FurTale

by rufftherian

Summary

In this timeline, Humans began doing scientific research on magic not long after Asriel came to the surface with Chara’s body. The humans were shocked that Monsters still existed and wanted to find a way to harness magic themselves to protect humanity and finally destroy the monster threat once and for all. After realizing that humans could no longer wield magic, simple studies into harnessing magic turned into genetic modification to create a hybrid that could.

Over time, monsters were forgotten again and scientists continued to explore possibilities with crossing and mixing DNA between species. By the year 20XX they had successfully created a few human-animal hybrids. It was unknown as to whether or not these Hybrids could wield magic, as by this time there weren’t many people who even believed in magic anymore. The poor creatures were looked down upon and seen as inferior, often kept as lab animals to test new medicines and vaccines. It was not unusual for them to be abused, or even hunted down, should they manage to escape.

You are one such creature, a young canine Hybrid, born in a lab. You have narrowly escaped with your life, fleeing from humans up Mt Ebott.

And this is where the story begins.
Notes

This is actually my first time writing a fanfic. I’ve done quite a few in my head over the years, but never got around to typing them out. It may start out a bit slow as I get a feel for it. Wish me luck!!!

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I have the story plotted out and I’m gonna let you guys know now: its going to be fairly long. There’s 3 main “parts” to the story at least, I’m still debating about a 4th chunk that I may or may not include. I might end up making it its own stand-alone short story. So, probably going to be at LEAST 40 chapters, though probably many more than that. Just thought you should know...

Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Running.

You were running.
Climbing higher and higher, every minute, the shouts becoming more distant as you ran. You were beginning to run out of energy. Not seeing the branch across your path, you tripped, falling forward and smoothly transitioning to all fours. This was much faster, as well as more energy efficient. But, it was also more annoying, as your long hair dragged on the ground, catching on twigs and bushes. It’s not like you had time to stop and pull your hair back, though.
You were running for your life.
The angry shouts sounded even farther away now. You slowed for a moment, looking over your shoulder and rotating your pointed ears back the way you had come. It sounded as though they had finally lost your trail in the dark underbrush. You continued up the mountain anyway, just in case.
The moon shining through the branches overhead lit up patches of your short silvery fur. Before you could really breathe easy however, your descending hand was hitting nothing but air.
The forward momentum and loss of balance sent you tumbling into the dark hole in front of you.

Falling
Falling
Falling
Darkness.
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You awoke in a patch of golden flowers, on your back, staring up at a small hole in the far-off cave ceiling. Every muscle in your body ached. Groaning, you sat up and rubbed the back of your head. You carefully picked the leaves and small twigs from your long black hair and halfheartedly attempted to comb through some of the worse tangles with your fingers. You soon gave up and looked around. There was what looked like a doorway in the cave wall to the right, pillars on each side. A strange winged emblem adorned the top.

Odd…

“Might as well get moving,” you mumbled to yourself. Pulling yourself up, you dusted off your ripped and dirty white lab pants, and slowly made your way to the mysterious doorway. On the other side was a very dark room, save for a small patch of green. Creeping forward, you nervously ran your tongue over your sharp canines.

Suddenly, out from the ground popped a yellow flower.
With a face.
A flower with a face.
Okaaaaay…..

“Howdy! I'm FLOWEY. FLOWEY the FLOWER!” it said, smiling sweetly. He looked up at you, tilting his head. “Hmmm... You're new to the UNDERGROUND, aren'tcha?”
You nodded, cautiously. You were nervous, but it was only a flower, right? You sniffed the air, but detected no scent of hostility. Flowey paused for a moment, looking you up and down, probably wondering if you presented a threat as well, but then continued.

“Golly, you must be so confused!” he said sadly, giving you a face full of… pity? “Someone ought to teach you how things work around here… I guess little old me will have to do. Ready? Here we go!”

You felt a pulling in your chest and were startled to see what looked like a purple cartoon heart floating in front of you. You looked to Flowey for an explanation, eyes wide.

He giggled sweetly. “See that heart? That is your SOUL, the very culmination of your being! Your SOUL starts off weak, but can grow strong if you gain a lot of LV. What’s LV stand for? Why, LOVE, of course! You want some LOVE, don’t you?”

You shrugged.

“Don’t worry, I’ll share some with you!” he continued, winking. “Down here, LOVE is shared through… little white… ‘friendliness pellets.’ Are you ready?”

Little white pellets had appeared over Flowey’s head. They slowly spun in place. As he smiled, they slowly began moving towards your little purple heart. You weren’t sure how to feel about this.

“Move around! Get as many as you can!” Flowey sang gleefully. You decided not to move, partly because you weren’t entirely sure how to move this floating heart in front of you. The pellets flew towards you and hit your floating heart.

HARD.

You dropped to your knees, clutching your chest. That hurt a LOT. You looked at him, wheezing, “Wh-what the… What was THAT??”

Flowey’s innocent face had morphed into something far creepier. “You idiot. In this world, it’s kill or BE killed. Why would ANYONE pass up an opportunity like this!?” he chuckled darkly as ring of pellets surrounded you and your little soul.

“DIE.”

He began to laugh, a horrid, creepy sound. The pellets moved closer and closer, much slower than before. This sadistic bastard knew you couldn’t escape and was ENJOYING this!

Suddenly, a fireball came from nowhere and knocked him into the darkness. The pellets disappeared and your soul moved back into the safety of your chest. You felt woozy. You started to fall, your vision going dark. Before you blacked out, you heard a sweet, woman’s voice.

“What a terrible creature, torturing such a poor, innocent youth…”

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You awoke in a small bed with a soft and cozy blanket covering you. You sighed and snuggled further into the pillow, just enjoying the unexpected luxury. You couldn’t remember if you had ever slept in an actual bed. You squeezed your eyes shut, trying not to think about how you got here.

No.

No thinking about that now. You had a soft, warm bed to enjoy. You nuzzled the pillow happily, drifting quickly back to sleep.

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Your growling stomach woke you this time. Well, your stomach and your nose. The sweet scents of butterscotch and cinnamon filled the small room and you had to wipe the leaking saliva from your mouth with a sleeve as you sat up.

You quickly spotted the source of the delicious smell: a large slice of pie sat on a plate in the middle of the floor. You stared at it for a moment before carefully creeping from the bed, over to the plate and sitting cross legged in front of it. It had obviously been left for you, so who were you to turn
down such a tempting morsel?

‘Especially,’ you thought darkly, ‘When I haven’t eaten in weeks…’ You tried to keep from simply devouring it, forcing yourself to take small bites and chewing slowly. It was delicious. Beyond delicious. It filled you with warmth and…happiness. A tear escaped your eye as you ate the last bit, savoring it.

Glancing around to make sure you were still alone, which you were, you quickly licked the plate clean. Picking up the plate, you then walked to the door, gently trying the doorknob. You half expected it to be locked, but it swung open silently. The hallway was lit and there were vases of flowers here and there. The smell of butterscotch and cinnamon reached your nose, leading you slowly past some stairs and into a living room. A large recliner sat next to a crackling fireplace. Beside that was a bookshelf full of books.

You hesitated, but your curiosity got the better of you and you crept carefully towards the bookcase. There were books on various subjects, from Mathematics to Facts on Snails to numerous joke books lining the shelves. Most of the books, it seemed, were nonfiction. A few seemed handwritten and quite old.

As you were reaching for a particularly old looking book, you heard a gasp from behind you. You turned, embarrassed and fearful, to see a large…white…goat…woman?

You looked down, ears pinned back, and began shaking immediately. Swallowing, you held out your empty plate. “Th-thank you, M-miss, for th-the p-p-pie…It was d-delicious,” you stuttered, not wanting to look her in the face for fear that she would be angry at you for snooping.

You flinched as a warm hand was placed on your shoulder. Slowly, you looked up into her face to see a sweet, motherly smile. She gently took the plate and set it on a nearby table. She looked down at you, her eyes filled with kindness and worry.

“I am Toriel, Caretaker of the Ruins. I found you yesterday while passing through, looking for anyone that may have fallen down. You are the first human to come here in a long time,” she said softly.

You stared up at her, shocked. Human? Why would she think you were human? You looked down at your fur covered arms and hands, then back up at her, tilting your head.

She laughed gently and put a finger to your chest. “We monsters see past appearances, my child. I can clearly see your soul. Regardless of your appearance, you have a human soul. Oh! Excuse me for a moment, while I put this away…” She scooped up the plate and hurried into what you assumed was the kitchen.

You stood there a moment, thinking on what she had said. A human soul? A HUMAN?

You felt conflicted. Humans were cruel, uncaring, violent….

The thought drifted off as you remembered how you ended up down here in the first place. You shuddered. HUMAN.

You weren’t human, regardless of what she said your soul looked like. You could never be…like THEM. Sighing, you looking at your hands. The short silver fur covered them, as well as most of your body. There were dark grey pads on your fingertips and palms. Black claw-like nails took the place of normal human fingernails. You raised your hand and patted your very canine muzzle. Chuckling sadly, you wondered how much differently things would have been if THEY saw you as human, like Toriel did? You quickly shook your head, not wanting to dwell on it.

You weren’t a human, no matter what anyone said.
Toriel returning jerked you out of your thoughts. She took your hands in hers and smiled down at you.
“My child, this is now your home and I want you to be happy here. Would you like me to show you around the ruins?”
You smiled. A real smile.
She… she wanted you to stay?
You nodded carefully, trying not to seem overeager. She led you out the front door by the hand, like a parent would with a small child. She took you through the ruins, showing you the different puzzles and helping you to solve them, though they were all pretty straightforward. She had you talk to a dummy and was delighted when you attempted to tell it a joke. Her laughter echoed in the old catacombs.
Eventually, she felt that you knew the place enough that you could safely find your way back to the house and you both returned in time for bed. As you entered the room you had woken up in, she put her hand on your head.

“This is your room now, my child. I want you to feel at home. I am very glad that you are here. I want to show you my favorite bug-hunting spot. Share my favorite stories. I’ve also prepared a curriculum for your education. This may come as a surprise to you… But, I have always wanted to be a teacher.”

You smiled silently up at her. That explains all the books on the shelf earlier. You couldn’t wait to read them. You always had loved reading, though you had rarely gotten much in the way of reading material...
Toriel seemed to notice your smile falter and she quickly knelt and pulled you into a hug. It was all you could do not to start crying. You think this was the first time you had ever been hugged. It felt so good and so nice. You buried your nose in the soft white fur of her shoulder, loving the fact that she smelled of cinnamon and butterscotch.

The hug finally ended and she helped you into bed and tucked you in. She turned off the lamp and hesitated for a moment before bending to kiss you gently on the forehead. You tried to keep the emotion out of your voice as you whispered goodnight. She smiled at you a moment, eyes full of kindness, before shutting the door behind her.
You lay there in the dark for a moment before the tears began to flow freely. You had escaped, run for your life, fallen down a hole, and somehow found things you never thought you’d ever have. A warm bed, tasty food, books, and someone who wanted to care for you. It seemed to be a dream come true!
You silently cried until you drifted off to sleep.
You dreamt of cinnamon-butterscotch pie and chasing bugs with Toriel.

In your dream, you called her “Mom.”

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The days soon turned into weeks and the weeks into months.
Toriel became Mom.
You learned to cook.
She taught you Math and Science, Geography and Biology (mostly Monster biology), a brief history of Monsters and about the war that had ended with them trapped underground.
She was surprised when you explained that most humans had actually either forgotten about the war, or assumed it was simply ancient mythology. And that very few humans actually believed in Monsters or magic anymore.
This prompted her to add magic to your curriculum. She taught you about some of the different types of magic and the more common attacks associated with each type. She also tried to teach you how to
use fire magic, but you just couldn't seem to get the hang of it, barely managing a spark or two.

After a particularly bad encounter with a couple of Loox (which left you limping and bruised for a few days) she felt that learning to dodge attacks would be more beneficial. Thus, began your hour long, once a week “dodging class” where she would throw fireballs at you, one at a time usually, and you would have to dodge them.

You quickly learned that your soul would just move with you, as you moved. So, as long as you moved out of the way, your exposed soul was safe. Eventually, you got better and better at dodging, until you were dodging ten and twenty fireballs thrown at a time.

Being in the ruins, you were allowed to wander freely again (after Toriel had given you a cell-phone, of course) and you quickly made friends with the monsters that lived there, eventually, even the Loox that had caused your injuries. The Froggits loved to challenge you to races and, over time, you got even better (and faster) at running on all fours. You were happier than you had been since… well, EVER.

You didn’t think anything would ever change.

And of course, that’s when it did.
Change is in the Air...

Chapter Summary

A nightmare evokes feelings of restlessness, and a certain skeleton appears.....

Chapter 2

You were wandering the ruins, going nowhere in particular. You did this often now, always feeling so cooped up in Mom’s small house. Your mind was drifting when you suddenly felt like you were being followed. You twisted your ears back to listen and were startled to hear heavy footsteps behind you. You turned quickly and felt your heart drop to your stomach.

HUMANS.

Two sneering humans stood in front of you, both wearing lab coats. The man had a catch-rod, normally used to catch dogs, and the woman had a leash in her hand.

“We finally found you, you filthy mutt. You are coming back with us.”

You tried to reply, but something was constricting your throat. You reached up and, to your horror, found that you were now wearing a leather collar. You knew it was one of the white ones you used to wear when you were younger, with your lab identification number printed on it.

The humans stepped forward and you fell, trying to back away. You tried to scream for help, call out for Mom, but the man slipped the wire of the catch-rod over your head and tightened it around your neck, cutting off your air. The woman quickly wrapped the leash around your wrists, tying you. The world started growing dark as you struggled, everything beginning to melt together in your panic, trying desperately to cry out.
Right before everything went black, you heard a voice, loud and clear.

“PLEASE… WAKE UP! YOU ARE THE FUTURE OF HUMANS AND MONSTERS…”

You woke up, soaked in sweat, the voice echoing over and over in your mind. The blankets and pillow had been knocked to the floor. You slowly pulled them back onto the bed, taking note of the fact that you strongly felt the need to escape, to run away. You wondered briefly about leaving the Ruins. Mom had mentioned the other monsters leaving to New Home years ago. You managed to take a few breaths to calm down and scolded yourself for being ridiculous. You had been living here for almost 3 months now and you were going to run away from all of it, from Mom, just because you had a bad dream?
You laughed at yourself and decided to get up and start your day,shrugging off your nightmare.

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Today was your Dodging Class and you threw yourself into it more than ever, trying to rid yourself of that nagging feeling that had returned shortly after breakfast. The feeling that you needed to leave
the Ruins.
Now.
You wove in and out of the fireballs gracefully, leaping and ducking like a pro. Mom finally stopped, wiping a bit of sweat from her forehead.
“You have improved so much, my child! I am very proud of you.”
You felt your heart swell with pride at her words. You smiled up at her as she wrapped you in a warm hug and led the way back home.

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As she formed the crust for a nice snail pie, your mind wandered back to the dream you had had. You had thought for sure that the desire to leave was caused by leftover adrenaline from your nightmare. You should be over it by now. But, you weren’t.
Toriel turned, dusting the flour from her hands, and frowned when she noticed your dark expression.
“Is something bothering you, my child?”
You hesitated a moment, wondering if you should tell her about your nightmare. Deciding against it, you simply asked, “Will you read to me tonight?”
She laughed, and patted you on the head. “Silly child, do I not read to you every night?” You chuckled nervously and shrugged, smiling up at her.
“Thanks, Mom…”
“It is my pleasure, my child…”
She pulled you into a warm hug.
You were going to miss her so much.

That night, as you were listening to her read her book on snail facts (for the hundredth time, it seemed, but you didn’t care) you blurted out a question, though, you thought you might already know the answer.

“Mom? Where do the stairs go?”
You had seen her go down there sometimes late at night and not return until early in the morning. You don’t think she knew that you knew. She had told you long ago that the stairs were off limits to you and that if she ever caught you going down there, she would be very cross.
You had never questioned it. Until now.

Mom looked at you for a moment, then slowly closed her book.
“Come with me, my child,” she said, a tinge of sadness in her voice. She took your hand and led you down the stairs to a dark hallway. It seemed to go on for a long time. Eventually, you reached a large door. You put your hand against it and was surprised to feel cold air seeping through the crack. You looked up at her, waiting.
She stood silent for a moment, looking straight ahead at the door.
“This is the end of the Ruins. A one-way exit to the rest of the underground. Every human that has fallen down here has met the same fate. I have seen it again and again. They come. They leave. They die.” Her face was hardened as she stared at the door, as if it was somehow the door’s fault.
She then looked down at you, her face softening. “You, however, stayed. You have stayed with me and allowed me to love you as my own child. You have learned nearly everything I can teach you. You are strong, fast, and smart. I am sure that the Ruins have become very small to you over these past few months. If you wish to leave the Ruins, I will not stop you. But know that the monsters out there are not as docile as they are in here. The world out there is harsh and they will not hesitate to attack… Will not hesitate to… to kill.”
Her words shocked you. New fear flooded your mind. It was almost as strong as the desire you suddenly felt to move on.

Almost…

You stared at the door for a moment, fighting with yourself, before looking up into her eyes. You did want to go.

Something inside of you desperately wanted…

No…

NEEDED to go.

You think she must have realized how you felt, because she suddenly knelt down and wrapped her arms around you in a final hug. You buried your nose in her fur, loving that she still smelled of cinnamon and butterscotch. You both cried silently as you said our goodbyes. She gave you one last kiss on the forehead before opening the door for you. You looked through the door to the hallway beyond.

“I will miss you. Goodbye, my child. Remember me, from time to time. And remember what I have taught you,” she said, sadly.

You stepped through the door and let it close behind you. As soon as you did, you realized that you probably should have packed a few things before leaving. You sighed, looking up at the closed door.

Too late now.

You put your back to the door and began walking. The hallway was long and at the end was an archway leading into a pitch-dark room. In the center was a lit-up patch of green. You shivered involuntarily. A familiar yellow flower popped up out of the ground as you inched closer.

“Flowey,” you said flatly. You tensed, ready for a fight.

“Oh, WOW, you remembered my name. I’m FLATTERED,” he said sarcastically, an unimpressed look on his face. “It took you long enough. Do you know how long I’ve been waiting for you to move on?” He spat. “Anyway, do you honestly think you can get by in this world by being all NICE? You idiot. In this world, it’s KILL or BE killed.”

“You’ll die.”

“And die.”

“And die.”

You looked at him, a little confused. Couldn’t you only die once? Maybe he was just going on for effect. It didn’t matter. Mom had taught you how important it was not to hurt anyone. And you were now a PRO at dodging thanks to Toriel.

Flowey interrupted your thoughts.

“HEY! Are you even listening to me? You honestly think you can just HUG everyone and it will all be okay? They will MURDER you. Everyone out there.”

You let out a sigh and began to walk past him. You could feel his hate-filled glare on your back and heard him pop back into the ground, angrily.

‘Let him be mad,’ you thought to yourself.

You walked through another door and found yourself outside, snow covering the ground. Trees grew tall on either side of the snow-covered path and it was impossible to see through the darkness between the trunks. It was eerily quiet. You took a deep breath and let it out, walking forward. The
snow was cold on your paws and all you were wearing was a pair of tan cloth pants and a thin lavender shirt that Mom had made for you. As you shuffled through the freezing snow, you began to miss the cozy warmth of the Ruins.

Lost in thought, you barely managed to avoid tripping over a large branch in the path. You carefully stepped over it, but had not gone ten feet when you heard a loud crack from behind you. Whipping around, you were startled to see the branch was now broken into pieces. There were no footprints besides your own.

You listened carefully, your ears twitching back and forth quickly. Not a sound. You let out a nervous laugh, remembering Mom’s and Flowey’s warnings and continued walking. Occasionally, you would hear a footstep or two, or see something move out of the corner of your eye. But, when you would turn to look and listen, there was nobody there. You were sure that the cold had all but rendered your sense of smell useless, as you could smell nothing but the snow.

Finally, up ahead, you spotted a bridge with some sort of gate built on it. You hurried, starting to breathe a sigh of relief upon reaching it… until you heard shuffling footsteps behind you. They came closer, not even trying to sneak. You felt frozen in place, not daring to turn and look. What if it was a vicious monster, intent on killing you?

Or worse… one of the humans from your nightmare?

The footsteps stopped right behind you.

“H U M A N. don’t you know how to greet a new pal?” a creepy voice asked. “turn around and shake my hand.”

You shuddered, terrified, and slowly turned, your eyes tightly closed, hand out. You felt a thin, boney hand grab yours and-

Your eyes flew open in surprise as a loud farting sound emanated from your hand.

“heheh… the old whoopee cushion in the hand trick. it’s ALWAYS funny.”

You stared at the monster holding your hand. Then you blinked and stared again.

It was a skeleton.

A freaking skeleton.

A skeleton, half your size, in a blue jacket, black shorts, and….pink house shoes. You slowly took your hand back as the skeleton looked at you curiously.

“heh… huh… anyways, you’re a HUMAN, right? didn’t realize humans came with fur... that’s hilarious. that you’re a human, i mean. i’m sans. sans the skeleton. i’m actually supposed to be on watch for humans right now. but… y’know… i don’t really care about capturing anybody.” He stared at you, grinning.

You just rubbed your arm nervously. You weren’t sure what to say.

“now my brother, papyrus…” He continued, "he’s a human-hunting FANATIC. actually, i think that’s him over there.”

You gulped and glanced around nervously.

Sans simply went on. “i have an idea. go on through this gate thingy. my brother made the bars too wide to really stop anyone.”

You hesitated, not really wanting to turn your back to this new monster.
Moving carefully, you slowly slid through the wide bars sideways, keeping an eye on the odd grinning skeleton.

The forest soon opened up into a small clearing with a sentry station and a lamp. A very oddly shaped lamp. It almost looked like a small human child.

The sounds of crunching snow hit your ears and Sans gestured to the sentry station. You dove behind it in a panic, just as another, very tall skeleton walked into view. You sat with your back against the wood and put your hands over your mouth to try and slow your breathing.

Sans looked up at the other skeleton, still grinning.

“sup, bro?”

The other skeleton looked at Sans and huffed. “YOU KNOW WHAT ‘SUP,’ BROTHER! IT’S BEEN EIGHT DAYS AND YOU STILL HAVEN’T RECALIBRATED YOUR PUZZLES!!! YOU JUST HANG AROUND OUTSIDE YOUR STATION! WHAT ARE YOU EVEN DOING?”

He was very loud, yet there was no real anger at all in his voice.

Sans glanced at the sentry station. “lookin at my sentry post. it’s really cool. do you wanna look at it too?” He winked.

Peeking out, afraid you were being given away, you were surprised to see Papyrus stomping the ground in a sort of fit.

“NO, I DON’T WANT TO LOOK AT YOUR SENTRY STATION, SANS!!! WHAT IF A HUMAN COMES THROUGH HERE?? I WANT TO BE READY! I MUST BE THE ONE! I WILL BE THE ONE! I WILL CAPTURE A HUMAN!!”

He stopped stomping and struck a heroic pose, his scarf suddenly billowing out behind him like a cape.

“THEN, I, PAPYRUS, WILL GET ALL THE THINGS I UTTERLY DESERVE! RESPECT. RECOGNITION. I WILL FINALLY BE ABLE TO JOIN THE ROYAL GUARD! PEOPLE WILL… ASK TO… BE MY… FRIEND? I WILL BATHE IN A SHOWER OF KISSES EVERY MORNING!” He had a dreamy look on his face.

Sans piped up grinning even bigger, “maybe looking at my station will help you?”

That set Papyrus off again, stomping and fuming. It was kind of funny. Kind of.

“SANS! YOU ARE NOT HELPING! YOU LAZYBONES!!! ALL YOU EVER DO IS SIT AND BOONDOGGLE! YOU GET LAZIER AND LAZIER EVERY DAY!!!”

Sans shrugged. “hey, paps, take it easy. i’ve gotten a TON of work done today. a skele-TON.”

You snorted into your hands at the unexpected pun...

“SANS!”

“come on, you’re smiling.”

“I AM AND I HATE IT! SIGH.”

You blinked. Did he just say sigh? Like, actually said the word?

“WHY DOES SOMEONE AS GREAT AS ME… HAVE TO DO SO MUCH JUST TO GET SOME RECOGNITION?”
“wow. sounds like you’re really working yourself… to the BONE.”
You snickered quietly.

“UGH!!! I WILL ATTEND TO MY PUZZLES… AS FOR YOUR WORK? PUT A LITTLE MORE…. BACKBONE INTO IT!!!”
He then laughed as he walked off.
“NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEH!!!”

It was only a few moments before San told you it was okay to come out. You walked around the side of the sentry station, smiling. Sans looked up at you.
“you oughta get going. he might come back. and if he does…..you’ll have to sit through more of my hilarious jokes.” He winked at you.

You started to leave, but hesitated.

“look, kid… there’s nothing to be afraid of. it’s just a dark cavern filled with skeletons and other horrible monsters. heh heh.”

You jerked your head back to look at Sans, but he was gone.
His last statement echoed in your head. You tried to swallow your fear, knowing that you couldn't go back to the Ruins.

Slowly, you took a step forward. Then, another. You continued on into the dark forest.

You felt a shiver crawl down your spine...
The trees loomed high overhead, blocking the roof of the cave from view. How could there be a forest inside a cave, underground anyway? For that matter, how could it be SNOWING??

You sighed, your breath coming out in a cloud of steam. None of this was making much sense. Not that you were particularly in the mood to try and figure it out.

You were cold, your fur was damp from the snow, your paws were all but frozen, and you were alone and scared. Trudging through the snow, head down, you didn’t notice the large mass in front of you until you had walked right into it. “It” shoved you back, knocking you on your butt in the snow. Looking up, you felt the blood leave your face, and your ears involuntarily pin back defensively. It was a large… bird? dragon? Um… thing.

“Hey!” it screeched angrily. “Watch where you’re SNOWING!”

You stared for a moment in confusion, then snorted, bursting into laughter. The creature seemed pleased with your reaction to its pun.

“See, Dad? I AM funny!” it mumbled to itself. “Hey, thanks! You really SLEIGHED my day! I’m Snowdrake.”

You grinned and replied, “ICE to meet you, Snowdrake. I’m _____.” Snowdrake chuckled and ruffled its feathers.

“I’d love to stay and chat, but I have to be going… Here…” It then tossed something at your feet before wandering off. You bent to pick up the object and found a small cloth bag with six gold coins inside.

Well, that was nice of them…

You ran into a few more small monsters, but managed to befriend them rather easily. A couple of them, like the Snowdrake, gave you a few coins before continuing on their way. You wondered at this, but shrugged it off as local custom.

Making your way through the snow, you spotted the two skeletons up ahead. You paused. Papyrus hadn’t seemed very threatening earlier, but, would that change when he saw you? Sighing, you decided you might as well find out. Besides, it didn’t look like there was another way past them.

You moved forward, catching their attention. Papyrus looked at you, then Sans, then back at you, faster and faster. He stopped, clutching his head for a moment, dizzy.
“SANS!! OH, MY GOD!! IS THAT… A HUMAN??!??!” he said, excitedly. 
Sans looked up at him. “uhhhhh…. actually… i think that’s a rock…”
You turned to see a large rock beside you. …..really?
Papyrus looked disappointed. “OH…” he said, shoulders slumped.
Sans winked at you, then looked up at his brother again. “hey, paps. what’s that beside the rock?”
“Oh, my goodness!!! Is that a human?”
“looks like it…”

The taller skeleton literally jumped for joy. “Oh, my god, sans!!! I finally did it!!!
Undyne will… i’m gonna… i’ll be so… popular! popular! popular!”
He froze, realizing that you were watching him. “Ahem… human! you shall not pass
this area! i, the great papyrus, will stop you! i will then capture
you! you will be delivered to the capital! then! then… actually, i’m
not sure what’s next… in any case! continue… if you dare!” He then
tossed his red scarf over his shoulder with a flourish and nyeh heh heh’d away.

You stared after him for a good minute, thoroughly confused. Well, then…
Sans winked at you. “well, that went pretty well. don’t worry, kid. i’ll keep an eye socket out for
ya.” He then followed after his brother.

You continued, heading in the same direction as the skeletons. You were beginning to feel a little
more comfortable walking through this dark and scary forest alone, though you were still cold.
Looking up at the branches as you walked, you froze upon hearing a deep, growling voice.
“Did something move?”

The fur stood up on the back of your neck.
“Hmm… was it just my imagination?”

You glance up ahead to see a black and white dog standing on two legs and looking around. He was
wearing a pink tank top and yellow leopard print pants. You swallowed a gasp before it had a
chance to escape your throat. A dog-person? If you had a tail, it would have started wagging.

“If something had moved, like say, a human… i’d make sure it never moved again…”
He growled, stepping into the middle of the path. Looking around suspiciously, he conjured up a few
blue swords. You felt the sweat drip down your neck as he started flinging them about in every
direction.
Every direction… except yours?
After a few moments watching, you realized…. He couldn’t see you.

You sighed, relieved and began to inch closer and closer to the guard dog, intent on sneaking past
him. When you were directly behind him, you had a crazy idea. Slowly, you reached up and pet him
on the head.

He went nuts, barking and looking this way and that.
“I’ve been pet! Pet! Pet! I’ve been pet by s-something that isn’t moving!” he yelped.
He then frantically dove back into the sentry station on the side of the path that you hadn’t noticed
before. You tried not to laugh as you slowly crept past.

In the next clearing, you found sans waiting for you. “Hey, uh. something you should probably
know, kid… my brother has a very special attack. If you see a blue attack, stay still and it won’t hurt
you. Just think of a blue stop sign. Like a regular stop sign, but blue. Got it?”
You shrugged. “I guess that’s easy enough to remember… blue… stop signs…” You glance up
ahead, then back to sans, but he’s vanished again. How did he even do that?
You can’t help but shiver at the chill creeping up your spine.

---

You ran into Papyrus again, who insisted you complete an electric maze. It was easy enough, as you simply followed the footprints he left in the snow. You met a talking snowman (who insisted you take a piece of him with you to see the world), a bunny-man selling “Nice Cream” (it tasted odd), and a snowdecahedron.

You were beginning to wonder if Sans really was a “Lazy-bones” when his contribution to the puzzles was a simple word search laying on the ground. Him and his brother had a little disagreement over which was more difficult: Junior Jumble or a Crossword puzzle. You had to agree with the taller skeleton, that the jumble was more difficult… mostly, because you had no idea what it even was. He seemed happy at your response anyways, NYEH HEH HEH-ing away once more.

In the next clearing was a frozen plate of spaghetti, with a note from Papyrus. Apparently, the spaghetti was a trap, luring you into eating it so that you would not continue. Unfortunately, the provided microwave with which to heat the spaghetti had no power source. You looked longingly at the plate for a moment before moving on.

You encountered Lesser Dog and Dogamy and Dogaressa (who thought you were a “weird puppy.” Though, you supposed, that wasn’t too far from the truth), all of whom seemed happy to let you pass after being pet. Lesser Dog weirded you out a little, though, as his neck had started to stretch in response to your pets…..

More puzzles from Papyrus and more monsters to befriend and you soon found yourself getting very tired. Surely, there was a house or town or… SOMETHING nearby? Rubbing your eyes, you bumped into a large snow poff. It quivered and some snow fell away to reveal an adorable little white dog.

“Aww….” you said softly.

The little white dog stood up and your “Aww…” turned into “Oh.”

It was way taller than you, clad in what looked like knight’s armor.

Thankfully, it, like the other canines you met, just wanted a little love. You gave it one last scratch behind the ears before it ran off.

---

Up ahead, you saw a long bridge and what looked like a town in the distance. You began to get your hopes up… until you spotted the two skeletons on the other side. Papyrus seemed excited about something.

You sighed, exhausted, realizing that that “something” was probably another puzzle. You forced a smile on your face and began to cross the bridge.

“HUMAN! THIS IS YOUR FINAL AND MOST DANGEROUS CHALLENGE! BEHOLD! THE GAUNTLET OF DEADLY TERROR!! NYEH HEH!!”

Your smile quickly melted away when various dangerous looking weapons appeared. Spears, mace, cannon, flamethrower, dog….

A dog?
You did a double-take. Yup. A small white dog was suspended from a rope…..

“WHEN I SAY THE WORD, IT WILL FULLY ACTIVATE!! CANNONS WILL FIRE! BLADES WILL SLICE!! SPIKES WILL SWING!!” he continued, excitedly.
You raised your hand timidly. “Um… What does the dog do?”

He paused. “THE DOG… UH… NEVER MIND THAT!! HUMAN! ONLY THE TINIEST CHANCE OF VICTORY WILL REMAIN!! ARE YOU READY?”

“BECAUSE I AM…”

“ABOUT…..”

“TO……..”

“DO IT……………”

He hesitated, appearing to have second thoughts.

Sans piped up, “that, uh, doesn’t look very activated, bro…”

“I!”

“THAT’S BECAUSE!”

“…”

“THIS CHALLENGE SEEMS TOO EASY TO DEFEAT THE HUMAN WITH…. I LIKE MY PUZZLES TO BE FAIR!”

He looked from you to Sans.

“I AM A SKELETON WITH STANDARDS, AFTER ALL. AWAY IT GOES. ANOTHER DECISIVE VICTORY FOR THE GREAT PAPYRUS!”

The weapons slowly retreated back to… wherever they were before. Papyrus looked to you again, before letting out a not-so-confident NYEH HEH HEH and darting off.

You shook your head in disbelief. You weren’t sure what to make of this guy.

Or the other guy.

Either of them.

You made your way over the rest of the bridge to where Sans was, once again, waiting for you.

“hey, kid… i’m not sure what my brother is planning next. you may have to fight him. remember what i said about blue attacks earlier. just picture a blue stop sign and you’ll be fine.”

He hesitated a moment, then looked up at you.

“if you do fight him, just go easy on him. he means no harm.”

You sighed. “I don’t really want to fight him, Sans…”

Sans shrugged at you and headed after his brother. He paused a moment, looking back at you over his shoulder.

“then don’t.”

Chapter End Notes

This one was a bit tougher to write… So looking forward to the next few chapters, though! It's finally going to start to break away from the game-play and become the story I have planned!

And I have a lot planned....

:)
Chapter Summary

Panic and skeletons.

---

In the second bit, it's more from Sans point of view, so "you" becomes "they."

Also, this one is a bit short. The future chapters will start becoming much longer. This one just felt like it should end where it did.

Chapter 4

The sound of a wooden door closing caused you to stir. You were cold and your body ached all over. You opened your eyes and glanced around in confusion. You were laying on the floor of a wooden shed. There were wooden bars in the middle of the room, designed, you supposed, to keep someone trapped. They were too wide to really stop anyone, though. Papyrus must have made them.

Oh.
Right.
Papyrus.
That’s why you were sore.

Papyrus had wanted to fight you after arriving in Snowdin, despite your protests. You groaned and rubbed your aching head, remembering his Special Blue Attack.

Blue stop sign, my ass.

His bone attacks had been easy enough to dodge at first, but then he hit you with the blue attack and it made you feel as though you suddenly had a 200 pound weight in your chest. It had been over shortly after that.

You sighed and closed your eyes. For such a seemingly nice guy, he sure did a number on you. Nothing felt broken, but you were pretty sure your body was one big bruise all over. After a while, you opened your eyes again and decided to stand up and have a look around.

To your left was the set of bars. On the other side of those was the door.

On the right was a small and dusty window, a little pet bed, and a dog dish full of stale kibble. Your breathing felt labored suddenly, and sweat began to form on your forehead.

The room seemed to tilt and you felt your rump hit the floor. A whine escaped your lips as you scooted hastily backwards until your back hit the wall. Your heart was pounding in your chest… it hurt… your chest hurt… it was hard to breathe…

The room seemed to shrink drastically, trapping you in shadows…. When did it get so dark?? Where were you?
The shadows churned all around you.
A loud sound seemed to pierce your eardrums…
So loud!
Too loud!!
Everything began to spin and you felt panicked and sick, out of breath.
Something moved…someone?
A human!
They found you… They… they were reaching out to grab you…
There were sharp pains in the sides of your head.
Needles!
They were putting needles in your head…
Not again!!
Oh, god, not again!
No more needles, please!
Your throat began to burn, your chest hurting even more… What had they given you this time?
Would you die?
Were you dying??
You squeezed your eyes shut as they dug their fingers into the soft flesh of your arms, pulling you…
No more!
Please…
You began to feel lightheaded….
The hands tugged forcefully again at your arms…
The noise became louder…
The world began to tilt and fall and become darker behind closed eyes…
No more…
please…
no more…
no more…
no more…
nomorenomenorenomorenomorenomore….

Silence.

Darkness.

Nothing.

---

Sans sat on his bed in silence.
He was thinking about the strange human. Were they even human? To him, they looked more like one of the Dog Guard than a human. Humans didn’t have fur, for one. Or sharp canine teeth.
They seemed nice enough, though… making friends and sparing the monsters in the forest outside of Snowdin. They also had played along with his brother’s puzzles.
He rubbed the back of his skull in thought.

Papyrus was so proud to have finally captured a human… He had bragged about their “grand battle against the human” ending in a “swift and merciful victory” in which the kid was knocked unconscious.
Poor kid.

He felt a little guilty about letting the kid get beat so badly. They hadn’t even tried to fight back, standing there, practically begging Papyrus to stop fighting. They had even tried complimenting him, which he had taken as flirting. Sans had never seen anyone look so confused as the human had when Paps had told them he would go on a date with them later.

Sans chuckled, remembering their face when his bro started applying beauty products behind his “ear,” only to remember that he didn’t have ears.
Neither had noticed him watching from his bedroom window.

Sans yawned and was about to lay back on his bed for a snooze, when he heard the front door burst open with a loud bang.

“SANS!! SANS!!”

Sans darted out of his room in a panic and looked down the stairs. Papyrus looked frightened and had the furred human in his arms. They were unconscious and…bleeding.

“SANS, THE HUMAN ISN’T MOVING AND IT’S… IT’S LEAKING RED FLUID! I DON’T THINK IT’S SUPPOSED TO DO THAT!” he yelled, his voice higher than normal.

Sans was down the stairs in an instant, instructing Papyrus to put the human on the couch. He had started crying, orange tears dripping from his cheekbones, only to disappear before hitting the floor.

“paps. what happened to the human?” Sans asked calmly, though he felt far from it.

“I WENT TO CHECK…. THEY WERE JUST SCREAMING AND I COULDN’T GET THEM TO STOP AND…. THEN, THEY FELL OVER AND WOULDN’T WAKE UP… WHAT DO WE DO, SANS??”

Papyrus was fidgeting with his scarf, rubbing the fabric in a near-panic, trying to calm himself.

Sans thought for a moment, then asked him to go fetch some clean towels and some warm water. He needed to see how bad the wounds were. Turning back to the kid, he could see that there was a decent amount of blood matting up their fur. It was mostly on the sides and top of their head. He looked down and noticed the blood on their hands as well. Their breathing was raspy and shallow, and he could see the tear tracks running down their face, leaving damp tracks through their short fur. He could only guess that it had been some sort of anxiety or panic attack. Probably the latter.

When Papyrus had returned, he gently cleaned the kid’s face with the warm, wet cloth and water. The wounds were a lot smaller than he had thought, looking like the kid had dug their claws in, in an attempt to cover their ears, maybe. There were ten neat little holes, five on each side. That had to have been it.

Papyrus stood behind the couch, looking down at them. He had stopped crying, but worry flooded his face.


Sans paused a moment. “they might want something warm to drink when they wake-“

“I SHALL MAKE THEM SOME OF MY FAMOUS SPAGHETTI TEA!” he interrupted, with renewed vigor.

“don’t you mean… spaghe-TEA?”
“OH, MY GOD, SANS, REALLY?? THAT WAS TERRIBLE!”

Sans chuckled to himself as Papyrus stormed back into the kitchen. He looked at the human and put a bony hand on their forehead, moving a few stray strands of hair from their face. The fur on their face was really soft. He rubbed the human’s cheek lightly with one of his fingers.

Suddenly, their eyes flew open, staring up in shock at the skeleton looking down at them.

“Holy shit… I’ve actually died.”
SpagheTEA and Skeletons

Chapter Summary

In which you enjoy a nice cup of tea.

----

I had intended to make this chapter longer, but I ended up having to work over today and I am exhausted, lol.
Thank you for reading!

Chapter 5

Your eyes opened to see a grinning skull floating over your face.

“Holy shit… I’ve actually died,” you muttered.

Suddenly, the skull burst out laughing.

Wait.

Not a skull, a skeleton.

A skeleton in a blue jacket.

Realization dawned on you and you tried to sit up, only to have a wave of dizziness hit you hard.

“Hold up, kid… rest a few minutes… paps is gonna bring you something to drink,” Sans said softly, gently lowering you back down into a laying position on the soft, lumpy couch.

You groaned, putting a hand to your head. It ached and your throat burned. You could hear your breath coming out in raspy wheezes.

“Where am I?”

Sans sat on the arm of the couch near your head, looking down at you.

“Welcome to casa de skelebros. this is our house, kid. paps took you to the shed to rest up after your battle and apparently you, er… freaked out a bit after you woke up. you okay?”

He leaned his elbow on the back of the couch so he could rest his cheekbone on his hand.

You rubbed the side of your head absentmindedly. Freaked out? You remembered waking in the shed… but after that was just a big blur. You told Sans as much. He nodded.

“From what paps told me about it, i think you had a panic attack.”

You put your hands over your face and let out a soft groan.

The sounds of dishes being moved around and liquid being poured caught your attention. Your ears twisted to hone in on the noises. You could hear Papyrus in the kitchen mumbling something to himself.

You uncovered your face and glanced towards the sounds nervously. Sans let out a small chuckle.

“You don’t have to be afraid of paps. he wouldn’t hurt a fly.”

You looked back up at the ceiling, your ears drooping.
“He hurt ME, though. And I didn’t even want to fight,” you mumbled.

Sans’s smile looked a little strained.

“heh… look, kid…. paps IS a sentry, you know. he was just doing his job. if he had wanted to hurt you, you wouldn’t be lying on our couch. if he was a bad guy, he wouldn’t have carried you in here, in tears, worried about you when you passed out…”

This bit of information surprised you. You looked back up at Sans after letting what he said sink in for a few moments. The look on his face was… well, you weren’t sure exactly… but he definitely seemed bothered that you might be afraid of his brother.

“kid, i’m tellin ya… paps doesn’t have a bad BONE in his body…”

“SANS!”

You jumped, startled by Papyrus’s loud voice right behind the couch. You sat up slowly to look up at him. He was standing a few feet back, narrowing his eye sockets at Sans, and holding a big orange mug of… sauce? Your nose twitched, trying to catch a whiff of whatever was in the cup.

He noticed you sitting and his face lit up.

“HUMAN!! YOU ARE AWAKE AND OKAY! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, HAVE MADE FOR YOU MY FAMOUS SPAGHETTI TEA TO MAKE YOU FEEL WELCOME IN OUR HOME! I HOPE THAT WE CAN SOON BECOME GOOD FRIENDS.”

You stared at him warily as he handed you the mug. You looked down at it, puzzled. Spaghetti tea? It was full of thin, red sauce and there were a few small bits of noodles floating in it. He watched you, smile still plastered on his face.

“You….. you made this… for m-me?” you asked, your voice cracking with emotion.

You weren’t used to people being nice for no reason. Well, Toriel had been nice, but she had kind of become your mom. Moms were supposed to do stuff like that…. Right?

“OF COURSE, HUMAN! IT WILL HELP YOU HEAL FASTER AND WILL STRENGTHEN THE BONDS OF FRIENDSHIP THAT WILL SOON FORM BETWEEN YOU AND I,” he said, nodding enthusiastically.

You lifted the mug, sniffing it. It smelled okay, so you took a sip. The taste was….. Well, it was better than what you had been fed on the surface, anyway. You smiled up at Papyrus.

“Thanks, Papyrus. It’s very good…” you said.

It made you feel… happy and warm. Similar to the way Mom’s cinnamon-butterscotch pie did.

Sans stared at you in disbelief, but Papyrus looked ecstatic. You didn’t think his smile could get any bigger, but it did.

“WOWIE, HUMAN, YOU REALLY LIKE MY SPAGHETTI TEA?? I AM SO HAPPY THAT MY CULINARY MASTERPIECE HAS MADE YOU SMILE.”

You continued drinking the odd beverage, watching as Papyrus did a little happy dance around the couch. Sans stared at you, one eyebrow… eyebone? browbone? lifted, as if waiting for the punchline.

“you… actually like my bro’s concoction?”

You shrugged, taking another drink. “It’s not bad. Better than anything I had above-ground. I can definitely taste the spaghetti, heh.”
Sans just stared at you.

Aaaand stared.

You looked away awkwardly just as Papyrus plopped himself down on the couch next to you, almost making you spill your drink. He smiled at you, putting his gloved hands under his chin and resting his elbows on his knees.

“SO, HUMAN… DOES YOUR STEAMING BEVERAGE MAKE YOU FEEL ALL WARM AND SPARKLY INSIDE?”

You giggle softly at his wording, and nod. “Sure does, Papyrus,” you say and take a large drink.

“NYEH HEH! THAT’S BECAUSE I PUT EXTRA GLITTER IN IT THIS TIME! JUST FOR YOU!!” He beamed at you.

You nodded, taking another drink. That makes sense. Extra….
You cough, spewing sauce down your front.

“Wait, did you say GLITTER?”

---

Sans didn’t know what to think.

The “human” (he still wasn’t convinced) was more afraid of Papyrus than they had been of him.

Who was afraid of Paps?

They seemed to be warming up to his brother fairly quickly, though. They had even liked his SpagheTEA. He chuckled inwardly at the bad pun.

But, he couldn’t help but wonder…

Sans knew it tasted pretty bad… He had made the mistake of trying it once… It had been all he could do not to spit it out right in front of his sensitive little brother.

But, the kid had said it was better than anything they had had on the surface.
They must have had to dine on some pretty foul grub...

He shuddered at the thought of having to eat worse-than-Papyrus's-cooking. Poor kid.....

Sans watched them as they accidentally spewed sauce all over themself. He couldn’t help but laugh, then laugh even harder as they shot him a dirty look.

Papyrus was trying, and failing, to wipe the sauce from their clothes and fur with his gloved hands.

He only succeeded in making more of a mess.

He finally gave up and insisted that the "MESSY HUMAN" needed to be bathed immediately.

Sans finally got control of himself and offered to go find something the kid could wear while Papyrus got the bath ready for them. He trudged up the stairs and through the door on the right, kicking a random paper wad into the trash tornado that inhabited the corner of his very messy room.

He liked the mess. It was organized chaos.

After rummaging around in his dresser for a bit, he pulled out a long pair of black pants (Sans had worn them only once. He was more of a shorts kinda guy) and a long white t-shirt. He was pretty sure they would fit the kid. If not, he was sure that Papyrus would make them something….

He snorted at the mental image of the “human” in Paps’s battle body suit.

He started to head back downstairs, when a thought occurred to him. The kid had some pretty long (and tangled) hair…. He went back to his dresser, pulled out his trusty comb and put it on top of the
pile of clothes he was carrying, then he headed downstairs and passed them to Papyrus, who was in
the bathroom with them.

He seemed to be trying to convince them to let him bathe them himself.

Sans laughed again, plopping down on the couch.

This was the most excitement he had had in a long while.
Baths and Eavesdropping...

Chapter Summary

Papyrus babies you a bit and Sans is a bit suspicious....

----------

This.
THIS!
Look at THIS!!!!!
I got a fanart from iMews!
*so stoked right now*
http://imews.deviantart.com/art/Furtale-594984710?
 ga_submit_new=10%253A1457274094

Chapter 6

“SEE HUMAN? THE BATH ISN’T AS TERRIBLE AS YOU THOUGHT IT WOULD BE!”

You sat in a tub full of pleasantly warm water and vanilla scented bubbles. The bubbles came up to your neck. Papyrus had removed his gloves and was standing over you, a shower cap on his head and a plastic pitcher in his hand. He was dipping it in the water and gently pouring the soapy water down the back of your hair.

You sighed, causing a bit of the bubbly foam to take to the air. You had tried to explain to him that you were an adult (you were pretty sure, anyway) and could bathe yourself without any assistance. Thankfully, Papyrus had at least let you take off your own clothes and climb awkwardly into the deep tub by yourself.

“NOW, HUMAN, I SHALL WASH YOUR BEAUTIFUL HAIR,” he said, matter-of-factly, as he poured some vanilla shampoo into his skeletal hand. You wondered how the shampoo didn’t run through the bones of his palm, blushing slightly at the compliment. You weren’t used to compliments.

“I WISH THAT I HAD HAIR AS LUXURIOUS AS YOURS,” he sighed, scrubbing your scalp gently with his phalanges.

You couldn’t help but lean into the touch.

“ONE DAY, WHEN THE BARRIER IS BROKEN AND WE REACH THE SURFACE, I HOPE TO DRIVE DOWN THE HIGHWAY, SUN ON MY SKIN AND THE WIND IN MY HAIR…. ONE DAY...”

Your ears perked up at this. “Barrier?” you asked.

“WHY, YES, DEAR HUMAN. THE BARRIER. IT IS MADE OF POWERFUL MAGIC. IT’S WHAT KEEPS US TRAPPED IN THE UNDERGROUND.”

You just looked down at the bubbles again. They were all trapped underground… forever? At least
on the surface, you had a vent to let in fresh air and a little sunlight. There, on the other side of that wall was the sun, the sky, the stars. Even if the most you had seen of, well, anything of the world really, was when you had escaped. You frowned, wondering momentarily if they were still searching for you. You hoped not.

Suddenly, you realized that Papyrus had stopped washing your hair and had gone eerily quiet. He was watching you, a concerned look on his face.

“Heh, um… are you okay?” you asked, nervously, trying to force a big smile. It wasn’t a very good one. Too many teeth.

He knelt down and quickly wrapped his bony arms around your shoulders in a hug. You were shocked… and a little embarrassed. You WERE naked after all, even if the bubbles covered everything. You hesitantly reached a damp hand up and placed it on his humerus.

“P…Papyrus?”

“OH, HUMAN, I DID NOT MEAN TO MAKE YOU SAD. I SOMETIMES BECOME SAD, TOO, BUT THEN I REMEMBER THAT I-” with this, he stood, striking a heroic pose (and splashing some water in the floor in the process), “- AM THE GREAT PAPYRUS! FRIEND TO ALL AND ONE DAY, A RESPECTED MEMBER OF THE ROYAL GUARD!”

His smile and enthusiasm were quite infectious and you couldn’t help grinning as well. You wished you could be as confident and cheerful as Papyrus.

He finished rinsing your hair and snagged a fluffy blue towel from a nearby shelf and held it out for you. He averted his eyes… eye sockets… as you stood and took the towel. As you stepped out of the tub, and dried your body, he picked up the shirt that Sans had brought you and yanked it over your head in a hurry, disorientating you a bit. It was white and came down almost to your knees. You quickly wrapped your dripping hair in the towel so that it wouldn’t wet the shirt.

Papyrus then held out the pants for you to step into and you did so with just a little huff of embarrassment. Why was Papyrus treating you like a child anyway? You made a mental note to ask about it later. While you were pondering on this, Papyrus had picked up the comb and was apparently studying it.

“HUMAN, I AM AFRAID I AM NOT SURE HOW TO USE THIS. I AM SORRY THAT YOU WILL HAVE TO MANAGE YOUR BEAUTIFUL HAIR WITHOUT THE AID OF THE GREAT PAPYRUS….” he confessed sadly.

Your eyes widened in surprised at his sudden change in mood.

“That’s okay, Papyrus… Um… If you… If you want, I can… show you how to… comb my hair?” you offered.

Papyrus beamed at you and practically dragged you from the bathroom.

“WE CAN COMB YOUR HAIR IN MY ROOM, HUMAN! AND WHILE I DO THAT YOU CAN ADMIRE MY IMPRESSIVE ACTION FIGURE COLLECTION AND I WILL SHOW YOU MY AMAZING BATTLE FLAG AND YOU CAN SEE MY COMPUTER AND…” He kept going on and on as he dragged you past the couch where Sans was sitting, watching and grinning like a Cheshire Cat, and up the stairs to his room.

---

Sans watched as Paps pulled the “human” behind him, so excited to show off his room. They seemed surprised and a little confused, but Sans could tell they were beginning to enjoy his brother’s energetic personality.

At least they didn’t seem afraid of Paps anymore.

He grabbed the remote off of the arm of the couch and flicked through the channels, looking for
something to watch.
Mettaton.
Mettaton.
And…
More Mettaton.
He sighed and switched off the tv. He wasn’t a fan of that… overgrown calculator. Paps adored him. Which was part of the reason Sans did not like him. He glanced at the stairs and his eye socket flared blue for a moment before he disappeared and reappeared outside of Papyrus’s room. He leaned against the wall and lazily slid down until he was sitting on the floor.
He wasn’t really worried or anything. But, you could never be too careful when it came to people you had just met.

Especially, thought Sans, when you aren’t even sure what species they are….

---

You winced as Papyrus pulled the comb through a particularly bad tangle, tears starting to form in the corners of your eyes. He was telling you the story of how he had managed to convince someone named Undyne to train him so that he could join the Royal Guard one day.
“AND I STAYED OUTSIDE, WAITING ALL NIGHT! WHEN SHE OPENED THE DOOR IN THE MORNING, SHE SAW HOW DETERMINED I WAS AND IT IMPRESSED HER SOOO MUCH THAT SHE FINALLY AGREED TO TRAIN ME! SHE IS ALSO THE ONE WHO TAUGHT ME TO COOK! SHE IS A VERY GOOD FRIEND AND I AM SURE THAT YOU WOULD…UH……”

He trailed off suddenly, his hand frozen in the air.
“OH, DEAR…” he muttered…loudly. “I… UM… UNDYNE WILL NOT BE TOO HAPPY WITH ME…”

You turned your head to look up at him from your position on the floor. He was sitting on his red racecar bed (which you genuinely thought was pretty cool) and you were between his feet with your back to him. “Papyrus?”

“Oh! Um… I was meant to call Undyne immediately should I ever spot a human… and I… did not.”

He began fidgeting with his gloves, nervously rubbing them together. You thought for a moment, then put a hand on his.

“Papyrus… I’m… I’m not…” you tried, not really wanting to shatter his hopes, but wanting to comfort him at the same time.

“I’m not… REALLY a human………”

You clenched your jaw, looking away, feeling suddenly guilty that you hadn’t told him before. Papyrus was silent.

After a few minutes, you finally turned to look up at him. He was staring at you and… he was… smiling? You were insanely confused.

“Oh, human! You would renounce your humanity and pretend to not be what you are just to make me feel better? You really are a wonderful friend!!!”

With that, he grabbed you up in a bone-crushing hug, standing and swinging you back and forth in happiness. You gasped, trying to breathe in his iron grip. He finally let you go, dropping you with a plop. You barely managed to land on your feet without falling backwards.

Suddenly, he seemed to remember something, putting his hands to his cheekbones and… blushing? orange… He blushed orange.
“HUMAN! WE NEVER EVEN HAD OUR DATE… AND I HAVE ALREADY MADE IT TO THE FRIENDZONE! Wowie! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, MUST BE AN EVEN MORE AMAZING FRIEND THAN I HAD PREVIOUSLY THOUGHT!”
You smiled up at him. He really was something.

“GASP!” (he actually said gasp…) “HUMAN FRIEND! WE MUST TELL MY BROTHER THE GOOD NEWS. AND THEN HE TOO WILL WANT TO BECOME FRIENDS WITH YOU! BUT YOU WILL PROBABLY HAVE TO DO ALL OF THE WORK, BECAUSE ALTHOUGH MY BROTHER IS A VERY GREAT PERSON, THOUGH NOT AS GREAT AS ME, HE IS QUITE THE LAZYBONES…”
You smiled at this proclamation, trying not to laugh. How had you ever been afraid of this adorable skeleton? No wonder Sans had seemed so bothered by your hesitance to give his brother a chance.

And you were glad that you did.

---

Sans sat frozen, his eye sockets dark. They had said they weren’t human… His grin dropped into a grimace. He had had a feeling that they weren’t a human, but… What WERE they?
He shook his head. Of course they weren’t human. Humans didn’t have fur. Humans didn’t look like a member of the Dog Guard. He put his head in his hands. Why was this bothering him, anyway? Why did he care what they were? It’s not like he was actually planning on turning them in… right?

Suddenly, Papyrus’s voice rang out in the stillness: “OH, HUMAN! YOU WOULD RENOUNCE YOUR HUMANITY AND PRETEND TO NOT BE WHAT YOU ARE JUST TO MAKE ME FEEL BETTER? YOU REALLY ARE A WONDERFUL FRIEND!!!”

Sans blinked. Papyrus hadn’t bought the kid’s confession at all. Huh.
He sighed to himself and resolved to find time to talk to them about it himself.
It doesn’t matter what they are, he thought.
Even if not knowing WAS starting to get to him.

“heh… kid… i really can’t figure you out… i’ll just have to make you TAIL me yourself…” he chuckled softly at his own pun and stood up, deciding that he should let his brother have some privacy with his new friend. He walked to his door and glanced back, hand on the doorknob.

“i’m sure everything will be fine….”
Chapter Summary

In which there is a freak-out and a bad dream...

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Chapter 7

“NO, PLEASE DON’T! I AM BEGGING YOU!”

“There’s no point in begging… Your end is final…. DIE!”

Your arm swung down, causing Papyrus to cry out. The robot he was holding fell to the floor. You raised your hand in the air, victorious. “I, Mr. Wigglebottoms, have defeated you, Sir Robot Knight! Mwahahaha!”

In your hand was one of Papyrus’s action figures, a rabbit monster with a sword.

He had convinced you to play with him, though that really hadn’t been too hard to do...

You laughed, reaching out to Papyrus to help him up from his sitting position on the floor. He pouted for a moment, then smiled at you and let you pull him to his feet.

He opened his mouth to say something, but before he could get a word out, Sans burst through the door. His left eye was flashing blue and yellow, his right a dark empty socket, and he was looking around in a panic. He locked his eye on you, grimacing. “w h a t d i d y o u d o , k i d ?” he said creepily.

Very creepily.

Holy shit, how did he do that with his voice anyway?

You nervously hid behind Papyrus.

“SAAAAANS, YOU ARE SCARING MY HUMAN FRIEND….!” Papyrus whined, letting his head fall back and drooping his shoulders. Sans looked up at him, his face a mixture of surprise and relief, the blue/yellow light going out and both the white eye-lights coming back. He seemed to have a little perspiration on his skull.

“heh… uh, sorry, bro… i guess you guys were, uh, just playing with your totally awesome action figures, huh?” He rubbed the back of his skull, a little embarrassed.

You peeked out from behind the tall skeleton.

Sans looked at you, a faint tinge of blue coloring his cheekbones. “sorry, kid. dunno what came over me. ’pologize if I scared ya.”

He reached out a bony hand towards you.

“pals?”

He smiled at you. You stepped out and took his hand, hesitantly.

You were startled when a loud farting sound filled the small room.
“SAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNS!!!!!!” Papyrus wailed, covering his face with his hands.

You stared at the short skeleton, eye twitching slightly. He had gotten you again. With the same prank. And was currently laughing pretty hard. He calmed down after a moment, pretending to wipe a tear from his eye socket.

“what’s wrong, kid? FURgot how to laugh?”

You stared for a moment, then scrunched your nose in amusement. “What?”

“you’re being so quiet… are you o-CANINE?”

“SANS… NO…”

“i’m just checking, paps… to make sure there’s no PAWS for alarm…”

You finally burst into giggles, holding your stomach. Sans grinned proudly, feeling silly that he had been so worried.

After all, anyone that sincerely liked bad jokes couldn’t be too bad, right?

---

Sans had retreated to his bed earlier, not bothering to turn on the light. He kicked off his slippers and curled around the ball of sheets resting in the center of the mattress. His brother had never understood why he always wadded them up in a big ball like he did. And, although he would never admit it, he didn’t really understand it either. It just… felt right.

He quickly dozed off, tired after the events of the day. As he entered deep sleep, he began to dream…

Sans stood outside in front of his house. Snowdin looked pretty deserted and there was something in the air… a feeling of… dread… He wandered towards the town a bit, past the Librarby (when would they fix that sign?), towards Grillby’s, his favorite restaurant.

The air seemed static-y, like the television when they couldn’t get good reception. He was surprised to find that Grillby’s was just as empty as the town, having thought that maybe everyone had just gone to grab a bite to eat or something.

The feeling of dread increased.

He let out a nervous chuckle, which echoed off the walls of the empty room. He quickly backed out and headed towards the home that he and his brother shared.

Wait.
Where was Papyrus?
He started to feel a sense of panic creeping at the edges of his mind. Surely Paps was okay. He was with the kid, right?

He burst through the front door, calling out.

“paps? papyrus? kid?”

No answer.

He teleported into his brother’s room and quickly glanced around, only to find it cold and empty. Just as he was turning to leave, he spotted something on the table with Paps’s beloved action figures.

A piece of cloth.
A piece of… red cloth.

He felt his knees go weak, but forced himself to walk over to the low table. He forced himself to reach out and grab it, lift it to his face. He breathed a sigh of relief. It was a red handkerchief that Papyrus used as a cape for his action figures from time to time. A few tears sprung to Sans’s eye socket. What had he thought, anyway? That the kid…..?

He shook off the thought, the world filling with more static for a moment, then clearing.

He teleported back outside, in front of his house. There were two sets of footprints heading towards the edge of town, in the direction of Waterfall. He walked quickly, trying to calm the fear bubbling up in his stomach… area.

On the edge of town, where the cold air of Snowdin met the warm, moist air of Waterfall, it was always foggy. Sans squinted, trying to see. A tall figure was standing in the fog ahead of him, and he could barely make out the shape of a scarf, flapping in the breeze. He let out a breath he didn’t realize he had been holding.

“jeez, paps… you had me worried… where is everyone…any…way……….” He trailed off as he got closer, the figure turning. The fur-covered “human” was holding Papyrus’s scarf in their hand. Their sharp teeth were bared in an insane-looking grin. Their chin was lifted slightly as they looked down at him, showing off the white dust that covered their lower jaw and chest.

Sans dropped to his knees in disbelief, feeling suddenly sick. “heh, kid… this is, eh… some kind of joke, right? a really… messed up… joke?”

They just grinned even bigger, showing off even more sharp teeth and looked at the scarf they were holding. They lifted it slowly and wiped their mouth, smearing the dust all over the red fabric. They regarded it for a moment, tilting their head, smile vanishing. They then tossed it at Sans, who snatched it from the air. He looked at the dusty, ragged scarf in his hands, tears welling up in his eye sockets. The “human” stared down at him, a look of disgust and disappointment on their face.

“It is a shame you were not there to protect him from me… He believed in you so much…”

Sans felt as if he had been struck. He slowly looked up at the kid, eye sockets devoid of light. They simply grinned down at him, dark hair framing their face, eyes bright red. Sans heard laughter all around him. It increased in volume as the air filled more and more with static until that was all he could see. He cried out in anger and fear as the red eyes appeared through the static, mere inches from his face.

Sans sat straight up in bed, sweating pouring down his face. He was breathing heavily, his throat dry and scratchy. It took him a moment to realize that it had all been a nightmare.

A really freaky nightmare.

He sighed, wiping his face with his sleeve. He could hear Papyrus’s voice floating through the wall. He started to relax, maybe try to catch some more sleep, when he heard Papyrus yell: “NO, PLEASE DON’T! I AM BEGGING YOU!”
Chapter 8

“So, um… that’s Mettaton?”

You were sitting on the couch between Papyrus and Sans, watching their little tv. Papyrus had made you three spaghetti and had been ecstatic when you finished your helping and licked the plate clean. Sans just quirked an eyebrow bone at you. His spaghetti mysteriously vanished, as had he, shortly after you and Papyrus finished eating.

He returned right after you washed the dishes, smelling suspiciously of smoke and ketchup. You just kept your mouth shut. They were letting you stay the night after all. No need to pry into their business….

Papyrus insisted on all of you watching Mettaton’s nightly cooking show together. You had to admit, you were a little curious as to who this Mettaton was.

“He’s a robot?”

Sans chuckled sarcastically, catching your attention. “he’s a ghost. alphys, a friend of ours, made him a robotic body because he wanted to be a star. ghosts don’t show up on camera.” Sans really seemed to not like this guy. He rolled his eyes… eye lights… at the robotic rectangle, who was currently juggling eight hot dogs while balancing on a large red ball.

“I thought this was a cooking show?” you asked, confused.

Papyrus looked at you, seeming slightly offended. “METTATON IS COOKING. HE IS SHOWING HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO BALANCE THE HOT DOGS BEFORE PLACING THEM INTO THE OVEN. THIS IS A VERY IMPORTANT STEP, ONE NOT EVEN I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, HAVE MASTERCED YET.”

He then turned his face back to the screen, totally enraptured.

You could see Sans shake his head out of the corner of your eye. He let out a huff of air and put his hands behind his skull, seeming to doze off almost instantly, his eye sockets closing. After a few minutes, you turned fully to stare at him, wondering if his eye sockets were bone, or if he actually had eyelids. You inched carefully closer, until you were only a foot away from his face. Nope… no eyelids… It definitely seemed to be bone.
How in the world…?

Your train of thought was interrupted when Sans opened an eye to look right at you. “heh, kid, tryin to jump my BONES already?”

You stared at him, tilting your head, not getting the joke.

“ya know, cuz, uh, you’re right on top of… uh…”
He trailed off, glancing at Papyrus, who was still lost in the tv.
“uh, nevermind… what are you doing anyway, kid?”
You shrugged. “I was curious about how you close your eyes when you’re made of bone.”

Sans stared at you, his cheeks tinged with blue. “uh, kid… heh, you, uh… might not realize, but… uh… that’s kind of a rude question…”
You sat back against the couch, embarrassed. “Oh. I’m sorry….” you apologized, looking down at your hands.

“magic.”

You looked up in surprise. “What?”

Sans put his hand over his mouth, looking at the floor, and sighed again. “me ‘n paps… we aren’t made of bone… not like human bones anyway.”
He gestured with his hand towards you.
“monsters are all made of magic. no matter what they look like, we aren’t flesh and blood like you humans. so, for us, well, our bones don’t follow… the, uh… rules, I guess, that your bones do. that’s how.”

You blinked in understanding, then smiled at him. “Oh… That makes sense… Um, thanks for explaining it… even if it was rude of me to ask….”

He didn’t look up at you, instead, suddenly finding his own hands suddenly very interesting.
“so, uh… kid… mind if I… ask you a question?”

You nodded.
He turned his head to look at you, his smile looking forced.
“not trying to be, uh, rude… i mean… there’s no real polite way to ask this… so…”
His eye sockets went dark.
“w h a t t h e h e l l a r e y o u, a n y w a y ?”

“SANS! I AM SURPRISED AT YOU! WHAT A VERY RUDE QUESTION TO IMPOSE ON OUR NEW FRIEND!”

Sans jumped, his face turning a deep blue. He yanked his hood up, hiding his face completely. Papyrus turned to you, quickly apologizing for his brother’s behavior.

You just looked at Sans, not really hearing Papyrus, but nodding anyway.

You were puzzled.

What did he mean?

You sighed and turned, putting a hand on Papyrus’s arm.
“It’s okay, Papyrus… I’m not upset or offended. I, uh… asked a rude question first…”
Papyrus crossed his arms.
“THAT IS NO EXCUSE! YOU ARE OUR GUEST! AND ANOTHER THING…”
He paused as you failed to stifle a very large yawn.
Sans shivered inside his hood.
Papyrus jumped to his feet.

“HUMAN FRIEND, YOU ARE OBVIOUSLY VERY TIRED AND I SUGGEST WE ALL GO TO BED IMMEDIATELY! SINCE YOU ARE OUR GUEST-“ he narrowed his eye sockets at Sans for a split second,’”-YOU WILL HAVE THE HONOR OF SLEEPING IN THE GREAT PAPYRUS’S AMAZING BED!”

Sans whipped his head up to look at you, eye sockets wide.
Papyrus scooped you up with a “NYEH HEH HEH HEH!” and rushed up the stair to his room. You didn’t have time to protest before he had plopped you into his bed, climbed in as well, and pulled the covers up to the both of your chins.

“NYEH! WE SHALL HAVE A SLEEPOVER! UNDYNE AND I HAVE THEM ALL THEM ALL THE TIME. OR… WE USED TO. SHE HAS BEEN SO BUSY WITH HER DUTIES AS A ROYAL GUARDSMAN LATELY.”

You smiled, in spite of the awkwardness of sharing a bed with someone. He really did care about his friends. He made this “Undyne” sound like such a cool and heroic person.
“Maybe…one day, I can meet her? Maybe even… be friends?”
Papyrus looked at you with stars in his eyes.
“THAT IS A WONDERFUL IDEA, HUMAN! IF SHE BEFRIENDS YOU, SHE WILL NOT WANT TO TRY TO CAPTURE YOU! ER, PROBABLY.”

Your ears drooped.
Oh.
Yeah.
Human.

Papyrus switched off the light with a bit of magic, mumbling about how Sans’s lazybones ways must be rubbing off on him. He was soon snoring away, peacefully.
You glanced over at Papyrus in the dark. He was so sweet… so kind. You felt that he genuinely cared about you.

But, you couldn’t help but feel a small twinge of… (hurt? anger? sadness?) every time he called you HUMAN… He had never once even asked your name…. Were you nothing BUT a human to him?
Like an exotic pet or something?
You felt tears start to well up in your eyes as a sudden wave of sorrow gripped you.

You were NOT a human.

You could never be like… like those MONSTERS. You froze, realizing what you just thought. It was absurd.
So absurd, you almost started laughing. The monsters were the good guys, while the humans were the real monsters.

You put your palms over your eyes and sighed. Today had been too much for you. You were stressed and tired, physically and mentally, and now you were questioning one of the best things to ever happen to you.
You turned on your side with another sigh, your cheek-fur damp with tears, and your back to your new skeleton friend.

Well… at least Papyrus wasn’t lying about his bed being amazing… It was the most comfortable of the two beds you had ever lain in.

You closed your eyes, hoping sleep would come quickly.

---

Sans sat on the couch in the dark. He just stared ahead, his eye lights dim. His mind was going over everything that just happened.

They seemed so nice, so kind… so genuinely happy to be there. Why couldn’t he shake this bad feeling?

The image of them yawning caused him to involuntarily shudder once more. All those sharp teeth… Just like in his nightmare.

But their eyes weren’t red, he reminded himself for the fifth time. What if their eyes could change color?

He didn’t know anything about them… or even what they were… This made him feel even worse.

Maybe the nightmare was just a manifestation of his worries about the “human?”

Maybe it was a premonition of things to come?? What if it was something worse???

Sans realized that his eye had flared up and he was breathing heavily. He shook his head, trying to calm himself.

He needed to get this kid alone and have a serious talk with them… before this whole thing gave him a nervous breakdown.

---

You woke the next morning feeling groggy. The spot next to you was empty, Papyrus having already gotten up.

As you made your way down the stairs, rubbing your eye, you heard banging sounds coming from the kitchen. You poked your head in, curious. Papyrus was standing at the stove, a pink apron tied around him. As he turned, you could see that he had taken a marker and scribbled “AWESOME CHEF!” in big, bold letters.

You suppressed a giggle. He was holding a bowl under one arm, stirring the contents quite violently, humming an upbeat tune. Orange splatters covered the floor, the walls, the stove, Papyrus, and even the ceiling.

You stared up at the ceiling, confused. How…..?

“he y , k i d .”

You about jumped out of your skin, turning to see a short, smiling skeleton staring up at you. He chuckled tiredly. You noticed that he had dark circles under his eyes. Had he been up all night?

“didn’t mean to FUR-ighten you, kid, just wondered what you were st-HAIR-ing at.”

Sans glanced up at the ceiling and chuckled again, walking around you and into the kitchen. You watched as he made his way to a cabinet, pulled out a bottle of ketchup, and plopped down at the table. He propped his skull up on his hands and closed his eyes, sighing softly.
Papyrus caught sight of him, not noticing your little exchange a moment ago.

“SANS! YOU’RE AWAKE EARLY! MY GOODNESS, I DON’T THINK I HAVE EVER SEEN YOU WILLINGLY GET OUT OF BED BEFORE THREE IN THE AFTERNOON… AND YOU DON’T EVEN HAVE TO WORK TODAY…” he eyed Sans suspiciously for a moment, before belting out a resounding “NYEH HEH HEH!”

“YOU WANTED TO GET UP EARLY TO SPEND TIME WITH OUR NEW FRIEND, DIDN’T YOU?”

He winked at Sans.

Sans shrugged, his eye sockets still closed. “you got me, bro. got myself up FUR-ly to spend some FUR-sonal time with our new FUR-end here…”

“SANS! THOSE WEREN’T EVEN GOOD! YOU USED THE SAME WORD FOR ALL OF THEM!”

don’t you mean, FUR all of them? heh heh.”

“AAARRGGHH! SANS, YOU ARE TERRIBLE! AND YOUR PUNS ARE EVEN…”

“FUR-se?”

“DON’T PUT PUNS IN MY MOUTH!”

“heh. bro, i know you’re smiling.”

“I AM AND I… WAIT, HOW DO YOU EVEN KNOW THAT? YOUR EYES ARE CLOSED!”

“i guess i’m just… FUR-ceptive.”

“AAAAAAAAH, SANS!” Papyrus stomped the ground in frustration.

You couldn’t help but laugh as you watched all this from the doorway. Papyrus finally noticed that you were there, and narrowed his eyes slightly at you.

“You DO NOT HAVE TO LAUGH AT MY BROTHER’S TERRIBLE PUNS, HUMAN. AFTER ALL, IT WILL ONLY ENCOURAGE HIM TO MAKE MORE.”

“I like Sans’s jokes. They’re PUNNY,” you say, leaning towards Papyrus, grinning.

“Oh, my God, not you, too! I can’t do this!”

You’re proud to see you managed to elicit a small laugh from Sans.

Papyrus finally calmed down and remembered the bowl he was carrying around. It turned out to be “Spaghetti and Blueberry Oatmeal.” As you looked at your bowl, you couldn’t help but wonder if he had a slight obsession with spaghetti. You took a small bite, shrugged when you decided it wasn’t too bad, and proceeded to chow down your breakfast. Again, Papyrus was amazed at your enthusiasm for his cooking. And again, Sans just stared at you like you were completely insane.

You did have to pause when you put a spoonful of, what you thought were blueberries, into your mouth. You spat them out carefully into your hand and studied them for a moment, coming to the conclusion rather quickly that they were, in fact, not blueberries…. They were small blue marbles. You gently set them aside, trying not to draw attention to yourself.
Papyrus did not notice, having finished his meal (did he eat the marbles??) and was putting away his bowl and apron.

He turned to you and Sans, whose food had once again vanished.

“BROTHER, HUMAN. I REGRET TO INFORM YOU BOTH THAT YOU WILL HAVE TO SPEND YOUR DAY WITHOUT ME. I KNOW IT WILL BE HARD, AS I, PAPYRUS, AM A GREAT FRIEND TO BE AROUND, BUT I HAVE TO MEET UNDYNE FOR BATTLE PRACTICE TODAY. AFTER WHICH, I THEN HAVE COOKING LESSONS AT HER HOUSE. SO, I WILL NOT RETURN UNTIL TONIGHT. I AM SORRY THAT YOU WILL HAVE TO SPEND THE DAY WITHOUT ME, DEAR HUMAN…” He pressed a hand to his chest, looking genuinely sad to be leaving you.

“Uh, that’s okay, Papyrus… This will, uh… give me the chance to… “ you glanced around, trying to think of something. Sans jumped in, unexpectedly.

“hang out with me. didn’t you say you wanted us to be friends?” He looked at his brother, smiling.

Papyrus looked delighted by the idea. He hugged you both, lifting you and Sans, one by one, into the air, then set you both down, bidding you farewell before darting out the door. You could see him run by, through the window in the living room.

You sighed, letting your smile fade slightly. You took a bite of your food, spitting out another marble into your hand and setting it with the others.

“ahem.”

You looked across the table at Sans. He was looking right at you.

“So, kid. wanna go with me to grab some grub?”

You looked down at your bowl, then back at him. He laughed.

“No, i mean some edible food. i know paps means well, but i think we both know that marbles aren’t the best way to start the morning….”

You looked down at your bowl again, feeling a little guilty. Papyrus had put his heart into making this breakfast. You should eat it…. It was only right…. Right?

Sans sighed next to you, causing you to jump. You hadn’t even heard him get up from his chair. He took your bowl and when you blinked, the dish was empty.

“I can see that you feel bad about not eating paps’s cooking, so i’ll reword this for ya. you’re coming with me to grab a bite to eat, kid. not asking.”

You nodded complacently and stood, waiting for him to lead the way. He just smirked and grabbed your hand. “hold on tight, kid… i know a shortcut.”

You blinked and suddenly, it felt like someone had jerked your stomach up and turned it inside out.

You had to cover your mouth with your free hand to try and keep from puking. The world was pitch black… no… blacker than black… for just a moment, then you were standing in front of a door, in the snow. The door was connected to a building. The building had a large sign at the top: GRILLBY’S.

You stood still, mouth still covered, until your stomach decided to return to normal, then followed a very amused Sans through the door.
You had no idea what you were walking into.
In which you run into a familiar face and some questions are answered....

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 9

He stared at you as you walked by.
You could feel his eyes following you.
It made you nervous, the fur on the back of your neck rising.
You tried your best to ignore him.
You probably should have been paying attention instead.

A furry paw grabbed your shoulder roughly, making you jump. You whipped around, ears flat against your head to find yourself muzzle to muzzle with… Doggo.

You glanced at the table he had just been sitting at. Greater Dog, Dogamy, and Dogaressa were all sitting and watching intently. Lesser Dog was off by himself playing cards with… himself.

Your attention returned to Doggo as he removed the dog treat he had been smoking. He narrowed his eyes at you as you shivered nervously.

“You…smell familiar, FRIEND. Have we… met before?” His nosed twitched.

You put your hands up in an awkward shrug. He grabbed your wrist roughly and brought your hand to his nose.

He leaned in closer, until your noses were practically touching.
You could smell his breath as he exhaled. It smelled strongly of the burnt dog treat he held in his other hand. He pulled you even closer, studying your face. You realized that he could probably see you pretty well, considering the fact you were now visibly shaking.

“Nah, must be mistaken. My bad.” He said dismissively, letting you go and shuffling back to his seat.

Dogamy and Dogaressa continued to look at you for a moment, before turning back to the conversation they had been having when you and Sans walked in. Greater Dog made a silly face at you, then turned his attention back to Doggo, letting out a soft huff.

You felt like your knees would give out.

“hey, kid. you look a bit RUFF. care to SIT? don’t make me BEG, now…”
Sans was already sitting at the bar, not wanting to interfere. He patted the stool lightly, indicating that that’s where you should sit. You sigh, walking over and sitting, only to jump up in surprise when a
loud farting noise echoed throughout the room. The other monsters chuckled and soon went back to what they were doing.

That made three times he had gotten you with those dang whoopee cushions…. You hand him the deflated pranking device and sit back down, half-expecting another one to go off. He chuckled softly.

“you gotta watch where you sit… sometimes, weirdos put whoopee cushions on the seats around here.”

You couldn’t help but notice that he stuck it in his coat pocket. He glanced at you and winked, then waved at the fire elemental monster that had just come over, behind the bar.

“hey grillbz, how’s it going?”

You looked up in mild surprise as he nodded a greeting to the both of you. Sans turned back to you. “you want a burger or fries, kid?” You just shrugged. Sans turned back to Grillby. “i guess a double order of burg. and a bottle of ketchup.” Grillby shuffled off, through a door to the back. Sans turned on his stool to look at you, grinning tiredly. “so, kid… are you really so indecisive that you can’t even order food or something?”

You flushed red under your fur. “N-no… It’s just that… I’ve never… had a… burger or fries before…”

Sans stared at you in disbelief. “hu…..” He started, then stopped, glancing around. “they don’t have burgers or fries where you’re from?” You sighed softly. “They do….”

He stared at you, waiting on you to continue. You pinned your ears back and stayed silent.

“look… kid… uh… i got questions, you got questions… and paps ain’t here to scold us for being rude. howza bout we take turns asking and get to know each other a little better?” He smiled at you, his eyes softening a bit. You relaxed and smiled back. No teeth this time. You were getting good at this.

“so, kid… how ‘bout you go first?”

You thought for a moment. “Is this where you always disappear to after dinner?” You knew it was, but you couldn’t think of a better question at the moment. Sans shrugged. “you got me. grillby’s is my favorite place to eat. and paps’s food ain’t exactly edible all the time…”

He leaned towards you. “okay, my turn. same question I asked ya before: what are you?”

Now it was your turn to shrug. “I’m not sure what you mean, Sans…” He pinched the nasal bone between his eyes. “look. i know you ain’t hu….. what paps thinks you are….” His voice sounded strained, almost like he was forcing himself to stay calm. “THEY don’t come with fur. not that i’ve seen anyway. so, what ARE you?”

You blinked at him, wondering for a moment when he had seen a human, then sighed. “My genetic makeup, you mean? There’s some…. Er… homo sapiens DNA in there… makes up at least half of
my genes, anyway.” You tap a claw on the countertop nervously.

Sans stared at you, his expression unreadable.

You huffed slightly and continued, your ears pinned firmly to your head in your nervousness. “I was created in a… in a lab. They… THEY began creating hybrids, crossing different animals, then eventually moving on to… using their own DNA in the experiments… I am… one of the resulting hybrids.”

Sans’s expression was definitely readable now. He looked horrified. “they… they just… how could they just… i mean…” He struggled to find the right words for a moment, before giving up and staring at you wide-eyed. “WHY??”

You wrinkled your nose a moment, then added, ”I don’t know… Because they could?”

He stared at you. You were starting to get really uncomfortable. Why did everyone down here always have to stare at you? You crossed your arms on the bar and rested your head on them. “So… my turn, I guess? Um… Where did you see a human?”

Sans looked nervous now. “uh, well… i mean…. jeez, kid… just…”

He cleared his throat and took a deep breath, calming himself. “you aren’t the first, uh, person to fall down here. the last time someone did, paps was still a kid, so he doesn’t really remember. they, uh…. they didn’t make it… through the underground……..” He stared straight ahead into space, his eyes devoid of light. There was something else to it, but you decided that you really didn’t want to pry.

Sans was silent.

Grillby brought your food and set the two plates on the bar. He placed a large bottle of ketchup between you two. He then walked off the side and began wiping out cups. You watched him idly for a few minutes, softly tapping your claws on the wood of the bar. You could hear the indistinct hum of people talking quietly throughout the room behind you. Grillby’s flickering flames caused soft shadows to dance all around the edges of the room. It was warm, but not uncomfortably so.

Finally, Sans seemed to have gotten his thoughts in order, because he turned back to you and sighed softly. “so, if that’s half of your genetics, what’s the other half?”

You shrugged again. “Don’t know. Some kind of dog or something, I suppose.”

You gestured to your whole self. “Though, to be honest, I think there’s more than just that. None of the other hybrids can talk or read. Not even the dog/homo sapiens crossbreeds. The others are more… feral. At least, that’s what I was told growing up. I never met any of the others.”

Sans went back to staring into nothingness, letting this sink in. Or you thought he was. He might have been dozing off for all you knew. He did look awfully tired.

You finally turned your attention to the steaming burger on your plate, giving it a cautious sniff. It smelled….
Oh, my gosh, what WAS that?

You instantly started salivating, licking your lips to keep from drooling on the bar. You think you heard Sans chuckle, but the burger now had your full attention.

You picked it up carefully, studying it. Every part of your being wanted you to just cram the whole burger into your mouth all at once, but you forced yourself to take a normal sized bite.

It was bliss.

The best thing you had ever tasted.

You and this burger were made for each other.

You wanted this moment to last forever.

You swallowed and proceeded to take another bite, when you definitely heard Sans snickering. You turned to look at him. He had his hand over his mouth, the laughs coming out in hisses. His face was tinged blue and his shoulders were shaking.

“geez, kid, do you and that burger need some privacy? didn’t think you would MEAT your soulmate here at grillby’s… though, i gotta admit, it does have some nice BUNS.”

You blushed heavily, tinting your silvery fur pink.

He calmed down and just winked at you.

“i’m just picking on you, kid. you go on and enjoy your burger.”

He then picked up the bottle of ketchup and… took a drink. He chugged it, actually. Now, it was your turn to stare. Your mind flashed back to when he was at the table earlier, with the bottle of ketchup. He must have been drinking it when you had been fishing marbles from your oatmeal.

You finished your burger in silence, then turned to Sans. “Um…Why do you call me kid?”

He seemed to think for a moment, then shrugged. “dunno what else to call you. unless you want me to call you…. ya know, what paps calls you?”

You glared at him, ears flat.

“whoa, kid, what’s with the sudden hostility?”

“I have a name, you know. It’s _____ . And… I really don’t like… being called… THAT.”

“kid?”

“No…what Papyrus calls me…”

You looked sadly down at the empty plate, ears drooping now.

“I tried to tell him that I’m not….. THAT… but…. He didn’t believe me…”

You crossed your arms, curling in on yourself slightly and looking away.

“Mom didn’t either…”

Sans grinned nervously and rubbed the back of his skull.

“really sorry, about that, ki- …er… _____ . look… if you want, i’ll have a talk with paps later about calling you… that.”

He winked at you.

You turned to smile at him.

“You can call me kid… if you want, Sans. And… um, thanks. I’d appreciate that.”

---
Sans set down the half-empty ketchup bottle and picked up his burger. He noticed them looking at the bottle curiously. He grinned in amusement. Everyone thought he was weird for drinking the tasty condiment.

They poked at the bottle with a claw.  
Then, they gently nudged the bottle towards themself.

Sans froze, mid-bite to watch them out of the corner of his eye socket. Were they…?

They picked up the bottle and popped the top open.  
Sans closed his mouth, his jaws making a loud CLACK.

The kid sniffed the bottle, curiously.  
Sans felt a flutter in his stomach region.  
No way.

They shrugged and tipped the bottle up, squirting thick red ketchup into their mouth.  
Sans turned to face them full on, eye sockets wide.

They set the bottle down and turned to look at Sans, smiling and licking their lips.  
“Wow… That tastes even better than the burger!”

Sans jaw dropped, blue tinging his cheeks.  
This kid…

“kid… i think i love you,” he joked, then started giggling like mad.

The kid watched him for a moment, then let out a few nervous chuckles, fidgeting with their shirt.  
“Thanks, I… I guess…? but… um… What’s love?”

Sans stopped laughing immediately and just stared at them, eye sockets wide. They weren’t being sarcastic.  
They… looked totally clueless, holy shit.  
He scratched the back of his skull, thinking a moment. How to even answer that question?  
He smiled, an idea popping into his head.

“heh, kid. you’re alright. howza bout we head out and i’ll show you around town a bit? maybe check out waterfall or somethin after? i’ll see if i can’t come up with an answer to that question of yours.”

They beamed at him.  
Sans felt more flutters in his stomach region.

He waved at Grillby.  
“hey, grillbz, can you put it on my tab?”

The fire elemental just nodded. Sans hopped off the stool and gestured to the door.

“You coming, kid?”

_____ stepped down and called out a thanks to Grillby, before following him out the door. As they walked past him, he couldn’t help but notice that they now carried the scent of ketchup on their breath.  
Sans smiled.  
A real, genuine smile.
Maybe he had made a friend, after all….

Chapter End Notes

I have been thinking a lot about the next big plot point and I'm really excited! It will be a more than a few chapters until we get there, but just thinking about it fills me with PERSEVERANCE.
When You Wish Upon a Stone...

Chapter Summary

In which there may be something caught in Sans's ribcage, and you get a bit angry.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 10

The light from the glowing water made your silver fur shimmer blue and teal.

You delighted in your reflection, the neon water making your eyes sparkle. You looked up from your kneeling position on the bank to see that Sans was staring into a nearby pool, obviously lost in thought. He had one hand in the pocket of his coat, the other was resting over his mouth.

You had opened your mouth to comment on how beautiful the place was, but snapped it closed, not wanting to disturb him.

You sat back on your rear, pulling your knees up to your chin and wrapping your arms around them. You rested your head on your arms, listening to the soothing sounds of Waterfall.

Water trickled peacefully and the echo flowers all around whispered softly, repeating endlessly the secrets monsters past had shared with them.

You sighed happily. This was the most beautiful place you had ever laid eyes on.

---

Sans stood in front of two-story wooden building.

“…and here is the inn, uh, not that you’ll really need it, heh…”

You stuffed your hands into the pockets of the parka he had seemingly pulled out of thin air for you to wear. It was blue, like his, and thick with white fur lining the hood. It was soft and warm and you couldn’t help but notice that it held the faint scent of smoke and ketchup.

You nuzzled your nose into the coat, thinking on what he said.

“But… where will I stay?” you asked softly.

Sans looked at you in disbelief.

“with me and paps, of course! kid, we ain’t gonna just kick you out in the snow… you’re our pal, our chum, our ami-go. you’re our friend. and friends help each other out. besides… we don’t want you stuck with SNOW place to go. call it us being ICE.”

He wiggled his eyebrow bones at you. You couldn’t help but laugh, earning a wide grin from Sans.

He led you to the next building, the one on the edge of town.

“here is the store. it’s run by hope. her sister runs the inn. she makes cinnabunnies every morning, hot and fresh. we can HOP over tomorrow morning to get some for breakfast… if you’d like.”

You simply nod, taking in the information.

“she, uh, also sells clothes and other odds and ends… as well as cooking supplies. in case you’re
ever in need of such things…”
You nodded again.

He then showed you the library, before leading you up a path north of the town where there were a few houses and a very large wolf monster throwing huge ice blocks into the river. He told you that if you went farther up the path, it would take you to the Riverperson, who was currently off-duty, but would ferry monsters back and forth at no charge.

You both stopped back at Sans’s house to grab Sans’s cell phone in case Papyrus called, then headed out towards Waterfall.

Sans surprised you by grabbing your hand once you got to the edge of town, where it was always foggy. He looked back at you, grinning.
“the fog gets as thick as paps’s spaghetti sometimes,” he explained, “so, if you wanna get through, you need to use your NOODLE. don’t get SAUCED now…”

You groaned softly at the awful pun, to which Sans just shrugged and kept going.
He led you through the fog fairly quickly, the air changing rapidly from near-freezing to quite warm and humid. You pulled off your parka and Sans took it, making it disappear as soon as you blinked.
You stared at him in amazement. How did he DO that? He just winked at you and led the way, taking your hand once again.

You looked down at it as you walked somewhat behind him.

The bones of his hand were warm and smooth against the pads of your fingers and palm. Your ebony claws rested gently against the tops of his index and middle phalanges, contrasting nicely against his ivory bones.
You marveled at how nice it felt to have your hand held. That such a simple gesture, and one that he had performed without thought, could be so comforting.

You vaguely remembered a similar gesture a long time ago.

You were shaken from your thoughts when you realized that you had stopped walking. You looked up to see Sans merely watching you, his eyes trained on your face.

He cleared his throat and chuckled, rubbing the back of his skull.
“i gotta HAND it to ya, kid, you sure are a quiet one sometimes.”

You smile and just shrug, before realizing that you are currently standing in the heart of Waterfall, surrounded by neon teal water and echo flowers galore.
You gasp in awe, releasing Sans’s hand and putting your own against your mouth. You stare all around, taking in the beauty. You turn and smile at Sans excitedly, your eyes wide. You had no words… There were no words to describe how happy you felt. He closed his eye sockets, grinning back at you, teal glow reflecting off of his normally ivory bones.

You knelt down to look into the water at your feet, and realized that the light was also reflecting off of your fur.

---

Sans watched them as they put their hands to their mouth. He felt warm inside, seeing them so happy. When they looked at him, he almost gasped.

Their eyes were positively sparkling.
He closed his eyes, hoping they couldn’t see the blush that was forming on his cheekbones. When he opened them again, the kid was on their knees, looking into the glowing water. The light made their fur shimmer and glow and he felt that odd flutter in his stomach area again. Like a Whimsun had managed to find its way into his ribcage and was flitting about in there.

He turned away, glancing over his shoulder to make sure _____ wasn’t watching, and lifted his shirt to inspect his ribs. Hollow and empty as usual. He let his shirt fall and put a hand to his mouth. This was confusing. He had felt the same flutters when he had grabbed their hand to lead them through the fog… and again in Grillby’s when…

Wait, he thought to himself, why had he held their hand through Waterfall again? It had just seemed so natural, so… right. Thinking about it made the flutters return. He shook his head and looked over, almost startling slightly, when he realized that they were now sitting, staring at him. Their expression was soft, eyes warm and bright with reflected light. He sighed softly, the flutters stronger now, and plopped himself down next to them, mimicking their pose. He was silent a moment while they waited, watching him.

“So… let’s tackle that question of yours, kid… See if I can’t give you the answer you’re looking for…”

He scratched his skull and looked into their eyes.

“What is love?”

---

“kid, i don’t know... *huff* …if this was the best idea… *huff huff* …don’t you think this is… nnnn… moving a bit fast?”

You shook your head, panting too heavily to respond. Your breath was coming out in heavy puffs, tongue hanging partially out the side of your mouth. You wanted to go faster, to be honest.

Sans moaned your name loudly, sweat dripping from his skull.

You slowed, face flushed, fur damp from your own sweat, and just looked at him.

He grabbed your shoulder, leaning heavily against you as he tried to catch his breath.

“i mean… i know i said… *pant pant* …that i’d show you, but… maybe we should take it a bit slower… a lazybones like me… isn’t made for this much… exercise… though,” he said, looking up, "i guess it’s… a little late for that, now…”

Your eyes widened at his words.

“You mean… we’re here?”

He stood bent over now, hands on his kneecaps, still trying to regulate his breathing. “yeah, kid… we made it in record time it seems…”

You grinned in excitement.

After your talk about love, which Sans had simply explained as caring deeply about someone, like how he cared for his brother, you felt that you had kind of gotten the gist of what he was saying. You thought so, anyway. It meant that you wanted the other person to be safe and happy, like being friends. You certainly
wanted Sans and Papyrus to be safe and happy. You asked him if this was so and he just smiled gently at you and patted you on the head. “eh, something like that, kid…”

He had then told you about the Wishing Room… a room in the caverns of Waterfall where small gems sparkled in the ceiling of the cave, like stars. He had explained that monsters often went there to make wishes, and asked if you wanted to see it for yourself.

You had then grabbed his hand and proceeded to run the entire way, leaving the lazy skeleton very out of breath.

---

You both sat on a rocky outcropping, looking around at the sparkling faux stars. Sans sat next to you, his hands stuffed into his coat pockets, head tilted back to stare up at the ceiling of the cave.

“ya know… me and paps used to come here a lot when we were younger. we would stare at the “stars” for hours, talking about the surface and making wishes…”

You looked at him, surprised, catching an unhappy undertone to his normally content and lazy drawl. He continued, not looking at you.

“sometimes, we would wish for normal kid stuff… an action figure or a racecar, or, in my case, a bathtub full of ketchup… heh… that one never did come true…”

He chuckled softly before closing his eyes. “but, most of the time…. It was the same wish.”

He stopped, letting out a sigh so full of sorrow, it broke your heart to hear it. You wanted to reach out and hold him. Maybe hug the pain away.

He opened his eyes to look at you and noticed your expression of worry. “sorry, kid. didn’t mean to STARtle you… uh…”

You furrowed your eyebrows. “That pun doesn’t work, Sans….”

He shrugged, looking deflated. “i… i don’t really come here anymore. it’s a bit depressing realizing that heartfelt wishes on rocks don’t really come true…”

You looked up at the shining stones. “What was your wish?”

Sans huffed lightly, tensing. “ya really wanna know?”

You nodded, still looking up.

“i wanna get out of here.”

You looked at him now. He was staring at his slippers as if they had somehow offended him. “i wanna get everyone out. of the underground, i mean. break the barrier, see the sky, the sun, the moon…. i want to see the stars, kid… i mean, do these stones even come close?”

He was looking at you now, expectantly.

Now was your turn to look down. You pretended to study your paws for a moment before replying. “I…i think so.”

Sans furrowed his browbones, looking at you with confusion. “what do you mean, you think so? you’re from up there. you should know what the stars look like…”

You were starting to feel nervous now, put on the spot. “I think I saw them once… growing up…
That was a long time ago…”

Sans was staring at you, his expression a little darker. “you’re telling me you never… you lived UP THERE, kid… and you never bothered to look up at the sky?”

There was an edge to his voice that made you want to shrink in on yourself.

You felt your face flush red and you grabbed a few strands of your hair, twisting them nervously. “I never… got the chance, Sans… I-“

He scoffed, interrupting you. "heh, what? were you too busy doing… whatever it is you humans do up there? not a moment to spare to look around you at what you have? just taking the world around you for granted… must be hella NICE…”

He practically spat the last bit out, his voice dripping in bitterness.

You felt tears forming in your eyes. You humans? You covered your face with your hands, unsure of what to say, trying your hardest not to break out into sobs.

You… failed.

“ah, shit, kid… i’m sorry… i didn’t mean that… i just… shit…”

He hesitantly put an arm around you and pulled you close, shushing you softly. After a while, you managed to calm yourself, sitting up and wiping your eyes.

“so, uh… kid… um… wishes… did you ever have wishes, growing up?” He said awkwardly, giving you a crooked smile. It looked forced.

You just sighed, looking up at the stones again. They seemed to have lost their wonder. You felt a little bitter that Sans had managed to tarnish such a wonderful thing. “Wishes. Yes, I had wishes, Sans. I wished almost every day,” you said bluntly. Okay, more than a little bitter.

“um… well… what sort of stuff… did you wish for?” Sans seemed to have picked up on the flat tone in your voice and was looking a little uncomfortable now, withdrawing his arm to rub at the back of his skull nervously.

“Well, it wasn’t as fanciful as a tub of ketchup.” You looked at him, your face devoid of any emotion. He wanted to know, so you decided to just get it out there.

“Some days, I wished for food. I was so hungry most of the time. Food was an incentive, a reward, so I was only given the bare minimum needed to survive. Vitamin supplements every day of course, they couldn’t have me drop dead, but solid food? Once a week. One meal a week, Sans. And let me just say… Paps’s spaghetti is far better than any food I received on the surface.”

He stared at you, his expression one of shock.

“Though, heh, hunger you can sleep away. That’s nothing.”

You shrugged, looking away for a moment. The bitterness had started to grow inside you, quickly turning into anger. You weren’t sure if it was targeted directly at Sans, but he was the only one here….

Sans looked almost afraid to ask. “if… if that’s nothing, then what…..?” He left it hanging open, not wanting to finish, not really wanting to know the answer.

“I wished for the pain to stop. The needles, the experiments… They usually just use… hybrids for vaccine testing, since we have human DNA. But, with me… They would sometimes break my
bones, just to see how long it would take for me to heal… among other things.”

Sans looked ready to throw up at this.

Could he throw up?
You started to ask, but shook your head, not wanting to lose your nerve. Even if you looked strong on the outside, your mind was screaming at you to lock the memories away again, threatening a complete breakdown. You could feel the panic nibbling away at the edge of your mind.

You started to ask, but shook your head, not wanting to lose your nerve. Even if you looked strong on the outside, your mind was screaming at you to lock the memories away again, threatening a complete breakdown. You could feel the panic nibbling away at the edge of your mind.

You looked down at your hands, digging your claws into your padded palms.
“Once time, they put my hands into this… liquid. It smelled so bad and it made me afraid. They forced my hands in and they started to burn. They got so hot, I thought they would catch fire. And then… they did. The liquid ignited and singed the fur off my arms, though the fur on my hands remained unfazed.”
You shook your head, eyes closed in disgust.
“Oh, they LOVED that. I thought for sure they were going to cut them off and dissect them. Cut them off… like they did with my tail…”

Sans had put both hands over his mouth, horrified by your story. “they… cut off your tail? why?”

You laughed an ugly and cold laugh. You WERE angry now….
“Oh, it was when I was still quite young. They said something about it BOTHERING them to see my tail wagging every time they walked in. It was too ‘cute,’ they said… Heh. Humans.”
You laid back on the cool stone, closing your eyes. Tried to calm the irrational anger-beast in your mind. You didn’t like being angry. You didn’t want to be angry. Anger was bad. You took a few slow breaths and continued.

“I wanted out of there so badly. To see the sky, to feel the wind… Though, when I did manage to escape, I was too busy…” You paused, opening an eye to look at Sans for effect. “…Too busy running for my life to stop and admire the scenery. Those murderous creatures chased me right up until I fell down a hole. Fell right into the Underground.”

You closed your eye again and sighed deeply. The sense of panic was starting to wash over you. You shouldn’t have dredged up the memories… You could feel your body start to shake, flutters of painful memories behind your eyes. Tears started to form and your breathing began to get heavier, as the panic settled on your chest.

Something else settled on your chest.
You opened your eyes to see Sans leaning over you, one hand on your chest, another inches from your cheek. He had… tears running down from his eye sockets.

He was crying.

His normal grin was crooked, almost forming a frown. He sniffed, putting his hand on your cheek. He moved the other hand around behind your shoulders and quickly pulled you up into a hug, your long dark hair falling over his arms.
You stared ahead, feeling so confused and conflicted.
This was new.
He was holding you.
He was… comforting you.
You slowly lifted a hand and placed it on his back, over the right shoulder blade.

“it’s gonna be okay now, kid. you don’t have to worry anymore. they can’t hurt you down here. you’re safe, and you’ll always be safe as long as me an’ paps are around. i’ll… we’ll help you as best
we can… you can count on us, kiddo…”

“you can always count on us.”

Chapter End Notes

That one part kind of happened by accident. You know which part. I was typing and thought to myself, "Wowie, lookit that. That makes it sound like... Oh, my..."
So... yeah.

I really hope that you guys like the newest chapter. I feel that its finally starting to, er, open up more? That you're getting to see more of the character’s personalities.

Keep in mind that the main character has almost no social skills and is used to not having any choices on, really, anything. Ever. Not they are dumb, or anything. They simply know what they know and what they don't know... they don't know.
*shrugs*
Anyway, I've already started working on the next chapter, so I figured that I'll go ahead and upload this one, in case I get so busy I forget later.

Comments and kudos are always welcome and are usually met with high pitched squeals of delight.

<3
Lasagna and a Lack of Knocking

Chapter Summary

In which you make a tasty dish, Sans needs a shower, and no one knows how to knock apparently.

Chapter 11

The next few days were a blur, what with the skeletons trying to rearrange things to accommodate your stay becoming more permanent. Papyrus had insisted that you continue to sleep in his bed, with him, since: “THAT’S WHAT BESTIES DO! NYEH HEH!” You weren’t entirely sure what a “bestie” was, but the way Papyrus talked, it sounded nice.

“BESIDES, DEAR HU- I MEAN, DEAR _____, I DO THOROUGHLY ENJOY SLUMBER PARTIES. AND WITH YOU SLEEPING IN MY ROOM, IT WILL BE LIKE A SLUMBER PARTY EVERY NIGHT!!” He had then run around, fists to his chin, excited as could be.

Sans had looked up at you, asking if you minded. You just shrugged. What right did you have to complain about the skelebros’ hospitality?

You were glad that Sans had kept his word and had immediately talked to his brother about the whole “HUMAN” thing. You weren’t sure what he had said, but Papyrus seemed to be making an honest effort.

Sans had also remembered to take you back to the library to get a library card. You were delighted to find that they had a couple of dusty cookbooks. You had only ever cooked pies with Mom before, but you felt that you could follow the directions in the recipes. Maybe you and Papyrus could both learn some things about cooking.

The thought filled you with…. something.

What was it again?

Ah.

Happiness.

You and Sans stopped by the store to get the ingredients to make something called ‘LASAGNA.’ You had never heard of it, but the picture looked quite tasty.

---

“Okay, now it says to add one-half of a teaspoon of garlic.” You eyed the page for a moment, then turned to make sure he was following directions. You had had to stop him four times already from trying to add other ingredients to the dish.

Ingredients like glitter and soap.

“ARE YOU SURE IT SAYS ONLY ONE-HALF OF A TEASPOON? THAT DOES NOT SEEM LIKE ENOUGH GARLIC…” He eyed the measuring spoon with scrutiny. You shrugged, holding up the book to show him. “That’s what it says, Papyrus…."

He “NYEH’d” thoughtfully, before dumping the tiny spoon’s contents into the dish.
You had never felt so full in your life. The lasagna had turned out far better than the three of you had expected, with even Sans asking for seconds. You had replaced the meat that it called for with something he called a “water sausage.” Apparently, it was their meat substitute, as they didn’t exactly have cattle or poultry running around. You didn’t mind, as you had never actually eaten meat before, so you had nothing to compare it to.

You patted your full belly thoughtfully, listening to the soft gurgles it was beginning to make. It was interesting how your body could break down food and pick out the parts it needed, letting the rest move on as waste… Wait… It suddenly occurred to you that you hadn’t needed to use the toilet once since you had fallen. You hadn’t really needed too often before, what with limited rations and all, but it had been MONTHS. You felt the blood drain from your face. Were you sick? Was there something wrong with you? Surely, it was a serious thing not to have to go for this long…

You looked up to see Sans watching you, his face an expression of worry. Papyrus was busy packing away the leftover meal into Tupperware containers to be put in the fridge for later. You motioned to Sans and he leaned closer, over the table.

“Can I… t-talk to you for a minute… p-privately?”

Your voice was shaky and that worried him more. He turned to Papyrus, fake smile on his face. “hey, paps. me an’ the kid are gonna take a walk, alright? we’ll be back soon.”

You were starting to learn to distinguish between his fake and real smiles, as well as learn to read his emotions based on the subtle… very subtle shifts in his facial expressions. After all, you had learned at an early age that knowing the emotional state of those around you could make the difference between a gentle hand… and another broken bone…..

“OKAY, BROTHER. BUT, DO NOT FORGET ABOUT OUR MOVIE NIGHT TONIGHT! I DO NOT WANT YOU TO BE LATE FOR THE SHOWING OF THE LATEST METTATON MASTERPIECE!”

You smiled, in spite of the worry, at the stars in Papyrus’s eyes. He was positively adorable.

Sans took your hand and led you outside, looking around for a moment. He had been holding your hand a lot in the few days since the incident in Waterfall. Your ears drooped slightly at the thought that Sans might now think you were fragile… Something to be pitied.

You were pathetic.

You blinked, surprised at yourself. Where did that come from?

You shivered, not sure if it was entirely due to the cold.

Sans turned to look up at you, noticing. “so, i was thinking, kid. why don’t we take a shortcut? feel like checking out some of hotlands? its nice and toasty there, plus... i’m pretty sure undyne is patrolling waterfall today and i don’t think you want to run FIN-to her right now... she can get a bit sus-FISH-ious of new faces. and she’s quite SPEAR-ful when she’s angry.”

You forced a hesitant smile. You knew he was making puns, but you weren’t quite sure what he was eluding to. Was Undyne some sort of fish monster? A spear covered fish monster? Oh, god, the mental image that popped into your head was scary. Like a giant fish porcupine monster with spears for quills, and long sharp fangs. You shuddered.

He clapped you on the back, letting out a chuckle. “it’ll be fine, kid. i told you paps and i would watch out for ya. anyway, hold tight. don’t want you losing your lunch.”
You squeezed your eyes shut and felt your stomach flip unpleasantly, just like when he took you to Grillby’s. Your feet seemed to leave the ground for a split second, before slamming down onto a rough and dry surface.

A rough and dry and… HOT surface.

You yelped loudly, jerking your paws off the ground rapidly, one after the other. The ground felt like it was a hundred and fifty degrees. No, HOTTER!

Sans quickly realized his mistake and scooped you up into his arms, bridal style.

“Oh, shit, sorry… i’m really sorry, kid… i didn’t PAWS to think about your bare toes…”

Your eyes were watering slightly at the fading pain, and now that your attention was off of your roasting toe pads, you realized, a little too late that Sans’s “shortcut” plus the jumping around had made you-

“BLEEEEAAARRRGGHHHH!!!!”

You vomited half-digested lasagna all over Sans’s left side. He stiffened, the lights in his eyes going out, his grin becoming quite forced.

“kid. did you. just…. all. over. me.”

You reddened under your fur in embarrassment, covering your face. This was terrible.

You felt your stomach lurch violently again, signaling Sans taking another “shortcut.” He quickly set you down, your paws touching cool tile. You opened your eyes to find that you both were in the skelebros’ bathroom.

Sans had his back to you, quickly peeling off his coat, letting the mess drop to the floor. He groaned as he pulled his once-white shirt over his head; you were a bit startled at the fact that you could see right through him. He really was a skeleton…

You silently admired the gentle curves of his bones. They were ivory and smooth, gleaming in the harsh fluorescent light. There were no muscles or tendons…nothing you could see holding him together. Fascinating.

You gently pressed a finger to one of his cervical vertebrae, letting it slide down slowly, feeling the ridges and pits in the bone.

He jumped in surprise and turned, his face flushed a deep blue.

He stared up at you, eye sockets wide, tiny pinpricks of light amidst the dark voids.

“uh, k-kid, hey. i f-forgot to, uh… i’m just going to… uh…” he stuttered, then vanished as soon as you blinked. What the…?

You looked around, confused, then sighed. You had done something wrong… You made him uncomfortable… You shouldn’t have…

Hugging your arms around your body, you realized that you had lasagna residue on your parka as well. You pulled it off sadly, hoping that it wouldn’t stain. Setting it aside, you pulled off the white shirt Sans had given you days before and dropped it on the pile that he had left on the floor. You inspected your pants and found them to be clean, so you set them aside, separate from the messy clothes.

You went to turn on the water and stopped when you saw a curtain pushed to the side, tied back. What could that be for, you wondered. You pulled the string, letting the curtain fall free. It was blue with swirls of teal. It reminded you of Waterfall. You tilted your head a moment, then looked around the tub area. The curtain had to be for something… Ah. There was a little button next to the faucet.
You pushed it, but it didn’t give. You tried pulling it and it extended an inch. You looked at it expectantly, but still nothing happened.

Maybe the water had to be on? You turned the knob for the water and was surprised when the warm water began falling from the ceiling like rain, into the tub. No, not the ceiling, you noticed. A spout with holes all in it. You pulled the curtain closed behind you as you climbed into the tub. The warm bath rain felt wonderful as it wet your short fur, rinsing the lasagna from your body. You were thankful that you did have short fur. You couldn’t imagine the work it took to keep long fur clean. You ran your fingers through your hair, humming happily. A bottle of vanilla wash was on the back edge of the tub and you used it to clean yourself, taking an extra moment to rub the lather over the large bare patch around your bellybutton. You had always liked the way the smooth furless skin there felt. As you rinsed yourself, you began to think of Sans.
You needed to apologize. He was probably in his room right now. Your face flushed in embarrassment as you realized that he probably needed to shower as well. Groaning softly, you turned off the water and wrung out your hair as best you could. A fluffy towel was hanging on a hook near the sink, just out of reach, so you stepped out, putting your paws on a small folded towel on the floor.

You had only managed to touch the towel when you found yourself frozen in shock, the door bursting open. Papyrus stopped mid-step, eyes traveling down your mostly fur-covered naked body.

“UH… HUM- I MEAN… UM… I WAS GOING TO… UH…NNN…” he started, flustered, his face rapidly flushing bright orange. He suddenly stood tall, like a soldier at attention, looking up at the ceiling.
“DEAR FRIEND, MY BROTHER INFORMED ME AS TO WHAT HAPPENED. I WAS GOING TO HELP YOU BATHE YOURSELF, BUT IT SEEMS AS THOUGH YOU HAVE ALREADY FINISHED. PLEASE EXCUSE MY INTRUSION AND MY RUDENESS. I WILL BE SURE TO KNOCK BEFORE ENTERING FROM NOW ON. PLEASE FORGIVE ME,” he stated quickly.

Small beads of sweat were beginning to form on his skull as he continued to stare upwards. You picked the towel from the hook on the wall and pulled it around yourself before speaking. Sure, you were a little startled, but it was obvious that Papyrus was more bothered by your nakedness than you were. The humans had made you go through frequent examinations, many of which required you to be nude. But if it bothered the skeleton this badly, you made it a point to remember that you needed to stay covered around others from now on.

“It’s… okay, Papyrus… You didn’t mean to… I forgive you. Um… Do you mind if I go to your room… for clean clothes?” you said softly. Papyrus chanced a glance back down at you and visibly relaxed when he saw that you were now covered.

“OF COURSE, MY FRIEND, YOU NEEDN’T ASK! MY ROOM IS YOUR ROOM AS WELL. AFTER ALL, WE ARE BESTIES!” He gave you a big smile and quickly turned to head into the living room.

You followed him, switching off the bathroom light on your way out. Heading up the stairs, you paused for a moment to glance back at Papyrus, who was plopping down on the couch, reaching for the remote. You had almost forgotten about the Mettaton movie night. You sighed softly, remembering that you never did get to talk to Sans about your… digestion worries.

You walked past Papyrus’s door, over to Sans’s room and knocked lightly. Focusing your ears forward, towards the door, you could make out some soft sounds, movement.

“Uh, S-Sans… I’m sorry if I upset you… The bathroom is yours… if you still need it, I mean… I’m
really sorry… I hope you aren’t… mad at me…”

You listened for a moment more, but the sounds had stopped. Sighing, you turned to head into Papyrus’s room. You paused, hoping he would maybe come out just as you got to the door, but you were met with disappointment.

“I guess he really is mad at me…” you mumbled, before entering the small bedroom and closing the door behind you. You dried your hair and body quickly and set the damp towel on the foot of the red racecar bed.

You and the skelebros had gone to Hope’s store the day before and managed to find a few clothes that actually fit you: three pairs of slightly baggy cloth pants and a two t-shirts. Sans and Papyrus had each given you a couple of their shirts as well, Papyrus giving you crop tops and Sans donating t-shirts with puns. You had been instructed by Papyrus to hang them in his closet on the right side as he did not want his bedroom looking like his “LAZYBONES BROTHER’S ROOM.” You could only assume from that statement that Sans’s room was a constant mess.

You dug in the closet for a shirt and pulled out one of the ones Sans had given you. It was black and had white writing on it: Throw Me a Bone. It also had little white bones scattered around it. You weren’t sure if it counted as a pun or not, but you liked it nonetheless. It didn’t smell quite as laundry fresh as Papyrus’s clothes, having a subtle smoky ketchup-y smell, but you found that you didn’t mind. As you were about to slip it over your head, you heard the door creak open and you turned, about to remind Papyrus about his promise to knock from now on.

You did not expect to see a very blue-faced Sans staring at you from the doorway.

---

Sans sat on the edge of his bed, face in his hands.

“smooth, sans, real smooth…” he mumbled to himself.

He couldn’t believe he had panicked like that! He ran the scenario back in his mind again, blushing a little when he remembered how it had felt when they had touched his vertebrae. It had sent pleasant ripples throughout his entire skeletal body. He’d never felt anything like it before.

He shook his head, clearing his mind. This was getting ridiculous. He needed to do something about all of these strange new feelings he was developing. But what? How could he generate a solution when he didn’t understand the problem?

“let’s look at this scientifically… fluttery sensations, superficial color changes, feelings of nervousness, sweating of the skull and palms, unexplainable behaviors without prior thought…”

He groaned loudly into his hands and fell back onto his bed.

“i don’t knoooow… i’m no good at biology. what can I….?”

He paused a moment, thinking.

“alphys would know… she knows a lot about monster biology… i better bring the kid with me, in case i’m allergic to them or something.”

He sat up, feeling a little more confident.

“yeah, that might be it. maybe I’m allergic to their human… dog… hybrid… fur… or something.”

He sat in silence, contemplating what he would say to the lizard monster scientist. He hadn’t talked to her in a long while. He picked up his cell phone from the mattress and looked at it. Maybe it would be better to send her a text instead of just popping in. He pulled up Alphys’s number.

Sans- hey alphys i know its been a while but i was wondering if you could help me with something

He sat back and waited. A few minutes later, his phone buzzed, indicating a notification. He pulled
Alphys: Hi, Sans! OMG I haven’t heard from you in FOREVER. What do you need help with? :)

Sans: well uh its sort of a biology thing

Alphys: Well, are you going to tell me? LOL

Sans paused and looked at his phone. What could he say? He had found a part human creature and was now feeling odd and thought that he might be allergic to them? Well, he could tell her part of the truth anyway…

Sans: i made a friend and i think i might be allergic to their fur. think you could maybe run some tests or something?

He waited again, longer this time. A small bead of sweat was starting to form on his forehead. He wiped it away. Someone knocked at his door, making him jump so hard his bones rattled. He started to stand and slipped on a sock, falling back onto his mattress. He heard a timid voice call through his door:

“Uh, S-Sans… I’m sorry if I upset you… The bathroom is yours… if you still need it, I mean… I’m really sorry… I hope you aren’t… mad at me…”

Sans lay where he was, staring up at the ceiling. They were apologizing? What for? He was the one who ran from them. He blushed again, remembering their soft touch on his neck bones. He buried his face in his hands again. This was beginning to be a bit much for him to handle. If only he knew what was causing it….

He sat up when he heard Paps’s door open and close. He sighed.

Alphys: That’s odd, but not unheard of. You can either both come in or you can come in by yourself with a sample of their fur. It shouldn’t take too long.

Sans: thanks a lot alphys i wasnst sure what to do

Alphys: NP, Sans! It’s good to hear from you again! XD

He decided he would talk to _____ after a quick shower. Grabbing a fairly clean shirt and some shorts off the floor, he teleported to the bathroom. He quickly showered and dried himself, before throwing his clothes on. He walked out the bathroom door and stopped a moment to see what Papyrus was doing.

He was watching an older Mettaton film, probably getting himself psyched up for the new movie they were all going to watch together later that evening. Sans chuckled quietly, watching his brother mouth the words as the rectangular robot spoke them. He had all of the movies memorized by this point… he had seen them so many times.

He tore his eyes away from his adorable baby bro and headed up the stairs. He stopped into his room for his pink house slippers. After slipping them on, he then made his way to Paps’s door.

Sans paused outside the door, wondering if he should knock first. What if he knocked and they
didn’t want to hear his apology? He suddenly felt very nervous. Better to just throw open the door and apologize before he lost his nerve.

He took a deep breath and opened the door quickly, stepping into the room. He froze. They were totally naked. In front of him. They looked as though they had been about to pull a shirt over their head… He recognized the shirt they held in their hands. It was one of the ones he had given them. He realized that he was staring at them, but for some reason…

He could not look away.
Bones and Blushing

Chapter Summary

In which you notice that skeletons seem to change colors frequently and then have an... interesting moment.

Chapter 12

Sans sat on the edge of the couch, staring at the screen, but not really watching the movie. He had the sensation of knotted rope in his stomach region and it was making him feel nauseous.

Papyrus was on the other end of the couch and the kid was in the middle. Sans wished he could just blink back to his room and stay there. Too bad he had promised to watch the movie. He sighed, closing his eye sockets.

He hated making promises.

_____ hadn’t been angry at him for walking in on them naked. They had been a little surprised, but had simply turned back to the closet to continue getting dressed. After asking if he was okay, of course.

And of course, his voice didn’t seem to be working at that moment.

He felt his face grow warm, remembering how they had looked, their arms slowly pushing through the sleeves of the shirt, eyes wide and bright as they looked at him… Dark hair cascading over their shoulders… The light making their silvery fur shimmer…

“…Sans… SANS…”

He looked over at the kid. Apparently, they had been trying to get his attention for a minute and were staring at him, concern in their eyes. Papyrus was entirely absorbed into the movie.

“oh, kid. sorry, i was, uh, trying to KETCHUP on my sleep.” He lifted the ketchup bottle he had been sipping from earlier for effect.

They just stared at him, unblinking.

“uh, heh, i MUSTard ask why you keep looking at me like that, kiddo…”

“Your face is… really blue.”

Sans pulled his hood up. “guess i’m just CHILLED to the BONE.” He shrugged, winking, his hands in the air.

“Sans.”

“maybe i’m too COOL for school.”

“Sans…”

“can you grab a bowl? i’m feeling a bit… CHILI.”
Sans was sweating nervously now. “okay, okay. serious talk. what’s up, kid?”

_____ looked at him closer. “Are you getting sick? I don’t know about skeletons, but if a… if a human turns blue, it’s not healthy… and you’re… um, sweating a lot, too… Do you have a fever?”

He almost let out a sigh of relief at the easy way out he had been presented with. “sick? yeah, kid. i am feeling a bit under the weather… i think i might have come down with something. i think i’m gonna… go on ahead to bed and try to sleep it off.”

He slid off the couch and started to head towards the stairs, when the kid grabbed his sleeve. “kid?”

“Sans… I hope you feel better.” They sounded worried and… sad.

Sans nodded, feeling a little guilty for lying to them. His nerves WERE making him nauseous, though. So it wasn’t a total lie.

“i’m sure i’ll be fine with some rest, kid. goodnight.”

---

You watched Sans head up the stairs lethargically, as if all of his energy had been drained. You didn’t think he seemed too sick, but then again, what did you know of monster illnesses? Maybe he had a monster flu. You suddenly hoped it wasn’t contagious.

Papyrus was leaning forward on the couch, elbows on his knees, absorbed into the movie. You had tried watching it, but you personally thought it was quite boring. Television couldn’t hold a candle to books, in your opinion.

You lay back against the back of the couch, enjoying the way your shoulders sank into the fluffy cushions and looked over at Papyrus. You moved your eyes lazily over the back of his skull, noticing all of the tiny dimples and pores. He really was like a typical human skeleton. You had seen them in a few of the scientist’s books back in the lab on the surface.

Sans, however… His skull was vaguely similar to a human skeleton’s, but more spherical. And, unlike his brother, he didn’t seem to have a visible lower mandible. That might explain why he always appeared to be grinning. Although… you had seen him open his mouth to eat at Grillby’s…

You found yourself reaching for the back of Papyrus’s skull out of curiosity, but quickly jerked your hand back, remembering Sans’s response to your touch. Your ears drooped more as you replayed his reaction over and over in your mind, wishing you knew exactly why he had fled from you.

A gently poke to your shoulder pulled you from your thoughts. Papyrus was studying your face, brows furrowed in concern. “FRIEND? ARE YOU ALRIGHT? YOU SEEM TO BE BOTHERED BY SOMETHING.”

Apparently, the movie had ended while you were busy dwelling on what exactly you could have done wrong.

You sighed softly, composing your thoughts, then turned your whole body to face him, pulling your legs up to sit cross-legged.

“You upset Sans… I did something… I think was wrong and he ran away from me…”

Papyrus put a bony hand to his chin and looked thoughtful for a moment. “DO YOU MEAN WHEN YOU REGURGITATED LASAGNA ALL OVER HIM?”
You looked down at your hands in embarrassment.
“Uh, no, it was after that. He was taking off his coat and... and his shirt and I... I... He had his back to me... I touched his vertebrae…”
Papyrus put a hand over his mouth. You heard a sharp intake of air.
“WHICH ONES?”

You looked at him, confused for a moment.
“Oh, um... Th-the cervical vertebrae. On... On his neck…”
Papyrus crossed his arms and closed his eye sockets, giving you a stern nod.
“WELL, I DON’T THINK HE WOULD BE MAD AT YOU FOR THAT. IT’S NOT LIKE YOU TOUCHED HIS LUMBAR VERTEBRAE OR, ASGORE FORBID, HIS COCCYX. AT MOST, DEAR FRIEND, YOU PROBABLY STARTLED HIM. WHERE THE CERVICAL VERTEBRAE CAN BE QUITE SENSITIVE TO TOUCH, IT’S NOTHING TO BECOME ANGRY OR UPSET ABOUT.”

Oh. So some of the bones WERE okay to touch? You suddenly felt brave.
“Um, Papyrus... is... is ASKING to touch... a skeleton’s bones offensive?”
Papyrus let out a loud laughing “NYEH HEH HEH!”
“SILLY HUM... ER, SILLY... FRIEND! IT IS THE SAME AS ANY OTHER MONSTER. ANYTHING THAT IS NORMALLY COVERED WOULD BE TERRIBLY INAPPROPRIATE, OF COURSE, UNLESS YOU WERE IN A RELATIONSHIP WITH SAID MONSTER. FOR EXAMPLE, _____, WOULD IT SEEM WRONG OF ME TO ASK TO TOUCH YOUR ARM?”
You shook your head slowly. He rested his ivory phalanges on the silvery fur of your forearm. You looked up at him, eyes sparkling with sudden understanding.

“HOWEVER,” he continued, holding up a finger, ”REQUESTING TO TOUCH, SAY, YOUR.... UM... BUTT... WOULD... BE...”
He grew flustered, unable to continue, his face flushing a deep reddish orange.
He cleared his throat, nervously. “YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I MEAN, RIGHT?”

You nodded, glancing down at the bony fingers still on your arm. It felt nice. You took a breath and looked Papyrus in the eye... socket.
“Then, I... I want to ask y-you if it w-w-would be ok-kay if.... Can I... touch your s-skull?”
Papyrus looked at you thoughtfully, giving you a nod and leaning his head towards you. You reached up hesitantly, expecting the same reaction as from Sans. Your soft fingerpads made contact with his smooth occipital bone, flinching away slightly. You exhaled in relief when Papyrus didn’t move away. You carefully traced your fingers over the gentle slope of his skull, marveling at the smoothness, pausing at the various tiny pits and dips. You found yourself naming off the different areas in your mind as you did: parietal bone, temporal, sphenoid, frontal bone. You rested your palm on his frontal bone for a moment, then realized he was staring at you, studying your facial features with an odd expression.
You pulled your hand slowly away, suddenly self-conscious. “Sorry... and, um, thank you…”

“NO NEED TO BE SORRY, FRIEND,” he said, much softer than usual. “COULD I... MAYBE TOUCH YOUR HEAD NOW?”

You almost laughed but just smiled at him and nodded, leaning your head towards him. He gently touched your muzzle, running a finger from your moist black nose to the space between your eyes. His thumb brushed over your eyebrow, pressing in slightly, feeling the bone under your skin. He lifted his other hand and positioned both thumbs in the center of your forehead, running them straight
back to your hairline. He hesitated for just a moment, before running his phalanges over your scalp firmly, eliciting a shiver of pleasure from you. He halted, studying your face, then repeated the motion, earning the same response. He nodded, as if satisfied with the consistent results, and moved on to your ears, sliding his carpals along the edges, thumbs on the inside, fingers on the outside. You twitched them nervously, causing him to jerk his hands back, startled. You let out a breath you didn’t realize you had been holding.

“FRIEND. FIRSTLY, THANK YOU FOR LETTING ME EXAMINE YOUR HEAD. SECONDLY, UM…” he looked nervous now, his face starting to color a faint orange around the cheekbones. You tilted your head at him.

“WELL, MY BROTHER TOLD ME HOW YOU WERE NOT…NOT FULLY HUMAN AND AS SUCH, PREFERRED NOT TO BE CALLED HUMAN. UPON FURTHER INSPECTION, I HAVE NOTICED… WELL… I HAVE TO AGREE WITH HIM ON THIS…” He was fidgeting with his hands. “YOU SEEM TO HAVE MANY OF THE SAME FEATURES AS SOME MONSTERS THAT I KNOW AND I WAS WONDERING, IF IT IS NOT RUDE OF ME TO ASK YOU, BECAUSE I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, DO NOT WISH TO BE RUDE TO YOU, BUT I AM CURIOUS AND I DEFINITELY DO NOT WISH TO OFFEND YOU IN ANY WAY, BUT-“ You put your hands on either side of his face, forcing him to look at you. He stared into your eyes for a moment, before squeezing his eye sockets closed.

“ARE YOU A DOG?” You found it hard to stop laughing. Every time you began to calm down, one look at Papyrus’s nervous expression would send you back into a giggle fit. He was so worked up over THAT? You felt that it should have been obvious, but then again…

You finally calmed down and turned so that you could lean back against Papyrus’s side. You were feeling brave tonight, it seemed. You explained to him that you were a hybrid, a mix of human and canine DNA. You left out your suspicions about the unknown factor that made you different from the other hybrids.

You also left out the grisly bits: the testing, the experiments….

He told you about the dog monsters in Snowdin, explaining that there had been many more before, but they had gotten sick and “fallen down.” You weren’t sure what he meant by that.

“You mean they died?”

“Oh, no. When a monster falls down, it is as though they are in a deep sleep. When a monster dies, they turn to dust.”

Oh, yeah. Mom had taught you about that. Monsters were made of magic, not flesh and blood. You poked his radius. That’s some firm magic. You traced your claw gently back and forth along his arm bone for a few minutes, just listening to the soft rasping sound it made, before you suddenly realized he had gone quiet. You looked up at him, his face upside down in your view. He had that weird look
on his face again.

“What’s up, Papyrus?” you asked, removing your hand from his arm and putting it on your lap.

“I HAVE BEEN WONDERING, SINCE YOU ASKED. WHY DID YOU WANT TO TOUCH MY SKULL? AND MY ARM…” he asked softly, like before. You pondered on this, not really coming up with a good explanation.

“I guess I just really like bones,” you say, shrugging.

Papyrus was silent again. You look up again to see that Papyrus’s whole skull has turned that deep orangey red color again. Only now, he was looking away from you and sweating profusely. You bolt upright and face him, grabbing his hand in both of yours. He closes his eye sockets and swallows audibly at your touch.

“Papyrus, are…are you okay?”

He cleared his throat to answer, but to your worried mind, it sounded as though he had just let loose a rather sickly sounding cough.

“Oh, my goodness, P-Papyrus! You’re really orange! Are you sick? Is that normal? Sans’s face was really flushed earlier, are you both sick?”

You pressed a palm to his forehead, your words spilling from your lips in a near-panic. “You’re really warm right now! And you’re sweating a lot! Do I need to get a doctor? IS THERE a doctor? Papyrus, I don’t know what to do!”

You were really starting to become panicked now, your words coming out faster, until it felt hard to breathe.

You didn’t want anything to happen to your new friends! What if they “fell down?” What if they turned to dust??

Your stomach started twisting into panicky knots, the room starting to spin, becoming blurry.

Everything started to move and suddenly, the side of your head hurt. You closed your eyes tightly.

Were you choking?

Oh, god, you were choking, someone was choking you and your face was wet and you couldn’t breathe.

Where was Papyrus? You tried to call out to him.

You heard a strangled sounding yelp.

Oh. It was you.

You curled in on yourself to protect your face from the bones that were now assaulting you.

You were getting attacked again?

Was Papyrus attacking you again?

Why would he?

A strange whining sound drowned out everything else. You pulled your hands over your ears to block out the uncomfortable racket that seemed to be assaulting your mind, making it impossible to think clearly.

You were floating.

Were you?

No, there were arms around you… You were being carried.

You could make out an orange glow through your eyelids and realized that you felt warmth lightly caressing your body all over. The glow stopped, as did the feeling, and you heard low rumbles vibrating around your left ear.

The rumbles were strangely soothing.
You decided to focus on them.

Gradually, your breathing evened out and things began to make sense. Papyrus must have picked you up and carried you... somewhere. Your hands were over your ears. The whining noise was coming from you. You slowly uncovered your ears and the soothing rumbles turned into words.

"-N’T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO, BROTHER! THEY FELL OFF THE COUCH AND WHEN I TRIED TO HELP, THEY CURLED UP AND STARTED MAKING SAD SOUNDS!"

That explained the pain in your head. You must have hit the floor. Or the table. You let your breathing slow to normal and slowly force your muscles to relax. Now that you were paying attention, you noticed an odd, but familiar smell. Like smoke and... ketchup?

You opened an eye. It was dark. You opened both eyes. It was still dark. You blinked a few times, letting your eyes adjust. It was a small, messy bedroom. Sans’s room? You took stock of your position. Papyrus was holding you tightly to himself, like one would cradle a baby in their arms. Your face was against his chestplate.

You realize that they had been talking while you were thinking. A grinning skull was suddenly in your face and you let out a startled yelp and curled in on yourself again.

“hmm... see what ya mean, paps.”
His deep voice soothing voice caused you to turn your head to look at him, feeling silly for getting scared.

He winked and waved at you. “hey, kid. can i say ‘sorry i STARTled you’ this time?”
You glanced up and wrinkled your nose playfully.
“There’s no stars in here, Sans...” you mumbled.
He chuckled and snapped his fingers. “dam. i’ll get it eventually.”

You looked up at the tall and worried skeleton who was cradling you and gave him a nervous smile. “Sorry, Papyrus... I guess I freaked out, huh?”

He hugged you tightly, crushing the air out of your lungs.
“OH, BEST FRIEND, I WAS SO WORRIED! YOU FELL AND I DIDN’T KNOW WHAT TO DO AND THEN YOU MADE NOISES THAT DID NOT SOUND LIKE HAPPY ONES SO I RUSHED YOU TO SANS WHO SUGGESTED I TRY USING HEALING MAGIC ON YOU AND IT SEEMED TO HAVE WORKED AND I AM SO HAPPYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!”

“yeah, kid. we would be CRUSHED if something bad happened to ya... even i’d manage to SQUEEZE a few tears out if you- okay, paps, you’re suffocating the kid...”

Papyrus stopped hugging you to death and gently set you down. You inhaled gratefully, savoring the ketchup scented air that filled your lungs.

You recovered fairly quickly and turned to look around at Sans’s room now that you had the chance. There was a treadmill in the middle of the room, a lamp and a dresser, a mattress, a small... was that a small tornado... of trash?
A pile of dirty socks caught your eye and you forced down the impulse to jump and roll in it. Canine genes, you thought with a huff.

Sans was watching you closely, expecting an admonishment on his room. You said nothing,
returning your gaze to meet his. You held his gaze until his face suddenly flushed deep blue again and he looked away, beads of sweat once again dotting his skull.

You sighed, looking up at Papyrus. “Are you two going to be okay, though? I mean… Are you coming down with something? Should I be worried?”

He turned faintly orange and looked away as well, shaking his head. You started to inquire further, but neither of the skeleton brothers would look at you, finding the floor and wall to be very interesting at the moment. You looked from one to the other and back again before giving up. You felt sure that if it was something for you to be concerned about, they would let you know.

You hoped anyway.
Chapter Summary

In which Paps teaches you to sew and you lose a shoving match....

Chapter 13

Bedtime was awkward.

As you went to climb into Papyrus’s racecar bed, you noticed his face flush orange again, suddenly finding the wall very interesting. You sat on the edge of the bed, looking up at him.

“Papyrus...?” You asked, hesitantly. He looked at you, trying to act normal. It didn’t work. “Papyrus,” you tried again, “Do you... want me to sleep downstairs? You seem, um... uncomfortable...”

He threw his hands up defensively. “NO, NOT AT ALL! YOU ARE WELCOME TO SHARE MY ROOM AS YOU HAVE BEEN, MY FRIEND. IT’S JUST...” He looked to the side, nervously. “I WAS SIMPLY THINKING ABOUT EARLIER. BEFORE YOU HAD YOUR, UM... SANS CALLED IT A ‘PANIC ATTACK?’”

You nodded, wondering where this was going.

“What you said. That you... like... bones.”

You furrowed your brows in confusion and looked at him. Interacting with people was turning out to be harder than you had hoped. It seemed you just ended up confused most of the time.

“I mean... yeah. They’re nice. And smooth. But, not like glass. I like how they’re white and shiny. And I never would have guessed that bones would be warm. Oh, and they smell nice, too. I like bones.” You shrugged.

You met Papyrus’s gaze and found that strange look again. Accompanied by another bout of blushing. Did skeletons just blush a lot?

He surprised you by dropping to one knee and taking your hand. He looked you in the eye. “WELL, I WOULD LIKE TO SAY... I LIKE YOUR FUR AS WELL, MY DEAR FRIEND. IT IS SO VERY SOFT AND SHINY AND PLEASING TO LOOK AT. AS WELL AS YOUR LONG HAIR. YOU ARE A BEAUTIFUL PERSON.”

You felt yourself blush now. He... He called you beautiful.

He stood, clearing his throat. “WELL, NOW IT IS TIME TO SLEEP.”

He climbed awkwardly into the small bed, making you roll to your side, facing the wall. He assumed his normal position on his other side, facing away from you.

After a few minutes, he was snoring softly. You hesitated a moment, then scooted your body back slowly until your back was pressed against his. You could feel his warm bones through his sleep.
shirt. You smiled to yourself, enjoying the warmth. You nuzzled your pillow and drifted quickly to
sleep.

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You were alone.

Darkness was all around you and you were floating.

You didn’t feel afraid.

You didn’t feel much, really.

You didn’t feel anything anymore.

Not since…

“So.”

You turned your head, startled at the intrusion.

A small familiar yellow flower had appeared at your feet. When had you stopped floating?

It looked up at you, its expression one of curiosity.

“So,” he repeated. “I didn’t expect you here.”

You just looked at him.

You didn’t know where “here” was.

You didn’t really care though.

You felt empty.

It was… peaceful.

Flowey watched your face, studying your expression.

“Why ARE you here, anyway? How did you even get here?”

You shrugged.

You didn’t know.

You didn’t care.

Yellow petals began to slowly drift down from the darkness above you…

You caught one in your outstretched palm.

Where it made contact, your fur began to vanish into sparkling dust, leaving smooth, pale skin
behind.

Fascinating.

It oh-so-slowly traveled up your arm.
Flowey watched, intrigued.

Just as it got to your shoulder, you felt something in your mouth…

You spit out… more yellow petals.

The more you spit out, the more filled your mouth.

You felt tears form and begin to run down your cheeks.

You didn’t understand why.

A faint voice echoed through the darkness, so quiet, you weren’t sure you had actually heard it.

“Don’t be such a crybaby…”

You looked down at Flowey, your mouth full of petals.

He stared up at you in horror.

---

You awoke, fur matted with sweat.
You sat up and looked around, eyes wide.

Papyrus’s room.

You were in Papyrus’s room.

You put your hand to your head and sighed, calming yourself. Just a weird dream.

Noticing Papyrus wasn’t in the bed, you climbed out and quickly changed out of your sweaty clothes. You wiped your damp fur down with the sleep shirt and threw on some clean clothing. A pair of baggy black jeans and a white crop top that had “NOODLE MASTER” written across it in a black sharpie. You looked down at your exposed, bare belly and smiled.

Poke.
You poked the smooth skin.

As you rounded the corner of the doorway, you could see Papyrus busy cooking, his back to you. Sans was nowhere in sight, probably still asleep. It felt kind of early.

“Hey, Papyrus, whatcha making?” you said, smiling.

He turned to reply and stopped, jaw dropping. He had stars in his eyes as he put both hands to his cheek bones.

“OH, MY GOODNESS! FRIEND, YOU LOOK SIMPLY AMAZING IN THAT OUTFIT! ALMOST AS AMAZING AS THE GREAT PAPYRUS, NYEH HEH HEH!”

You chuckled, taking the compliment. Wandering over, you could see some kind of batter with chunks of…

“Papyrus, are you using leftover lasagna?”

He grinned, posing, his scarf flapping behind him like a cape. You noticed there was no breeze.

“YES, MY FRIEND! I HAVE DECIDED THAT IF I COMBINE MY AMAZING BREAKFAST COOKING SKILLS WITH OUR AMAZING LASAGNA, THEN THE OUTCOME IS SURE TO BE TRIPLY-AMAZING!!”
You weren’t sure that his math really worked, but you simply shrugged and headed to fridge. Inside were numerous Tupperware containers, some starting to grow mold, you noticed, as well as several assorted bottles of ketchup. You reached for a larger bottle and froze as you turned around.

Sans was staring at you again, his face deep blue. It seemed that this was becoming the norm, so you shrugged it off.

“Hey, Sans… nice of you to KETCHUP with everyone else,” you said, winking at him.

He blushed even more, then jumped as Papyrus shouted, turning to face you both. "IT IS FAR TOO EARLY FOR PUNS! SANS, YOU ARE STARTING TO BE A BAD INFLUENCE ON OUR HOUSEGUEST, AND NEWEST FRIEND!"

Sans cleared his throat, letting his normal lazy smile return. “sorry, bro, guess i’m just RIBBING off on them.”

Papyrus’s eyes were popping out of his head now, which, to be honest, probably should have freaked you out more than it did. You couldn’t help but giggle at how silly he looked.

“Oh, MY GOD, SANS, NO!”

“i’m sorry… TIBIA honest, i could have done better.”

“SANS!”

“oh, come on, paps. don’t SKULLk. it’s only a joke.”

“SAAANNNNS!”

“okay, okay. it’s obvious that you don’t find my jokes to be very…”

“DON’T.”

“……HUMERUS.”

Papyrus groaned loudly and ushered you both out of the kitchen. Sans stood, chuckling. “guess i couldn’t tickle his FUNNY BONE, eh, kid?”

You giggled along with him and peeked around Sans to look at Papyrus. He was… smiling? Your ears picked up the soft sounds of chuckling as well. You must have looked confused, because Sans winked at you.

“paps actually likes my jokes. he just likes to pretend that he hates them.”

You smile and wander over to the couch, plopping down. The green couch was lumpy, but fairly comfortable. You pat the cushion next to you and Sans took the invitation. He closed his eyes, leaning back and sighing, like he had just finished a hard day’s work. He had dark circles under his eye sockets…

“So… um…”

He opened an eye and looked at you, eyebrow raised in question.

You nervously tried grinning at him. His eyes darted to your mouth and his smile faltered for a brief second. You closed your mouth, frowning.

“What was that?” you asked, flatly.
“eh, dunno what you’re TOOTH-ing about.”

You opened your mouth, wanting to push for a real answer, but decided against it. Turning yourself, you lean back against the arm of the couch with your knees pulled to your chest, facing Sans. “Do you ever have weird dreams, Sans?” you asked, surprising yourself.

Sans stared at you, his smile dropping to something more neutral. You continue, not really knowing where you’re going with it. “When I was on the surface, I pretty much either had nightmares about my life, or I would dream of laying in a field of flowers, the sun on my fur, staring up at the blue sky. It’s what I wanted more than anything.”

Sans was giving you his full attention now. “But, since I fell down here… I’ve just had… weird dreams. Like last night. I was floating in the dark. Like, actually floating. Without a care in the world. And there were… yellow flower petals falling all around.”

You stopped and looked at him. He seemed to be thinking very hard about something. He looked up at you, thoughtfully. “maybe you’re meant to stay down here, kid, with us. heh, down here, in the dark. maybe it’s… where you belong?”

You pondered this and nodded. That made sense. It wasn’t like there was anything on the surface for you… right?

---

Sans had had that nightmare again. Only this time, their hair was shorter, coming right above their shoulders. The image of them glaring down at him, grinning mouth full of sharp teeth, eyes red, was burned into his mind. He saw their face every time he closed his eye sockets. He heard their voice…

“It’s a shame you weren’t there to protect him from me…”

He shuddered, wiping the sweat from his forehead with the back of his sleeve. He hadn’t wandered Snowdin this time. He had gone straight towards Waterfall, hoping to maybe stop…

But, no.

The kid had been there, alone, looking down at Paps’s dust, holding his scarf, just like last time. But, unlike last time, they didn’t have dust on their face. They had a knife. A large, sharp looking knife with a black wooden handle.

Sans shook his head, trying to get the nightmare out of his head. He heard noises from downstairs and decided to get up. Maybe throwing some puns at his brother would ease the stress. Make him forget.

He forgot the nightmare almost completely as he rounded the doorframe and saw _____ close the fridge door and turn towards him, freezing. They had a large bottle of ketchup in one hand and… His eyes traveled down to their bare stomach.

Oh.
Dear.
His mind seemed to shut down, his face growing warm. Then, they had thrown a pun at HIM, even winked at him. He felt his kneecaps grow weak for a moment. Papyrus chose that moment to butt in, saving him from further embarrassment.

---

Sans sat on the couch, trying not to stare at their exposed stomach. He wanted to touch it. He wanted to run his bony hand over that smooth pale flesh.

“So.”

He looked at them, almost losing his cool when they grinned at him, mouth full of sharp teeth. They noticed. They asked him about it. He diverted the question.

_____ sighed and turned to face him, leaning back on the arm of the couch and blocking the view of their stomach with their knees.

“Do you ever have weird dreams, Sans?”

His nightmare popped back into his head. He felt his face grow blank as he stared at them. They couldn’t know… could they?

“When I was on the surface, I pretty much either had nightmares about my life, or I would dream of laying in a field of flowers, the sun on my fur, staring up at the blue sky. It’s what I wanted more than anything.”

He watched them, surprised at the empty, sad look in their eyes. He had seen that look before… in the mirror. It made him want to wrap his arms around them and never let go.

They continued, looking at their hands.

“But, since I fell down here… I’ve just had… weird dreams. Like last night. I was floating in the dark. Like, actually floating. Without a care in the world. And there were… yellow flower petals falling all around.”

They fell silent, watching him. He wasn’t sure what to say. He pondered on the dream for a moment. Darkness could be the Underground… and they had said they wanted a field of flowers, so…

“maybe you’re meant to stay down here, kid, with us.”

With me, maybe…

“heh, down here, in the dark. maybe it’s… where you belong?”

The kid nodded, lost in thought. Sans couldn’t help but wonder what life for him and his brother would become if they did stay with him… He almost shook his head to clear his mind.

“hey, kid. i gotta go visit an acquaintance of mine later, alphys. wanna tag along with me?”

He waited, hoping they would say yes. After a moment, they just shrugged. They were pretty indecisive, weren’t they?

He cleared his throat, and added, ”if you want, we can check out my hot dog stand as well, grab a few ’dogs for lunch.” He winked.

There was that confused look again. “Dogs? Are we… are they coming with us?”

Sans had to chuckle at that. “no, not the dog guard. kid, i mean hot dogs.”
They looked even more confused.

“heh, wow, kid. they’re food, and no, before you ask, they aren’t made from dogs.”
He had seen a spark of concern flash into their eyes for a moment.
This poor kid…
They seemed to think for a moment, then smiled warmly at him (there were those flutters again) and agreed to go.

Sans felt… happy.
Though, he wasn’t sure exactly why.

---

After a very strange tasting breakfast, Papyrus lent you a pair of his boots so that you could visit Hotlands without burning your paws again. Sans suggested waiting a few hours to let your food digest so that you wouldn’t lose it all over him again.
This prompted you to remember to ask him about the whole digestion-bathroom concern you had had the day before. He had laughed and explained that monster food was made of magic and as such, was absorbed completely into your soul without any waste to be dealt with. This greatly set your mind at ease over the matter.
He told you that he was going out for a bit to “check on something” and that he wouldn’t be gone too long.

You went to help Papyrus clean up the mess he had made while preparing breakfast for the three of you.
After quickly wiping everything down, Papyrus informed you that he had planned to make some new clothes.

“What do you mean?”

“I TAKE CLOTH AND NEEDLE AND THREAD AND CRAFT MY OWN CLOTHING, DEAR FRIEND. IF YOU DID NOT NOTICE BEFORE, THE STORE ONLY HAS A LIMITED AMOUNT OF CLOTHING AND EVEN LESS THAT WILL FIT THE GREAT PAPYRUS. SO I MAKE MY OWN CLOTHES WHEN I FEEL THAT MY WARDROBE IS BECOMING INSUFFICIENT. YOU ARE WELCOME TO JOIN ME AND FABRICATE SOME CLOTHING FOR YOURSELF, IF YOU’D LIKE…”
You thought for a moment and nodded. You would very much like to learn how to make your own clothes. After all, there didn’t seem to be much that would fit you, either.

After what seemed like an eternity of pricking your fingers with the needle, you finally managed to get the hang of sewing.
Sort of.
Papyrus was a surprisingly patient teacher and had gently guided you through the process, taking the time to correct and encourage you. Both of you sat in the middle of his floor, surrounded by pieces of cloth and sewing supplies.
You finally held up the (slightly lopsided) pair of black and blue shorts you managed to make from a couple of badly ripped t-shirts that Papyrus had in a large box in the bottom of his closet. It was full of scraps of cloth and ripped clothing.

“WELL DONE! YOU SEE, I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT! WITH MORE PRACTICE, I AM SURE THAT YOU WILL EVEN BE ABLE TO CRAFT YOUR OWN PARKA, LIKE THE ONE I MADE FOR SANS!”
He beamed at you, proudly.
You smiled back at him, impressed.
“You made San’s coat? Wow. That’s just… Amazing, Papyrus!”

He blushed and hid his face in his bony hands. Which didn’t really hide his face at all.
You playfully pushed at his shoulder, giggling.
He uncovered his face, grinning mischievously at you.

“YOU DARE CHALLENGE ME, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, TO A SHOVING MATCH?”

You grinned even bigger in response and gave his shoulder another light push.
He let out a “NYEH HEH HEH” before shoving you lightly back.
You pushed him back, using both hands against his shoulder, barely budging him. He chuckled and twisted, putting a hand on each of your shoulders and pushing with far more force.
You resisted a few moments, before falling backwards, throwing an arm over your eyes dramatically.

“Allas, I am defeated! I was no match for the strength of the Great Papyrus!”
You were amused at the thought that maybe you had watched one too many Mettaton movies.
You waited for the laugh that never came.

Confused at the silence, you uncovered your eyes and was more than a little surprised to see Papyrus leaning over you, hands on either side of your shoulders, face mere inches away from yours.
You realized that he must have lost his balance when you let yourself fall onto your back.

He was staring at you with that odd look again and beads of orange sweat were forming on his forehead. He was again blushing furiously, but was making no moves to hide it. Actually, you noticed, he wasn’t moving at all. He didn’t even seem to be breathing.

“P…Papy…rus?” you whispered.
He seemed to snap out of whatever trance he was in, letting the breath he was holding whoosh out over your face. It was strangely odorless. You found yourself wondering if skeletons could get bad breath.

“_____… I…” he started, speaking very softly. Something about the tone of his voice as he said your name made your face heat up. You were suddenly very aware of just how close he was, his torso touching your chest, practically pinning you down. It wasn’t… an unpleasant feeling. His eyes seem to soften as he looked at you, focus shifting from your eyes to your mouth.
Your face felt hotter, unsure as to what was happening. You felt like an observer, watching the situation unfold, trying to make sense of this new development.

He moved his face closer hesitantly, pausing when his teeth were a few centimeters from your lips. His breath was coming out more ragged and you were sure that if he had a heart, it would be pounding in his chest… similar to the way yours was at the moment.
He closed his eyes, surely about to close the distance.
You felt yourself tense up, holding your own breath in response to something you couldn’t quite explain.

“paps, i was…… oh.”

You turned your head to see Sans standing in the doorway, eyes slowly moving from your face to his brother’s and back again. His eye sockets went completely dark and his lazy grin suddenly became very forced.

“i’ll just… um…. i didn’t… heh…”
And with that, he vanished.

Papyrus looked back down at you, clearly embarrassed.

“OH, DEAR.”
Chapter Summary

In which Sans says some bad words and you get acquainted with the floor.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 14

“f u c k !”

A nearby tree began to splinter and crack, bathed in blue light. It lurched from the snowy earth, roots and all and hovered for a moment before crashing violently into its neighbor.

“fucking dammit! arrrgh!”

Another tree went flying.

And another.

Breathing heavily, Sans dropped to his knees in the snow, exhausted. Tears were flowing from his eye sockets and the area was littered with broken branches and downed trees. He had teleported to a secluded area, deep in the forest where he was sure that he wouldn’t be bothered by anyone.

He was so angry.

At the kid.

At Papyrus.

At himself.

He was also confused… mostly about WHY he felt so angry.

He let his mind flash back to the scene that had lay in front of him as he had walked into Paps’s room.

_____... on the floor, on their back… his brother on top of them, about to…

It had looked like he was going to kiss them…

He felt another surge of anger, his left eye flashed blue, another tree toppling over into the snow with a loud crack.

“dammit…” he cursed, quietly.

Ever since that…. person showed up, he had been emotionally unstable around them. Constant ups and downs. Sans clenched his fists and took a deep breath, letting it out slowly as he forced his hands to relax. He wasn’t sure why it had made him so angry, but raging in the woods wasn’t going to give him any answers.
He wanted answers.

He NEEDED answers.

He pulled out his phone to check the time. He wasn’t due at Alphys for another hour and a half. He stared at it a moment, contemplating, then placed it back in his pocket.

“ah, fuck it,” he mumbled, “i’ll just be early, for once in my life.”

---

You sat on the floor of Papyrus’s room, alone. The tall skeleton was downstairs. He had been mostly silent since Sans left, telling you he was sorry for his behavior and retreating immediately to the kitchen…

You sighed and tried to understand the situation. It was obvious that Sans had been very upset by… something. And Papyrus had been embarrassed by… the same something. Stretching out on your side, resting your head on an arm, you thought back to what had happened, picking apart every detail and looking at it from all angles. Nothing. You could find nothing that made sense.

Logically, Sans should not be upset. Unless…

You sat up. There must be some bit of knowledge unknown to you, some social taboo that you committed…

You almost got up to go ask Papyrus, but… he had seemed rather upset…. You put your face in your hands and groaned. Why did interacting with others have to be so DIFFICULT? Why did there have to be so many rules?

You picked up the shorts you had made and looked at them sadly. What you hadn’t told Papyrus was that you were trying to make them for Sans. He had been so caring towards you since Waterfall, such a good friend, you had wanted to do something nice for him.

You sighed and rested them on your lap, stroking the fabric with your thumb. It was stupid. They were stupid. Stupid shorts. He wouldn’t want them anyway.

You held them up and looked at them again. They suddenly seemed ugly in your eyes, every flaw sticking out, unworthy of him. You threw them across the room in disgust. They landed on Papyrus’s table and slid down behind it, out of sight. It made you feel a tiny bit better.

After sitting for a few minutes in silence, you let out another sigh and went to stand, maybe go for a walk to clear your head, when you abruptly felt an icy hand grip your shoulder.

“let’s go, kid.”

You stood and turned and, as rapidly as it appeared, the smile on your face vanished. Sans was standing next to you, eye sockets dark, smile pulled down into a grimace. He was looking off to one side, one hand out for you to take, the other in his pocket.

“i said let’s go.”

His voice was cold and empty, sending an uncomfortable chill up and down your spine.
“S-Sans… I…” you started, unsure of what to say. He turned his head to glare at you. You felt so small, so powerless in that gaze.

“What part of let’s go, do you not understand, K I D . i don’t have all day.”

You swallowed hard, trying to fight back the tears that were prickling at the corners of your eyes. A lump had formed in your throat and you struggled to speak around it. “I… I need… the… um, the b-boots…”

“don’t need em. we ain’t takin the SCENIC route. going straight to alphys’s lab and getting this over with. i’m D O N E .” His voice was low, almost a growl.

You sniffled a bit, still trying not to let Sans’s anger get to you. You hesitantly went to take his outstretched hand, but he grabbed your wrist instead. You braced yourself for the uncomfortable stomach-lurching, right before the rest of his words registered in your mind. “Wait, Sans, did you say LAB??”

The room disappeared around you into darkness. You squeezed your eyes shut as your stomach began doing somersaults.

Your paws hit cold tile, claws clicking softly.

You smelled antiseptic and stainless steel.

Your knees began to shake before you even opened your eyes.

You couldn’t even bring yourself to look.

Just as you felt the bony hand release your wrist, you felt the world tumble around you and the darkness became even darker.

You didn’t even feel yourself hit the floor.

---

Sans groaned and looked down at them, unconscious on the floor. He hadn’t even bothered to THINK about how they’d react… He had been too angry…

“S-Sans? Is th-that you?”

He turned in time to see the yellow dinosaur monster coming down the escalator. As she got to the bottom, she spotted the kid and rushed over, panicked.

“O-M-G, Sans, w-what did you d-do to them?” She knelt down and looked them over, relaxing when she saw that they were still breathing.

“guess they couldn’t help FALLING for me…” he muttered half-heartedly, throwing on a fake grin. Falling for my brother is more like it… The thought made him angry all over again.

“look, alphys, sorry to just drop in all early-like and everything, but… can we just get this over with? i’m really starting to get annoyed with all of these… symptoms.”

She looked up at him curiously.
“S—sure, Sans… Just, uh… Let me g-get a sample of their fur and… it won’t t-take long…”
She went through a door and returned fairly quickly, a small baggie and a pair of scissors in hand. She paused after kneeling down beside their unconscious body.

“J-just… anywhere?”

Sans nodded without looking at her. She decided to clip some fur from their side, glancing at the front of their crop top as she placed the fur in the bag.

“Isn’t th—that one of Papyrus’s shirts?” She looked up at Sans quizzically.
A low growl escaped him, causing her to squeak in fear, putting her trembling hands over her mouth.

“I—I’m s-s-sorry… N-n-neverm-m-m-mind…” She darted back through the door with the sample, scissors left forgotten on the floor.
Sans huffed, annoyed at himself.
Alphys was helping him and he was being… a jerk.

He glanced down at _____ and let his expression soften. Maybe he shouldn’t leave them on the cold, hard floor like that… He spotted a computer chair next to a desk that was covered in papers and old ramen containers. That’ll work, he thought. Sans’s left eye glowed blue as he enveloped them in magic, lifting them into the air. He set them carefully into the chair and blinked, his eyes returning to the normal white lights.

Sans stood, watching the steady rise and fall of _____’s chest as they lay unconscious. He knew he was going to have a talk with them when this was done. He scratched the back of his skull absentmindedly. Not something he was looking forward to.

Alphys peeked out from the door. “S-Sans? I, uh… I need you f-f-for the allergy t-test…”

He watched them a moment longer, then turned on his heel and headed towards the small testing room.

“coming, alphys.”

Chapter End Notes

I struggled a bit with the second half of this one. Today was really hectic. It's a bit short, I know, but the last one was a bit longer than usual, so I figure it kind of evens out… maybe…. sort of…

Things are starting to happen and I'm just getting really excited.
This thing and that thing and oh, that other thing!
but, yeah.
Let me know what you think, any suggestions for improvements, that sort of thing.

As always, you guys fill me with the PERSEVERANCE to continue!
Nightmares and Neko-girls

Chapter Summary

In which you have a dream and Alphys finds out you don't know what Anime is.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 15

The room was cold.
You curled yourself into a ball to stay warm, huddled in your small pile of rags. They did little to keep the cold tile from sapping away at your body heat. You shivered, your teeth chattering slightly.

It was so quiet.
Too quiet.

Normally, there are people rushing about, or talking, or sitting, or watching. There was always someone.
But, the past week or so, the lab has been empty. No food, fresh water, or even your daily vitamins.
You wonder if you’ve been forgotten.

Hearing your stomach rumble, you open your eyes and lift your head, twisting your ears hopefully back and forth, in an effort to pick up… anything.
Nothing.

The lab is dim, the only light coming from a vent in the wall, its purpose, to let in fresh air.
Nothing more.
The faint light glistens off the vertical bars separating your living space from the rest of the room.
It’s a decent sized cage, but a cage nonetheless….

You sigh and reach out to your water dish, half empty. You had been rationing it since the day the scientists failed to show up. Lapping up a few drinks of water with your canine tongue, you try to ignore the fear nipping at the back of your mind. The fear that you were going to die down here.

You lay your head back on your arm, your hands tucked under your chest, and pull your knees up tight. Your eyes close and you focus on your breathing.

Eventually, sleep comes.

-

Your eyes open to complete darkness. It must be night time.

You ran out of water two days ago.

Your fur is messy and your long hair is tangled. You’ve been sleeping most of the time to conserve energy and escape the hollow ache in your stomach.
A foreign sound echoes throughout the empty labs. Footsteps, slow and hesitant. That must be what woke you.

Raising yourself to stand on all fours, you thrust your ears forward to listen, the footsteps coming closer.

Every muscle in your body tenses, ready to fight or flee.

Finally, after what seems is an eternity, the door opens and a bright light shines around the room, settling on you.

Starved and scared, your hackles raise and you bare your teeth, viciously growling at the intruder.

They step closer, stopping at the cage door. You back yourself into the corner, growling with all your might, sure that this stranger means to harm you.

“_____! It’s me!”

Your growling lessens as it takes a few moments to process the words. Your mind has regressed to something slightly feral in these past few weeks.

You sniff the air, staring warily at the human shape in front of you.

Familiar.
Scientist??
No…

*sniff sniff*

Friend?

Kevin!

You let yourself collapse to the floor on your stomach, your arms and legs splayed out at odd angles. So tired.

Kevin messes with the door lock as you watch. You find it increasingly difficult stay interested.

You aren’t in danger anymore, so it isn’t important.

You must have dozed off because you’re startled awake by a water bottle being shoved into your mouth. The cool liquid nearly chokes you, but you react quickly and drink it down. Tears prickle at the corners of your eyes.

You take the water bottle into your shaky hands and slowly manage to sit up, Kevin helping you. As you sip on the water, he sits next to you on the floor, arm around your lower back for support.

It was warm.

“_____... I’m sorry I didn’t get down here sooner… Dad… Dad finally died… The, uh… The cancer finally got to him… I didn’t know that the other guys just up and quit… Didn’t know you were here alone...”
You looked at the seventeen-year-old boy beside you, his sandy blonde hair cut right above his ears. He looked tired. And his eyes were puffy, as if he had been crying a lot. You rested a shaky hand on his knee.

“S-sorry…” Your voice was raspy from disuse.

Kevin looked at you, eyes filled with sorrow and guilt.

“No, I’m sorry. I should have checked on you… You’re my best friend after all! All alone down here, have… have you even eaten since the last time I was here?”

You look at the ground, thinking, and slowly shake your head. He jumps to his feet, the movement causing you to flinch.

“Damnit, that was three weeks ago! And I didn’t think to bring anything with me…” He walked away, heading to the cabinets near the door. After rustling around for a few moments, he returned and dropped a couple pills into your hand. You looked at them closely.

Multivitamins.

Not hesitating, you downed them with the last of the water and looked up into Kevin’s face.

“Thank you…”

Kevin sighed and reached for your hand. You looked at it a moment, then let him help you to your feet. Wobbling a bit, you leaned on his shoulder as he helped you leave your cage. You felt yourself grow nervous as you past through the door. The only time you left your cage was when it was time for more experiments.

“Hey, hey… I got you. Um… Hey, remember that time Dad let me bring a radio down here and then he caught us dancing to that Kesha song?” He chuckled, you nodded.

“And… and then later, you were singing it and he walked in and caught you. He laughed so hard, his face turned red. He joked about that… for… for weeks… Heh…” His voice saddened and he fell silent.

“Heh, thanks. I know he wasn’t always the best towards you, but… I miss him…” He stopped and looked at you with concern. “Isn’t your nose supposed to be cold and wet?” You shrugged.

He sighed again and sped up, pausing once when you stumbled over a chair leg. You had never seen this part of the labs, but instinct told you this was the way out.

You both continued to walk in silence until you came to a large metal door. Kevin stared at it sadly.

“Okay, buddy. So, here’s the deal. Some people found out that Dad had a Hybrid, one that can read and talk and stuff. Lots o’ people are upset about that. They, uh… I overheard some guys talking about coming here to… well… Those BASTARDS want you dead, _________.”

You stared at him. “But, I didn’t… do… anything…”

“I know, I KNOW. But you’ve heard how those assholes are. So, you’re getting out of here and you are gonna RUN. Honestly, I’m not sure where you can go… maybe you could live in the forest, catch rabbits or some shit, but if you stay here, it’s gonna be all over for you…”

He pulled you into a hug, surprising you. His held you tightly, his arms strong and warm. Tears formed in the corners of your eyes again. He pulled away quickly, wiping his own with the back of his hand.
“Okay… Okay… I’m gonna lead you out, to the edge of the forest if I can. Then, you gotta… just GO, okay?”

You nod, swallowing the emotional lump that had formed in your throat.

He turned to the door and twisted the knob, reaching back and taking your hand. You looked down, taking in the sight of his smooth, pink fingers gripping your furry hand. His hand was warm and smooth and soft. It was… nice.

You were pulled from your thoughts through the door, into the night. You barely had time to draw a breath of fresh air, when the harsh sounds of shouting filled your ears. There was an angry mob of people, carrying flashlights and waving sticks, bats, and at least one rifle coming straight towards you. They were maybe a hundred feet away.

Kevin pulled you in the opposite direction, hissing back at you to keep down. He dragged you towards the side of the building, then around it, where he stopped, crouching down in the short grass and taking both of your hands in his.

“Damnit, I thought we had more time…” he whispered nervously. “You’re gonna have to make a run for it… I’ll try to buy you some time…”

He looked deep into your eyes and then gave you one last hug before pulling away. You reached for him, but he was already around the corner.

You gritted your teeth and stood, spotting a mountain in the distance. At the base of it was what looked like a forest. You took a breath and began running.

Angry shouts and the sound of a gun going off made you freeze, turn, and look back.

A teenage boy in baggy jeans gripped his chest and dropped to the ground. His hair was sandy blonde.

“No… NO!!” you shouted, angrily… stupidly… You clamped your hands over your muzzle as you realized what you did. They realized too, because they left him lying on the concrete path and began to give chase.

You turned back towards the mountain and began to run with all your might.

They had killed him…

They were going to kill you…

You were going to die…

You felt a rock hit your back, throwing you off balance.

You fell, fell, into darkness.

You finally slowed, then stopped, hovering in place.

It was quiet and dark.

Darker than dark.
You floated a while, almost peacefully.

“Hey. Why are you here, AGAIN?”

You looked down to see Flowey looking up at you, obviously annoyed.

“This is MYYY dream, not yours. Idiot Human…” He scowled up at you.

You eyed him thoughtfully for a moment.

“Your dream?” You said softly.

“YES,” he grumbled, “MYYY dream. Not YOURS. Dunno why you gotta keep barging in like this.”

He mumbled and grumbled to himself a while longer, shooting you annoyed looks.

You simply floated, listening to him.

Eventually, he fell silent and you noticed he was watching you.

Just…. watching.

You opened your mouth to ask why, but suddenly found yourself with a mouthful of soft petals.

You spat them out and more appeared.

They began to make their way down your throat, choking you.

You noticed Flowey staring at you in horror.

As you struggled to breathe, he grew blurry and dark, your vision fading.

Darkness.

Then, nothing.

---

Shaking.

Someone was shaking you.

Your throat felt constricted.

Your eyes opened in surprise, then shut tight at the bright light above you.

“kid, come on, kid… let go already!”

Sans?

You opened your eyes and realized that you had both your hands around your throat, gripped tightly, cutting off your own air. Sans was trying desperately to pull your arms away. You released your hold and coughed, breathing in that sweet, sweet air, your lungs burning slightly.

When you had finally resumed breathing normally, Sans helped you to sit up in the chair. He kept a bony hand on your back, rubbing slowly in a circle. You found it quite soothing.
“you really scared me, kid… come out of the testing room to find you chokin’ the life outta yourself. musta been a helluva nightmare, huh?”

You stared at the floor, brows furrowed. Was it a nightmare? It was fading fast.

“I… I was choking… and… flower petals… I don’t remember the rest…” you said softly.

Sans sighed softly and looked behind him a moment. You glanced up to see a… yellow dinosaur? She wasn’t much taller than Sans, maybe an inch or two. She made you think of a raptor with a triceratops ridge. She was wearing a pink shirt with a cat-girl on the front and a black skirt that stopped at her feet. Her toe-claws tapped the floor nervously.

You tilted your head at her.

“Oh, y-you’re awake n-now! That’s g-good! I’m A-Alphys, the, uh, R-royal S-“

Sans clasped a hand over her mouth, startling her and making her squeak. He shot her a look and removed his hand. She fidgeted with the hem of her shirt and looked from Sans to you, then at the floor.

“I, uh… m-make s-stuff….. Sorry a-about the m-mess…” She gestured to the desk, overflowing with papers. And food containers. And tiny… cat people? You looked quizzically at the closest figurine, a human girl with cat ears and a tail. It was the same one as the picture on her shirt.

“Oh! Th-that’s from Mew Mew Kissy Cutie! The first one, n-not the second one. The second one was terrible. But the first one was the best! It’s my favorite Anime! Have you seen it? What’s your favorite Anime? You DO watch Anime, right?” she said quickly, not pausing to take a breath.

You stared, ears pinned back in surprise at her sudden outburst. Her face fell slightly, enthusiasm draining quickly away.

“O-oh… s-sorry… I j-just… get e-excited sometimes… s-sorry…”

You look to Sans for guidance, but he just shrugs. You stand slowly, placing a hand on her arm.

“I… I don’t know what Anime is, but… it sounds cool,” you say softly, unsure of yourself.

She instantly becomes excited again and grabs both your hands, looking up at you.

“Oh, y-you HAVE to see it! You can come back over to my lab sometime and we can watch it together and I can show you my manga and we can eat ramen together!”

You smile at her and let out a small laugh. She is adorable, you think to yourself.

You nod and start to comment when you realize she said lab.

Her lab.

You look around for the first time since waking up. You’re in a lab.

A cold.
Sanitized.
Tile-floored.
Science Lab.

You feel yourself start shaking, your eyes widening. It’s hard to breathe. You release Alphys’ hands and wrap your arms around yourself, sinking back down to the floor.

A lab.
The lab.
You’re back in the lab.
They’re going to hurt you.
Sans face is suddenly in front of yours. He puts his warm bony hands on your cheeks and rubs his thumbs in a circle on your cheekbones. He looks into your eyes, holding your gaze. You notice he’s saying something. You look down at his teeth, trying to focus on his words.

“kid, breathe. in, out. in, out. come on, kid. with me. in, out.” he says softly.

You match your breathing to his words, wondering briefly how he talks without moving his mouth. He rests his forehead against yours, cheeks a pale blue, and you look back into his eye sockets. They’re dark. Darker than dark. His eye-lights don’t even cast light onto the inside of his sockets.

After a while, you calm completely and Sans bumps his teeth against your nose. You smile at the touch and wrinkle your nose in amusement.

You notice Alphys watching you both, her cheeks pink.
You blink at her.
Do ALL monsters just blush a lot?

Sans clears his throat and she jumps, laughing nervously.
“A-anyways, Sans, y-your test r-results should be d-done in a f-few hours. I’ll text you when th-they finish."

She looked down at you. “And… And I understand i-if you d-don’t want to w-watch Anime w-with me…”

You let yourself smile up at her from your place on the floor. “I’d like to, but… um… maybe not here…”

Sans helps you to your feet and turns to Alphys.
“ya know, alph, if ya want, you can come over and watch em at our place. that’s where _____ is stayin’ after all. they could use the company. ‘specially since paps and i both gotta work the next few days.”

Alphys beamed at you and Sans both.
“R-really? Oh, I’ll have t-to go through my dvd’s and pick out the very best ones! And I’ll have to pack enough ramen, oh and get my pajamas! We can have a sleepover! And we can talk about which characters are the cutest and eat junk food and it will be the best night ever!”

She waddled off quickly, leaving you and Sans chuckling at the desk.

“She really is sweet, huh?” you ask, turning to look at Sans.

“yeah, she’s pretty cool.”

You grin.
“But, not as cool as Papyrus.”

He grins proudly back at you.
“nope. paps is the coolest.”

He grabs your hands and pulls you close, blue dusting his cheekbones.

“let’s go home.”

Chapter End Notes
Here you go!
The next few weeks may have shorter chapters as I'm going to be working 70 hours a week for the rest of April.

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter!
Chapter Summary

In which you finally meet the famous Undyne...

Chapter Notes

I won't be making any new posts this week. I'm hoping for next weekend at the latest, but I'm not going to force myself. Forcing it only creates garbage.

Speaking of garbage, Anime marathon with Alphys next chapter, yay! (I don't think she's garbage. She just digs through it.)

So, um... enjoy?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 16

Papyrus stood in silence, a box of spaghetti in one hand, long forgotten.

He had panicked after Sans had fled, rushing downstairs, away from the situation. He had frantically cleaned the entire downstairs to drive away any “bad feelings” that might try to creep in. Papyrus was always good at keeping those away, usually with shouting and by forcing extra energy into everything he did. The downstairs was now spotless and even Sans’s sock had been put away, though, not until he had simply run out of things to clean. After that, he decided to cook. Cooking always distracted him.

He stared straight ahead, listening to the muffled voices now coming from his room. Sans must have used one of his shortcuts to come back from… wherever he had gone. From what he could hear, his brother was not happy.

Papyrus sighed, deflating. He had really been hoping that the look Sans had given the both of them had been one of embarrassment and not anger. It was really hard to read him sometimes.

The voices cut off abruptly. Sans must have taken them somewhere.

He had the house to himself. He was alone.

Papyrus noticed the unopened box still in his hand and gently set it down on the counter. He slowly turned and sat at the table, burying his face in his hands. Inside, his emotions and thoughts warred with each other.
He had been so happy earlier, his soul light and... giddy almost... but the way his brother had reacted made him feel as if he had done something very bad...
But, it had not felt bad.
It had felt quite nice.
Exciting and wonderful... But, if it was so wonderful, why had his brother become so upset? How could something that felt so good be bad?

The confusing thoughts going round and round soon made him tired. Too tired to fight the “bad feelings” anymore, he just let them come. An empty ache quickly settled in his chest, sapping away at the little bit of optimism he had left. He felt heavy and hollow at the same time.

Tears trickled through his metacarpals as he began to cry silently.
He had been so excited to just be near them... at the prospect of kissing them...
But, now he just felt... guilty.
He had messed up.
Sans was angry at them, angry at him, the Great Papyrus…
The Not-So-Great Papyrus…
Great people do not mess up as he had.

He let his tears flow freely, his body shaking as he sobbed into his arms, his muffled cries echoing throughout the empty house.
He hoped that his brother would come and reassure him, tell him that it was okay, as he usually did at times like these, when the “bad feelings” took hold and refused to let go.

But... nobody came...

---

The sound of knocking at the door woke him. Papyrus lifted his head from his arms with a sigh and rubbed his eye sockets. He must have cried himself to sleep at the table. The house was still silent, he noted. His brother had not returned.
This made him feel even lower.
The knock sounded again, louder than before.
He stood sluggishly, feeling drained... physically and emotionally. He couldn't remember ever feeling quite so numb before. The empty ache now felt more empty and more... achy. He rubbed gently at his sternum, wishing the feeling would go away.
Walking slowly to the door, his boots shuffling on the carpet, he sighed and briefly thought of ignoring his visitor. Whoever it was couldn’t be sure he was even home. The door shook slightly as another loud knock came.

He paused, hand inches from the doorknob and scolded himself.
He was the Great Papyrus, friend to everyone! He couldn’t turn away a visitor!
Was he still the Great Papyrus?
He frowned.
Focus!
He steeled himself and, forcing a big smile on his face, swung open the door to greet his guest.

"HELLO, DEAR FRIEND! I....." He froze, feeling a small jolt of panic.
"Hey, Nerd! You... Damn, you look like shit. Are you okay?"

---
Your paws hit the worn carpet. You steadied yourself, noticing that your stomach wasn’t flip-flopping as much as it had in previous jumps. Maybe you were starting to get used to this. The thought made you smile.

You stepped back from Sans, noticing the way he quickly stuffed his hands back into his coat pockets.

You started to ask why he was blushing, when you suddenly realized that the living room was thick with smoke. Sans seemed to notice at that same moment, looking at you, eyes wide.

Banging and scuffling sounds came from the kitchen, followed by a loud sizzle… water hitting hot metal.

Papyrus walked out of the kitchen, wiping his face with his pink “Kiss the Cook” apron, followed by a coughing… fish lady?

She had her face covered with her arms, but you could make out what looked like blue and red fins on either side of her head, where human ears would normally be. Her skin was blue and she had long red hair pulled back into a ponytail, high on her head. Your gaze traveled down to her black tank, well-toned arms, skinny jeans, and red boots.

Sans grabbed your wrist firmly, but before you could turn to question it, the fish lady spotted you, holding you in her gaze. She had an eyepatch, her one good eye staring at you in surprise. It made you think of a yellow cat’s eye. Especially, with that predatory look she was now giving you.

“Hey, who’r you, punk?” she asked, her mouth forming a sharp-toothed sneer.

She had an eyepatch, her one good eye staring at you in surprise. It made you think of a yellow cat’s eye. Especially, with that predatory look she was now giving you.

Sans grabbed your wrist firmly, but before you could turn to question it, the fish lady spotted you, holding you in her gaze. She had an eyepatch, her one good eye staring at you in surprise. It made you think of a yellow cat’s eye. Especially, with that predatory look she was now giving you.

“Hey, who’r you, punk?” she asked, her mouth forming a sharp-toothed sneer. Her teeth were much sharper than yours.

You swallowed nervously. “Um….”

Papyrus panicked and jumped in front of you, facing her and waving his arms, apron still clutched in his fist.

“Oh, this is our new friend! The one I, err, neglected to mention! They’re definitely not human. Not human. They, uh, they’re a dog! A big friendly dog!”

You and Sans looked at each other, sweat forming on the smaller skeleton’s forehead.

She raised an eyebrow at Papyrus.

“Riiiiight, Paps. Definitely not a human. Got it.”

She walked around him, and bent closer, her face inches from yours. She seemed to be studying you. You stood still, unsure of what to do.

“So. A dog, huh? Definitely explains the fur,” she mumbled, barely audible. She then leaned back, laughing dramatically.

“Papyrus, you’re a riot! Not a human! As if I don’t know a dog when I see one!”

You nodded, glancing at a very nervous Sans. Why did he seem so uncomfortable? You also noticed Papyrus fidgeting with the apron, twisting it and untwisting it, glancing from you to the fish lady and back again. Were they worried you wouldn’t like her?

That must be it…

Well, you’d show them they had nothing to fear!

You stuck out your hand and gave her your very biggest smile. If she wasn’t afraid to show teeth, then you shouldn’t either, right?

Right.

“I’m ______. Nice to meet you!” you say, forcing confidence into your voice.

She stared at your face, eye flicking down to your smile, hers faltering. Then, she looked down at your hand. She stood there, just looking at it for a good minute, the room silent.
Sans eye sockets had gone dark and he was sweating heavily. Papyrus’s eyes were locked on your teeth, orange coloring his cheekbones. Your jaw started to ache, trying to hold the smile. You felt a bit of saliva start to trickle from between your teeth and… before you could stop it, it dripped from your lip and hit the floor. Her eye followed it the entire way down. You covered your mouth, embarrassed. You were pretty sure it was impolite to drool in front of people you just met.

She looked back up at you, her grin even bigger than before.

“You’re a weirdo, ______. I’m Undyne, Captain of the Royal Guard. As if you probably didn’t already know that! Ha!” she said, posing confidently. The name did sound familiar….

“So, dork, what do you do?”

You tilted your head, unsure as to what she was asking.

“Do?”

She let out an exaggerated groan, letting her upper body flop forward a bit.

“Uh, yeah? You know, profession? Career? Job? What do you do for a living? I’m a Captain, Sans is a (really shitty) sentry, and Paps here is, uh, in training.”

“YES! I AM TRAINING TO JOIN THE ROYAL GUARD AS WELL!” he interrupted enthusiastically, hands on his hips. “THOUGH, DEAR FRIEND, I DO BELIEVE I HAVE TOLD YOU THIS BEFORE…”

You nodded at him and looked back to see Undyne still looking at you, arms crossed, foot tapping impatiently.

“Oh, um… you see… uh… I don’t… have one? I’ve… never had a job before;” you manage to spit out.

She looked at you in disbelief. “Never? How old are you? You’re an adult, right? Even the teens have had some sort of job or another… You aren’t wearing stripes, so you can’t be a kid…”

You blinked at her. Age? You didn’t know for sure. More than ten at least, but you really had no way of knowing. It’s not like the scientists threw you birthday parties…

“Um, I’m not sure… exactly? I’m pretty positive I’m an adult, at least… I think so…”

Undyne gave you a confused grin. “Wow, dork. You don’t know? Okay, um. Have you had your first heat yet?”

Sans and Papyrus both turned deep shades of blue and orange respectively and turned to gape wordlessly at Undyne. She shrugged dramatically. “Whaaaaat? That’s the only way to know for sure!” she exclaimed, grinning at their embarrassment.

You were confused. Heat? Like animals went through for reproductive purposes? You thought back. No, you were pretty sure you had never experienced anything of that nature before, nor heard the humans talk about it. Though, you were fairly certain that humans didn’t experience that sort of thing. You hadn’t come across it in any of the books you had read at least. And, whether you liked it or not, at least half of your genetic makeup WAS human… You shook your head. Undyne sighed, slouching.

“So, you’re still a teen then. Probably close to adult, at least. Damn, I was gonna ask if you wanted
to join the Snowdin Canine Unit. We’ve been light on recruits since all of the Alpha Squad… er…”
She paused, looking quite uncomfortable for a moment.

Papyrus, who had covered his face to hide the blush, suddenly reached out to put a gloved hand on both your and Undyne’s shoulders.

“What if _____ joins the Snowdin Canine Unit as a Junior Guard Dog? They could train hard and when they become an adult, they could become a fully fledged member!”

Undyne grinned from fin to fin and clapped you on the back. Hard. You grimaced, somehow managing to keep from staggering forward.

“That’s a great idea, Paps! How about it, punk? Wanna be a Junior Guard Dog? You can train with Paps and some of the other dogs, and I can put you at one of the sentry stations to help keep watch!”

She paused, an idea popping into her head, grin stretching even wider.

“Hey, punk, can you see things if they aren’t moving?”

---

You stood as still as possible, your paws ankle-deep in the snow. Undyne had practically dragged you by the wrist through Snowdin and out to the Snowy Forest, laughing the entire way. It was more than a little creepy, to say the least.

The aforementioned fish lady was leaning over the front of a sentry station, currently arguing with a familiar looking black and white dog. She had caught him smoking dog treats on the job and was not happy about it.

“…know I don’t allow smoking on duty, Doggo! How many times do I have to tell you?”

He was looking off to the side, his ears pinned back.

“And another thing…”

She seemed to have forgotten about you, so you let out a small cough. Doggo’s ears perked up and a low growl escaped his lips as he scanned the area for intruders. Undyne looked back at you, remembering why she was there in the first place.

“Oh, yeah! Doggo, this is _____, a new recruit! They’re gonna be a Junior Member for now, so I want you to show them all the ins and outs of sentry duty! Hey, wave or something!”

She gestured towards you, Doggo looking confused until you waved at him. He smoothly leapt through the opening in the sentry station and approached you, leaning in close. You shivered slightly as he eyed you, your noses almost touching.

He then turned and nodded at Undyne.

“I met em before. At Grillby’s,” he huffed.

Undyne clapped her hands together.

“Great! You can start tomorrow morning then. Just head out here when Paps does and Doggo will show you the ropes.”

You nodded, looking at Doggo. He gave you a wary look over his shoulder, narrowing his eyes at you. He then shrugged and walked around the sentry station to the opening in the back so that he could resume his post. You saw him sneak an unlit biscuit into his mouth as soon as Undyne turned her back.
"Alright, let's go, dork. Can’t have you standing in the snow, getting frostbite before your first day, now can we?" Undyne said, cheerfully.

You smiled and followed her back to Snowdin, listening intently as she regaled you with tales of heroism and might. She told you a story about her fighting someone named Asgore and a battle they had when she was much younger.

She also may have suplexed a few boulders in her excitement along the way…

Apparently, just because she could.

---

Sans and Papyrus had watched them leave in silence. Sans wasn’t sure how to feel about leaving them alone with the aggressive fish monster, but Papyrus had seemed pretty confident that it would turn out okay.

And he trusted his brother’s judgement when it came to Undyne.

"BROTHER... I…"

Sans turned, running his bony hand over his skull and sighed. Papyrus was looking at the floor, fidgeting with the apron he still had in his hand. He lacked the cheery attitude that he had had moments prior. It made Sans wonder how much of his brother’s upbeat personality was a façade…

"yeah, paps... i know... we need to talk."

“we definitely need to talk…”

Chapter End Notes

Yay! a job for you! And a new... friend?
Find out what the skelebros discussed and try to enjoy an anime party with a scientist in the next chapter.
Mwahaha...

---

It is so hard to write these chapters in order. I already have about 8 future chapters written in full, as well as bits and pieces that will be important. I want to jump ahead soooo bad to the awesome parts...
Chapter Summary

You discover the wonderful treat that is WASABI PEAS!
You startle Undyne!
Skels talk!
You encounter a distressed fish!

Not necessarily in that order!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 17

Papyrus sat on the couch looking at the floor. He couldn’t remember a time when his brother had been actually upset at him and he wasn’t looking forward to being admonished for his actions. Sans sat on the small living room table, facing him. He seemed to be lost in thought, arms crossed, head down, eyes closed.

After a while, the silence began to get to the taller skeleton and he inquired softly: ”SANS?”

Sans jerked his head up, opening his eyes. He had a little drool on the edge of his mouth. Papyrus stared.

“OH MY GOD, SANS! YOU WERE SLEEPING THIS WHOLE TIME?? I THOUGHT YOU WERE TRYING TO THINK OF THE BEST WAY TO SCOLD ME!”

Sans grinned nervously.
“heh, sorry, bro… i was thinking, but… i guess i just felt like a bicycle…”

Papyrus stared at him, bewildered.
“A BICYCLE? SANS, I DON’T…”

“ya know, cuz they’re always… TWO TIRED,” he said, winking.

“UGGHHH, SANS! THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE SERIOUS!”

Sans exhaled and rubbed the back of his skull.
“yeah, Paps, i know… okay… uh… look…”

Papyrus sat up straight, focusing on Sans.
“so, um… earlier, when i came into your room… you and _____ were, uh…” He cleared his throat anxiously. This was more difficult than he expected.

Papyrus was looking at his gloved hands now, twiddling his thumbs together.
“YES, BROTHER. I… ATTEMPTED TO KISS THE HUM… _______”
Sans paused and looked at his younger brother.  
“attempted? so, you two didn’t actually… kiss? did they….?”

“NO, THEY DID NOT MAKE ANY MOVEMENT TO FURTHER THE SITUATION, BROTHER. WE FELL OVER AND I FOUND MYSELF VERY CLOSE AND…”  
Papyrus was blushing furiously now, eyes squeezed shut.  
“I WAS FEELING STRONG EMOTIONS FOR _____ AND IT FELT LIKE THE APPROPRIATE ACTION TO TAKE IN THE MOMENT. I AM SORRY THAT I HAVE MADE YOU UPSET.”

Sans let out a breath of relief, though he wasn’t sure why he suddenly felt like a huge weight had been lifted.  
“heh, look bro. i’m not mad or upset at you. you obviously didn’t know the, uh, rules.”

“RULES?” Papyrus looked up instantly, eyes bright and curious.

“yeeeah, the rules. you can’t just go around kissing people, Paps, heh. you gotta take em on dates first. and more importantly, ya gotta make sure they WANT to be kissed. you remember when that bunny a few years back kissed you and you cried…”

Papyrus put a gloved hand to his chin.  
“I DO REMEMBER THAT, BROTHER. I THOUGHT THAT SHE WAS TRYING TO EAT MY FACE. IT WAS QUITE STARTLING…”

Sans stood and put a hand on Papyrus’s shoulder.  
“well, _____ might not understand about dating and kissing and stuff, yet. you don’t want to scare them and make them cry, do you?”

Papyrus shook his head, then, suddenly struck with an idea, stood and posed dramatically.  
“I SHALL LEND THEM MY DATING HANDBOOK, THEN! THOUGH,” he said, looking down at Sans, “PERHAPS WE SHOULD UPDATE THE RULES ABOUT KISSING? I AM FAIRLY CERTAIN THAT THIS NEW RULE IS NOT IN THERE.”

Sans nodded, eyes closed.  
“great idea, paps. wouldn’t want them getting confused.”

“OF COURSE IT IS A GREAT IDEA! I AM GREAT AFTER ALL! NYEH HEH HEH!”

Sans looked up at his brother, smiling warmly.  
“you sure are, bro. you sure are.”

---

You shuffled your feet in the snow, happy that the skelebros’ house was in view. Undyne hadn’t stopped talking the entire way back. Talking about training dummies and sparring with Papyrus, armor preferences and fighting styles, cooking and Anime….

Wait…

You turned to look at her. She was in the middle of telling you about some anime called ‘Gyo Ugomeku Bukimi’ where walking fish attack and infect people with poisonous gas. You just stared at her a moment, before shaking your head and waving to get her attention.

“Oh, and then the human, Tadashi, went and… what, Punk?”

You smiled at her.
“So… um… A friend is coming over to, uh, show me Anime and… and have a sleepover. I was
wondering if you wanted to stay too? Since you like anime and everything…”

She stared at you for a moment, before her mouth stretched into an impossibly wide, toothy grin. “Sure, punk! I’d love that! So… Who’s this friend of yours?”

“Her name is Alphys. She’s a…. uh… are you okay?”

Undyne’s smile had dropped and her gills were flaring. She was making strange distressed noises and staring straight ahead. After a few moments, she glanced at you, a light blush covering her cheeks.

“Uh, yeah, punk. I’m fine. Need to, uh, go home and change and… grab my sleepover stuff!” She grinned forcefully and ran towards Waterfall in a hurry. You stood, watching her go. That was… odd.

---

Sans was sitting in his room staring at the text he just gotten from Alphys. Apparently, the tests had come back negative. He grunted and replied back.

Sans- so if it isn't allergies then why am i having all these strange symptoms

Alphys- I don’t know, Sans. Tell me what symptoms you’re having and I’ll try my best to figure it out.

He texted her back, explaining in detail about the fluttering sensations in his nonexistent stomach, the sweating and blushing, the unexplainable impulsive actions he took whenever they were around, etc.

It took her quite a few minutes to reply.

Alphys- Uh, Sans? I hate to tell you this, but… It seems as though you have FEELINGS for them! <3

Sans stared at his phone.
Feelings…?
Oh, shit, was that some kind of disease or…
It hit him suddenly.
Feelings???
He blushed at the thought.

Alphys- <3 <3 <3 Oh, Sans! I totally ship you two!

He stared at his phone and put a hand over his mouth.
What was he going to do?
The sound of the front door opening downstairs pulled him from his thoughts. He vanished and reappeared in the kitchen. You were standing in the doorway with an odd look on your face, glancing towards Waterfall.

“hey, kid. how’d it SNOW?”
He smiled as you turned and looked at him, beaming as you walked in, shutting the door behind you.

“It went okay. Undyne’s pretty ICE… once you get past those scary teeth of hers, anyway.”
You smiled wide, showing off your own sharp fangs to prove a point. You didn’t fail to notice the tiny shudder or the strained smile that lasted all of a second. You purposely frowned at him.
“Okay... Why do you keep doing that? Every time I smile, you... you...” You pause, not knowing how to word it.

 Sans started to shrug off your concern, but then sighed and let his grin droop into something more neutral. You obviously weren’t going to buy that it was nothing. He thought for a moment then met your eyes.

 “what can I say, except... grandma, what big teeth you have!” He grinned, leaning forward, as if awaiting a response from you. You just stared at him, unsure as to what he was hinting at. His eye sockets widened.

 “oh... my... asgore... don’t tell me you haven’t heard the story of... hey, PAPS!”

 Papyrus poked his head out of his bedroom door to stare down at Sans in surprise. Sans didn’t often yell. The smaller skeleton was grinning up at him in barely restrained glee.

 “WHAT IS IT, BROTHER?”

 “they haven’t heard of... little red riding hood.”

 You watched in awe as Papyrus darted into his room with a gasp, immediately bursting back into the hall and tumbling down the stairs, small book clutched in his bony fist. You barely had time to register concern before he snatched you up and threw you over his shoulder for the few steps it took to get to the couch and gently deposited you on the center cushion. You looked at Sans in confusion, but he only nodded to Papyrus, who had pulled his long bony legs up and was sitting on the cushion cross-legged. Sans plopped down ungracefully on your other side, amusement plastered across his face.

 “_____, THIS IS A WONDEROUS BOOK ABOUT A BRAVE LITTLE HUMAN WITH HOOD OF RED WHO... WELL, I SHAN’T SPOIL THE STORY FOR YOU, NYEH HEH HEH!”

 He settled back and opened the book, reading loudly. You chuckled as he made his voice higher to read the little girl’s lines, and shuddered when Sans joined in with a growl to voice the wolf’s lines, looking to you as he did so. When he got to the exchange about the wolf’s sharp teeth, you suddenly felt a little self-conscious about your own fanged smile. They probably thought you were going to sneak into their rooms at night and crunch their bones to dust.

 ‘After all, that’s what your teeth are made for, are they not? Rending flesh and crunching bones? Why not have a bite?’

 You paled under your fur at those thoughts. Those definitely didn’t sound like, well... you. You listened in your head for a few moments, to be met with only silence. Maybe you had imagined it?

 Yes, that had to be it.

 You brushed it off and caught the very end of the story. The part where the Woodcutter carves open the wolf and throws him in the river, belly full of stones.

 Oh.

 You felt ill.

 Papyrus looked up at you.

 “HOW DID YOU LIKE THE EXCITING TALE, DEAR FRIEND?”

 You barely managed a shaky smile at Papyrus, opening your mouth to speak, when the front door
burst open violently. Undyne was standing there, duffel bag in hand, breathing heavily as her eye darted around the room, finally resting on you.

“Where is she, punk? You said she was coming; you better not have been lying…” She growled, glaring at you and stalked over until she was right in front of you. She grabbed the front of your crop top, pulling you to your feet to look her in the eye. You whimpered and pinned your ears back, glancing at Sans for help. He merely looked up at Undyne as if she was calmly sipping tea.

“nah. alph isn’t here yet. not for another few-“

“U-U-Undyne? I-I didn’t know y-you were c-c-coming to the Anime m-marathon t-t-t-too!?”

Alphys was now standing red-faced in the open doorway, arms full of dvds and snacks, backpack probably filled with more of the same, shivering from the cold. Papyrus darted to his feet, ushering her in and closing the door. He pulled a small blanket off the arm of the couch and wrapped it over her shoulders, after taking the backpack and all the stuff in her arms. She pulled the blanket tighter, shivering. Undyne stared down at her, a faint blush dusting her cheeks.

You looked from her to Alphys, totally oblivious to what was going on. You wriggled in her grip and she glanced at you a moment before finally letting go.

“Oh, hey, sorry about that, punk! I just got a little overeager to see, uh… Anime! Yes! Anime!” She grinned extra big, showing off her gums as well.

You stared.

Oh.

She had a secondary row of teeth, like a shark. You made a mental note to never make her mad if you could help it. You grinned back, careful to not be quite as fangy as last time. She patted you on the back, knocking the breath out of you, before sitting on the floor to discuss Anime with Alphys. The small lizard dino monster settled down comfortably and was soon beaming as she gushed on and on about this and that, not stuttering quite as much as she usually did. You slowly sat back on the cushion. Papyrus had gone to the kitchen a little while ago to make tea and hot cocoa for everyone. Sans nudged your arm and you looked at him.

“hey, kiddo. remember you were asking me about love before?” he whispered, leaning in close. You nodded. He gestured towards Undyne and Alphys. You watched them carefully. Every time Alphys smiled, Undyne positively beamed. And when Alphys would laugh, Undyne’s blush grew more obvious. The opposite was also true. You could practically feel the emotion radiating off the two of them. You turned to Sans, but he put a finger to his teeth.

“They don’t know it yet. they’ve been like this for a while, but each is afraid that the other doesn’t feel the same. even though EVERYONE in the underground knows. heh heh.”

You ponder on this for a moment, then shoot Sans a sad look.

“But… that’s terrible, Sans… If you… loved someone… wouldn’t you want to know if you were also loved? Wouldn’t you want someone… to tell you? I certainly would.”

You looked back at the girls chatting away, totally oblivious to the blue-faced skeleton beside you.

---

You looked at the curious snacks that Alphys had spread out on the floor. There were bags of small green balls, small boxes filled with sticks: some half-covered in pink, some half-covered in brown, crinkly bags labeled “Popato Chisps”, and containers of instant noodles. She was looking at you
expectantly.

“I, uh… don’t know what any of this is…” you mumbled, apologetically. She gasped and grabbed up one of the boxes of pink sticks.

“H-here! Try this, its Pocky! Its s-so good!”

You took the small box and opened it, pulling out one of the sticks carefully. It smelled sweet. You licked it experimentally, which made Undyne laugh.

“Just eat it, punk! Like this!” She then proceeded to chomp down on four Pocky sticks at once, making exaggerated “NOMNOMNOM” sounds as she chewed.

You looked at your stick and, deciding not to imitate her completely, you bit down on the stick. It was sweet, crispy, and… oh, you finished it already. Well, there wasn’t much to these Pocky sticks… No wonder Undyne was eating them four and five at a time.

Alphys handed you another box, the brown ones. You opened it and a familiar smell hit your nose. You pulled one from the small box and sniffed it carefully. A long forgotten memory pricked at the back of your mind. Undyne was watching you, a strangely serious look on her face.

“Hey, punk… Maybe you shouldn’t eat the chocolate ones. I don’t know about you, but Doggo, G.D., and all the other dogs around here are allergic to chocolate… Makes em hella sick…”

You nodded and handed over the chocolate Pocky, which she promptly devours. Alphys shyly hands you the Chisps and a bag of the green balls. The Chisps were crispy and salty, and didn’t last as long as you would have liked. The small green balls, however……

“SSSSNNNRRRRRTTTT! SSSSNNNNRRRRRAAAAAT! SSSSNNNNNNRRRRRT!”

You couldn’t stop sneezing!

Your eyes were watering and your sinuses were burning!

“Alphyssss *SSSNNRRRT!* w-what were tho- *SSNNRT!* those THINGS??”

Alphys was bright red in embarrassment.

“Th-those were, um, w-w-wasabi peas… You aren’t s-s-s-supposed to eat a l-lot at once… I’m s-sorry, I should h-have told you they w-w-were hot!”

While you continued sneezing in misery, Undyne rolled around in the floor, laughing her head off. Papyrus hovered over you, fidgeting with his gloves, trying to figure out how to help. Someone tapped you on the shoulder and you turned to see Sans handing you a mug of warm tea. You half sneezed a thank you and chugged it. It helped, although your eyes were still watering a little. Sans smiled down at you as you handed him the empty mug back with another thank you.

After you all had tasted the snacks, and everyone had changed into their pajamas, Papyrus vanished up the stairs and returned carrying a mountain of pillows and blankets, throwing them at you, Alphys, and Undyne. You managed to extract yourselves from the pile of bedding so that you could start the Anime-watching.

Undyne (in a teal tank-top and black shorts), lay next to Alphys (in a cute, long, pink gown decorated with Mew Mew Kissy Cutie), both on their stomachs, propping their heads up on their hands. Papyrus (in a self-made white t-shirt that said “I DREAM OF PASTA” and a pair of red shorts) slid down onto the floor as well, sitting cross-legged beside Undyne. You (dressed in a plain black t-shirt and black shorts) scooted backwards so that your back was against the couch. Sans (in a white t-shirt and black shorts) was sitting sideways, legs stretched out across the couch, looking quite
He was looking at Papyrus with a soft smile, watching his brother chatter on with Alphys as she pushed the VHS tape into the skeletons’ old VCR/DVD player.

The colors flashing across the screen caught your attention immediately. “Mew Mew Kissy Cutie: The Movie” it read in bright block letters.

At first, you thought the characters were actual human-like creatures, but Alphys quickly explained animation, pausing the movie so that you wouldn’t miss anything.

You found yourself quickly entranced by the colorfully drawn characters and high-pitched voices. It was… amazing.

You could see why Alphys loved it. You couldn’t take your eyes off the screen! After MMKC, you all watched something called “Bobobo-bo Bo-bobo.” It didn’t make much sense to you, but everyone else found it hilarious. Apparently, there were over seventy episodes and she had brought all of them.

A few episodes in, you noticed soft snoring and looked around. Alphys and Undyne were snuggled together, sound asleep. Papyrus was cuddling a pillow with his thumb in his mouth. Sans was still stretched out on the couch, hands resting on his stomach, eye sockets closed.

You decided to watch something else, so you carefully crawled over to the stack of tapes and DVDs. One of the covers caught your eye.

Wolf Rain.

Hmm.

It had wolves and humans on the cover. You popped it open carefully and gently set the DVD in the slot, after removing Bobobo-bo Bo-bobo and returning it to its case. You pressed the button to make it play and settled back against the couch.

You were enraptured, watching the wolves become human and vice-versa. You started to understand the story after a bit, that they were the last remaining wolves that hadn’t been hunted and killed yet. Your ears flattened at the reminded cruelty of humans.

Not long into the show, one of the wolves on screen let out a long, higher pitched howl. The other wolves began responding in turn from various points throughout the area. Something stirred inside you and, before you could stop yourself, a resounding howl burst forth from your throat, perfectly imitating the ones on-screen. This would have been really cool, had you not been in a small living room, surrounded by sleeping monsters.

Many things happened at once: Undyne jumped to her feet and started immediately throwing glowing teal spears, before her eye was even fully open. Papyrus jumped up and barely managed to summon a bone to block three spears flying straight at his face. Alphys squealed in terror and buried herself under the blankets and pillows she had been laying on. Sans vanished completely, a spear sticking out of the couch where he had just been lying.

And you… had a spear lodged in your thigh.

Oh.

Ouch.

You looked down at it, surprisingly calm.

The chaos around you settled down as Undyne managed to actually wake up. You were still staring at the spear protruding from your leg, when Sans appeared in front of you, furious at Undyne.

“What the hell, undyne? you could have SPEARiously hurt someone!”

“SANS! I DO NOT THINK NOW IS AN APPROPRIATE TIME FOR YOUR PUNS!”

“What the fuck was that freaky ass noise anyways? Where’s Alphys?? Oh, my god, Alphys???”

“H-here… Under here…”
“I don’t see you… Under where?”

“heh heh. UNDERWEAR.”

“SA-ANS!”

You looked up at the group, starting to feel a little dizzy. Your thigh was bleeding more than a little bit.

“H-hey… g-guys… Help? Or I SPEAR I m-may THIGH from b-blood loss… heh…”

Sans started to laugh as he turned to face you, but all humor dropped from his face as he noticed the growing puddle of red at your feet. The last thing you saw before everything went black was a flash of blue as you collapsed.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for being patient! I’ve been working on these when I can.

Hope you enjoy!
Don't THIGH! There's So Much To LEG For!

Chapter Summary

You died.
Or maybe you didn't?
But you almost did?
Something something something, skels.

Chapter 18

Bright.
So bright.

You covered your eyes with an arm, trying to peek around it at the dazzling wall of light in front of you. It constantly swirled and moved, making you feel dizzy. Something inside compelled you forward. You passed through effortlessly to find yourself blinded by a more intense light. You felt warm and there was something moving through your fur.

Air.
Wind?

You forced yourself to drop your arm and let your eyes adjust. Never before had you been exposed to such brightness. Something tickled your paws and you looked down to see green stuff all around on the ground.

It was grass.
It was in a few of the science books you had read back in the lab.

You walked forwards a few steps, then paused to look back down at your paws.

They looked…. different.
Your fur looked lighter, white almost, in the bright light.
After a few more minutes of letting your eyes adjust, you decided to look around.

You felt your breath catch in your throat. Everything was so… BIG. There was no ceiling, just an endless expanse of blue, mottled by fluffy looking patches of white. There was a glowing ball in the sky, the sun, you guessed. Trees were everywhere in the distance, as was the green grass underfoot.

Here and there were patches of flowers: blues, purples, and whites.

Something urged you forwards again and you started walking in the direction that felt right. You paused here and there to look and admire, but that feeling kept you moving.

A pleasant breeze ruffled your fur and you could hear the songs of birds in the trees. It was so wonderful out here. Even the air smelled better.

After a while, you could hear voices in the distance. You hesitated, but that feeling almost forced you forward with renewed urgency. You paused at a large patch of yellow… no, golden flowers. You waded to the middle, smiling down at them, kneeling to place… something… in the midst of them. It was faceless and shaped vaguely like a person, like a poorly made doll.
Angry voices from behind startled you and you rapidly scooped the doll back up into your arms. Angry, scary creatures with no fur or claws were yelling and running at you with sticks and spears. You turned to run, but cried out as a spear lodged itself in your thigh. You looked down and yanked it out, pulling out a chunk of your fur with it. Letting the spear fall, you hastily made your way back the way you came, all too aware that you were leaving an obvious trail of blood for the creatures to follow.

Rocks pelted your back and head, making you lose energy rapidly, as you tried to hurry. You barely made it to a large hole in the ground, letting yourself fall forward as a large rock hit you between the shoulders.

You fell and fell, the light around you dissipating.

You clutched the doll tightly as you plummeted, burying your face into its shoulder.

Eventually, you became aware of the fact that you had stopped falling.

The doll had vanished at some point during your descent.

You were back in the pitch black room.

After a while, you decide to feel around with a paw and managed to step down from your floating position onto a warm, smooth floor of some sort. There was no discernable difference between floor, walls, or ceiling…. if there even were walls or ceiling.

You sat in silence for a few minutes… or was it a few days?

Time made no sense here.

You didn’t mind, though.

It was peaceful.

You liked it here.

Eventually, you noticed Flowey pop up from the darkness nearby. He turned and looked at you, surprised.

“How…? How can you be here before me?”

You shrugged.

“Maybe, you’re in my dream this time?”

He seemed to ponder on this for a while, then disappeared and popped up next to your leg. He noticed your thigh and eyed the fresh wound suspiciously.

“Ugh… what happened to you?”

You shrugged again.

“I’m not sure which was the dream and which was real, to be honest. It feels like I’ve been here forever.”

You sat back, leaning on your hands and stared up into the darkness for a while.

You vaguely remembered the blue of the sky.

“Hey, Flowey.”
He looked up at you in annoyance.
“What?”

“What? Have you ever been up on the surface?”

He gave you a weird look and sighed after a minute.
“Once. Why?”

You closed your eyes and let yourself fall back, flat against the floor.
“I dreamed I was outside. It was nice.”

He hummed in thought.
“Yeah. It was nice up there.”

After a while of silence, he turned back to face you. You were staring blankly up into the darkness.

“So, you don’t know why you come here?”

“Flowey, I don’t even know where here is…”

He looked at you curiously now.
“This is the void. I come here when I sleep. And, apparently, so do you.”

You lay in silence for what seemed like forever. A thought finally occurred to you.
“Anyone else?”

“…What?”

You looked over at him.
“Does anyone else come here?”

He looked around nervously and leaned in with a whisper.
“There’s this other guy that shows up sometimes. Can’t remember what he looks like. Can’t understand him either. But, that’s it.”

You nodded with a sigh and rolled over onto your side.

You were suddenly very sleepy.

You closed your eyes and felt yourself drifting off.

Before you fell asleep, you could have sworn you heard Flowey yell your name.

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“_____! _____! come on, kid, don’t freaking die on me!”

Loud pounding on a door.
“Dammit, Sans! Let me the fuck in!”

“don’t you think you’ve done enough?? Paps, keep her out, i mean it.”

“U-UNDYNE, I AM SORRY, BUT MY BROTHER DOES NOT WANT YOU IN HIS ROOM. MAYBE YOU SHOULD HEAD DOWNSTAIRS FOR NOW…”
“Fuck that! Lemme the fuck in there!”

“M-maybe we sh-should do as S-Sans says…”

“Pssshhh…… FINE! Let’s go wait downstairs for Sans to stop being all dramatic and shit.”

You realized after a few minutes of silence that you could make out a faint purple glow behind your eyelids. You opened your eyes to find yourself in a dark room, Sans’s room, judging by the smell of it. You were on your back on his bed, Sans kneeling next to you. You glanced down and saw your soul floating above your chest. It was barely glowing.

You two were the only ones in the room. You looked up at Sans’s face to find fresh tears running down his face. He looked so sad.

You smiled up at him.

“I-hey there. Are you the Reaper? Cuz… you look worried… to DEATH.”

You were surprised at how weak and raspy your voice sounded.

He smiled sadly at you and pressed his teeth to your forehead.

“hey, kid. thought i’d lost you there for a minute. though, er… you aren’t looking the best… um… hang on…”

He walked over to his dresser and rummaged around in the top drawer for a moment, before coming back with a small, red candy. He unwrapped it and put it in your mouth. It dissolved instantly, without flavor, and you noticed your soul glow a little brighter.

“sorry, its not as strong as other monster candies, but, well… i’ve never had a need for anything stronger…heh…”

He seemed relieved anyway and sat on the mattress next to you, reaching around your shoulders to pull your head into his lap. He began stroking your hair, starting from the top of your head, between your ears, down the side of your face, and ending at your shoulder. It was soothing, to say the least.

After a while, he spoke softly.

“i… had to grab you and shortcut here immediately. your soul started to react like in a battle. couldn’t let undyne see it, ya know? glad i did, cuz it popped out as soon as we landed. laid you down and pulled the spear out and tried to heal your wound best i could, though… my healing magic kinda sucks, to be honest. managed to stop the bleeding at least. but, you’ll prolly have a scar.”

You lay in silence, letting it sink in. One spear had almost killed you? It must have hit an artery or something. You looked up at Sans.

“Why were you worried about Undyne seeing it?”

He frowned and looked away.

“she IS head of the royal guard, kid. their job is to capture humans and take them to asgore so that… well, let’s just say there’s no happy ending for them. she would have snatched you and your soul up right there.”

You shuddered. After a few minutes of silence, you remembered something important and looked up at Sans wide-eyed.

“Hey… Sans?”

“hmm?”

“You mentioned Undyne before… you made fish and spear puns… I get them now. Good ones.”
He chuckled quietly. After a few more minutes of silence, he paused in his stroking to look at your soul. With his free hand, he started to reach for it, but paused and let out a chuckle.

“you seem quite content, kid. your soul’s humming.”

You were surprised. Tilting your ears towards the floating heart, you listened closely, but heard nothing. He chuckled again.

“even if you were a monster, you can’t hear your own soul, _____. only other people’s.”

“Oh.”

He smiled down at you, stroking your hair again.

“If you want, i can try to hum the tune for you.”

You nodded, smiling. He cleared his throat and looked at your soul. After a moment, he began to hum a slow and gentle tune. It was soothing and made you feel, well, content. His fingers brushed through your hair in time with the melody. You found yourself becoming more and more relaxed until you started to doze off.

“kid, you’re something special. i don’t ever want to let you go,” he whispered, almost too quiet to hear.

You could only smile as you drifted off.

---

Sans sat in silence, watching their soul float slowly in circles above them. It gently descended back into their chest as they drifted off to sleep. He sighed and forced himself to stop petting their hair. He lifted their head off his lap carefully and lay them back on the bed. Rubbing the nearly dried tears from his face, he took a deep breath, letting it out slowly.

The wound itself hadn’t been that bad. It had only caused them to lose 5HP… And considering they had a fairly impressive 150HP to begin with, that was nothing. But, after he had closed up the wound with magic, they started whimpering and wheezing in their sleep. Their HP started dropping rapidly, as if they were being assaulted repeatedly by an unseen enemy. He thought for sure they were going to die right before his eyes.

When they had woken, they only had 3HP left. He looked over their sleeping form and felt warmth blossom in his chest cavity. It wasn’t unpleasant. Sans reached down and brushed a strand of hair from their face. He admired the gentle curve of their muzzle and the large, pointed ears. Definitely not normal human features, he chuckled to himself. He pulled out his phone and texted his brother to let him know that everything was okay now and that they were asleep.

PAPS- OKAY, BROTHER. I WILL TELL ALPHYS AND UNDYNE THE GOOD NEWS. I THINK ALPHYS IS QUITE WORRIED ABOUT OUR FRIEND.

PAPS- WILL YOU BE JOINING US DOWNSTAIRS?

sans- sorry bro

sans- just dont trust those stairs of ours

PAPS- ??
sans- theyre always UP to something

PAPS- OMG, SANS!!

sans- and theyre always bringing me DOWN

PAPS- MUST YOU REALLY PLAGUE ME WITH YOUR AWFUL PUNS??

sans- heh you love em bro

PAPS- I AM GOING TO IGNORE THAT STATEMENT AND RETURN TO THE TASK OF ENTERTAINING OUR GUESTS.

PAPS- GOODNIGHT, BROTHER.

sans- night Paps

Sans put his phone away and stretched, wincing when his shoulders popped. The sound always creeped him out. He looked down at their sleeping form and decided that he might as well get some sleep, too.

He kicked off his house slippers and tossed his parka over the treadmill, before carefully climbing over to lay between them and the wall. He turned on his side to face them, watching the steady rise and fall of their chest as they slept. The flutters returned to his stomach region in full force and he shook his head.
This was nothing.
They slept in Papyrus’s bed every night.
This was just a sleepover type deal.
Yeah, that’s it… totally meaningless…
Still, he couldn’t help the genuine smile that crept across his face as he watched them sleep.
He eventually joined them in peaceful slumber, one skeletal hand resting on theirs.
Chapter Summary

In which a lot of stuff happens, including a cuddle.
<3

Chapter Notes

Not the best at notes or summaries, unfortunately.
heh.

Been working on this chapter since I posted the last one.
Um... hope you guys like it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 19

Papyrus watched, dumbfounded, as Sans dove at _____ and vanished in a flash of blue magic as soon as he made contact.
He was used to his brother disappearing from time to time, but he had never actually witnessed him in the act. He immediately noticed the puddle of red seeping into the carpet.
It reminded him of... _______ when...

“OH, NO! THE HUM... ERRR, I MEAN, OUR FRIEND, _____, THE DOG, IS HURT!”

Undyne looked up from where she was crouched on the floor, checking Alphys for injuries.
“I know they’re a dog, Pap, ya don’t have to remind me. And... what do you mean, they’re hurt?”

Alphys spotted the red puddle and gasped, clamping her claws over her snout. Her yellow face paled.
“You m-m-must have h-hit them w-w-with one of y-your spears! It l-l-looks like they were l-l-leaking red m-magic all over th-the f-floor!”

Undyne turned to look at the slowly spreading pool of red, guilt beginning to creep over her features. She stood slowly, not taking her eye off of it. Papyrus watched as a strange expression flashed over her face for a split second, then was gone, replaced by one of concern.
“Where did that brother of yours take the punk?” she asked, clenching her fist in front of her.

Papyrus swallowed nervously and glanced towards the stairway. Before he could react, she was up the steps and banging on Sans’s door.

“Sans! What the fuck, nerd, let me in! I know it can’t be that bad!”

Papyrus fidgeted with his gloves and looked to Alphys. She sighed, shuffling towards the stairs.
“G-guess we b-better stop her…”

He led the way up and grimaced when he saw the now-angered Undyne threatening the door with a fist.

“Damnit, Sans, I swear to Asgore, I will break this door down!”

Papyrus inched closer. He could barely make out his brother’s voice through the door. He sounded frantic. Undyne must have heard as well, because she became even more upset. She pounded on the door hard enough for Papyrus to worry about its structural integrity.

“Damnit, Sans! Let me the fuck in!”

Sans finally seemed to realize that ignoring Undyne wasn’t going to work.

“don’t you think you’ve done enough?? paps, keep her out, i mean it,” he yelled, loud enough for the three of them to hear through the door.

Sans NEVER yelled. If Papyrus wasn’t worried before about _____’s well-being, he definitely was now. He put a hand on Undyne’s shoulder, forcing himself not to flinch when she turned her menacing glare on him.

“U-UNDYNE, I AM SORRY, B-BUT MY BROTHER DOES NOT WANT YOU IN HIS ROOM. MAYBE YOU SHOULD HEAD DOWNSTAIRS FOR NOW…”

She bared her sharp teeth at him and let out an angry snarl. He knew her anger wasn’t aimed at him, not really anyways, but he still jerked back, pulling his gloved hands up to fidget at his chest plate.

“Fuck that! Lemme the fuck in there!” she half yelled, half growled.

Alphys stepped forwards cautiously and rested a hand on Undyne’s arm. She jerked in surprise, but calmed considerably when she looked down at the nervous reptile monster.

“M-maybe we sh-should do as S-Sans says…” Alphys stuttered, looking up into her good eye. She gave the angry fish a hesitant smile. Undyne turned to the door again and rolled her eye.

“Pssshhh…… FINE! Let’s go wait downstairs for Sans to stop being all dramatic and shit.”

She started to walk away, but turned to flip off the door for good measure. Papyrus bit back a remark about inappropriate gestures, deciding that now was not the time. He followed the two women down the stairs, hesitating a moment as he glanced at the silent door. He really hoped that _____ was okay.

-----

“Y-you sure you d-don’t need help, Papyrus?”

“NYEH HEH HEH! NO STAIN IS TOO STUBBORN FOR THE OVERWHELMING AWESOMENESS THAT IS THE GREAT PAPYRUS! YOU TWO ARE OUR GUESTS. SIT AND RELAX AND I WILL TAKE CARE OF IT. NYEH…”

Alphys sighed and turned back to face the tv. She and Undyne were currently sitting on the couch together, drinking Papyrus’s “FAMOUS SNOW TEA” (which was really just melted snow with a dash of cinnamon…. and glitter, of course!), and watching an episode of Hamtaro. Undyne had been strangely silent since they had made their way downstairs.

Papyrus was on his hands and knees, scrubbing at the red stain with a bristled scrub brush and soap,
his gloves hanging on the back of the couch while he worked. He could almost hear his brother’s pun now about working his fingers to the BONE. He gave a silent chuckle before sighing softly.

He glanced up at the stairs, wondering if the Human was okay. Papyrus knew he shouldn’t think of them as a human, but he couldn’t help himself. Regardless of their appearance, he could clearly tell that they harbored a very human soul within their chest. He mentally scolded himself for almost calling them a human in front of Undyne earlier. That would not have ended well at all.

Speaking of Undyne…

Papyrus paused in his scrubbing when a pair of teal socks appeared in front of his face. Undyne crouched down, studying the dark pink suds for a moment. When he looked up to meet her gaze, she looked… tired. He wasn’t sure he had ever seen her look like this before. He sat up on his knees and wiped his bony hands on the towel he had at his side.

“UNDYNE?” he asked, as softly as he could muster.

She sighed, dropping her gaze, and lightly punched the floor.

“Papyrus… I need you to be completely honest with me… not just because I’m your Captain, but because I’m your friend….” she said, her voice barely a whisper.

Papyrus could feel himself start to sweat.

“Y-YES?”

Undyne looked him in the eye sockets.

“____ isn’t a monster, are they?”

Papyrus could feel his bones start to rattle, so he stood quickly, picking up the brush, towel, and bar of soap, and made his way to the kitchen. He busied himself with putting away the cleaning supplies, though he knew he wasn’t actually finished with that stain. He paused when he felt a hand on his arm.

“Papyrus… I know that wasn’t magic. That was… blood. And monsters don’t bleed…”

He turned, expecting to see anger or disappointment or… well, anything but what he actually saw on Undyne’s face in that moment.

Sadness.

Worry.

DEFEAT.

“Man… tell me that ____ isn’t a human… I mean, humans don’t have fur, right? Humans don’t look like they could be Doggo’s cousin or some shit…”

He grasped both of her hands in his own and looked her in the eye. He didn’t want to lie. What could he say? He worded his answer very carefully.

“UNDYNE… I THINK THAT… HUMAN… MAY NOT BE THE RIGHT WORD TO USE TO DESCRIBE _____. THEY, ERR, CERTAINLY DO NOT LOOK LIKE THE HUMANS ON ALPHYS’S SHOWS… PERHAPS THEY… ARE SOMETHING ELSE?”

Papyrus steeled himself for Undyne’s anger, but she surprised him again by letting out a soft chuckle. She pulled her hands back and punched him “gently” in the shoulder. He winced.

“Yeah, you’re right. Humans don’t look like that. What was I thinking, right? Heh. Thanks for clearing that up, dork.”
He was surprised at her soft tone, but just nodded at her. She clapped him on the back for good measure and gave him a toothy grin, before rejoining Alphys on the couch. Papyrus let out a sigh of relief and leaned against the counter. He hadn’t lied, but… Had he been honest? His thoughts were interrupted by his cell phone chiming, alerting him to a text message. He pulled it from his chest plate and saw that he had received a message from Sans.

snas- hey _____ is okay now theyre sleeping

Papyrus rolled his eyes at the name his brother had programmed into his phone, before replying.

THEGREATPAPYRUS- OKAY, BROTHER. I WILL TELL ALPHYS AND UNDYNE THE GOOD NEWS. I THINK ALPHYS IS QUITE WORRIED ABOUT OUR FRIEND.

THEGREATPAPYRUS - WILL YOU BE JOINING US DOWNSTAIRS?

snas- sorry bro

snas- just dont trust those stairs of ours

Papyrus stared at the text in confusion. He was sure that their staircase was perfectly reliable.

THEGREATPAPYRUS- ??

snas- theyre always UP to something

Papyrus stifled a snort, half-expecting sans to appear and catch him.

THEGREATPAPYRUS- OMG, SANS!!

snas- and theyre always bringing me DOWN

THEGREATPAPYRUS- MUST YOU REALLY PLAGUE ME WITH YOUR AWFUL PUNS??

snas- heh you love em bro

Papyrus found himself grinning. He really did, though he would never admit it out loud.

THEGREATPAPYRUS- I AM GOING TO IGNORE THAT STATEMENT AND RETURN TO THE TASK OF ENTERTAINING OUR GUESTS.

THEGREATPAPYRUS- GOODNIGHT, BROTHER.

snas- night Paps

Papyrus returned the cell to its place in his armor and walked quietly into the living room. He stood in silence in the doorway, watching the tv for a few moments, before turning his attention to his guests. He quickly placed a hand over his mouth to stifle a gasp at the sight before him. Alphys was leaning against Undyne, mouth open in a soft snore as Undyne looked down at her, gaze full of warmth and adoration, a faint blush adorning her cheeks. She sighed happily and gently pulled Alphys closer, closing her own eye as she rested her head against the back of the couch. Papyrus internally squealed and silently made his way up the stairs to his own room. He didn’t want to intrude on their “moment,” after all.

As he climbed into his bed, he was suddenly aware of just how empty it felt without _____ there. He frowned and tried to get comfortable, turning and tossing, before eventually having to creep quietly
downstairs to retrieve a few pillows from the living room floor. He placed them carefully in _____’s normal spot next to the wall, laying them end to end. He crawled back under his blanket and turned to face the pillows. Taking a moment to imagine their face, soft and peaceful as they slept, he closed his eyes and sighed.

“GOODNIGHT, DEAR _____...”

---

You opened your eyes to see nothing but darkness.

Sans was nowhere in sight.

You looked around and spotted a small, yellow flower far off to the right.

Turning, you walked towards it, finding yourself mildly surprised that there was distance in this place.

You briefly wondered what might lie beyond your capable sight. Maybe it was better not to know.

As you neared the flower, you found yourself disappointed to discover that it was just a normal flower, and not, as you had expected, Flowey.

You sat beside it anyway and pulled your knees up to your chest.

Looking at the flower, you reached out to gently caress one of the petals. It was soft and velvety.

“I wonder if you’re related to Flowey…” you whispered jokingly to the flower.

Your reply was silence. Why would you expect a reply?

After an eternity, you lay back to gaze into the void above you.

Something about the darker-than-dark made you feel as though something was gazing back at you. Gazing… INTO you.

You shuddered, suddenly uncomfortable, and turned to your side.

Oh. Where did the second golden flower come from?

You reached out to touch it, but quickly jerked your hand back when it whipped around and tried to bite you.

“Hey, Flowey,” you said, surprised.

He glared at you a moment before replying.

“You again?? Can’t a guy get any peace and quiet without some freaky HUMAN bothering him in his sleep?”

You winced.

“I’m not a human…”

He smirked, obviously pleased that he had discovered a way to ruffle you.

“Oh, really, HUMAN? You seem pretty HUMAN to me, what with your HUMAN soul and all.”

You just scowled at him, which only managed to fuel his glee.
“Poor little HUMAN having an identity crisis? Heeheehee! You idiot. Doesn’t matter what you look like on the outside, inside, you’re nothing but another HUMAN.”

You felt the words stab at you. They were too similar to what Mom had said to you that first day you had met her…

Flowey cocked his head, mockingly.
“Do you honestly think that those monsters you call friends could EVER see you as anything other than a HUMAN? You’ll NEVER be equal to them. You’re an outsider. A FREAK.”

You sat up, feeling tears prickle at the corners of your eyes.
“Y-you’re wrong… They care about me. Sans and P-Papyrus care about me…”

Flowey raised his leaves and swayed back and forth.
“Oh, they care about me!” he mocked. “Pathetic. All they care about is getting that soul of yours.”

You stared at him in surprise.
“They don’t want to take my soul… Sans even kept Undyne from seeing it so she… wouldn’t…”

“Wouldn’t what? Kill you and take it to Asgore? Did he bother to tell you why the king would want human souls to begin with?”

You paused. Mom had told you that all the other humans to pass through were killed. And Sans had told you what Undyne would do to you, given the chance. But… you didn’t know WHY.

Flowey watched your face as the gears were turning in your head. He finally chuckled darkly and continued.
“The barrier, stupid. It can only be broken with seven human souls. And guess how many the king has? ……Six.”

You stared at him in horror. Six souls and one more to break the barrier? You thought back to Papyrus’s face as he told you about his hope that the barrier would be broken soon. Sans’s, when he told you about his wish to see the stars.

You suddenly felt… terrible. You had something that could free them all. And Sans and his brother were giving up everyone’s freedom to keep you safe. You slumped, your hands in your lap.

Flowey looked on cheerfully, slowly swaying side to side. He was enjoying this.
“Oh, come on,” he said in mock pity. “It’s not like dying and giving up your soul could save, well, ALL OF MONSTERKIND. Oh, wait… That’s EXACTLY what it would do… Now, don’t you feel selfish? Heehee… Your friends would finally get to see the surface! See the sky! Taste the fresh air! Heck, those boneheads would probably just forget all about you after a few days of freedom anyway!”

You felt tears well up in your eyes. There was nothing you could say against his words.

Flowey laughed darkly at you. He suddenly looked thoughtful, tapping a leaf to his chin.
“You know… if it weren’t for Toriel and that comedian, you’d probably be dead already… You’re sooo weak and helpless, can’t even take on a flower without having to be saved.”
He bared his teeth.
“Pathetic HUMAN.”

Pathetic.
Pathetic.
Pathetic.
You realized that you had curled in on yourself, pulling your knees to your chest, your hands over your ears to drown out Flowey’s cruel laughter.
The feeling of something snaking around your ankle, traveling slowly up your calf, caused you to lower your hands and look down. A thin, green vine was working its way gradually, around and around your leg.
You stared at it, confused.
Before you had time to react, a larger vine quickly wound its way around your body, lifting you to your feet and pinning both arms to your sides. It throbbed and pulsed as it moved, wrapping around and around, from your shoulders to your knees.
Flowey laughed darkly.
“Oh, my god. You ARE an IDIOT! I can’t believe how easily you let yourself get distracted, even though I’ve tried to KILL you before!”
You looked down at him in confusion and fear. The vines were coming from the floor on either side of him.
He was grinning evilly up at you.
“You know… I’ve been wondering for a while… if you can die in this place. I think I’ll find out.”
Your eyes widened as the vines began tightening, quickly forcing the air from your lungs.
You opened your mouth to cry out, but only managed a slight wheeze.
A loud popping, crunching sound caught your attention. You realized it was the sound of your bones and joints popping as he squeezed you.
His face was lit up with depraved glee as he watched, chuckling low while listening to the cracks and pops.
You tried to cry out again as you felt the intense pressure constricting your chest, preventing you from taking a breath.
The darkness around you seemed to creep in closer, your vision blurring.
Your chest was burning now, your mind starting to panic as you struggled to breathe.
The darkness filled your vision. You could no longer see or hear Flowey.
As you started to lose consciousness, you thought you heard a voice echo faintly, calling out from far away.
“…an you hear…? …want you…wake up…”
Everything went black.
---
Your eyes popped open to find yourself still in the darkness of the void. You took a deep breath, savoring the air that whooshed into your deprived lungs. After a few moments, your eyes began to adjust and you realized that you weren’t actually in the void at all. It was dark, but not darker-than-
dark.
You were on your back on something soft, and the smell of ketchup and smoke permeated the air around you.
Trying to relax, you breathed slowly, in and out. You could feel your muscles beginning to loosen up.

Until the vines around your torso suddenly tightened and began to squeeze, this time, pulling you to your left.
Starting to panic, you tried to squirm free.

The vines let out a loud grunt.

You froze and, after a few moments, they relaxed slightly, still restraining your arms against your sides, but not tight enough to impede your breathing. You turned your head slowly, expecting the maniacal flower to be sitting there, grinning at you.
You did not expect to see a sleeping skeleton currently using you as a teddy bear.
Relaxing completely, relieved that you weren’t in any danger, your ears perked forwards towards Sans, listening to the soft whistle of air through his teeth as he breathed. His grip loosened a bit more, allowing you to carefully wriggle yourself until you managed to turn to your side, facing him.
You studied his face closely, now that you had the chance. His skull was smooth, smoother than any bone you had ever seen, and his constant grin was relaxed and neutral. He looked peaceful.
With his mouth closed, you couldn’t tell where his top teeth ended and his bottom teeth began. They fit together perfectly, like puzzle pieces.
You breathed out a content sigh, which quickly turned into a squeak of surprise as his grip tightened and he pulled you closer, causing your nose to now be pressed firmly against his nasal ridge. You blushed furiously at the sudden closeness and tried to pull away, to no avail. He was quite strong in his sleep, it seemed.
You held your breath for a few moments, then let it out slowly, willing your face to return to normal.
After weighing your limited options, which included trying to wake the sleeping skeleton or going back to sleep, you decided on the latter.
Forcing yourself to relax, you turned your head slightly to nuzzle against his cheekbone. He sighed and buried his face in your neck.

You held your breath for a few moments, then let it out slowly, willing your face to return to normal. After weighing your limited options, which included trying to wake the sleeping skeleton or going back to sleep, you decided on the latter.
Forcing yourself to relax, you turned your head slightly to nuzzle against his cheekbone. He sighed and buried his face in your neck. You froze again, letting out a soft squeak of surprise, but then gently rested your chin on top of his skull. This was nice.

Before long, you found yourself drifting in and out of a light slumber. It was quiet, warm, and peaceful. You didn’t want it to ever end.
But, it did.
Abruptly.

Sans’s door swung inwards and a loud voice startled you awake. You kept your eyes closed, pretending to still sleep.

“SANS! ____! HOW ARE YOU STILL ASLEEP?? IT IS NEARLY…… OH…”

A second voice gleefully joined in.
“Are they still… Ooooh, shit! Hang on…”

Click.
Click.
Click click.

This was followed by a soft squeal and more clicks.
“ALRIGHT, UNDYNE. I DO BELIEVE YOU HAVE TAKEN ENOUGH PHOTOGRAPHS OF MY BROTHER CANOODLING WITH _____. I MUST WAKE THEM, SEEING AS HOW YOU TASKED ____ WITH SENTRY DUTY WITH DOGGO TODAY.”

“Oh, yeah, I forgot about that. Hey, PUNK! Time to wake up!”

You opened your eyes and lay perfectly still, watching Sans as he slowly, so slowly, lifted his head from your neck and opened his eye sockets. His eye lights rested on your face sleepily for a few moments before he seemed to notice just how close you two were. His head jerked back away from yours, eyes wide. His face turned a deep shade of blue as he tried to scoot away and realized how tightly he was holding you.

Jerking his arms away, he bolted upright, scooting back against the wall. You both looked towards the door as you sat up. Undyne was holding the door frame with one hand, clutching her stomach with her other as she was bent over, shaking in silent laughter.

Papyrus was standing stock still, hands at his sides as he shifted his gaze from you to his brother and back again. His expression was unreadable.

Alphys was behind the tall skeleton, peeking around his long legs, covering her mouth with her hands as she watched you both.

You looked at Sans, who was staring a hole through his mattress, his face even bluer.

“heh… um… s-sorry about that, kiddo. guess i, uh, thought you were my pillow or somethin’…”

You blinked at him, surprised at how embarrassed he sounded. He hadn’t even tried to make a joke out of the situation… It made you feel… well… not good? You caught yourself as your ears began to droop and forced yourself to smile.

“That’s okay, Sans. Guess you were just… DOG-tired?”

He looked up at you, a grin forming on his face, but you had already climbed off the mattress, and was walking towards the door. You raised your arms over your head, stretching, and smiled up at Papyrus, who seemed to have recovered from whatever was bothering him.

“Thanks for waking me, Papyrus. Sorry, I overslept.”

He smiled warmly at you and backed out of the room to let you into the hallway.

“THAT’S OKAY, _____. YOU SEEM TO BE FEELING BETTER. BREAKFAST IS READY, SO GET CHANGED QUICKLY. WE NEED TO GET YOU TO DOGGO POST-HASTE SO THAT YOU MAY BEGIN YOUR SENTRY TRAINING!”

You perked up at the mention of food and hurried into Papyrus’s room to get changed. You were sure you had seen a long-sleeve shirt in the closet the day before.

Papyrus closed his door after you and headed downstairs to prepare the plates without another word. Undyne and Alphys were still standing in Sans’s doorway, Alphys looking a tad worried, Undyne looking quite smug. Sans hadn’t moved, staring at where you had been laying, neutral expression on his face.

“Shit, nerd. I knew dogs like bones, but I didn’t know bones liked dogs, too!”

She gave him a friendly sneer and shot him a pair of finger guns, before turning to head downstairs, laughing loudly at her own joke. Alphys stood silently for a moment, fidgeting with the hem of her shirt and trying to think of something to say, before finally giving up and following hurriedly after Undyne.

Sans looked at the now-empty doorway and let out a long sigh.

---
You plopped down at the table, wearing blue jeans and a long-sleeved grey shirt you had managed to find in the scrap box in Papyrus’s closet. Thankfully, he hadn’t cut on it yet. Undyne had taken one look at breakfast and announced, very loudly, that she had to escort Alphys back to her lab immediately. Alphys had just blushed and stuttered so badly, neither you nor Papyrus had any idea what she was trying to say. Undyne had then grabbed her stuff and dragged her out the door without another word.

You now eyed the blue scrambled eggs on your plate with wary curiosity.

“Hey, um… Papyrus?”

“YES, _____?”

“Why are the eggs… blue?”

He turned away from the counter, where he was stirring something in a big mixing bowl.

“WHY, THAT IS BECAUSE I ADDED THE COOL-MAN’S POWDER TO MAKE IT MORE SPECIAL!”

Cool-man?

Your look must have given away your confusion, because he reached up to the sink to grab an empty packet from the rim and lay it on the table in front of you. It was a light blue packet with neon blue liquid sloshing in the background. In the foreground was a large pitcher creature with a smile, filled with red liquid.

Hmm…

Kool-Aid.

You turned over the packet and read the instructions. It was some sort of beverage. You were pretty sure that it didn’t belong in your eggs, but you set the empty packet down, and with an inaudible sigh, proceeded to take a bite.

The taste was… well, indescribable, to say the least. You forced it down and ate the rest of your breakfast as quickly as you could, before giving the tall skeleton a big “thank you” smile. He beamed at you.

Ah, sweet Papyrus.

“NOW THAT YOU HAVE EATEN, DEAR _____, IT IS TIME TO GRAB YOUR PARKA! I WILL ESCORT YOU TO YOUR POST AND THEN I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL HEAD TO MY OWN TO WATCH FOR HUMANS!”

You giggle a little at his enthusiasm and do as he says. He helps you to zip your coat and holds the door open for you as you walk by. Once outside, you can’t help but smile at him.

“My, what a gentleman you are!”

He blushes orange and takes your hand, leading you towards what looks like a small igloo beside their shed. You stare at it for a few moments, awaiting an explanation. Papyrus gives none, simply crouching and pulling you inside behind him. You feel a rush of air, before being led back out again…only, now, you both are standing next to the Inn.

“What… What WAS that?” you ask, bewildered, turning back to gawk at the ice structure.

Papyrus laughs.

“OH, THAT? THAT WAS A SHORTCUT THAT MY BROTHER MADE FOR ME SOME TIME AGO. I DO NOT USE IT OFTEN, AS I VALUE EXERCISE. BUT, SEEING AS HOW WE ARE IN A HURRY…”
With that, he walks quickly towards the forest, practically dragging you behind him in his rush. After almost tripping and falling twice, he hurriedly scoops you up in his arms. You wrap your arms around his neck and he lets out a soft “NYEH” and begins to run, a deep orange blush on his face. The cold wind starts to sting your eyes, so you bury your nose in the scarf around his neck. He slows slightly and you think you hear him let out a sigh.

Soon, you both reach Doggo’s post and Papyrus sets you down gently. You start to thank him for carrying you, when he wraps you in a big hug, and whispers close to your ear:

“PLEASE, DEAR _____, BE CAREFUL TODAY. I DO NOT WISH FOR YOU TO BECOME INJURED AGAIN.”

He pulls away and you look at him, blushing.

“I… I’ll be careful, Papyrus. And thank you for carrying me.”

He strikes a pose, hand on his chest plate, scarf fluttering in the breeze like a cape.

“NO NEED TO THANK ME, DEAR FRIEND! THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS MORE THAN WILLING AND ABLE TO HELP OUT HIS FRIENDS WHEN THERE IS NEED!”

You couldn’t help but smile at his positive energy.

“HOWEVER,” he starts, putting his hands on his hips, “DEAR _____, YOU SEEM TO BE IN DESPERATE NEED OF TRAINING! I PROPOSE THAT AFTER YOUR SHIFT WITH DOGGO, YOU COME SEE ME AND I WILL GIVE YOU EXTRA, SPECIAL TRAINING!”

You think for a moment, then nod.

“Alright, I will. I can’t wait!” You pump your fist excitedly.

He seems pleased with your enthusiasm and nods.

“THAT'S THE SPIRIT! NOW IF ONLY MY LAZYBONES BROTHER COULD BE AS ENERGETIC AND EAGER TO TRAIN… AH, WELL, IT IS TIME FOR ME TO GET TO MY POST! I STILL HAVE PUZZLES TO RECALIBRATE!”

With that, he darts off into the forest towards the Ruins, earning a startled bark from Doggo as he passes. The black and white dog monster shakily pokes his head out from his post and looks around.

He squints his eyes and, recognizing you, huffs and sits back inside.

You walk over and look over the counter at him.

“Uh, hey, Doggo. Um….”

He stares at you.

You scratch absentmindedly at the edge of the counter, suddenly nervous.

“Um…so… uh… I guess you… are supposed to…… train me?”

Doggo huffs again and pulls a stool from under the counter. He hands it to you and crosses his arms, clearly annoyed by your presence. You look at it and set it in the snow. Sitting on it, you were just tall enough to see over the counter.

“……….so……………..uh……………what do we do now?” you ask, a little uncomfortable.

He rolls his eyes and leans back, putting his paws up on the counter, blocking your view of his face.

“We sit and watch, Pup. Just sit and watch. ‘d appreciate it if you didn’t move a lot. Don’t like moving things. Tell me if you see something that ain’t s’posed to be there. S’pecially somethings that aren’t moving.”
Silence follows his explanation. You sit as still as you can, turning your head to look around from time to time.
It was awfully quiet.
A few times over the next few hours, snow clumps fell from tree branches and Doggo would leap from the sentry station, fur bristling, swords ready, but you managed to calm him each time. Other than that, it was a VERY uneventful day.
Just as you were starting to struggle with keeping your eyes open, Doggo cleared his throat.
“Hey, Pup. Your shift’s over. Report back here, same time tomorrow morning. Dismissed.”

You gratefully stand and stretch, your back popping and snapping wonderfully. You thought you heard a strange noise in the trees behind you, but when you scent the air, you get nothing but snow. Shrugging, you hand him the stool and begin jogging through the trees towards Papyrus’s post.

You honestly couldn’t wait to begin your training.
Couldn’t wait to get faster.
Couldn’t wait to get stronger.
To be less pathetic.

You slow to a stop.
Wait.
What?

You stand still for a moment, just letting the word bounce around in your mind.
Pathetic.
Pathetic.
Pathetic.

You shake your head and force a laugh.
“I’d better FURRY up or Papyrus will be CLAWfully upset with me…” you say aloud, grinning and chuckling softly at your own puns. You’re a little surprised to hear your own laughter echo back from the trees.
You begin jogging briskly, pondering on what kind of “Special Training” the tall skeleton has in mind.

. .

Little did you know…

you were not alone……

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully, after this chapter, the plot can really start to pick up. Gotta lay the groundwork, you know?

As always, comments, kudos, art, emails, etc always welcome, appreciated, and met with squeals of delight, lol.

rufftherian@gmail.com
Awww, Sentry Duty's SNOW Fun at All!

Chapter Summary

Sans, Papyrus, and Reader.

Chapter Notes

As soon as I figure out how, I'm going to add the fan arts that I've received through email. I love them so much and I hate that I can't figure out how to add pictures...

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 20

Up.
Down.
Left.
Right.
Up.
Down.
Left.
Right.

The glow of Sans's magic made the snow shimmer blue as the empty ketchup bottle danced around and around in the air. He stared dully at it, head resting on his arms as he lazily controlled the bottle with his finger. After a few minutes, he sighed, closed his sockets, and let the bottle fall into the snow with a soft plop.

Papyrus hadn’t come by all morning to check on him, to make sure he was actually working. He couldn’t help but wonder if he even would today.

Oh, well. He had been distracted with getting their new friend to work on time.

Speaking of _______.

Sans pulled his phone from his shorts pocket and checked the time. Hmm. Their shift should be about over. He put his phone back and stood, using his magic to set the fallen bottle back on the shelf under the counter, before vanishing into thin air.

He reappeared in a tree behind Doggo’s sentry station and looked down to where ______ was sitting on a short stool in the snow. They looked like they were dozing off, probably bored as could be. Sans couldn’t help but smile fondly at them. A monster after his own heart.

Err, Human?
Dog?
Thing… Ugh. No.
Hybrid.
That’s what they had said, a Hybrid.
He was shaken from his thoughts when Doggo’s voice broke the calm silence of the forest.

“Hey, Pup. Your shift’s over. Report back here, same time tomorrow morning. Dismissed.”

They stood and stretched, the popping of their spine echoing through the trees and drawing forth an involuntary moan from the short skeleton. He flushed blue and teleported to a limb further away as they turned to look at the tree he was just sitting in, obviously hearing him.

“Crap,” he thought, watching them sniff the air. Sans wondered how good their sense of smell was. Apparently, not as good as the Dogi, because moments later, they shrugged and began jogging towards the Ruins.
He vanished and reappeared on a branch further down the path to wait. A few minutes went by before he heard the crunching of snow that indicated their approach. The look on their face told him that they were thinking about something. Something that caused them to slow to a stop, a frown replacing the smile they wore a few moments earlier.
After a moment or two, they shook their head and seemed to force a laugh.

“I better FURRY up or Papyrus will be CLAWfully upset with me…” they said aloud, chuckling.

Sans failed to stifle his own laughter, caught completely off guard by the joke. Thankfully, they didn’t seem to notice and continued on their way. Sans felt the flutters return to his ribcage, accompanied by a pleasing warmth spreading throughout his bones. He smiled and decided to return to his station.
Maybe he would take a nap.
Maybe _____ would drop by for a visit.
He could only hope.

---

Papyrus stood and looked proudly down at the newly-built button puzzle at his feet. Like most of the others he had created, the trick was to turn all of the X’s into O’s, then press the big button to continue towards Snowdin. The difference was that this one was far more complicated.
Wiping the sweat from his brow, he couldn’t help but wonder if _____ would like to try the puzzle. They had bested all his other puzzles their first time through the forest, after all… It was so rare to find someone who thoroughly enjoyed puzzles as much as he.

He smiled, lost in thought, cheekbones flushed a soft orange. There was a warm, happy feeling coursing through his bones. He focused on the feeling, marveling at how wonderful he felt just thinking about _____, imagining their face lit up with laughter and happiness, the adorable look on their face when something confused them, the way their eyes seemed to sparkle when he presented them with food he had made, the feel of their warm, soft body under him when he had tried to kiss them…

“OH, DEAR…” he said aloud, suddenly feeling his face grow hot.

He glanced around to make sure no one was nearby, before scooping up some cold snow to rub on his face. After the burning blush finally faded, he reached into his chest plate to pull out his phone. Oh, no! _____’s shift ended twenty minutes ago!

Papyrus spun in place a few times in a tizzy, before turning his back to Snowdin and immediately set off in a brisk jog. He could not keep his friend waiting!
As he passed the table with his spaghetti trap (he had tried to remove it, but found it to be frozen to the table), he found himself thinking about the events of this morning. He had been both surprised and disappointed to find his brother cuddling with ______... More than disappointed, actually. It seemed very wrong to him, and the fact that Sans had been so embarrassed further proved the wrongness of it.

Papyrus decided that he should discuss this with Sans as soon as possible.

---

You stare curiously at the cardboard sentry station as you walk around it. Its slightly soggy and has a light dusting of snow on top. Upon closer inspection, you spy a note stuck to the front:

YOU OBSERVE THE WELL-CRAFTED SENTRY STATION.
WHO COULD HAVE BUILT THIS, YOU PONDER...
I BET IT WAS THAT VERY FAMOUS ROYAL GUARDSMAN!

(NOTE: NOT YET A VERY FAMOUS ROYAL GUARDSMAN.)

You chuckle softly and look around. The area is deserted, not a footprint to be seen other than your own. Papyrus must still be working on his puzzles. You hum a few notes, waiting, shifting from paw to paw in the snow. It doesn’t seem half as cold as it did that first day you walked through after leaving the Ruins. You must be getting used to it. Stuffing your hands in your coat pockets, you wait a while longer before turning to walk towards the Ruins. Papyrus will surely spot your prints and follow when he gets here, you think.

Emerging from the trees into the small clearing, you spot a sentry station. Creeping closer, you spy a familiar skeleton, fast asleep with his head on his arms. Seeing him out in the open like this, asleep and so helpless, awakens a long-dormant instinct inside you. You drop to all fours, eyes never leaving Sans’s peaceful face. Your limbs seem to move of their own accord, calculated and fluid, hands and paws re-entering the snow soundlessly. Freezing every few moments to listen intently, you stealthily make your way closer and closer to your prey. A strange energy is beginning to grow within your chest, exciting you and making you salivate.

Closer…

Almost…

There!

You halt, searching for any indication that he has become aware of your presence. Satisfied that your intended prey is still oblivious, you scent the air, catching only the combined bouquet of snow, ketchup, and smoke. Your muscles tense in anticipation as you slowly, slowly drop down into position. Your tongue snakes out to lick your lips before you let loose the stored energy in your legs, like releasing a wound up spring, propelling you forward, your hands out before you as you soar in a graceful arch towards the unsuspecting skeleton. The satisfying thud of his body under your palms as you make your descent sends sparks of joy through your brain. You land heavily on top of the startled skeleton. You stare down at him, delighting in the way he’s securely pinned under your claws. He stares up at you, too shocked to react, completely still. The lights disappear from his eyes and his breathing stutters. You hear him swallow forcefully, sweat beginning to form on his skull. You grin down at him momentarily, giving him a good look at your many sharp teeth.
A low growl then escapes your throat as you swiftly move in for the attack, fangs glinting in the snow’s reflected light.

He never even saw it coming…

Chapter End Notes

So, I know this chapter is MUCH shorter than the others, but...
um....
Reasons...
Blah...
I'ma start on Chapter 21 now...
<3
Run, Run, As Fast As You Can...

Chapter Summary

Papyrus didn't forget...

Chapter 21

Papyrus looked down at the fresh prints in the snow. He had followed them from Doggo’s post all the way to his own. They circled around his sentry station before leading away, towards the Ruins. He followed them swiftly, eager to start _____ on their special training.

As Sans’s sentry station came into view, he noticed that the prints stopped quite a few feet away from the small building. He paused and puzzled over this. Surely, _____ could not fly or teleport as his brother did… Could they?

A strange sound broke Papyrus out of his thoughts.

A wet sound.

Was Sans eating on the job again? He would have to scold him again, he thought to himself as he slowly walked towards the noise, intent on catching his brother in the act. As he neared the counter, he wondered at the fact that Sans was nowhere in sight. He scratched his head, puzzled.

Suddenly, a loud moan came from behind the sentry station. Papyrus hurried around to the back and stared at the sight before him.

Sans was sitting in the snow, groaning and wiping his face aggressively with his coat sleeves. _____ was sitting on their knees a few feet away, ears pinned back, a heavy blush on their face. They were looking at the snow directly in front of them, seemingly embarrassed.

“ugh…. MUSCLE you slobber all over me? SALIVA half a mind to be angry… be glad i don’t have a belt or you’d be getting a few LICKS for this… jeez, you even got it in my eye socket! FACE it, kid, that’s hella gross… and EYE know gross… i realize that we’re BUDS and all, but what you did was in poor TASTE. i just-“

“OH MY GOD, SANS, REALLY???”

Sans bolted to his feet, startled at Papyrus’s loud outburst. He looked up to see his brother seething, hands on his bony hips. His wide grin returned immediately.

“sup, bro?”

“YOU KNOW WHAT ‘SUP,’ BROTHER! I COME TO CHECK ON YOU AND _____ AND FIND YOU BOTH SITTING IN THE SNOW! WHAT ARE YOU EVEN DOING??”

Sans looked down at _____ still sitting in the snow. They chanced a glance at the short skeleton, then immediately looked down again, curling in on themselves a little. He sighed, turning to look back up at Papyrus.
“aw, bro, we were just waiting for you…”

Papyrus seemed surprised.
“You… YOU WERE?”

“yup. you know its SNOW fun without you around.”

“SANS.”

“i was worried you were gonna FLAKE out on us.”

“SANS.”

“ICE was starting to FIRN the worst had happened!”

“SAAAAAAAAAAANS!!!!”

Sans chuckled as Papyrus stomped around in a circle, his eyes bulging from their sockets. He had learned to manifest eyeballs at will years ago after watching a few human cartoons that they had found in the dump.
He stopped mid-stomp when he noticed ____ still sitting in the snow. They looked very unhappy.
Papyrus leapt to their side and squatted, surprised to see them flinch away when he moved to put a gloved hand on their shoulder. He pulled his hand back, unsure as to what prompted this reaction.

“_____… ARE YOU OKAY?”

They flinched slightly and stared at the snow more intently. Papyrus looked up at Sans, who was standing with a slight grimace on his face.

“SANS, WHAT IS WRONG WITH _____?”

He looked away, guiltily. Papyrus stood and stared down at his brother.

“SANS…HAVE YOU BEEN UNKIND TO OUR FRIEND?”

He was surprised to see Sans flinch at his words.

“You NEED TO APOLOGIZE IMMEDIATELY!”

Sans looked up at him and sighed. He then turned to ____ and crouched down, his hands in his pockets.

“So… kid… i’m not mad at you… i was just a little… well, i was a lot startled when you pounced me like that and… heh, and you kinda did cover me in drool as well… so, yeah…”

He smiled and held out his hand. ____ looked at him and seemed to study his eyes for a moment.
Their face broke out into a smile and they took his hand.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRT!

Their ears pinned straight back and they stared at Sans, shocked. He chuckled at their expression.

“Saaaaaaaaaaaaaaaans!”

Papyrus stomped around a few more times, causing ____ and Sans to both break out into giggles.
He finally stopped, turned, and, putting one hand on his hip, pointed at ____.
“FRIEND! I HAVE JUST REMEMBERED! ALL OF THIS HULLABALOO HAS DISTRACTED ME FROM MY PURPOSE THIS AFTERNOON!”

They cocked their head in confusion.

“DO YOU NOT REMEMBER OUR CONVERSATION THIS MORNING ABOUT TRAINING YOU TO BECOME STRONGER SO THAT YOU MAY PROTECT YOURSELF IF SUCH A SITUATION ARISES THAT YOU FIND YOURSELF ALONE AND NEED TO DEFEND YOURSELF?”

_____ smiled and jumped to their feet, excited.

“Yeah! I want to get stronger!”

Papyrus threw a fist into the air.

“ALRIGHT! THAT’S THE SPIRIT! NOW, FOR YOUR FIRST EXERCISE, WE WILL START WITH SOMETHING EASY… RUN ALL THE WAY TO SNOWDIN AND BACK… TEN TIMES!”

They looked unsure for a moment, but shook it off and threw a fist into the air, imitating Papyrus, and cheered. They turned and bolted quickly out of sight. The skeleton brothers watched them go, one hopeful, one wishing he had that sort of energy. Sans turned his stool upright and sat, leaning his arms on the counter. Papyrus stared at the path in the direction of Snowdin for a few minutes in silence.

Sans rested his head on his arms, waiting. He knew his brother was most likely gathering his thoughts for a big talk about slacking off. He usually got one about this time of day… even on his days off. So, he was surprised when Papyrus sighed, his shoulders drooping in a very un-Papyrus fashion.

“bro? you… okay?”

“SANS… I WISH TO DISCUSS SOMETHING… WHICH HAS BEEN BOTHERING ME ALL MORNING… DO… DO YOU…”

He turned and looked down at his brother, worry written plainly across his face.

“DO YOU… HAVE FEELINGS FOR _____?”

---

You can feel your leg muscles burning through the numbing cold, but you refuse to slow your pace. The sounds of Snowdin have just reached your ears and you feel a burst of adrenaline push you forward. Skidding to a halt in front of the sign, you pause a moment to catch your breath, turn, and head back towards the Ruins.

You had been given an order and, no matter how long it took, you would not fail!

---

“f-feelings, bro? m-me? heh, dunno what you’re, uh, talking about…”

Papyrus stared down at his brother.
“SANS. DO NOT LIE TO ME…”

“heh, you accusing me of tellIEn a FIBula? i proMYTH i would never-“

“SANS!”

The small skeleton looked up, his false smile dropping. Papyrus had tears in his eyes and a pleading look on his face.

“PLEASE, SANS. DO NOT DIVERT FROM THE QUESTION. DO NOT LIE TO ME.”

“well, bro… the truth is…”

---

You feel your eyes watering as you pass Doggo’s sentry station. He idly glances at you, having caught your scent before you entered the clearing.

“Only nine more laps to go, pup,” he growls in amusement. You throw your fist up, not having to breath to spare to yell back.

Your legs have gone completely numb now, but you force them to keep going.

You have to keep going! You must persevere!

---

Papyrus sat heavily in the snow, shocked.

“I DID NOT KNOW YOU FELT SO STRONGLY, BROTHER…”

Sans moved to sit next to him.

“look, bro, it’s not that serious. i doubt they even like me like that. anyway, you said:-“

“NONSENSE!”

Papyrus turned to look Sans in the eyes, putting a hand on each cheek.

“REGARDLESS OF MY FEELINGS FOR _____. YOU SHOULD STILL PURSUE YOUR OWN FEELINGS. EVEN THOUGH THEY WILL OBVIOUSLY FALL FOR THE GREAT PAPYRUS, YOU SHOULD NOT GIVE UP! BECAUSE IF YOU NEVER TRY, SANS… YOU WILL ALWAYS REGRET NOT KNOWING WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN…”

Sans couldn’t stop the tears from forming at his brother’s words of encouragement. He smiled and hugged him tight, laughing, tears running down his face. The emotional moment set Papyrus off as well, his happy sobs echoing in the clearing.

---

You feel like you are about to drop, but push yourself even harder.

Have to at least make it back!

Your breath makes clouds of mist with every other step you take.

Heart pounding, legs numb, ears half-frozen, you finally stumble into the clearing where Sans’s sentry station is located.

You double over, hands on your knees and start to speak up about not being able to run any more today, when you hear a wail coming from the little wooden structure. You walk over to the side and freeze. Sans and Papyrus are sitting in the snow behind it, holding each other, laughing and sobbing.
their eyes out, unaware of your return. You stand silent and confused for a few moments, then turn around, deciding you could probably manage another lap or three.

You manage four before collapsing in front of Doggo’s post.
This Chapter Title is Pretty SOUP-ed.

Chapter Summary

:)

This story has me learning new words in search of puns.

Chapter 22

You wake to the warm smell of flowers.

Your eyes open to see Sans standing next to the couch, holding a steaming mug. He looks tired and worried, but manages to crack a small smile as you sit up slowly, taking the cup and sipping carefully. You wince at the burn in your throat.

“s’ golden flower tea… good fer… healing an’ stuff…” he mumbles, gesturing to the cup.

You sip again and smile at him.

He rubs the back of his head, sighing, and sits on the edge of the couch, his back against your leg.

“kid. you shouldn’t have overexerted yourself like that. i know you wanted to do your best, but… unlike us monsters, you have a physical body. one that can easily get sick or injured if you push it too hard.”

You look down at your cup, ashamed at making them worry once again. Sans puts a hand under your chin and tilts your face up to look at him.

“you… mean a lot to us, ______... i… i don’t know what we would do if you… well… you gotta stay alive and well, and to do that… you need to take better care of yourself, okay?”

You smile, not trusting your voice just yet. Sans hesitates a moment, before pulling you into a tight embrace. The sudden movement surprises you but you quickly relax and bury your nose in the fluff of his hood. The comforting scents of smoke and ketchup make you sigh with contentment. He pulls back, studying your face for a moment.

“hey, you want some food?”

You nod.

“good. cuz you look DOG-hungry.”

You give him a blank stare.

He fidgets for a moment, then stands.

“heh. tough crowd… aaaaanyway, i figured i’d cook us all some food for a change. Paps went out to get a few ingredients we were missing, but he should be back any-“

“SANS!”
Papyrus bursts in through the front door, arms laden with bags. He hurries to the kitchen, leaving the door wide open. Sans rushes forward to close it.

“aw, bro, you know we aDOOR you, but i’m sure you don’t want _____ getting chilled to the BONE.”

You hear a soft huff from the kitchen, then the sounds of pots and pans banging around. Sans looks at you for a moment, wide grin on his face, before he rushes into the kitchen to rescue dinner from the tall skeleton. Papyrus emerges a few seconds later, shoed out by Sans. He looks back towards the kitchen dejectedly, then resigns himself to the floor in front of the couch. He leans back and sighs, closing his eyes.

“FRIEND… I… WOULD LIKE TO APOLOGIZE.”

You stare at him, surprised. “Apolo…gize for… what?” you manage to whisper. Your voice did indeed sound RUFF.

Ha.
RUFF.

Papyrus turns his head to look mournfully at you, a single orange tear glistening in the corner of his eye socket.

“I HAVE BEEN A TERRIBLE FRIEND. I PUSHED YOU ENTIRELY TOO HARD ON YOUR FIRST DAY OF TRAINING. AND AS A RESULT, YOU ARE UNWELL. IT IS ALL MY FAULT.”

You put a hand on his shoulder, lowering the cup to rest on your thigh. “Paps… I… pushed myself too far… I shouldn’t have tried so hard to impress you…”

Papyrus lets out a sob, turns, and suddenly lunges, wrapping his bony arms around your waist. You have barely enough time to raise the cup of steaming liquid above your head to avoid a painful spill. He buries his face in your lap and cries, your pants muffling his mournful sobs.

You hesitantly pat his skull, frowning. This was new. You wrack your brain, trying to figure out the appropriate response. Surely…

Ah.

Sans had held you close when you had been upset in the Wishing Room. It had helped your mood immensely.

You slowly lift Papyrus’s head out of your lap, tilting his orange-streaked face upwards to look at you. You rest your hand on his cheekbone and looked into his eyes, as Sans had done with you. Carefully setting the mug on the floor, you then snake your arms around his shoulders and pull him up onto the couch and into a hug, his chin resting on your shoulder, his knees between your own. You pat his back gently as his sniffles start to quiet.

“It’s okay, Papyrus. It’s okay. I’m okay. You and Sans are okay,” you whisper, your mouth right next to where his ear would be.

He shivers slightly and relaxes in your embrace, wrapping his own arms around your torso. You lean the side of your muzzle against his vertebrae, your chin on top of his scarf. A melody pops into your head and you began to hum, slowly and softly. It’s a tune your Mom hummed to you your first few
You always thought it like a happy memory tinged with sorrow, hope with a hint of loss. She would smile as she hummed, stroking your ears soothingly, but her eyes were always glazed, distant, as though she were somewhere else, long ago. After you had settled into living in the Ruins, she would only hum to you when you had trouble sleeping, or woke from a bad dream about your life on the surface.

Now that you thought about it, you kind of wish that you had asked her about the song.

A sharp crash jostles you from your thoughts. Sans is standing at the end of the couch, a broken plate of bread at his feet. His cheeks are blue and he’s staring off to the side, as if averting his eyes. You look at him confused. He glances at you and clears his throat, causing Papyrus to sit upright rather quickly, hitting your nose with his skull and tumbling backwards off the couch. His face is bright orange as he lay on his back on the floor. He sits up to look at his brother.

“S-SANS, BROTHER! _____ WAS JUST C-COMFORTING ME AFTER I L-LOST MY COMPOSURE WHILE A-P-P-POLOGIZING!”

Sans looks down at him silently, his expression unreadable.

“They hugged me and began humming and then I j-just wanted to hear more of their b-beautiful song…”

He continues to stand silent, eyes void of emotion. Papyrus shifts uncomfortably.

“SANS… PLEASE… SAY SOMETHING…”

The short skeleton grins and crouches down. He looks into Papyrus’s eyes, silent for a moment longer, then…

“…something.”

Papyrus falls backwards, groaning, his gloved hands over his face. Sans lets out an almost imperceptible sigh and stands, turning to pick up the broken dish, leaving the bread chunks on the carpet. He takes the shattered plate to the kitchen to deposit into the trash and reemerges with a new plate of bread. Setting it on the coffee table, he leaves again, only to return with three bowls of what look like a chunky soup. He holds a bowl in each hand and has one balanced perfectly on top of his skull. He winks at Papyrus who is still laying on the floor.

“you did tell me i need to eat more BALANCED meals, bro.”

Papyrus groans again and sits up, taking one of the bowls from his brother. Sans hands the other one to you and hops up onto the end of the couch, making you wonder how the bowl doesn’t fall off of his head. As if reading your thoughts, he turns and winks at you.

“magic,” he whispers, pulling the bowl into his lap.

You look down at the dish and tilt your head. It seems to have vegetables, meat, and small noodles. It smells delicious. You take the spoon and try a bite. It is vaguely sweet and has a mild tomato taste, the savory meat dominating the many subtle flavors. You hum in bliss as you take bite after bite, the thick soup filling your stomach and warming your core. You only pause to eat some of the warm bread from the plate. As you scrape the last bit into your spoon, you look up to see Sans watching you carefully, cheeks blue, his own meal untouched. Papyrus was also staring, blushing orange, still holding a full bowl in his lap.
You quickly eat the last bite, your cheeks beginning to feel quite warm.

“Um…. Did I… do something… wrong?”

The two skeleton brothers seem to snap out of whatever trance they were in and they turn their attentions to their bowls. Sans takes a bite and lets out a chuckle.

“now i see why you were so happy. this is actually pretty good. never seen a person’s soul light up like that before over food.”

You smile softly at his words and lean back against the armrest with a contented sigh.

Papyrus eyes the food with scrutiny before taking a small bite. His eyes light up with stars and he quickly shovels five or six spoonfuls into his mouth, sighing happily.

“AGREED. THIS DISH IS QUITE TASTY. NOWHERE NEAR AS AMAZING AS SPAGHETTI, BUT I WILL HAVE TO SAY, THIS DISH IS MY NEW SECOND FAVORITE. WHAT IS IT CALLED?”

Sans takes another bite, mulling over the taste for a moment.

“s’ called goulash. was in that cookbook ____ borrowed from the librarby.”

He takes another bite.

“ya know… i oughta show this to grillby. he’s been wanting to add new dishes to the menu for a while. bet people would love it.”

Papyrus looks up from his nearly empty bowl.

“AND IT WOULD BE NICE TO BE ABLE TO ORDER SOMETHING NON-GREASY FROM GRILLBY’S FOR ONCE.”

Sans finishes his bowl.

“aw, bro... at GREASEt we have a restaurant out here, even if the food’s not that healthy.”

“NO.”

“and ya gotta admit… the bartender’s pretty HOT. positively SMOKIN actually.”

“SANS.”

“maybe you should reconCINDER your opinion of the place…”

“OH, MY ASGORE, SANS!”

“present. although, i’m pretty sure asgore is still out in new home, bro…”

“SANS! IF YOU WOULDN’T MIND PUTTING THE DISHES TO SOAK, I AM GOING TO RETIRE TO MY ROOM. I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR PUNS FOR ONE DAY.”

“aw, bro. you love my puns. you’re smiling.”

“I MAY BE SMILING, BUT THAT DOES NOT MEAN I ENJOY YOUR PUNS.”

Papyrus turns to you, taking your bowl.
“_____, WILL YOU BE SLEEPING IN MY ROOM TONIGHT?”

You look up at his hopeful face for a moment, then steal a glance at Sans. The smaller skeleton is looking away, trying to pretend as though he wasn’t paying attention. You suddenly feel as though choosing one room over the other would cause problems. You smile up at Papyrus, forcing back a yawn.

“Actually… um… Do you mind if I sleep on the couch? I’m not ready for bed yet and… um… I don’t want to wake you later…”

Papyrus hesitates a moment, then leans in to hug you. His bony arms wrap around your shoulders, pulling you tight against his chest. You sigh happily. After a long pause, he pulls away and stands straight.

“GOODNIGHT, _____. GOODNIGHT, BROTHER. TRY NOT TO STAY UP TOO LATE TONIGHT, AS WE ALL HAVE WORK IN THE MORNING.”

You watch him walk to the stairs and listen as his door opens and closes. The living room is silent.

You turn to look at Sans and are surprised to see him watching you intently.

“Um… Sans…?”

He blinks at you, then closes his eyes.

“heh. EYE’m sorry about that. IRIS just wondering if you liked my CORNEA jokes, or if they SCLERAsly bother you…”

You can’t help it. You burst out laughing, far harder than you probably should have. Sans watches, a huge grin on his face, as you clutch your stomach and laugh like it was the funniest thing ever. Every time you start to catch your breath, his words replay themselves in your mind, sending you into a fit of barking laughs and loud guffaws. After a few minutes, you finally manage to calm down, chuckling as you wipe at your eyes.

“S-sorry… it’s-s just that… heh heh… things felt s-so tense and then you… That was good…”

Sans is beaming as if you have just given him the best compliment imaginable. He leans over and scoops up your bowl and then Papyrus’s and takes all three to the kitchen. He quickly returns and stands next to the couch, his hands in his pockets.

“so, uh… were you really wanting to sleep on the couch? my bed is always open… that is… er… i mean, i can take the couch if you… don’t want to… i mean… if you do, then that’s… good… but if you…”

Sweat droplets are starting to form all over his skull as he talks and his face is becoming bluer and bluer. He drops his gaze to the floor as he begins to fidget with his sleeve. You sigh and smile at him.

“I just want to sleep on my own tonight, that’s all. Plus, I’m already comfy, so…”

“Oh, that’s fine! totally fine! i was just… wondering…”

He looks at the floor for a moment, then leans forward to give you a hug, burying his face in your shoulder. You close your eyes, enjoying his scent. When he pulls away, you almost want to pull him back down to you. He looks at the stairs, then smiles at you.
“well, goodnight. if you need anything, just yell. i’ll be here faster than you can say ‘geodesic.’”

You blink and he’s gone, vanished to his room. Staring at the spot where he just stood, you can’t help the empty feeling that suddenly attaches itself to your chest, almost like an ache, wanting him near you. You shake your head and settle in, pulling the blanket that rests on the back of the couch down over you. You can’t help but notice that it smells of spaghetti and ketchup. The perfect combination...
You nuzzle the blanket and sigh happily, closing your eyes and drifting quickly off to sleep.

---

Silence.

Snow.

Dust.

Teeth.

Laughter.

Red eyes.

Screaming.

Sans bolts upright, his skull beaded with sweat. He takes deep breaths for a few moments, reminding himself that it was just another nightmare. He wipes his face with part of his balled-up sheet and starts to lay back down. Before he can even close his eyes, however, another scream echoes through the house, rattling his bones and sending real fear shooting through his soul.

_____!
What the Fluff??

Chapter Summary

It's just a nightmare! Or is it??

---

ha.
i suck at summaries.

Chapter 23

Dark.

Darker.

Damn, it’s really dark here.

You wander through the Void looking around.

Flowey is nowhere to be found.

You’ve called out a few times, but your voice doesn’t even echo in the vast empty space that surrounds you.

Sighing, you decide to sit, only to find that something solid and springy has appeared underneath your bum.

Your hand carefully explores the surface of this invisible piece of furniture.

It’s a couch.

You sit for a while on the strange couch in silence, allowing your mind to wander.

After a few hours (or minutes), you get the feeling that you’re being watched.

You look slowly left, then right, finally standing and turning completely around.

A rather peculiar figure is standing a few feet away, watching you.

Its body looks to be a mass of goo, slowly seething and churning, the edges barely discernible in the darkness.

Its face is white, standing out harshly against the Void.

What looks like a curved, black gash makes up its smile and two dark holes are the eyes, its right one being almost completely closed.

A single crack runs upwards from its right eye and another down from its left, to the edge of its
As you continue to stare back at this mysterious being, a glowing white dot appears in each of its black eye sockets.

You blink in surprise.

Its eyes are like Sans’s.

You hesitate for just a moment, before speaking to the figure.

“H-hello? I… I’m _____…”

It lurches back in surprise at your voice, its eyes widening, then rapidly fades into nothingness, the sound of static filling your ears for a few brief seconds.

You look around in disappointment.

“O-okay then... I just wanted to say hi…”

Silence.

A glimmer of yellow above catches your attention.

Two flower petals fall slowly, spinning and twirling together in a leisurely dance.

They eventually land at your feet, side by side.

Before you can kneel to scoop them up, a small, sad voice wafts through the Void, causing your ears to strain in an attempt to make out the words.

It sounds almost like… a child.

"...-lease... wake up... I don- ... like th-.........-nimore. I... I... ... no, I sa- ... -aid I'd nev- ... you... -ight? ... -ave to g- ... we'll do ... -ther, right?"

You begin sprinting towards the voice, hoping to find whomever is speaking.

Golden petals fall heavily as you run, slowing your steps as they pile up, reaching your knees, your waist, your neck.

You open your mouth to cry out, only to have the petals pour down your throat, choking you, suffocating you.

“…ake u…”

Your eyes begin to water with fear.

“Wake…”

You can’t breathe.

“Wake up.”

Something thin and sharp stabs your shoulder, making you cry out, forcing the petals from your throat.
A raspy voice whispers in your ear once more before everything goes dark.

“WAKE UP.”

---

You open your eyes to the comforting dark of the skelebros’ living room. You sigh and wince at the burning sensation in your throat. As you move to sit up, you realize two things: one, there are a pair of glowing red eyes mere inches from your face, black pupils thin, cat-like slits, and two, whatever they belong to is currently leaning on you, preventing you from moving.

Fear wells up in your chest, traveling rapidly up your dry throat and bursting forth from your mouth in a terrified scream.

The creature moves back about a foot, keeping you pinned to the couch. You find yourself momentarily stunned as its six-inch fangs catch the faint light coming from the window, glinting dangerously in the darkness. You notice the bottom half of the white fangs are red. A painful throb from your shoulder causes you to gasp in horror.

Blood.

YOUR BLOOD.

You suck in air as it leans closer, its breath on your face as it studies you.

You scream again, louder this time, pushing the creature away with all your might. It topples off of you and onto the floor with a loud thud, just as Sans appears in a flash of blue magic. He rushes to you as you manage to clamber up over the back of the couch, towards the kitchen. You frantically flick on the light.

A low groan catches both of your attention.

Sans edges around the side of the couch warily, his eyes narrowed and focused. A cracked and smiling face flickers in your mind momentarily, then is gone. You shake your head and step closer, to see your assailant curled on the floor in front of the couch. It slowly sits up and rubs its head, groaning again.

It looks like a large bipedal tiger, blue-white fur striped with black. It’s dressed in what looks like a black and red leather tunic and black cloth leggings. A hood with holes for the ears partially hides its face. You can’t help but think that its ears are rather long and pointed for a tiger. Its long, striped tail wags slowly in annoyance.

It turns its head to look up at you and you can’t help but gasp at the pink scars that mar its face. A pink tongue slips from its short muzzle and slides slowly over each large fang, wiping away the blood.

Sans groans in annoyance and a small, white bone bounces off of the intruder’s head. It snarls and clutches its head.

“damnit, mcfluff! what have we told you? do i really need to call undyne AGAIN?”

You blink in confusion. Sans knows this creature?

It snarls up at him again and begins to speak, its voice low and raspy, just like the voice you heard in your dream.

“Sans knows McFluff needs to practice his lockpicking. McFluff meant no harm this night.”
Sans rolls his eyes and frowns at the large cat. 
“how many times have i caught you breaking in here? this makes the eighth time this month. you need to stop.”

The pain in your shoulder draws your attention. You touch it gently and pull your hand away, now wet with blood. You nonchalantly wave your bloody hand at Sans. He sees it and his eyes go dark. Before you can blink, he has McFluff by the shirt, pulling him up to look him in the eye. His voice echoes darkly, making you shudder.

“meant no harm, huh? then, why are they bleeding?”

McFluff cowers in terror at the small skeleton, which you find a little strange considering that the cat is easily as tall as Papyrus or Undyne, and twice as tough looking. A small whimper escapes his mouth.

“M-McFluff w-w-was only trying t-to wake p-poor doggy! Honest! Doggy was having b-bad dream, c-crying and coughing, terrible! McFluff try sh-shaking doggy and tell doggy to wake up! Doggy stop breathing, so McFluff panic and bite doggy! McFluff only wanted to help!”

He closes his eyes tight, obviously awaiting Sans’s fury at your injury. Sans stands silent, processing. He finally drops the cat. McFluff’s eyes fly open in surprise as he lands on his chest on the floor with a thud.

“mcfluff. i’m only going to say this once. if you break in again, you are gonna have one hell of a bad time. do i make myself clear?”

McFluff nods his head fearfully. He slowly gets to his feet and turns to you, glancing nervously at Sans.

“McFluff sorry f-for biting you. Only trying to help doggy…”

You sigh and tilt your head at the large cat, studying his face for a moment. You finally nod and give him a small smile.

“You really scared me, and… and my shoulder hurts, but… I understand why you did it. Thank you… McFluff.”

His red eyes well up with tears and he leaps over the couch with amazing speed and agility, scooping you up into a crushing hug, nuzzling your cheek with his own and purring, a deep, rumbling sound.

“Oh, doggy is so nice! Perhaps McFluff and doggy can be the very best frands! Best frands always!”

You can’t help but grin toothily as you’re swung back and forth in the overexcited feline’s grasp.

“S-sure… I’d l… like that…”

Well, he certainly seemed to be enthusiastic about making friends. Just like a certain skeleton you know.

Speaking of Papyrus…

“SANS! WHAT IS ALL OF THIS COMMOTION?? IT IS MUCH TOO EARLY TO BE AWAKE, EVEN FOR THE GREAT PAP… SANS, WHY IS MCFLUFF IN OUR LIVING ROOM, HUGGING _____?”
After a short sit-down, where-in Sans made you some more healing tea, you learned that McFluff was actually a member of the Royal Guard. He was an adept fighter, ranking high among the other Monsters in speed and agility, but Undyne usually just sent him on errands, like retrieving reports from the other guards. He admitted, however, that he could definitely handle himself in a fight when it was needed.

Lockpicking was his favorite hobby and he would often practice on random front doors in the middle of the night, much to Undyne’s displeasure when he would happen to get caught. Both Sans and Papyrus insisted he was harmless, despite the many scars littering his face.

Eventually, the lateness caught up to you and Sans deemed the conversation finished after witnessing another of your huge yawns. McFluff had hugged you once more and told you that you could always turn to him if you ever needed anything.

---

Sans shuts the door with a barely audible sigh. This night was one thing after another, it seemed. He turns in time to see Papyrus making his way sleepily up the stairs.

“night, bro.”

“GOODNIGHT, SANS. GOODNIGHT, ____.”

“Goodnight, Papyrus!”

You stand and stretch, your joints popping and cracking deliciously. Sans winces at each pop, staring at you in horror. You notice his expression and freeze, your hands still on your lower back.

“Are… are you okay?”

He blinks.

“am i okay? are YOU okay??”

You pause for a moment, then, realizing what he means, you start laughing.

“I’m okay… It’s just something that happens from time to time… There’s, um… fluid in between my joints and… it contains various gases. When I stretch, the gas gets released… I guess that’s what makes the sound… It feels pretty good, actually…”

He sighs and puts his hand over his face for a few moments, obviously tired.

“look, why don’t you take my bed tonight… just… just in case. i’ll crash on the couch.”

You start to insist that you take the couch, when he puts up a hand to stop you.

“to be honest… i’d rather sleep on the couch. i’m DOG-tired and DOG-gone it, i just can’t MUTTster the energy to make it PUP the stairs.”

You smile and tell him goodnight and head up to his room. He watches you go before turning out the light and flopping down on the couch. He pulls the blanket over him and sighs, burying his face in the cushion.

It still smells like you.

He smiles.
You close the door behind you and tiptoe around the paper wads and empty ketchup bottles littering the floor, once again resisting the urge to roll in the dirty sock pile in the corner.

One day…

Carefully climbing onto the mattress, you shove the sheet-ball aside, circling in place a few times before laying down. You shudder, realizing that you hadn’t done that since the lab. Oh, well, you think to yourself, letting out a large yawn as you pull Sans’s blanket over you. You’ll worry about it tomorrow.

As you nuzzle the pillow, you can’t help but notice that it smells like Sans.

You start to drift off with a smile on your face…

And a warmth in your chest that you barely register before sleep takes you completely.
Well, That's Just EGGSellent!

Chapter Summary

In my mind, I have the story split into parts.
This is the beginning of part 2.
yay.
so sleepy.
.

Chapter 24

Weeks pass quickly for you and before you know it, you’ve been staying with the skeleton brothers for three, almost four months. After the weirdness about the sleeping arrangements, you now alternate between sleeping on the couch and taking Sans’s bed when he insists on occupying the couch.

You and Papyrus have gone through the entire cookbook and half of another, with Sans jumping in to make dinner once in a while. You’ve even managed to cook with Undyne once or twice, though you found her style of cooking to be a little too… INTENSE for your liking.

Sentry duty and training takes up most of your time now, with Papyrus handling the lighter, after-work exercises and Undyne with the more intense day-off workouts, which usually consisted of running back and forth through Waterfall, throwing rocks the size of your head at targets, or just dodging spears while she shouts words of “encouragement” at you. Though, nowhere near their levels, you’re faster and stronger than you’ve ever been before… And you love it.

You’ve managed to (somewhat) make friends with Doggo, who will now hold short conversations with you every few hours during your shift. He mostly just talks about the other dogs and how they and Sans like to play tricks on him from time to time. You don’t mind the mostly one-sided conversations, always happy and willing to lend an ear.

Even your friendship with Alphys has blossomed, with her over at the skelebros house at least twice a week with a new Anime to watch, or dragging you with her to the Dump to root around for interesting Human cast-offs. The first time she convinced you to go, you had completely lost all sense of yourself, your canine instincts taking hold. You had only stopped rolling in the smelly garbage when a loud SNORT had snapped you out of it. She was watching and trying not to laugh, and stated that you seemed like you were having the time of your life. Sans made garbage and dog puns for a week straight after that.

Life is pretty good. Much better than anything you could have ever imagined possible back on the surface. You have found friends, a job, and a home. Apart from the occasional nightmare, everything seems perfect…
Life is perfect.
Too bad it doesn’t ever stay that way.

-----

The eggs sizzle as you flip them expertly, taking care not to pop the yolks. Your ears twitch at the slow shuffle making its way down the stairs and into the kitchen.

“Morning, Sans! I didn’t think you’d be up this early. I’m making… oh.”

Turning as you hear the chair being pulled out, you cut yourself off when you see the dark circles under his eyes. His head droops onto the table as he reaches for the bottle of ketchup you had placed earlier. You scent the air and are rewarded with the smell of sweat, both stale and fresh, as well as the normal ketchup and smoke scents you have grown to love. He glances up at you and meets your eyes for just a moment, before closing them. A trickle of sweat makes its way down the side of his face and you’re surprised to catch a whiff of fear wafting off of the short skeleton you have grown close to.

Giving a gentle shake of your head and stopping your ears mid-droop, you pull the pan from the stove to place the fried eggs onto Sans’s plate.

“thanks, kid. these look EGGsellently prepared. EGGSactly what i was craving. you’re turning into one SHELL of a cook, no YOLK.”

He has opened one eye, winking at you as his smile becomes more genuine. You laugh softly at his puns, trying to push away the worry you feel. By now, you know that Sans has frequent nightmares. You also know that he really doesn’t like to talk about them, giving very vague answers that, frankly, don’t answer anything at all. You watch him drown his eggs in ketchup before turning to cook some more. If Sans was awake, surely Papyrus would be down soon. You both are off work today and have made plans to train with Undyne in Waterfall after breakfast.

Humming softly to yourself, Mom’s song of course, you crack the eggs into the pan and prod them gently with the spatula. Flip and flip. Sizzle sizzle. Your stomach rumbles in anticipation as you lift the pan and turn to place them on your own plate.

Sans jerks to his feet suddenly, knocking the chair to the floor with a loud clatter, staring up at you in pure terror, his sockets empty and black. The sound causes you to drop the pan, food spilling out at your feet. Your nostrils are assaulted by the overwhelming stench of fear and your lips pull back instinctively, baring your teeth in disgust.

A spark appears in his left eye, morphing from a round white light to a blue flickering flame. Something in the air makes your hackles raise, even as your ears pin flat against your head. Sans is sweating heavily now, amplifying the fear-smell. A nervous growl slips from your throat, your muscles tense and twitch, your body preparing to flee or fight if necessary. Energy crackles around you both as neither breaks eye contact. He slowly pulls his hand from his pocket, moving it to his side. You twitch your nose, trying to read the situation. His eye flares brighter as his smile drops to a grimace. You feel a tug in your chest as your soul is-

“SANS! IT’S TIME TO GET UP, YOU LAZYBONES!”

You both jump, startled by Papyrus’s loud voice. The door upstairs creaks open. Sans looks towards
the stairs then slowly turns back to you. A distinct rattling sound fills the kitchen. Sans is shaking, staring at you as if just now seeing you.

“_____? oh, god…”

You smooth the fur down on the back of your neck and look away, not sure how to handle what just happened. The pan and eggs are still on the floor, so you kneel and begin to clean up the mess. The sound stops abruptly just as Papyrus walks into the kitchen, Sans vanishing into thin air. He looks around, confused.

“_____ WHERE IS SANS? HE WAS NOT IN HIS ROOM WHEN I CHECKED.”

You look up at him and sigh, scooping the food into the pan to empty into the trash. Pausing to study the pan for a moment, you gather your thoughts.

“Papyrus? Why is Sans afraid of me?”

The tall skeleton startles at your question and lunges forwards to scoop you up into a bone-crushing hug.

“SANS IS NOT AFRAID OF YOU, _____. IN FACT, HE CARES FOR YOU A GREAT DEAL. ALMOST AS MUCH AS THE GREAT PAPYRUS! WHY DO YOU ASK SUCH A SILLY QUESTION?”

You let your chin rest on his shoulder.

“Well, he was tired and I was fixing food and… He jumped up, terrified, and acted like he was about to attack me… Then, we heard you and… he started shaking and ran away…”

Papyrus shifts you to one arm as he strokes his chin thoughtfully.

“HMM… IF I WERE TO GUESS… I WOULD PROBABLY SAY THAT… HE MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP AND HAD ANOTHER NIGHTMARE. THERE HAVE BEEN TIMES WHEN HE HAS WOKEN IN A PANIC AND NOT RECOGNIZED ME. YES, I KNOW HOW UNBELIEVABLE THAT MAY SEEM, THAT SOMEONE WOULD NOT RECOGNIZE SOMEONE AS AMAZING AS ME, BUT IT IS TRUE. THOUGH… HE HAS NEVER… ATTEMPTED TO FIGHT ME…”

He sets you down gently when you sigh and takes the pan from you.

“WE CAN DISCUSS THIS LATER WHEN SANS RETURNS… NOW SIT AND I WILL COOK A HEALTHY AND NUTRITIOUS BREAKFAST FOR US!”

He smashes two eggs into the pan, shells and all.

“AND THEN!”

He sets the pan on the stovetop, cranking the flames all the way up.

“WE WILL!”

He flicks the pan with flair, causing the eggs to leap from the pan and land on your head with a splat.

“GO TO UNDYNE’S AND TRAIN EVEN HARDER THAN BEFORE!”

You laugh as the warm yolk runs slowly down your forehead. Papyrus is right.
You would worry about it later.

---

Sans rubs at his sockets, willing his bones to stop rattling. His soul is almost throbbing with the fear he feels. Fear of himself and what he almost did! These nightmares are really starting to get to him, now that he’s having them every night. The only time he’s safe is when he sleeps on the couch, but _____ prefers to sleep on there, as opposed to his messy room, so he doesn’t push the issue.

Maybe they could share the couch?

Sans stops that train of thought before it even gets started, shaking his head and walking over to a large machine covered by a tarp. It was his old and mostly abandoned lab, hidden behind his house. He kept all of his old blueprints, notes, and documents from when he worked in the Labs in Hotlands. He been assistant to the Royal Scientist before Alphys. The machine standing before him was built by that same Royal Scientist, as was the Core that provided power to the entire Underground. Sans remembers that he had worked for the monster, but there is a gap in his memory as to the identity of who they were. In everyone’s memories, actually. Not one monster could remember who the previous Royal Scientist was!

Sans shakes his head; he is starting to get a headache, thinking about it. He always does. It’s like he isn’t allowed to remember.

Reaching into the dusty machine, he pulls out a dusty, water-damaged notebook. He sets it on the counter next to the machine’s blueprints and flips through it until he finds his previous entry:

Reset 172/Month 07/Day 12
another nightmare. they have become more frequent as of late. the static and silence remain the same as the previous nightmares. i managed to find papyrus just as the killing blow was dealt. the creature turned to face me with those same red eyes and evil smile. the only noticeable differences in their appearance was a bandana tying back their hair and that they had used their claws to behead my brother papyrus.

Sans shivers and pulls up a stool to sit and make the next entry. His hand shakes slightly as he puts the pen to paper.

Reset 172/Month 07/Day 13
yet another nightmare. this one was worse than the others, being more vivid and detailed in appearance. the static was missing, but the silence remained. i managed to find papyrus at the usual place before the confrontation began. he tried to offer them mercy, extending his arms as though offering them a hug. i tried to call out, but found myself unable to move or speak, only watch as they leapt at him like an animal, knocking him back and

Sans takes a deep breath, forcing himself to remember. He needs to get this down on paper. He continues:

leapt at him like an animal, knocking him back and biting forcefully through his cervical vertebrae, severing papyrus’s skull from his body. the creature then stood and returned to papyrus’s skull. he was still alive and saying something to the creature that i could not hear. the creature then stomped on his skull, shattering it into dust. i found that i could move once more, tears forming in my eye sockets as i stepped forward to confront the creature. before i could take three steps, they turned, staring at me with those red eyes. dust covered their front and muzzle. they winked at me and lunged without warning. i awoke just as i felt their sharp teeth close around my neck.
Sans starts to close the book but pauses. Maybe he should make a note of what happened in the kitchen earlier.

Note: dozed off in the kitchen and saw the creature in my dream again, laughing and taunting me. woke with a start and saw what i believed to be the creature standing before me. almost attacked. if papyrus hadn’t called out, i would have murdered an innocent soul. this is becoming a serious problem.

He closes the book and returns it to the machine. He had discovered early on, that anything put into the machine was shielded from the Resets. Sans sits in the floor and rubs his head thoughtfully. They haven’t had a Reset in quite a while, now that he thinks about it. The longest they had gone since he began making notes was a few weeks. And then they always ended up back at the same day with no memory of what had happened.

Oh, he would have nightmares from time to time, terrible nightmares of an laughing golden flower. Nightmares of his friends and brother being killed or manipulated into killing others before finally succumbing. Nightmares of fighting the flower, winning and losing. He had found his notebook at the beginning of this Reset and had read through it, as he probably, hopefully did every Reset. He couldn’t help but wonder how many Resets had gone by that he hadn’t found it. If the number was far greater than the 172 he had managed to record.

Sans groans and buries his face in his hands. It’s so depressing to think about. That no matter what they did, it would all be erased with nothing but a notebook entry and some déjà vu to show for it. He pulls out his cell and looks at it. He should send them a text and apologize… maybe explain what happened…

sans- hey um i just wanted to say sry for earlier i had a nightmare and kinda freaked out i am so so sorry

He hits send and waits. It’s a pretty pathetic apology. What if they refuse to forgive him? He needs to do something to make up for what happened. Something special. He puts the phone back into his pocket and leans back against the stool to think.
Chapter Summary

A little light training with Undyne and Papyrus.
A little punnery.
A little bone-age.

....wait.
...not like that.

Chapter 25

“Punk!”

The glowing spear narrowly avoids clipping your ear as you dodge the row of bones rising from the soft earth, speeding dangerously towards you. A backflip and a rolling landing save you from three more spears that were hurled at your chest, followed closely by another six bones on your left. Fur matted with sweat, lungs burning from the exertion, you leap and roll and drop, managing to evade each and every attack your friends throw at you.

“Alright! You passed this test with flying colors! Take a breather cuz the next one is even harder!” Undyne yells enthusiastically.

You plop down and wipe at your forehead, panting heavily. The three of you had been going at it almost nonstop for six hours. Papyrus smiles and hands you a water bottle, which you gratefully down half of, the cool liquid refreshing your parched throat. The rest, you pour over your head with a sigh.

Looking up, you notice Undyne leaning on one of her spears, watching your actions with a contemplative look. Before you can ask about it, however, a skeletal hand grasps your own, pulling you quickly to your feet.

“COME, ____! IT IS TIME FOR YOUR NEXT CHALLENGE! I KNOW YOU WILL DO WONDERFULLY, THOUGH PERHAPS NOT AS WONDERFULLY AS THE GREAT PAPYRUS… JUST GIVE IT YOUR BEST! I BELIEVE IN YOU!”

A smile slowly forms as your heart seems to skip a beat at the tall skeleton’s encouragement. You can do this!
Turning back towards Undyne, you’re a little surprised to see her staring off towards one of the crystal-laden walls of the large room she had chosen specifically for your training sessions.

“Undyne?” you call softly.

“Hmm?” She looks back at you, obviously distracted. She sees that you’re ready to begin and snaps
out of it instantly, carnivorous grin stretching dangerously across her face. You suppress a shudder at the predatory look she is giving you as she summons quite a few spears. There are at least thirty floating around her, waiting to impale your soft, fleshy body. You make eye contact with her as she sneers.

“Alright, Punk! Listen up! Everything up to this point has been nothing but practice! Baby stuff in comparison! The purpose of this challenge is to check your ability to pay attention to your surroundings while avoiding getting hit by our attacks. You get hit once, you lose. Understand? In a real fight, you have to be ready for anything!”

You swallow nervously and nod. Papyrus looks to Undyne before summoning his own attacks to the ready. You take a deep breath, steeling yourself, then nod to your teacher. She counts down from three, then yells “GO!” before the spears and bones start flying. Around and past they whirl and zip, over and under, around and around you duck and flip, narrowly avoiding razor sharp spearheads and blunt, but painful bones. Your mind is clear and focused, your movements a practiced dance as you avoid each and every blow. A rather large bone speeds towards you and your muscles tense, preparing to leap over the oncoming-

You’re on your face in the dirt.

“What’s going on?” you ask. Or, rather, “Mff gning nnn?” is what comes out instead. You quickly realize that there’s a heavy weight on your back, holding you down and pressing your nose into the dirt. Something sharp and pointed digs into the soft flesh of the side of your neck. You can hear Undyne sigh with disappointment and the soft pop sounds of her and Papyrus’s attacks being dismissed.

“Doggy was not paying attention enough,” comes a raspy voice near your ear. “Easy to pounce. Easily dust if was McFluff’s intention. Doggy should be glad was only practice.”

You roll over and sit up as the large cat monster deftly leaps from your back, a weapon in his hand that resembles a fishbone with a blade where the head would be. Undyne has a hand over her face, shaking her head.

“You weren’t paying attention… When fighting humans, you have to be careful… You have to be ready for the unexpected…”

You startle at her words. “H-humans? There’s no… no humans down here… is there?”

She seems slightly relieved at your response, but it barely registers before the familiar sensation of panic begins to rapidly bubble up in your chest.

You don’t notice that you have started shaking until a bony pair of hands delicately reach under your arms and lift you from your sitting position, pulling you close. Cradling you like a small child in the safety of his arms, Papyrus shushes you while swaying slowly side to side. You blink up at him in wonderment, your racing thoughts pausing almost instantly at the unexpected action. He smiles down at you, pressing his teeth to your forehead.

“THERE NOW. EVERYTHING IS OKAY. THE HUMANS ARE NOT HERE, NOR WILL THEY GET YOU. THE GREAT PAPYRUS WILL ALWAYS BE THERE TO PROTECT YOU, NO MATTER WHAT! I PROMISE!”

“That’s right, Punk! And so will I! No stupid human is a match for me and my spears of JUSTICE!”
You look over just as Undyne lifts a large boulder over her head and suplexes it. A chill creeps up your spine at the display. McFluff stands silently, watching. Undyne looks at him expectantly. He blinks at her.

“WELL?? Aren’t you going to tell them what happens to any humans that might challenge you, ya big ball of fur?”

He grunts.


Undyne stares at him blankly. McFluff stares back.
Your stomach growls.
Papyrus clears his throat nervously.

“UM, UNDYNE. MAYBE THIS HAS BEEN ENOUGH TRAINING FOR ONE DAY? I THINK ____ IS IN NEED OF NOURISHMENT. SOME FOOD AND REST WOULD DO THEM SOME GOOD.”

Undyne scoffs good-naturedly and stretches her arms.

“Well, if the WEE-NIE needs food, I guess we can stop for the day. Take tomorrow off as well to rest up. Be ready to train even harder after your next shift.”

She winks at you and uses her elbow to nudge McFluff, who is licking at the fur on his arm. He looks up mid-lick, tongue sticking out between his large, protruding canines. She clutches her stomach, cackling at the big cat. He just rolls his eyes at her, then reaches into the small bag at his hip. After rifling through it for a moment, he pulls out what appears to be a lumpy biscuit covered in white icing. He tosses it to you and smiles. You sniff at it curiously.

“Sweet roll. Very tasty. Doggy eat and feel better.”

You sniff at it again and take a bite. The outside is firm and flakey, sweet thanks to the sugary glaze, the inside soft and fluffy with a buttery vanilla flavor. As you eat it, you can feel your sore muscles relax and your energy begins to return.

A buzz from your pocket catches your attention and you quickly pull out your phone. Papyrus glances at it and sets you back on your feet. You watch him walk over to Undyne before checking your received message.

snas- hey i was thinking we could grab some grub tonight if you wanted to

You smile and hit reply, your claws tapping softly at the screen.

_____ - That sounds like fun! Um, do you want me to ask Undyne and McFluff if they want to go?

He responds back almost immediately, which surprises you. Usually it would be a few minutes at least between replies.

snas- actually i was wanting just the 2 of us to go i kinda wanted to talk to you

You tilt your head. Talk to you? What about?

‘Maybe he wants you to leave…’

Wincing at the harsh voice, you glance over at Papyrus, who is currently being held in a headlock by Undyne as McFluff merely watches.
The voice didn’t make itself known often, but when it did, it seemed to always have something unpleasant to say. You shake off the discomfort that starts to settle in your chest at its words and turn back to your phone.

_____ - Okay. I think we’re about to head back home in a short while. I’ll see you at home.

sna- okay icee you then

You put your phone back into your pocket, managing to dodge a flying bone that sails over your head as you duck. You turn quickly to face your attacker and freeze. Papyrus is lying on the ground at Undyne’s feet, his left arm from the elbow down missing and he is waving what’s left at her, seemingly quite distraught. She’s trying and failing not to laugh.

“UNDYNE! MY ARM IS NOT A WEAPON TO BE THROWN! WHAT IF THAT ANNOYING DOG COMES BY AND STEALS IT AWAY? LAST TIME IT TOOK TWO WEEKS TO GET MY LEG BACK! I NEED MY ARM TO HELP ME MAKE DELICIOUS PASTA!”

Turning, you scan the area and quickly spot a familiar red glove poking out from a tuft of blue grass. You scoop it up and hurry over to return it. As you hand it over, you can feel a grin creep over your face.

Oh, yes.

“Wow, Papyrus… Looks like Undyne managed to disARM you pretty easily… Need a HAND?”

The look on his face as he’s reaching for his arm… It’s indescribable… but funny. He snatches the detached arm from your grasp and lets out a disappointed huff as he reattaches it. It snaps back into place effortlessly. He slowly stands, refusing to look at you as he does so. Finally, he turns, puts his hands on your arms, pinning them to your sides, and lifts you high over his head.

“_____, YOU LOOKED A LITTLE DOWN. ALLOW THE GREAT PAPYRUS TO LIFT YOUR SPIRITS! NYEH HEH HEH HEH HEH!”

Undyne cracks up, slapping the skeleton heartily on the back, jostling you uncomfortably. You stare down at her, pleadingly.

“Nice one, Paps! Just don’t let your brother hear you spouting puns like that or he’ll never let you live it down.”

“NYEH… GOOD POINT.”

You wiggle to get Papyrus’s attention.

“Um… Papyrus… speaking of down…”

“NYEH HEH HEH! ALRIGHT, MY DEAR FRIEND, BUT YOU MUST NOT MAKE ANY MORE BAD PUNS!”

He sets you gently down. Undyne summons a spear and uses it to lean on. She looks relaxed, but her eye bores right into your own.

“So… _____ , there’s something I’ve been meaning to ask you about… These training sessions. All you ever do is dodge. How come you never fight back? I don’t think I’ve ever seen you use your magic… Not once!”

You rub at your arm nervously.
“Well… uh… my… my mom… Well… um… She taught me that fighting isn’t the answer…”

Undyne seems to be thinking this over as Papyrus looks at you with sparkles in his eye sockets.

“YOU HAVE A MOM? WHAT IS SHE LIKE, _____? TELL US ABOUT HER!”

You smile at him and think back on your time spent with Toriel.

“Um… well, she’s really nice and… she always smells like cinnamon and butterscotch… And she has the softest white fur and long, pretty ears. Her eyes are red and she bakes pies a lot and sometimes I help her. She’s smart, too, and reads me books almost every night before bed… She taught me how to dodge and that there are other ways to end fights… like talking… I… I miss her…”

Papyrus pulls you into a hug, rubbing your back soothingly.

“I AM SURE THAT YOUR MOM MISSES YOU AS WELL. CAN YOU NOT VISIT HER, WHEREVER SHE IS?”

You shake your head sadly, discreetly wiping at a stray tear. Papyrus continues hugging you.

“But, what about your magic?”

Pulling away from the hug, you turn back to Undyne and raise your hand in front of you. You take a deep breath and let it out, screwing your face up in concentration. After a moment, a few glowing red sparks fall from your hand, sizzling out upon touching the damp earth. Undyne’s face says it all: a mixture of shock, disappointment, and pity displayed for you, Papyrus, and...

Wait a minute…

You look around, momentarily distracted.

“Hey… Where’s McFluff?”

Undyne dismisses your concern with a wave of her hand.

“He does that. He’s a “sneaky scary assassin”, remember?” she said, forming air quotes with her fingers.

Stepping closer to you, she takes your hand and looks at it.

“That was a pretty sad display of magic, Punk… Even a baby Whimsun has stronger magic that that crap…”

“UNDYNE! THAT WAS VERY RUDE! _____ CAN NOT HELP IT IF THEY DO NOT HAVE EVEN THE MOST BASIC GRASP OF MAGIC USAGE…”

Undyne smiles at you sheepishly before apologizing. She looks at your hand a moment longer and lets it drop.

“Maybe you aren’t using the right kind of magic? Have you tried anything else?”

You shake your head, causing her to grin excitedly, pumping her fist in the air.

“Well, I bet that’s it then! Try summoning a spear! Let yourself be filled with righteous fury! Ha!”

She summons a dozen spears and watches you expectantly. You look at your hand and try to envision a spear forming. A single teal spark appears and fizzles out, but nothing else happens. Undyne frowns momentarily, then turns to Papyrus.

“Maybe they can use bones? They are a dog after all, and dogs do love bones…”

She wiggles her eyebrows at him, causing him to flush orange. You miss it, focusing completely on your hand. Papyrus steps closer to you, his hands behind his back.
“AHEM, FRIEND. PERHAPS YOU ARE TRYING TO TAP INTO THE WRONG EMOTION?”

You look at him confused.
“Emotion?”

“AH, YES… MAGIC IS FUELED BY EMOTIONS, NOT WILLPOWER ALONE. THE STRONGER THE EMOTION, THE MORE POWERFUL THE MAGIC BECOMES. UNDYNE, AS SHE SAID, IS FUELED BY RIGHTEOUS FURY AND THE DESIRE TO PROTECT OTHERS.”

He presses a hand to his chest plate and stands straighter.

“YOURS TRULY IS POWERED BY LOVE, KINDNESS, AND THE NEED TO HELP OTHERS. SANS… WELL, HE…”

He furrows his brow bones.

“ACTUALLY, I AM NOT ENTIRELY SURE WHAT DRIVES MY BROTHER, AS I RARELY SEE HIM USE ANY MAGIC OTHER THAN HIS SHORTCUTS…”

He pauses.
“BUT!”

“THAT!”

“…”

“…IS NOT IMPORTANT RIGHT NOW… WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS THAT YOU FIND WHAT DRIVES YOU! TAKE A MOMENT TO FEEL AROUND IN THERE AND FIND YOUR DOMINATING EMOTION.”

“That was beautiful, Paps,” Undyne says sincerely, wiping a tear from her eye.

You turn your thoughts inwards and think carefully. What would be a good emotion to try? You let your mind wander freely, not entirely surprised when it settles on the Skelebros. A warm fuzzy feeling blossoms in your chest and you allow it to travel slowly to your left hand. Opening your eyes upon hearing the two of them gasp, you’re a little startled to see a tiny white bone hovering above your fingertips. It steadily rotates in the air, no bigger than your pinky, shimmering slightly. You jump in surprise when Papyrus speaks up right next to your face.

“WOWIE! I DID NOT THINK YOU WOULD ACTUALLY BE ABLE TO CREATE A BONE, SINCE YOU ARE NOT A SKELETON!”

He turns to study your face, eyes suddenly narrowed.
“ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU DO NOT HAVE SKELETON LINEAGE?”

You laugh, snorting slightly.
“Well, I do have bones, Papyrus… I’m like… a skeleton wearing meat and fur…”

He stares at you in shock.
“YOU ARE A SKELETON?? AND YOU DID NOT TELL ME?? WE MIGHT BE RELATED!”

“No, no… I… I’m not a skeleton… I… I’m… um… I’m… part… skeleton? Like… only about
fifteen or twenty percent, actually…”

He seems to calm a little at this. Undyne speaks up, dismissing the spears that have been hovering all around her.
“Hold up. So, you’re like some kind of fleshy, furry, meaty skeleton monster??”

Before you can attempt to answer, she strides over to you and begins poking and prodding at your face and arms. Her finger jabs at your elbow and she jerks her hand back in surprise.
“Ha! I guess you really are a skeleton under all that mush and fur!”

She wiggles her eyebrows at Papyrus again and you manage to catch a glimpse of his blushing face before he buries it in his gloved hands. She laughs, clapping you on the back, making you stumble forward.

“Well, I totally ship you two dorks, Fuhuhuhuhu!!!”
Chapter Summary

half-asleep and forgot to give this chapter a title before posting...
plus, this NyQuil is kickin my butt....
so....

story......

yeah................

Chapter 26

“FINALLY HOME!”

You shiver and push the door inwards, kicking some of the snow off of your boots before entering. The warmth of the Skelebros’ house flows over you, making you wonder for a moment if it was magic that keeps their home nice and toasty in this winter wonderland of a town. Papyrus follows after you, pushing the door shut.

“_____, PERHAPS YOU SHOULD GO WASH UP WHILE I EXPERTLY CRAFT A DELICIOUS DINNER FOR THE THREE OF US. I HAVE BEEN WANTING TO TRY THAT RECIPE FOR ‘SLIDERS’ FOR A WHILE.”

You nod and head towards the bathroom while Papyrus makes his way to the kitchen.

---

Fur still slightly damp, towel wrapped tightly around your body, you step into the living room and are met with whispers coming from the kitchen. You rotate your ears forward to focus on the sound.

“…CREATING DINNER FOR THE THREE OF US!”

“yeah, bro, but i had planned to take _____ out as an apology for this morning…”

“THAT REMINDS ME, BROTHER. WHAT DID HAPPEN THIS MORNING? _____ WAS RATHER CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR BEHAVIOR TOWARDS THEM.”

“…”

“…”

“…”

“WELL, I CAN SEE YOU DO NOT WISH TO DISCUSS IT WITH ME. HOWEVER. YOU DO NEED TO TALK ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED WITH _____. IT IS NOT FAIR TO LEAVE THEM IN THE DARK ABOUT YOUR…”
“yeah, paps, i know. ‘s one...”

You quickly turn away from the kitchen and rush upstairs, feeling a little uncomfortable at the fact that you had just eavesdropped on your two closest friends. You would make sure to take your time getting dressed so that they could have plenty of time to finish their conversation.

---

Stretching, you make your way slowly downstairs, dressed in a knee-length, sapphire blue top with short sleeves, and black, fitted sweatpants. Papyrus had explained to you that denim was hard to come by and, besides that, was quite difficult to sew the thick cloth by hand. You were perfectly fine with that, having nothing to wear but stiff and scratchy polyester lab clothes most of your life. That, and you weren’t entirely sure what denim was in the first place...

You yawn, stepping off the last step and looking around. Sans is sitting on the couch, staring at the television in silence. The tv is off. Papyrus is mumbling to himself in the kitchen and you manage to resist listening in, opting instead to focus on the smaller of the brothers. You walk around the couch, ready to sit, and pause when you see his face.

His eye sockets are dark, his grin seemingly forced. A few beads of sweat dot his forehead and he has both hands shoved in his hoodie pockets. You wait a few moments, then, when he doesn’t acknowledge your presence, you lean forward and gently tap his shoulder. He jumps, obviously startled and stares up at you, as if seeing you for the first time. His eye lights slowly return, though they grow no larger than pinpricks in the dark abysses that are his sockets.

“h-hey, k-kid. tryin ta s-scare me to DEATH? or you just DYING to get going? heh…”

You stare at him a moment, wondering why he seems so nervous. He shifts in his seat under your gaze.

“come on, kid… don’t leave me HANGING. I thought those were pretty well-EXECUTED puns…”

You feel your ears pin back in response to the nervous energy wafting off of him. He notices, looking away from you towards the kitchen.

“a-anyway… paps wanted to talk to you before we leave.”

Sans continues to stare towards the kitchen, so you turn away with a small sigh and go to check with Papyrus. He’s doing something with a pan, his back to you, when you walk in. You hesitate a moment, before moving to stand beside him. He stops wiping the frying pan and sets it gently down, turning to you. He pauses for a moment, hands held at his chest, before taking both of your hands in his own and looks you in the eye. You gaze back, mildly confused at the serious expression on his face.

“_____... ALLOW ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT SOME COMPLEX FEELINGS…”

He closes his eyes for a moment and takes a deep breath before continuing.

“FEELINGS LIKE… THE JOY OF FINDING ANOTHER PASTA LOVER…”

You smile at him, thinking back on all of the new pasta recipes you’ve worked together on.

“THE ADMIRATION FOR ANOTHER’S PUZZLE-SOLVING SKILLS…”
Your mind travels to the puzzles he had crafted just for you, to keep your mind sharp.

“THE DESIRE TO… TO HAVE A COOL, SMART, BEAUTIFUL PERSON THINK YOU ARE COOL…”

You feel your cheeks grow warm at his words, a warm, fuzzy feeling starting up in your chest.

“THESE FEELINGS… THEY…”

Flutter in your stomach make you swallow nervously. He seems to lean slightly closer, orange barely dusting his cheekbones.

“THEY…”

He leans closer, eye sockets half-closed, his nasal ridge only a few inches from your nose. You swallow nervously.

“THEY MUST BE WHAT YOU ARE FEELING RIGHT NOW!!!”

He pulls back suddenly, tugging one of his hands free and placing it on his breastplate.

“I CAN HARDLY IMAGINE WHAT IT MUST BE LIKE TO FEEL THAT WAY… NYEH HEH! AFTER ALL, I AM VERY GREAT. I DON’T EVER WONDER WHAT HAVING LOTS OF FRIENDS IS LIKE…”

You stare at him a moment, trying to read the situation. That… hadn’t been what you were expecting at all… His cheeks are tinged with orange and he’s purposely looking over your head at the wall. As you stare, a single drop of orange sweat forms above his brow bone and slowly, ever so slowly, slides down the side of his face. You laugh nervously, which seems to snap him out of his silence.

“A-ANYWAY, _____! MY BROTHER, S-SANS, WISHES TO TAKE YOU TO DINNER AS AN APOLOGY, I AM TOLD. YOU TWO HAD B-BETTER GET GOING OR YOU WILL BE LATE!”

You hesitate for a moment at his odd stutters, but drop it when he pulls you into a tight hug.

“DON’T STAY OUT TOO LATE…”

You nod at him.

“Okay, Papyrus…”

In the living room, Sans is standing near the small table where their pet rock rested. He seems to be studying it as he waits, curiosity lighting up his eye sockets. Upon your approach, he chuckles nervously and turns, holding out his hand.

“we’re taking the sans-express. all aboard…”

He pulls you close, smiling softly. You barely have time to close your eyes before you feel your stomach lurch as you’re pulled through his “shortcut” to your destination. Your paws touch down on smooth, warm wood, the familiar scents of fries, burgers, grease, and wood smoke filling your nose. You smile before even opening your eyes.

---
Earlier…

Sans walked in through the front door, pausing to knock the clinging bits of snow from his blue and white sneakers mid-step. A clatter from the kitchen pulled him from his thoughts. Papyrus was carefully slicing a pickle when he wandered quietly into the kitchen and sat at the table. A pan was on the stove, waiting to be used.

“sup, bro?”

Papyrus startled a little and turned to look at Sans. He pointed half of a pickle at him, his other hand on his hip.

“SANS! YOU SHOULD NEVER SNEAK UP ON A CHEF WHEN HE IS PREPARING INGREDIENTS!”

“aw, paps. i’m sorry. i guess that wasn’t very SLICE of me…”

“SANS.”

“eh, but what PAN ya do?”

“GROAN. SANS. STOP. PLEASE.”

Sans let out a soft sigh.

“okay, bro. ya got a DILL.”

He winked good naturedly at his brother who let out an annoyed huff and turned back to slicing the pickle with a grumble. Sans tapped a phalange against the tabletop a few times, watching Papyrus.

“so… bro… what ya doin, anyway?”

“Well, Sans…”

Papyrus turned to face him once more.

“We had quite the day today, training with Undyne and Mcfluff, and _____ did very well. I felt that the perfect end to a day such as this would be some tiny hamburgers lovingly crafted by the great Papyrus himself! So, I am creating dinner for the three of us!”

Sans felt the edges of his smile waver. He had thought that _____ would have mentioned their earlier conversation to his brother. Apparently, he was mistaken.

“yeah, bro, but i had planned to take _____ out as an apology for this morning…”

Papyrus frowned and put his hands on his hips, the vegetables on the counter temporarily forgotten.

“That reminds me, brother. What did happen this morning? _____ was rather concerned about your behavior towards them.”

Sans swallowed nervously and looked at the table.

Papyrus waited patiently.
Sans stuffed his hands in his pockets and stood, looking at the floor.

Papyrus shook his head, letting his hands fall from his hips.

“WELL, I CAN SEE YOU DO NOT WISH TO DISCUSS IT WITH ME. HOWEVER. YOU DO NEED TO TALK ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED WITH _____. IT IS NOT FAIR TO LEAVE THEM IN THE DARK ABOUT YOUR…”

“yeah, paps, i know. ‘s one of the things i wanted to talk to them about.”

Papyrus shook his head again and looked at the half-chopped vegetables.

“SANS… HAVE YOU TOLD THEM ABOUT YOUR FEELINGS FOR THEM YET?”

“nah, paps. not yet, anyway.”

“SANS. IT HAS BEEN WEEKS. AMPLE TIME FOR YOU TO EXPRESS YOUR FEELINGS OF DEVOTION FOR OUR MUTUAL LOVE INTEREST.”

The short skeleton rubbed at his face, eyes closed.

“i KNOW, pap… i know… it’s just… harder than it looks, okay?”

Papyrus stood silent for a few minutes, then turned to look Sans in the eye.

“I WISH TO TELL THEM OF MY FEELINGS BEFORE THEY LEAVE.”

Sans gawked up at his brother.

“but… but, papyrus… i-“

He held up a hand to stop him.

“NO, SANS. I HAVE WAITED AND WAITED AND I THINK I HAVE WAITED LONG ENOUGH. I FEEL AS THOUGH ____ AND I HAVE, WHAT YOU WOULD CALL ‘CHEMISTRY.’ AND SINCE YOU ARE TAKING THEM OUT ON A DATE, I SIMPLY WISH TO MAKE SURE THAT WE BOTH HAVE EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES.”

Sans nodded numbly at his brother and walked slowly into the living room to sit. He barely noticed when his bottom hit the soft, lumpy couch cushion.

Papyrus was going to tell them. Right before he would finally make a move! His brother was right, of course… he had given Sans plenty of time to confess… and he had wanted to! It was just… so… difficult… So many times he had turned to say something, to take their hand and look them in the eye, only to find himself inexplicably tongue-tied, sweating bullets.

He quickly became lost in his own thoughts, imagining how his life would be if they accepted his brother’s confession of love, knowing that he would never be able to tell them of his own feelings, always watching as both drifted farther and farther away, pursuing a life together. What if they managed to have children? He would probably have to move out at some point. Be all alone in the world. Maybe he would move to Hotlands, get an apartment close to his hot dog stand. Papyrus and _____ would visit from time to time, maybe, check up on him.

As he sat and dwelled on the possible future, he completely missed the soft padding of their paws on the carpet as they walked around the couch to stand in front of him. A tap on his shoulder jolted him from his thoughts and he physically jumped. _____ was standing before him, studying his face, their own painted with worry.

He chuckled nervously.

“h-hey, k-kid. tryin ta s-scare me to DEATH? or you just DYING to get going? heh…”
They just stared, watching him. It always made him nervous when they did that, almost like he was being judged. He shifted in his seat.

“come on, kid… don’t leave me HANGING. I thought those were pretty well-EXECUTED puns…”

Their brows furrowed, ears pinning flat against their head. Sans swallowed and looked towards the kitchen. Might as well get this over with…

“a-anyway… paps wanted to talk to you before we leave.”

He waited until they turned and walked to the kitchen before letting out a sigh, his shoulders slumping in defeat. It was over. They were going to fall madly in love with his awesome brother and he would be left with nothing and no one. He tried not to listen in, but couldn’t help himself.

“_____... ALLOW ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT SOME COMPLEX FEELINGS…”

He closed his eyes, a hollow feeling starting to form in his chest area.

“FEELINGS LIKE… THE JOY OF FINDING ANOTHER PASTA LOVER…”

He put a hand to his chest and took a slow breath to ease the growing emptiness.

“THE ADMIRATION FOR ANOTHER’S PUZZLE-SOLVING SKILLS…”

He felt like his brother’s words were pressing down on him, making it somewhat difficult to breathe.

“THE DESIRE TO… TO HAVE A COOL, SMART, BEAUTIFUL PERSON THINK YOU ARE COOL…”

Sweat dripped from his brow, dread settling on his chest, burning and eating at his very soul.

“THOSE FEELINGS… THEY…”

He gasped silently, jumping to his feet.

“THEY…”

He could just leave… They wouldn’t notice...

“THEY MUST BE WHAT YOU ARE FEELING RIGHT NOW!!!”

Sans froze.

“I CAN HARDLY IMAGINE WHAT IT MUST BE LIKE TO FEEL THAT WAY… NYEH HEH! AFTER ALL, I AM VERY GREAT. I DON’T EVER WONDER WHAT HAVING LOTS OF FRIENDS IS LIKE…”

A breath he didn’t realize he was holding whooshed out from between his teeth. Papyrus had chickened out. He still had more time. He thanked the stars over and over as he slowly shuffled to stand near their pet rock on the side table near the door.

“A-ANYWAY, _____! MY BROTHER, S-SANS, WISHES TO TAKE YOU TO DINNER AS AN APOLOGY, I AM TOLD. YOU TWO HAD B-BETTER GET GOING OR YOU WILL BE LATE!”
He leaned close to the small stone, smile returning to his skeletal face. “guess i shouldn’t waste this chance, eh, rocky? heh. can’t take opportunities like this for GRANITE…”

He started to turn when, much to his surprise, a soft “mweh” sounded from the previously silent rock.

He stared at it, wondering if he had imagined it.

“rocky?” he whispered. He watched and waited expectantly, but was met with silence.

_____ approached and he couldn’t help the nervous chuckle that escaped him. He turned, offering his hand.

“We’re taking the sans-express. all aboard…”

He pulled them close, smiling softly at the way they made his non-existent stomach flutter.

Reaching out with his magic, he latched onto his intended destination and let himself fall

fall

fall

through time and space itself, his magic pulling him swiftly through the fabric of reality to land safely inside Grillby’s.
Chapter Summary

Stuff happens.
Then more stuff.
Then.....

Stuff.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 27

The thick candle on the table between you and Sans flickers softly in the dimly lit bar. It’s obvious that it has been well used, cooled wax drips running down the sides and pooling around the base. You watch the small flame, mesmerized, only looking up when Sans lets out a small cough to get your attention. He’s holding a ketchup covered fry in his hand.

“so, kid… wanted to FRY and talk to you about something for a while now…..”

You nibble on a fry from your own plate, SANS the ketchup, and watch his facial expressions shift slightly as he talks. Nervous energy drifts off of the skeleton before you, but it’s drastically different from earlier when he had been sitting on the couch. This is… warmer… hopeful?

He pops the fry into his mouth.

“first, though… about this morning… i’m really sorry i reacted that way… i… i’ve been having some… pretty bad nightmares and… well, the lack of sleep has been really getting to me lately. can you forgive me?”

Sans is looking down at the table now, hand sitting next to his plate. Feeling that warmth blossom in your chest as you watch him, you hesitantly place your hand on top of his, smiling when he looks up at you with surprise.

“I… I know it wasn’t on purpose… You said you had a nightmare… and you already apologized… so…..”

Pulling your hand back to your side of the table, you look down at the candle flame once more.

“I forgive you, Sans. I… I care about you too much to be upset at you.”

The warmth in your chest grows hotter and you feel your face grow warm in response. Sans sits quietly. When you finally look up at him, his cheek bones are bright blue and his sockets are empty of light.
“you… care… about… me?” he mutters slowly.

You nod and snatch up one of the few remaining fries on your plate to nibble nervously.

“I… I care about both of you…. You two are my best friends… but more…you know?” you swallow nervously.

Sans’s smile grows as his eye lights return, soft and fuzzy around the edges. He takes your hand, his phalanges smooth and warm against your hand pads.

“you know we care about you, too, kid… heck, one could even say i… we… we both… love you… so much…”

His face flushes bright blue and his smile softens considerably as he just runs his thumb over the back of your hand, over and over.

“i… i love you, _____...” he whispers.

You put your other hand on top of his and smile.

“I love you, too. You’re the best family anyone could ever have.”

You totally miss the shock and disappointment that shoots across his face as you pull your hands back to finish off your fries.

---

“…and t-tomorrow, m-maybe we can watch Mew Mew Kissy Cutie again at your p-place? I-if that’s okay with you, I m-mean…”

You nod and smile at the yellow dino monster and return to digging through the garbage pile. The two of you had gotten up early to go look for electronic odds and ends, circuit boards, wires, the like. She needed them for some secret project for Mettaton she was working on. A gasp makes you look up. She’s holding what looks like a wad of black fur… or hair?

You drop the small bag of rotted food you were sifting through and deftly leap over the small pile between you.

“Oh! L-look, _____! It’s a w-wig! It looks just like Hotohori’s hair! Hotohori’s from Fushigi Yuugi, an anime about a girl that goes into a magical book and becomes a priestess and Hotohori’s the Emperor, that’s kind of like a king, and, oh! he wants to marry Miaka, but she’s already in love with Tamahome so he doesn’t make her, but he still loves her and oh my goodness, you need to watch it with me, you’ll love it so very m-much!”

She takes a few deep breaths, her eyes positively sparkling in excitement. You examine the wig she’s holding up and look back at her confused. Why would anyone want a wad of hair? She stuffs it in her bag, unaware of your confusion.

“I w-was wondering where I w-would get hair for Met… I m-mean m-my p-project…” she mumbles distractedly before returning to paw through a soggy cardboard box of metal bits.

You turn and let your eyes travel over the numerous mounds of garbage. Some are far older than others, containing trash washed down from the surface. A faint scent catches your attention over the stench of rot, mold, and mildew. Nose in the air, you slide down your current pile, following the sweet food smell to a smaller, newer pile. You take off running and dive in, the pile mostly containing spoiled foods, old papers, and other, softer trash. Everything in the pile is soaked, thanks to a constant trickle of water from the ceiling.
You pop out a few moments later with a snack bar held firmly between your teeth. It’s still in its wrapper, but the deliciously sweet honey scent is strong, even over the stench of rotted garbage. Saliva forms around it and you quickly pull it from your jaws, dripping. It tempts you and you look to the busy Alphys, torn. She had told you before that you shouldn’t eat anything from the dump, no matter how tasty it might seem. Quite a few monsters had gotten sick from the contaminated and rotted food found here.

You look back the treat in your hands. It’s still in its wrapper. The chance of it being tainted is pretty slim. A small, involuntary whine escapes your throat as you lose the battle against yourself, ripping off the wrapper to devour the small, rectangular bar. Sharp teeth slice through the honey-soaked grains and unfamiliar, bitter-sweet morsels tumble over your tongue. A familiar scent, hidden just under the strong smell of honey, hits your nostrils as you chew. You puzzle for a moment over the smell, swallowing. Licking your chops clean, you stuff the wrapper in your pocket and return to scavenging for parts for Alphys. The snack bar is completely forgotten as you uncover a large box full of old and broken computer parts.

---

“you okay, kid? you look DOG-tired…”

Sans stands over you as you lay on your stomach on the floor. You groan as the sound of his voice assaults your aching head causing you to cover your face with an arm. Your stomach lurches painfully and a whine escapes. Panting, too hot under your short fur and clothes, you weakly claw at the carpet, attempting to pull yourself to the couch from the bathroom. You had suddenly felt inexplicably dizzy and weak after your shower.

Sans watches, concerned. He kneels down and presses a hand to your cheek, retracting it quickly when he feels your fur, soaked with overly warm sweat.

“kid, i think you might be sick… i’m gonna call the doctor real quick… see if he can’t come by.”

You start to groan as hot bile works its way up your throat and spews weakly past your lips, onto the carpet in front of you. Wrinkling your nose at the bitter, acidic smell inches from your face, you can barely make out the sharp gasp from the stairs, the sounds around you suddenly muffled.

“OH MY, GOSH, SANS! WHY IS _____ SPEWING FLUID ON THE FLOOR?? ARE THEY OKAY??”

A cool pair of hands roll you carefully onto your back and lift you with ease. You’re mildly surprised that Sans could pick you up so easily like this. He sets you gently on the couch and Papyrus drapes a thin blanket over your body. Fading in and out of consciousness now, you barely register a cup being pressed to your lips and a warm, perfumed liquid making its way down your throat, easing the burn of the stomach acid. You swallow and close your eyes, drifting off instantly.

.

Sans and Papyrus are mumbling to a short blue rhinoceros in a tweed jacket… at least you think they’re mumbling. Your ears feel like they’re stuffed full of cotton balls, everything seems quiet and muffled. Sans turns to look at you and you think you see tears in his eye sockets before everything goes fuzzy and dark again.

.

Hot.
It’s too hot.
You weakly try to push the blanket off, but fail. An annoying buzz in your ears drone out any other
sound that might be present. You sigh in defeat and let exhaustion claim you again.

Your eyes shoot open as you instinctively roll to your side, dry-heaving painfully. Someone holds your long hair back until you finish, weakly flopping back onto your back. A blessedly cool hand strokes your cheek and you lean into it with a whimper of gratitude. You barely make out a rumble that must be words before you’re out again.

“……..unno what we’re gonna do, paps… they aren’t getting better… alphys said…”

“YOU DON’T THINK… THEY HAVEN’T… COULD THEY HAVE FALLEN DOWN?”

“god, i hope not… i really, really hope not…”

“SANS…”

You hear a small sob and pry your tired eyes open. They feel crusty and dry. Shifting slightly to look towards the voices, you see Papyrus looking towards the kitchen, tears streaming down his face, while he holds Sans tightly in a hug. Muffled sobs are coming from the smaller skeleton.

“H-hey,” you try to say. It comes out as a hoarse whisper, but somehow, they both hear you, turning quickly and rushing to your side. Sans looks rough, the normal circles under his eyes looking more like bruises. His smile is extremely strained as he rests a cool hand on your forehead.

“h-hey, kid, how ya feelin?”

You try to smile in spite of the worry that starts in your chest. It’s not a very good smile.

“H-hey Sans… Hey Papy…rus…”

The tall skeleton looks down at you, wringing his hands nervously. Tears fall as he tries to give you a smile.

“HEY, _____. IT… IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU AWAKE… YOU HAVE BEEN SLEEPING A LOT…”

“i guess they been spending too much time with this lazybones, eh?”

You chuckle weakly. You still feel so tired. Your eyes feel so heavy.

“WE WERE SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU…. YOU’VE BEEN LIKE THIS FOR ALMOST TWO WEEKS…”

Your eyes widen at this. Two WEEKS?

‘And you should have seen them cry! Oh, _____.! Oh, don’t leave us! Waaaaah, our poor little freak of science! Hahaha. Pathetic really.’

You try to bolt upright, only to have Sans gently, but firmly push you back down again.

“eeeeeasy now, you still need to rest. we’ll make you some food and bring it to you, okay? then, we’ll talk some more.”
You nod and try to force yourself to relax. Papyrus watches you, concerned, a few moments more before following his brother to the kitchen. The sounds of running water and pots being set on the stove lull you quickly back into a dreamless sleep.

The smell of spaghetti sauce in front of your face has you snapping up the food before your eyes are even open. A small moan escapes at the noodle-y goodness in your mouth. You swallow and look around for more and see Sans sitting next to you on the floor, empty fork still in hand. His face is bright blue, but the plate of spaghetti he holds in his other hand has your full attention.

“heh, you sure you aren’t a MOANster? cuz um…. heh… yeah… n-nevermind… uh, just… here…”he stumbles over his words, turning an even darker shade of blue and twirls more spaghetti on the fork for you. You take the second bite slower, then a third, a fourth, and so on until the plate is empty. Sans sets the dish and fork on the small table behind him and turns back to help you fully sit up. Being vertical after laying for two weeks makes you feel slightly dizzy, but it passes after a few moments.

“Where’s Papyrus?” you rasp. Wow, your voice sounds rough.

Sans grabs a glass of water and hands it to you.

“he had to work today. didn’t want to, especially after you slept through the rest of the day yesterday. he was worried you might not wake up again.”

You sip at your water slowly.

“but, i told him that you were just napping this time. a lazybones like me can tell the difference, you know.”

He winks, but you can tell his heart isn’t in it.

“So, uh… the doctor came and couldn’t figure out what was wrong… and, well… couldn’t very well let ’im pull your soul out… it… being a… well, not a monster soul and all… so, we called up Alphys to see if she could figure it out… she didn’t, for a while…”

He rummages around in his hoodie pocket for a moment and pulls out a crumpled up metallic wrapper. You look at him, confused as he smooths it out.

“after a week, paps went on a stress-driven cleaning spree… heh, scrubbed the house from top to bottom… inside AND out… well, he found your pants in the bathroom and when he went to wash them…”

He hands you the wrapper, his smile dropping, tears forming in his sockets.

“kid, you almost died…. all because of… of…. THIS!”

He gestures frantically at the wrapper in your hand and totally loses his composure, shaking as he cries into his hands. You turn it over to read the label.

**Natural Canyon**
Chewy Granola Snack
Oats ’n Dark Chocolate
Now With **MORE Dark Chocolate!**
Alphys warning about chocolate months ago, echoes in your mind. If a tiny bit of chocolate makes the monster dogs sick, then a fairly decent amount of dark chocolate to someone who’s half ACTUAL dog… It’s a wonder that you didn’t die…
You set the wrapper slowly down and reach for the sobbing skeleton. He throws himself into your arms, burying his face against your chest. You stroke his back comfortingly as his tears begin to taper off and his breathing slows. Before too long, Sans has cried himself to sleep in your arms. You look down at the wrapper on the floor and sigh.

You almost died…

…to a snack bar.

Chapter End Notes

Reader unknowingly friend-zones Sansy, eats some chocolate, almost dies. Yay!

Also, I fricken loved Fushigi Yuugi in high school, read the manga and watched the anime. <3
Chichiri was my favorite.
Fur, Flowey, Flames

Chapter Summary

The Darkness keeps growing...
It's not so bad though.
Kinda comfy at this point...

Chapter 28

Flowey glares at you in silence.
You stare back.
Glare.
Stare.
Glare.
Blink.
“Ha! I win! Take that, you dirty mutt!”
You rub your dry eyes and sit back, smiling, as Flowey gloats.
Over the past few weeks, you’ve seen him more and more in your “dreams” and his hostility towards you has morphed into playful (and sometimes painful) bickering. He still insults you from time to time, but you accept it as more of a personality trait than it being personal.
He finally finishes his comments about his superior skills and disappears into the blackness, popping up moments later next to your thigh.
“So. I haven’t seen you in a couple of weeks.”
You look down at him.
“Oh, I almost died. Apparently, I was unconscious for two weeks. Don’t remember if I dreamed or not.”
He scowls at you.
“Well, if you did, you didn’t come here. I was sooo booooooored!”
He droops over exaggeratedly as he drags out the words.
You force back a chuckle, not wanting to annoy him.
Laying back with your arms behind your head, you look up into the darkness.
The darkness seems to look back at you.

“Ya know… When I first came here… it was kind of scary… and confusing…”

Flowey looks up at you curiously.

“But, now… it’s kind of… peaceful.”

Flowey tilts his head back to look at the darkness, his features softening for a moment.

“Yeah, I guess... Except when you start running your mouth that is!”

You hum quietly in response, then fall silent.

The complete lack of sound seems to slowly become soft static in your ears.

You turn your head to comment on the static but find yourself alone, Flowey, nowhere in sight.

A sigh escapes your lips.

The floor is smooth and warm.

You yawn.

The soft static slowly lulls you towards sleep.

A soft rustling catches your attention.

You turn your head towards the sound and see a seething mass of darkness a few yards away.

It shuffles clumsily closer, a few inches at a time, until eventually, you could reach out and touch it if you wanted to.

You don’t.

Instead, you sit up slowly, allowing you to see the creature’s face, looking down at you from atop the blobby body.

Its features are the same as the last time you saw it, months ago.

The small dots of light in its eye sockets make it seem almost friendly.

You wave slowly at it.

A white, bony hand appears in the space beside it and waves back.

There is a perfectly round hole cut through the center of its palm.

You wait.

It waits.

You gently pat the ground next to you.

It settles next to you and sinks into its own body, as if sitting.

You both sit in silence for a while, neither moving nor speaking, just enjoying not being alone.
You look up as a glimmer of golden yellow catches your eye.

Flower petals, six of them, fall slowly, twirling and dancing in the air.

You stand and wave at the creature.

“Guess it’s time for me to go. It was nice.”

It tilts its head forward in a nod and disappears slowly into the darkness.

You have just enough time to smile before the flower petals begin forming in your mouth, spilling from your lips and pouring down around you.

You grow dizzy and fall to your knees, the petals scorching away the fur wherever they touch.

The smell of singed fur is the last thing you notice before you black out.

---

“…id, wake up! shitshitshitshit hang on….”

Ice-cold water drenches you from head to toe, jerking you from your sleep with a gasp. You roll off the couch, onto your hands and knees on the floor, coughing from the shock. The cold water seems to seep into your very core, causing you to begin shivering violently. You cough again, teeth chattering.

“W-w-what-t-t-t w-w-as th-that-t-t-t about-t-t-t?” you cry, looking up at the skeleton holding the bucket.

He sets the bucket down and grabs the blanket from the back of the couch. It’s thrown over your shivering form and rubbed briskly back and forth to absorb some of the water. After the blanket is thoroughly soaked and you, a little less so, he takes your hand and leads you silently to the bathroom.

“change. i’ll bring you dry clothes.”

With that, he’s gone. You step inside and strip, grabbing a dry towel. A few minutes go by and Sans taps at the door, handing you a t-shirt and shorts when you open it.

He’s waiting in the kitchen when you get done.

“So, what was that about?” you ask, brushing out your damp hair.

He looks at you with a peculiar expression on his face. One you haven’t seen before.

“you were on fire.”

You blink.

“Th…thank you?”

He shakes his head, totally serious.

“no, kid, you were on fire. literally. look at your arm.”

You hold your arm up and look at it. Sure enough, most of your forearm has had the fur completely singed off, leaving behind completely unmarred, pale, pink skin in its absence. What’s even stranger is the fact that, while the fur gradually tapers off into bare skin around your elbow, there is a clean,
even line around your wrist, as if you’re merely wearing fur gloves.

“Huh. That’s weird.”

Sans stands up suddenly.

“weird? weird?? you spontaneously caught on FIRE in your SLEEP. first, we gotta worry about people stealin’ your soul, then, you eat a frickin’ snack bar and almost die, now… now, you spontaneously burst into flames in your sleep?? jeez, kid, i’m glad i don’t have internal organs, cuz this stress woulda given me a heart attack by now!”

Staring at him as he gestures wildly, a look of distress on his face, you lower your gaze to the floor.

“I… I just meant… the burn pattern… s’like… that’s… I mean… I’m sorry…” you mumble softly.

‘See? You’re just a hassle to them. You’d be better off dead.’

Your ears droop as Sans just shakes his head and sits.

“look… i… i just want you to be safe…”

‘…stop causing problems for everyone…’

“i want you to be happy…”

‘…stop bugging them all the time…’

“…the underground can be… dangerous…”

‘…even a child is more adept at surviving than you…’

“i guess what i’m trying to say is…”

‘what he really means is…’

“i don’t know what i’d do if something happened to you.”

‘he wishes you’d leave already and stop ruining their lives.’

You stand, rubbing at your bare arm in silence, unsure of what to do. A phone starts to ring, causing you both to jump. It’s Undyne calling you. Sans motions for you to answer it. You turn away from him and hold it to your ear.

“H-hello?”

“Hey, Punk! You feelin better? Ha, you better be! Cuz you are WAAAAY behind in your training!”

“Oh, um… I’m sorry….”

“Nah, its okay. I saw how you were and Alphys explained what happened. I went ahead and told the Dogs what happened, too. They were really worried. Apparently, some great ancestor or someone fell down and dusted after eating a chocolate bar at the dump.”

You felt the blood drain from your face.

“Oh. Um. Well, I learned my lesson. When… do you want me to go back to work?”
“Ehhhhhhhhhh….. Tomorrow. And after that, come by my place so we can see how rusty you’ve gotten!”

You tell her you’ll be there and hang up, turning to tell Sans.

He’s gone.

The voice in your head just laughs.
Gotta Love a Good Bone

Chapter Summary

So.
Its been a while... a WHILE... I know...
I suck, lol.
But, I've finally got most of my life in order enough to start writing again.
And I actually have time again!
Between dealing with depression, ending a 6 1/2 year relationship that was, well, pretty unhealthy, and working a crap-ton of hours every week, I didn't have much time to even sleep, much less think about my story.
(thank god for notes, eh?)

Anywho...
Here's the next chapter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ivory bone grips the rough surface of the homemade wooden pencil. The hardened charcoal tip kisses the water-damaged paper, dancing swiftly across its surface as the words are formed. The tired skeleton pauses a moment, lifting his head from his hand to look over his writing. He hadn’t been to his lab to make any entries since _____ had gotten sick, afraid to leave their side for more than a moment at a time. He was behind in his notes.
A fart sounds in the fairly empty room, echoing loudly against the bare walls. He picks up his cell and puts it on silent. _____ has been sending him texts all morning, asking him to come back home. He doesn’t want to ignore them, but the whole “catching-on-fire” thing has him a little freaked out. Well… more than a little, if he’s being honest with himself.

He had gone downstairs to fix some coffee and just happened to pause on his way, to watch them sleep for a moment. They seemed so peaceful. But then, just as he turned to walk into the kitchen, they had let out a pained groan, throwing their arm up in front of their face before it suddenly burst into flames, the sharp stench of burning fur sending him into a panic.

Humans didn’t randomly catch on fire. Not without an ignition source anyway. They just didn’t.

His phone vibrates in his hand, indicating another message. He sets it on the desk without checking it and rubs at his eye sockets. Why did humans have to be so damned fragile?
Humans…
Dogs…
Hybrids…
Whatever…
Could them being a Hybrid have something to do with it?
Maybe he should talk with Alphys about this… new development.
Run some tests...
Sans picks up the pencil once more and goes back to writing.
He makes a mental note to text her after he finishes making his entries.

You sit on the couch looking at your phone. Sans still hasn’t messaged back. He could at least tell you that he’s busy or… something…

‘That’s because he hates you. He doesn’t want to talk to you.’

You groan and cover your ears, dropping the phone into your lap. Not that it helps in keeping the voice out.

‘He and Papyrus were so happy before you came along, you know.’

“Stop…”

‘Sans was lazy and Papyrus strove to join the Guard. They had dreams.’

“Please…”

‘Now, however… they must devote all of their time and energy into simply… keeping you alive.’

“They’re my friends…”

The voice scoffs.
‘You’re only using them. Just like you used Mother.’

“I didn’t… I never meant to… Just… Just leave me alone!”

The voice in your mind chuckles darkly.
‘As you wish…’

You sit in silence for a few minutes before moving to uncover your ears. Nothing but silence. A relieved sigh escapes your lips. The couch creaks softly under your weight as you shift to pick up your phone. Maybe you should try to take your mind off of Sans. He’s probably just very busy, doing… whatever it is that he does when he disappears from time to time.
You flip through the contacts on your phone, landing randomly on Doggo’s number. You hadn’t talked to him since you got sick. Your claw taps against the screen as you type out a hello, making a soft clicking sound that sounds much louder in the empty house. You hit send and it’s not even a minute later before you receive a reply.

Doggo- hello im at grollbz you should commje to grillc bbyz anf join us

You smile at the message, picturing him shaking his phone in front of his face as he chases down the buttons to type. It was almost as funny as watching him try to write a note on a piece of paper.
Speaking of notes…
You find a scrap piece of notebook paper and jot down a quick note for the skelebros in case they return home while you’re gone, leaving it on the kitchen table where they’re sure to find it.

Wouldn’t want them to worry…
You pause, expecting a hateful comment to pop into your head. When you’re met with silence, you shake your head and pull a long-sleeved shirt on over your t-shirt. A growl escapes as you snatch your coat from the hook near the door.
Stupid voice.
Stupid you.
Stupid everything.
Coat on, you almost slam the door on your way out, but manage to catch yourself. It bothers you that you know almost exactly what the voice would have said.

It bothers you that you let it bother you…

The snow crunching under your paws helps to take your mind off of your troubles. It reminds you that, despite everything that has happened in your life so far, you’re here now, alive, and away from the humans. You have friends, a soft place to sleep, and food to eat… Food, lovingly prepared by non-other than the Great Papyrus himself! Your chest begins to feel warm and fuzzy as you reach for the door to Grillby’s.
Everything will be alright, you’re sure of it.

Grillby’s is as warm and inviting as ever, the wafting scents of cooked food making you salivate just a little. You wave at the quiet fire elemental, who nods back at you. Letting your gaze wander around the room, you quickly spot Doggo sitting with the dog couple, Dogamy and Dogaressa. It seems like the Dogi are too preoccupied with their nose-nuzzling to notice that the husky seems bored out of his mind. He chews at the end of his dog biscuit, grumbling to himself about this and that. You head over to their table, making sure to keep shifting from one foot to the other once you get there, so that Doggo can see you. He looks up, his face breaking out into a big grin.

“Heya, pup,” he grunts.

“Hello, Doggo,” you reply, glancing awkwardly at the Dogi. You don’t really want to interrupt them…

The black and white dog takes the biscuit from his mouth and looks at it, slowly waving it in front of his face. “You wanna step outside for a few? I wanna talk to you.”

You look at him, surprised. Doggo’s “talking” usually consisted of complaining about this person or that person, or grumbling about Undyne’s no-smoking policy while at work. Following him out the door, you aren’t really surprised to see that the Dogi are too preoccupied to notice the two of you leave.
Once outside, Doggo stuffs his hands into the pockets of his leopard-print pants and starts to walk in silence, his bare paws crunching softly through the snow. He pauses and looks over his shoulder, noticing that you haven’t moved.

“Coming, pup?”

You nod and follow after him, pulling your fluffy hood over your ears. You’ll never understand how the cold doesn’t bother the other dogs. Especially Doggo. Just looking at his pink tank top makes you shiver. He pauses at the edge of town to look around before making a right into the trees, much to your surprise. You hesitate for a moment, then follow. After a few minutes of tromping through the snow drifts, the sound of the river hits your ears and the forest opens up to a small, mossy clearing, tiny white flowers growing here and there. The branches overhead intertwine to form a canopy which has kept the snow from reaching the ground. A few small boulders sit scattered, their height and placement perfect for lounging and hanging out.
Doggo chooses a larger rock to perch on and pulls the biscuit from his mouth to examine once again.

“So... Undyne told us what happened.”

You sit on the rock in front of his, turning yourself to face him.

“About the snack bar?”

Doggo sighs, ears drooping, and drops his arm to his knee. His expression seems sad for only a moment before it changes to his usual stern demeanor.

“Well… that too, but… Look, _____, I don’t think you realize how much everyone cares about you. The skeletons… us dogs… hell, even Undyne was worried to death. We all love you, pup. And we want you to be safe.”

You stare at him, surprised. He wasn’t normally… well, ever, that you saw, the kind of monster to get emotional about… anything. He rubs at his eye with his palm and clears his throat.

“Hey, uh, you wanna help me smoke this? It’s really good for stress. Liver flavored, too. We’re off the clock, so Undyne can’t yell at us.”

Shrugging, you watch as he lights the end of the bone-shaped dog treat, inhaling slowly. He holds his breath for a few moments, then exhales leisurely, the liver-scented smoke twirling and climbing up to the canopy of branches above. He holds the biscuit out to you and you gingerly take it, pressing the unlit end to your lips. You mimic his actions, inhaling carefully. The smoke is smooth and light, like a cool mist almost. It travels down your throat with ease, settling gently on your chest, like a down pillow. Holding your breath for a few moments, as Doggo had done, you let the smoke slide from between your teeth. He chuckles at you and holds out a hand for the dog treat. You pass it back to him, a feeling of warmth beginning to creep over you almost immediately, starting at your paws and gradually moving up. After only a few minutes, your thick parka feels uncomfortably warm. You strip it off and set it carefully on the rock beside you.

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“Feeling a little warm there, pup?” Doggo chuckles good-naturedly. He takes another puff, then stubs it out on the side of his rock. “Don’t think a beginner should have more than one hit, so I’ll put this up for later.”

You nod at him, delighting in the warmth that has practically encased your body like a soft blanket. The stress from earlier quickly dissipates, leaving you a very relaxed puddle of warm and happy goo. Doggo watches you, his expression one of amusement and friendly affection. You grin stupidly at him.

He chuckles softly.

“So, pup. The real reason I brought you out here. Undyne let slip yesterday that you finally managed to form a magical attack. Let’s see it.”

You nod lazily. He had tried to get you to use magic on a few occasions, but all attempts ended with the same results: sparks and failure.

You hold up a hand and look at it.

Let’s see… Undyne and Papyrus had said emotion controls magic. You decide to focus on Doggo. The gruff but caring dog monster who, really does, look like he could be a relative of yours. Warmth forms in your chest, similar to before, but… different. It travels down to your fingers and with a soft “POP” manifests into a tiny floating blue fur ball, no bigger than a marble, hovering slowly side to side in front of you.
You both stare at it in silence. A muffled snickering breaks your concentration. You turn to look at Doggo, who has his hands over his muzzle in an attempt to keep quiet. It’s not working.

“Pup…*SNRRRK* Pup… that was… *SNORT* Please tell me… *FFFFFFFF* Tell me that’s not… not what Undyne was… BAAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Tell me that’s not what Undyne was bragging about! Heh heh heh… What even IS that?”

You feel your mood sink as Doggo continues to laugh. The warmth in your chest goes from being light and gentle, to being heavy and tight. So focused on the hurt you feel, you don’t notice the fur ball changing, shifting… sparkling. In fact, you don’t even notice that you’ve squeezed your eyes shut, until Doggo lets out a gasp.

You open your eyes to see that the clearing is bathed in an eerie navy light, lit sporadically by flashes of crimson. Looking up, you’re shocked by what you see.

The marble-sized fur ball has grown to the size of a basketball. And it’s not a ball of fur any more… It now looks like some kind of animal skull, small patches of short, blue fur littering the surface of the bone. Sharp canines extend past the lower jaw and you can see that it has narrow, serrated molars. It almost looks canine… save for the two black horns curving back from the top of its head… What looks like dark red electricity sparks across its surface every so often, lighting up the clearing. It turns to face you and you see glowing blue dots in its sockets. It almost seems… sentient.

Doggo coughs nervously, startling you, and the creepy skull vanishes with a soft “POP.” You stare at the space it just inhabited.

“Well… that was… well… creepy as fuck, pup, I’m not gonna lie. Not even gonna try to sugarcoat it. Holy hell. Is THAT what Undyne saw?? Because what the actual fuck WAS that thing??”

You shake your head, at a loss for words. You were seriously confused. And frankly…

A little concerned.

---

Doggo was still a little shaken up when the two of you made it back to Grillby’s, so you told him you were just going to head home. By the time you walk through the door, the skeleton brothers have not yet returned, so you drop the note you had written into the trash. The dog biscuit hasn’t worn off yet, so you decide to relax on the couch until it does.

Staring up at the ceiling, eyes half-closed, you let your mind drift where it pleases. Soon, you find yourself thinking about Sans. He’s so nice to you sometimes, always telling the best… and worst jokes. And he always seems to be looking at you when you aren’t paying attention. He makes you feel safe.

As you picture his smiling face, the warmth in your chest returns, only this time it’s stronger and there’s a tightness mingled in with it. You open your eyes and see three bones floating in front of you, the size of your hand. A giggle escapes your lips as you poke one with a claw. It spins slowly away, disappearing with a pop when it makes contact with the wall. You poke the second one and it spins away as well, popping when it touches the table. The third and last bone hovers before you, glowing faintly. You stare at it and an idea creeps into your brain. Carefully, you reach out and grasp the bone, expecting it to pop as the others did. When it doesn’t, another soft giggle escapes from your lips, echoing gently in the empty house. You bring the bone to your face and grin. Your tongue
slides out and quickly gives it a lick. When it doesn’t vanish, you repeat the action, slower. The bone tastes like… well, a bone, only… fizzy? You can feel the magic against your tongue.
You like it.
You continue licking at the bone, even giving it a few nibbles after a while, getting thoroughly lost in the act. There’s just something so mind-numbingly relaxing about chewing a bone, that you don’t even notice when the front door opens. A loud gasp jolts you from your daze and you look up to see Sans staring at you, his face a bright blue, practically glowing in the dimly lit room. You lick your lips and sit up, looking at the bone in your hand, then back at Sans.

‘I wonder if he thinks you’re going to eat him and his brother now?’

Your eyes widen as you realize that the voice might be right. The bone falls to the floor and vanishes.
“I… uh… I was… just… I’M NOT GONNA EAT YOU!”

Sans stares for a moment, startled, then bursts out laughing. Like, really laughing. He doubles over, holding his stomach, his closed sockets leaking blue tears. You watch confused.

“kid… kid… han… hang on… you… hahaha… you thought… whoo… you thought that i thought…”

“That… I was gonna… eat you… yeah…”
You gesture towards the floor where the bone disappeared.

Sans shakes his head and sits on the couch, facing you, legs crossed, kicking off his shoes in the process. When you blink, he has his slippers on.

“nah, kid. i don’t think you’re gonna eat me. or paps. at least, i really hope not. it’s never even crossed my mind, honestly. why would you think that?”

“Because… bones… dog….”
He laughs again and smiles at you.
“kid, that’s like undyne being afraid that alphys is gonna eat her because she loves to eat sushi.”

“Sushi? What’s…?”

“eh, it’s like… raw fish or something. never tried it, personally. but, yeah. undyne wouldn’t worry about that, because she trusts her. and, heh heh, she’d probably want… alphys to… eat… her…… *cough*”

He stares at your confused face for a moment.
“…yeah, um… actually, never mind. forget i said that… but, no, neither me nor paps think you are gonna eat us. even if we are made of bones.”

“Oh. Okay.”
You both sit in silence for a few minutes, before Sans speaks up again.

“so, uh…. where’d ya get that bone anywho? did, uh, paps give it to ya? cuz… cuz that’d be okay… if he did… i mean… it’s none of my business who, uh… who gives ya a good BONE once in a while, heh… heh…”

The tone of his voice tells you that was a pun, but it goes over your head. He looks at you intensely, as if his words don’t match how he really feels. Are taking bones from others considered taboo down here? The sweat starting to bead on Sans’s skull as he waits for your answer seems to confirm it.
You make a mental note of it.

“No, he didn’t.”

Sans shifts uncomfortably.  
“then, uh… who did, kid? not that you have to tell me, if you don’t want to…”

You smile at him and hold out your hand. He looks confused until a bone appears out of thin air. It’s a little longer than the three you had just summoned. He stares at it in wonder, then at you.

“how…? when did you learn to do this?”

“Undyne and Papyrus taught me how, when we were training, before I got sick. I think Undyne was annoyed that I couldn’t fight her with magic.”

Sans reaches for the bone, but hesitates, looking to you for permission. You hand it to him. He turns it over in his hands, inspecting it.

“not bad for a beginner. good length, solid composition, no pits or rough patches…”

He looks up at you.

“how many times have you summoned these?”

You count slowly, thinking back to the first time and moving forward through your memories.

“Four… No, three. This is the third time I summoned bones. The first time, they were tiny, like finger bones.”

He looks at it for a moment longer, then hands it back to you.

“you said four at first?”

You rub at your arm, remembering Doggo’s reaction.

“I tried to summon a bone, but it… wasn’t.”

Sans pulls his feet onto the couch to face you.

“whaddya mean, kid?”

“Um… well, at first, it looked like… a furry marble or something… Then, it turned into something else… like… a living skull thing…”

Sans eye sockets go dark and his grin suddenly seems forced.

“did, uh… did something happen? something… er… not-so-good?”

You scratch at the bone with a claw.

“Yeah. Doggo laughed at me. It made my chest feel tight… That’s when it changed.”

A sigh makes you look up at the short skeleton before you. He looks towards the door for a moment, hesitating, then back at you.

“i’m guessing you already know that emotion drives magical attacks? well, different emotions create different kinds of attacks… and the different attacks can have different effects, like paps’s blue attack, or undyne’s ability to turn your soul green. if you create something with magic, and something happens to make you feel threatened, your magic is, naturally, going to change to respond to that threat. understand? that’s why it’s important to keep a handle on your emotions when playing with magic, kid. If the threat seems great enough, your magic may even lash out on its own…”

You look at your hands.
“Like… it wants to protect me?”

“well…”

Sans thinks for a moment.
“yes and no… your magic is you. it’s part of you. in our case, it is us. your soul is made entirely of magic. so it only makes sense that it would lash out at a perceived threat with magic. so, self-defense really. what, er… kind of worries me about it though, is that you managed to form such an advanced magical attack simply because a friend laughed at you… it took me years to do something like that… and only under… um… great distress….”

Both you and Sans sit quietly for a few minutes, lost in thought.

“do you think you could try to do it again?”

You shift uncomfortably. He notices and puts a hand on your arm.
“it’s okay. i just want a better idea of what we’re talking about here so that i can give you better advice. if it’s what i think it is, you’re gonna need some special training… and i don’t mean like pap’s…”

You take a deep breath and let it out slowly. You trust Sans.
“How do I do it again?”

Sans smiles softly at you.
“just think about what happened before. focus on that feeling and then try to summon your attack.”

You nod and close your eyes, trying to picture Doggo’s face when you summoned the tiny fur ball. The tightness returns to your chest and you latch on to it, using it to fuel your magic. Sans gasps softly as you feel your magic take shape. Opening your eyes, you see the same skull, only this time it’s the size of a small child. It’s hovering between you and Sans, eyeing him warily. Sans looks slightly uncomfortable.
“okay. okay… it’s what i thought it was. so. heh. this is gonna sound weird, but the first thing you need to do is name it. you don’t have to say it out loud, because it… well, it’s part of you and can hear your thoughts. but you do need to come up with something.”

You think. What could you name a floating skull? One you made? Looking it over, taking in the blue fur patches and angry red sparks, you suddenly think of the perfect name. As you think it, the skull seems to relax and turns to face you, letting out a soft, affectionate rumble. You’re startled by the reaction, which causes it to tilt curiously.
“okay, that was good. good sign. um… now, uh… reach out and pet it. you need to get to know it.”

Blinking, you slowly reach out, hesitating when a red spark travels across the surface of the bone.
“your magic can’t hurt you, kid… go for it.”

Your hand makes contact and the skull lets out a gentle rumble, almost like a purr. Scratching the surface gently, you can’t help but give a small coo at the way it looks at you, it’s sockets glowing with pure adoration. You lean forward and nuzzle it, giving a soft rumble of your own before turning to see that your skull isn’t the only one looking at you with adoration. You startle, the skull poofing back to wherever it came from. You can feel your cheeks warming as Sans just… watches you.

“S-sans?” you murmur.

He blinks and grins nervously.
“y-yeah, kid, i was… m-making sure everything was alright between you two, is all…”
He clears his throat after a moment.
“so, uh, what did ya name it, if i can know?”

You shrug, nervous now.
“It’s dumb... It was just the first thing that popped into my head, from... from one of your books I was looking through a few weeks ago...”

Sans sits up a little straighter and rests a boney hand on your knee. Your cheeks grow a little warmer. You notice he sports a deep blue blush as well.

“hey, now. if you like it and your blaster likes it, its not dumb... okay?”

Blaster? Is that what its called? You look at Sans for a moment, then glance away as you mumble your answer. He grins and leans closer, putting weight on your leg.
“What was that?”

You stutter and mumble again, feeling quite warm. His closeness has never affected you like this before and its a little confusing, to be honest. He leans even closer, putting his other hand on the arm of the couch, practically on top of you now, his grin even bigger than when he makes a good pun.
“one more time, sweetheart?”

Heart pounding in your chest now, you look up at him, painfully aware of how close the skeleton’s face is to your own. Your breath comes out in nervous pants.
“S-strontium. I... it’s name is Strontium...”

Sans lifts the hand from your leg and gently rests it against your cheek, stroking the fur there softly with his thumb. His eyelights are soft, gazing into your own.
“strontium, huh? like the element? s’ fitting,” he says softly, inching closer, his cheekbones burning blue. His eyes dart to your lips, then back to your eyes.

You swallow nervously and find yourself panting harder. You’re feeling really warm now. Almost uncomfortably warm, actually. A soft moan escapes your lips as he straddles your lap in an attempt to get closer. He hesitates at the noise, but then leans even closer, his breath against your lips for just a second before pressing his teeth to your lips in what can only be...

...a kiss.

Chapter End Notes

yup.
The Fish Nose What's Up

Chapter Summary

More things happen.
Fish noses.
Breaking bones.
Shortcuts.
Even some hotness.

Your mind goes blank as Sans presses his teeth to your lips. What feels like an electric current shoots through your body in the best possible way and you close your eyes, enjoying the new sensation. His teeth are smooth and warm and Stars, it is getting heated in here!
He pulls away slowly and leans forward to nuzzle lovingly into your neck, a soft rumbling vibrating through your short fur to the skin underneath. You pant heavily now, your fur starting to become damp with perspiration, your heart bordering on racing. And now, there’s a strange feeling that you can’t explain, a growing need that you don’t understand... all you know is that it has something to do with this skeleton straddling your lap.

“S-sansssss...” you moan out softly.
He breathes hotly into your neck in reply, sending shivers throughout your body, into your very core.

“oh, stars, ______, that’s uh... really hot....” he murmurs, sitting up to kiss you again.

His teeth press firmly to your lips, and you find yourself pressing back with hungry desperation. Its his turn to moan your name as you grab his ribs through his shirt and simultaneously grind your hips upwards against his pelvis. He opens his mouth in a loud groan, revealing four pointed fangs, two on top and two on the bottom. A glowing blue tongue lolls out to lick at your lips, requesting entry.

“s-stars, how could-d i g-get so.... oh, god, yes... ______, i love you! i love you so much, oh god!”

As you continue to lick at his refreshingly cool bones, resulting in many more moans from Sans, you realize that it has gotten very, very warm in here.

No.

HOT.

Its FAR too HOT.

You snarl at the thick heat suddenly stifling you and proceed to tear your own clothes off, knocking Sans backwards onto the couch. He startles and looks up at you as you fight your clothes, growling
in fury at the confining fabric. He watches for a few moments, concerned and confused, before a look of realization and guilt appears on his face.

“oh. oh, god. i... i’m so... fuck...”

Successful in your endeavor to remove your clothes, you lean forward over the skeleton in a predatory manner and dive right into another passionate kiss. Sans’s hands come up against your now-bare chest as he pushes half-heartedly. You huff in slight annoyance at his meager resistance and shift to lap hungrily at his cervical vertebrae, nibbling softly when he gasps in pleasure.

“k-kid, haaaaahhhhh, w-wait a minute! just....! oh, god... nnnnnn...” he moans, arching under you, his cool ribs pressing up against your overheated flesh which pulls forth a moan from you at the slight relief.

You can feel his desire to resist failing quickly, his resolve crumbling with every moan you manage to pull forth with your tongue. His own need is growing, radiating outwards and your body seems to drink it in thirstily, as if it just can’t get enough.

This causes the hunger within to grow even more determined as you work your mouth down to his lower ribs, rewarding you with another loud moan, his fingers tangling in your hair, his hips bucking upwards. Your mind is blank, focused entirely on quelling this ravenous hunger inside that has somehow been sparked by Sans. He’s panting almost as hard as you are now and you can smell something... something... it’s coming from him and your mouth waters.

“oh, f-fuck.... yes... s-stars, yes... it f-feels so.... so g-good.... but... nnnngh... you... you have to....”

He lets out a loud, needy whine as you move lower and, with your tongue, caress the edges of his pelvis peeking over the top of his shorts. His face is bright blue, his eyes shut as he throws his head back with a needy wail. Your fingertips graze the inside of his pelvis and he bucks upwards once more, whining desperately. But, when you start to tug his shorts off, his hands immediately grab your own, halting your progress.

“stop.”

You freeze for all of three seconds before emitting a hungry snarl from your lips and when you move again to rip them away, he vanishes.

You look around for a moment, confused, before the scent catches your attention. Its coming from upstairs now. You drop to all fours and creep silently up the stairs towards Sans’s room. A muffled voice causes you to pause, listening, your ear twitching at the door. It sounds as though he’s speaking frantically with someone in hushed tones. You attempt the doorknob and find it locked. A throb of need floods your core, making you pant and wriggle the doorknob agitatedly.

Sans gasps and goes silent.

How dare your mate lock himself away like this?

You begin to claw at the wood in an attempt to break through, quickly becoming almost frantic in your movements. The growls that burst free with every breath, reminiscent of a deranged beast, echo throughout the house. Your mind is gone, focused only on the problem in front of you.

The door.

Your mate.

Need mate.
**BREAK DOOR.**

Deafening snarls ringing in your ears, you’re lost to the goal of tearing down the door. So lost are you, that you don’t hear footsteps creeping up behind you until its too late to run. As bones shoot up around you, something sharp stabs you in the shoulder. Your vision swims as you stagger around your bone cage, snarling and panting from the heat. You snap at the bones trapping you and manage to feel one splinter between your teeth before the world spins, knocking you to the floor. A soft whine escapes before your world goes dark and silent.

Papyrus sighed and rubbed the mud from his face. Again.

“Damnit, Papyrus, what is your problem today?? When you aren’t getting hit by my attacks, you’re tripping over your own two feet!”

“I tripped over a rock this time,” he mumbled. Undyne sighed loudly and looked down at him, disappointedly. He slowly pulled himself to his feet and dusted off his armor.

“I’m just… a little… distracted today.”

His soft tone surprised Undyne. She dispelled her spear and clapped him on the back in what she thought was a reassuring move. Papyrus stumbled at the force behind it.

“What’s wrong? You can talk to me. As your Captain and Best Friend, its my job to help you so you can focus on more important things. Like fighting.”

Papyrus looked at her sadly.

“W-well… I can’t stop thinking about ______. All the time. Even when I’m in the same room, I wonder what they’re thinking about, wonder if they’re happy, wondering what I, Papyrus, could do to make them MORE happy. And when I’m away, I... I miss them.”

Undyne crossed her arms and nodded in understanding.

“That’s how I feel about Alphys. Sounds like you really love them.”

Papyrus sighed.

“Well, what should I do about it?”

“Oh, tell them, you dork! It’s hella easy! Walk up, give em the flirty eyes, grab them, pull them close…. suplex them through a table, then spill your guts! FUHUHUHUHUHUH!”

The skeleton just stared at her.

“So... You’ve told Alphys how you feel?”

Undyne slouched and rubbed her arm, looking away.

“Well, no... I don’t think she likes me like that anyway. She’s too cool to like someone like me as more than a friend. But, you’re Papyrus! No, you’re THE Great Papyrus! How could they not love you?”

Papyrus nodded at her words and threw a fist into the air.

“YOU’RE RIGHT! I AM THE GREAT PAPYRUS! THANK YOU, UNDYNE! I’M GOING TO MARCH HOME RIGHT NOW AND TELL—“

Bonetrouble began to play, its melody echoing in the damp cavern. He pulled his phone from his armor and answered it, putting it on speakerphone so that Undyne wouldn’t feel left out. Before he could say a word, however, Sans’s frantic voice spewed from the speaker.
“oh my god, paps, you hafta help me, oh god, i messed up, i wasn’t thinking... i know you don’t like using shortcuts, but this is an emergency! i need you to- oh, shit!”

The sounds of muffled snarls and loud thuds are heard in the background.

“shit shit shit, i need you to get alphys and undyne and bring them here as fast as you can with a sedative! i don’t know how long the door’s gonna last, bro...”

The phone call ends. Papyrus and Undyne stare at each other for a moment in shock.

“Shortcuts...?”

Papyrus groaned.

“SANS BUILT THEM FOR ME WHEN WE WERE YOUNGER AND MY LEGS WERE MUCH MUCH SHORTER. I DO NOT LIKE USING THEM, BUT SINCE THIS IS AN EMERGENCY... COME ON.”

He walked quickly over to the south-facing wall and felt around towards the bottom until he heard a sharp click. The wall opened up, revealing a doorway. He grabbed Undyne’s hand and walked through, gritting his teeth at the falling sensation in his non-existent stomach. Another step and he was in Hotland, right outside of Alphys’s lab. Undyne remained silent as he walked up and rapped sharply with his knuckles on the door. It opened and cool air swirled out around them both. Upon entering, they found Alphys sitting on her bed, eating ramen. “O-oh! Hey guys! I-I was j-just... um... W-what brings you here?”

Undyne filled her in on the phone call while Papyrus paced nervously. Surely, Sans would be fine. There was nothing dangerous in the Underground, after all. He was probably overreacting. ...Right?

Alphys walked up with a small pink tube in hand and held it up for them both to see. “I-it’s a powered b-blowgun. N-normally, you have to blow into one of these, but I thought that was just silly, so I made one that has a button and you just aim and push the button and a spring inside is depressed and it shoots the dart filled with a sedative that would make even Asgore sleep for a few hours. I-it’s super easy to use...”

Undyne takes it and pockets it, a prominent blush on her cheeks as she gazes lovingly down at the small yellow lizard monster. Papyrus turns to leave, anxious to get to his brother. Undyne kneels down and scoops up Alphys, bridal style. “Come on, Alphys, bone-nerd said he needed you too. We’re in a hurry, so I’ll carry you...”

Alphys just stuttered and blushed, hiding her face in her claws. Undyne sighed. “It’s okay. You don’t have to be afraid. I won’t drop you.”

Alphys stuttered some more as Undyne made her way to the door. In no time at all, they made it back to Waterfall through the shortcut and Papyrus had found the one to Snowdin that, conveniently, opened up right behind the skelebros’ house. The snow was soft against their legs as they shuffled around the house to the front door. They all froze when they heard the noises coming from inside. Undyne and Papyrus looked at each other with matching grimaces and nodded, Undyne setting Alphys gently on the doorstep.

They summoned their weapons and crept through the door to the stairs. A loud thud, followed by the sound of wood splintering had them looking anxiously towards the top of the stairs. They moved silently up, pausing every time they heard a growl or shuffling noise. Upon reaching the top, the sight that awaited them had Papyrus’s metaphorical heart breaking into tiny pieces. That tall, lithe, silver dog creature... the kind, caring, and soft-spoken soul he had fallen for... was
nowhere to be seen. In their place was a snarling canine BEAST.
Smooth silver fur was now bristling and mussed. That long black hair that he always found himself wanting to run through his fingers was a tangled mess, falling over one shoulder to the floor. Where they tiptoed gracefully on their hind feet, now they were on all fours, clawing at the door, their fingers bleeding with the effort. Where they once only showed their teeth in a smile, now, their lips were pulled back in unrestrained aggression, giving him an unsettling view of their many very sharp teeth.
And their eyes...
Their calm, loving, beautiful purple eyes.....
Now they were bright red and practically screamed violence.

Papyrus was shaken from his thoughts when Undyne grabbed his shoulder firmly. She pointed at them, then gave the hand signal that he knew all too well. He stood up straight, took a deep breath and threw his hands up, summoning a strong cage of bones around ______’s form.
As he does, Undyne pulls out the blowgun and aims carefully, sending a bright pink dart into their shoulder. They snarl and whip around, attacking the bars. She starts to snicker, because not even she can break out of Papyrus’s bone-cage, but, quickly goes silent upon hearing the bone bar crack between their teeth. She’s glad that the sedative kicks in quickly, watching them stagger and drop to the floor in mere moments. They let out a soft whine before they succumb completely and Papyrus slowly drops to his knees. His bones rattle with distress as tears stream down his cheekbones.

Undyne scratches the back of her head and sighs.
“Yo, nerd! You okay in there?”

The door unlocks after a few moments and then creaks slowly open. Sans peers out nervously before shuffling out in his shorts and slippers. He eyes the cage, eyes widening at the splintered bone. He swallows nervously.

Alphys shuffles slowly up the stairs, peering around the banister.
“I-is it over?”

Sans moves to put his hands in his hoodie pocket, before realizing that he had left it downstairs. He crosses his arms instead, looking pointedly at the floor instead of _____.

“yeah. i.... i didn’t realize what was going on until they lost control... if i had known... i wouldn’t have gotten so close... i would have... been more careful...”

Papyrus wiped his face with his thick red scarf and looked up at Sans.
“WHAT HAPPENED, BROTHER. WHY ARE THEY LIKE THIS. ______ WOULD NEVER TRY TO HARM ANYONE, NOT EVEN A DOOR. WHAT DID YOU DO?”

Sans eyelights disappeared and sweat beaded on his skull.
“I-look, i didn’t know... i couldn’t know... they didn’t even know! i just... i didn’t mean to... it happened so quickly...! i thought... i thought...”

“They’re in heat.”

All three monsters turned to look at Undyne in shock. She blushed and looked away.
“Whaaaaaaaat? I work with dogs on a daily basis. You think I can’t recognize that smell? I’ve never seen a monster act like this before, but then again, they all take those anti-heat pills that the AMAZING Doctor Alphys invented! FUHUHU!”
She laughed nervously, her hands on her hips.

Papyrus raised his hand, puzzled.
“BUT, UNDYNE.... HOW CAN YOU SMELL WHEN YOU HAVE NO NOSE?”

Undyne coughed and spluttered while Sans chuckled. Alphys covered her mouth and glanced away.

“I DO TOO have a nose, you wimpy dork! See??”
She pointed to the flat space between her eyes and her mouth. Papyrus stared, confused. Suddenly, two small slits appeared as she inhaled exaggeratedly. Even Sans was surprised.

Papyrus rubbed his chin in thought.
“HOW COME WE CAN’T NORMALLY SEE YOUR TINY NOSTRILS, UNDYNE? ARE YOU ASHAMED OF THEM? YOU SHOULD NOT BE ASHAMED. IT’S OKAY TO HAVE A BARELY-THERE NOSE! WE STILL LOVE YOU!”

Undyne facepalmed and groaned.
“I just breathe through my mouth most of the time, cuz its easier.”

They all four jumped when ______ let out a muffled growl in their sleep.

“maaaaybe we should continue this conversation back in alphys’s lab. i’ll take ______ and meet you there.”

With that, he walked through the bars (confusing the heck out of Alphys and Undyne), picked up the unconscious dog creature, and vanished.
Undyne looked at Papyrus as he opened his mouth to speak.

“We are NOT continuing the conversation about my nose.”

End Notes

I hope you liked the story so far!

Don’t hesitate to comment or ask questions, if you have any! I’ll do my best to answer without dropping spoilers.

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If you have any ideas you would like to see, let me know! I’d love to hear them! Either comment or drop me an email at rufftherian@gmail.com

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I have been asked a few times about tumblr, twitter, deviantart, etc.
I did make a tumblr, but my computer hates it and it takes FOREVER to do anything on the site. So I never use it. I have a deviantart account, but tbh I upload little doodles, thats about it.
But, you guys can always share any fanart on there. :)
http://rufftherian.deviantart.com

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Thank you to all the people that have read my story so far! You give me the confidence to continue writing!
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!