cold coffee table. In the relative silence you can nearly hear the hum of Trentons outrage. His pace picks up again as you yawn and stretch out.

“When will you tell ‘em?” Rhianna asks, poking your shoulder with her toes. They are silky on the bottom; unnerving for feet.

“When will you tell ‘em?” Rhianna asks, poking your shoulder with her toes. They are silky on the bottom; unnerving for feet.

“Maybe when this is all over. They don’t need that on their conscience right now. They’ve been busy enough.” You cover your eyes with your arm, trying to ease your own conscience. It was best this way – you could continue your studies, maybe help out the monsters, and at least someone knew if something bad had happened it was your decision. There were surely other routes and plans to uptake, but they always involved others.

You wouldn’t have it.

“Fine. Fine. We’ll just….act like nothing changes.” Trenton finally concedes after a few more minutes of pacing and talking to himself.
“That’s the plan.” You reply back and adjust Frisks blankets. He snuggles in immediately. You shut Sans’ laptop and set it towards the side, patting the cocoon that hid bone. You could only see his feet and slippers poking out the bottom.

“It’s a terrible plan.” Rhianna adds.

“You bet. I never said I was a plan master. But it works.” You smooth his blanket and return to your own spot.

“Not for you.”

“I like a challenge.” You murmur back to Rhianna and immediately recall to flip the lights off. Only the miniature fire flicks with warmth and lucent. Trentons arm chair squeaks and creaks as he busies himself with finding a suitable sleeping position. Both you and Rhianna wait for him to finalize his movements before Rhianna pipes in with, “You comfy?”

“Nope. I might need the floor too.”

“It’s carpet and hardwood. Finest mattress since roof tiles and stars.” You joke while poking into the fireplace. He hums and leans off the armchair to join you on the floor; distance is maintained though.

“Should we put that out?” Rhianna yawns and is merely a head above the blankets she is swaddled in. Her hair is all you can make out in the lasting darkness.

“It’ll fade on its own.” You grumble and curl into the blanket and carpet. It reminded you also of the days where you and Flynn simply didn’t mattress space. Working together you manufactured two plush carpets together and stuffed them. All of the children would sometimes clamber on and make a puddle of sleeping people. It was peaceful. This moment was peaceful.

_Probably not the rest of the week though...

______________________________

“Jane?? Jane…”

You struggle to open your eyes and turn into a warm bundle besides you. Feeling about you find the small body and cuddle it closer.

“Shh, shhh. Carter, you can sleep with me. Shhh, go-go back to sleep buddy.” Petting their head and nuzzling them under your chin you offer half the pillow to your little friend. He was always so needy.

“Jane…” The voice insists.

“I’m not taking you to the bathroom. It’s too early.” You grumble, rubbing your face.

“What?” They clarify. You’ve properly rubbed your eyes and glanced about the room. Trenton was splayed and drooling on the floor, Rhianna’s hair was tossed wildly as she dangled hazardously from the couch. Trenton’s surprising height and arm length somehow got him to stretch and snatch your wrist in his sleep. Your surroundings took time to register in your mind as
you looked down to discover Frisk. They were bundled up in your stomach, tears prickling at the edge of their tiny eyes.

“Frisk? Buddy, what’s wrong? Nightmare?” You lean them back. They give a nod, though his hands coil into your tanks fabric.

“Sans is awake.”

“Already? Jeez, what time is it?” You blink groggily and peek around. Frisk touches your cheek gingerly.

“His eyes are gone.”

You bolt from the sleeping position; slip because Trentons grip on you is a bit much. He is hunched down against the wall where you’d set his laptop. It’s dark, but active. Huddled together at his knees you can only see his hollow and lulled sockets.

“He was like that when I woke up. I was too scared to talk to him…” Frisks little voice hiccups as you absently rustle his hair.

“Wait here.” You whisper, wrench Trentons fingers from your wrist, and crawl towards Sans. From what you knew he definitely wasn’t asleep unless he adapted sleeping with his sockets open suddenly. His head perked a as he must’ve heard you rustling. Your mouth was tight as you sat before him; you’d finally forgotten the earlier events and they suddenly rear their ugly head. A lot did. But you lacked an answer still.

“Sans—“ you shouldn’t go.” His voice is hoarse and dry. You freeze and recall when he was cocooned in the blankets. Your eyes crinkle with sleep deprive and sorrow as you look on him.

“It’s my decision.” You mutter, reaching for his knee. He pulls it from your reach; his sockets lids angle down.

“ye keep doin’ shit on yer own when there’r people besides ya. do we not matter er somethin’?” His voice is laced with forced malice as you wince.

“I’m choosin’ to do this on my own because I don’t want to involve others. You and the others have done so much for me. Things ‘r gettin’ heated and-and complicated and I just…”

“do’ya think we can’t make time? we wouldn’t support ya?” Tears well in your eyes as you force yourself to look away from him.

“I don’t wanna be a burden continuously.”

“you weren’t gonna tell ‘s.” You rub the tears away with your wrists and stare intently at his slippers. Embarrassment, shame, anger, sadness, confusion; what feeling to go with.

“I’ve made you all worry enough.” Whimpering against your wrist you clear your eyes again. “I didn’t come ov-“ Before instigating the true purpose, his bones find your face. His thumbs swipe the stray tears away. His knees crumple down as his opposing arm extends to pull you in. You find yourself in his hood and neck crook as he presses you against his sternum. His phalanges swipe through your hair, tracing and untangling it downward.

“ye worry us more when ya don’t speak up.” He murmurs against your collar- his breath is hot, and deep voice echoing in your ear drum as you clench against his shirt.
“Sans…” You plead. He tightens his hold as bone brushes your neck. Your ears turn hot as you mentally map his position; his teeth are near your jugular. The fear and embarrassment muddled your mind as you pressed away from him to no avail.

“even if ya can’t rely ‘n us, what ‘bout them? I trust ‘er enough, but only rely on that prick if ya need to get outta there.” You can feel his phalanges on your scalp, itching and feeling through your locks. His teeth open and close the entire chat as you shiver. You don’t want to be expectant, except every emotion is flaring through your mind as he revokes your space to breathe.

“Sa-Sans-“ You whimper against his shoulder. His hand pulls your head into his hood. Arm coils tighter until you are in his lap. The heat becomes unbearable as you fuss about in his lap. He is still talking yet you hear nothing but your own racing heart. It-It’s ju-just because he-he is t-too….damn…CLOSE!!! You gulp at air and blow it directly onto his exposed vertebrae. He makes a warbled sound and recedes back as you fly off his lap. You mimic him and cover the exposed portion of neck and flushed face.

“wh-why’d you-!!” “Because you were?!?” You’re both hushed screeching at the other. His face pouts perturbed and grumbling as you press your cold fingers to the closest exposed skin above your heart.

“didn’t do squat.” He grumbles and drops his legs forward.

“You were on my neck!” You gripe as he tuts you with his finger.

“nod a thing.” He nods to himself as you clench up your fist.

“Don’t pun at me right now! You were making moves!” You accuse and he makes a sound similar to ‘pshh’. You feel your eye twitch ever so slightly.

“you’d know if I was puttin’ moves on ya, smalls.” He leans back leisurely with a wink.

“Oh, like earlier?” You ground your teeth. His sockets bulge momentarily, but he hides it beneath his brief sweat.

“all planned.” His voice pitched.

“Oh yeah?” You give him an unimpressed glare. He won’t meet your eyes.

“totally.” He won’t even look at me.

“That’s a shame.” Your voice drips with sarcasm as you near. His eye lights flit to your face involuntarily but you snatch each cheek between your fingers. He pats your hands desperately and winces as you pull them. It’s a unique texture not like normal bone but yet similar enough.

“I never got to tell you –I’m not on the menu.” You growl and release his cheeks with a slap sound. He gripes and massages his face tenderly.

“The only reason I crawled over here in the first place is because you’re adding to Frisks nightmare list. Quit it with the empty eyes.” You flick his knee. He startles briefly and leans to the side. His face goes from shock, somber, and concluding on something you weren’t sure what to label. You sigh and turn about to crawl back to Frisk. They are patting the spot besides them as you finally return to the covers. Frisk then signs something you don’t particularly pay distinct attention too.

“nah, kiddo, I’m good.” You don’t listen to his protesting as you wrench your body forward and
snag his foot. A sinister smile twists around your face as you lurch him from his spot and drag him on his back towards Frisk. He makes a sound, but once settled beside Frisk who buries his fingers into Sans’ pockets, he shrugs and ruffles his hair. Rolling your eyes with relief you snuggle back beneath the blankets and offer them over to Frisk. It leaves plenty of space between you since he picks Sans; his jacket was warm enough for someone who didn’t really feel the cold.

Frisk thwarted all plans and thoughts by scooching in right to your stomach and dragging Sans with him. He wasn’t entirely under the blanket, but he was close enough to poke you in the eyes. You sigh and resign to the insistent child as you swiftly plant a peck on his forehead.

“Thank you…” The voice echoes in your heart while warming your smile.

A faint bustling in the distance perks your interest as you feel around. Something thin and firm rests beneath your head as you lift it in question. Sans has, somehow, wormed his arm between you and your pillow; it’s twisted around to cradle your shoulder. His skull rests atop Frisks own as he nuzzles into your chest. You yawn and wince while the hangover rakes over you briefly. Smell metal presses against your back which chills you immediately with an uncontrollable shiver. Coiling around you find Papyrus awkwardly settled behind you. Little orange tears trickle from one socket even with a content and pleased expression.

“Paps?” You murmur, trying to coil away from Sans.

“Did you sleep well?” Papyrus asks heartily. You frown as you regret putting him up to bed- you didn’t want him to feel stressed to stay awake though. Discomfort against the carpet finally creeps in as you instantly recall you hadn’t had to do this for roughly ten years.

“I can’t feel my hand.” You mutter and look down to it. Trenton has your wrist clutched in his hands again, though that is also pressed under his chest. He seems completely peaceful. Gaping backwards with a crack of your neck; Rhianna is draped face first into her pillow that is on the floor. It practically resembles a yoga pose.

“Do you require assistance?” Papyrus whispers cautiously as you nod. He throws his hands behind him and pushes off to land on his legs. He wiggles his thing fingers under Trenton to free your hand. He takes delicate care with Sans’ arm and lifts you immediately the air. Your legs itch desperately while your spine cricks awkwardly.

“Thanks Papyrus.” You groan and knead your forehead. Your stomach gurgles through your groan as you attempt to wriggle free of Papyrus’ grip.

“I WILL SERVE YOU BREAKFAST!” He declares with stoic confidence. You’ve learned to not fight Papyrus’ infectious enthusiasm too early in the morning. The dishes and cans had vanished as you curl up into guilt. If it wasn’t Papyrus, it was Undyne or Toriel. Both would result in a scolding or, if Undyne, beating. Alphys is settled with Undyne over a set of omelets and cereal, perking up as you are rag dolled into a adjacent chair. You nestle your head onto the table and grant them a lazy wave and muffled ‘Mornin’.

“Morning! Sleep well?” Alphys is chipper surprisingly as you wave your hand in a so-so manner.

“Oh ye looked like ya slept great.” Undyne lures you in to look up. She pointed to your face as you
instantly know; rub the imprint idly before hiding beneath your arms.

“It’s been too long since I slept on the floor.” You mutter into your arms.

“Oh my.” Toriel’s voice resounds by the kitchen entrance as you turn to be proper. She hesitates while looking to you and utters, “You look haggard, my dear.”

“Long night.” You wave her concerns away.

“Certainly understand. I can also understand if you might be feeling queasy.” She offers a glass of water while you shrivel beneath her earnest gaze.

“Yeah?” Undyne leans over, trying to inspect your face. You want to hide, but knowing Undyne she’d leap across and inspect you.

“She wasn’t feeling well when she came out of the library. She shared that after you left for bed.” Toriel waves with a smile.

*Thank youuuuu Tori!!*

Papyrus comes prancing through hazardously with a plate and bowl for you. Instead of an omelet he got you bacon and buttered grilled cheese.

“You’re too good to me sometimes Papyrus.” You sigh thoughtfully and nibble on the bacon. As you’re working your way through the grilled cheese you hear a shuffling of slippers. Peeking past your seat you catch Frisk being lugged around by Sans who is balancing Flowey on his skull.

“Put me DOWN!!!” He screeches; his leaves and vines whip at the base of the pot nearing Sans skull. You complain under your breath while reaching up. Flowey immediately suppresses his aggression as you place him onto the table and offer half a piece of bacon on a napkin. Frisk claps, waves, and signs ‘Good morning!’

“Morning guys.” You tear at the grilled cheese hungrily while Sans merely takes Frisk to his seat to settle in his lap.

“Morning kiddo!!” Undyne playfully punches Frisk arm. She pulls her hand back to shake in feigned pain as Frisk flexes excitedly.

“H-Hi Frisk.” Frisk returns Alphys a tiny wave and giant smile.

A bowl clatters and splashes over the table as you catch Papyrus trembling.

“THE DAY HAS FINALLY COME!!” He cries out bites his knuckles with glee.

“Pa-“ “MY BROTHER HAS NOT ONLY AWOKEN ON HIS OWN, WALKED TO THE TABLE, BUT HE BROUGHT THE HUMAN FRISK!!! I WILL PREPARE THE CEELBRATORY TRAPS!!!!” He squeals and launches out the hall and towards the stairs. Everyone is left to the silence as Toriel wordlessly comes in to clean the splashed milk and cereal.

“Good morning, my child. Hello Sans – glad you can join us.” Toriel’s mirthful tone warms the dining room; Sans manages a thumbs up past his still shut eyes. Rhianna suddenly leans against your chair and snags the remainder of your grilled cheese.

“Hey!” You growl as she takes a hefty bite. She moans into the helping as you guarantee your cereal is far from her reach. There is a cracking of knuckles and bones behind her. Trenton comes
past, scratching his exposed chest and scrubbing the sleep from his eyes.

“Need any help in the kitchen, ma’am?” Trenton asks while pulling out a chair. He doesn’t take it, but Rhianna plops into it after waiting with the remains of your sandwich.

“No need. You settle down and I’ll see what we can get together. Any allergies?”

“Not with food, no. Thank you.” He nods and passes the table towards the hall.

“I put your clothing in the bathroom upstairs so you had privacy to change. Second floor at the back.” She calls and retreats back within the kitchen.

“Oh, are mine done as well, Ms. Toriel?” Rhianna manages past her stuffed cheek.

“Yes, in the third flood bathroom. I hope that’s alright.” She frets from your view as Rhianna springs up.

“Perfectly fine! Thank you!” Rhianna darts into the hallway behind Trenton as you work your way into the cereal.

“Sh-she seems we-well rest-t-ted.” Alphys adds while you nod.

“Well, she had the couch.”

The morning is quiet as Asgore finally comes shuffling out. Despite the rest he still seems deprived of energy and light. Toriel presses a light kiss to his cheek and passes him a stack of grilled cheese. He passes you by and delivers one with a wink as you sigh in relief. Papyrus comes rushing back down with a slew of figures.

“SANS! WE MUST LAY THE TRAPS AND TRICKS TO PROPERLY BONE-BOOZLE THEM!! NYEHEHEHEHEH!!” Papyrus exclaims and begins explaining thorough details with a clearly dream headed brother.

“Um…” You turn about to Trentons voice. He has the majority of his clothes back on, despite his shirt. He feebly holds Sans’ shirt draped over his arm.

“You guys must have a crazy tumble on that dryer. My shirt shrunk..” He chuckles awkwardly and shows his shirt to comparison. It’s nearly an entire size smaller as you marvel at it.

“Oh jeez.” You gape and marvel the possibilities.

“My word. That’s peculiar.” Toriel adds, tilting her head. “Do you need a replacement?”

“Oh, no no! It’s fine ma’am. I’ll just head straight home first.”

“awesome.” Your ear perks to the muttering across the table. You’re almost dizzy with the number of times you’ve recently rolled your eyes due to Sans.

“Would you like breakfast?” Toriel invites and Trenton shakes his head.

“My folks are probably expecting me back. It would be best if I headed out early. That’s if its, y’know, allowed.” He murmurs and massages his neck. You can almost feel the radiating stare of Sans on Trenton. He was certainly ripped, but it didn’t bother you in the slightest.

“Oh, yes! It was lifted this morning.” Toriel sips her tea and returns to the kitchen.
“Oh. Excellent!” He claps.

“What about lifting?” Rhianna sighs and wanders into view. She pauses to glance about Trenton's form as a devious smile worms onto her face. “I can see you lift plenty boy.”

“Not him.” You grumble, patting her shoulder. She managed to twine and braid her hair slightly similar to her usual style, though you know she was likely silently yearning for her own beauty tools. “He says he's got to head out early. You okay with that? Better safe than sorry to leave with him. Besides, free ride.” You shrug and Rhianna beams. Trenton wanders towards the living room to snag the backpacks as Rhianna nods in agreement.

“I’ll see you off.” You yawn and walk with Rhianna towards the front. You immediately recall to snag your dishes and dump them into the dishwasher. Trenton comes jogging through with both backpacks. They slip into their socks and shoes as you unlock the door.

“It was….good. Mostly.” Trenton admits as you lean in the doorway.

“Hey. You're leaving uninjured. I don't think it could rain today.” You snicker and fold your arms to hug your fingers.

“When do you think you'll tell them?” Rhianna asks as she fixates the bag properly onto her back.

“……Soon. Sooner than feels safe, but not today. Probably. I just…….I want a breather.” You murmur. Trenton nods and descends the stairs while Rhianna waits besides the car.

“Call if there-“ “Is any kind of trouble. Yep, understood. Geez you guys are acting like my parents.” You wave them off as Rhianna giggles triumphantly. Frisks little feet come padding out all bare and tiny as he energetically waves goodbye. Trenton revs the engine and screeches down the road in a flash. Frisk spins to face you with a hearty smile.

‘They’ll be back,’ he signs as you agree with a complacent nod. Frisk turns back to watch them vanish from view, and he jumps. Not excitedly – his skin and nerves immediately seem on edge. Peering down the road you spot an oncoming car. White, slick, low riding Porsche with tinted windows. Without a word spoken Frisk has an intense grip on your legs as agony tears through your nerves. You'd need to check with Toriel if anything could be done to speed up the healing process. The car swerves into the spot Trenton had perked and the passenger seat swings open.

“Frisk?”

A woman, older then you; maybe mid 30’s or 40’s. Judging all the make-up she plastered onto her face you were going to guess 40’s. She was an ill color of tanned skin with deep brown eyes angled downwards. The excessive eyelashes and shadow made them seem like they popped off her face. She wore a taut ivy green dress and white button up jacket. Her pumps were towers to make up for her clear height disadvantage against you. Her hair was the only enviable thing about the woman stuck still at the car door. It rolled and tumbled with care and ease over her shoulders with a brilliant hazel-amber hue to it.

“Frisk!” Her perfected smile widened as she slammed the door. Frisk scrambled to hide behind you. She began a hasty strut directly at you. In a split second you snagged Frisks shoulders and nudged him inside – his face was one of horror.

“Go get your mom or something.” You whisper and shut the door briskly behind you. Spinning about, the woman was already ascending the stairs.

“Excuse me, ma’am, may I ask who you are?” You block the knob instinctively and instantly clash
with her eyes. They burn with fire…..and determination.

“Girl. I have no business with you. Get out of the way, please.” She drawls her sentences out as it irks your mood. You don’t falter underneath her intense gaze.

“You have business with Frisk? Well guess what? It’s my business now.” The woman bites her thick lipstick in clear distraught anger.

“Step. Aside.” She steps closer to compare heights. The heels and intense glare were all she honestly had. The driver side door slams shut, but you can’t make out the individual past the insistent woman.

“I ain’t moving until you give me a damn reason to. But I suggest you saunter on back to your Porsche before things end up worse. Monsters live here if you hadn’t guessed. Protective monsters.” You near her, threateningly. It was this or the result that was likely to happen one route or the other.

“Frisk chose to fear whoever you are and confide in them. That right there tells me you need to piss off.” You’re practically spitting in her face by the time she goes in. Manicured nails accompany the slap to your face. A gasp comes from behind as you snatch her attacking wrist and opposing shoulder to attempt a subduing. She bashes you back into the door and slithers a hand into your hair. You grit your teeth tight as she yanks it and bears your teeth.

“WHAT DO YOU KNOW?! HOW FUCKING DARE—“

“S-Stop this a-at once!!” A timid mans voice resounds from behind the ungodly woman as she doesn’t budge an inch. “M-Mrs. Orienal!” You don’t even blink and you both go in for a headbutt. The clashing thunk rumbles through your skull as she wrenches your hair to the side.

“YOU HINDERING LITTLE SKANK!! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?!?” She screeches into your ear. Surging forward the man again gasps and startles as you push her back ever so slightly. For being 40ish she sure knew how to hold out a cat fight. It further left a bad taste in your mouth.

“DOES IT LOOK LIKE I GIVE A FLYING FRICK WHO YOU ARE?! STAY AWAY FROM FRISK!” You declare as the door swings open. From the growl and fire you instantly recognize Toriel. A protective paw snags your face as the woman topples backwards while you’re freed from her grasp. You kick and glare at the woman past Toriels fur and fire, but she withholds your aggression. The man steps gingerly in front of the woman, bows to you and Toriel, then addresses her. He is likely younger than her; suited up nice and gray with a bowtie nice and purple to stand out slightly. His platinum blonde hair gives away his fleeting emerald eyes and mass amount of freckles.

“Mrs. Orienal, y-you can’t-“ He fusses over the woman who works on fixing a composed figure. Toriel loosens her grip on you enough to spin you about. She immediately eyes your face and head. Cupping your attacked cheek, her teeth bare.

“What business do you have, Madelin? I believe we made this perfectly clear in court that visiting rights were revoked.” Toriels usual calm addressing was more along the terms of a snarl. You didn’t drop your glare from the woman while you continued to stay behind Toriels palm.

The woman, Madelin, snuck a slightly crinkled document from her jacket and unfolded it with a prideful smirk. The man attending seemed lost on what to do as he wavered between her and Toriel in addressing.
“My husband is in poor condition. As per his will, Frisk is our only legitimate son and, therefore, will overtake the family business. You can fight with the court all you like, but this was set in stone from birth.” She declares giddily as your eyes pop.

“I’m here to take my son back.”

Chapter End Notes

Gotta let that cliffhanger simmer <3
Please Kudo and Comment - I always check and hug my laptop whenever I see you guys. It warms my heart in this FLIPPING blizzard over here. Like, legit, warm me. My fingers are frozen.

Stop By My Tumblr to Rant and/or Chat =)
You Are The Father?!

Chapter Summary

Jane makes a hard set of decisions.

Chapter Notes

If you aren't reading that chapter title as Maury, what have you been doing with yourself? JK, love you all.

Welcome to 'My God I Didn't Have The Brain Capacity To Edit This Because I Rushed It For Camp Because I Love You Guys And Don't Want To Be An Utter Let-Down'!!!!
Managed 13k here ladies and gents <3
Excuse me while I go nibble on a bagel and appreciate my last day off. Camp starts Sunday so get those comments in so I can reply before disappearing off the face of the earth!!! AKA Adirondacks.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hours have passed and the paranoia increases as you are left on standby. You and Alphyhs aren’t allowed in the ‘discussion’ with Madelin Orienal. Frisk sits silently on the couch while Flowey bickers louder than usual. You watch him deliberately try and stray Frisks attention. You’d also tried to distract yourself with cleaning breakfast or getting dressed, but the time was weighing near noon and patience was running thin. Alphys holds your hand and tries to ease your pacing after noticing your intolerant spike.

"Th-There’s nothing to worry about-" “If I am correct in my assumption that she has the right to take Frisk back thanks to the frigging messed up court systematics then yes I have every right to be heavily concerned!” You desperately keep a hushed tone despite your increasing rage. Alphys forces a smile, but you can feel the trembling in your hand to hand connection. Asgore earlier had explained as he hefted your feisty and kicking body away that she was the assistant head of the Orienal company. It was a highly successful series of hotels that were steadily spreading past the state. It was a huge media story since they started from almost nothing. It was her husband, Paul Orienal, who owned the business name though. Thusly, if Paul was in poor health, the management position would be pushed to Madelin, giving her extended rights.

It was a hasty explanation, all in all. When you insisted to be part of the explanation of the husbands will despite him still breathing, the vile woman scoffed at you and led Toriel to a room like she owned the home. You felt your blood boil as Papyrus came and gave you a hearty hug and followed behind Toriel. Asgore kept Sans and Undyne at a reasonable distance from the woman as her lackey takes the rear. He seems rather chipper and tolerable in comparison. He handed you a business card earlier, mentioning his relation being something of a secretary. Timid and reasonable, unlike the woman.
You know the gravity of the situation when a sob comes choked out of the sunroom. You feel the blood rush through your body. Frisk throws themselves from the couch, rushing away without Flowey.

“H-Hey! Get back here!!” Flowey screeches. His vines uselessly hang out reaching for the vanished child. You almost swivel to pursue, but the sunroom opens. You freeze and stand hard in the living room center to glare at the woman down the path. You can hear Toriel and Papyrus cracking tears inside, but she comes out strutting and proud. You see her secretary bowing and muttering apologies at the door. Your glare pierces her eyes immediately as her giddy smile diminishes. She walks straight for you. Alphys tugs and pleads besides you, but you’re unwavering.

“Back down girl. You haven’t got a chance.” She scoffs as your fist tightens and you feel the blood leave you fingers and rush your mind.

“I won’t let you take them.” You growl. “Yeaah!!” Flowey comments from the side as you internally remark to push him aside. Things were steadily becoming personal.

“Fine print says otherwise sweetie. Just upset you’re also a runaway?” She stoops closer to flaunt the paper. You skim it hastily; Frisk is in her custody starting effective first thing tomorrow. You note that it is her signature as an insane plot pierces your mind. You reach upwards to butt heads with her.

“Frisk has every right to stay. You don’t control them. This bullshit you’re pulling? You are pulling apart a family for your own damn self-gain. With everything under my power, I won’t let you win this.”

“And what are you, girl? A no name. You hold no weight here. Judging from your horrific clothes you haven’t a penny to your name, and considering you live here- face it, you’ve hit desperate times.”

“Says the vile bitch that thinks she needs a kid on top of handling a business. I know your type. You have a kid, you never come home, they grow adamant to your existence and lacking love. I won’t let Frisk be that kid. And what is money to a name? My quarters? I’ve chosen my life, picked my path, and owned my name with pride-!” Alphys is almost grappling your arm as you press closer to the woman. You can see her faltering ever so slightly under suppressed rage.

“My name is Jane Kiel, and if you think I will simply let you walk out of here with that child, you had best think again!” You rip your arm from Alphys, cock your eyebrow in question, and surge out after Frisk. Flowey’s vines snag around your arm as he pulls free from the pot and hangs onto you.

“What was that?! You get mad?! That’s my fucking job!” You rush the stairs as Flowey continues to comment to your unhearing ringing ears. You can hear the others conversing again and the woman barking something as you block out her devious voice. Ripping open Frisks door, you find the child stuffing random clothes and baggies of chips and cereal into their backpack. You watch stupefied for a moment before their sniffling catches you. You walk forward, surprising them apparently despite your loud entrance, and hug them close as you drop to your knees.

“What are you crying for?!? Stop being a baby! It’s not that bad! Aren’t your actual parents super rich?! We’re already stuck together.”

“Flowey, you are super unlikely to be going with Frisk.” Your comment pulls a sob from Frisk who buries into your chest and soaks the front.
“What?! Bitch!!” Flowey grits his teeth as you set him aside.

“Shut up for a second.” You growl and pull Frisk back and look at their teary face. You wipe their cheeks clean and tilt their head to meet their small eyes.

“Frisk, I have a crazy thought. Correct me if I am wrong – if I can get your fathers signature, can it overrule your mothers?” Frisk pauses to blink and ponder. They give a second of thought and nod carefully. “Frisk, that was such a forged will I almost vomited on the damn thing. I even only skimmed it. She set that up for herself; I don’t think your legitimate father even knows what’s going on.” Frisks teary expression immediately pops into astonishment as they clutch your shoulders.

“I’m coming.” You hear their little voice internally as their tiny hands almost dig into your shoulder. You look at their hefty backpack and back to the child as concern rolls over your nerves.

“Were you planning to run away?” Your eyebrow raises in question as a guilty pout mocks over their face. Their hands pull back and a series of sign language comes flying at you.

“I don’t want to be with her. Toriel would be sad. I think she would be sadder if I was with her. So I would run away. Then, they could find me and hide me. But I can’t hide. I-I have been super responsible up until now and more in the future. I have to face this head on— that’s why I want to go with you!”

You snuggle Frisk close and peck their forehead.

“Get your stuff and wait in my room.” You instruct and rush from the room.

“Hey, wait- what about-!” Floweys voice is lost to your trampling downstairs. You catch the woman out by her car chatting on her cell as you roam the house. You sneak by and poke around trying to find the friends you need right now. Papyrus is outside with Sans overlooking what looks like a map as you cautiously head outside. Their gazes pop up to your arrival as Papyrus wipes away the fresh tears welling in his sockets.

“A-AH! JANE! YOU MUSTN’T FIGHT HUMANS! YOU ARE NOT VERY STRONG YOURSELF, SO YOU WINNING WOULD BE UNLIKELY.” Papyrus remarks as you feel your fist tense.

“I’ll do whatever it takes. I hate seeing kids go into families they clearly don’t want…..it happened a lot at the orphanage.” Your ferocity seems to bring Papyrus down a size. You seize and rub your face hastily and stroll over to the brothers.

“Sorry…..Just…mad.”

“we can see.” “Yeah, wise cracks aren’t helping…” You groan and finally look at the map- it’s a schematic of the house.

“Why are you looking at this?”

“kids technically not her custody ‘til tomorrow, so Paps wants t’ put together the-“ “ULTIMATE TRAP AND PUZZLE MAZE: HOME EDITION!!” Papyrus shouts in glorious and pure excitement. You can see the sorrow etched into his bones though. You spot the plans to include a locked door puzzle at the front door. You brazenly point to it.

“You should do this for sure. And soon.”
“WHAT? BUT WHY SOON? IT IS FOR FRISKS DEPART—…” He can’t even finish the sentence as you shake your head. You pat his shoulder pads despite the distance and point to the door again.

“Not for Frisk, for the lady. You have to make sure that she likes puzzles and traps- then, when Frisk does…go…they can share something. Your puzzles will bring them closer. Easier transition for Frisk.” Papyrus seems to be in intense thought as Sans leans against the table and stares at you with lazy lidded eyes.

“sounds fishy to me. ‘sides, she ain’t the fun type.”

“Have you told her any puns?” You gesture to Sans. The nervous sweat appearing across his skull is his answer.

“I know you haven’t let her test your excellent puzzles, Papyrus.” “…THIS IS TRUE.”

“So you don’t know if she will like puns or puzzles. It’s best you check though so….so when Frisk leaves, maybe they can get along with something.” It seems to be the deal breaker as Papyrus stands proudly.

“VERY WELL! BROTHER, YOU GO TELL HER A SLEW OF YOUR HORRID PUNS WHILE I HASTILY CONSTRUCT ME EXCELLENT PUZZLE!!! IT WILL BE DONE BEFORE YOU CAN SAY ‘THE GREAT PAPYRUS!’” Papyrus wanders off towards the fence as he reaches up to scale it. You vaguely recall the shed with his car being in that direction.

“You should make it trigger based! To surprise her! People like surprise!!” You shout and he gives a gloved thumbs up. He throws his boney body over the wall as a confident smile presses into your cheeks. You spin and stand before Sans. He is leaning in the doorway with his arms crossed.

“one sec you’re ready to rip ‘er throat out, now you are thinkin’ bout their relationship. whatchya plottin’?” You freeze and gulp down your nerves. Your eyes meet, and he starts.

“I have to make things right, Sans. I know you guys won’t do something, so I have to. Anything.” You near him as he remains transfixed with your gaze. You pour as much confidence, assurance, and desperation into your mind and hope it translates over to him that he can’t stop you. A blue tint buds across his bones as you lean around and hug him tight.

“Please…Trust me.” You beg and press your face into his clavicle. You can hear his bones shivering and clacking together as you give a quick squeeze and give him space. His hand interlocks with yours; fingers bent together. He slips his grip to timidly hold your fingers before pressing your digits to his mouth. You feel blood rush into your ears and the hair on your neck stand.

“y’know that ain’t something I do easily……but if it’s you, I know I can put my SOUL into’t.” Well suppressed emotions bloom forth as your face heats up in surprise. Sans cautiously meets your face and mirrors your surprise and likely rosy cheeks. You pull your hand from his and idly pick at the nails.

“Ri-Right! Trust is good!” You nervously remark as Sans turns a smile.

“yeah. i’s great.”

“Good!”
“awesome.”

“….Okay!” You speed away shyly as the feel of his bones pressing and melding to your fingers warms your hand. You rub your spare fingers over it to remember the feeling that was slowly becoming vague as you slap your face to redirect your attention. You have to sneak through as Toriel and Asgore are with that secretary from before in the dining room. You can see the red puffy eyes from Toriel without even nearing the room. You spin about to find Alphys who shrieks and nearly drops her glass of water. She appears to be accumulating a tray of water and lemonade.

“D-Don’t scare me like that-“ “I need your car and complete silence.” You grasp her shoulders fiercely as she shy’s under the immediate and intense pressure.

“Wh-Wh-Wha-” “You just have to trust me, Alphys. I need your car and I need you to not tell anyone I took it.” You plead and gently pull her back deeper into the kitchen. Sans was just outside after all. Just recalling his name sends an uncertain shiver over you.

“Wha-What d-do you need-” “I need to go somewhere and fast. I don’t have the time to explain – I only have until tomorrow to get it- less questions, more keys!!” Something clicks in Alphys’ mind as she stands a tad taller.

“Wait but that’s-” “That’s why I am saying I need complete silence! This is Mew Mew episode 94 levels of top secret!” She freezes and her eyes grow. You only vaguely remember that episode being a spy special. Her eyes glimmer with determination as she pulls free her heavily key chained keys and gives you a thumb up. White stars stand where her pupils would.

“Go save the world!” You take the keys and shrug.

“Not exactly what I am doing, but close enough! Remember, not a word-“ She makes the zipper motion you taught her back in dorm as he smile and throw a thumbs up. You reach towards the fridge and grab an orange on the way back as you pocket her keys and rush back upstairs. You spot Frisk dragging a clearly heavy backpack with Flowey on top issuing commands like the lead of a dog sled.

“Frisk, we won’t be gone that long. What did you bring?” You huff and lean down at the top of the stairs to inspect their backpack, aside from the multiple sets of clothes it’s stuffed to the brim with food and books. You sigh and help Frisk drag the bag into your room.

“So, what exactly is the plan?” Flowey growls as you pick him from the bag and begin extracting a series of clothes and snacks. You set them along your bed and bat away Louis and Seymour’s intrigued vines.

“Get to Frisks dad and get a document signature that Frisk has the right to either make their own decisions or stay here. Hopefully his father is more reasonable then that woman.” You growl and zip the exceptionally lighter bag tight. You pull your backpack over and pull free the homework and text books. You hide them beneath the bed so the vines are unable to reach and tear them apart.

“That’s your plan?”

“No back up either.” You comment and throw a jacket, pants, and spare blanket.

“You’re packing really light.” Frisk’s hand intertwines with yours as you hear their voice.

“We aren’t going to be gone long. And, when we are back, you get to stay here.” You turn to them with a proud smile as you shrug on the backpack. Determination gleams in their eyes as they clench
their fists in mock excitement.

“Ready?” You reach for the knob and freeze. Cautiously, you press your ear to the door. Heels on wood. Panic sets in as you look towards Frisk. You hear her chipper voice calling their name as you cuss under your breath.

“What?” Frisk signs after snuggling Flowey safely into the water bottle pouch on the side. You’d barely realized Frisk set them in a new pot- this one clearly wasn’t finished since the paint job was half done. Slipping on high boots, you usher Frisk away from the hallway door.

“She’s coming upstairs.” You bite your thumb in thought as a vine trails around your ankle. You look to Seymour and Louis as an insane thought runs through your mind. You go with it.

“Frisk, head to my door. Check if anyone is outside!” You hastily order. They give a salute and shove on their backpack before lightly jogging towards your backyard overview. You lock the door and run towards Seymour and Louis who grapple around your body.

“Come on buddy.” You huff in a breath and drag their pot towards the middle of the double doors.

“Clear?” You gasp and Frisk nods while staring intently at the doors leading outside. You feel about for a hefty vine and beckon it closer as you near Frisk. You scoop them up and settle them onto your backpack.

“Grip me as hard as you can, understood?” You’re already straining and sweating as Frisk harshly locks their arms around your collarbone. The vine continues to trail out with you as you near the edge. Carefully stepping around the fencing, you pick up the vine. Your heartbeat is drumming through your ears as you check the distance to the bottom and swallow the lump in your throat.

“Down….Down…” You whisper cautiously and watch the vine slowly descend further towards the ground. You watch it uncoil from its idle position and judge the distance.

“Frisk!? Frisk, where are you~!” She is between the doors. You cannot wait any longer. As the vine continues you lock your feet around and grip it tight. Carefully, you meander down further. The vine halts and lightly blows in the gentle breeze. You continue to slither down as Frisk gives a tentative squeeze of either reassurance or fear. The sunroom and dining room finally come into view. You spot Alphys serving tea and lemonade around. She picks up a tea and takes a sip; spits it out the instant she spots you. Someone comes around to check on her as she blatantly redirects them.

You note the thinned vine and the rough 10 feet left as you spy around. The burning bush would have to do.

“Sorry Toriel.” You grumble and begin a vague sway. They obviously don’t approve of the motion as the vine begins to shrivel back up. You force it further and throw yourself. You brace for the crunch and impact as the branches skid around your frame. You shield Frisk to the best of your ability and obtain scratches or tangled hair. Your scratched fingers grip the sturdier base and you rebound off to the backyard grass. You huff harshly and fling off leaves as Frisk helps pull some free of your hair.

“Are you alright?” Their little voice travels through your mind as you lamely jump and snag the top of the fence.

“This really isn’t my thing.” You huff. Frisk reaches out and grabs onto the fence too, leaving your back. They sit on the edge and meekly claw at you in assistance. You take two heavy breathes and
heave yourself up and over. On the other side you reach up to catch Frisk who lands besides you.

“You’re terrible at this.” “You don’t have to remind me…” You huff and hold Frisk’s hand. You follow the edge of the house. You can hear the angry steps down the stairs even from the outside. Her shrill voice carries through a nearby window – the piano room.

“Where is he?!” “Go go go go go-!” You nudge Frisk to scurry as you both rush towards the garage. You almost smash your head into the side you are cautiously watching the front door. You hear jabbering on the inside as Frisk opens the side door. You unlock the doors and Frisk tosses themselves in, careful to not squish Flowey in the process. You jump into the front seat and immediately adjust everything to your views; seat comes first though. Frisk buckles in and sets Flowey on the dash as you finish adjusting. You pass Frisk Alphys’ garage remote and hold your hand up in patience. Placing your backpacks in the back you press Flowey’s pot into the cup holder. You turn on the car to access the GPS – Frisk immediately begins inputting the destination as you double check everything. Once the GPS is handled, you nod to Frisk. You start up the car the instant they start raising the garage door. You are in the process of backing up and checking over your shoulder you watch the vile woman vanish behind the front door slamming shut. You hear a sharp thud and a series of cuss words as you suppress a giggle. You set the car into drive as Frisk peeks over to your nervous but sly smile.

“The Great Papyrus…” You mutter and throw the car into drive. You’re out of the complex in a minute flat as Frisk jumps in cheers.

“Did you hit the button when we were leaving?” You indicate towards the garage opener. Frisk nods as you clip it back onto the overhead visor.

“Flowey, you’re in charge of navigation. How long is this going to take us?” You follow the GPS down a side road to reach the main median. You wait for a proper and safer turn.

“Uuuhhhmm…..it says six hours, but that road is closed, soooo…” Flowey fiddles with the navigation controls as you groan and lean into the seat.

“Flowey, if we don’t have this thing by midnight on the dot, I don’t know what I can do. You’d better find a road that takes five or less.”

“It’s a friggin’ mountain!! It’s all the way on the other side – we can’t just go over!!” Flowey shrieks. A chime ringtone plays from Frisk’s pocket as they pull free their phone.

“Oh, ah, i-if that’s anybody but Alphys, maybe don’t answer.” You shy into the wheel as you weave through traffic onto a highway. The fastest way would take six hours at best. That didn’t factor in pee breaks, food, and traffic issues.

“Wait, did we run away?” Flowey’s eyes gleam as you nervously refuse to face them. “Yes!! Awesome! We’re vigilantes!!”

“You’ve been playing GTA again haven’t you?” You grumble and hear Frisk’s phone go off again. They set it to the side, but clearly disheartened.

“We’re gonna be running from the police! Get some sick drifts in!!” Flowey is clearly enthralled with the current scenario. You scoff in humor and give him a thumbs up.

“Like I’d let the cops catch us now.” Flowey’s eyes form stars as he quivers with excitement. Frisk’s phone rings again.

“Frisk, um, you-you may need to-“ Frisk doesn’t wait for you to finish before turning off their
phone. You pout at the hurt child and brush their hair to the side with your free arm as the slow line eases onto the highway.

“I’m really sorry, but I don’t want anything blabbed to that woman if she is even still there. Give it a few hours, then……then I can probably handle getting scolded.” You sigh and yield before pulling into the high speeds in the tiny buggy. Frisk nods and reaches around for the backpack – they pull out a granola and a book.

The car ride is relative silence. Flowey fiddles with the radio every now and again. Your phone didn’t start ringing until nearly an hour later. They must’ve either gotten it out of Alphys’ guilty conscience or the missing car. If Madelin had said anything the ringing would have been in time with Frisks. You turned off your phone as well and kept to the highway the majority of the journey.

You and Frisk stop at a gas station and a Wendy’s for a pee break and food. It took a big chunk of the little you’d saved up, but it was necessary. Frisk felt bad and offered you a sip of their shake, but you declined. You both munched on burgers as you drove down the fairly desolate highway. Flowey kept coming up with new games and trying to incorporate you into them.

Heavy rainfall had settled in as the highway remained eerily empty. Peering down to Frisk who is in and out of midday slumber you can see faint tear lines along their cheeks. Checking the time, you sighed and repowered your phone. 28 missed calls and 41 texts. You didn’t even want to imagine the amount on Frisks phone.

“Hey Frisk?” You murmur, testing their awareness. They rub their face whilst bunching their knees up into their torso. You saw their eyes peek between your phone and theirs before giving in with a sigh.

“Frisk…why don’t you call Alphys? I just want to stay on the safe side since she is the only one who knows where we are going.” Frisk turns on their phone quickly and taps their impatient feet. Their fingers dial up the buttons as you pull into the middle lane and pay attention to the road. The dial tone goes twice before stuttered sound. Frisk sets their backpack on their knees and balances the phone onto it. They hit speaker phone as the camera gleams to life. Alphys is readying her camera and gasps.

“Fr-Frisk!” “FRISK!?” “Frisk called?!?” “My child??” You scrunch up and recheck the GPS as Frisk gives a slew of hand gestures.

“Frisk, where are you right now?!” “Oh stars…” Toriel is weeping on the other end as you sigh. Flowey throws a vine into the camera.

“We’re on the run, ya idiots!!” Flowey cackles and Frisk coyly slaps their vine away.

“What?!” Undyne interjects as you lean back into the seat.

“We are not on the run. We are doing what we can. Flowey just thinks this is a good time to sound like a vigilante.” You comment loudly to be heard past the rain and engine.

“Is Jane with you?” “JANE? JANE!!” Papyrus screeches and you watch a blur of red and white
grapple the phone. “SHE DOES NOT LIKE PUZZLES.” You chuckle and lean over to peek at the clearly discouraged Papyrus.

“Papyrus, that was one of the bravest things you could’ve done. You’re the awesomest skeleton I could ever know in my lifetime. You did perfect.” You hold out an okay sign with your hand. Frisk gives a thumbs up as well. Frisk signs something out of your sight.

“Why are you on the highway!? Do you have any idea how much your mother—“ Asgore seizes and clears his throat “How much Toriel has been concerned? We were horrified that she’d kidnapped you!” Asgore retorts as Frisks face goes pale.

“By all regards, Toriel is staying Frisks mother.” You ruffle Frisks hair to brighten their mood. “I don’t know how many documents you’ve had to check Asgore, but that will was so fake. Oh it was cringe worthy. She clearly wrote the whole thing.” Something shatters in the background as Alphys and Papyrus exclaim.

“That….vile……detestable…..conniving….” You can feel the seething rage roaring off Toriel in waves.

“I hope she is also aware that a will doesn’t have effect if the designated writer is alive.” You wince at the afterthought and something crackling on the other side. You can make out a vague fuchsia glow in the background as the roar grows louder.

“heh, Tori’s pretty fired up.” You hear Sans in the background and sigh while leaning your head towards the wheel.

“Hang up. Just hang up on him. Toriel, please don’t burn the house down.” You plead.

“I dislike liars! I also dislike heinous actions for one’s own personal gain!!” She loudly argues as Frisk claps and signs at the camera more. There is a hazy light in the rear view mirror for a moment as you look to the side. The rain fall is heavier. Unease worms in your stomach.

’so baby PULL ME CLOSER IN THE BACK SEAT O-‘ “Aaaahh!” You lurch forward and grab the volume dial from Flowey who devilishly cranked the radio to inexcusable levels. He wore an evil smile and chuckle as you pinched his petals.

“Uncalled for.” You murmur. Bringing your focus back, red darts before the car. You scream, throw your arm out to Frisk, and slam the breaks. The car hydroplanes only a few feet. A car swerved from two lanes over into an off ramp.

“Frisk?! Jane?! Wh-What happened?!?” “Hello?!” “kiddo? you there?” “THE SCREEN IS ALL BLACK!!” You hear the tirade of concerned questions as you punch the steering wheel. Peering down, Frisk and Flowey are minorly fazed, but unharmed.

“How the hell do you not see a yellow buggy…” You groan and rev the car back up. It takes a stalled moment much to your concern; you’re moving suddenly. Frisk shakes their head in realization and lurches down for the phone that tumbled from their little grip.

“Frisk! Are you alright?” Asgore has uptaken the phone as you groan.

“We’re fine. An idiot cut us off for an off ramp.” You massage your temple and forehead as your heart pitters rapidly.

“Golly.” Asgore raps as Frisk fixes the backpack set-up they’d made initially.
“Where are you idiots headed then?” Undyne cuts in.

“Well, if the court bought it that means she has enough overrule to actually take Frisk back. So, if we get documentation approval from Paul, that should go take precedence.” You sigh, trying to consider the aftermath and the differing legal processes.

“This next one!” Flowey points to an off ramp as the GPS guides off the highway. You breathe a sigh of relief until the time comes into view. At the end of the ramp there is a stop light as you lean into the wheel and desperately think of a solution. A little hand rests on your arm.

“What’s wrong?” You look up to Frisk who has a worrisome expression on. You point to the clock reading 6:35. Their lip visually tightens. They whip their head back to the conversation and place a smile on their face. You keep to silence.

“A-Are you sure this is right?” “Yes.” Frisk signs and jumps from the car. It was nearly seven o’clock. You wrenched your arm back to grab an umbrella in the backseat only to find it barren. You groaned as Alphys likely took it out for later. Frisk rushed around the side and gripped your leg. They held a scared but inspired look in their eye as you gulped and hobbled forward with the child and flower in tow. You were drenched as you gazed up at the impressive housing

Before you stood a 3-story mansion. Black and green bricks formed a foundation as a dusty oak mansion stood before you. The windows looked antique, there was minimal lighting on the inside, but it by far exceeded size and wealth of the monsters house. It was wide and likely internally spacious. A fresh herb and veggie garden was blossoming on the sidelines near a gate towards the backyard. You marveled at the wood craftsmanship as you found the stone path and steps. Once under the overhang of the mansion you did your best to squeeze the water from Frisks shirt and your own. Flowey shook his petals wildly like a dog while Frisk fiddled their fingers nervously. The lack of doorbell knotted your stomach as you grabbed the dual door knocker and let it hit thrice.

The rains silence did little for your anxiety as echoing steps neared the door. A quaint woman, shorter than yourself, swung the door open. She was adorned in a classical maid outfit that skirted at her ankles. The apron with ivory laced with blue and purple as an insignia rested along the sash line. She gazed with uncertainty until her eyes landed on Frisk.

“Small Master Orienal! W-Welcome home! What is the occasion?!” Her cheeks blushed with joy as she scooped her dress to fold as she squatted down to Frisks level. Frisk began signing a string of sentences at her. The only words you caught were ‘mother’, ‘will’, ‘how is dad?’, and ‘can we’. The maid covered her mouth and looked between you both, then settled onto Flowey. She steeled, straightened, and opened the door wide.

“Please, come in out of the cold. You’re both soaked! Would you-” “Um, just a towel for Frisk. We are in a hurry.” You cut her off, shivering. She nods and steps away for a moment.

The inner hall was grand – marble walls adorned with excessively large portraits of the family. You recognized Frisk in a few pictures, but there were no smiles. You watched Frisk wander over to a little placemat and leave their shoes behind. You followed suit and tried to not gawk at the massive chandelier overhead the spiral staircase. It was like a rich-kid cliché in movies. You notice
a wheelchair elevator crawling around on the wall.

“Jeez, why’d you ever leave?” Flowey whistled and blatantly gawked at the home. Down a hallway you spotted an absolutely enormous development of books and CD’s. Another you found a grand dining hall; a table rested inside with far too few chairs. There were various doors, various activities. The maid rushed back with a freshly dried towel still steaming with warmth as Frisk’s face was enveloped. They sighed and merely let it rest on their face as you knelt down and fuzzed their hair. Luckily, it dried quickly. You tied it around Frisk adequately and shook stray droplets from your clothes.

“How do you know Frisk?” You ask, genuinely curious. You weren’t sure if the family photos were obvious.

“Oh, I was Small Master Orienal’s caretaker before the incident!! Small Master Orienal had a rather-“ Frisk cut her off by quietly tugging her skirt. She gasped and nodded. “I apologize, Small Master. Gossip is rude. Please, follow me. You must be seeking company with Master Orienal. Please excuse us; he was just settling in.” She was silent the rest of the way as your group began ascending the crazy spiral staircase. You looked to Frisk and their hardened face and felt your heart ache. Clearly, this wasn’t an environment you wanted to leave Frisk in.

Is Toriel aware of Frisk’s prior life? You pondered and gawked at Frisk. A hallway filled with bedrooms, closets and bathrooms laid ahead. The maid lead you down the hall at a tempered pace as a distant grandfather clock chimed. Your heart sank as you devised a faster way back. You recall Flowey fiddling for an hour regarding a faster route with no results as you cranked your neck around in displeasure. Frisk had stopped ahead of you and ran back to grasp your hand. You gasped and peered up – a large door rested ahead with the complacent and patient maid. Frisk’s hands were sweaty and trembling. You drove the time and the chiming clock from your mind and ears. Gripping Frisk’s hand, you walked forward. Frisk reached for Flowey as you hastily let Frisk take the him; Flowey was clutchoned close to heart.

“Master Orienal?” She gave a hesitant knock at the door. A bell rang an instant later as she opened the door wide and proceeded inside. “Your son is home. He brought company.” She stepped aside and gestures you in.

A grand bed rests besides a large laced window. It oversees the mountain. A fire place crackles opposite the bed as a cough echoes within the room. A hand reaches past the sheets as Frisk gulps and stutters forwards. You grip their arm and walk alongside them. Peering about the room, there are a slew of hanging photos of what appear to be business deals – the same young suited man in each. Slowly you see him revert into wheelchairs, but still adorning a smile. You can’t place his familiar face. Artisan artworks and statuettes litter the fireplace the cracks an ember. A vanity and armoire of spruce wood rest in an adjacent corner and a walk-in closet hangs vaguely open. The vast space lays empty past that as you cross the extensive room.

“Frisk?” A raspy voice calls. Frisk starts and freezes in their tracks. The hand reaching from the bed beckons desperately.

“I-I can’t…” Frisk reiterates as you squeeze their hand.

“It’s alright. I’m right here.” You reassure. Frisk draws closer and gives you a vague nudge. You roll your eyes playfully and start a slower pace. Finally, nearing the beautiful bedsheets of satin, you find Mr. Paul Orienal. Your eyes strain and your heart drops.

*He is the carbon copy of Kevin.*
Your face tightens as your pupils flit over the feeble and fragile man. He is hooked up to an oxygen concentrator. His face is scratched with a potential beard budding about his neck and jawline. You see a green glint and note his brunette hair that’s surprisingly spikey. You recall combing through Kevin’s hair and constantly noting its pointy aspect; it didn’t retain it now though after years of unkempt disarray. He is underweight and boney with a withered complexion more grey then white. He takes labored breaths as his hand trembles. Frisk looks terrified of the disabled man as you hide your own personal horrors away. You grasp the man’s hand and rest on the bed. Frisk skitters behind your leg. The striking resemblance has you weak kneed as you fight tears.

“That’s amazing miss…” The maid sniffs to your side while bringing a platter of medication. “Nobody has walked up to Mr. Orienal in years…everyone believes him contagious.”

“What is wrong?” You carefully ask. The maid sighs and divvies the meds and food.

“Mr. Orienal contracted Cystic Fibrosis at a young age. He has always been short on breath and constant issues with retaining weight due to the digestive issues. Things became worse with a late diagnosis of Muscular Dystrophy. He’s been through a lung transplant recently.” She sets his tray of food, water and medicine on the table side.

“Cassandra..” His raspy voice is a whisper as he raises his hand from your grasp. “Please leave… until I call you.” The maid, Cassandra, gives a bow and leaves without a word. Once the door is clicked shut, his expression fades into a kind smile.

“Frisk, my boy…….How are you?” He peeks around your leg as Frisk continues to cower. He chuckles knowingly and returns to holding your hand. You look at this man, drained of life – you had a vague memory, but knew those with untreated Cystic Fibrosis had complications living into their 40’s. He was clearly past that age, and still moving; good signs. Frisks fears, a complete stranger, and related to that foul woman? You felt nothing anymore; you grasped his hand and prayed him spared of the vast pain he must constantly endure. He was tough, clearly built his wealth and family from the ground up, and it was his health to falter. You sighed and met his faint green eyes.

“Sir….forgive my asking out of the blue……. did you have a child before Frisk?” You ask and feel your heart enter your head. His eyes widened in surprise before a somber expression overwhelmed him. Your breathing stopped.

“Yes…..a little boy……my previous wife….she took him away. Said this wasn’t how he should grow…...I haven’t heard from either of them…” A tear welled in his eyes as he quickly reached up and wiped it away. He froze as you trembled in his grasp and clenched his hand.

“Your….Your first son may very likely be….my adopted brother….” Frisk jumped in surprise and gawked at you. They looked at their father, realization dawning. The man was flabberghasted.

“Wait!! You think this is Kevins real dad?!?! That’s ridiculous!!” Flowey garbled and Frisk clamped their hand over his mouth. He stared with amazement at you both.

“…My….My Kevin?” You pushed the tear from your eye.

“My parents told me he was adopted out west. His mother abandoned him and ran off with another man; that’s the story. I have to admit you are very similar in appearance.” The man pressed his other hand into the mattress to straighten himself. You assisted to steady him as he grabbed your forearm.

“My….My s-son Kevin?” He parroted.
“I’m not 100% certain sir, but… I can arrange a meeting. He is… um… mentally ill sir. Did you watch the news or read the paper often years back?”

“Y-Yes.”

“Did you hear or read about the Kiel case?” You saw his eyes widen. His arm retreated and covered his slack jawed state. He gave a series of harsh coughs as you held his hand through the pain. You watched him calm down, breathe, and reach for his medication. He downed it in one gulp. A determined glint flickered in his eye as you remain speechless. New life seemed to burst into him.

“Is this the reason you came…?” He coughed, clearing his throat.

“No. Your current wife, a Miss Madelin Orienal, came to the monster housing with your will.” You raised your eyebrows in mock as you watched his expression contort.

“My will? I haven’t written a will.” He states.

“Called it.” You whisper and wink to Frisk. They step closer to the bedding, emboldened.

“She is demanding custody of Frisk back. But….. Frisk doesn’t want to return. No disrespect sir! It’s just-“ He held a hand to you; silence hung. He turned to Frisk and gave a weary eyed smile.

“Frisk, my boy… do you wish to call them your family?” He whispers. Frisk tears up a little and nods briskly. They both shed tears for a moment as he lurches around and rings a bell.

“What do you ask of me, then?” He leans up and drinks water heartily as you grip his hand. Frisk pulls out their phone after setting Flowey who is stunned silent onto the ground and writes a message. Their father must not understand ASL. He reads it over and guffaws while withholding a coughing fit. The maid finally enters as Frisk shows you what they wrote.

‘Please let me stay with my family.’

“Cassandra, call my lawyer. Bring my wheelchair too.” He throws the bedsheets off him as the maid scurries to the closet and retrieves a wheelchair.

“Sir, please stay in bed-“ “If my wife will take action……I can’t be lying around all day. That’s not the Orienal way.” He mutters and pulls his legs from the warm comfort. They are scrawny and boned, but not as bad as you’d anticipated. You help the maid seat him as he flits her away for work. She strolls down the hallway with her heels clicking in tow. You, Frisk, and Flowey direct Mr. Orienal towards the stairs. Its takes some finagling and the maids assistance, but you get him hooked into the wheelchair elevator. The descent is time costly, but it gives you a moment to reflect on the realizations. Your legs shake as you clutch Frisks hand and wait at the bottom for Mr. Orienal.

This is Kevin’s dad. This was Kevin’s home. Maybe, if Kevin met his true family, just…maybe…

You recall all the harsh denials to learning of his ancestry. Screams of being unwanted and denied a normal life. It tended to ramble into blaming your existence being produced. You snuck a stare at Mr. Orienals face and felt your brain flatline.

If they aren’t related, I don’t have boobs.

He steadily guides you all to a vast study with far too much space with nothing to fill it. Frisk looked uncomfortable in the room as they stuck to your leg, single hand signing to Flowey out of
your eye reach. He pulled loose fresh papers from a drawer and had a fresh inkwell and pen delivered from the maid. You questioned her psychic knowledge as she was seemingly everywhere at once; the doorbell rang and she was already ushering the guest in. A skinny but well-dressed man shambled in with beads of water gliding down his attire.

“Evening Paul. What seems to be the trouble?”

“My wife.”

“Ahhh. Filing divorce papers?” He popped open the suitcase he lugged around behind him, at the ready.

“No, she is using my name to illegally reclaim Frisk without my knowledge. I need to make an annulment.” He sighs and stares at the paper.

“Ahh….Madelin. Fiesty one. Who’s this?” He turns to address you as you jump and fix you posture.

“Ah, hello. I’m Jane. I’m uh….” You look to Frisk, not sure how to describe your relation. Friend seemed too simple put, but perhaps he would look too into things if you said you were like siblings.

“I’m Frisks guardian!” You bluntly state – currently you were over watching Frisk away from his parents, thusly, a guardian. His eyes widened and he wiped his hand with a handkerchief before extending it to meet yours.

“A true pleasure. You can simply call me Thomas. I’d thought Ms. Toriel wouldn’t hand paternal authority to anyone but direct family, but you must be quite close to the family. Congratulations. Frisk is a great kid.” He gives a happy smile as a thought runs through your mind.

“Um, p-paternal authority? Um, n-no-” “Ah, Cassandra – fetch food and towels. Give Frisk and Jane fresh and nice clothing as well – they’re drenched. Samuel, help me with this please.” Mr. Orienal gave decisive orders as the maid whisked you and Frisk away.

She present you with an antique looking grand bathroom and handed you a towel and fresh clearly expensive clothing. You gawked at the almost museum worthy tile work and pristine estate as Cassandra gave a hasty nod.

“Please change and come downstairs. I’ll lead you to the kitchen then. If you feel the need to shower, please go right ahead.” She bowed and clicked the door as you gulped and found the mirror. Your face was a red mess You sighed as you ruffled your hair with the towel. You thoroughly dried it and washed your face. Unfurling the clothes, you collapsed and groaned. You shimmied on the pearl colored long sleeve lacey top with a wide v-neck. With your hair down, your back stayed concealed. You fretted about the vague reveal of your belly button, but there was a belt. You chucked it in frustration when it didn’t fit to your upper body size. The dark salmon mini flare skirt didn’t make things better. It had a thin cloth belt as you sucked it up as high as you could; belly button still out there. You give in and accept the clean knee socks.

Exiting and rather shy, you hug tight the wet clothes and skirt as you hastily descend the staircase. You sigh and attempt to readjust the skirt, but recall the more prominent stomach as you hike it up once more. The clicking heels grab your attention as you whisk your face around to the maid. She is flushed in the face and hides her mouth. You can see clear enthrallment on her face as you awkwardly leave the wet clothes by your boots.

“OooooOOOHHPH!! You look adorable!!!” She cooed and shivered in excitement. You scrunched
up in concern as she rushed to your side and guided you towards the kitchen. Frisk was outfitted with a dark blue denim overall, teddy bear t-shirt, and mismatching but pink socks. They contently dug into a mound of mashed potatoes and scrambled eggs. Flowey was shoveling the eggs in as fast as his vines could throw them into his practically unhinging jaw. Frisk turned to face you and dropped their spoon, mouth dropping alongside it. They blushed and threw themselves hazardedly from the rather tall stool before pouncing at you.

“You look so cute! Oh my stars!!! Flowey! Flowey!!! Look!! She looks so nice!!!” It’s all you hear in a screaming tone as you wince and pluck Frisk from your front.

“Please don’t make a big deal about this…its humiliating.” Frisk shook their head vehemently. They licked their finger, pressed it to your shoulder and made a hissing sound effect with a wink and cocky smile. You deadpanned and set the child back into the stool.

“Enough from you. Where is Mr. Orienal? I appreciate his help greatly, but we have a tight time constraint.” You fiddle with your drying hair nervously as the maid lays out a fresh turkey leg, noodles, mash potatoes, and grapes.

“Once they start writing there is no telling. I can inform him over your schedule though. What seems to be the issue?” She watches you with dreamy eyes as you scoot cautiously closer to Frisk despite their grabby arms. At least Flowey rolled his little round eyes – you preferred that reaction.

“Supposedly Mrs. Orienal has custody of Frisk at midnight. The document might not be valid, but there isn’t anything stopping her from getting the police and anti-monster supporters on her back if she starts screaming about them not giving Frisk back. I can’t let that happen.” You bundle your fist up as the maid straightens her posture.

“Understood. I will inform Master Orienal of this.” She nods and rushes out of the kitchen, letting the door fall in your wake. You sighed and messed with the food idly. Frisk harshly squeaked the stool against the tiles a few times before finally nearing and dragging Flowey and their plate along. You rustled their hair and bit into the grapes at the least.

“Crazy day, huh?” You murmur, trying to affix a subject. Frisk nods while ripping at a drumstick. You reach around with a napkin and rub their cheeks of sweet barbecue sauce. Frisks eyes widen as you snag Flowey. He complains and growls past his cheek full, but you clean his tiny face as well. Frisk scoots close enough to squish their head into your side. Their clean hand grips your shirts back as you wrap an arm around him and eat with the opposing hand.

“I miss Mom….And Dad….they’re probably pacing in the living room. Or baking lots of cookies.” They whisper. You peek down to a down-trodden expression with a increasing pout.

“I miss Alphys….how she always has new and pretty animes to watch……I miss Undyne and Papyrus rushing around the house, making it lively and cooler. I miss Sans telling his corny jokes and puns…” They continue listing people off as Flowey winds up in their lap.

“Well I don’t!! This place has it all!!! Why can’t we just stay here?” Floweys vines cross as you rub his petals. He turns to glare, but his expression softens. You give him a pained smile and turn back towards Frisk. Sniffling back a tear they shovel a big spoon of potatoes into their mouth.

“I miss Mettaton being fashionable and dazzling. He always knows how to make an entrance……I miss Napstablook, Grillby, Burgerpants, Shyren, the Librarby, Snowdin, Gerson, Aaron, everyone………….” Their grip tightens as wavering eyes peer up at your face. “But I miss Mom and Dad the most…Is that selfish? Am-Am I selfish?”
“Frisk… are you thinking of Resetting?” The room falls silent to the clock and your hearts beating faster. They give a faint nod. You pull them into a hug and kiss their head.

“I-It’s easier if you know what will happen. I’m scared.”

“I know…” You coo and stroke their locks. Flowey is pressed between you, but you feel his vines grip your hands.

“Ev-Everyone’s safe Underground. They don’t have to worry about mean people or people who think they are bad for being different, or-or-“

“Are those your thoughts, or Charas?” Frisk reels back from the interaction, stunned. Flowey is mystified as you cautiously reach forward and hold Frisks shoulders. Your mouth tightens with uncertainty.

“The Underground isn’t here. If they had never come to the surface, I never would have met you. You wouldn’t have made so many friends and allies. There aren’t just bad people in the world Frisk. If anyone knows that, it’s definitely you.” Tears glide down their cheeks quickly now. They make adorable grabby hands as you pull them back into a hug. Your shirt grows wet.

“The future is uncertain. There is no telling what could happen. So many things could affect and change it…that’s why it’s good and bad. Because the possibilities are endless. You can be scared of it, or look forward to it.” You rub their back in soothing circles as Frisk gives a hiccup.

“We are allowed to look back on things, Frisk… But nobody else gets a say in redoing things. If you Reset, you take away the future. Things won’t change. You won’t discover, learn, advance; there is no telling what could happen in a week, a month, a year. That’s why we have to move into tomorrow together. With your family and friends. They won’t let you go through it alone.” You rub your thumbs against their cheeks to dry their tears. Beautiful hazel brown eyes glimmer back under fresh moonlight. Their hair has become tousled and shirt soaked through.

“That’s why we are going to do whatever we can to make sure we can see tomorrow with them. Frisk, lets walk right into tomorrow together. They’ll be there, waiting.”

Frisk nods for a while and worms into your lap. They sniffle and look up at you and scrub at their face irately and drag their plate closer. Food begins vanishing before your eyes as they gobble it down heartily. You chuckle and brush against their arm with your own.

“Easy, don’t choke. They won’t finish those papers quickly most likely. We have to review our options.” You sigh and ponder over any other solutions.

“That’s easy! We can just go over Ebott!!” Flowey insists and gnaws on a turkey leg. You snatch the leg from his jaws and cut a piece off for him. He rips it from your fork and nearly swallows it whole.

“As the one to likely bring us all over Ebott, I hope you don’t think I am a good hiker. Because I’m not.” You sigh and peek past the window at the daunting obstacle. Frisk latches onto your wrist briefly.

“Helicopter?” When you give a quizzical glance at Frisk they point to the kitchen counters. On the wall, above the sink – a picture of Mr. Orienal giving a dual thumb-up with a helicopter pilot and an obviously company owned helicopter. You turn your mouth and sigh.

“I don’t know how I feel about showing up in a helicopter, but there isn’t much option at this point is there?” Frisk shook their head and scooped up the remainder of their scrambled eggs. Flowey
pouts.

“It can’t be *that* hard.” He grumbles and downturns his petals. You pinch one as he screeches and readies his vines to lightly smack you.

“Maybe that’s because you travel through the ground? Regardless, it takes tons of muscle strength and training. That and the later it gets, the harder trails are to navigate. I’m not risking it, especially with you two. We can just…” You sigh and rub your head in brief amazement, “Take Frisks dads helicopter…’cause, y’know………that’s a thing- oh my god that’s a thing.” You finally give in to the realization of Frisks wealthy upbringing and remain stunned—your dinner is ignored and picked at by Flowey. You at least save your mashed potatoes for yourself.

Before you know it, an hour has passed. The maid had brought Frisk some string; they fell asleep entwined with a cat’s cradle. Flowey was nodding off in his half-painted pot as you all sat silently in the foyer with the stairs and impressive chandelier. The maid had gotten word and rushed to ask Mr. Orienal for the helicopter. She’d rushed through earlier towards the kitchen phone you trust. Your foot tapped impatiently as it neared 9.

*Depending on how far away the driver is he might have to get that helicopter, come here, pick us up, then fly over Ebott. Since there is a military encampment rule around the monsters, we likely don’t have the company authority just to go into to go into Ebott, so we’ll need to cross the mountain in more of a circle then a straight- “Pardon me…” You gasp and nearly bang your head on lounges back. Lost in thought, you didn’t hear the lawyer creak the study door open.*

“Ye-Yes?” You whisper, careful of Frisk. He pauses his words and offers a hearty smile.

“If I wasn’t their lawyer I’d almost believe he was related to you…. We are just finishing up if you’d like to get ready. Cassandra regrettably informed us the helicopter pilot is in the hospital with a broken femur, so…” You see concern trace his mouth as your eyes pop open in awareness. Your head nods uncertain as you brush Frisks hair. Mr. Thomas strolled back into the study as the clocks ticking became increasingly incessant. You stood and reworked the backpacks- yours carried the wet remains while Frisk held the snacks. You looked at the daunting mountain and steel your self; boots tied tight and laced high for what was going to be a nightmare. You trudge over towards Frisk and nudge their shoulder. They flit open their eyes and smile with a drowsy expression.

“Is it here?” Frisk signs, rubbing the sleep from their eyes. Flowey yawns and clear his mouth of gunk.

“Change of plans. We’re going to have to hike.” You flap Frisks coat of any wetness you can and slip it onto the sleepy child. Flowey perks up.

“We get to go over it?!” He screams with astonishment. There is some joy in his eyes. You sigh and plop him into Frisks lap.

“Yes, we’ll have to go over. It’s going to be an issue for me tomorrow, but we don’t have the time to drive and the helicopter had to get cancelled. The papers are almost done; we can’t stay.” Floweys vines curl as he hisses with obvious joy. You roll your eyes at the silly gesture. The study doors open wide a few moments later as Mr. Orienal and Mr. Thomas come strolling at with a stapled together sheet of circumstances. You meet them halfway as Mr. Orienal gives a brief yawn.

“Thank you sir. I’m terribly sorry to impose on you this late at night, but you’ve done us a great favor. I hope to return it.” You give a brief bow and shake both their hands.
“Think nothing of this. My wife should have discussed this with me, with someone; she took action. Think of this.” He jabbed a finger into the paper with a cocky smile, “as my foot forward. I hope you won’t mind what I had to do though...Our company and lawyers will handle the complications, you just need to be there. Poor Toriel might have a little soul hurt or whatever, but she just doesn’t have the legal rights yet. Once she does, I’d be happy to rework to documents. ‘Til then, please stand in her stead.” You stare at him in confusion and peek down to the papers but Mr. Thomas has already snatched them away to tie into an envelope for safe keeping. He hands it back with a wink as you work on blinking the confusion away.

“Keep this. We’ve already worked on making copies for court and such. My wife is not allowed to have this, understood?” He clears as you nod and withhold your curiosity.

“Right, how will you be getting back?” “Hiking...” You sigh and peer at the front door. A little pitter patter behind you reveals Frisk, without their shoes on, walking over sleep-deprived with Flowey leaning back into dreams. You roll your eyes and kneel down as Mr. Oriental chuckles.

“At this time? The path is wet and dark- forgive me saying this, dear, but you don’t appear much a hiker.” You grab Frisk to stop them and slip on their shoes languidly. Tying them tight, you rustle their hair and hug them towards your side – their arm wraps around your leg.

“I’m not. But we have 3 hours- I won’t make it in time if we drive. I’ll need to come back for Alphys’ car though...” You groan and scratch your neck in discontent. Mr. Oriental held his hand up.

“We’ll attend to that. You just need to get back, correct?”

“Why can’t we go faster?!” Flowey yells from the front as you sigh and push again. A mountain bike fitted with dual flashlights and a basket for Flowey to snuggle into. Frisk sits on the seat as you push from the handles and the seat.

“I don’t feel comfortable using this. If I don’t hike, I don’t mountain bike!” You groan despite the hour or so ascension you’ve already progressed. The trail was rather straightforward, but a bumpy ride. Flowey held a map trail guide, but past the mountain was uncovered. That’s what you were more concerned about. Every few minutes you had to pause and wake Frisk.

“I know you’re tired kiddo, but I can’t carry you and the bike. Please hold on a bit longer Frisk.” They reach up and slap their cheeks. Gripping the slightly too far handlebars they make a hardened face and look forward. They give a brief nod as you suck in a gulp of air and push upwards. The incline worsened at a few points where you worried the bike would keel back. Your legs and arms slowly turn to jelly as the mountain proves testy. The moonlight helps considerably with prior illumination so you don’t lose the trail. You see Frisk nod off a little as you jab Flowey at a quick pause in your climb.

“Can you please just talk to Frisk so they don’t fall asleep? I can’t..” You heave over a rather difficult rock and grip the handle for stability.

“.....Frisk, did you climb this path to reach the Underground?” Flowey has a rather gruff tone, but you know he would’ve just begun a dispute if he didn’t want to. You smile for the considerate
gesture even if you had to push it onto him. Frisk nods in reply.

“Really? Do you hike?” There is no emotion in his voice and he doesn’t turn back to even acknowledge his next reply as you shake your head and march your legs.

Then a flat approaches as you lean the bike against a tree, take Frisk from the seat, and sit for a moment. The peek still rested a few hundred yards above as you gaze daunted at the height you’ve climbed. Unfortunately, the trail ends here. The remainder is quarantined to the monsters and government. Not wanting to take part in more legal issues, you take an instant to catch yourself. Frisk grips your shoulder sleeve as you nod and hold your hand up in recognition.

“Frisk, do you have a GPS on your phone?” You peek up and wipe the sweat away from your brow. They shake their head and produce their dead phone. You sigh and pull your out from their backpack-

Seven percent remained on your own cellular as you desperately worked the horrible internet connection and wi-fi to its max. You turned your phone so the reticle faced home – it wasn’t considerably far off to the left. You triple checked and stood to attention as the more dreaded part stood before you; going down. You cracked your back and twisted your numbing legs as Frisk hugged your leg. They looked off into the distance, past the peek.

“It’s up there…” They murmur as you watch their expression somber. You pat their back and check your phone for final confirmation. You peek up to confirm it nearing 11-

11:31

“What THE F- Oh come on!!” You shout and let the echo carry out over the valleys. Frisk is jostled awake as you snatch up the kid and rush towards the bike.

“What? WHAT?!” Flowey screeches as he tries to map out the map off-trail.

“Its 11:30!!!” You screech and pull the bike from the tree. You nudge yourself to the front of the seat. Frisk pulls out a lengthy belt Mr. Oriental had used in the early days for tying things together. You wrapped the backpack around your front, as planned, and Frisk is squished to your back. They hold your torso for added reassurance.

“What?! Wow, you really are slow!” Flowey cackles at your ineptitude as you roll your eyes and near the flats edge. It was dark, wet, and a heavy descent. Frisk gives a confirmation squeeze that steels your heart as you meander the wheels down the slope. Your speed picks up and while sparingly use the tires in horror of hydroplaning or worse. Everytime Flowey tries to chatter or direct you his voice is jostled by the bumpy ride. You grit your teeth and try your best to avoid rocks, roots and trees. Namely impossible in unguided woods.

At an instant, the brakes do what you’d feared. The skids don’t slow up and the bike teeters. You catch a tree and shove off that to keep the bike going. Searing pain shoots through not only the numb muscles and the sunburn, but the contact dispersion as well. Your teeth grind together as the brakes slowly become forfeit and the acceleration increases. Flowey is laughing joyously as you withhold screams of terror. Trees whiz by your peripheral as you desperately steer away from collision. A hefty boulder instills panic as you sharply take a left; lowly hung branches smack your face briefly. You sputter and retain focus.

Then, the drop.

An inexcusable slope appears and suddenly it’s a harsher downhill despite the previous easing. A
scream billows from you as Floweys vines reach out in clear enthralment. You feel Frisk let go and extend their arms too, giggling against your back. The pressure doesn’t give you any sense of enjoyment as you teeter dangerously close to trees. The trees thin out as the slope eases again. You breathe and try to peel your tight grip from the handles. A flash of red catches your attention on the right. A shiny red.

“Was that-“ “Papyrus’ car!!” “Really?! Then we must be close-“ “TOO CLOSE!!!” Your voices mingle together before you break through the trees. The driveway lies ahead, with the few monster cars and Mrs. Orienals as well. Voices occur to the left as you steer away from the cars and try to breaks. They give and the bike skids to the side. In the blink of a second, you snap Flowey and throw the bike. You stumble off and nearly face plant into the central tree as you use your free hand to catch yourself. You huff and heave and look back to the bike leaving a dent in Mrs. Orienals car. You sigh with relief as Flowey laughs hysterically. His beady eyes are shaking, but he looks exhilarated. Frisk unclips the buckle.

“Again!! We gotta do that again!!” Frisk nods excitedly as they snatch Flowey from the ground as you collapse onto your knees.

“No! Absolutely not! That was terrible! You only had fun because you weren’t steering for our lives!!! Oh my god how I am supposed to sleep tonight…” You whimper and use the tree to steady yourself. Fast paced footsteps approach as you turn about to a blur of red and white. Papyrus envelops all of you instantly.

“MY FRIENDLY HUMANS!!! YOU’VE RETURNED!!!” Papyrus burst into happy tears and swings you in his wide grasp as Frisk happily returns the gesture.

“Agh!! Let me go you happy bag of bones!!” Flowey is dismayed and clearly reaches for the bike as the back tire spin aimlessly. At the front door was Alphys, clamping a hand over her mouth as tears streamed down her face. She waddled out but Papyrus giddily strode to the front with you.

“Wh-Wh-Where have you been?! What-What happened to you- Where did you get those clothes- Are you alright?!” She immediately frets over you and touches your face. It lightly stings as she pulls a little cloth from her pocket and dabs your cheek and forehead. Little bits of blood appear on the cloth.

“Papyrus, put me down please! Wh-Where is she?” You huff, still slowing your heart and oxygen intake.

“Th-The sunroom – she’s been making ca-“ You storm in ignoring Alphys’ words. You hear Frisk and the others on your tail as you work your way through the house. You can hear increasing argument and shouting as you swing the door open. The room stills as you find Undyne gritting her teeth, Sans and Asgore impatiently waiting, and Toriel in a heated argument with Mrs. Orienal. Heads swivel to your arrival as your eyes dash to the wall clock – 11:57.

“Oh my god we made it. Oooohh-hoo my god.” You whimper in delight. Frisk comes around from your side as you lean against the door frame in honest relief.

“Frisk!!” “My child! Jane!” Mrs. Orienal and Toriel both make moves towards you, but seize and glare each other down.

“I knew it! I knew you were trying to hide him from me!! You sent your little runaway to keep Frisk from me!!!” She jabs a dainty nail into Toriels robes as Toriel turns clear shades of red.

“Stop being preposterous!! They left of their own accord because you are making unsanctioned
demands!!” Papyrus leans down to lift you up as you put strength into your legs. You walk forward with Frisk gripping your hand and Flowey in the other. They set Flowey down as he angrily pouts towards Madelin; Frisk unzips the backpack and produces the envelope to her. She stops and stoops lower.

“What’s this? Did you bring me a pres-“ “Please leave.” Frisk speaks up, stunning most of the room. She blinks her fake eyelashes and stretches a smile.

“Oh come now sweetie! I came here for you-“ “And Frisk doesn’t want to leave.” You step closer, meeting her eye level. She affixes a glare onto you.

“What do you want, no name?” She glowers as you take the envelope.

“In your eyes I may be some no name, but your husband sure isn’t a no name.” The immediate mentions pales her face as she peers to the envelope. “He really is nice; over-the-top, but nice.” You push the envelope into her trembling hands as you return to holding Frisks hand. They are shaking in their boots.

“I’m not leaving Frisk here-“ “Fine print says otherwise, ‘sweetie’.” You tap the holder as something surges through her. She unwraps the envelope and produce’s the sheets, scanning the pages diligently but quickly.

“Mr. Orienal was headed to bed when we left and mentioned to please not call and disturb him. He also asked for you to discuss things with him ahead of time since he would’ve said no and saved him the trouble. Alphys, he’ll be returning your car tomorrow morning; I hope that’s okay?” You turn back as Alphys nods and has a little first-aid kit at the ready. Your brow furrows as you feel your face. Individual scratches produce still beading blood as you remain stupefied.

“Fri-Frisk………Kiel?” Something horribly primal and blood lusting comes from her words as you blink in confusion. You peek at the paper over her hands as you catch Frisks temporary new name. Frisk looks astonished too. Toriel is gasping and covering her mouth as Asgore comes about to comfort her despite the tense silence.

“You? You’re going to be a mother- don’t make me laugh!” She shoves the papers back into your grasp as you turn them about. There, in the center, was an adoption confirmation signature from Mr. Orienal to you. Frisk Kiel.

“Oh. Wow. That’s what he meant……..wow. Okay. Yeah, I’m Frisks….mom?” You shrug and pass the papers to Frisk. They take them and read over it themselves, cheeks growing red and smile widening. You turn back to Madelin to receive a hearty punch. It drives right into your sore cheek and sends you stumbling towards the wall. You’re caught before crashing against the frames as you refocus on Undyne snagging Madelin who is kicking and screaming furious. Words are ringing in your ears as Frisk and Alphys rush your side. Once you’re settled down you feel the supporting arm shift to your arm as you look back at Sans. He was tilting your head, inspecting your cheek. You blinked dreary as Mrs. Orienal was physically dragged away by Undyne who heaved her over her shoulder. With a cocky smile too. Toriel knelt down and held your face as the green warm glow washed over your senses. You relaxed into the feeling and stayed in Sans’ grasp. He stroked your forearm earnestly as it sent little tickles down your nerves.

The ringing subsided and the voices made sense.

“you good?” Sans murmured in your ear. Embarrassment shot through you as you lurched forward and away from his grasp. You felt your ears brim with blushed heat as he watched your expression.
“Ye-Ye-Yeah! Um, thanks.” You rubbed your cheek that was slightly swollen but no worse for wear. Frisk stood and threw themselves into Toriel who encircled them with Asgore. They both shed tears that flitted down their fur like fresh dew. You watched the tender interaction as you worked your way to your wobbly feet. Sans was, once again, at your disposal as he assisted you. He had a mystified look in his eyes as you tensed up.

“Why are you staring at me like that?” You regretted saying it immediately as he paused, blinked, and grinned wider.

“Just wondering how you can be battered, bruised, and cut up yet still look friggin’ nice in just’bout anything.” He scratched his vertebrae nervously as your face bloomed. He watched, stunned. You hid your face and cracked your neck.

“I-I-It’s—I didn’t—I am returning this!” You insist and pull yourself from his grasp. Your heartbeat raced again as you forced it down; to subside. Toriel released Frisk and turned her wistful gaze to you. You were grasped and heaved into her chest.

“Oh thank you…….Thank you Jane……” She whimpered and pecked your head. You giggled under the fuzzy assault, but let her continue.

Papyrus and Undyne saw to Mrs. Orienals departure. Undyne didn’t let the spear materialize until the road was well empty. Toriel and Asgore were reading over the document as you laid out across the dining table.

“Bitch be gone!” Undyne clapped as Toriel looked up to scowl. “Relax! We should be celebrating!! Get our freak on! You too Jane!!!” Undyne shouts with newfound uproar. You groan into the wood. You peek past your hair and catch Sans sneaking gazes at you and investigating the document for himself.

“I’m done. I just want a few days of general peace. Please? Please can I just have a few normal days where the world isn’t Loading or Resetting, where my brother isn’t an issue, where Frisk isn’t trying to get kidnapped? Please? Just a few?” You plead into the hardwood. Undyne claps a hard hand against your back as you hiss in pain.

“You just need more exercise and training!! Then that mountain will crumble beneath our might! Right, Papyrus!?!” “YEEAAAHHH!!!!” Papyrus raised a glass of milk victoriously as he lightly swayed.

“Woah, bro. think you should head to bed too.” Sans lays on his arms as Toriel adjusts her reading glasses.

Okay. So, Jane currently has adoptive authority over Frisk. Once we have rights he included that he’ll be handing personal adoptive care over to us, but until then they are officially your adoptive child.” Toriel clarifies as Asgore checks over the pages again.

“GREAT GOOGLY MOOGLY! JANES A MOM!!” “Only until we have legal rights.” Toriel clarifies and sips her tea, holding her forehead.

“God why me…” You whimper as Alphys wanders over with a platter of cups. You graciously take some tea and sip it earnestly. You melt into its soothing effects and warmth.

“Why is your brother mentioned in this Jane?” Asgore asks peeking up from the papers. You let the thought linger as you lean back and sip your tea.

“So, like, Mr. Orienal said he lost a son because of his previous wife…and they haven’t been in
contact…...that’s the way she was headed; where he was adopted from……okay look they look like clones of each other – I offered to let them meet.” You scratch your head as two cups immediately crash or are crushed.

“what.” You look up to a dangerous expression crossing Sans’ face. Papyrus nervously picks the shattered bits from Undyne’s cup remains. Alphys curls her tail away from the broken cup she’d given Asgore. Toriel just gapes flabbergasted.

“I know what you are going to see, but the dude just lost his other kid. Why can’t I introduce them? Kevin has always wanted to know why his parents weren’t there – his dad didn’t know and his mother left! Maybe this’ll make him be-“ “I forbid it.” Toriel speaks up. You turn to her stern stare.

“The last time you were with that – that psycho he assaulted you! He broke his ankle!! It’s inexcusable and you shouldn’t have to go back to that-“ ‘Toriel, I offered. It wasn’t some ‘I do this for you, you do this for me’. He deserves to know his son. Besides, it’s written in the document so there is no avoiding it now. He needs to know his piece of the will too.” You down the remainder of the tea and stand.

“You can be upset, but if seeing my brother again means we can keep Frisk it’s just a side venture. I’m exhausted, please excuse me.” You set your cup aside and wander off. The silence drives into your back as you wearily climb the stairs.

Seymour and Louis happily reach for you as you collapse onto the bed. Awkwardly, you detach the bra clasps and slip into a tank top. You don’t bother with the skirt. You flip through your phone for some jams to soothe Seymour and Louis as you wander toward the door and lock it up. “Rewrite the Stars” starts playing as you roll your eyes and lower the volume. You coat them with the blanket as they recede while you give a hearty shoves back towards the window. It was well past midnight as you collapse backwards onto your bed. You groan and try to slip your boots off which doesn’t work well with the high-tie. You grumble and work your way to your feet. A sucking pop of wind sounds past your door as you are undoing your boots. Your door flings open and Sans stalks in. His face is still dark as you groan into your hands.

“What about the knock rule?” You beg. The door shuts quietly as you continue unlacing your boots.

“don’t go.” “I’m not doing it tomorrow for pete’s sake! Eventually, though. You guys need to chill.” You rip your boot and sock off as you wiggle your toes with relief.

“Jane, just listen-“ “There isn’t anything to listen to. I know he fucked up in the past. It’s unforgivable. But you were there—you pulled me through it. Sans, I can’t just—…he is still my brother.” You unlace the other boot and meet his sockets with your somber expression. His bones tighten as he nears. He stands before your legs.

“I know I can’t stop ya. I don’t want you goin’ alone.” His gaze flits over you briefly as his cheeks deepen. Understanding your position you snatch your pillow and rest it onto your lap.

“Mr. Orienal will be with me as-“ “I meant me.” He crosses his arms as you rub your face drearily.

“If I say okay will you please leave and let me sleep?” “nope. lazy answer. you’ll have to give me more than that.” “Sans you.” You jokingly punch his kneecap. It caves immediately as he falters and falls forwards. His arms land besides you as his face glows a foot before your own. You pull back to give him space as your leg brushes his femur.

“hngh-!” A little beat comes from his chest as your face flares up in embarrassment. He pushes off
the mattress, covers his face, and is sucked into his Void. You hold your face and collapse into the sheets, scrunching up into an uncomfortable ball. You overturn and scream into your pillow as your heart rushes.

*Where does the joking start and the teasing abruptly come in?!?*

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
[Check Out Tumblr Which I Try to Keep Up-To-Date!!](#)
Hope to reply to any questions/asks before I head to camp!!

Personal Question -- If you could be any minor monster in the game (Whimsum, Froggit, Madjick, Aaron, Shyren-etc), what would you be and why! I would be a Vulkin because I like to help others even though it tends to be unhelpful and I love hugs!
So, hugs!!!!!
All The Noise, Noise, NOISE!!

Chapter Summary

Jane has a normal day. Simple, really.

Chapter Notes

That title screams normal. So normal, you're gonna be bored.
ONLY NOW DO I SEE HOW MANY JUMP CUTS ARE IN THIS CHAPTER.
APOLOGIES.
Also gonna apologize because this is definitely a shorty. Not even 15k. Sad but true.
Hope you'll forgive me one day T^T"
Regardless, WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK GUYS. I POST THE LAST
CHAPTER MONTHS AGO TO CELEBRATE 25K VIEWS AND YOU GO
AND MAKE IT 26K!!?? CRAZY PEOPLE YOU BE!!!
But I love you guys. Thank you so much for your support. Though the chapter and
comments are gone, I will never forget some of your words. Thanks again; can't say it
enough. Lets jump right into it!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You rise from the sheets and rub the sleep from your eyes. Your legs swing around the beds edge,
and while stretching leg and limb you manage to stand. Your stomach turns hungrily as you
shimmy towards Seymour and Louis. Removing the precautionary overnight cloth sheds the
morning light over their stalks as they frill up with photosynthesizing glee. Adjusting your pajamas
around you scoop through the dresser for an outfit. You found a pale yellow and green blouse
alongside a hidden black fuzzed jacket; the blouse was light. Slipping on a pair of darker jeans and
fresh socks, you snag your backpack. Time didn’t matter as your current objective was to have a
casual day.

“Good morning!!” You jump and grab the sink as you are in the midst of brushing your teeth. Frisk
comes out beaming with sunshine as a smile. You spit the foam out and towel dab your mouth.

“Good morning….you’re bustling bright and early.” You comment and watch them sway happily.
You gulp and swish water about in your cheeks.

“Well, Mom said a good way to start the day is to be friendly. So, good morning Mom!” You spew
and choke on the water and pat your chest.

“Pu-P-Ple-Please, you don’t h-have to call me ‘Mom’. That’s Toriel.” You crouch down and
settle your hand on their small shoulder. “That won’t change even if, I suppose, I legally am your
mother.” Frisk looks confused for a faint moment.

“You look upset…” “You look upset.” You pout tease. He pouts in general. You bite your lip and
level with him properly on the bathroom mat.
“I’ve just…never wanted to be a mom? It’s not something I really put much consideration into. I think I need more time and a proper relationship before I think about having children, and you calling me mom is just….it’s throwing me.” You breathe out with a tense giggle. Frisk gives off a guilty expression as you manage a tiny but genuine grin.

“Don’t make that face. Come on. Let’s get some food. I can smell the pancakes from here.” Ruffling his hair seems to earn a satisfactory smile from Frisk as he takes your hand and leads you on down the stairs.

They creek and groan under your combined weight as you come down to base level. There is a precession of hurried feet coming through the hallway as Undyne comes plowing through and crashes the door open.

“Paps, come on!!! Just grab him and let’s go!!” She pauses and flicks her cop cap brim with a cocky grin.

“No need to concern yourself, pedestrian.” She gets an evil snicker in as Frisk goes rushing down the steps to ogle at her attire. You just give her a deadpanned stare in both awe and indifference.

“Don’t. It’s too early for this.” You resign. You pass by just as Papyrus comes shuffling out of the dining room with Sans in tow and under arm. You give an incredulous look over to Sans who lets himself go limp in his brothers arms. Papyrus carries his loose hat along with him.

“GOOD MORNING JANE!! HAVE A GREAT DAY JANE!!” He pays his hasty regards and rushes out the door that Undyne practically slams shut along behind her. You try to keep the confusion off your face while still wandering into the kitchen. Toriel is plating a tiny stack of pancakes.

“Good morning dearie! Hello Jane! How is the mother doing this morning?” She gives a wide and proud grin towards you. You try to not let the uncomfortable expression show, but you know Frisk is intently paying attention for that reaction.

“M-Morning. I’ll just…grab food and go.” You snag a fresh pancake that still was steaming and regret it as it nearly singes your fingertips. Toriel makes a face and immediately snatches the pancake back.

“Now now. You’re not in such a rush you can’t butter and eat it on a proper plate. You’ve nearly forgotten Flowey as well.” As she plants the pancake onto the ceramic plate you can’t withhold the honest sigh you let out.

“Do I still need to bring him-“ “Of course! If there was ever a time, it’s more now than before! The awful things they are reporting over the news…” She brushes a finger over the rim of her coffee mug. You’re ready to start a debate over the matter, but you know Toriel yearns for the quiet and calm days like yourself; perhaps more. You concede and nod silently to her.

“Alright. But I would like to arrive early, so I’ll just take the pancake to go.” You give a wave and snatch back the pancake. She doesn’t have a moment to reproach your final decision. You nibble at the still steaming pancake and run back upstairs. It seemed odd to you from the beginning that Flowey wasn’t present with Frisk in the early morning; still snoozing away the day on Frisks dresser resting with a garbled snore in the sunlight. You grip the handle of your bag and yell a muffled goodbye past your final bite into the pancake. You catch Frisks little hand waving enthusiastically from the kitchen.

You stroll down the street and ensure to not jostle the bag an exceptional amount because Flowey
is still asleep. You loved the little guy, but you craved that one calm and quiet day. Finally nestled onto the street bench, you take a second and cast a glance towards the guards. You hadn’t gotten a chance recently to really converse with them, they seemed apprehensive though. You couldn’t get Rhiannas words out of your mind, which did nothing to your peaceful day plan. The dark incoming clouds didn’t scream in invitation either. You twiddled your fingers and kept your face low to not attract curious onlookers. The bus arrives timely as you meander on and snag a seat in the back. You press your headphones on and hug the bag to your chest. You couldn’t place the feeling of unease, but your heart was ever so slightly erratic with unearned tension.

You manage to slither your way into class and collapse into the chair. That uneasy feeling didn’t dissipate once. You knew it wasn’t something like stalker intuition because nobody on that bus got off at the campus. And there was almost nobody in the classroom this early. Mr. Thair wandered in. He spared a glance your way as you opened your backpack and revealed your surprisingly still unconscious body guard. He made a quizzical face, but grinned as you wormed your books out from beside and underneath his pottery. You placed him onto the desk top and decided his snooze needed to end as you pet his petals. He grumbled and flicked your finger away with a stray vine.

“Asriel, wake up.” You whispered. He nearly jumped from his pot. He did a quick double take around the room, then glowered at you.

“Why did you do that.” He growls and scrubs his beady eyes. “Why are we here!?”

“Easy bud. You were just really sleepy. Here. I got a milk carton from the café and a spare granola.” You watch Mr. Thair post a shortened class notice onto the chalkboard. Seems an intense storm was brewing. Perhaps that was this uncertain edgy feeling. You gave a sigh to the predicament, but still pulled out your notes and began checking old assignments. Flowey licked the chocolate bottom of the granola as you try to not roll your eyes at the childish nature he so easily displayed.

About a minute to ringing, Trenton came rushing into the classroom. He was slightly wet and panting lightly. He peered around at the empty study hall and spotted you and your flower companion. You gave him a fresh morning wave as he strolled his way over. You hear the bell ring and note Rhiannas absence and lack of texts.

“How there another debate or protest? The school is nearly abandoned.”

“Sort of? The protest is still going, but they’ll probably be dispersing a little after noon. An intense semi-hurricane is coming. They’re recommending everyone to be safe and home. The brunt of it should be over before dinner even comes around. Still, it’ll be rough.”

“Shoot. I think Toriel and Asgore wanted to go for dinner tonight. I vaguely remember them saying something like that yesterday…” You rub your forehead in absent thought.

“You alright? You look tired.”

“Well, she did drive to the other side of the city and get parental custody of Frisk and then biked over Mt. Ebott to shove some papers in ‘is moms face.” Flowey bites aggressively into the granola as the situation registers with Trenton. He lets a snicker escape his stuffed cheeks.
“She was pissed.” “Watch your mouth.” You warn. You ruffle your hair and look at Thair readying everything.

“I’m more concerned about the fact that you aren’t denying it! Are the rumors true?” He scoots closer.

“What rumors?” “That Mr. Orienal is passing on the business to his wife! You haven’t heard?! Nobodies heard from him in years!!” He is nearly on the edge of his seat.

“I don’t see that happening. He seems fine. Great guy. Very hospitable.” You nod to yourself. Mr. Thair bangs some binders on the desk, signifying the start of class. You continue to concern over the peppy lack of Rhianna.

Class ends early as mentioned; no surprise. Despite the inner classroom and thick walls, you can hear the intense wind and rain splatting onto the window panes in the hallway. Your phone dinged to life as you were leaving the classroom with Trenton.

Rhi 1:27    Sorry to dip on class ;P Caught a cold >^<” Share them notes~!!!

You grumble and start texting her back.

Jane 1:29     Sorry not sorry, class ended early. I aint giving you shit ;P

You send it and pocket your phone. It vibrates as you immediately whip it back out. The wind is rushing past the building as you and Trenton stray clear of the rattling windows.

Dinotile 1:29    Were picking you up!!!!!! Dont leave the school!!! Undyne and I will be there soon >.<!! About half an hour! Toriel and Asgore are out of town~ <3

Jane 1:30     What, like on a date? They deserve it after all this crazy. I’ll wait at the back because there is a closer spot to park from the doors. Be careful. Thank you.

You send out the appreciation immediately as you note the vast quantity of litter and leaves tumbling through the wind. Debris is getting thrown about and encircled. Everyone is evacuating the school or rushing for the latest bus. Trenton taps your shoulder.

“D-Do you need another ride?” He tries to look calm, but the brief petal pressing against your neck and his diverted attention is enough to know Flowey is glaring at him judgingly.

“It’s fine. Your house is in a totally different direction and Undyne and Alphys will pick me up in the back. You get home safe, alright?” You nod and he nods in return. He freezes and opens his mouth; ready to speak. It dies immediately as the wind pitches. His lips tighten and he runs out into the storm waving as he vanishes into the turmoil. You bunch your backpack into a tight grip and retreat to the opposing end of the complex. Not many people used the back entrance, but there was another bus stop and pick up in the back, so you’re hardly surprised to find people rushing for the most recent pick up bus. Staying clear of the commotion, you lean against the wall and check your phone. It took roughly twenty minutes to get all the way here, so you decide to relax by the display cases and watch the windows shutter.
The majority of the people have vanished or are being picked up. The wind pitches suddenly as you reach around for your earbuds to silence out the rattling glass. A baby’s scream catches your ear. You look over to a side portion besides the windows with a little enclave of couches. A baby carrier teeters and wails as a woman bundles up in a chair, shuddering. Peering around, nobody notices or pays her any mind. As the baby wails again, you notice her cover her ears. Immediately, you approach her.

“M-Miss?” You near the couch and her face shoots up. She had coffee skin and blue eyes. Her hair was a series of green, blue and red that was tightly woven back into a braided ponytail. All of her makeup was running horribly as she sobbed and withheld a hiccup. You ground your teeth together, but kneel besides her.

“Are you ok? Do you need anything? Your baby is crying.” “I know he’s crying!!” She shouts immediately, but she freezes up as the child releases another wail. You can immediately tell she is overwhelmed. She curls back into a ball and you hear her sniffling. The baby doesn’t cease as the windows rattle. Your gut churns with that bad feeling, but your paternal instinct and babysitting tendencies kick in. You un buckle the baby from the carrier and raise him up. He’s much more fair-skinned like herbal tea, and has her blue eyes. He is wearing an adorable “Macho Man” shirt and jeans. He opens his eyes and takes in your face as you give a big smile.

“Big nasty storms. Who doesn’t like them big nasty nasty storms? We don’t! Nuh uh!” You coo at the baby and nuzzle your nose into his stomach. He squirms, but a little giggle comes out. You note you don’t hear the woman sniffing. The child was hardly a infant, but he looked to be almost one year or even a little older. He put his hand into his mouth and showed off a little series of chompers.

“Why are we eating our fingeys? That’s my job! Gimme them fingeys~” You hum and kiss at his other hand. He giggles and flails. As you keep a cheeky grin, he brings his hand closer as you assault it with kisses again. He chuckles happily and nearly swats you in the face. You look back to the mother; she’s stunned.

“Have you calmed down?” You murmur and pick a seat besides her but away from the windows. You cradle the kid close and immediately he snatches up your hair. You wince, but leave him to his business.

“I-I’m so-“ “Don’t apologize. I love kids. And you just seemed…..overwhelmed.” You shrug. She pulls a packet of tissues from her backpack and dabs her face.

“My-My boyfriend….he’s coming back from service today. He’s going to pick me up…” She mutters. Instantly, you see her face contort in fear.

“….He doesn’t know?” “I never got a chance to tell him!!!” She collapses into her hands and sobs. The baby picks up on his mothers distress and reaches for her. She shifts away from his needy hands. His face warbles in anguish. You hold his underarms and pull him onto your lap as you let his feet rest on your knees and you try bouncing him. He takes a moment to register what is happening, but it distracts him as he gives little raspy laughs.

“I—I—he never wanted kids! We were careful! But I found out I was 4 months pregnant around the time he left, and I—I didn’t want to abort him.” She pats her face with tissues again. “After I had him, my folks threw me out. My friends have let me live with them, but—they can’t take his crying much more. I was going to see if he was okay living with me, but he wouldn’t—there’s no way he’ll accept Aiden!! I just don’t-” “Aiden, huh? What a cute name!” You coo at the baby, trying to change the subject. You didn’t like her current thought process one bit. Aiden nibbled at his fingers again.
“I know what you’re thinking, but you shouldn’t put him into fostering or adoption. My parents passed away, and nobody took proper custody of me, so I was put into an adoption home. Nobody wanted me, but I remember some kids coming in nothing more than babies. They couldn’t remember their parents or anything, and they lived there without ever getting that love. Some kids are lucky and find ideal parents who truly cherish them, some get sent back like they were ‘broken’.” You clicked your tongue. That happened to Flynn once. Though, he came back of his own accord to, as he put it, “Save the cheapskates their gas”. You look over to her completely swollen eyes and runny makeup.

“You need to tell him. If he can’t accept Aiden here for being a cute little stinker, he isn’t a fit father. Aiden hasn’t done anything wrong, and you’re both parents who should take responsibility of giving him life……..Look, go clean yourself up in the bathroom. I’ll stay here with him. Pull yourself together, and we can talk to him about it. He’s in good hands.” You let Aiden settle in your lap as you rub her shoulder. She hesitates but nods in the end as she wipes her face and rushes towards the bathroom. You relax back and he fidgets on your lap. He meets your eyes and you hear a little toot.

“Great. Now you’ve literally become a cute little stinker. Aw jeez.” You lift and twirl him to get a quick whiff. It was just a signal for what was likely to come. He giggled knowingly as you plopped him back down. He had light blonde hair coming through that surprised you, but gave him such a glow to his face. He kept peering around for his mother, and you continued to redirect his attention because you didn’t want to start a misunderstanding of sorts. She left the baby bag nearby that you quickly sifted through and found a rattle ring. Handing him the toy he chose to immediately stuff as much of it as possible into his mouth. It was rubbery and flexible, so one end continuously was popping out that he would then try to cram in. It was a precious but futile endeavor.

“You must be teething. Poor honey. Trust me, when you get older and those suckers are coming out, I hope you don’t have someone like Flynn to pull them out.” You laugh sorely as you recall Flynn’s unique methods for removing teeth. Highest on the rung of bad ideas was screw driver. That was just terrible.

A car horn beeped as you peered outside. Peering out and squinting through the storm, it’s definitely neither Alphys nor Undyne. You take note of the rest of the hall; empty.

Is that him? Aidens dad? You watch curiously and bounce Aiden who was grumbling and peeking around. Not wanting to seem like a weirdo, you return to your seating and rock him. You start up a little hum as the bathroom door bangs open. The woman rushes out, her head low. Your gut feeling drops. She isn’t heading in your direct direction.

“He-Hey wait!! Miss?! You can’t-“ She runs out the doors. Aiden begins wailing as you rush towards the doors to pursue her. The wind pitches and Aiden screams and clings desperately at your chest. She vanishes into the debris and rainfall. Your eyes stare uselessly into the intense storm as a car engine revs and lights vanish into the thick onslaught.

“Yo-You’re kidding….right?” You back away from the doors and rush over to the abandoned belongings. Plenty of diapers, toys, clothes, wipes, and baby mix. At the very least she was prepared. You clip Aiden into his carrier; he isn’t pleased with
this one bit. “What’s that damn noise?!?” Flowey screeches from your backpack. You plop your backpack down onto the coffee table, open the zipper, and pluck Flowey out.

“How about you try to smile and wiggle for a little bit.” You insist and plant his pot directly in front of the baby. Aiden halts in surprise as Floweys face transforms.

“What the fu-“ “Please, just dance and smile for him! I need to call Alphys!” You plead and pull out your phone. The instant Aiden starts to snivel and tear up, Flowey turns into a happy flower and begins teetering back and forth. You can tell from his expression he is completely unsure of what to do, but Aiden is preoccupied.

“I can’t give him to the police. It’s the smart thing, but what if she doesn’t come get him? If I call Child Services, I doubt she will ever get him back, or try. If I can’t find her by tomorrow, I’ll consult with the school for her home address or something. This boy doesn’t deserve this…”

Alphys picks up.

“Ja-Jane! We’re almost-“ “I need you to clear up space in the back seat.”

You rush out and cover the carrier as you shield your eyes from the forceful rain. Once at the car you take ginger care with the baby and settle him comfortably in the further seat before hopping in. He grumbles and groans, but luckily hasn’t roared a fit yet. You lock the doors as a precaution and settle Flowey on the floor with your backpack you just unzipped.

“Hey, nerd, wheres-“ You immediately slap your hand over Undynes mouth and glare at her.

“I’m going to show you something, and you will not make a sound. Either of you.” Undyne looks instantly distressed at your intense expression as you peel back the cover and reveal Aiden. Alphys nearly shoves her hand in her mouth she gasps so hard. Undyne makes a face as though she’s eaten a lemon.

“….Humans have babies that quickly?” “Of course he isn’t mine!!” You hiss and rub Aidens stomach. He was staring intently at the girls.

“Whe-Where did he come from then?” “He was abandoned. I was trying to help a girl out who is too afraid to tell the dad, so she just rushed out without him. I know she is making a huge mistake and I need her to see that, but if I call the police or child services I feel like she won’t even bother with him. So if someone could drive me tomorrow, I’d like to try and find her. For now, I’ll take care of him.” You sigh and tuck his blanket in. Alphys was blushing and reaching back.

“He’s so cute.” “It’s ‘ard to tell he ain’t yours.” Alphys manages to reach him as he also reaches out and grips her finger. Her face blooms, but her smile is tender. You ground a glare onto Undyne.

“He looks nothing like me.” “You humans all look the same!” Immediately, you splay out your hand.

“Rhianna, Gray, Trenton, Dennis, Tammy, Candy, Mr. Thair—“ “Okay, okay! But I’ve seen humans who do look like you.” You shrug at her comment. Aiden reaches around with his other hand to grab at Alphys’ hand. She seems like putty in his hands as he feels at her scales. A loud
bang of thunder roars through, practically shaking the car. It sets him off into a fit of cries.

“Look, we’ll figure everything out once were home. So please, drive.” You are bundling Aiden in pulling the carriers cover down while still rubbing his tummy. It soothes him only briefly. You know he is looking for his mother as he keeps peeking around. It breaks your heart a bit when he curls up in unsureness. At a stoplight, you note Undyne looking back periodically.

“What’s up?” “Well, you look like you know what you’re doing.” She shrugs and glances away, blushing with guilt.

“Well, I’ve lived in an adoption home for a good portion of my youth. Kids care is practically second nature. I could get a degree in child care alone.” “Th-Then this should be a breeze!” Alphys pitches in. Aiden has taken an interest in her. He also keeps peering at Undynes ponytail.

“Babies are different; all of ’em. They take certain stimulants over others, so I’m honestly surprised he has been interested in anything I’ve done. It’s been so long. Anyways, tonight will be a reminder of why I chose to not have kids.” You sigh and lean back in your seat.

“Y-You don’t want children? I was certain you would since-“ “Since I’m good with them? People assume that a lot. I wouldn’t say no to having a kid, but having a kid now or anytime in the next few years is not in my plans. I want to give it time. Live my life more.” Aiden is shoving his hands back into his mouth and making little garbling sounds.

“Th-Th-That makes sense…” Alphys agrees and Undyne nods. The rest of the ride is silent besides Aidens ever brief wailing. Flowey looks already sick of the little noise maker by the time the house comes about on your side. The traffic and storm was so bad it took significantly longer than usual to return home. You sigh and gather the things; Undyne snatches the baby bag and Flowey with your backpack.

“You get him in. We’ll figure it out with ya.” She gives a toothy grit grin as you smile in kind back. Alphys pops out the car and waddles hastily to the door where she unlocks it. You hug close the carrier and rush inside as Undyne slams the doors behind you and is hot on your heels. You all bustle inside. Undyne drops the bags and forces the open door shut as the wind pitches again. All of you are removing your shoes as Aiden chooses now as the primary time to start wailing hysterically. Instantly you unbuckle him from the carrier and lift him. You freeze before hugging him as you’re utterly soaked.

“Hang on buddy.” You settle him back in the carrier for a moment, slip off your wet socks, and rush into the nearest bathroom. You grab a towel and lay it over your chest and shoulder before returning and resting him onto it. You rock and hum to him as you distance yourself from the windows. Hurried steps approach and Papyrus rounds the corner with a wide grin and a few rattled bones. You spin about to catch his eyes change from joy to utter shock and into unimaginable joy. You tense.

“Papy-“ “JANE HAD A BABY?!?! GREAT GOOGLY MOOGLY!!!!” His scream echoes across the household. Past Aidens return screams of terror and the intense rain patter, something in the living room breaks. You hear it crackle on the hardwood. In a moment, Sans appears before you all, eyes wide. He is sweating profusely.

“ye—you—you- when-“ “Oh my god he isn’t mine!! He was abandoned and I am taking care of him until tomorrow! Papyrus, be a sweet soul and zip the imaginary lips or be very VERY quiet.” You beg and try to hush yourself as Aiden cries harder. Sans is completely frozen as Papyrus shoves his gloves over his mouth and gives a thumbs up.
“Okay, Undyne you can leave my backpack there, but please bring that big baby bag to the living room. Alphys, go get changed or you’ll catch a cold. Papyrus, you don’t need to cover your mouth. I’m sorry I got a little stressed. Please just be very quiet though. Sans, stop being frozen.”

“Okay, whispering.” Papyrus thumbs up again and kneels down, looking at the sobbing mess that is Aiden. Alphys hurries upstairs and Undyne lifts the bag onto her shoulder like a body builder and slips past the brothers. Another little patter of feet comes running from the living room. Frisk goes instantly slack jawed and rushes over to you.

“I got a sibling?! I got a sibling?!!?” “Frisk, please-“ “Right. Sorry.” He shrugs immediately, but his excitement is hardly quelled. He rushes over and stares whimsically at the infant besides Papyrus as you gently bounce Aiden.

“Frisk, do you think you can just bounce him for a moment while I change? I’m worried Papyrus and Undyne might do it a little rough, and Sans is unresponsive.” You free an arm to snap in his face; he blinks, but his sockets are just stuck wide open. Frisk salutes as you cautiously hand Frisk the screaming bundle. At first he looks overwhelmed, but sure enough he is princess carrying him like a champ.

“Okay. Go bring him to the living room. Just set him on the floor on his tummy. Make sure he doesn’t hurt himself. I’ll get dressed and be right back downstairs. Papyrus, fix Sans please.” You sigh. Undyne comes rushing back to the entrance, grinning like a mad woman.

“Undyne, can you put some water on to boil?” “Water? For cocoa?” She pauses and looks completely stalled.

“No, for formula.” “What’s math got t’ do with it-“ “Undyne. Boil water.” You glare at her from the stairs as she shrugs and stampedes back towards kitchen. Papyrus is clapping in Sans’ face and shaking his shoulders while trying to not make sound.

You run upstairs and catch Alphys just leaving her bedroom. You ignore it and run upstairs. Rummaging around your dressers and avoiding the pesky gripping of Seymour and Louis, you find a rough pair of shorts, a plain gray t-shirt, and some socks. You pluck them up and slip into the restroom. You can still hear Aidens cries from the third floor as you strip out of all of your clothing. You regret not grabbing underwear at all, but your mind is frazzled and you ignore the coolness as you towel off. The shirt was long enough that nobody would be able to notice. You slip on the socks and patter downstairs and try to catch your already huffing breath.

Everyone is crowded around Aiden when you reach the living room. You note the clear stain on the rug that was slowly being sucked out with a clump of paper towels. Aiden is laid out on a little blanket, crying and flailing. Frisk appears to have tried to hand him toys of his own and from his room. Flowey is hiding in his pot, trying to shut out the noise. Alphys and Papyrus are laid out with him, ogling at the little life laid out before them. Undyne looks tense and is pacing besides the fire place. Sans is just staring at him.

“Oh have any of you got any form of experience with human babies?” You announce to the room. Most everyone looks; Sans doesn’t as he continues to just stare. It’s unsettling you slightly.

“Nope.” “Only a little.” “No-No, I-“ “Humans are this tiny?” Papyrus catches your attention as he reaches out to Aiden. His gloved hand is nearly the entire size of him. He is completely enraptured with him despite his continuous cries.

“Does it have an off switch?” Flowey grumbles in a muffled tone from his soil.
“Of course not. Now, everyone watch their words – one year olds are prone to mimicking and I won’t be having this kid cussing. I can try and teach you guys to take care of him, but I’ll probably be doing it most of the day.” You kneel down and lift Aiden into your arms. “When does Toriel and Asgore come back?”

“As-Asgore is-is taking To-Toriel ou-out for a night l-l-long date. Th-They w-w-won’t be back un-until tomorrow m-morning.” Alphys fidgets with her fingers as your groan and work your hands under Aidens arms.

“Well, glad she gets a vacation.” You sigh and spin him around. After taking a whiff, you note he hasn’t gone yet.

“Why are you smelling it? Is that a human thing?” “I’m deducing why he is crying. It’s definitely not because he went in his diaper. Could be the storm, that he is going to poop, he misses mom, he’s hungry—could be a lot of things.” You settle him back onto his belly as the kettle whistles.

“I’ll be back. Watch him.” You stand and hurry into the kitchen. You let the kettle sit for a moment as you return to the baby bag. You fish through the contents and find a series of jars and prepped snacks. You snag a jar and run back into the kitchen. You spoon out the jar into a bowl and get a little tray set up. You pour the water into the bottle, measuring it out before adding the necessary formula. You mix it up carefully and place it within the refrigerator for a moment. Whisking the tray out with the bowl and some snacks you set them up beside the blanket.

“Mkay, let’s see if we can get some solids in you.” You sigh and prop him up on your knee. You pinch apart a goldfish and offer him the bits. He swats them away. You try again with a whole cracker. He refuses it as well.

“Hey, don’t be picky!” Undyne scolds with a squint.

“He can’t help it Undyne, he’s still just a baby. He probably hasn’t even said his first words yet. Let me try the bottle.” You lift him and offer him to Alphys. Her face pales immediately.

“Oh, o-oh no, I-I-I-“ “It’s fine. He seemed to like you the most in the car. Just have one hand on his butt and back, the other supporting his head.” You physically map her out and carefully settle him into her arms. He still whines, but he calms down ever so slightly. They gaze at each other completely transfixed as he hiccups and whines. Papyrus has stars in his sockets as you whisk yourself back into the kitchen. Snagging the bottle from the refrigerator you return to the huddled mass of monsters and test it on your wrist.

“Whatchya doing?” Frisk inquisitively notes as he watches your every movement.

“I have to make sure it’s not too hot for him. It should be lukewarm or body temperature, but they can take cold. Though I’m sure we’ve had enough of the cold, haven’t-“ “Eeeee-!!” You peer up to find the baby latching onto Alphys chest and nibbling at her. Her entire face blooms bright red as she nearly drops him. You immediately scramble over reclaim him from molesting Alphys further. She tears up and cups her chest.

“Y-You ok?” You hum and adjust him onto your lap. He reaches back for Alphys who collapses into Undyne tending to her immediately.

“You little pervert-!” “He isn’t a pervert, Undyne. He is a baby. He probably has been breast fed a lot.” You sigh and reach about for the bottle you nearly threw.

“th-that’s normal?” Sans finally pipes in as he holds his skull in his hands.
“BREAS—Oops! Breast fed? What is that? Is it a human thing?” Papyrus pats Alphys’ knee as she continues to be completely flustered. Undyne is busy fanning her rapidly with her hand and tapping her cheeks to try and rouse her from the flustered daze.

“I suppose? You know how milk comes from cows? And that cows have udders that the milk comes from? That is technically made for the baby cows to drink from, but we use it too. So, breasts on humans are basically udd-EEP!!” You nearly shriek as tiny cold hands find their way under your shirt and he manages to reach up and latch onto your nipple. He sucks at it uselessly which tickles, tingles, and hurts ever so slightly with his teeth nearby.

“It’s drinking her blood!!” “Flo-Flowey! He-He is not!” You harshly growl at him and shiver as Aiden keeps trying.

“But, like, is-is that working?” Undyne seems completely perplexed as Alphys finally returns to sanity.

“No, because I haven’t been pregnant before there is nothing in there. But he doesn’t know that!” You reach under and carefully pry him off you as teeth get hazardously grazed along. He whines and clutches at your chest, but the instant you have him laid out in your grasp and introduce the bottle, he is quick to grab it.

“He was hungry. Hurdle one complete for the time being.” You sigh and lean against the coffee table. You peek over at Alphys.

“You okay? I’d be startled too if I were you.” As she sits up and humbly reassures Undyne, she peers over at you.

“Di-Did that happen a lot in the orphanage?” She twiddles her fingers nervously and continues to cover her chest. Papyrus settles in properly and lays out on the floor holding his head up, watching Aiden drink with a mystified expression.

“Way too often. Me and Flynn would always take care of the children, so it happened a lot. It’s instinct. A baby cow doesn’t just stumble around starving; everything has instinct.”

“So, you can’t feed this baby because you don’t have a baby? But if you have a baby, then there is…stuff?” Undyne looks grossed out and intrigued with her eyes squinted.

“Oh, well…” You peek at the trio of boys including Flowey, but then recall that all shame should be thrown aside considering the upcoming human health talk you had planned for the weekend. You give in with a sigh.

“Inside the breast are things called mammary glands. Cows also have them. It’s a mammal thing. Anyways, you always have them but once you become pregnant, your estrogen goes through the flipping roof. Estrogen, in simple terms, is a hormone.” You note Alphys flipping out her phone and taking notes. You are certain she has heard this before, but you find it adorably endearing her desire to learn.

“So when you have a bunch of estrogen in your body, pregnant or not, the mammary glands swell in retort. But when you are pregnant it’s just tons and tons of estrogen all the time, so they continue to swell. Eventually, breast milk will form inside. Then, once it’s accumulated and you have a baby, they latch onto the nipple. There are ducts and sinus that the milk travels through, but as the baby sucks it comes out from the nipple.” Aiden releases the bottle with a hiccup as you pull it away for a brief moment.
“This is also called a nipple. It looks similar because it’s a babies intuition to suck at it.” You present it back to him as he latches back onto it and continues chugging. Undyne covers her chest in reply and squints harder at the feeding bundle in your arms.

“So it’s going to try and sexually harass me in the middle of the night?” “No, Undyne. He is a baby. He can probably crawl at best.” You glare at her in retort as Aiden releases the bottle again. You set the bottle down and reach into the baby bag. Luckily, there is a burp cloth. You throw it over your shoulder and gingerly pick him up. You settle him against your shoulder and pat and rub his back repeatedly. You can tell Alphys is yearning to ask.

“I’m burping him. It helps relieve any extra air he might’ve sucked up during feeding. Helps calm them down too.” You pause to snag your hair and pull you around your other side as a precaution.

“’e’s lookin’ at me.” “I’d look at you too if I were a baby. All of you are new and interesting to him, so it’s no surprise. You’re all also very colorful characters, so that surely grabs his attention.” You lift him back after a minute of no success.

“You all good? Hmm?” You tilt your head in question as he begins to fuss. “Alright, alright.” You put him back over your shoulder and continue patting his back. He makes a sound akin to a man burping, but in falsetto. It’s so cute you nearly double over with giggling. You hear Sans snickering behind you.

“that’s the babyest burp. give it yer all kiddo.” Aiden makes another sound and you hear dribbling. Alphys’ panicked expression and Sans hearty laughter is your proof enough.

“Yeah. Thanks man. Thanks. I’m going to smother you with this burp towel at night.” You settle him back onto your lap and fold up the towel to clean the remainder of his face. “Mkay. Anymore in there?” You hold his underarms as he grins and nibbles at his fingers. You nuzzle his stomach with your nose as he wriggles and giggles. He makes happy screeches and grabs onto your hair with drool slathered hands. You sigh and accept the fate as the pleasant smell of baby washes over you. You hold him right above the floor as he throws his legs to bounce. You hear a happy hum as you turn to your side and see Papyrus honestly gob smacked. He looks almost infatuated.

“You want to hold him?” You turn Aiden towards Papyrus who jolts upright.

“UM, THE- BA- YES?!” He is flustered as you scooch closer.

“Relax. Just hold his under arms and talk to him. Nice calm tones.” You hold out Aiden who squirms and stares at Papyrus. His gloved hands shiver and find perch holding Aiden up. There is an unnecessary tense silence, but once Aiden tests the sturdiness he is bouncing giddily. Papyrus’ eyes sparkle and his cheekbones are blushing tangerine.

“He-Hello human baby. You are……. STARS YOU ARE SOFT!! SANS!! SANS HE IS SO SOF-.” “Paapps!!” You shush immediately. Aiden doesn’t seem dissuaded from Papyrus’ outburst one bit.

“He’s soft?! Lemme hold ‘im!!” Undyne outstretches her arms. Papyrus does a complete yet cautious hand off similar to your own as Undyne clams up.

“He’s soft?!! Lemme hold ‘im!!” Undyne outstretches her arms. Papyrus does a complete yet cautious hand off similar to your own as Undyne clams up.

“Alph…..he’s puni puni.” Undyne looks thrilled and Alphys blushes and slouches down. Aiden starts bouncing and reaching for Undyne’s vibrant scarlet hair. Once he has a bunch of it in his mitts he yanks and Undyne’s grin grows vicious.

“Oooh, picking for a wrestlin’ match?!” “Do NOT wrestle the baby.” You growl and crawl over
towards your backpack. Frisk had been a dear and fetched it for you when you went upstairs.

“He started it!” “He is a baby! You want to fight a baby? Really??” Your glare goes unnoticed.
“No matter the challenger, they got to have guts to challenge me brazenly!!” Undyne’s teeth glimmer as a few red strands are plucked from her head.

“He-He’s not hurting you?” Alphys dotes, but Undyne shrugs off her concerns saying, “PFF-Please!! Babe, I am all muscle.”

“Yeah, including your hard skull.” You mumble under your breath. You catch her glare in return at last as you don’t waver from flipping open your homework pages.

“Look, I’m fine with you guys helping me watch over him, but nothing crazy. He probably is just learning to walk and he isn’t strong or anything.” Papyrus has removed the glove from one hand and is gingerly attempting to test the squishiness of Aidens cheeks. He looks pleased with his findings and giggles.

“WALK BABY HUMAN AIDEN!! WE BELIEVE IN YOU!! NYEH HEH!” Papyrus’ eyes form stars and he shoves his hands back into his gloves with a thumbs up in encouragement.

“Not that easy Papyrus. Here, let me see him.” You sigh and set your work aside for a moment. Undyne passes him to you. He gets excited as you hold gently at his wrists and hands. He manages to stand, although he is teetering around.

“C’mere buddy. Come ’ere.” Frisk skitters over and reaches for Aiden. He giggles happily and proceeds to jump, but eventually they turn into tumbling steps. A misstep sends him collapsing backwards, but your support manages the fall minimally. He does a little butt bounce, ponders his position, then flops onto the ground and crawls over. He’s got it almost down pat.

“Seems to be a work in progress.” You snicker. You spin him around as he crawls happily at you, and he spots Alphys. She isn’t sure how to react to the baby quickly skittering at her like a plump hairless Grudge.

You’re tapping away at your laptop and scratching down answers and notes onto your homework. You peer over at the slowly developing bundle of bodies coexisting with Aiden. It took about 10 minutes, but you finally managed to get them to let Aiden have some down time to process things and relax. He was chewing on Papyrus’ glove and laid back. Alphys was reading him anatomy notes like it was a children’s book. You could notice Undyne attempting and failing to not fall asleep. Frisk had fallen asleep beside Aiden.

A pop in the air notifies that Sans has returned. Aiden had some left over bubbles in his stomach and Sans was on duty to throw Papyrus’ now sullied scarf in the wash along with other bits of laundry. He didn’t dote over the baby like the others, but you noted his distant yet earnest smile. You said nothing as he plopped down beside you.

“Don’t want to fall asleep with that baby smell?” You splay out your legs and stretch. Sans clears his throat.

“Is’t different then human smell?” He leans against the coffee table. He observes Papyrus fretting
over whether to steal back his glove.

“Well, what do humans smell like?” Your eyebrow lifts in question. Sans leans his head back in thought.

“well….er…” He scratches at his under chin bashfully as you peer towards him. He is blushing softly, a dusting over his bones.

“y-you smell kinda like a meadow and honey; herbs sometimes. Frisk makes me think of a fresh blanket from the dryer, but someone put whipped cream in and they melted together?” He shrugs with uncertainty as you hide your heating cheeks. “I don’t, er, smell humans just so ya-“ He catches your increasing blush and clamps his teeth shut with a clack. Both of you divert your attention back towards Aiden and his bundle of surrounding bodies. He is making an intense face. You lean to the side and notice Undyne is the closest.

“Undyne, it’s a precaution really, but you should move away from where you are sitting.” You instruct, trying to not rouse Frisk. She smacks her cheeks to wake herself from Alphys’ reading.

“S’cuse me?” “Just a precaution.” You note Papyrus and Sans looking at you questionably. Aiden makes a tough little squeak that catches Papyrus from questioning you with his facial expressions.

“NYEH? WHAT IS THE PROBLEM, BABY HUMAN AIDEN?” He rests his skull beside Aidens head, trying to assumingly read his mind. It’s all you can think of as you reach over for the baby bag.

“e’s got a thought.” “Y-Yo-You think he is also qu-questioning the reasoning behind the shape of human he-“ Alphys doesn’t even finish her sentence before that intense face melts away into awe. And a horridly loud toot that is far too wet sounding to be nothing occurs. You count the very milliseconds – Undyne recoils in 2.6 seconds upon aghast realization. Her hand clamps over her nose as her pupils shrink. Alphys covers her nose, but watches curiously and unsure. Papyrus is just Papyrus.

“WHAT WAS THAT? HOW DID YOU DO THAT?! JANE, THE BABY HUMAN MADE A TONGUE NOISE WITHOUT USING ITS TONGUE!! THIS BABY IS THE SUPERIOR BABY!! THE AMAZING AIDEN!!NYEH HEH HEH!!” Papyrus lifts him in triumph, and immediately gets a whiff. Aiden flounders a bit with his legs, surely making room.

“WHY DO YOU SMELL GHASTLY?” Even Papyrus winces away from the likely lingering stench.

“I mean….I warned you.” You sigh and settle your laptop to the side.

“THAT’S HORRID!!” Undyne gags and backs further away. Alphys pulled a face mask from somewhere and is investigating Aiden who Papyrus placed down to cower away himself. As you’re rummaging through the bag, the stench hits your area. Sans coughs, zips his hood up and buries his face into it.

“Eck- ERR-“ Flowey makes a gagging sound from the table. He then buries himself as far into the soil as his head can fit. Frisk has awoken at this point, is covering his nose, but not abandoning his place besides Aiden.

“That’s bad. Not the worst. You’ve been holding that in you for a bit though haven’t ya? Ah geez.” You tie your hair up high and lay out a towel. Diapers, wipes, towels; cleaning essentials are placed about as you stand onto your weary legs.
“Mkay, come on little bud.” You lift him and quickly deliver him onto the towel. You undo his pants and lift his shirt as a precautionary. A thought dawns on you. You grab the tiny towel in concern as you pull apart the diaper. Undyne dry heaves on the sidelines.

“Well, then, don’t look!! Jeez, you’re a royal guard!! Pull yourself together!” You try to corral his legs or at least prevent them from hitting any of the splatter poop mess.

“that’s rank…” Sans coughs from the sidelines. Alphys scooches forward, phone at the ready.

“Don’t take notes or pictures, please.” You plead and finally snare his legs. Alphys seems downtrodden but continues watching. Frisk comes closer, interested, while Papyrus watches overhead clearly ready to flee.

“Ah, shoot. Can someone get me a bag to throw this away in?” You turn to the side and hold a hand over his junk as a preventative measure.

“I-I SHALL FETCH ONE!!” Papyrus hollers and quickly skitters into the kitchen.

“Can I help?” Frisk signs. Your heart melts to the kind gesture.

“Aww, thanks Frisk. Just keep him happy.” Frisk nods with a serious conviction, but crouches besides Aiden and begins making goofy faces. Aiden is pleased, trying to wriggle his legs. Papyrus scurries back in with a plastic carry bag.

“WILL THIS WORK?” “Yes, thank you Papyrus.” He sets it beside you as you finally extract the diaper. Folding it up and quarantining it into the bag, you pull a slew of wipes loose.

“His THINGS out!!” Undyne is pulling at her fins after finally approaching. You ignore her and wipe away the smudged mess. She makes an incredulous expression as you proceed as though nothing is wrong.

“Why are you touching his dick?!” “Undyne! He is a baby!! I don’t know how many times I need to say this until it sticks; he can’t do anything for himself!!” You harshly whisper at her to not upset the preoccupied baby.

“But do ya gotta-“ “YES.” You growl and finish with the wipes. You rush to lift him and undo the diaper and affix it to his waist. You release his legs and ensure the front flap covers him with a huffed sigh. “I don’t think about it. You just do it. And you have to be quick with boys; they can pee up.”

“Babies are babies. They are dependent and frail. Frisk was a baby. I was a baby. He’ll grow up eventually, but it takes years. Cleaning, feeding, playing, loving, learning; babies need it. Parents are the ones that should be doing that….” You shrug and Papyrus kneels besides you. His face is tense.

“NYEH……MAY I LEARN TO CHANGE THE BABY AIDEN? I WOULD LIKE TO BE OF ASSISTANCE FOR HOWEVER LONG BABY AIDEN WILL BE RESIDING WITH US.” You pause in awe. He keeps a taut face, eyes darting between you and Aiden. You slump and smile at him. You couldn’t hide the pride.

“Sure thing Papyrus. You’ll want to take your gloves off.” He pulls them off and sets one beside Aiden. He grabs the vivid red and nibbles at the fabric, still watching Frisk. You remove the slightly attached but still clean diaper and set it to the side.

“Alright. When you remove a diaper, you fold it up like this while holding the babies legs up. You
aren’t hurting them, just keeping them from making more of a mess.” You exemplify by repeating the motions. You divert the towel towards Papyrus and he very carefully rounds Aiden’s miniature ankles with his long thin fingers. He lifts him painfully slow.

“Now you would wipe him down. Always use a clean wipe. You can use a clean side of a used wipe, but there are never enough wipes….NEVER.” You sternly comment and offer Papyrus one. He is sweating and supremely focused. You hold back a shortle. It looks like he is about to perform surgery to pace he is taking. Alphys’ surprise face mask isn’t helping to dissuade the hysterical image.

“You’d get everything from the base of his legs to his waist. That’s how I learned anyways. Clean is key.” Papyrus looks tense for a moment.

“AL-“ “All of it.” You nod and take the wipe from him. If he did have to, you’d likely need to instruct him along. “Then, once he’s clean, you’d put the diaper on. This goes under him.” You shuffle the diaper underneath Aiden.

“Then you just pull this up and clasp it on. Then you’re done. Baby complete!” After you’ve Velcro attached the sides and wiped your hands, his, and Aiden’s you lift him and present him happily. Papyrus supports him as you stand and stretch your back with a pop.

“We should probably make food soon. It’s getting late.” You sigh and stand. Papyrus catches you on your way out.

“ALLOW ME AND UNDYNE TO ATTEND TONIGHT’S DINNER!!” His eyes sparkle as you get a nervous sweat. They rush the kitchen enthusiastically before you can offer a retort. Alphys shuffles past you with a shrug and pursues them into the kitchen. You collapse besides the coffee table with hope she will mediate any craziness. Aiden attempts to giddily crawl after them, but Frisk has him more than occupied with playful banter. Sans settles besides you watching Aiden scuttle about with a grin.

“I s’pose I shouldn’t be surprised ye’d make a great mom.” He murmurs. Your face blooms with blush as he also abruptly realizes what he just said. You lean back and pull your laptop into your lap.

“I-I mean…I like kids, but I don’t want to have any. I’ve had good and bad mother experiences. I don’t want to think about being a mom; that’s a future plan. But, uh, thanks?” You scrunch up in awkwardness.

“I-I-I, ehem…I understand.” He nods. Aiden has wormed his way over to you and Sans. He grips his ankle bones with mystique and wonder and begins crawling into his lap. Sans is clearly stalled on what to do, but lifts him up regardless. Seeing him actually frazzled is a fresh breath of air that brings a smile to your face. You sidle over closer and lift Aiden’s legs so he can sit and rest in Sans’ lap. He still has Papyrus’ glove with drool and teeth marks littering its fabric.

“where’d ya get yer mitts on that?” Sans jokes as you try to hide your grin. Aiden eagerly pondered about the bones and poked his fingers in between. Sans jolts a few times, but doesn’t stop Aidens budding curiosity. The chatter in the kitchen grows distant as you focus back onto your work and those around you. Frisk and Sans pay Aiden attention. At one point Sans manages to zip them both into his jacket and you just see a trio of grinning and pleased heads poking out from the hole.

“W-Wa-Wait- Ba-Baked Ziti doesn’t re-requ-“ “DO IT PAP!!” “AYE AYE!!” “No-Noooo!!” Alphys’ screams are the only indication that perhaps she wasn’t enough to keep the rowdy pair in
The kitchen is only briefly burnt. The baked ziti is also saved. Dinner carries out as casual as it normally does – you assist Papyrus with feeding Aiden solids. He chastises Aiden’s lack of manners when the food dribbles out of his mouth, but once he eats a proper spoonful Papyrus can’t find any fault. You’re quietly amazed that Papyrus has such an eagerness to Aiden. Both of the brothers picked up parental care easily – Sans was more along the lines of the lax father though.

Everyone was stuffed full after dinner. Alphys and Undyne were busy tomorrow with a planned date, so they both bid you all and Aiden especially good night before shambling to bed. Papyrus goes to bed, but returns hastily with a pillow, blankets, and action figures. You can already see the sleep gathering under his heavy sockets. It isn’t even ten at night. Frisk also refuses to go to sleep outside of the living room and settles in on the couch with Flowey. You are amazed the little bud hasn’t made more of a racket, but you caught him a few times quietly studying Aiden from well within the confines of his pot.

You barely recalled that you had to apologize to Grillby for not being able to come in the past few days. You knew he was well understanding when it came to schedule arrangements though, so your concerns were momentary. You close your laptop with a relieving sigh and stretch your arms. Papyrus and Frisk were passed out in an arm chair with a kids book. Aiden was rocking around on their lap as you stand to stretch your legs.

“Come on buddy.” You yawn and lift him. He grips onto your hair as you meander into the kitchen. Alphys had preemptively readied a bottle just in case. You flopped onto the couch with a groan to your sore limbs. Sans was asleep on the opposing arm of the sofa as you fed Aiden. He only finished half of the bottle off. He squirmed and whimpered as you burped him and cooed. When he began making distressed sobs you carried him into the piano room and shut the door. You weren’t certain if he was realizing his mother was gone, the place was unfamiliar, or something else because he broke into a sudden wail. You hummed and hugged him, trying to calm him. You noted him rubbing at his eyes and fussing. You continued to gently burp him and hum. You’re not exactly sure how much time has passed before he settles enough to take out of the piano room. Investigating the scattered sleeping bodies, your hum turns into a tune.

“The stars are out, the moon is up…” You keep your voice down to not wake anyone up. Aiden keeps his gaze on you.

“It’s time to go to bed.” You settle onto the couch and lay him on your chest. He grips your shirt and lays himself out while still fussing.

“I’m so glad you have a place to lay your sleepy head.” You keep your hair out of his face as he nuzzles into your collarbone. His little gasps tickle at your throat.

“Have a deep and peaceful sleep, just dream away the hours…” You lay a blanket out over him as his lids flutter and he fusses with his ears.

“When you wake the sun will come to smile upon the flowers…” Your face calms as the brothers snore, Frisk breathing quietly and snuggling into Papyrus.
“Go to sleep my little friend, beneath the evening star…. You will always have a friend no matter where you are…” You kiss the fuzz on his head as he breathes into your chest. It tickles, but he is soothed and falling asleep soon after while you keep a steady hum.

“hmm..” An all too familiar and eager hum from the side causes your blood to boil hotly. Sans is watching you and Aiden with tired amusement. You glare at him from your stuck position and try to spin about and lie down. Sans’ magic overtakes a blanket that floats over to Papyrus and Frisk. He shuffles over besides you and leans back bringing his own blanket to cloak your group in warmth. Your arms stay encompassed around Aiden for safety, but your head finds perch on his shoulder. You feel him shudder beneath your skull as you sigh.

“I’m sorry I haven’t given you an answer to your….erm, co-confession.” You catch a blue glow leaking off his collarbone. “S-So-So-” You suck in a tense breath then continue with “Sorry. I-If that’s sudden, I mean. I’ve been thinking about it. It’s also not me be-being indecisive! Jus-Just with ev-everything happening I haven’t ha-had a chance to consider us…But-But, it-it’s been on my-” He cuts you off when he nuzzles his face into your hair. He takes a breath in that flutters in your heart.

“are you uncomfortable?” He whispers above your ear. There is a tension in your voice as you reply “No.” There is a hum in his bones that is relaxing your heart as you both relax into each other.

“can I stay like this?” “No-Nobody is stopping you.” His boney hand slips over yours to quarantine Aiden. Despite its coarseness, it was warm and almost malleable with softness. It was a bizarre feeling, but you didn’t move. It was peaceful, and you weren’t certain whose heart beat was resonating in your skull, but it lulled you into dreams.

The fresh sizzling of bacon and the smell of eggs is what wakes you up. You rouse and stretch to find your hair entangled in Sans. Aiden is missing from your blanket bundle, but you can hear him squealing with joy in the dining room area. Flowey is muttering something in there. It’s the least of your worries as you cautiously and painstakingly slow retrieve your hair and rise from the couch.

“NYEH HEH!! JANE! GOOD MORNING!!” Papyrus heartily greets, but catches himself when he notes Sans isn’t joining you. You try to forget the nightly cuddles that ensued as Papyrus brings out a plate. The bacon is burnt slightly and the eggs clearly overcooked, but you appreciate the early morning gesture.

“Good morning. Thank you Papyrus. Where are-“ “UNDY- Oops. Undyne and Alphys have already left to partake in their midweek date!! Mrs. Toriel and His Majesty will be returning this afternoon, so it will just be us until then!! I am thrilled to learn more with Baby Aiden!!”

You tense and poke at the bacon absently. Frisk looks as excited for the day as Papyrus. You recalled they weren’t in the car for that bit of the conversation.

“Papyrus, I’m going to take him back to the school and see if I can find his mom. If not, I’ll need to contact Child Services. We can’t just…keep him.” You pat his arm in condolence. He looks hurt, but plays it off. You notice it happens immediately when Sans is grumbling awake.
“mornin bro.” “GOOD MORNING BROTHER!! WE HAVE A BIG DAY AHEAD, SO EAT YOUR BREAKFAST AND GET IN YOUR SUNDAY BEST!!” “It’s Tuesday..” You catch Frisk sign as you watch Papyrus busy himself. Aiden rested in Frisks lap ogling at Flowey who continued to glare from the pots rim.

“You alright Flowey?” “Human babies are gross.” He remarks as you pout at him.

“Me and Frisk were babies.” “Yes, and you were likely gross. All they do is poop, eat, and drool.” “ye forgot sleep.” Sans yawns as he suddenly emerges from the kitchen with a piping hot mug of coffee.

“Exactly!! They’re just a pain!” “Well, you were a baby at some point too, weren’t you? That mean you also poop, ate, drooled and slept.” You raise your eyebrows and reach across to pinch one of his petals gently. A vine comes up to smack you away.

“Don’t pinch me!” “Daw, don’t be a baby.” “I’m no baby!!” His leaves frill angrily as you can see his giant pout from the pot soil. Frisk shakes his head with a letdown sigh. Papyrus enters again with another plate for Sans, and everyone settles in.

“SO, SHALL WE DRIVE YOU TO SCHOOL?” Papyrus asks before a mouthful of eggs. His are cooked thoroughly, so luckily there isn’t a yolk mess dribbling down his teeth. You shudder at the thought. It also makes you think back to when he chastised Aiden dribbling his food.

“I mean, I’d appreciate it... but with the recent events...” Your fork screeches on the plate. With the anti-monster movements and disappearances, bringing them to school seemed like a disastrous decision. Papyrus appeared disheartened as your heart clenched. You sigh for relief.

“But I’d really appreciate it saving me tim-“ “I SHALL PICK BABY AIDENS CLOTHES!!” Papyrus screeches. The bacon and eggs are shoveled into his mouth and his cheekbones swell full. He almost throws his plate into sink before he is plucking Aiden from Frisks lap and whisking him away in a fit of giggles to the living room. You all look between each other with a shared concern.

“He’s attached…” “oh stars…” “I woke up and he was trying to make a bottle. We had to look it up.” You peek over to Frisk who was signing away casually before taking a hearty bite from his crispy bacon.

“Oh jeez...I mean, it’s precious. But it’s problematic too.” You sigh and focus on breakfast.

“I’ll talk to ‘im...” Sans mutters past his mug. Your eyes meet and you nod in agreement with him. Sans would have to be supportive no matter what happened to Aiden.

After your plate is planted in the sink you scurry upstairs to take a quick shower, brush your teeth, and text Grillby. You slip into a camisole and a sleeveless denim vest. While shimmying on a pair of undies you hurdle the reaching vines and find the canister of anchovies.

“Sorry I haven’t been able to keep you guys any company. I’ll try to catch up with the studies soon.” You murmur mostly to yourself as you stroke Seymours under bite as Louis munches away. They both give pleased hums as you find a pair of denim shorts. You cracked the studies windows open and admired the brilliant and sunny day ahead of you. You snag a flat brim hat cautiously to attempt and divert attention, but you knew Papyrus would be a central hub of activity once anywhere near the campus. You sigh in acceptance and traipse downstairs.

“CHALLENGING…..THINGS…..BUTTONS ARE!!” You hear a huffed exclamation from Papyrus. Rounding into the living room you find Sans isn’t wearing his blue jacket. He has a white
button up; a blue haze pins them together hastily, leaving one directly below his collar undone. He had slacks and sneakers on though, so it threw you off. Frisk was dolled up colorfully with a vibrant red shirt with hearts and vertical rainbow pants. Papyrus also had a button up shirt, but his was a beige/orange hue, was completely buttoned, and he had a red vest with him. His jeans also clashed with the more formal attire he bore, but you were amazed.

“I know it’s not Sunday, but is there a reason everyone is dolled up today?” You try to not snicker at the odd array of outfits. Papyrus leans up to reveal he is struggling to doll up Aiden in a dress suit shirt. It was a button up tuxedo piece.

“WE, NAMELY I, BELIEVE AIDEN DESERVES A FORMAL FAREWELL! WHAT BETTER WAY THEN TO DRESS FORMALLY!! NYEH HEH HEH!!” Papyrus’ eyes shimmered with pride as his focus returned to Aiden. He giggled and wriggled, nibbling at Papyrus’ gloves once more.

“Here, Papyrus. Let me get that.” You kneel quietly besides him and button all but the bottom and top buttons to give ample breathing room. You tested the diaper tightness and turned to Papyrus.

“You changed him?” “YES!! HE MADE A STINK! THAT IS NOT OKAY WHEN WE ARE DOING FAREWELLS!! WE SHALL NOT—“ He cut himself off briefly as Aiden squealed and reached for Papyrus. An earnest and tender smile poked at his cheekbones. “BABY AIDEN DESERVES A PERFECT SEND OFF.” Your smile holds sorrow; you knew the feeling of letting them go. Not every child that left the orphanage was miserable or returned.

“Alright. Here is a tip: you want to be able to fit two fingers into the diaper. It means they have plenty of room to breathe. You’ve got him a little tight, but it doesn’t mean he was hurting or anything.” You pat Papyrus’ shoulder and reach into Aidens pants to adjust the straps.

“BABY AIDEN, WHY DID YOU NOT INFORM THE GREAT PAPYRUS THAT YOU WERE TROUBLED?! NYEH!! THE NEXT TIME THIS OCCURS, DO NOT FEAR! THE GREAT PAPYRUS WILL ATTEND TO YOU!!” He lifts him triumphantly before planting his squirming body in the car seat. You sneak your way over to Sans.

“Did y-” “yeah..” He mutters and rubs his jawline.

“Did he-“ “sorta…” You both groan and look at the clearly devoted Papyrus.

“I can-“ “I’ll handle it.” He waves you off as you lean back and shrug at him.

“Fine, fine.” You don’t hassle him and wrench the very heavy baby bag off the floor.

“Want to get the ca-“ “I’VE ALREADY BROUGHT THE CAR AROUND!! COME ALONG MY HUMANS AND SANS!!” Papyrus hollers joyously as he stomps his way through the building. You squint at the continuing streak of interruption as you breathe in for a minute. You hear Sans pop in signs of disappearance and not even bother walking to the door as you walk besides Frisk and Flowey.

“Honestly, how are-“ “I’m fine.” “I don’t care.” Frisk and Flowey interrupt at the same time as you crouch down.

“Did you all decide today is the day we all just jump in on my sentences?! Is everyone psychic?!” You screech. Frisk giggles triumphantly and runs with Flowey as you race after them.
“MI-MIGHT I-“ “No, Papyrus. I’ll go check if she is here and check with student resources. If not, it’s not going to help just lugging him around. That and if you guys come in it’ll...” You look at the vibrant red Corvette with two formal dressed skeletons belonging to the Royal’s group, the Monster Ambassador, and a talking flower beside a clearly human baby. You note the packed parking lot and the already suspicious glances from the sidelines alone.

“I don’t want to make a scene.” You say outright, knowing you’ve already sealed the fates. Papyrus clearly loses some mirth when you say that, but you hurry inside trying to not lose sense to heartache.

You slip into the chaotic mid-morning bustle and swerve around to the last place you’d seen her. You pause and find the wall and gander at the ever moving wave of students and peers alike. You chew at your lip consciously and after ten minutes, Papyrus sends a check-up text. You inform him you’re heading towards the student resource center and abandon your first idea.

The line before you takes another five minutes as you tap your shoe. You know every minute this takes makes things more complicated for the brothers and Frisk. You also knew you were more than desperate to find her and return Aiden to his rightful home.

“Next? Can I help you?”

“Um, yes, I have something to return to a student but I don’t know her name. Here’s my school ID.” You present your school ID in case they thought you were a stalker. They overview it and nod.

“Um, sh-she has coffee cream skin with blue eyes. The last I saw her she had red, blue and green hair with a braided ponytail. It was yesterday before 2 PM that she left it. I didn’t want anyone to pick it up, so I held onto it for her. I’m sorry I don’t know her name.” You apologize and watch the woman at the desk click away at a few keys. Another two minutes pass as the people behind you get impatient. You are tempted to throw a foot back and hit whoever keeps nudging you in the shin.

“This girl?” As the woman twists the screen, you recollect her face immediately.

“Yes, that was her!” “Ms. Leandra Peare has classes soon. In the west wing.” The woman sighs and shoos me away. The rude rush you ignore with the kindling hope you have a name. You brush your way towards the front to reach the west wing. You decide it’s faster to reach by the car as you slip just out the door. You spot Papyrus over the campus walls despite him being in the low riding car.

“U-U-UH-“ Something charges directly into your back, toppling you into the ground. You spin about. It’s her. Your eyes go wide as she grabs your hand. Her make up is completely runny, her eyes red and puffy and her lip quivering.

“I-I—are-a- you-“ You can’t hold back a reeling slap. You’re certain it echoes out into the woods in the back. She gasps and cups her face.

“I’m sorry, but you deserved that!! Do you have any idea what you did?! Somebody could’ve kidnapped him, set him up for adoption, or sent him away with Child Services!! There was nothing in the bag that made it capable of findi-“ “You have him!!?” She gasps and grips your arms. Her nails are digging into your denim.

“Ye-Yes! Of course!! I took care of him for the night!” Her face freezes. Tears well into her eyes
and she pulls you into a sob engrossed hug. It’s tight and constricting, but she collapses shortly after with you in turn.

“Hey-“ “Thank you!!! Thank you, thank you th-thank you!” She nearly suffocates you as her elbows meander to your neck. “Er-URK!!” The air leaves your body as she buries her head into your shoulder, smearing tear drenched make up everywhere.

“Lea?!” A billowing voice approaches from behind. A behemoth of a man comes slipping clumsily through the crowd. He freezes at the girl who turns about to him. He has platinum blonde hair that is shaved down roughly which clashes with his dark chocolate skin.

“Mi-MITTCCHH!!” She wails again as he kneels down, uncertain as to what action to take or movement to make.

“Are-Are you-“ “Ah, f-forgive me! I’m Mitch, h-her boyfriend. I just returned fro-“ “From service! Yes!! Do you know about Aiden?” You cut into his sentence childishly as his eyes widen. His lips purse together, but he nods vehemently. His eyes aren’t as red as Leandra’s but it’s clear he has been crying himself.

“Ok…Ok, look.” You have to pry Leandra off you. Mitch hands her a tissue box. You don’t even want to look at the brown and green smear of makeup on your vest. “Listen to me. Listen. I have Aiden here. He’s-“ She can’t keep herself together at the mention of her baby. You sigh and pull her to her feet. Mitch is very helpful, but trying to compose himself as well.

“My friends helped take care of him. They’d like to see him off. Is that alright?” “Tha-Thank you-“ She is lost to sobs again as you huff a sigh.

“I’ll take that as a yes. Alright, come on.” She refuses to stop hugging you but continues dabbing her face. She stumbles along as her boyfriend assists from the sidelines. As you finally round the fence, Papyrus spots you in the reverse mirror. He spins about to wave at you.

“Papyrus! Can you get the baby please?” You holler. Mitch tries to withhold a shriek and compose himself. “He-Hey, it’s alright. This will be the norm depending on how long you’re staying. Monsters are everywhere.” You whisper at him as Papyrus jumps from the Corvette. Mitch spots Sans as well.

“Ju-Just not used to it yet. You see new…faces everywhere I suppose.”

“NYEH HEH!! THANK YOU FOR LETTING US TAKE CARE OF AID-“ Leandra can’t keep herself together the instant she sees a single squirming leg in the baby carrier. Papyrus and Sans aren’t exactly sure how to approach the situation either as she clings to you until your both on the sidewalk again.

“Please just bring him over.” You plead to the brothers. Papyrus pulls himself together and carries Aiden over. Leandra manages to pull herself from your shoulder to catch his curious face. The instant he recognizes her he reaches out desperately yanking at the buckles. Papyrus squats down and settles Aidens carrier onto the ground. You unbuckle it for him and lift him towards her. She plucks him up and admires his face as Aiden grabs at her hair.

“I-I’m so sorry. I’m so-so-s-sorry..” She weeps quietly and rests her head on his stomach. She breathes him in for a moment and relaxes considerably. Mitch is staring in mystical wonder.

“Are you ready for this responsibility?” You ask Mitch. He almost jumps in surprise to the redirection of your attention, his fists balling at his sides.
“He’s my son. I would never turn him away.” He is also tearing up a bit as his muscles tense and shake. Your grin pushes at your cheeks as you carefully pluck Aiden from Leandra’s grasp. You stand and present Aiden to Mitch. He is immediately flustered as you guide his hands before letting him cradle Aiden. He is instantly mystified as they stare into each other’s eyes.

“That’s a good resolve to have. You’ll make a good father.” You rub Aidens cheeks and assist Leandra to her feet again. Papyrus is still contently crouching, watching Aiden with a far-off look.

“Papyrus, Sans and Frisk here really helped me take care of him though. They all enjoyed his company.” You inform Lea. Her eyes shimmer with threatening fresh tears as she jumps at Papyrus and coddles his skull.

“WAH-“ “Thank you so much!” She plants a few pecks of burgundy lipstick over his bones. Sans isn’t able to evade her kisses either. Papyrus is flabbergasted and he bounces up to his feet in shock.

“WOWIE! SANS, I GOT KISSES!! FAN KISSES!!!” His sockets sparkle in awe as he looks over to Sans. Frisk is last up on the pecking line up as Leandra wipes at her face. Mitch has resorted to teasing and faintly tickling Aiden. He’s already warming up to him, and vice versa. Aiden has that constant curious grin poking at his plump cheeks.

“You should really work on his stranger awareness. He warmed up to everyone easily.” You snicker as she comes for another hug.

“We’re going to sort out everything!! I cannot thank you enough! If-If you ever want to visit him, you are free to-“ “REALLY???” Papyrus shrieks gleefully. Sans clears his throat and nudges Papyrus. He grows bashful suddenly.

“IS-IS THAT ALRIGHT? TO SEE HIM AGAIN?” He affirms as Leandra nods excitedly. Papyrus glows with joy.

“Papyrus and Frisk had the best time with Aiden I think.” You confess. Papyrus blushes and adjusts his collar.

“IT IS TRUE WE HAD THE BEST OF TIMES!! HOWEVER, HE MUST RETURN TO HIS PARENTS! IT IS REQUIRED! HOWEVER, I WILL ASK TO VISIT OFTEN BABY AIDEN. SO NEVER FEAR!! THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS ALWAYS NEAR!! NYEH HEH HEH!!” His voice is slightly warbled as his grin stretches more than usual. Mitch has a tender smile over his face as he nears the brothers. He holds Aiden to him and waves his hand.

“Say bye bye Mr. Papyrus.” He coo’s, clearly already enamored with him. Papyrus tears up but grins and waves.

“UNTIL NEXT TIME, BABY AIDEN!! NYEH HEH!!”

“Nyeh!” Aiden squirms giddily and reaches out for Papyrus. Everyone’s tracks halt as Papyrus quivers with glee.

“Oh my goodness.” Leandra wells up with excited tears and nears Aiden.

“NYEH HEH HEH?” Papyrus eggs eagerly as Aiden gets the happiest toothed grin over his face and flops around in Mitch’s grasp.

“Nyeh heh he nyeh heh-“ “OH MY STAAAAARRSS!!” Papyrus lifts Sans off the sidewalk and hugs him into his chest before spinning about.
“I’m so sorry.” You apologize quietly and contain your laughter. Considering he hadn’t said anything resembling words you know it’s not too farfetched to guess those were his first words. Leandra’s expression also speaks volumes towards your theory. Frisk giddily runs over and holds Aidens hands with a smile.

Mitch is able to heft the baby bag and carrier without a bead of sweat or strained muscle. You whistle at the muscle mass he must’ve packed on before jumping into the car and overlooking your mess of a denim vest. You sigh in defeat and strip it off. Papyrus plops Sans into his seat after he’s finished spinning in glee and buckles himself and Sans in.

“ALRIGHT!! TO THE MOVIE STORE!!” Papyrus delegates suddenly.

“The movi-“ You’re not cut off by words but the sheer speed Papyrus deems ok suddenly in the parking lot as he goes drifting and weaving between cars that whizz by. It reminds you way too much of Undyne as you reach to hold the overhead handles. You groan when you recall it’s a convertible and just grip the back of Sans’ chair.

“easy there bro. they aint closin’.” Sans reaches over to pat his shoulder.

“CO-CORRECT!” Papyrus answers back. You squint at the brothers. You take a moment of pause once you reach a known lengthy red light. You wrench your arms across and grab Papyrus’ face. He is sniveling in tears.

“Oh, Papyrus! Shh, it’s alright.” You immediately console the tall skeleton as his eyes divert back to the road. You rub his shoulder and Sans reaches over to pat his hand on the clutch.

“I-I’M NOT CRYING!! BECAUSE IT WAS A HAPPY FAREWELL!!! AND BRAVE SKELETONS DON’T-“ “Did you tempt him to not cry with movies?!” You blurt out to Sans. The brief pause in Papyrus and the beads of sweat budding over Sans causes you to playfully slap his arm. He recoils mockingly.

“Papyrus, it’s okay to be sad. You bonded with Aiden. You wanted the best for him, and you did the right thing. I’m sure he is going to miss you until you guys see each other again. I always cried when kids left the orphanage. Does that make me not cool or brave?” You pout at Papyrus who immediately spins about.

“OF COURSE NOT!! YOU ARE ONE OF THE COOLEST AND BRAVEST HUMANS I KNOW!! WHAT THE STARS-“ “Then it doesn’t make you any different. You’re the coolest, tallest skeleton I’ve ever met. And you’re brave to boot. Aiden will be excited to see you next time, so it’s okay to feel sad about saying goodbye. Alright?” You rub his shoulder as he sniffles and nods his head while turning back to the road. You know Sans catches with a side eye the scowl you are wearing explicitly for him, but you lean back regardless as Papyrus begins to drive.

“Does everyone know what they want?” You sigh and rub your temple. You were looking forward to that relaxing day; nothing was stopping you today for sure. Even if it meant watching movies until midnight, you weren’t going to do anything.

“OH!! OOHH!! TARZAN! N-NO! HERCULES!! WAIT, ERM-“ “you can get both bro.” Sans leans the chair back enough to hover over your knees. You glare at the tip of his skull and jab a knee up. The thump earns a chuckle from him as he fixes himself.

“Ca-Can I get Tangled?” Frisk signs after tapping Sans on the shoulder. “course kiddo.” Is his easy reply.
“I want a zombie movie!!” Flowey declares as Sans turns around with the same easygoing smile.

“not while I can say anything.” You clamp a hand over his teeth. Your eyes meet.

“If it’s one I’ll allow, he can get it. He can watch it as long as Toriel OR Asgore agrees. That’s fair enough.” You sigh and lean back. Flowey looks ready to snicker but you also glare at him. “I’ve seen ‘em all. Don’t even try to sneak one past me.” Flowey concurs with a tentative nod as you lean back. Sans sighs in acceptance to your terms, or because he just doesn’t want to fight you about it.

“What do you want to get, Jane?” You scratch your skull and shrug as your car pulls into the movie store lot. As everyone removes themselves from the car with a stretch and enthusiasm, you walk to the door besides Papyrus. He pulled a few tissues from the side compartment and dabbed at his sockets. You weren’t sure they knew they both bore giant dark brown lipstick kiss spots over their skulls, but you didn’t want to say anything yet.

“I’ll see what they have. I may not get anything.” You sigh as the stores bell jingles. Nobody pays your band of misfits any mind as you stroll into the store. Frisk and Papyrus scatter towards the animated movies, eager. You finally remove your hat and ruffle your hair. Sans makes a sound, but he keeps a straight face when you look over at him. It quickly transforms into something akin to anger as your eyebrows knot together. Looking up, you spot the reason his own bones have furrowed and begun to rattle. Trenton is also trying to make himself as small as possible behind his own mother and a DVD stand. She, unfortunately, picks up on his odd behavior and spots you. She lightly punches his shoulders and gestures wildly at you as he continues to turn blue and pale. Eventually she has to guide him over and push him towards us.

“O-Okay!!” He growls and rubs his neck. You can tell from Sans’ ticked face, Trenton’s terrified expression, and the impatient tapping of his mother behind him that something is about to happen.

“Please, just….tell me its not-” “I broke my phone for you, y’know.” He states suddenly while wincing and leaning in. Your eyes pop in concern as you lean closer.

“What? Why? How did-” “If I didn’t see you until tomorrow we could’ve avoided it.” He groans and rubs his face.

“What do you want now?” Sans impatiently crosses his arms and continues glaring a hole into Trent.

“Trenton?! Did she understand?!” “Mom, please! Give me a second!!” He tenses up and turns back to you. You’re already wincing in worry.

“She, ugh…She bought a reservation for us. At a really expensive restaurant. Tomorrow at nine.” You feel your eyes pop in surprise as you try to immediately piece it together.

“She-“ “She keeps saying date. I wish she wouldn’t.” Trenton sighs painfully. He looks at the verge of tears. “I would’ve gotten her to cancel the reservation if I didn’t see you today, but….ya just...-why are you here?!” He whispers harshly and lays his head into his hands.

“Wha- But—Just ask to withdraw the-“ “It is prepaid! She made my brother pay for it instead of gas money! If I didn’t run into you it would’ve just expanded to a family outing. Why?!” He groans again and you reach out to him.

“Hey, it-it’ll be-“ “Please tell me your busy tomorrow.” He pleads as your mouth tightens.

“I’m n-not busy tomorrow.-“ “Excellent!!” His mother shrills. Trenton jumps in terror as you clamp
a hand over your mouth. “I’ll ensure he comes to pick you up tomorrow dear! You’re not allowed to drink!! You’ll be a proper gentleman or I’ll never cook you a meal again! Dress as nicely as you’d like dear, it’s a lovely place!!” She giggles and waves as she wanders towards the checkout counter. You’re all left slack jawed as she leaves.

“you’re not going.” Sans states bluntly and out loud.

“Ho-How expensive are we talking?” You scrunch up in terror as his teeth grit together.

“It-It’s an entire dinner service, dessert, parking, VIP-“ “Oh god!!” You rub your face to try and pull yourself from this nightmare. Trenton is just as horrified as you and Sans are.

“you’re not-“ “I can’t not! I’m assuming this reservation was made recently. That and you don’t have a regular reservation there.”

“She won’t even tell me where it is. It’s terrifying. Why did you have to show up?! I literally planned to go everywhere I’d never see you! I broke my phone so I didn’t have a way to contact you!!” “If you’d texted me to warn me then we could’ve done a better job avoiding it!!” “I was panicking!!” He’s begun pacing in a minimal spot.

“Oooohhh gooood………okay. Okay. Just….Tomorrow?” You wince and he nods with his head in his hands. “Okay. Just…..Pick me up at 8:40 or something. We’ll just do dinner. Casual dinner. Easy. Easy and casual.”

Chapter End Notes

Again, apologies for the shorter chapter, but you'll understand soon enough why I had to cut this one a little shorter.

Funny thing - I've expanded my AO3 informance!!! I'm going to be posting chapter notices onto Twitter as well. And from my Twitter you can reach my Mixer account where I usually am if I am not writing. I've taken up a tendency to stream. Apologies. But I'll drop those links below, so feel free to check 'em out!

Thanks for reading!! See you for the next update!!!

Stop By The Official AO3 Watch Tumblr Page I Have!! Updates Posted!! Only Dropping This Mixer Link This Once. Reach It Again From The Twitter Or Tumblr Because It Doesn't Really Involve Anything Pertaining To My Stories--The Fresh Twitter!! It'll Be a Reserve Hub. Tumblr My OG :D
Unconsensual Closure

Chapter Summary

The date goes about as anyone would expect.

Chapter Notes

*Types in heading and see's red squiggly bar for misspelling. Right clicks.*

BTW, wtf with them 1500 Likes? So many hearts to hold. I feel so loved fam Q^Q"
I'm unworthy.
Thanks for the patience. Here's 17K. Bye.
Pix yeets away quickly. **12/11 Update in the Bottom of the End Notes.**

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“absolutely no.” “I don’t recall saying this was debatable.” “it ain’t. it’s a big whoppin’ no.” “Sans, for one day I don’t want to argue about stupid things.” You sigh and shut the car door. It was a long ride. Papyrus wasn’t dissuaded about your entire tense car-ride home.

“Jane!!” Toriel bustles out of the door, clearly bright. Immediately you watch her read the atmosphere. She puts a paw to her jaw in thought.

“Hi Toriel. I hope you and Asgore had a wonderful dinner. It would seem I won’t be needing dinner tomorrow.” “add ‘er plate.” Sans murmurs before proceeding past the both of you. Once he is past the door Toriel gives a sigh.

“I see things haven’t changed.” Her smile is sympathetic.

“Trentons folks made expensive dinner plans to make up for the ‘incident’.” Her eyes widen. Then they’ve narrowed.

“This does not sound like the wisest decision. In lieu of past events..” “I realize, but it’s a VIP treatment. And I’m more worried about what his folks will do if I don’t. Like, if they schemed this, I don’t want to know what comes next.” Your body gives an involuntary shudder. Being pampered was an uncomfortable experience when given in excess. You look back on past extravagant experiences with your uncle. While both generous and endearing he had the nasty habit of pampering you and Kevin regardless of your minimalistic complaints. If you asked for a nice stroll in the park or some games he’d drag you to a week vacation at Disneyland. You didn’t hate it, but his ideas and plans kept getting more extravagant and unnecessary.

“I understand. Just let us know when you will be home. We don’t want another fright..” She sets her palm onto your back and guides you in like a guest.

“How was your brief vacation?” You give a glinting smile up to her. Her fur appears soft and
smooth, her eyes have brightened, and her mouth has been a well-sustained genuine smile. She clasps her paws together like a theatre major and closes her eyes.

“Oh my dear it was fantastic. We attended a candle lit dinner with a city view and a gleam at Ebott. There was a sauna where we received the most blissful massage and scented baths. And then we were welcomed into a two-star hotel room with a private waiter! Oh, it was so nice.” She blushes and lets her eyes crease open as the reimagining ceases. You gave her a broad smile and patted her clasped hands. Her eyes popped open, aware. She blushed and shied back as you sighed upon the stairs. You could hear Papyrus clattering for the DVD player from the living room.

“Would you care to join us?” She tempts quietly. Your head shook as you wordlessly ascended.

Your head bounced off the back of your chair as you admitted defeat at last. The homework and extra credit was complete. Your application to a natural scientific college was in crisis. Grillby wasn’t available at the moment to discuss a possible increase in hours. Your backup funds were already on the dwindling edge. Stress has taken hold as you trudge out of the study and fall flat onto your bed groaning.

“I like you.”

“Aaaaa-!!” You screech into your pillow as the thought sprouts forth for the twentieth time in the hour. Every utterance in your mind brought blush to your face. You rub your face and neck tensely while thinking about tomorrow’s likely uncomfortable day. Laid out on your back you fiddle with your swept away bangs anxiously as sleep does not come peacefully.

Amidst your dreams rests a Christmas tree. It’s filled to the brim with lights and nearly raised to the ceiling with presents beneath its lowest rim of branches. Your father and mother encourage you and your brother to tear into them to your hearts content. Each contains a little heart. Each heart a different color. The fire crackles as you take the hearts and hide them away in your room. You assemble the hearts haphazardly before your closet. The tips connect together like a ring of held hands- an orb of light juts out and into your closet. Beams of light and laughter come from within. The fire spiraled higher from the fireplace and encompassed your room as you peek into the closet, enamored.

Toriel is settling a plate of multi-shaped cookies onto the coffee table. Undyne munches on one immediately and hand feeds a very shy Alphys. Frisk does a similar flirtatious action with Papyrus who is bright orange. Asgore settles by the fireside and reads a book; the title is scratched out. Their tree is much brighter and less decorated – it fills the room with its warm lights. Sans pokes your side abruptly. You blush and rub the ticklish spot as he awkwardly hands you an itty bitty gift. He’s put the minimal effort into wrapping it, yet it feels like something precious between your palms.

Opening it, you find a locket. It’s a hefty thing- there is a miniature pepper spray inside. Your looser bangs fall forward as you look at the novel thing. Dennis and Hope are arguing in the background as the minimalistic tree flickers. What it lacked in lighting it made up for in knick-knacks and decorations. You looked out the window towards the heavy settled mountains far off into the distance. Images appear in your minds eye of an assortment of missing children, colorful and full of life, lost to the mountain. Despite the horrible thoughts flitting through your mind, you felt safe. Spring was over the horizon.

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BE-
You kick the horrid sound away. It was your alarm clock. You pause in relief and then immediate tense pain. For whatever reason your tough sleep was followed with immediate slumber. The lone downside was only about seventy five percent of your body was actually laid on the bed, and none of it located onto a pillow. You groan and crick your aching bones as you wobble yourself into a stand. Your neck is particularly stuck to the left as you keep it painfully still. You groan and grumble as you painstakingly remove articles of clothing and prepare for a shower.

It was bright and early on the fresh morning day – a light shower had left a trickle on the outdoor window panes. You sigh and groan as you wander over into the bathroom. You splash your face with fresh cold water and sigh as a fatigue rolls over your limbs. You ponder over whether a full shower is necessary or if one later would be more beneficial – two showers felt like a little much. Your desire to be cleaner later rather than now proves stronger than your rationality as you continue with a simple face wash. You work a brush and floss around your teeth. Hair is brushed appropriately as you know it should and nodding at your presentable nature you slip into the fresh clothing you’d brought in with you. Slipping into a pair of leggings and accompanying jean shorts feels adequate for the so far colder morning. Your t-shirt is tucked aptly within the jeans confines. You bound a deep red flannel long sleeve around your waist as a precautionary. Ready to go about your morning your bare toes hit the tile after stepping off the mat. A horrid chill rolls through your spine as you shudder.

You slip into your room and rummage through your drawers. Every sock was oddly dissatisfying as you recall an ideal black and yellow diamond patterned set in the wash. You roll your still tensed shoulders and fiddle about with the sheet over Seymour and Louis. They excitedly grab you and mimic a purr as you slip some leeches into their maws. Once preoccupied you approach your wall closet. Fumbling around you find the green dress you vaguely recall Undyne purchasing for you. It’s a forest green color with a loose blouse upper half. The sleeves crop up with a light frill. A sash optionally tightens at the waist as the remainder of the knee length skirt cascades down in decreasing opacity and folding layered frills. You find the simple black heels that rounded your toes quietly. Laying it out with a questioning eye you give a complacent shrug and let the dress hang in the waits.

Those socks are bothering you the longer you put it off. You’d even dug out your pantyhose as an option. But those fit better with the dress regardless. You admit defeat and leave for the second floor. The house is still tame and silent as your feet uptake an extra aching creak along each step. You rummage through the wash and fish about for your socks while also moving things to the drier. Immediately, you find a shoulder bound sweater, and a lovely large floral dress. Puzzled, you check the drier; your clothes were transferred without your knowledge. The sigh turns into a sheepish smile. The smile diminishes as you go over the laundry twice more and find the socks that held your continuous concentration were nowhere to be found. Vaguely you recall a heap of black shorts heaped into your clothing load.

“Maybe Sans has ‘em..” You yawn and set your clothes into the free hamper. Besides Sans’ door you give a gentle rap with your knuckles. It seemed far too early for him to be awake, but you gave a slightly harder knock. You creak the door open and peer inside. The heaped covers on the bed dwarfs the beds occupant. Sans crinkles his tired eyes but keeps to his dreams while his legs curl up under a loose jacket used as a blanket. You sighed anxiously, weighed your options, and pondered them over again. On one edge of your mind you realized the awkward tension between you both and you shouldn’t make things worse while intruding for a measly pair of socks. The other side throws its arms up in a tantrum because those socks are the perfect pair for your set outfit- none compare.

“Sans?” You whisper tentatively. “Sans?” You take a few tiny steps forward, your voice raising. “Sans I’m sorry – it’s still early. Do you have a pair of my socks?” You near him enough to give
him a light shake of the shoulder. He rouses and reveals himself from his jacket. One sock is laid across his chest, near the location of his SOUL. As your eyes squint you find the other gripped in his fists and him snuggling it close with a content smile. You feel the heat swell in your face. His alarm blares; a yelp escapes you. He growls and reaches over with the sock to smash the snooze button. He reaches up and folds the jacket off his torso as he gives a few groggy blinks. It curls into a glare as his dark circles become prominent under his hollow sockets.

“whazzit ye wa-” He freezes and follows your line of sight to his chest cavity. His cheeks grow a vibrant blue hue. Comedic smoke spews from the top of his skull. He hastily removes the lodged sock and the one in his grip onto the mattress. “wait. uh. I-I can to-totally expl!“ “I-Its fine! I’ll just use the pl-plain white ones!” Your shrill voice echoes in the room. Swiftly spinning about on your heel you rush from the room with your mouth held behind your hands. The door slams shut as you yank the hamper away with you. You hear his boney feet clattering over his carpet, but you hastily hide in your room. Your back bashes against the door, as though the barrier will repel him. His gleeful sleeping face while clutching your fresh sock haunts your frazzled mind as you grab a simple pair of white socks.

“He was cuddling your socks?” Rhianna paused before her tuna sandwich and gave a confused look at your shameful expression as you hid in your hands.

“Y-Yeah.”

“And it has you bursting with heat like an active volcano.” Her glare turns monotonous as you pinch your finger to your thumb.

“You don’t understand!! Socks are, like, romantically inclining! At least that’s what Alphys has said!” You whisper hotly at her.

“What, like hanging it on the door for when you gotta fu-“ No it just means you’d be down for romancing!!” Rhianna almost chokes her drink down as she squints at you.

“How’s that make any sense?” She stirs her latte as you crumble into the cafeteria table.

“Alphys explained it to me in my old college. I accidentally borrowed a pair from her because mine got trashed. When I came back she was mortified.” You recall her aghast face as she stared at your feet. Her explanation was janky and exasperated with flustered stutters, but you recall it to the best of your ability.

“Since the Underground didn’t have access to anything up here unless it came through a dump from the water system they have, they didn’t get what they wanted. That being said, apparently a pair of socks was a rare commodity. And if you either found or offered a piece of a pair with another it meant you were down for being lovers and all that-!” Embarrassment swells forth again just from speaking of your foolish past mistakes. You chug down the remainder of your tea quickly.

“Even if I didn’t know that, he was just snuggling my socks!!” You hide your face behind your cool hands. It was a welcome temperature controller for your rosy complexion.

“But that’s sort of cute and endearing. It’s like a forbidden romance scene!” She sits back in the chair as her arm outstretches. “He has confessed his feelings and given you his everything, yet you
ponder and guess while whisking off with another man in search of answers!! In his desperation for that warm feeling he snatches your gloves up in secrecy! Well, your socks in this case. He sniffs for your fragrant perfume because it’s the sole reminder of your existence as you fancy off with ano-“He’s smelling my socks!!?” You shriek and clamp your hand around your mouth. The cafeteria blooms with separate laughter and fresh murmurs. Slinking back down in your chair Rhianna raises an eyebrow of worry at your state.

“I never knew the human body could rush blood to the face that quickly.” She quietly snickers as you jab her shin with your shoe. She growls and rubs it as you bundle your face into your legs. She crams the remnants of her tuna sandwich into her cheeks and pops any tuna slathered fingers into her mouth. Your appetite is in the ditch as you offer your chip bag. She takes it happily.

“How am I supposed to face him..” You whimper in your hands. Shame and embarrassment is the only sensations and emotions you can feel swell in your blood.

“Well, be honest!” “With what?!” She smacks your wrist as if you played coy. “How you feel!” “I don’t even know how I feel!” “Well I think I’ve got the answer for ya..” She snickers and offers her compact mirror. You push it away instantly and snuggled into your flannel to likely match its red hues. Rhianna gets a good giggle out of it, but she pauses. Her eyes fix on something behind. Turning about your sight lands on a disheartened Trenton.

“He was out of it during the class too.” “He say anything to you?” You stir the miniature milk carton aimlessly as Rhianna shrugs. She pops open the chip bag and munches casually.

“Not a peep.” “He was fine yesterday. At least he seemed fine.” “Folks reprimanding him?” “Didn’t seem like it. His moms not here today either.” Rhianna’s gaze darts to the slightly less peppy lunch lady selection. Sipping the remnants of the carton proves futile as you and Rhianna dump your trash out. Trenton is secluded in the farthest smallest table of the cafeteria looking pale as though death is slipping envelopes through the mail slot at his door.

“Think I should talk to him?” You whisper as you spot him take the furthest window seat. “Yeah! Maybe he has to cancel.” Her elbow nudges you forwards as you bunch up your shoulders and sigh out the pressure. You walk around the congregating student masses and find the lonesome aura encompassing Trenton. He is slumped and there is a painful feeling merely radiating off of him.

“Tren-“ He jumps abruptly. His heart is clutched under his hand. His eyes dilated for an instant; they calm and look into you. “-ton…” You had caught yourself completely paused and in awe of his bizarre behavior. Dark circles rim his eyes. Closer inspection shows the sicker coloration of his face. You note a bruise around the base of his wrist.

“Y-You remember that night? Where we talked about my brother and the monster incident?” He keeps his voice low and quiet, muffled behind his arms.
“Yeah, but I try to forget that night honestly.” You can’t hide your unamused face to the recollection of that night. Trenton stirs immediately and look apologetic as you give a forgiving breath, saying “Yes. He caused some issues. Him and your friends.”

“I reported it.” His eyebrows waver. Though you wanted to urge him on confidently his expression urges that isn’t the whole story.

“They detained anyone they found.” Rhianna perks up and has a few nervous sweat beads trickling down her cheeks. She gives a shudder and holds both her arms.

“That they ‘found’? Not everyone was found?! Eerie!!” Rhianna quivers and shakes her hands as if she touched something foul.

“A few weren’t found. Including my brother. Truth be told, I haven’t seen him in almost a week.”

“My mother’s been grieving over his possible jail time. My father is suspicious of foul play on my behalf. Like I’m lying to be the better sibling.” He pulls his armband down to try his best to conceal the bruise.

“He didn’t do this. It was my own fault, honest.” His eyes pierced your vision as you sucked in the guilt of your subconscious. “I had to tell you. I want you both to be careful. After tonight my father is putting me under temporary house arrest. For safety.” He finally pulls his face from his arms and kneads his hands together.

“Horrible…” You whisper to yourself. You appreciated his caring sentiment, but something nagged you at the same time. “Wait…did something else happen?” You urged. He jumped, settled, and grew immediately solemn.

“….Lotti’s missing..” Your mind reeled to the image of Lotti that Trenton had showed the day before your sleep over. The cute fawn he praised and perhaps admired. “A lot of monsters went missing. Quickly. Immediately. Like they kn-knew I had-“ “Trenton.” You interrupted instantly. Your hand clasped his arm before he could avert away.

“Listen to me. This is not your fault. You did the right thing. If nobody had said something, this could have kept going on. But you stood up to them. That was very brave of you. If they somehow found out, this is a last ditch retaliation. But, in the end, it will be their downfall. All of the kidnapped people and monsters will return, including Lotti. It’ll be alright. Have faith.” You rub his arm compassionately. His face morphed from sorrow to just a relieved misery. Tears bundled in his eyes. Ashamed, he buried his face. You watched his back heave as little sobs escaped muffled between the table and his arms. Rhianna bust out a mini tissue box from her backpack and was tucking them down towards his face.

“Alright sweetie, let it out. Nobody can resist the cries of the big man.” She teases him expectedly but she is still tender and blocking a fair bit of the view with her backpack. You follow suit with your own as he squeezes your hand in reassurance. A few more huffed sobs rattle through him, but the cafeterias bustling mood drowns out his misery. Rhianna fluffs his hair and breaks out her makeup kit.

“The first part of the battle is looking the part. If you look defeated, you are defeated. Chin up now.” She taps his ear as he reveals his tear withered face. She quickly dabs the tissues over his face. She busts open an untouched blush, powder, and concealer and approached his face.

“W-Wait I don’t want mak-“ “Oh hush it. You look terrible. If you go out on a date looking like this they’ll think you’re attending a funeral. Now hold still.” She holds his chin firm and begins
outlining his face. He bundles the muscles together roughly.

“She isn’t going to do anything drastic….probably.” You interject with a mischievous smile. “She is just bringing color back to your face. So you don’t worry others. Makeup is one of the first lines of defense and offense after all.” Your head nods despite your hypocrisy. The less makeup the better you felt.

Rhianna moved hastily yet with pinpoint precision. It was a light tone and it blended to give faint life back to his face without looking caked on nor artificial. She focused around his eyes to remove the dark circles and ensured to detail the bit of his face that needed the extra lift. Finally she set it all before he could touch it.

“Voila! Healthy and adorable once more.” She gives his hair a light fluff and he almost looks back to normal. She offers her compact mirror for him to marvel at her work. You swear her nose grows with pride.

“That’s terrifying.” He quietly admits and slides the compact back. “And no man wants to be called adorable.”

“Wow that was quick! Nice form Rhi.” You nod to the makeup master. The bell rings. Rhianna is the first to stand with her head high and her confidence soaring into dangerous levels. You stay back and ensure Trenton is alright. Makeup didn’t heal what was inside.

“A-Are you sure you want to do dinner tonight still? Anything involving my brother is giving me anxiety honestly.”

“It was also your parents plan. It’ll be fine. Besides, if it is the night before house arrest you go under house arrest then we better fricking enjoy it.” You pat his back with a few thuds in an earnest attempt to urge him forward. He gave a light smile and grabbed your bag for you.

You collapsed into your bed. The day was becoming a blur. You wanted it to end desperately. You couldn’t recall the classes, the studying, not even the majority of this morning. You noted a sock beside your hand and chucked it away grievously. You willed your mind to not think about it, but it refused to do anything else! You stood and paced your room, trying to rationalize everything on the plate you’d been given. Every step was a new note. Your mind felt heavy with the surplus of information you had to inhale. You wanted tonight to be relaxing and slow yet even that wish was squandered. Despite your bustle, Seymour enveloped your waist with a vine and dragged you closer. Absently you pet them both as you evaded their maws and tried to find a focal focus.

The chosen green dress laid out on your bed, slightly wrinkled. Your heels were slightly dulled, and no accessories were in sight. You forced yourself to intake a breath and clear your mind.

“Shower.” You blurted out and slipped down through the vines to crawl away. You grabbed a tank top and shorts to change into right after your shower and stormed towards the door. Nearly throwing your door open you startle Frisk just now escaping their room. You both jumped in surprise, but they were the first to recover and skip the short distance to you. Quickly Frisk hugged your midsection and held your hand.

“I heard you’re going on a date tonight!” Frisks eyes were sparkling with joy, but they coughed and took on a serious face “Please be careful though.”
“Gosh even Frisk is worried about me? How terrible. I need to stop causing you all worry.” You crouch down and look into their little face. You’d not thought about it recently but with everything occurring you hadn’t spent much attention to the family. Your mind was a muddle.

“Don’t you worry. I got just the thing for tonight.” You wink and ruffle their hair. Frisk gives a delighted giggle and grabs your hands in light-hearted protest. “So, who was the one that spilled the beans about my dinner plans?”

“Undyne! Sans was really upset when she was talking about it. He kept stabbing his peas..” “I can imagine.” You pout immediately and sit down in the hallway. Frisk clamors into your lap. “When you come home, do you want to be in me and Alphys’ movie night?”

“Oh-ho. Why just you two?” “There was a recent report about suspected people that could link to the kidnappings. The news said there were a lot recently. Dad said they’re holding a gathering at the station to discuss it, so everyone else is going.” Though Frisk was clearly downtrodden you gave your lap a few jumps and it got Frisk giggling again.

“Now that’s a fast working force. Hopefully all goes well. I probably won’t see you tonight. I imagine our little dinner will go until midnight or so. Best little monster ambassadors be in bed around that time, don’t you think?” Frisk jumps off your lap and stands proudly one step below.

“Nuh-uh! Dad said me and Flowey are the men of the house while they’re gone! Got to do my duty!” His strong visage cracks as he gives a goofy smile. “But, um, I actually wanted to ask if I could help you get all dressed up. It’s not very manly, but I like when Jane looks all cute.” They timidly pick at their hands, awaiting your response.

“Frisk, of course you can help me with getting ready. You don’t have to be manly or girly to ask that! If you want to do something, don’t let anything anyone says stop you. They can be worried. They can make fun of you. They can be rude. If you enjoy yourself and are safe, it’s not their concern. Alright?” Frisks eyes glow in awe. They thin out but don’t lose any of the sweet childish mirth. Frisk gives you a nod and you stand up despite your backs creaking.

“Alright then. Go on and do whatever you had to do. I’m going to take a nice warm shower. I’ll be ready for dressing up in about an hour.” You instructed to Frisk as they passionately nodded and skipped down the stairs much to your concern. Once out of sight you sigh and creak into the bathroom where the door is properly locked. You buried your face into your hands and groaned heavily. You peel off the layers and catch yourself staring into the mirror. You feel like filth. Everyone was obviously concerned about numerous things, yet you were just trying to pass by the days. They weren’t complaining or arguing because they had to- it was a shared stress. A stress you knew you had added fuel towards its growing flame. All because your mind was in a tizzy. Your indecisive decision making and stalling had led to so many disasters, and now it was tearing apart the ones you cared for. The weight of your failure holds heavy over you.

The shower steams. You hop in despite the momentary scalding temperature. Frustration boils about your face as you scrub it away. Tears are lost in the drain. Your hands planted onto the bathroom tiled walls, you shut your eyes and let your mind clear up. The water pressure and splattering shower sounds soothed you as you sought some clarity.

We know Sans likes you—why would Trentons—keep the good gra—I wonder if I’ve become a nuisanc- this dinner—rhaps things will chill out even—I hope Trenton is alright—what did Mr. Thair talk abo—am I even worthy enough to deserve someone as wonderful as- “SANS?!”

Papyrus’ shriek nearly has you jumping and slipping in the shower. Your cheeks were hot and he was banging on a door the next floor down.
“BROTHER, HIS MAJESTY WANTS TO KNOW WHAT YOU WOULD LIKE FOR DINNER!!” “........!!!” “OH, SORRY YOUR MAJ- ER, AHEM! SORRY MR. ASGORE!! MR. ASGORE WANTS TO KNOW YOUR DINNER PREFERENCE! COME OUT OF YOUR ROOM ALREADY YOU LAZY BONES!!” You listen carefully as you turn off the shower and peek out to ensure the door was closed. You never were sure how close or far Papyrus was because he always shouted loud enough to be right beside you. You toweled your hair as Papyrus knocked harder on a door; Sans’? You caught your face in the mirror. Your heart ached; still filth. You glared menacingly towards your reflection, desperate. Desperately searching for this wonderfully kind, witty, and seemingly perfect person Sans saw within you laid dormant. You saw nothing but a broken, ugly, inconsiderate, shell of a girl who once was.

You abhorred it, yourself. Yet his words rang in your brain like little bells of light. They breathed warmth into your fingers and feet. Your once slunk body felt free as the summer breeze when you felt a genuine smile crease your cheeks. You saw all their faces glowing with happiness and color, yet Sans was a white and blue contrast. It burned in you like a low flame, his light and smile. The aggravation and laughter he caused. The sweet moments and the disproportioned harsh times. Every rebound felt like another fight, like Undyne was throwing arduous challenges at your feet and you had no choice but to step over it only to meet a wall of bones to scale. You caught yourself sighing, but thinking about Sans’ dumb grin on the other side of that metaphorical wall kindled the short spark you held. The mild flame was lit on the shortest candle fuse- it was being snuffed as you turned to admire it; a blue flame laced with golds and whites. The mirror caught your gaze once again. Your face--; a sharp inhale, a stagger for a body towel. You caught your amazement and hid in your hands. The doe-like shimmer of your eyes. The nightmarish uncertain grin poking your cheeks. The hurt upturned eyebrows. As soon as you noticed it, it vanished. But the red flush encompassing your face hadn’t dissipated one hue. There lay the flame.

Desperately you splashed your face. It was freezing cold. Your expression was warbled and your eyes filled with water. You furiously wiped them away and snagged your toothbrush. Turmoil struck gold in your heart as you spit the foam from your mouth.

Is this real? Is this the answer? Am I confused at all? Could it be simple and succinct? That clear cut??

You glared at your uncertain expression that gave way.

I have to be sure. I have to make sure. I can’t just drag him along if it’s something fleeting.

You refused. You let yourself relax against the cool counter of the sink and once dried you brushed out your hair. Your skin and hair shimmered under the luxury care you bestowed now. Slipping into the spare clothes you peek outside. Nobody was in the hallway as you quickly slipped into your room.

“It’s about time!!” Flowey growled from your desk. You stared, amazed, that Frisk and Flowey were just lounging in your room. Flowey crossed his leaves to the best of his ability, disappointed.

“E-Eh? W-We- Wasn’t it going to be in an hour?” You flit over to your bed to check your phone. It had been an hour and a half. It was 7:46. You swallowed down your panic and rushed over to the dressers jewelry box.

"Yo-you should’ve gotten me! I didn’t know it was this late!” You groaned and peeked around. The leisurely time to choose accessories and make-up was lost. Frisk snagged your arm and pointed to the bed – they’d gathered a vast array of things and piled them together.

“We should try them all!!” Frisks eyes twinkled as he reached for an eyelash curler. Terrified, you
scooped it up quickly. You took the next moment to marvel at the variety Frisk accumulated—numerous colors and brands certainly hadn’t belonged to you.

“Frisk, where—“ “Mom gave it to us.” Flowey was still pouting by the mirror and shuffling his pot from the curious vines of Louis and Seymour. Frisk nodded in quick agreement.

“She said we had to make you a princess!!” Frisk was already organizing lipsticks and lip glosses alphabetically. A warm pit swelled in your heart. You leaned down and quickly pecked their cheek. Their eyes lit up and blush bloomed over their ears. You reached over and affectionately ruffled Floweys petals despite his growling.

“Thank you…” You sighed out quietly. “I would love to experiment with you guys. Maybe another night? We can make it like a fashion show. You and the guys can be the judges.” “Really?! Can we?!” Their childish enthusiasm gave way further to your genuine smile. The tender strings of joy were being plucked to a lovely medley.

“That sounds stupid.” “I think it’s a splendid idea. It is one of mine after all.” “Your ideas are always dumb ones.” Flowey scoffs as your eyes roll and Frisk pulls over a stand mirror. You’re seated onto the bed and Frisk ponders over the decisions.

“Frisk, how about you pick a nail polish while I decide on the make-ups that will best go with it all? That way this doesn’t take super long. I don’t need to be all done up, just a little fancy.” You offer Frisk a few different shades of green; they get right to it.

“Flowey! Find her a nice necklace and earrings!!” Frisk casually commanded as Flowey grumbled under his breath and fiddled through the jewelry box.

“I, uh, already have a necklace picked out. No worries there.” Frisk decided on a deep forest green and got to work on your right hand as your left determined the useable cosmetics. Frisks focus was sharpened and even Floweys little bored remarks didn’t interrupt each stroke. You work some color correction over your dark circles. You do minimal touch ups with concealer and foundation. While you are comparing the eye shadow colors and Frisk transfers to your left hand, the amount of cosmetics really stuns you momentarily.

“Frisk, did you get all of these from your mother?” You cautiously ask. They shake their head.

“Frisk just rushed into the living room all of a sudden and screamed he needed make-up to make you stunning tonight.” Flowey yawned and glared at two different small earrings.

“An-And how many people were in the-“ “Everyone!! Everyone gave me something to use!”

The conjured thought of Sans knowing you were getting dolled up lit the flame. You wanted to hide behind your hands, but the make-up was setting. Withholding your regrets, you peeked at your right hand that was now dried. Frisk had drawn a little white heart shape over the deep forest green on your ring finger. Sucking in your awe, you checked the eyeshadows.

“Can I put on the rest?” Frisk shook their hands over your drying nails as you made an unsure face. The disheartened expression they bore left a lingering sting.

“I-It’s fine. Just let me do the first one to show you what I’d like?” You plead. Frisk hands you the tools as you shade a thin mild moss green over your eyes. It was sharper and more winged then eye filling. You flicked the mascara brush over your lashes twice just for a little something. When Frisk took up the shader you flinched, but he was surprisingly gentle. Frisks concentration was incredible as he kept peeking to your other eye for reference and reassurance. You assisted only
with the mascara, Frisk was afraid to stab you in the eye. Once done and compared it was surprisingly spot on.

“PICKED!” Flowey chuckled a pair of earrings at you as you caught them in your left hand. You noticed on your left hands ring finger was another white heart. It was too cute to ask to remove, so you gave it nothing more than an appreciative smile for Frisk’s little flair. Flowey found a set of earrings that at the base were little four leaf clovers, but little water droplet crystals hung down besides your cheek.

“W-Who had these?! They’re gorgeous..” You marveled at the jewelry as you slipped them into the still fresh piercing placements. They went well with your dress and everything.

“Why should you care? Just put ‘em in.” Flowey ‘harumphed’ as you finally took a stand. You reached over and snagged the decorated pot and set him into your lap.

“Don’t tell me you’re worried about me too? Or are you upset because I won’t be here for movie night?” You teased his chin. His petals were quivering. Frisk was having trouble deciding on what lipstick to use. It felt really awkward picking one for Frisk to apply, but you pointed to the berry red matte one.

“As if!!! W-Who’d be worried about your stupid choices?! You’re allowed to make your own decisions!!” “But I like your opinions.” You stated quietly. Flowey stalled and blushed, flustered. You teased his chin once more before giving his petals a quick peck. He gave an incredulous growl as you snuggled his pot. Frisk didn’t allow any retort on applying the lipstick yourself, and fairly enough he handled it steadily. You stood and handed Flowey to Frisk.

“I’ll change in the next room. Give me a moment.” Frisk gave an excited grin and a free-handed thumbs up as you whisked your things to the study. Upon closer inspection the dress was straightened and the shoes were shined. You wanted to snuggle the endearing action and care out of the clothing and let them soak into your heart, but Frisk’s hard work would get smudged upon. You thankfully slipped into the dress, adjusted the waist sash, and cleaned up any loose hairs. Stepping out from the room as you cinch the safety locket around your neck, Frisk stands up. Tears well up in their eyes.

“O-Oh! No no Frisk don’t cry! What’s wrong?” You rush over and wipe the tears from their face.

“Y-You look so awesome! Lik-Like a princess!” They sniffle and poke at the frills of the dress’ skirt. You hug Frisk and wipe the still falling tears away. Flowey gives a sniffle that surprises you.

“You can clean up nicely, I guess.” You hum with acknowledgement but ruffle his petals. Frisk quickly takes the bangs on your sides and braids them back into a hair clip to once more blend with your hair. Flowey has your purse at the ready and Frisk wanted to polish your heels once more.

“NOT AROUND 12, AT 12!!” Undyne’s voice erupts through the house, shaking the furniture like an earthquake. You stand and go to the doorway. Just opening the door you can hear a commotion at the front doors stoop.

“Oh drat! What time is it?!?” You fish your phone from your purse and squeak as it’s nearly 8:45. “F-Frisk! Can you go control them while I get my shoes on?” You plead and bustle over to your heels. Frisk nods and snags Flowey, clearly struck with whiplash, as they dash down the stairs.

You slip into your heels, ensure everything is contained in your purse, double check your locket for its miniature pepper spray. Finally prepared you steel your heart and click your way down the stairs. It’s been a while since you last traversed stairs in decent sized heels. You reach the second stairway and the voices are much clearer.
“I-I swear, on the signia of the savior, to r-return her safely home at 12 p.m on th-the dot!”

“Again!! With more conviction!!” I-I swear-!” “MEN DON’T STUTTER!!” Undyne sounds like her sketchy attempt to be a bad cop as you find everyone scrabbled at the doorway. Frisk is lost in the rowdy groups agreeing conjectures.

“We-Well, both of you be safe!” “DO TRY TO HAVE A FUN TIME, BUT BE VERY SAFE AND RETURN OUR HUMAN JANE AS NICELY AS SHE WILL BE LEAVING, YES?” “If so much as a hair is misplaced on her I’ll be cutting away at your ba-“ “Undyne!! Enough! Please, Trenton, do excuse them. Everyone is simply…concerned.” Trenton is turning as pale as Napstablook. Everyones input was turning into an amalgamation of voices. Though out of view, you knew Sans and Asgore were present to this fiasco at play.

“Y-Yes, M-Mrs. Dreemurr! I s-swear, on the-“ “Oh my goodness stop.” You finally steel yourself and approach from the staircase. Undyne, at the head of the confrontation, and Trenton are the first to spot you as you descend the staircase. Both seize up as your heels click their way down.

“Yo-You, uh, lo-look be-beautiful.” You watch him gulp nervously and extend a precautionary hand towards you. You give a light mirthful giggle and let the railing be your support. He was pleasantly humble about it and you were certain a light flush bloomed over your cheeks.

“Frisk has his own magic. It’s in make-up.” Finally a few steps from the bottom you can note everyone in the room is huddled around the front door. Mostly now though everyone is staring directly at you. You hide your flushing face behind your compact purse.

“See? I hate getting all fancy. This happens.” You gesture openly to the slack-jawed family. Toriel and Alphys are the first to recover.

“My child, you are stunning!! I never knew you had such a dress! Oh, and you’re wearing the earrings I got you! How marvelous!!” She clapped her hands together, swooning and giddy.

“E-Eh? Mine- Toriel, no! I-I can’t accept these! They’re so pretty I-“ “No! I insist!! They suit you perfectly my child. I intended to give them upon your birthday, but I wasn’t certain the exact date.” She nervously fiddled with her fingers yet her giddy smile betrayed her mirth.

“JANE, YOU LOOK LOVELY!!” Papyrus lurched past the crowded door and grasped your hands. Little tears welled into his sockets. “NOW YOU MUST KEEP ALL OF THESE ON SAFELY, ENJOY YOUR EXTRAVAGANT DINNER, AND TELL THE GREAT PAPYRUS ABOUT YOUR DATING SKILLS ONCE YOU RETURN!!”

You and Trenton both apprehensively laughed awkwardly. Papyrus didn’t pay it any mind. Undyne nudged her way through whilst glaring daggers at Trenton.

“Y’know we’re with the police now, boy?” She put her lips into a heavy pout as you groaned into your hands. She had clearly been polishing her bad cop routine.

“Yes? My father is the head of the force.” There was a deadpanned silence as a storm rumbled overhead. “Oh, uh, we should go before it rains?”

“Shoot was it supposed to rain?” You groaned and debated running up for an umbrella. Alphys came up besides Undyne and passed you a miniature clear rainbow-lined umbrella that was pocket fitting. Your smile cracked and you leaned over to hug her.

“T-Ta-Take ca-care.” “I will. Thanks.” You gave a wide smile to the family. A few gave waves while some glowered. Asgore and Sans had remained completely quiet. Your heart deflated as you
shut the door behind you. Your heels clicked down the stone stairway. Trenton suavely opened the passenger side door for you. The storm was fast approaching so he rushed around to rev the car up. You set your purse on the foot mat and set yourself down in the seat.

“You alright?” Trenton broke the wind doused silence. You froze with your hand on the door handle. You let yourself take a glance back towards the house. Black and white blurred in the doors window. “You look concerned. A-Are you worried about tonight? Because I can—“ “Hang on one minute please.” You quickly replied. You shot up from the seat and raced back up the steps. There was a growing unsettling feeling in the depths of your chest. You didn’t doubt it; radiating from your soul. You swung the front door open, determined. Sans jumped. He was watching from the stairway through the doors overhead window.

“what? forget your make—“ “I-I’ll text you every hour!” You blurted irately. His eyes were popped open with amazement. His mouth opened as a volley of words escaped you suddenly.

“No, ev-every 45 minutes! I’ll send a stupid picture, a-and text you guys, and when I get home I’ll take a bunch of dumb photos of the movie marathon—“ “h-hey, wai—“ “after all of that, I-I don’t care how tired you are! I-I-I thi-think I’ll h—have a response for you!!” You face him properly. His sockets are wide, his little orb lights miniature and darting around nervously. Nails dig into your palms as the clean nail polish gets pressed. Once his eyes dart off into the distance and his face is a deep blue you let your head hand towards the floor.

“S-So you d-don’t have to ma-make that face anymore……….I-I’ll see you when I get home!” Your spin is halted by his hand. His arms swiftly cross across your chest and hug you backwards. His head brushes against your left ear. He gave such a comforting squeeze as he took a long inhale. You shuddered but brought your hands up to gently clasp his arms. Your heart kept time with the approaching thunder. He released you and nudged you forward.

“see ya tonight, Jane.” A blue haze shut the door as the first sprinkles palpated against the roofing and pavement. Your lips tightened and face flushed. Your feet whisked you into the car as the heater rumbled to life. The wipers kept a slow pace though you knew it likely wouldn’t hold that tempo for long.

“I hope Papyrus will be alright.” You mulled as Trenton revved the car.

“What’s wrong?” “He dislikes thunder storms. I’m not sure if he ever got over them.” Trenton paused and sighed with a grin.

“If those brothers are anything alike, he’ll bounce back from something like that in no time.” He dryly commented. You caught yourself blinking in fascination towards his frankness. The car was proceeding down the extended driveway towards the city- the house vanished under the trees grove.

“You think Sans is like that?” You carefully inquired. Trenton pondered on it before giving it a shrug.

“I won’t say I know the guy well. He just seems like the type.” He stated clearly as you caught your brow knotting. You swiftly kneaded it away.

“He just hides everything. It’s like he has an impenetrable emotional lockbox in his brain that bears, like, several keys. Incomprehensibly hard to understand. I don’t think he bounces back ever. I hope Papyrus doesn’t do something like that..” You murmured the last bit. A sullen atmosphere overtook the insulated car quickly. Trenton sighed and looked bashful suddenly.
“Sorry if that seemed rude. I honestly didn’t intend it that way.” Your smile caught your cheeks as you leaned back and turned up the radio mindlessly.

“I know you didn’t mean anything. Thanks. Let’s just do dinner, huh?”

“Right this way.” “Yes, thank you.” You could feel your clammy hands losing hold of your purse strap. It was roughly a 25 minute drive. The valet attendant guided you to the doors and drove away with the car. Whilst you fumbled with your Italian grammar trying to pronounce the absurdly long name of the restaurant, Trenton informed the staff of the reservation.

The interior was something akin to old Greek and Italian mixtures. There was marble pillars, delicate pottery art and pots, sleek table set ups, and a personal seated mini orchestra. The waitress with a severely tight bun on her head seated you both – pushed in your chairs and obliged you with napkins and menus. She returned only once immediately to pour a complimentary bottle of 1997 Pinot Noir red wine. You humbly accepted and you both clinked glasses before your poker face crumbled.

“I-Is it almost midnight?” You grieved openly as you set your purse to the side. Trenton also looked highly uncomfortable with the amount of service being waited unto you both.

“I’m not sure this would’ve been less awkward with family. Everyone here is a big-wig.” He sipped at the wine, but stopped quickly. He almost smacked the glass onto the sleek cloth with humble terror in his eyes.

“Thi-this is the only glass I am drinking! I’ll have strictly water afterwards!!” He caught you amidst your own sip already having downed half the glass. He gave a flabbergasted expression as you laid your napkin across your lap.

“This place is super fancy, Trent. If the bills was footed from the get-go, drink what you want. I’d say do it in moderation only because you have to drive. Think we should get this baguette with garlic butter as the entrée?” You spoke while perusing the extensive menu. Trenton’s eyes lit up as he whisked his way to the page you were on.

“Ooooohh that sounds good.” You practically watched as he salivated of the garlic butter goodness that awaited you both. Your eyes darted to the beautiful murals that glistened against the cream white walls. The vibrant variety of plant life that brought life to the fine dining experience.

You felt like suffocating on the bougie aura you were leaking out of every pore. Trenton didn’t seem comfortable either. The waitress returned wordlessly, looked between you, and waited. Trenton jumped in surprise and set his menu up.

“We’d like to order the cheese-crisped baguette with garlic butter as an entrée. Um, I’ll take the Saffron Risotto, a side of Jalapeno Arancini, and just a refill of your second finest light white wine. With a glass of water if you wouldn’t mind.” You gave a quirked eyebrow at his unsettled nature, but you probably wouldn’t want the best either.

“I’ll have…theeee……Chef Styled Carbonara, and Avocado Caprese Salad, and I’d like more of the Pinot Noir with a glass of water as well.” She curtly bowed and made her way towards the kitchen. You both exhumed a sigh of relief.

“How did you know she wanted our order?” “Folks warned me. They try not to ask questions as to
irritate the customers? Something odd.” “I’d be more upset at the lack of communication.” You both paused as you caught your wayward glares on the silent staff. A stifled laugh was shared at the table. He happily offered his wine glass once more. There was no hesitation as you clinked with him.

The dinner was surprisingly silent. Unsettling at some moments. Discomfort had settled by the time your entrée had arrived. You felt your phone vibration from within the purse and quickly yanked it out. The 45 minute timer had gone off.

“Who is it?” Trenton curiously peered over. You lined the phone’s camera up with the freshly steaming baguette and bits of the restaurant glimmering in the background. A quick click later and you’re typing away to the group.

“I promised Sans I’d send him photos of the dinner every 45 minutes. I figured it would set him at ease..” You could feel your contorting face betraying you. Trenton had stilled across you and swished about his freshly poured white wine. You sent the text and pocketed the cellular device back into the confines of your purse.

“Is that what you ran back to him for?” His eyebrow raised. Your lips tightened together as your attention diverted to the still steaming cheese baguette. You dipped it quickly into the garlic butter and munched at it. Your eyes darted back up- he was watching. Emitting a choke you swallowed it down with the wine and gave in to your guilty expression.

“Ye-yeah. He’s just…..paranoid like that.” “I think you mean jealous.” You coughed up the wine you’d been sipping. Your eyebrows knotted upwards in concern. He reached your hand.

“Janette. I want to be honest with you. Honest about a lot of things. I want to clear the air between us.” His hand felt over your skin as the warmth swelled into your fingers and wrist. It tingled into your nerves. A different waiter approached the table; a sickly smile creased him. Your hands fluttered back into your lap as he placed the delicious meal down and it wafted about the table. As the waiter swiftly left the premises you fumbled for your forks. Trenton was still completely focused onto you.

“Can we talk about it during dinner?” Your request was emphasized as you offered him a tiny forkful of carbonara. His grin cracked as he scraped the goods you offered into the mass on his plate. He helped himself to his risotto with increasing content as you fiddled about your salad.

“I think you’re an incredibly beautiful character Jane.” You paused, fully flushed, mid-bite of a crunchy bite of kale. He was adding a baguette slice to his plate, a reminiscent grin pursing his lips. His eyes met with yours. “It’d be a lie if I said I didn’t have feelings for you.” Snickering to himself as he tumbled the wine in his glass about.

“But I think more than affection I now harbor an appreciation towards you? Admiration even.” Your heartbeat thundered about as you set the fork back. He was finally beginning to match your red hue. You brought your clammy hands out of sight swiftly to wipe off onto your dress.

“I bothered and slandered those around you, yet you kept close and were so understanding. You radiate such a warmth and I feel it swells whenever you’re with friends or the official’s family. It’s beautiful.” He rubbed his neck, bashful. You shifted awkwardly and kept to sheer silence.

“It’s thanks to you for pulling me away from, what I now see, was a vicious cycle of hatred. Yet I betrayed that trust. It wasn’t intentional. I was very uncertain of myself at that time. But you stayed there, bright as always. It was almost unsettling. I didn’t feel worthy of your kindness. Yet not only you and Rhianna supported me, but I met Lotti.” His eyes scrunched together as he stirred his
risotto. His nose and ears were fire hydrant red.

“An-And, like, she showed me that monsters are cool, y’know? You all gave me a strength. Against my cowardice and my brother. So it’s thanks to all of your kindness that I can do what has to be done. I hope that will be some form of atonement or repayment. For everything.”

“Trenton...” You whispered to yourself. A clammy hand held his shaky palm. “You don’t owe me anything. Everyone would be more concerned about your safety. But it’s so amazing that you’re willing to do that. If you ever need me, I’m a text or call away.” You clap the back of his palm and shuffled your chair into the table. “Now quit your chatting and give me an Arancini. I’m starving.”

“That’s what I mean! You’re so quick to bounce forward with so much optimism!” “Less praising, more passing.” You gestured with your fork. The fire across your face was betraying you.

“3, 2, 1- Mr. Thair-“ “Mr. Haasin!” You’re interrupted and instantly scowl.

“Who even is that?” “Team coach.” He nods and shovels the last of his risotto down.

“I said best teacher! Coach doesn’t count!” You argue openly. Both of you had gotten increasingly comfortable in the stifling bougie air. The waiter that not frequented your table kept to his silence despite the rowdiness.

“He teaches the newbies the way around the field! Bam. Teacher.” “I refuse to count him. How could you betray Thair like that?” You slouch back into the fine cushion with your stomach stuffed. Dessert, though tempting, was out of your stomach potential capacity. The evening was pleasant. Sans hadn’t replied once to any of the imagery you’d sent him over the passing hours. Trenton caught you sneaking peeks at it every now and again. It was nearly 11 already. You silently gawked at the enjoyable time you had that it flew by effortlessly. Kind eyes darted to Trenton for making the whole experience more enjoyable than it would’ve been. Yet he was pouting.

“What defines a teacher anyways? As long as it is someone is-is willing to approach and expand your education, isn’t that a teacher?” He continues to argue the point as you brought your head to a shake. You wouldn’t disturb the fresh feeling.

“That would be fine if he was something akin to a gym teacher, but he is just a coach. He specializes in the team. I suppose it could qualify as a teaching class but it’s in regards to the sport.” You wave your hand in dismissal.

“You only say that because you never met him.” “And I probably won’t considering I have nothing to do with the sports department.” Taking a sip of your water Trenton spots the waiter. He raises his hand; his plate is empty and he had picked the remains from yours.

“You must burn those calories like a mad man. Are you asking for the bill?” “I’m asking for the dessert menu.” You could feel your eyes roll as you stood.

“I don’t even want to hear what you order. I’m going to the bathroom.” He snickered as you grabbed your purse.

“Don’t ladies just say stuff like “Pardon me, I must use the washroom.” or something?” He dawned a forced feminine tone he nearly choked on. A sinister grin grew over your face.
“Pardon this fine lady as she goes to take a piss then.” You glare him down with a quirked smile; a haughty smirk pokes at his cheeks. You excuse yourself. Navigation is nearly impossible despite the vast space and the relatively quiet surroundings. There weren’t as many couples or families dining here tonight as the storm raged on outside the windows. Finally finding the restrooms you peek in with a relieved sigh to the pure privacy.

Your time in the pristine stall is short lived as you drop your purse onto the sinks counter. You scrub at your hands as your phone rings. A flurried and flustered panic takes you. You’re flaying hands turn-about to rush the nearest air drier.

BI-DING

You freeze. Your phone continues ringing in the empty space as you glare down at the little shining star you’d been completely unaware of. Yet there it was right in front of the damn drier. Your hands were tingly and dry.

“Are you fuc-“ You hissed and rushed back to the phone. You dug for it; it stilled. You groaned openly and threw a finger bird back at the star whether it was there or not. You flipped through your caller history as your heart stilled. Sans had called. As you flipped through to send a return call, a text arrived.

sans. 11:01 u good?

A sputtered giggle escaped you as you leaned onto the sink. It turned into heated embarrassment quickly as he sent emoticon replies to each of the previous photo messages. You flipped onto the camera app and faced it at the restrooms fantastical mirror. You gave a wide smile like he always did and a pitiful, bashful wave. You clicked it once and sent the image as he continued through the photos. As you pasted it in you typed out a quick reply alongside it.

Jane 11:01 i good.

You struggled to redo the autocorrecting, but it worked out regardless. You held the cold cellular to your heart to ease its beating heat. Redoing any lost makeup you passed a few ladies entering the restrooms with a light chatter in hopes of returning to Trenton.

You spotted your table as Trenton was conversing with the waiter. He had just placed down a plate and handed him a little paper. It was something chocolate. Your second stomach giddily opened as you practically skipped back to the table.

Trenton was bleakly pale. The waiter left, offering a smile. You felt a shiver run through your nerves. Turning back towards Trenton he pocketed the paper in his jackets right pocket. You watched his nervous expression attempt to melt away. That unsettling beat pierced your mind deep as you instantly thought of ten things it could mean.

“What’s that?” You pointed at the pocket, overly curious. He got shy.

“The, uh, bill. I ordered s-some lava cake.” Immediately you snagged your fork and drove it into his plate with a clank. He fiercely flinched as you took an entire gooey forkful while still standing. He looked horribly nervous as you munched at the rich delight.

“Oh fuck that’s good. You’re giving me half.” You plopped down and set your purse aside. You reached over to scoop up another piece and drown it in the warm chocolate melting out. He stammered but relaxed.

“I get sixty.” “Hell no you don’t! You don’t deny a lady chocolate delights!” You were hastily
sectioning off the half you’d claimed. He was finally helping himself.

“I figured you were pretty full after that spread. I also recall you frankly claiming you were taking a piss, my lady.” He waggles his eyebrows and tried to poke around your pieces to regain some. You threw the spare baguette plate over and scooped off your designated portion.

“A lady knows how to claim what she can’t have!” You giggled and bring the plate to your stomach. He was star-struck, but a challenging grin perked his cheeks.

Conversation picked up as it had before. The waiter didn’t return to the table. Trenton didn’t show it but he gave you the majority of the lava cake. You could only take half though as your stomach quickly learned its place. He topped it off ensuring there were no remains as you politely stood. It was just before 11:45 as you flipped your phone out.

“I’ll ask for the car,” “Alright, I’ll be here.” You waved him off as he went towards the valet attendant. A waitress quickly approached you with a little silver plate. On the plate rested the bill. Your mind froze as you picked it up. Everything was cleared of charge since it was prepaid, but it was a lengthy piece of paper; larger than what went into Trentons pocket.

“……Thank you.” You commented quietly and took it. You folded it up and pocketed it into your purse. The valet hastily returned with the car despite the decent raining. Trenton waved. You smiled and took a picture of the car, sending it to Sans and the family.

Jane     11:47                      Be home soon!

You pocketed your phone at the top of your purse and skidded outside. Your heels and dress ruined your mobility. You’d feel much better once it was off. Free of your heels, the lightly tight dress, of the nervous fluttering in your stomach. It would vanish once you walked into your room at home.

Visibility was miserable. You had to keep an eye out for the street signs as the rain came in heavier currents. You gave a shudder as his heating hadn’t completely filled the car. At a lengthy stoplight he shrugged off his jacket and laid it over you on the dry side.

“Sorry, give it just a minute.” You gave him a wide smile. Your hand found his right pocket. It certainly wasn’t a bill. The fluttering was swelling; you opened it up.

‘Turn left, head towards the Greenslings. Bring her or the thing dies’

Your heart sank. Your eyes stung with tears. Your blood ran cold.

“Hey Trenton.” You found courage to speak.

“Hmm?” Trenton fiddled with the radio settings.

“I got this. I think it’s for you.” You offered him a paper. He accepted it and flipped open the bill. His mouth tightened as you shrugged off his jacket to display the note.

“We turned right. What are you planning?” You muttered. The overhead road lights stopped as the long forest expanse stretched towards the town in the far distance.

“We-We’re going right to the station. I have to tell Dad that—that idiot-!” He stuttered, eyes fearful. You straightened yourself in the seat. His eyes darted between you and the road, his knuckles going white.

“That waiter. I know him. I didn’t recognize him…he-he’s my brothers close friend. They
threatened to hit the monster officials house tonight if I drove you home.” You heard the gas accelerate as his foot pressed forward.

“They can’t! There is a perimeter and the front guard-” “A few of them are in on it all.” Your heart dropped. You flipped out your phone.

“I’m texting them then calling the police!” You loudly argued as you felt your emotions boiling over: fuming anger, riddling fear, prickling anxiety. An inexplicable sorrow as you opened the group chat.

Jane 11:53 Get out! Baddies in securi

**BANG BAN**- “WHA-!” “AAAAH-!!!” Your hand slapped your phone as the car veered. Your body heaved into the car. Gunshots riddled the forest. The car danced across the slippery street as you held the door and Trentons grip on the gear shift. Tires screamed as they finally froze in the midst of the road. Your mind was going blank as you looked to Trenton. Something was speeding towards you amidst the darkness. A car’s black sheen showed, lightless, beneath the faint moonlights sheen.

“JANET-“ Trenton threw himself away from the door towards you.

Your head was thrown. The car banked and crunched beneath metal. Your airbags deployed. Your neck and nose ached as you pulled back. Your phone was going haywire- you heard it ringing in your ears. Delirium and shock was slowly settling as your breathing pitched and took a panicked pace. There was blood in your lap and against your airbag. Trentons nose was dribbling blood. One eye was swelling shut.

“Tre-T--Trent--!” With horror filled eyes you grabbed his body. His quick jump saved him as you witnessed the driver side door completely crushed into the steering wheel and seat. His left leg was bleeding in splattered areas. Tears riddled your eyes as you hooked his arms.

“Trent, c-come out!!” You pleaded. He had dreary awareness, but did your bidding. You stumbled out of the car yanking at him. Your legs were shaking and tears were spilling from your eyes. He pulled himself until he had crawled out of the passenger side. You set him against the car and floundered around for your cell. It was horribly cracked underneath the shattered windshield pane. You swept away the glass, acceptant to the cuts. You flopped onto the concrete besides Trenton. You undid your sash and bit into it as you scratched the cracked glass. It no longer obeyed your press.

Jane 1:56 Jflp

Tears blotted your vision as you pathetically sent the text. Your phone was flickering away its life in the rain. You tried calling the police – wrong number. You bound Trentons leg – wrong number. A door slam echoed in the downpour – your phone’s dead.

Fear tore at your prior confident face. You gripped your locket to unlatch the spray.

“Jane..” Trenton was reaching out for you, still delirious. You quietly shushed him and cradled beside him. A series of boots feel against the pavement. A trio of people rounded the wreckage with masks and glasses shielding their faces. One held a pistol. Your eyes widened as your heart and soul froze. No words were exchanged yet they approached. Your spray didn’t reach further than their boot. The sole bashed your cheek and threw you to the pavement.

“Ja-!!” Trentons scream died as metal smacked his boney jaw. Your fight was broken as they
wrenched you backwards and stepped unto your wrist. Your pained cries died in a rag against your mouth. It smelled sickeningly sweet yet instantly bitter. Your cries lasted so long; nothing like the movies. All struggles faded along with your words.

It was midnight. Nobody could reach your phone.

Undyne was the first to burst through the door. Alphys met her with tearful eyes. He hears Papyrus yelling uncertainties to assuage the mood. Undyne and Asgore are making calls. Toriel is beside him with Frisk, teary eyed.

His marrow’s gone cold.

“I-I’ll see you when I get home!!” “Sans, it’s fine. I’m fine.” “You’re such a weirdo.” “Why are you staring at me like that?” “I’m nothing Sans. I don’t know what you can see in me but…you can do s-so much better.” “Are you okay?” “Thanks!!” “Sans?”

He collapses. Frisk is embracing him, ensuring him. It’s noise. Your smile has vanished. Your warmth has dissipated. Your SOUL is lost. He feels something snap in his heart as sobs rake through his bones.

You’re in trouble and he is utterly useless. The kid saved right before the texts were sent out.

“We’ll save her.” Frisk assures and grips him. His tearful eyes glares at the spot you’d run to the car, slipped in, and waved a little cute goodbye. Through his tears, he finds a resolve. A promise.

He’ll bring you home should even the world be torn apart.

Water splashes onto your ankle. It’s a steady little trickle and it tickles. You rouse, arms aching. Little gasps echo around you, murmurs.

“He-Hey? Hello?” Something nudges your knee as your mind wanders. The floor was stone and cold. The room was dark and noisy. Whimpers pull your mind from darkness as you focus on rising. Your body is weighty.

“Hey, are you alright there?” A dainty voice resounds besides you. You blink and peek around the darkness. Shapes and bodies take position as your eyes adjust. Monsters and humans alike littered this tiny room. There were thick and rusted metal bars encasing you inside. It was a makeshift prison. Terror filled your mind as something fluffy brushed your leg. Swinging your head around you found a very fluffy monster. She was fairly thin and fawn-like. Her face was almost akin to a deer but her eyes were large and blue. She had beautiful dark brown curly hair with creamy white highlights. Her many freckles hid her shaky smile as you readjusted yourself. Your eyes, still adjusting, reeled with a memory.

“…Is your name Lotti?” The fawn gasped as you tensed.

“You were the one…” You recalled the note. You blushed for Trenton, clearly smitten. She was very lovely, honestly. A little shy, but just from one sentence you knew she was a cheerful individual. Your eyes glanced around to your surroundings: most of the kidnapped individuals were low-ranking monsters such as Whimsun’s, Snowdrake’s, Woshua’s, Shyren’s, even a Vulkin.
All rather peaceful monsters you vaguely knew of. Toriel had gone into bits and details about the monster congregation that weren’t so used to society as of yet. Among the humans resided the sick, hurt, or weak. You were horrified at the number of children and teens kept captive. Most were chained or bound in place; your arms strained against tightened cuffs.

“How long have you all been here?” You murmured, still struggling with consciousness. Your head was light and woozy.

“I’ve been here for days. I’m sure some of these dears have been here much longer though… You should rest. You don’t look well.” Lotti pleaded. You scooched towards the wall and leaned against it to find your footing.

“We have to get ou-“ A door slammed and heavy boots echoed. Some began to cry and hide away into the corners. Lotti went quickly silent as you glared at the bars. A masked individual arrived with keys.

“Great. You’re up.” His clear voice sent shivers through your body as he went for the door. Your legs were trembling weakly as the barred door swung open forcefully. Most everyone backed away from you, terrified. The man approached and grabbed you by the hair. He wound it in his fist as you grit your teeth and pulled.

“Let—Let go!” Your courage swelled as you readied to kick his shin. A thick punch collided. Your cheek was smashed with his knuckles. Your skull smacked against the concrete wall. Your mind went drearily blank. Screams and cries rang around you.

“Miss!” You saw Lotti gathering strength before she was kicked aside.

“F- Fuck off you thing.” The man growled and snagged your hair. Your wobbling feet were lurched away with him as monsters and humans alike pleaded with this merciless masked individual. Pain and aches riddled your body as you had little to no strength. Any resistance upon your part was met with violence as he abusively dragged you through dark corridors. Other cells passed in mere blinks, all filled with plea’s and desperation.

*How many had really gone missing?*

He kicked a door open and dragged you in. A vast room was open before you. A few seats were all set up right in the center. A sole high-rise window nestled near the ceiling filtered light into the bleak area.

“Jane..!” Trenton was thickly bound in ropes and cloth in a chair. A masked man held a bat besides him, poised. Trenton had clearly been beaten more since the car wreck.

“Tre-“ Silence struck you as a face entered your peripheral. The man clapped slowly, content.

“Thank you James. There is fine.” The man with his fist snarled in your hair threw you into a chair not far from Trenton. Your cuffed hands weaved through the back as a rope was quickly fastened around your torso. Yet, despite the situation, your eyes didn’t leave the familiar face before you. Candy’s fuck boy from college. Then it smacked you abruptly in your mind.

“Michael fucking Nolick?!? Your brother was Michael?!?” You shouted suddenly. The ‘James’ binding you was even startled. Trenton was both amazed and ashamed.

“Yo—You know him?” He haggardly questioned. His voice was shallow and scratchy. Tear stains littered his cheeks.
“He tried to rape me back in college!! He’s a fucking prick! He should be arrested for showing his damn face ever again!” You growled at Michael who’s grin grew.

“Jane, Jane, Jaanee.” “You don’t deserve my name, you bastard.” You spit at his feet as he approached. He ripped something out of his back belt and bashed you. Metal blasted against your face as your mind went still. A light huff and cloth adjustment later he was fiddling with the spinning cartridge adjoined to his gun.

“Shut up, bitch. What right’s do you have here?” He gently pat the pistol on your cheek. Blood was dribbling down you. Trenton was stunned into sincere silence. You refused the horror from your eyes to bleed through as Michael circled you.

“No little school staff here. No monsters either. Just us.” He cooed sinisterly. You almost didn’t recognize his smooth demeanor and almost joyous grin.

“You’re a psychopath.” You blurted. The guns nozzle pressed to your throat. You sucked in deeply.

“Whore. I didn’t go to the trouble of dragging you here for word play. I ain’t in the mood. What’s the password?” You harshly whispered besides your ear. His breath was hot but your body trembled erratically. Fear was settling in as your teeth tightened together.

“Wh-What password?” You earnestly asked. He backed away, regaining some measure of composure. A simple gesture towards a lackey and he dragged a wooden chair before you. He sat in it backwards, gun trained against your chest. His sickening eyes followed the nozzle as he gently pushed the dress material away to reveal skin.

“I’m not into a coy play either, but I’m sure this is all very new to you so I’ll take it a word at a time. Then you can keep up.” The gun threw your left sleeves remnants off your shoulder.

“Michael, this has to sto-“ “James.” The man that dragged you in snagged the metallic bat. Instinctively you shut your eyes before a heavy crunch pervaded the air. Trenton didn’t release a scream, but opening your eyes uncertainly showed his tortured expression. His already injured leg was slightly dented a different way.

“So, as I was saying…” The gun caressed your still bleeding cheek. You no longer kept your horror in check. Madness pierced through his eyes as you trembled in the chairs confines.

“The housing alarm password. The little geeked out dinosaur freak you had back in college made it, right? Just want that.” He adjusted your face as he pleased with the nozzle of the pistol. Your lips were tight.

“I’ll sweeten the deal. You, him, and a few of the nobodies you can take with you. Just want the password.” You smacked your face to the pistol, knocking it from your face. He didn’t make any unique expression as he leaned back before saying “If what you say is a lie though……I’ll blow this entire place to smithereens with everyone inside.” One smidge of defiant confidence surged through you with a realization.

Alphys didn’t tell you the password. Thusly, you had nothing to barter. Lying was an absolute bad choice.

“An-and what if I don’t want to say?” You asked with uncertainty. He grinned. The metal bat tapped Trentons safe knee as he flinched.

“Well, that’s why there are two of you here.” Trenton’s sole visible eye was filled with horror, but
fury quickly replaced it. He shook with rage, his muscles straining beneath the constraints.

“You’re……You’re going to use it to hurt the monsters, right?” He gave a slow clap and chuckled.

“I was presumptuous to think a whore such as yourself got into college without some meager intelligence.” His words dripped with venom as you stirred in your chair. Only your head and legs had any mobility. Looking about the room, there were people in the shadows; guns, bats, crowbars – danger rested at every edge of your peripheral. Tears rippled into your sight.

There was no good end.

“I’ll tell you th-the truth. You have to swear…to swear you won’t hurt Trenton anymore though.” The little tears trickled over your cheeks. Michael glanced to his accomplices and heaved a sigh.

“Fine. Nobody’d kill themselves for someone else any- “

“I don’t know the password.”

His foot keeled into your breast. Your guts lost their air as the chair fell. The collision knocked the remainder of wind from you as you coughed and hacked. Your chest ached, but your fingers screamed with pain. You chomped your teeth together to keep a cry from escaping. At least one had broken on the impact with the floor and your full body weight. It was beginning to burn.

“Pick her up.” The chair was practically thrown back to its original position. You slouched forward and took deep breath. It was stilled silence as you manually worked yourself back up. You glared at the egotistical cool face Michael bore.

“Apologies. I felt a wave of anger. Care to repeat that?” He gestured to his accomplice with the bat; it was passed.

“…I don’t know the pas-“

“CRACK-ICK s—AaAAAAAAAAGGG-!!!!” Your shoulder seared with pain. Dislocated. You huffed erratically. Your pain neurons were screaming as you gasped for air.

“I thought you’d tell me the truth. I’m hurt.” “It-It’s the truth, you fuck! I don’t know it!” You screeched at him. His glare furrowed with his brow was that of a demons.

“It doesn’t matter what you do, I ca-can’t say things I do-d-don’t know!! If I lie, you’re insane enough to really blow this place up! I don’t have a truth to tell, so I’m utterly worthless to you!”

You shout in the vastness. It was silent despite some murmurs. Your pain swelled into an adrenaline rush of confidence.

“Must just suck to find out all your little efforts are worthless!!” Thick metal bashed into your head. Trentons screams and pleas weren’t entirely reaching your ears. The blunt of his pistol left resounding waves in your skull. The beating didn’t stop until it sounded like wet meat being slapped. Your vision was blurry. He was huffing erratically as you painfully drew breath. Blood rushed down your eyebrows and mixed with your tears. He snagged your chin and threw your lazed head back into the chair. His nails dug into the remnants of your dress and tore it wildly. Your warm blood drawn down your chest with his pistol brought you some semblance of awareness. Trenton was the only kind soul to look away. The hot metal pressed into your loins.

“At the least, you aren’t entirely worthless.” Some emotion crossed his eyes. It wasn’t fear, but his façade was cracked. He bit wildly into your neck, teeth gripping the underpart of your jugular. You twisted your eyes shut. Every hint of strength you kept soared with your foot as you drove it into his testicles. He ripped some skin as he fell back, squawking. Snarls and curses echoed through the room. Somebody gripped a semblance of your hair, but you felt no pain. A numbness was
overtaking your body.

“Bitch.” You blinked wearily at Michael. His pistol was at the point right above your ear. You spit a bloody, teary, wad of spit onto his face. You grinned.

“Bi—Bit-ch please.”

**BANG-BAN-** “NOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!” Trenton thrashed about in his chair. Blood splattered his legs. Life faded from your full eyes. His screams bled the quieting space. Michael retrained his aim.

“YOU MO-MONSTER!!! YOU FUCKING MONSTE-“ **BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG**

A slump…wasn’t the right word. The whole house wasn’t in a slump. Frisk doted concern from room to room. Everyone had migrated to the police station for immediate news. Frisk wished they could’ve slept there, but mom said it wasn’t polite. Frisk had let it go half an hour. They pulled at Flowey’s leaves. He’d lost a lot of life in his stem, and got cranky easy. For now though he was simply discouraged.

“I don’t want to see those idiots..” He mumbled to Frisk. Frisk pouted and at him and sighed while signing.

“We are making sure everyone is okay until Jane comes home. I……can’t do it alone I don’t think.” Frisk had made it clear they were perhaps one of the more enthusiastic of Janes reappearance, but nobody had gone unaffected. Plenty of sleep was lost. Heavy eyes hung everywhere in the ambassadors home. Flowey sighed and turned about. Their expressions were a mirror upon the other. Frisk hoisted Flowey into his grip and trudged out of the silent breakroom.

Undyne kept to being a busybody of pure rage. There were less tears and more grit teeth. She was one of the few Frisk knew to not approach casually at the moment. She was in a heated discussion about deployments of search parties, and the police chief was all ears. A bunch of tiny collections of operatives were sent scouting to potential area’s in search of witnesses. They were gathering leads steadily. Frisk quickly bypassed Undyne; it wasn’t the time.

Alphys had wept for hours on end. She was settled in the hallway adjoining multiple rooms going over sketches. The paper was crinkled with watery tears. Frisk quietly approached and sat beside her. When they sat down Alphys only jumped a little. She pat her eyes and forced a tiny smile.

“Hi-Hi-Ho-How ar-are you…holding up?” She sniffled in her own worries as Frisk gave slow ASL.

“As well as most everyone..” Frisk knew who was in the most pain. Alphys scooched closer and offered a brief side hug. She was expressly focused on her blueprints. After reading over Janes last text messages the police did a complete investigation on the surveillance officers in charge of protecting the monster village. There were at least several who were arrested instantaneously. The police chief removed the majority of the folks in charge and ordered his jurisdiction to protect the monsters. He vowed the officers loyalty with dad, and had nothing but apologies even though it wasn’t his fault. Since then, Alphys had been working at this sketch. She noticed Frisks curiosity as she splayed out the plans.
“It... It’s a schematic plan for a human barrier around the monster complex. The only entrance would be the drive in, and the main device can reside near our own house... That way, we can all be safe inside. The only way of allowance would be personal magic from a monster; a guardsman. It... It may be extra work, but we can split the duty up with the Royal Guard.” Alphys was mumbling out the plans very quickly. Frisk could see the sleep deprivation beneath her eyes. Frisk caressed her scales beneath her eyes—she blushed.

“I must look terrible.” Flowey glowered and mumbled “All of you do.”

“Flowey.” Frisk warned hastily. Flowey clicked his tongue, but Alphys didn’t get flustered or argue.

“Ja-Jane went to the trouble of... warning us of danger, rather than taking care of herself. At the very least...” Alphys’ eyes welled with tears. She began to quiver erratically. “At least this--! I can do at least this for her--!” She sobbed and troubled breathing. Frisk felt a welling panic rise as Floweys pot got placed quickly.

“Watch her!” Frisk signed before dashing away.

“Are you--! Aghh, Alphys! Pull you-“ Floweys words broke as Frisk rushed into Undynes conference. The intimidation of the room was stifling, but Frisk forced through it to snap Undynes side. She whipped around angrily, but calmed.

“Wha-Frisk, I’m a little-“ “Alphys needs help!” Frisk pleaded. Undyne’s eye widened as she set the towns schematics down. She looked to the addressing police chiefs that had gathered for the search.

“I'll return shortly.” She said nothing more and walked at high speed towards the hallway. She broke the wall separation and jogged to Alphys’ side. Flowey, at least, was keeping her composed enough to cease hyperventilation.

“Alph. Alph, baby..” Undyne whispered to Alphys and cradled her into her chest. She heaved a sob and buried herself within Undynes firm grasp. Flowey backed away from the cuddling couple as Frisk whisked him back into their arms. Undyne sighed and gave Alphys a little squeeze. A thin tear escaped her eye as she glanced to Frisk and Flowey.

“Thanks Frisk. You guys go rest up.” “You should rest.” Frisk relayed, hopeful. Undyne shook her head with a wry grin. Frisk knew better than to argue the point and traipsed away. Making their way down the hallway and trying to remove the stifled sobs from their ears, Frisk found Papyrus. Plenty of the officers from different districts had been called considering people had gone missing elsewhere. It was certainly centralized around this area, thusly, they received permission to have extra hands. Papyrus was the one they all warmed to immediately. He was the only other to hold a jovial attitude to Janes hasty return, but he wasn’t unaffected. Frisk and Sans were both there to witness him wallowing in despair. It was a crushing revelation to fall upon; Papyrus, completely broken down in sorrow.

Since then, the officers have really brought him confidence and hope again. He likely won’t return to his giddy-self until you’ve returned, but he is a far cry from what he once was. They taught him moves, protocol, and many other things Frisk troubled to understand. At the moment he was discussing fine dining cuisine with the returning shift officers, and laughing. Frisk found a pure smile to Papyrus laughter.

It wasn’t Sans or Frisk who pulled Papyrus from his stupor; not the police. It was Mettaton. He flew home in not even two hours from the news. He spent a solid ten minutes alone with Papyrus,
and brought him out of the shut room. The crippled, broken skeleton had life once again in his bones. Since then, Mettaton has been erratically texting and tries to visit for even half an hour at a time. He cannot persuade his manager over the busy schedule he is managing. Still, his visits are endearing as he is the most hopeful at times.

Frisk was striding forward, struggling to find words to portray to the weakened friends.

“Uggh..” Flowey gave a shudder. Frisk frowned and rounded a corner. He could see the smoke billowing outside the doors window. The nauseous misery radiating from the door brought Frisk somberly over. It squeaked open as they cautiously searched. Sans was on the concrete and leaning back on the bench, smoking heavily. It was leaking from his bones; the ashtray beside him was filled. Frisk took tentative steps out onto the windy perch. Frisk was near enough to spy despite his slouched nature, Sans shook terribly. Sans had undergone every stage of grief. He’d isolated himself instantly, denying anything said to him. He delved into a deep depression, the only thing to drag him from that stage was Papyrus’ own misery. The worst was his anger. Frisk quivered at the memory and squeezed Floweys pot tightly. His bones looked ill even from the distance Frisk kept.

“I’m sorry Sans.” Frisk apologized for, perhaps, the thousandth time. There agreement was to SAVE to protect Jane from this situation. But the SAVE wasn’t there. It wasn’t found until right after the second message. And that was too late. Undyne and Asgore had withheld him physically. He was the only one drowning in anguish. Frisk knew no words would console him, but Frisk desperately reached out regardless. Sans brushed them away instantly.

“head off kid.” He warned quietly. Frisk sniffled their sadness in and backed off. He wasn’t going to make a move until something about Jane was known. Undyne had quarreled over his lax nature coming out, but Frisk knew Sans merely didn’t have the emotional strength to handle not finding you over and over again to come up empty-handed.

“Hey…Frisk.” Flowey stretched his stem and leaned into Frisks chest.

“We…….need to think of what to do if sh-“ “Don’t say it.” Frisk immediately begged. Flowey pouted and smacked his leaf into Frisks chin. Their warbled eyes met, Flowey desperate to avoid that circumstance.

“Not everything ends in smiles and celebrations!! Get that into your kid-sized brain!!” “If you say it you make it true! So don’t!” Frisk used their freed arm to wipe off the swelling tears. Frisk peeked around, catching the chief officer rushing from his office. He appeared pale. Approaching, they hear heavy steps approaching. Frisk and Flowey slip into a nearby room and see Toriel and Asgore hurry with the chief into his office. The door closes and the blinds drop. Foreboding wells in their hearts. Frisk hurries towards the door, fearful. The handle enters their grip and Flowey presses against the door to open it a mere inch.

“—found in a fire-“ “Oh stars!” Toriel sobs. Asgore is giving labored breaths. Everything heard it splotchy, but Flowey is shuddering under the doors weight.

“Please hold on.” Frisk pleads. Frisk presses the door carefully to keep it open enough to spy.

“orgue called….They’ve confirmed her …. and my son..” The chiefs voice is shaky. There is nothing but tear filled silence drawling on for a time. A door scratches the wood floor.

“Humans…have a custom of clarifying personally? Would we be-“ “Of course, your majesty. She was a resident of your housing, so you have that right. Shall I inform the others in your stead?” Footsteps drew near as Frisk let the door silently shut and tumbled away to the side room. The door was left open a crack to continue the spying.
“—tify them of your soon arrival. Once you return and……..inform the other family members, I’ll take charge over the investigations. You all deserve some rest and time to gr-“ “We are not the only ones in grief. Please, take some time for you and your wife.” Toriel mournfully comments. Frisk’s heart ached as Toriel and Asgore hurried off to the stations front. The hallway went quiet and Frisk burst from the room.

“Wh-Where are you going?! We need to ask them what-!” Frisk plowed into the terraces door. Sans was shocked only for the moment of impact. Dreading grief filled his expression as he turned back to his cigarette.

“head off kiddo, I ain-“ “Mom and Dad were talking about Jane and Trenton!!” Frisk yelled out. Sans started from his seat and pushed off the bench. His sockets were wide, weary, worried. Frisk knew that something had surely happened, and Sans had to know. Whatever they would tell him he wouldn’t believe without his own eyes witness to it.

“Th-They were talking about clarifying it personally, and grieving a-and-and—Sans, we have to go with them!” Frisk begged, tears falling freely. Sans was shaking, his mind a muddled race of questions and unspoken horrors. A furrow took his brow. Sans enveloped Frisk into a tight hug. A whisking rush of wind and a sucking pop later and they found themselves in the parking lot. The both of them glanced around before spotting Toriel and Asgore climbing into the van. Sans squinted and gave a tight hug again.

“I hope they’re wrong.” Toriel whispered as the engine revved. Flowey went to shout as Frisk quickly placed a palm over his mouth. Sans had ported you all into the space behind the seats. He laid out, sweaty, fearful. He hadn’t pulled a smile since you’d left that night. It had been five days. Frisk noted his anxious clattering and laid out onto his chest.

“W-e’ll find out the truth. If it’s worse than we fear, we can still LOAD and find a way to save her before it happens again.” Frisks tiny voice echoed between them as the car drove speedily through the streets, weaving about. The van wound up stopping just outside the hospital. Toriel and Asgore jumped out quickly, rushing towards the doors. A light glimmer of hope glistened in Frisks heart, but that horrible fear rose in the back simultaneously. One more squeezed hug and they were all outside the hospitals glass paned doors. Toriel and Asgore were escorted down a left wing. Frisk went to hurry inside, but Sans was frozen. His eyes trembled, unsure. Frisk gripped his boney, clammy hand and dragged him along. The bustling hospital ignored the awkward little group as they pursued the others. They were led down a few halls before a short staircase. Both of them froze at the stairways sign.

MORGUE

Frisk’s legs almost gave in. The determination had been sapped away as hesitation kept them rooted in place. Toriels sniffles echoed from down the hallway. Floweys pot shuddered in Frisks grasp. Without a word, Frisk crept down the staircase.

“kid.” Sans murmured. His hollow eyes were soaked in sorrow as he remained at the top of the stairs. Frisk could spot Asgores legs vanish into a side room. Frisk steeled their heart and hurried forward.

“Frisk!!…” Sans hissed, uncomfortable. He knew what a morgue was for. You weren’t there. Hurried feet ran back towards the stairs. A tall man, silver and white hair and a chiseled chin ascended the stairs tear soaked. His bones go rigid and cold. Frisk was waiting cautiously at the foot of the stairs as Sans whirled around to watch the mans retreat. Sans went stark white as he observed the human.
“Fris-!” Flowey peeped quietly as Toriel and Asgore were escorted out of the room. Toriel was hysterical, Asgore slumped over in defeat. They were turned down further into the corridor, the staff uttering apologies. Once they rounded their corner Frisks feet flew. The echoes klacked against the pristine white walls as Frisk nearly skidded past the double pushed doors. Sans appeared quickly.

“enough. thi-“ “No!” Frisk pushed around Sans as the skeleton fumbled with the child.

“I-I have to know!” Frisk sobbed, pressing a few fingers to the door. Sans’ magic hoisted Frisk and Flowey from the floor. His sockets remained hollow as a swell of disgust washed over him.

“she isn’t here.” He coolly commented.

“Mom was so upset!” “she’s mistaken.” “ENOUGH!!!” Asriels face pressed through the flower, immense magic surging forth. The pot shattered, Flowey flying into the room instantly. Sans hissed in contempt as Frisk nuzzled his way through. Sans was dragged along with Frisk.

The room was stuffy like an empty manor. The lights weren’t vividly bright. Clearly labelled slots on the walls for those at rest. The floor was a pristine deep gray stone that Flowey laid scraped across. He’d already whipped out his roots and vines to scuttle around the floor. Sans’ grip tightens and he pulls Frisk back to his chest. Frisks retaliation died as Sans trembled behind them. Miniscule blips of his eyes had returned – his terror bounced around, frantic. Frisk gripped his and weaved their fingers around his boney hands.

“I’m sorry Sans….you don’t have to be here. I—I just have to-“ He whispers and takes a cautious step forward. The room was relatively empty aside from a few sheet covered tables- it was obvious what resided on each. Clipboards rested at the foot of each table. Flowey was shuffling about, reading them, as Frisk and Sans took baby steps over the stone.

“What was that humans last name? The one she went with?” Flowey murmured. Sans’ grip tightened. A rage instantly radiated off of his trembling bones.

“Nolick.” “This is him.” Flowey leaned back, confused. Sans froze and shuffled with Frisk forward. Tension coiled as Sans leaned forward to hold the clipboard.

Trenton Nolick
Time of death determined around four days prior in the late evening to early morning. Cause of death circum. blood loss and battering. Body found before burning pile on 4029 Crackfell Road in the neighboring forest. Clear signs of torture and/or abuse are present. Injuries related to the 2-11 Unida Street crash are present.

Frisk shivered and took a light step back into Sans’ embrace.

“Why is he here?” Frisk relayed with a whimper. From the get go, the blame fell onto Trenton. The household, the police, and any provided witnesses jabbed the finger immediately to him. Yet, he laid beneath a sheet, devoid of life for now the fourth day. Kidnappings hadn’t ceased either.

Floweys vines wormed up to the sheet. Sans quickly stomped on a root lightly as Flowey unknowingly flinched. He appeared ashamed of his actions and backed away. His petals flit around as he looked over the other tables. Frisk took their own turn to reread the clipboard, deciphering it. In a flash Flowey had scooted to the opposite side of the room like a heat-seeking missile. There, sheet and all, laid a brown haired girl with a tiny towel over her slightly revealed face. Sans and Frisk shuddered as Flowey hoisted to read the clipboard. He didn’t dawdle on it for more than a
brief second before lurching onto the bed.

“Fl-Flowey!!” Frisk stuttered, scared. Sans’ magic lofted him into the air, motionless. Frisk finally broke from Sans’ faltering hold and hurried to their friend. A cracked sob escaped Flowey. He reached for the beds occupant despite Sans’ constrains.

“Le-Lemme go..” He begged. Frisk froze and snagged the clipboard. They collapsed to the floor, violently trembling. Sans felt his entire SOUL freeze over. He dropped Flowey who quickly convolved around the girls neck. Sans’ feet carried him to the bedside where he hoisted the clipboard from Frisks tear soaked fingers.

Jane Kiel
Time of death determined around four days prior in the late evening to early morning. Cause of death circum. a .38 bullet piercing through the head. Body found before burning pile on 4029 Crackfell Road in the neighboring forest. Clear signs of torture and/or abuse present. Body has multiple proofs of after death sexual assault. Injuries related to the 2-11 Unida Street crash are present.

The clipboard clattered to the stone floor. Frisk had worked their way to the bedside. Flowey was on the verge of constricting the neck. Sans’ face remained a frozen canvas of grief as his feet mercilessly carried him towards her. A second of hesitation stilled him before he dragged the face cloth away.

Flowey raked through a horrific sob. Frisk clutched the concealing sheet. Sans stilled in mirror terror to your face. Your face tainted pale, terrified, and stuck. You were bruised, bled; frozen in a state of surprise. There was a pinky thin hole right above your ear he dared not glance at twice. He can spot your tear-tracks, your cracked lips, your up-turned eyebrows. You were scared. You died scared.

Sans leaned down and caressed your swollen cheek- frigid and hard. His hand jumped backwards at the foreign feeling. Your face was lively, warm, and gave under his bones. Frisk was laid out, hugging your body, weeping. Flowey was muttering curses under his breath. Sans caught the little cuts and red marks littering her neckline. Clear bite marks. Her shoulder was dislocated.

His knee caps banged onto the floor as he caressed your cold arm. The only familiar thing he traced were the lines you’d left on yourself. He submitted to the facts with hollowed sobbing sockets – you were dead.

The air shifted around Frisk.
A yellow glow encased the blackened world.

LOAD                     RESET
Yep. I fucking did that. Not sorry. I refuse your memes. I'm awaiting the hate and tears. I will console very little. Feeling sadistic tonight. Ready for them comments, not expecting no kudos, and I know none of you are willing to hit me up with questions on my Tumblr page cause why even...

Quick important notes here: This is an optional canon ending. Confused? Good. Let me explain. I didn't plan this fic that far. I never planned such a long slow burner, but we are in it for the GOLD now. This goes until it finishes or I die in which case I will leave it to some friends who better treat my baby girl well. Jokes aside, this was my original plan. This was the ending- a bad ending. But we all know the Undertale universe nor this fic stays dead.

So, you got choices to make:
1. You can stop reading. This can be your ending. Bam. Done. You finished. Pat your back. You let her die.
2. You can hit that little old Load up there. It's a link. Just know, it makes you a worse person. You accepting to load means you are willing to put everyone through that again. Yet, you could find something new and not done yet every few days, therefore experience something perhaps nobody else did. Are you a willing completionist scumbag?
3. You can wait for the Reset. I hear Reset's take a while to reboot the whole system. Sometimes it messes up the code and whatnot. But it will begin anew, in one form or another.

And that's my Christmas Present to you all: Freewill of choice. Merry Christmas and Happy New Years guys. Folks. The final Load has been added to the link list. Thanks for sticking around for it all. See you all next year~

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