You walk into a skeleton one frozen winter day and surprise him by apologizing. You don't think anything of it - You're Canadian, after all! - but to him and his friends, it means the world to them.

I wanted some more romance and a more realistic, super slow build up than a lot of the SansxReader fics I read on this site, so I decided to write something of my own :) It starts with some background SansxToriel, then it moves to a platonic friendship with the skeletons and their friends. I also wanted a much more assertive reader - There be no damsels here, whether overprotective Sans likes it or not.

A lot of the content in this is based on real events in my life, just rearranged to fit the story I want to tell. Many names have been changed to protect the innocent.
The Rules.

There are a few rules about walking through the bad part of a crowded city. First rule: Don’t look at your feet. Stare straight ahead, and keep your eyes open. Second rule: Keep an angry, threatening look on your face. It helps to think about something that actually makes you angry, of course, but you try to keep it to things you can’t change, like income tax, anti-vaxxers, or the ice cold wind hitting you in the face that’s typical for a Canadian winter. Third and finally, don’t stop to talk to anyone. Don’t even look at bums begging for change or people asking for directions or the time. Minimal interaction is key.

Of course, it would be easier to keep up the tough girl façade if you hadn’t just crashed into a short bald guy in a blue coat when you turned the corner too sharply. Your whole urban survivalist demeanor dissolves away as you rush to apologize for your clumsiness.

“I’m so sorry, are you okay?” you ask, brushing off your pants and holding out your hand. Your knee stings a little bit, probably having scraped it in the fall.

The, err, person you crashed into is not, in fact, a bald man. It’s a skeleton. A short, maybe five foot tall, human-ish skeleton, with a faux fur-lined blue winter coat on, basketball shorts, and… Pink, fuzzy house slippers? You gape.

He doesn’t respond at first, or take your hand, choosing to rise slowly to his feet on his own. “I’m ok,” he says after a moment of deliberation, staring up at you, quietly analyzing the stranger that knocked him down. “What, never seen a skeleton before?”

“Not outside a biology class, anyway,” you joke, chuckling to yourself nervously. “Seriously though, are you okay? Sorry, I took that turn too sharply.”

Another too-long pause before he speaks, his eye sockets shifting into some unreadable expression. “Heh, so did I,” he says quietly. “I’ll be fine,” he says, a bit louder to try and reassure you.

“Good, good, uh,” you say, releasing a breath you had no idea you were holding. “Well, enjoy the rest of your day, I suppose,” you wave shyly with one gloved hand, collecting your school bag once more, shivering slightly in the late January cold.

“Ok,” he says simply, shrugging his shoulders.

Before you can get more than ten steps away, down the street he had been coming from, he calls after you. “Hey, wait.”

Despite yourself and your three rules, you stop and turn to him again. “Hrm?” you ask, trying to keep your teeth from chattering.

“Have you, uh, met any monsters before?” he asks curiously.

“You’re the first,” you manage. “Is that a problem?”

“No, uh, no it isn’t. Not at all,” he responds. “Cool. Catch you later.”

You pause a moment as he turns away from you, wondering about that. Shrugging, and figuring you’ll never see him again anyway, you continue on home.
Home is what you make of it, they say. Your home, in this case, actually consists of a laundry basket with all your clothes, a small scavenged shelf displaying your most prized possessions, and your aunt’s livingroom couch functions as your bed. It’s been a rough five years since you had to leave your parents’ house to maintain some semblance of sanity, but you’re fine with the arrangement, so long as your aunt is still fine with it, too. And you’re sure she won’t be fine with it forever, but so far she hasn’t said anything.

You work two part-time jobs (one seasonal) five or six days a week and still manage to attend college five days a week as well. It’s an odd work-life balance, but it’ll be worth it when you graduate, you tell yourself. Fortunately, since your aunt lives in welfare housing, you qualified for enough in student loan money to pay for your tuition in full. The money you make from your jobs goes towards food, your cellphone, and into a growing nest egg for your own place - whenever you can be bothered to find one, that is. That’s something that can wait until you graduate and get a real job, or until your aunt finally snaps and throws you out too.

You sigh softly to yourself when you start unloading groceries from your backpack. Fetching the permanent marker on top of the fridge, you start labelling your goods so your cousins don’t get any ideas about eating it.

“______’s pizza. Eat them and it’ll be $10 for the antidote,” you muse out loud as you scribble the empty threat on the side of the box.

After putting everything away (and a couple pizzas in the oven) you head to the livingroom to grind through three chapters in your textbook.
“Can you fill a few more buckets for me? We’re running out and we’ve got to get these in water,” your boss asks you, distractedly working out orders for the upcoming holiday rush.

“Sure thing Sue,” you respond, dragging a cart over to the sink and putting some empty pails on it as quick as you can. Filling them quickly with the hose and squirting the chemical food in each of them once, you wheel them back over to the counter where the florist is working on a bunch of bouquets, large and small, to display in the front fridge for walk-ins.

You gather a good armload of bouquets, hesitating a moment to drink in the wonderful mix of scents, before walking them over to the cutter and chopping off all the ends to the same length, then dropping them unceremoniously into an open bucket of water.

“How much are these ones?” you ask Clara, the florist. You grab a handful of plastic picks to put the price tags on.

Clara waits nearly a full minute before responding. “Twenty-five for those ones, ______” she finally says. “Fifteen for this next batch.”

“Awesome, thanks,” you say smiling. Even though you’re a seasonal employee, the fifty percent discount still applies to you, and twelve-fifty for these huge gorgeous bundles isn’t a bad deal, you think. It’ll be nice to have something so fresh smelling and bright in the house for once. After tagging each bouquet with the prices proudly displayed on plastic picks, you carry the bucket to the front of the flower store.

It takes you a moment to rearrange the front cooler to allow for the new pail of bouquets to sit comfortably in the back row. Fluffing them out a bit, you steal another sniff before straightening and leaving the cooler.

As you move to open the door, a familiar skeleton beats you to it.

“Oh, hello again!” you say cheerfully.

His eyes narrow at you, before his smile seems to brighten. “Oh hey. fancy meeting you here.”

“No kidding, right? Can I help you with anything?” you say, somewhat nervously.

“Just looking for now, thanks,” he responds easily.

“All right, well, I’ll be behind the counter if you need me,” you say, still smiling.

You duck out the fridge as he holds the door for you, entering it himself after you’re gone. Soon as you’re out, you notice that both Sue and Clara have disappeared. Great. If he needs anything, you’ll have to ring him up yourself. The archaic register made you nervous and the debit machine didn’t even work half the time. You’d been working here since highschool for a co-op placement, and your current role, even after ten or so years, didn’t include much beyond what you were responsible for way back then. You quietly hoped that, if he needed anything, that the register wouldn’t give you too much trouble ringing him up. You decide to start cutting and pricing the next batch of bouquets for Clara while you wait to see if he needs help.

Finally, the short skeleton emerges from the cooler and heads to the counter with a bouquet. You note it’s a nice choice – purple poms, pink and white carnations, a red rose, and a big blue iris as the
central flower. It’s a very full bouquet, but probably a bit overpriced for the flowers in it, you figure.

“s’cuse me, uh, can i ask a couple questions about these?” he asks. You think a bit nervously.

“Sure,” you answer cheerfully.

It turns out he just wants to know the names of the different flowers. You gladly educate him, the pinpricks of light in his eye sockets shining, clearly grateful for the help.

“thanks,” he says. “want to make sure i get them right when she asks me later.”

“My pleasure,” you say honestly. “So, is there a special lady in your life?”

“uh, not really. not yet, i hope so though,” he says nervously, pulling at the collar of his t-shirt with one bony finger. “hey, wanna hear my plan?”

“Yes!” you say, with almost too much enthusiasm.

“ok, so, i’m going to need one of those cards if that’s okay,” he says, pointing to the display of cards left of the register.

“Go nuts, they’re complimentary,” you say, offering him a pen. His eyes twinkle as he takes it.

“thanks,” he says brightly.

“Keep talking, I’ll wrap this in paper,” you say, picking up the bouquet and removing the price from the plastic pick.

“on this card, i’m thinking something like ‘iris don’t mean to be rose-y, but would you care for a date?’” he says, then snickers to himself. “she likes dorky jokes like that.”

“That’s awesome,” you say, somewhat absently, taping up the paper around the bouquet.

“wait it gets better,” the skeleton says cheerfully. “before she can say anything, i’m going to hand her this.”

You look up. In his bony outstretched hand, he’s holding a bag of dried out figs. Dates.

It takes a significant amount of willpower on your part to just squeak out a short snorting laugh, and not a full-blown cackle.

“heh, thought it was a good move,” he says proudly.

“That’s amazing. She’ll love it,” you say confidently.

Now, to see if the register will give you any trouble today. Fortunately, it’s one of its better days, and you manage to ring in the large bouquet without too much hassle. “That’ll be $39.55,” you inform him.

He hands you a wad of crumpled up bills. Mostly small bills, you notice, plus a fistful of loonies. It takes a minute to count it all, then hand him his change.

“thanks,” he says. “hey, what’s your name?”

“______,” you reply without hesitation.
“cool, i’m sans. thanks again for the help,” he nods at you, his bony features beaming.

“No problem at all!” you say cheerfully.

“see you around, then,” he says, waving a skeletal hand at you as he walks out of the store.

You smell Clara’s cloud of cigarette smoke before you can turn to see her. She’s standing behind you, her arms are crossed and she’s got a sour look on her face as she watches the front door close behind Sans.

“The monster’s gone then, huh? What’d you sell?” she asks, eyes still fixed on the front of the store.

“One of those huge thirty-five dollar bouquets. He’s trying to woo a special lady,” you say optimistically, recognizing the scowl on her face and attempting to counter it as if a skeleton buying flowers is the most normal thing in the world.

Clara looks at you, edges of hostility in her features, before she huffs and turns away. “Should’ve charged it more,” you hear her mutter under her breath.

“Him,” you correct loudly, making sure she knows you heard her. “His name is Sans and apparently he’s a real sweetheart.”

Clara doesn’t have the willpower, the determination, to say anything else about your customer, and lets it drop, returning to her station to make a floral arrangement.
The temperature graciously warms a bit in the first week of February and fortunately stays that way through the weekend. You’ve just started a new unit in your computer networking course and it’s more hands-on than the last. This means you can stretch your legs a bit and visit the touristy parts of the city in the morning before class, instead of having to cram your brain full of information before catching the bus to school. The wind has died down and the snow is playing at melting away where the sun hits it.

Who should you run into of all people but Sans, who appears to be manning a small hot dog cart by the entrance to the war memorial park.

“Sans! Fancy meeting you here,” you call out waving, remembering his greeting from about a week ago when he showed up at your work.

He narrows his eyes at you as you approach him. “… _____? are you following me?” he asks, an unfriendly edge to his voice.

“Umm, no?” you say, mildly confused.

“‘cause if you are, you oughta cut it out,” he scowls at you, taking you by surprise.

“Did I say something wrong?” you ask sincerely. “I just came over to say hi.”

His eye sockets were still narrow, and it appeared he was sizing you up again. “what’s your deal?”

“I really don’t know what you’re talking about, but if it bothers you that much for me to come say hi to you, then I’ll just leave,” you say with a sigh, holding your hands up with your palms facing out in a gesture of surrender. You really didn’t expect him to be so rude, hostile even. Maybe you just caught him at a bad time.

As you move to turn away and head to the mall to kill time before class, he calls after you. “wait, _____... wait.”

But you don’t come.

Everything is gearing up for Valentine’s Day at the flower store, and you haven’t been off your feet in six hours. You thank your past self for having the good sense to buy gel insoles for the flower store’s unforgiving terracotta floors. There is a constant stream of customers coming in the front door, but you don’t have either the time or the presence of mind to acknowledge them. Sue has hired two temporary florists for the season, with two more to come closer to V-Day, and there are so many flowers to unpack and usher to them, bouquets to cut, and buckets of water to fill.

It’s only when there is a break in the crowd at the front of the store that you look up to see what’s going on.

Sans.

“Hey _____, it’s your monster boyfriend,” Clara calls tauntingly from the back of the store where she’s cutting pink carnations and sticking them in floral foam.
“He’s not my boyfriend, he’s rude and kind of an asshole,” you declare.

“And a monster,” she nods… Triumphantly?

“That’s not a factor,” you clarify for Clara. “Plenty of humans are rude assholes too.”

“Do you know him?” you see Tamara, the fill-in cashier standing near you, looking nervous.

“Not really,” you say honestly. He is, after all, a stranger you’ve bumped into all of three times. Once literally.

“Well, uh, he’s asking for you,” she says, wringing her hands.

“Fine. I guess it’s slowed down a little,” you say with some resignation.

You head to the front counter to greet your skeletal admirer. “’Sup?” you greet him, very casually.

“i’m sorry about the other day, _____,” he says, looking deflated, unable to meet your eyes at first.

“uh, i’m not used to humans being friendly with us. i thought you were just being nice because you bumped into me, and then i caught you while you were working…”

“I’m nice most of the time. Well, I try to be,” you say simply.

“even to monsters?” Sans asks, a hint of confusion in his eyes mixed with the remorse from before.

“Well, why not?” you ask.

Before he can speak, you feel a sharp tap on your shoulder. You turn. It’s Sue. “Can I see you for a sec, _____?”

Sue takes you around the corner to her office. “You’ve got to make him leave,” she says harshly the moment she thinks the skeleton is out of earshot.

“Why? He’s a paying customer. Heck, he screwed up the other day and might even buy me flowers.”

“I don’t care. Look, I hate to do this, but when that skeleton walked in, over a dozen other paying customers left. The store wasn’t empty three minutes ago. It was packed.”

“I get it, the skeleton’s killing your business,” you say with a nod. And a smirk. “How about I take my dinner break?”

“What? We need you-“

“It’s been six hours straight that I’ve been working, and you just said there’s a break in customers at the moment. Tamara can cover the florists.”

“… Fine. Thirty minutes.”

“You got it, boss,” you say, grinning broadly and giving a lazy salute.

You stop by the cramped lunchroom to grab your coat out of the pile on the table, and head back up to the front.

“something wrong?” Sans asks, seeing your coat and haste.
“Naw, I’m just going on break. Have you eaten? I need food,” you say, nodding your head to the front door. He falls in line beside you.
The Kiss.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The sub shop is the only thing around that will get food prepared and put in front of you fast enough to ease your grumbling belly. The soup options are better this time around, at least – a broccoli cheddar and a tomato bisque. You order a chicken sub with bacon and marble cheddar cheese slices to go with your broccoli cheddar soup. Sans only orders a bowl of the bisque, no sub, even though he said he hasn’t eaten yet. You pay for your own meal despite some insistence from Sans that he cover it by way of an apology.

“So,” you say, putting your cellphone on the table to keep track of the time with one hand, and unwrapping your sub hungrily with the other.

“so,” he echoes, sounding unsure of where you want this conversation to go.

“How did it go with your sweetheart?” you ask excitedly. “How’d she react to the date thing?”

“Oh! heh, uh… could’ve gone better,” he says, his skull shrinking meekly into the dirty fluff of his winter jacket like a turtle trying to hide its head.

“Oh no, what happened?” you ask between slurps of delicious soup.

“Well… she gave me a kiss, right here,” he says, pointing a bony finger to the middle of his forehead.

“That’s good!”

“And, uh, then she said it was really sweet of me to ask, but…”

“But…?”

“… she’s still not completely over her ex.”

“Ouch. That’s rough,” you say. “Exes are the worst.”

“yup,” he agrees, nodding, stirring his soup idly with a plastic spoon.

“So what’s your next move?” you ask.

“i don’t really have one, i guess.”

“Why not? You like her, right?”

“yeah, i mean… yeah, i do.”

“So are you just going to sit there while she goes back to her asshole of an ex?”

He laughs quietly at that, as if he should be ashamed for laughing. “oh man, you don’t even know who it is, and… asshole? maybe, hehehe.”

“Well I mean he’s got to be an ex for a reason, right? So he’s probably an asshole.”

“you seem like you have some experience with this,” he intuits.
You groan. “Ugh, let’s not go there right now,” you say, wagging your spoon at him.

“Fair enough,” he concedes, chuckling.

You sit together in the quiet, dimly-lit sub shop for another minute or so. Right as you take a big bite out of your sandwich, he decides to ask you a question.

“So, ____, been meaning to ask you something,” Sans starts.

You can only grumble an acknowledgement through your massive bite of food.

“Heh, anyway, uh… why are you so, uh, tolerant of me?”

You swallow. “Why wouldn’t I be?” you ask.

“I’m a monster?” he says, gesturing to himself obviously.

“So?”

“… you really don’t care about that, huh?”

“I really don’t see why anyone should. I mean, let me rephrase that…” you say, realizing that he might’ve taken that as insulting, but he seems like he doesn’t notice. “So, you’re a magic skeleton, right? Big deal, to me you’re still a person. Discriminating against you would be like discriminating against people because they’re black, or French.”

“French?” he asks, amused.

“Yeah, why not. Anyways, I don’t really like judging people by how they look, because I don’t like being judged by how I look. Does that make sense?”


“Humans judge each other harshly all the time, whether they say it out loud or not. I’m just more perceptive of it, I guess.”

“What sorts of things do people judge you for?”

“Anything from wearing my comfy pajama bottoms in public to my chosen future career in IT. I’m not interested in being ‘ladylike’, I guess. Heck, just being moderately attractive makes you less than human to certain people.”

“Wow, really?”

“People are all criticizing and judging each other for superficial things all the time. It pisses me off,” you say quietly, more to the remainder of your sub than to the skeleton across from you.

You and Sans sit in silence a few minutes more, polishing off the remainder of your respective meals. Sans drinks the rest of his soup and gets an orange line of it on his skull below his nose hole, so you offer him a napkin after pointing it out. He graciously accepts it.

“I thought…”

“Hmm?”

“I thought you would have more questions for me. About, uh, magic, being a skeleton, being
underground, why i came to canada…”

“Did you want to talk about it?” You say, clicking your phone’s screen on so you can check the time. Only five minutes left of your half hour break.

“we don’t have to, i just thought you’d be curious i guess.”

“I am, kind of, but it looks like I’m out of time. Hey, are we cool now?” you ask.

“i’m cool if you’re cool,” Sans says hopefully.

“We’re cool. Want to trade numbers?” you ask, holding out your phone. “I probably won’t be home until after midnight, but I’ll text you tomorrow. It’s a busy week for florists and all.”

“sure” he says, accepting the offered phone and handing you his.

You enter your phone number into his phone as he enters his into yours, deciding to go with ‘Awesome Flower Girl’ in lieu of your name. He raises the upper ridge of an eye socket a moment later.

“who’s ‘crazy bitch i’ll never talk to again’?”

You grimace. “Personal baggage.”

“and ‘stupid crazy stalker ex’?”

“An ex-boyfriend, naturally.”

“my contact name seems kinda boring when compared to those two,” he chuckles. He returns your phone to you, and you see his contact name is just ‘sans’. You think about what you’ll change it to later.

He walks you part way back to the flower store before splitting off, saying he needs to go catch a bus before it stops running. The rest of the night is just as busy as before, but otherwise uneventful. When you finally make it back downtown to head home, you try to shrug off the nagging feeling of being watched.

Chapter End Notes

I know the title was misleading, I couldn't think of a better one. I'm not terribly sorry though. ;P
Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

You only work at the party supplies store three or four nights a week, and while it pays fifty cents less an hour that your ‘assistant florist’ gig, it’s a consistent year-round job you can count on that also doesn’t interfere with afternoon classes. Sue is a little annoyed with you that you couldn’t come in to the flower shop when she called you last minute, but you were the only closer tonight with it being Friday and promised to work all of Saturday as needed. Besides, you have a hard time ditching a scheduled shift for a spontaneous one. Just doesn’t feel right to you.

And again, with it being Friday night a week before Valentines, there’s really not a whole lot of foot traffic. Roses and flowers are one thing, but balloons and streamers? Not quite as romantic, you figure.

Well, a certain fish monster seems to think otherwise. It takes you a moment to register what you’re seeing enter the front of the store. She has long red hair sticking out at all angles from under a white winter hat (That has cat ears?), with what looks like fins sticking out uncomfortably from it. Teal green scales cover her body instead of skin, and there’s no nose on her face. Her right yellow eye has a dark slit is looking around examining everything, while her left is covered by an old black leather eye patch. A very sharp tooth is sticking out of her mouth, hooked over her lower lip.

“Hi there, can I help you?” you call from the counter at the back of the store. You’re sure your boss would want you to walk up and greet her, but you’ve acquired a tall stool from the office to rest on, feet still sore from working your other job last night. The urge to be polite and the desire to stay right where you are are at war with each other.

“Human,” she sneers at you, approaching cautiously it seems. “I, uh, need some stuff for a party.”

“Awesome. What kind of party?” you ask cheerily.

“A, uh, wedding kind of party,” she says, suddenly very shy.

Your feel yourself gasp slightly as her face reddens at the word ‘wedding’. “Your wedding I presume?” She nods slowly. You stand from your stool and come around the counter, pointing with your whole arm, hand outstretched, towards the wedding section. “Congratulations! What can I help you find?”

“Well, uhh, I haven’t really asked her yet, but I wanted to get some ideas anyway,” the teal scales of her face still flushed scarlet.

She’s very shy when talking about her girlfriend (soon to be fiancée?), but it comes more easily the longer you take her around the store. You’re grateful for the company on a slow night, so you take her through everything. You show her the favour boxes and explain that people put candies or other things – maybe shells or stones from a romantically significant location – into them to give to all of the guests to remember their special day. She loves that. You show her the invitation kits that she could buy to print her own, as well as the giant books for ordering professional invitations. She wants to write out some invitations right away, but you hand her a copy of a wedding checklist to encourage her to wait until a few weeks before – if her girlfriend says yes, that is. She’s confident she will, apparently they’re crazy about each other. You show her the beat up wedding dress magazines you have behind the counter to idly leaf through. She finds a couple she wants to see her
girlfriend in, but rejects the idea of wearing a dress herself. Finally, you gesture overhead to the giant balloon arrangements that your store can make for their wedding. Again, balloons may not be the most romantic of decorations, but these arrangements are truly impressive.

“What’s that giant balloon with all the little ones inside?” she asks.

“It’s pretty much exactly what it looks like. It’s a metre-wide balloon with a hundred small ones stuffed inside. They’re kind of hard to make, but worth it. People tend to buy them for bigger parties, like weddings and New Year’s Eve, and they’ll have us put notes or numbers in some or all of the smaller balloons as part of a game, like a balloon piñata I guess. You can’t mix air with helium though, so it has to hang from something,” you explain.

“That’s AWESOME!” she cries out, startling you. “Hey, thanks for all your help today, you’re a real pal!” the fish woman declares, taking your hand in both of hers and shaking it. Her grip is very strong, you notice, and the aggressive motion jostles your entire body.

“Hey, it’s my pleasure! I’m always happy to help,” you smile gently, quietly wondering if your hand actually survived that.

“Fuhuhuhu, I’ll be coming back after the fourteenth! Count on it, nerd!” she cheers, letting go and heading for the door. You sigh quietly to yourself, then head back to your stool behind the counter as you see her leave.

Before she hits the door, she turns suddenly and sprints back to you. “Hey, WHAT’S YOUR NAME?!” she demands.

“Uhh, ______,” you answer, startled once again.

“Nice! I’m Undyne. Thanks again, ______!”

And on that final note, she leaves. You roll your shoulder and feel it pop noisily.

Chapter End Notes

Also misleading. Also not at all sorry. :}
The Text.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Scrawny Hot Dog Vendor is displayed proudly on the screen of your phone, annoyingly buzzing way. You blink at your phone blearily, trying to process the information and wondering why the hell it’s still buzzing at you. And why whoever-that-is is awake before ten A.M. on a Saturday.

Oh crap, Saturday. You told Sue you’d be in for ten. Crap crap crap crap, you’re already too late to get there on time. Well, after a moment the panic and anxiety subsides and you sit up and stretch out, deciding to see what Sans wants.

* knock knock, the text awaits.

* Who’s there? you respond playfully back.

* late.

* Late who?

* late you. as in, shouldn’t you be at work right now?

You grumble. How did he know that? It’s too early to put the pieces together, you sigh, getting up and folding the blanket up to rest at the end of the small paisley couch. The phone buzzes again in your pajamas pocket, startling you again in your half-awake stupor.

* Skipping past how you know my work schedule, what’s up? You ask, typing it on your way to the kitchen and partway through pouring a bowl of cereal.

* you also didn’t text me yesterday morning.

* Crap. Sorry about that. Forgot to mention I have exams on Fridays. I cram in the mornings, helps me remember better, you explain apologetically between spoonfuls of knockoff fruit loops.

* s’ok. and i know your schedule because i guess you met undyne? we compared notes.

* Ah great, now you know where I work my other job, too, you type grumbling into your milk. You remember talking about the flower store with her, since she’d probably want some arrangements for her wedding.

* you some kind of artist or something? both those jobs seem kinda creative.

* lol, Only if stick figures count. I don’t dislike my jobs, those are just the places that stuck.

* what are you going to school for again?

* IT.

*whats it?
* I.T. Short for Information Technology.

* like computer stuff?

* Yeah sure, computer stuff.

* cool. wanna hang out later? my bro was asking about you.

* Really? No sorry, I can’t. Sue will keep me until midnight again. V-Day is Tuesday.

* how about tomorrow?

* Tomorrow I do laundry, but I guess I could pencil you guys in.

* cool. don’t let me keep you. text you later.

* Later Sans.

Work is exactly as eventful as you expect it to be. You don’t get to sit down except for your breaks, which you have to fight to take in the first place. You spend probably the most time putting together water picks and sticking roses onto them, which leaves your hands clammy, cracked, and bleeding from all the thorns. Sue’s not terribly upset that you’re late, as a couple of the temp florists were too, but there’s still work to be done until one-thirty in the morning anyway breaking down cardboard shipping boxes and stowing hundreds of bouquets in pails in the warehouse. You’re exhausted, but it’s still kind of impressive to look at.

Waiting for the bus at two in the morning, and then walking home when it finally comes to take you downtown, you feel that sense of being watched again. In response you keep your head up and an angry look on your face, secretly hoping that no one can see through your determined mask.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, maybe there's one bad joke, though it's not really a pun. I'll change it later. When I think of something better to replace it with.
Sunday you wake up to a wet face and whimpering.

“Oh my gods Kerry what the fuck,” you grumble, the oppressive weight of the chocolate lab on your chest straining your speech.

A flash of light floods the room for the briefest moment, followed by a loud rumble of thunder. You find your question answered when Kerry lets out a startled bark, then buries his face into your armpit. It takes you a moment to register that it’s still dark outside and that you’re awake now.

“Ugh, it’s okay Kerry, it’s just lightning,” you half-heartedly attempt to soothe the large dog, scratching his head behind his ears. He’s not buying it, and it’s becoming slightly difficult to breathe. You shove him (as gently as you can for a scared, heavy, resistant dog) to your lap and sit up on the couch.

The big guy is absolutely terrified. Every time there’s a loud crack outside, he nuzzles his big dopey face further into the blankets between your leg and the back of the couch. Keeping one hand on the dog’s head at all times, you work your arms, shoulders, and back, stretching and popping what you can from sleep. Everything is stiff and sore. A combination of working so much and sleeping on a lumpy couch, you figure.

“Get up, Kerry. I think we both need some comfort food right now, eh?” you say softly to the whimpering mass of fur.

Kerry doesn’t know or care what you’re saying, and belligerently tries to stay on your lap as you try to rise from your place on the couch. He does follow though, when you make it out from under him, even if his tail is between his legs and he scampers to hide under the kitchen table at the next flash and boom from outside.

In the dark, you manage to find the hot chocolate, a clean mug (You give it a rinse to make sure, who knows who did dishes last, or how well) as well as a jar of peanut butter. You can just make out the label in the dark. “Kerry’s peanut butter, do not eat unless you’d French kiss a dog,” it says. You get a big spoon and scoop a bunch of it out, then drop the globed up kitchen utensil into Kerry’s empty dish. He sniffs at it, and then starts gingerly licking at it appreciatively. Satisfied that the dog appreciates his treat, you find a clean spoon (Rinsing this as well) and grumble when there’s no real milk in the fridge. Not even skim, just the powdered mix garbage from the food bank. You sigh, filling the mug with water and microwaving it instead.

From the other room you can hear your phone buzz twice. Looking back at the microwave clock because you’ve already forgotten what time it is, you just see your timer counting down. Shrugging to yourself, you decide to go get your phone and see what’s going up.

It’s Sans.

* sup.

* Why are you texting at – you pause to look at the clock in the top right corner of your phone’s screen - four in the morning?

* dunno. why are you responding at 4am?
* Fair point, you admit.

* so, question.

* Answer.

* heh. what’s happening in the sky right now?

* Really? You’ve never seen lightning before?

* not with snow, no.

* Oh, is it snowing? We call this thundersnow.

* cool. it woke my bro up.

* That sucks.

* it wake you up too?

* Not really. It scared the dog and he woke me up by sitting on my chest.

* hahahaha.

* It’s not that funny, I’ve only had like an hour of sleep.

* me too. no, what’s funny is my bro woke me up the same way.

* By sitting on your chest whimpering?

* basically. hahah.

* How old is your brother?

* twenty-one, give or take.

* Twenty one? Give or take??

* hah, yeah. monsters age weird, i’ll tell you about it sometime.

* You’ll have to. Not right now though, I need to get back to sleep.

* gotcha. good night.

* Night Sans.

You move to put the phone back on the coffee table, but it buzzes again in your hand. Sighing, you take a look.

*oh wait, Sans texted back.

*Hmm?

* what do you want to do tomorrow?
* Oh, I figured you guys had a plan?

* not really.

* I’m terrible at plans, but we could catch a movie or something? The theatre has a small arcade.

* sounds awesome. what movie?

* Star Wars is still in theatres. Sci-fi action, huge fan following. It’s pretty good.

* cool, i’ll grab tickets.

* Not so fast, Sans. I’LL get the tickets.

* why?

* Because I don’t like people paying for me. And I can get three tickets for free online anyway.

* ok. fair enough. should we meet at the theatre?

* Let’s meet at the mall and bus there together, so you guys know how to get home if we decide to split up after the movie.

* sounds good. better make it five tickets, undyne may come too and bring her girl.

* Awesome. Night Sans.

* night ______.

You set your phone down on the coffee table, briefly eyeing it, daring it to buzz again. When it doesn’t, you slump back under the blanket on the couch. Sleep comes to you easily, in spite of a final crash of thunder in the background.
The Hug.

You decided on a four o’clock showing so you could get as much sleep as humanly possible, and so you had time to meet and greet Sans’s brother and Undyne’s girlfriend at the mall. If Sans and Undyne were an indication of the kind of company they keep, you figured you would need all the time and energy you could avail yourself of before the movie.

At two o’clock, you managed to find Sans in the mall looking at a display of used games outside a video game store. A much taller skeleton was hovering over him, wearing a ratty red scarf and… Armour? Unlike Sans’s outfit, his midsection was exposed showing only spine, making it clearly obvious that he really was a skeleton underneath the getup and that it wasn’t some sort of out of season Hallowe’en costume.

Sans notices you a moment later and waves you over. The taller skeleton takes notice of this and, uh, starts running. Right at you.

It takes a moment for you to register this and hold your hands up in surrender. He disregards this and scoops you up in a huge hug, lifting you clear off the ground. You gasp and struggle, really not sure how to process this.

“HUMAN!” the skeleton cries out joyfully. “I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, MUST THANK YOU FOR BEING SO KIND TO MY BROTHER!”

“Down please?” you whimper. He sets you down and awkwardly pats your head with a large gloved hand. “Thank you,” you breathe. A beat of silence falls before you have to ask “What did I do?”

“MY BROTHER HAS BEEN HAVING A VERY HARD TIME ADJUSTING TO ABOVEGROUND CULTURE,” Papyrus gratefully explains, his voice no quieter than before when he’d screamed ‘Human’ at you. “HE SEEMS TO THINK OF YOU AS A KIND AND CARING HUMAN WHO IS HELPING HIM TO ADJUST TO THE CANADIAN WAY OF LIFE. I HAVE HEARD A GREAT DEAL ABOUT YOU!”

“c’mon paps, i told you not to say anything embarrassing,” Sans admonishes his brother from behind him, his bony fingertips clicking against his equally bony forehead.

“I haven’t really done anything,” you try to explain. “Just, uh, been nice where it’s appropriate?”

“That’s EVERYTHING to us up here, nerd!” a familiar, raspy voice says from behind you. You wheel around. Undyne is standing there, looking gussied up. Next to her is a short golden lizard nervously looking down at her feet. They’re holding hands.

“UNDYNE! ALPHYS! GLAD YOU TWO COULD MAKE IT!” Papyrus practically screams his excitement as more of his friends join your group. A beat later and Undyne has him in a headlock. You’re not quite sure how. “AH!” he cries. “PLEASE DON’T NOOGIE THE SKELETON!”

“So I guess I’ve met Sans, Undyne, Papyrus,” you muse out loud, turning to the yellow lizard girl. “And I guess you’re Alphys,” you say, holding out a hand attempting to be friendly. “I’m _____, nice to meet you.”

She gingerly takes your hand and bobs it up and down lightly for a moment. Nothing like the grip her girlfriend had just a couple nights ago. “N-n-nice to meet you, t-too!” she stutters, her golden scales turning pink.
“HEY NERD!” Undyne shouts next to you. “Can I, um, talk to you for a sec? Over there?” she gestures over to the corner by the games store.

“Oh, sure,” you agree. She flashes a serrated smile at you before suddenly grabbing you by the waist and leaping across the room. You let out a nervous squeak of surprise, this already the second time you’ve been picked up in the last three minutes. She lets go of you and you wobble to stand next to her. “Please don’t do that again,” you mutter.

“I’ve gotta tell you something,” she rasps, her voice about as close to a whisper as you think it can get.

“Okay?”

“What I said Friday night… You can’t breathe a WORD of it to ANYONE. GOT IT!”

What she said on Friday… OH! She was browsing wedding stuff because she’s going to propose to her girlfr- OH.

“Cross my heart, your secret’s safe with me!” you say lightly.

“GOOD. Because if you spill the beans, I’ll KILL YOU,” she warns.

“Uhh…”

“Good talk! Okay, back to the group!” she beams. She goes to wrap her arm around your waist again, but you reflexively back away and jog back to the group yourself. She still manages to beat you to it in a single leap, shooting you a look, possibly wondering why you didn’t want her easy transport. Giving her a nervous shrug in response, you clap your gloved hands together to address the assembled group of monsters.

A small voice in the back of your head briefly questions what the heck has happened to your life.

“So! The movie’s at four, so we have a couple hours to kill before then. What would you guys like to do?” you offer. “We could wander around the mall, go to the nearby market, or head to the theatre early and check out the arcade.”

The options seem to overwhelm them, but they all eventually decide on heading to the theatre early since you’re all going there anyways.
On the bus the five of you try to get to know each other better. Conversation comes easily for you. Sans, Undyne, and Alphys are all about your own age. Sans has a couple part-time jobs besides the hot dog stand, since it took so long to get the permits from the city for it and his brother doesn’t work currently. Undyne is a swim instructor, which makes far too much sense, but wants to become a personal trainer at a gym. Alphys is trying to get into a bio lab, testing blood and other samples for various things, but it’s hard for her to find work. Parsing her stuttering speech, you gently suggest that maybe it’s a confidence issue, how she presents herself in interviews. Undyne flashes her teeth at you for suggesting it, but Alphys wrings her hands and agrees that you’re probably right.

Your stop comes up and you realize that it’s just the five of you on the bus. It strikes you as a bit odd, considering that it’s not a long ride between downtown and where the theatre is, but you try to put it to the back of your mind. You press the doors open and wait for all of your new acquaintances (You hesitate mentally to call them friends, seeing as you’ve only just met half of them) to disembark before you do.

There’s a sharp intake of breath from Alphys when you walk in the theatre and the monsters see the arcade.

“What is it?” you ask, pleased with her excitement.


“You like DDR?” you ask, smiling at her enthusiasm.

“I’ve, uh, n-never played,” she says shyly. “B-but it looks really cool!”

“Well hey, it’s been a while for me, but who wants to play?” you offer, heading over to change a five dollar bill for a fistful of arcade tokens – Five games worth of DDR if that’s all you’re doing.

Alphys is too nervous to join you, but Papyrus easily steps up to the plate. You set the gentle monster on Beginner mode and talk him through it, electing to play on Light yourself. He takes to it more easily than you anticipated. When the first song ends, Undyne insists she tries it too and takes over your spot, shouting something about training and never backing down from a challenge. Alphys seems content to watch the two of them compete. You glance over at Sans and see that he’s somehow managed to win five large prizes from the claw machine already.

“Whoa, nice loot!” you comment. “How’d you manage that, anyway? I thought these things only let you win once out of like a hundred tries.”

“oh, really? guess i must be pretty lucky then,” he shrugs, winking an eye socket at you. Somehow.

“Any other games I can interest you in? There’s a couple racing games, a sniper game, air hockey, and skee-ball.”

“what’s the sniper game?” he asks, eyeing you curiously.

“Over here,” you say, gesturing to a machine with a large black plastic sniper rifle mounted onto it. You drop a couple tokens in and start the game, selecting an advanced scenario where you have only one shot to take out a target – Some terrorist in an office building across from you. A timer starts, giving you about ninety seconds to take the shot.
Aiming your rifle carefully so that the electronic scope centers over your target’s head, you explain to Sans without turning your head. “All you have to do is find your target, wait patiently for the right moment, and” you say, then suck in a breath to steady yourself and pull the trigger. The machine bellows “HEAD SHOT!” and the screen flashes appraising your perfect score. “Just, take them out,” you finish, pleased with yourself.

Sans doesn’t look as enthused. More nervous. “you humans sure like your guns, huh?” he comments quietly.

“I only like the fake ones,” you explain, recognizing his nervousness. “In the context of a game only. I don’t think I could ever use a real one, to be perfectly honest.” That seems to placate his nerves.

A scaly arm aggressively finds its way onto your shoulders. “PUNK! I’ve mastered the dancing game. Wanna challenge me!??” Undyne rasps into your ear.

“You’re on,” you tell her happily.

By mastered, you learn, she actually means that Beginner is now easy for her. You select Light again, and some faster songs. This frustrates her to no end, but she still seems to be having fun. You’re having a lot of fun too, even if you feel a bit self-critical every time you miss an easy step, or have to lean on the bar to avoid falling over. Three songs later you clean house, and she lets out a cry of frustration at the final score screen which you can only laugh at.

Everyone takes to the arcade with gusto. Papyrus engages Sans in a rousing game of air hockey, which Sans seems to win without any apparent effort, much to his younger brother’s eternal frustration. Undyne plays everything, as aggressively as possible, and Alphys seems plenty happy with just watching her, taking out her phone to snap a pic of Undyne playing the sniper game. You try to engage Alphys in at least a one game, selecting Initial D to introduce her to. She’s terrible at racing games apparently, but enjoys the anime storyline so she loves it anyway. She’s ecstatic when you tell her there’s a manga of it and even a show.

“All right folks,” you announce to the arcade, mostly empty but for your group. “We should probably go get our popcorn and grab our seats soon.”

“_____?” you hear a familiar voice from behind you. The sound of it makes your shoulders tense and your stomach twist into knots.

“Better yet guys, I’ll meet you in the theatre. Don’t take too long at concession!” you wave, feeling your fake smile crack. You see a couple of their faces droop, but you can’t bring yourself to explain right now. You distribute the tickets to each of them as quickly as possible, then collect Sans’ stuffed winnings, figuring you’ll use them to mark their seats.

When you turn to head into the theatre, you don’t even let your eyes meet his, a scowl etched into your features.
The Movie.

It’s still way too early to be in here, you realize. It’s dim and they’re not even playing commercials on the screen. Sighing to yourself, you pick the middle of the top row and start tucking the plush toys into the seats, one for each seat for five seats in a row. You take your phone out to snap a quick picture of the stuffed toys apparently lined up ready to enjoy Star Wars. While your back is turned, a tap on your arm startles you. You drop your phone in surprise.

“hey, sorry,” Sans says when you turn to him.

You let out a breath. “Don’t do that,” you say, sounding more exasperated than you want to. “How’d you get in here so quick?”

“i came right after you, wanted to see how you were doing. you, uh, okay?” he asks.

“I’m good. Apparently I’ve just lost my cellphone though,” you comment, letting out a chuckle that you hope doesn’t sound too nervous. You realize your hand is gripping your opposite elbow in front of you – defensive body language, you recognize, and drop your hand quickly.

The phone, apparently hearing you call for it, starts happily buzzing from somewhere under the seats. Groaning, you carefully maneuver to try and find it, thankful for the screen’s light. Sans sees it first and grabs it, inspecting it.

“seems like ‘stupid crazy stalker ex’ is texting you,” he reads off the call display screen. “is that who that guy was?”

You grumble. “Idiot ought to know better,” you say, accepting your phone from Sans’ outstretched hand. “It’s a movie theatre, you have to turn your phone off for the movie,” you explain with a smirk, holding in the power button until the screen goes dark.

“do you wanna talk about it?” he asks, concern etched into his bony features.

“Not particularly. Well, except to say that, yes, that was him out there,” you confirm, finding your hand on your elbow again. “And that he should know that I’m not ever speaking to him again, so I don’t know why he bothers. Well, except for the explanation that he’s a complete idiot, of course.”

“knew something was up when you started acting cold,” he comments. “that was really out of character for you.”

“Sorry my drama ruined a good time,” you apologize.

“hey, it’s no problem. exes are assholes, right?”

“Right. Thanks, Sans.”

When the rest of your company arrives in the screen room, they don’t question why you’ve claimed the middle seat. You try to put it out of your mind that you’d rather be flanked by monsters than get cornered by your ex again. Papyrus hands you a soda before he takes the seat to the far right next to his brother, and Undyne offers you some candy she and Alphys bought, taking the seats to the left with Alphys on the outside. You feel like this arrangement was thought up to protect you the most. You sigh quietly to yourself with delight at how nice and flattered and safe that makes you feel.

The movie is unprecedentedly amazing. Papyrus raves loudly about BB8 and the other droids every
time they appear on screen, and you feel thankful that it’s a slow day with only a couple other people in the theater many rows ahead of you. Everyone’s faces drop, then explode with delight when you explain that there are six other movies in the series before this one. They make you promise to show them some time. How could you say no?

As you leave the screen room, you intentionally lag behind the group. Sans seems to notice and decides to hang back and match pace with you.

“He’s probably on the DDR machine, or waiting outside,” you sigh, knowing he’ll understand.

“gotcha. want me to take care of him? I’ll make him leave you alone,” he offers.

“I’d, uh, really appreciate that actually. Even though I should probably just take the high road and not indulge him,” you say anxiously.

“no problem, i’ve got it covered,” Sans says, then lags behind a step.

When you turn to see him go, wondering if maybe he forgot something in the theatre, he’s just… Gone.
Your ex isn’t anywhere in sight, and you let out a sigh of relief. Undyne drapes her arm around your shoulders, distracting you as she hustles you towards the exit. You protest a moment, saying that you should probably wait up for Sans, but Papyrus is confident he’ll catch up with you later. He does, ever so surprisingly, seem to be waiting for you at the bus stop.

“So, what’s next?” he asks, grinning broadly at you.

“Uhh, we could go our separate ways, I guess? I still have to do laundry today,” you say. You’re not sure you want this day to be over yet, but you’re also nervous that you’ve overstayed your welcome.

“Ngh, Laundry SUCKS!” Undyne cries out.

“ONLY BECAUSE YOU’RE SO LAZY AT IT!” Papyrus proudly counters.

“I-I-um, c-could we go somewhere for f-food? I’m hungry,” Alphys mumbles.

“YEAH! Let’s eat!” Undyne barks. “_____ know any good places to grab some grub? Uh, not ACTUAL grub, of course!”

You’re not really comfortable with remaining out in public with your ex on the lookout for you. Sans seems to notice your discomfort and straightens, standing from the bench he’s sitting on.

“i kind of want to head home. how about we head there and order some pizza?” he suggests for you. “_____ you should come over.” You wonder how he manages to keep reading you so well.

“Really? I don’t really want to impose,” you say.

“COME ON, NERD!” Undyne punches you on the shoulder. “Pap’s has a TON of games I could kick your ass at!”

“You’re on,” you grin, not one to back down from a challenge. And Undyne really seems to like a good competition.

It turns out she can utterly destroy all of you at Smash Bros. She cackles madly as if she’s having the time of her life, especially every time she manages to throw your poor Pikachu out of the arena. You feel like this is your comeuppance for kicking her ass at DDR – Well, on Light, anyway, the easiest difficulty after Beginner – and you’re fine with that. Despite the sweat on your palms making your hands slide around on the controller, and the adrenaline from trying your hardest to knock her Samus out of the arena, you feel pretty comfortable on the couch with your group of new monster friends.

Friends. There’s that word again. You lose your focus on the game trying to think your way around the word. You guess it’s an okay word to use for them, right as Undyne knocks you out again and wins the tenth game in a row.

“You’re a rockstar at Smash, Undyne,” you say proudly, clapping her shoulder and conceding her victory over you yet again.

“Fuhuhu, you’re not so bad yourself human!” She gives you a big smile in response. You’re not sure what the heck she means, since you hadn’t won even a single game.
Before you can say anything else awkward, your stomach rumbles and you realize that you were promised pizza. “Oh, is there any pizza left?” you ask no one in particular, rising from the couch and wiping the sweat from your hands onto your pants pockets.

As soon as you stand up and turn around, you see Sans messing with your phone. You feel the blood in your face slink away in a hurry, leaving your cheeks cold and pale.

Papyrus sees this and tries to distract you. “HUMAN! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL-“

But it’s too late, the damage is done.

“What. The hell. Do you think you’re doing, Sans?” you ask, feeling your face scrunch into a glare and the edge in your voice cutting the air like a knife.

The room is silent. Studying your expression carefully, Sans turns your phone to you and you snatch it out of his hand. The blood’s made its return trip way back to your face, as you feel flush from a mix of anger and embarrassment over this social slight.

“He said some pretty nasty things to you. i, uh, just didn’t think you’d want to read it,” he explains.

He’s deleted your entire texting history with ‘Stupid Crazy Stalker Ex’.

You feel so conflicted it’s confusing. On the one hand, he violated your right to privacy by going through your phone, and destroyed everything your ex had ever written to you. On the other, it was obviously in an attempt to protect you. You don’t need protecting, you thought to yourself angrily, but you still feel a bit flattered at the attempt. The tears come before you can fight to stop them, and you hold a hand over your face and adjust your hair to hide them better.

“I should go,” you mumble quietly.

“can i walk you?” Sans asks, concern etched in his hard features.

“No. I can’t even look at you right now,” you snap back.

“Then let me,” Undyne says from behind you, pulling on her long tan winter coat and kitty hat.

You don’t have the determination to argue.
As soon as the doors to the brothers’ apartment building slam shut behind you, Undyne grabs you by the shoulders and forces you to face her.

“Talk to me,” she demands, her characteristic edge still present in her voice, but it’s harder to notice as she attempts to be more sentimental.

“Can we walk? I’d like to keep walking,” you mumble, unable to look her in the eye.

She lets you go and falls in line alongside you.

It’s quiet for a few steps, almost to the point that you’d forget she was there if it weren’t for her coat brushing against yours every few steps. You can see out the corner of your eye that she’s missing her scarf, and she’s pulling the collar of her jacket up to try and protect her neck and face better. You seem to be handling the cold better than her, so without thinking you tug off your scarf and offer it.

“Sorry if it’s gross,” you mutter under your breath.

She accepts it anyway, smiling graciously at the offered warmth. She doesn’t say anything though, apparently giving you space to open up when you’re ready. You let out a strangled sigh.

“He shouldn’t have done that,” you say finally.

“Probably was a bad move,” Undyne agrees.

“My phone’s pretty personal, and I’ll never know what else he saw or went through before I noticed.”

“You know he did it because he cares about you though, right? I know Sans, he’d never do anything like that to hurt someone,” Undyne says, her raspy voice muffled by your scarf.

You grumble. “I guess… Yeah, I mean I know that. It’s just… Still. Not cool.” You find your arms folded in front of you. Body language that’s aggressive, but a bit defensive too. You force your arms to drop and shove your hands into your pockets instead.

“Sans feels like he has to protect EVERYONE. I think it’s a big brother complex or something, who knows. You saw how he is with Papyrus, right? He babies the big ol’ weenie.”

“Really? Well, he doesn’t have to worry about me. I can take care of myself,” you insist.

“Can you?”

You stop and shoot her a scowl. You’re slightly surprised when the boisterous fish takes a half step back away from you. She didn’t seem to hesitate about anything.

“I mean, you seemed really bothered when that guy showed up,” she points out.

“It’s not a problem,” you tell her. “He’s just an idiot that doesn’t understand when to quit.”

“Wanna talk about it?”

“There’s nothing really left to say. I mean, shit, we broke up seven years ago—"
“SEVEN YEARS AGO!?” Undyne screeches in utter shock, stopping in her tracks. “OH MY GOD.”

“EXACTLY!” you shout, delightedly surprised at her surprise. “Finally, someone gets it! That’s not normal, right!?”

“That’s fricken’ CRAZY!” Undyne barks. “How would anyone think that was NORMAL!?”

“Even crazier? All I ever did was break up with him!” you exclaim. “I didn’t break his stuff, or cheat on him, or what-the-hell-ever nasty ex-girlfriends do. I just LEFT. That’s IT!”

“You HAVE to tell me more! Look, let’s go into this cafe. I’m buying,” she insists, pulling on your sleeve. You nearly face plant from the sudden jerk of motion on your arm.

“Uhh, no it’s okay, I don’t—”

“They have CHOCOLATE.”

Well, who in their right mind would turn down an offer of free chocolate?
Undyne grumbles a bit as you accept your change from the cashier, putting it back into your wallet. Maybe you weren’t of a sound mind after all.

“I said I’d get it, you know,” she rasps.

“I know,” you say, self-satisfied that you got to the register first. It was nice of her to offer, but you hated feeling like a charity case. Besides, between two jobs and almost no expenses, you were doing well.

Despite yourself and your generally frugal nature, this was a special occasion. And special occasions deserve two slices of moist dark chocolate cake and two artisan hot chocolates piled high with dark chocolate shavings and whipped cream.

You gesture with the tray over to a small table available by the window, and Undyne follows your lead. You hand her a metal spoon and hold yours up as well, holding the back of it to her in waiting.

“I have a rule,” you begin, gathering all the seriousness in your expression that you can muster. Undyne watches you intently. “There is nothing better than a cake moist enough, or a hot drink thick enough, that you can enjoy both of them with a spoon.”

You clink your spoon back against the back of hers, which sends her into a fit of giggles more befitting a schoolgirl than the aggressively passionate woman in front of you.

“So what’s the story with your ex, anyway?” Undyne asks, before scooping some of the whipped cream in her mouth. An involuntary, you suspect, “Mmmm” results, to which she blushes and flinches down.

“Where should I start?” you ask.

“I don’t know, the beginning?”

“Uh, well,” you say, taking a moment and putting a spoonful of your own hot chocolate into your mouth. Oh, that’s divine. “Anyway, we met in highschool. I thought he was cool because he played video games, and I’ve always been a huge dork for video games. So, I asked him out,” you say.

“NICE,” Undyne smiles proudly, appreciating your initiative, you guess? Then she catches herself, realizing you’re talking about your ex. “Uh, I mean, what went wrong? What happened?”

“There wasn’t one thing that happened that made it all go south. It was a series of teeny, tiny, little things, only ever done or said in private. Little things that made me feel like a servant, or a slave. Little things that made me feel less than human. Little things that implied I wasn’t much more to him than property. Hundreds and hundreds of these little things that no one else ever saw,” you say tersely, attacking the soft cake with your spoon. “It felt like I was some trophy he thought he’d won, and if I didn’t behave the way he expected, he’d just get worse.”

“What’d you do?” Undyne asks, amber eye scanning your face.

“I left him, of course! Several times, actually. See, I was stupid and thought I actually loved him. I
thought this was what love was. Not some fairy tale magic thing that you’d see in the movies, just a 
mutual tolerance of each other? It was comfortable, somehow, and familiar, so I kept going back. 
And each time I left he’d just get sweet on me for a while until I gave up and got back together with 
him. But behind closed doors, he never changed.”

Still processing what that must feel like for you, she watches you take another spoonful of your hot 
chocolate before you continue.

“That, uh, isn’t even the bad part,” you tell her, making fleeting eye contact before staring down at 
your cake.

“What’s the bad part?” she asks, curiosity piqued.

“Nobody believed me.”

“Nobody believed you?”

“Yeah. Absolutely no one thought there was anything wrong with our relationship. I tried reaching 
out to people, to see if I was the only one who felt that there was a problem, but I was really bad at 
explaining myself at the time. And since it was highschool, they all thought that since our 
relationship lasted more than a couple months that we were destined to be together. Too many people 
took that seriously, including him, so anything I said against it was completely ignored. People 
treated me like I was overreacting, or like I was trying to hurt him by asserting myself as an 
independent and free-thinking human person. I didn’t WANT to be his trophy girlfriend. I just 
wanted out of the stupid relationship, I just wanted to be myself again and for people to see me for 
ME, you know? Not as ‘Drew’s girlfriend’, or his ’psycho ex’, or ‘destiny’, or ANYTHING that 
tied me to him in any way. I didn’t want my entire identity to just be one half of a love story that 
wasn’t even REAL!”

You realize that you’re getting loud, which makes you feel self-conscious. You slink back down in 
your chair a little, hoping that the now mostly empty café is oblivious of your outburst.

“That’s TERRIBLE!” she empathizes. “Why did everyone think that? I mean, GOD, that’s SO 
MESSED UP!” Her hands grab at the air in front of her as she parses what you’ve said, as if she’s 
either trying to either grab at some better words to express herself with, or to strangle your ex and 
some of the people who ignored you so many years ago. “That’s… NGH!!”

You nod, biting back the sting of the abandonment you felt from all of your friends so long ago. 
“Jackass had everybody convinced that I was the problem, too. I was being belligerent in resisting 
our ‘destiny’ just to hurt him. I got screaming mad about it a few times, but that didn’t do anything to 
help my credibility. When I left him that last time, I did what I could to make sure he knew that it 
was for good. Well,” you say, stirring the rest of your lukewarm drink. “That only just made him 
crazier.”

“What did he do!” she asked, sensing the hurt in your voice.

“He got drunk a lot, and basically told everyone I knew – Every mutual friend, even non-mutual 
friends – that I broke his heart, and was a horrible, evil bitch for doing so. He called me some pretty 
horrible things to anyone who listened. He told people manipulative lies; like that I had cheated on 
him or stolen from him, when I hadn’t. He single-handedly killed every single close friendship I ever 
claimed to have in a year. Very few cared to listen to my side of the story, or even asked for it. Those 
that did, still thought I was being unreasonable and sided with him. He literally burned every bridge I 
had, and all I ever did was leave, one final time.”
“What an ASSHOLE!”

“Yup. Oh, and that’s not even the end of the story, either!” you continue, feeling a bit better, maybe even a little happy, that you could open up like this at all. You feel the corners of your mouth tugging upwards, a small sigh of relief sneaking out.

“Oh my GOD, what ELSE did he do!?”

“Ohh, not much,” you say sarcastically, shrugging. “Just, y’know, constantly stalks me after killing all my friendships, which he’s never apologized for or even acknowledged as wrong, somehow thinking that he could still weasel his way back into my life? Several times he’s tracked down and chased off any new guys I was interested in, too, just to make sure I’m alone and that no one else will reach out to me or want me except him.”

“You ever thought about just KILLING the guy!?”

You almost drop your spoon in surprise. “That’s… A little extreme, isn’t it? Even though he’s a jackass I don’t really want to see him dead. I just wish he’d leave me the hell alone. Like I said, it’s been SEVEN YEARS. Give up already!”

“What about moving away, like, out of the city?"

“Now that’s something I’m considering, but I can’t leave until I finish school. That’s really the only thing tying me down right now, so I’ve just got to grin and bear it.”

“Man, you’re like, WAY TOUGHER than I thought!”

You weren’t expecting a genuine compliment out of this whole thing. You’re actually not sure what you were expecting, but the talk has been therapeutic. You duck your chin to your chest as you blush, and then your expression falls slightly when you realize there’re only a couple bites of that delicious cake left. She notices, and slides the rest of hers your way.

Chapter End Notes

Just wanted to note, that all the venting and stuff about the ex in this chapter? This is real. It happened to me. I'm not looking for any sympathy or anything - It was a long time ago and I HAVE moved the hell away from it all - but wanted to let you know in case you might think it stretches the realm of believability. This isn't fiction in this chapter - This is real life. This is where the tags for Objectification and Emotional/Psychological abuse come into play.

Also, thanks everyone who has left kudos on this fic already! I'm kind of shocked. I only started writing this yesterday, and only just decided to throw it online today. As of this post, everything that I have written so far is up on here. I don't have a schedule for future chapters or anything, but I'm still cranking them out at a good pace, so stay tuned :)}
“Keep it,” you insist.

“Really? Are you sure?” she asks.

“Yeah, why not? It’s a long walk back, and I have another one made already. Call it a gift.”

“Oh thank GOD, this cold is so harsh on my scales!” Undyne cries out, smoothing the scarf out so it better covers her face. You laugh, finding her enthusiasm over a scarf endearing. “Wait! You make these, nerd?” she asks, her eye snapping back to you.

You’re quickly learning that whenever Undyne calls someone a nerd, it’s a term of endearment. You smile slightly at that, wondering what she would say as an actual insult. “Yeah, I can knit. It keeps my hands busy while I watch TV.”

“AWESOME,” she exclaims. “Hey, uh, can I ask you something?”

“What’s up?”

“As soon as I get back to the boys’ place, they’re probably going to ask me what we talked about. Can I tell them, or is it just between us?”

“Thank you for asking,” you say sincerely. “Yes, go ahead and tell them. It’s not comfortable but it’s not really a secret, and I’d probably just end up telling Sans about it at some point anyway.”

“So you’ll forgive the numbskull?”

You grumble. “YEAH, I guess so. Just not used to people looking out for me, or getting into my personal business.”

“Glad to hear it! He cares about you, _____ . That’s rare! Well, as far as humans go, anyway!” she explains.

Undyne gives you a tight hug and you feel a satisfying crack in your lower spine. When she withdraws to ask if she broke you, you laugh and tell her its fine. As she turns to walk away, she turns back slightly to give you a final wave farewell.

She’s dropped you off back at your aunt’s house. You’re not sure what time it is, but the sky got dark a bit ago while you were eating cake with Undyne at the café. You notice a good layer of snow under your feet as you wrestle your keys out of your purse. You open the door and drop your bag on the floor, then withdraw a shovel from the cramped front hall closet to quickly tidy up the snow on the front stoop. After putting some salt down, you head back inside and put the shovel back in the closet.

While you’re quickly wiping up the wet on the floor from your boots with a ratty towel, your cousin Amey comes down the stairs. She’s holding her old MP3 player with one earbud still in her ear, the other hanging loose and dangling in front of her.

“Were you talking to someone outside _____ ?” she asks.

“Yeah, new friend of mine,” you say, smiling slightly. There’s that word again. You just hope it lasts. “Sorry, she’s a little... Enthusiastic.”
“Ah, okay. I just heard shouting and wanted to make sure you were okay.”

“Thanks, Ames. I’m excellent,” you say as you take off your jacket and hang it up. “Is it alright if I get my laundry started?”

“I think there’s a load in right now. Oh, Mom’s home, by the way. She’s back from Paris.”

“Is that where she went?”

“Yeah. She got me a couple t-shirts from some store there. They have the Eiffel tower on it and just say ‘Paris’ on them,” she says, sounding utterly bored of them already. “Want one?”

“Maybe throw your least favourite one in with my clothes when I get them in the wash? If she’s offended, we’ll call it a mixup.”

“You got it cuz,” she replies before heading back upstairs.

You stretch and head over to the couch, but before you can drop down into the lumpy old thing and relax, your phone buzzes from your bag in the front hall. You groan, largely unwilling to take another step today, but decide to see who’s texted you anyway. It’s probably Sans.

* hey, undyne got back, told us your story. i’m so sorry, the text reads. Yup, definitely Sans.

* How? She’s been gone like two minutes, you marvel.

* she was motivated.

* I suppose she was. And apology accepted - you’re forgiven. Just don’t do anything like that ever again, okay?

* ok. i promise i won’t. he just said some pretty horrible stuff, i didn’t think you deserved it.

* Probably nothing I haven’t heard from him before. Trust me, I’m thicker skinned than you might think. ;)

* and i’m just a bonehead, heh. You chuckle at that. He caught your subtle pun.

* So, V-Day is in two days. Have you got a plan for your lady yet?

* that’s that romantic human holiday, huh? no, i’m out of ideas. if i had ears, i’d say i’ve got nothing between them.

* lol, Well, what does she like?

* snails, chocolate, reading, and teaching.

* Ew, snails? Like, as a pet?

* no, eating them. it’s tori’s fave.

* Tori huh? That’s a pretty name.

* short for toriel. you could say it’s rather regal ;)

Oh, that’s adorable - he compared her to royalty. You suppose that he must think really highly of her.
* Well anyway, how about a gift of chocolate – That’s a typical V-Day gift anyway - and then take her to a restaurant that serves escargot?

* what is escargot?

* It’s snails, but boiled in garlic butter or something. I’ve never had it, but it’s a French delicacy.

* that’s awesome, i bet she’d love that. i need to give her an out, though.

* Like the date thing? By the way, that was a smooth move. Good call.

* heheh. yeah. something that means no hard feelings if she wants to say no.

* You could just say the dinner doesn’t have to mean something romantic, I guess? It’s something new to try, something almost cultural.

* maybe. thanks for the idea, ____.

* Anytime :)
The Engagement.

* SHE SAID YES!!!!!!!!!!

You’re on your way to class Wednesday morning when your phone starts having a seizure in your pocket. This is the message on screen when you turn the screen on to unlock it.

* Undyne? you guess at the unknown contact. I don’t think we ever traded numbers.

* OH, I GOT IT FROM SANS. HOPE THAT’S COOL!

* No prob, I meant to ask for it anyway. So, Alphys said yes? That’s awesome! Congratulations!

* THANKS, PUNK! WE SHOULD TOTALLY CELEBRATE!

* We should! Work’s dying down now that V-Day is over, so I’m available Friday. How do you want to celebrate?

* I HAVE NO IDEA.

* Do you want to bring the boys along, or make it a girls-only thing?

* WE SHOULD BRING THE BOYS! I HAVEN’T TOLD THEM YET!!

* Then, how about bowling? I know a place that is licensed for alcohol.

* THAT SOUNDS AWESOME! LET’S DO IT!!!

Friday comes quickly, and you manage to finish the exam with plenty of time to spare. You decide to head back downtown so you can go home and drop off your bag, then get changed for bowling. You briefly say hi to your aunt, who is smoking in the kitchen across from, who you guess is, her new man. He’s wearing a lot of jewelry on his left hand, big gaudy golden rings on three fingers, as if he’s trying to show off. You figure he must be the one who took her to Paris.

You also notice a brand new sound system in the living room that your cousin Paul is in the middle of hooking up.

The bus ride back to the bowling lanes is about as exciting as you’d expect it to be. When you get there, you find Sans, Papyrus, Alphys, and Undyne at the counter ordering food and drinks. Among them is a small child. Messy brown hair, a honey brown colour to their skin, and wearing a red-and-white striped sweater and black jeans. They’re picking at a plate of chicken fingers and French fries, seemingly a little put out by the massive pile of ketchup in the way. From the side of their face, you can’t tell if it’s a boy or a girl.

“Hi everyone!” you greet your group of friends waving. You endure Papyrus’ and Undyne’s respective spine-cracking bear hugs, and then hold your hand out to the kid. “Hello, I’m _____. What’s your name?” you ask smiling gently.
With a big grin, they start quickly signing with their hand. You can only catch F and S in the flurry of motion. You look up at Sans, a little lost and slightly ashamed that it’s been so long since you learned the American Sign Language alphabet.

“heh, sorry. frisk’s mute,” he explains, affectionately resting a hand on the kid’s head. The name really doesn’t really help you figure out their gender, and you think it’d probably be rude to ask. You decide to wait until something happens that reveals it for you. “not deaf though. frisk will be able to understand anything you say, so don’t worry about that.”

The kid nods, then finally takes your hand and enthusiastically shakes it up and down.

“HEY NERDS! Before we start, Alphys and I have an announcement to make!” Undyne calls out. Everyone turns their attention to Undyne as she plants a big kiss on the side of Alphys’ face. You turn yours to Alphys’ outstretched left hand.

You gently take her hand to inspect the ring. It’s not your traditional diamond engagement ring – Instead of a simple gold band with an overpriced rock, it’s a large sparkling ruby cut into the shape of a seashell, and the silver band has a pattern that looks like scales. Clearly this is something that Undyne has been thinking about for a while, to have put such a personal touch into her fiancée’s ring.

“Alphys, it’s beautiful! Congratulations to both of you!”

“What’s going on?” Sans asks.

“They’re getting married!” you exclaim. Sans’ eye sockets widen and Papyrus flails. Frisk gasps and puts their hands on their cheeks.

“That is most wonderful news! And I, the great Papyrus, will be the best wedding guest ever!” Papyrus exclaims.

“Even better, Papyrus – I want you as my best man!” Undyne beams.

“That sounds like the perfect job for me!”

“You bet it does, nerd!” Undyne traps him in a noogie while Sans takes a closer look at Alphys’ ring. He seems to have a faraway expression on his face.

Before you can ask about it, Frisk tugs on your sleeve and gestures to their phone. “Oh, you want my phone number kiddo?” you ask. They nod enthusiastically. You take their phone and enter your number into it. Frisk snatches back their phone and immediately texts you.

* this is ez when u dnt kno sign, they text. You resist the grumble in your throat at the chatspeak.

“Good thinking, kiddo,” you say, tousling their hair. Frisk beams.
Everyone grabs their bowling shoes and starts deliberating how you’re going to split the group into two teams. Sans and Papyrus quickly form Team Bones, and Undyne and Alphys, Team Scales. You and Frisk look at each other oddly, then Frisk runs over to Papyrus’ side, clearly indicating what team they want to be on. You shrug as Undyne claims you for Team Scales.

For a guy that seems to do little more than set the ball on the laneway and give it a nudge, Sans seems to get a strike almost every time. Team Bones is winning by a large margin as a result, and it is driving Undyne berserk. It's driving Papyrus a bit crazy to, since he seems to be having little luck hitting more than one pin at a time. Almost every one of Frisk's balls end up in the gutter, but they seem to be having the time of their life anyways. As for Team Scales, Alphys and Undyne are about average when it comes to bowling, and you're about the same. Determined, you take a little more time with your last couple bowls, and are rewarded with a strike. Undyne claps you on the back, hard, then calls for Sans to take his turn.

Sans is sitting a good distance behind the group, looking at his phone. Hearing his name, he shoves it into his pocket, looking a little sad, maybe ashamed? He takes the ball and he somehow seems to try even less than before. Gutter ball.

Okay, something is clearly bothering the bag of bones.

You sidle up next to him when he returns to his seat at the back, trying to catch a glimpse at his phone. He puts it away before you can, barely meeting your eyes.

“what’s up?” he asks.

“That’s my line,” you inform him playfully. “Something wrong?”

“oh, heh, no, nothing much,” he says, running bony fingers along the backs of his neck vertebrae.


“well, you know how i had that plan to ask tori out for valentines?” he asks.

“Yeah! How’d that go?”

“gorey’ beat me to it. she was, uh, getting ready for her date with him when i got there.”

“Oh no, that’s…” you fumble for the words, grasping at air. “Embarassing? Crushing.”

“a bit of both,” he nods solemnly.

“So, what now?”

“well, I’ll give you three guesses as to who i’m texting, and why my bro and i have her kid out on a friday night. but i bet you’ll only need one.”

So Frisk is Tori’s kid, huh? “Oh no, she’s with him isn’t she?” you realize.

“pretty much,” he says, sighing.
“So, what happens now? Are you done?”

“i… don’t know,” he says, his bony hands gripping the legs of his pants. “i guess her mind’s made up.”

“She’s still texting you though?”

“she wants to know how frisk is doing, and wants someone to talk to about her date,” he explains sullenly.

“Ouch. I think you’re stuck in the friendzone, bonehead.” You tap your knuckles lightly on his skull for effect. It makes a hollow noise, and he laughs at your look of surprise.

“that’s bad, isn’t it? … how do i get out of the ‘friendzone’?”

You tap a finger on your cheek thoughtfully. “I’m really no expert on this, but I think the safest move is just to stop playing, I guess? Well, or you could try something high-risk, high-reward, but then you could lose her entirely,” you explain.

“what would be an example of something high-risk?”

“Stealing a kiss from her, I guess? And telling her how you really feel about her. Or one last extravagant, romantic gesture? If there’re mutual feelings there, she’ll bite.”

Sans’s skull sinks into the fur of his coat, hiding his hard ivory cheeks behind the grey fluff.

“i think i’ll just have to get used to the friendzone,” he mumbles.

“Sorry, Sans.”

“its ok. i don’t know why i thought i could measure up to a king, anyway.”

“A king? King of what?” you ask, perplexed.

“uh, a king of all monsters? asgore dreemurr.”

“Your King is her ex? Wait – Toriel’s a Queen!” you gape. “Oh man I just got that regal pun. OH! And I called him an asshole!” You find your hands quickly covering your mouth, as if you could take the words back.

He laughs loudly at the face you’re making. It’s the best sound you’ve heard in a while.

You’re suddenly distracted by Undyne’s whooping. As it turns out, Team Scales has won the match, by a single point.

Chapter End Notes

Ahh geez, I had no idea this would get so much attention. Thank you everyone for your comments and kudos! I will try and respond to the comments individually just as soon as I can tear myself away from writing more! I’m still on a roll, but some of you are right - I’m bound to burnout soon, especially since I just broke up soriel. Don’t fret though, I hate to leave things unfinished, so even if updates slow down, I will never abandon this.
NEVER!
Friendship with the monster group is easy and fun. You’re not the best at making plans, but they seem to love all of your hangout ideas no matter how dorky or lame you think they are. They just have to initiate contact first, because you’re still kind of crap when it comes to keeping up with people. It’s been a long time since you could truly call anyone a friend, but these monsters… No, these people… They seem to really like spending time with you. They drag you away from your house minimum two nights a week for random things, whether it’s cooking a meal together, playing video games, or catching them up on Disney and Pixar films. Being so social is a different kind of exhausting, but exhilarating too - it feels good to feel wanted all the time.

Never in your wildest dreams however, did you anticipate that they’d introduce you to a movie star.

“Darling! It’s so good to finally meet you!” the robot exclaims. He takes your offered hand in both of his cool metal ones, but you find that the metal of his palms bends and forms to your hands like you’d expect skin to, so it’s not completely uncomfortable. “My dear Papyrus has told me all about you!”

“It’s so nice to meet you too, Mettaton,” you mumble, wondering why your cheeks feel like they’re on fire. You don’t care about movie stars, right? Apart from the really big ones always occupying the front covers of tabloids you idly glanced over, you couldn’t even name many of them. Then again, you’d never actually met one before now.

“Please sweetheart, don’t be so shy!” Mettaton flicks his hair dramatically – If you could call it hair. It looked like thousands of small gauge wires coming out of the top of his head, but again, the flexible metal moved and swayed as if it were the real thing. “Let me get a good look at you, gorgeous,” he says, gently taking your chin in his hand and levelling his eyes with yours.

That’s three pet names in the span of about thirty seconds and now he’s forcing eye contact and invading your personal space. You take a step back to assert your distance once again, Mettaton making a pouty expression with his smooth metal lips. You feel Undyne’s arm wrap around your shoulders.

“Hey, _____ - Why don’t you help me with dinner?” she offers brightly. Undyne is the absolute best. You can’t manage any words and just nod awkwardly, eternally gracious for the out. She steers you towards the kitchen of the skelebros’ tiny apartment.

“So, that was different,” you say as Undyne hands you a block of cheese to shred.

“YEAH, Mettaton’s alright, but in small doses,” she cackles.

“And he’s dating Papyrus?” you inquire.

“More like Papyrus is his biggest fan, so he pays him extra attention,” she explains. “Although, it’s probably as close to dating as either of those nerds get!”

“I really didn’t expect to meet somebody famous today,” you mutter, looking down at yourself. You’re wearing your most comfortable sweat shirt – A worn, ash grey thing with a small hole in the elbow and a stain on the front from a stray dribble of pizza sauce, and a comfy pair of black men’s pajama pants that had the Atari logo printed all over them.
“Don’t be so self-conscious, PUNK!” Undyne scolds, waggling a wooden stirring spoon at you. “The annoying bucket of bolts may be all glitz and glam, but he’s one of us. When you’re around him you don’t have to change a THING, okay?”

You glance out of the small kitchen to see Mettaton’s arm draped around Papyrus’ shoulders, whispering something into his ear. Papyrus’ cheekbones flushed orange – a blush, perhaps? You didn’t know skeletons could blush. You take a moment to marvel at how tall they both are – About seven feet tall, you estimate – and how cute it was to see Papyrus so nervous around his idol. He wasn’t usually one to hesitate about anything.

“I suppose so, but who wears a tuxedo to anime/Disney night?” Made out of sequins, you add silently to yourself.

“He just had it altered, I guess? He wants to wear it at our wedding,” Undyne shrugs.

“Speaking of which, have you found a venue yet?” you ask. You’ve sort of become Undyne and Alphys’ unofficial wedding planner, but none of that could start until they had a venue and a date.

“Not yet. URGH! They all have two year waiting lists, I can’t wait that long!” she rasps, stirring the noodles more fiercely. Water splashes out and hisses into vapour when it hits the burner directly.

You’re about to tell her to calm down when you hear the front door open and close. “Sans!” you call out, knowing the skeleton’s returned from his shopping trip. You bag up what’s left of the block of cheese and toss it in the fridge.

“hey guys,” he greets, kicking off his pink fuzzy slippers.

You step out into the hallway and offer a hand. “Let me help with those,” you say.

He hands you the shopping bag full of chips. You scoff as you take them, holding out your other hand. “The lightest bag, really? Hand over the goods, numbskull.”

“just didn’t want things to get too heavy between us,” he jokes, then hands over the two bags containing bottles of soda. You chuckle at the pun.

As you turn away you notice him duck his face into the fur lining of his coat. You’d wonder why he’d be embarrassed right now if you didn’t have to immediately run to rescue dinner from Undyne.

After spaghetti is consumed and everyone moves over to the skelebros’ couch, you stand in front of the group to discuss what you have in store for them.

“I was wondering if you guys wanted to start a new series? What’s everyone in the mood for? Action? Romance? Smut?”

Alphys flushes at that last one. You know she wants to ask for smut. The only reason you ever offer smut is to make her blush. You make a note to yourself to text her smut suggestions later so she can enjoy them privately with Undyne.

“SOMETHING WITHOUT ANY SAD PARTS IN IT!” Papyrus cries out.

“Everything good has sad parts,” you inform him. “But if it gets too bad, we’ll switch to a Disney film,” you offer. He seems satisfied with that.

“What have you got for romance, darling?” Mettaton coos from next to Papyrus.
It’s not often someone actually requests romance, so it makes you wiggle with glee. “Oh man, we’ve got Say ‘I Love You’, The World Is Still Beautiful, Engaged to the Unidentified…” you start rattling them off, starting with the fluffiest. It helps being a Crunchyroll junkie.

“Are any of those violent?” Undyne asks.

“In Say ‘I Love You’, the female protagonist roundhouse kicks a guy in the hand in the first episode?” you offer with a shrug.

“BORING!” Undyne boos.

“She’s aiming for his face,” you add. “I promise it’s good.” You just want to watch it again.

“NGH, fine, we can watch that one. Everyone cool with sappy romance?” she barks.

A series of ayes erupts from the assembled crowd, so you head over to the laptop and queue it up. Seating arrangements are decided automatically; Papyrus at the far end of the spacious couch with Mettaton practically draping himself over him, and Sans right next to the robot with a bit of a scowl on his face. Alphys and Undyne decide to cuddle on some pillows on the floor together, so you decide to squish into the available space at the far end of the couch with Sans.

The first episode plays and you breathe a small sigh of relief when almost everyone seems to enjoy it. Mettaton especially, comparing himself to the male protagonist with a flick of his hair. Undyne has some issues with the pacing, but a smooch from Alphys shushes her. Papyrus only protests the delay in getting to the next episode. Sans has a thoughtful expression crossing his skull.

As the next one starts, he pulls out his phone. Yours buzzes a moment later. You open it up to check what he’s sent.

* seems there are a lot of themes that remind me of you, he texts.

* Caught me red handed I suppose. Stalking, isolation… Mei’s relatable, for sure, you send. You look over at him with a shrug.

* you ok?

* Yeah, why wouldn’t I be? This show’s one of my faves.

“Are you two dorks texting!? You’re literally RIGHT NEXT TO EACH OTHER!” Undyne is looking up at you with a unique expression. You didn’t know a scowl could look so… Amused.

“Put your phones away and watch the show!”

You comply, sliding your phone back into your pocket and snuggling deeper into the couch.

Chapter End Notes

If you like fluffy mushy anime, you can find my top three suggestions in this chapter. <3
You wake up slightly alarmed when you’re not on the familiar paisley couch at your aunt’s place. It takes you a minute or two to figure out where you are, and the darkness is no help at all. Shifting, you reach into your pocket for your phone and hit a button to make the screen light up, then use it to scan your surroundings. Oh. It’s the boys’ livingroom. Someone’s draped a soft blanket over you. You guess you must’ve dozed off while watching anime. Oops.

A noise in the kitchen startles you, but you need to get up anyways and head home. You untangle yourself from the blanket and head over to see who else is up.

“oh hey,” Sans greets you. He’s made himself some tea.

“Hey. What brings you to the kitchen at this hour of the night?”

“nothing much, just couldn’t sleep,” he sighs lazily.

“Ah. Speaking of, sorry for dozing off earlier.”

“its okay. it happens.”

“How far did you guys get into the show?” you ask curiously.

“we finished the whole series. paps wouldn’t let us stop,” he says, chuckling.

“Awesome. I’m glad everyone liked it,” you smile, pleased with yourself. “Did Undyne and Alphys go home?”

“i guess so.”

“You guess so?”

“i passed out during the last episode,” he shrugs. “did you know you talk in your sleep?”

“Oh no. What did I say?” you ask, embarrassed.

He laughs. “i don’t even know. you said something i couldn’t make out, so i asked you to clarify. you just grumbled the same nonsense again. i asked ‘what?’, and in response you just huffed and said ‘nevermind’ really loudly and rolled away. it was hilarious.”

You blush. “Oh no.”

“don’t worry about it, it was funny,” he says, chuckling again. “oh hey, i missed you meeting mettaton. how did that go?”

“It went okay, I guess? I got kind of star struck at first, but he seems alright. If a little narcissistic,” you grimace.

“yeah, that’s mettaton. i don’t know what my brother sees in him,” Sans grumbles.

“Alright, well, I’ve got to get going,” you say, nodding your chin towards the time on the microwave
clock: 3:14am. “I have to study before the exam in the morning. It’s going to be a doozy.”

“mind if i walk you home?” Sans asks.

“It’s not necessary, it’s only fifteen minutes away. Besides, you should probably get some sleep.”

“i’m up anyways,” he shrugs. “and a walk may help tire me out.”

You decide to let him, thinking that the company might be nice.

You love walking at night. The wind goes still and the air seems fresher, more energetic. Plus there’s a light, fluffy snow falling straight down. You catch some in your gloved hands and marvel at the different shapes the individual flakes have in the islands of light along the sidewalk, before they slowly melt away. The atmosphere is enchanting.

“so, i have a question for you,” Sans says beside you, stirring you from your wonder at the snowflakes in your palms.

“I might have an answer depending on the question,” you grin.

“heh. so, uh… that ex of yours. what did you ever see in him, anyways?” he asks, running a hand along the back of his skull.

Your nose scrunches automatically in disgust at the thought of him. “I don’t know, honestly. I guess I was pretty stupid then? I thought that because he was cute and liked video games he was my type or something,” you shrug.

“That’s a common interest, i don’t think that’s stupid,” he says, a clear attempt at being reassuring.

“We didn’t even enjoy the same kinds of games, though. And the few games we did share a common interest in, he’d try and compete with me. If he ‘won’, he’d gloat endlessly about it.”

“What, in like, competitive games? like racing or smash?”

“No, in stuff that wasn’t even competitive to begin with, like Final Fantasy! He’d hold it over my head that he had the higher level characters or was further along in the game than I was.”

“… how does that make any sense?”

“You’re asking me? I don’t know, man,” you shrug exasperatedly.

Your eyes are drawn to the café you and Undyne stopped at a few weeks ago, and you smile. It’s way too early for them to be open, but you’re curious what they have when you go for breakfast tomorrow.

“So…” Sans begins, trailing off.

“So...” you repeat, wondering what else is on his mind.

“What, uh, kinds of guys do you like then?” he asks, scrunching his face into his hoodie. Maybe his nose (hole?) is cold.

“Oh geez, I haven’t even attempted dating anyone in a couple years. As it turns out, either guys that are my type are all wrong for me, or I don’t actually know what my type is,” you shrug. “Err, why do you ask?”
“just wondering, before you dozed off you were glued to the screen. i thought it might be because you liked yamato.”

“Ehh, he is pretty to look at, but that’s all he is. I’m more interested in their adorable relationship than in him,” you explain. “I’m attracted to people and personalities, not bodies.” you shrug. “I figure that, if the right man for me makes an appearance, I shouldn’t care what he looks like, so long as he’s good for me.”

“is that so?” he asks curiously, pulling up at the collar of his coat.

“Why, you think I’m full of shit? ‘Don’t judge a book by its cover’ and all that. Besides, I went after a cute guy ONE TIME, and I’m still regretting it.”

“no, i believe you,” he says into his coat.

“Are you cold? Your cheeks look a little blue. Here,” you say, unwrapping your scarf from your head and handing it to him.

“uh, yeah. thanks, ____” he says, curling the scarf around his skull appreciatively.

“Anytime my friend.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope I’m not moving too fast for you guys :P It’s more that I want to get them comfortable talking with each other about personal issues rather than having them dive right into dating. Besides, I have PLENTY of things planned for the platonic part. Muahahahah.
Swapping phone numbers with Mettaton might’ve been the worst mistake of your life. Okay, the second worst. Well, maybe the third. You’ve never known anyone to take so many selfies before - let alone send them to everyone he knows via massive group texts. You groan as your phone buzzes in the middle of class for the third time that day. You make a mental note to introduce him to Instagram or Snapchat.

The selfies themselves don’t bother you, much - it’s the personal questions he hounds you with that are sort of a problem. What kinds of foods do you like? Who’s your favourite movie star? Where would you like to travel some day? What’s your family like? How come you never dress up? Or wear makeup? Would you smooch a ghost? You feel like you’re on an invasive quiz show every time he texts.

As you try to leave the classroom, your classmates ahead of you stop and clog the doorway. They’re gawking at something. “Uh, hello?” you call for their attention. “Make room, please!”

You push through the crowd and your eyes rest on what will undoubtedly be the latest hot gossip in the small college. Sans.

“What are you doing here?” you ask, feeling the eyes on your back as you greet him casually. You try to shrug off the stares.

“I was in the area, thought you might like to take a walk?” he offers.

“So long as it’s to home, I’ve got to work tonight,” you accept, checking the time on your phone.

“cool,” he says, holding the exit door open while you’re still fumbling with your book bag.

You glance behind you as you shrug the straps onto your shoulders, then lean in towards Sans. “Are you okay?” you whisper.

“What? why wouldn’t i be okay?” he asks, genuinely confused.

“It’s just that… I know how people stare at and treat you guys. You think I haven’t noticed that every place we go together empties when we arrive?” you ask. His expression looks a little surprised. “Showing up at my school like that will have people talking for ages.”

“let them talk,” he grumbles. “besides, i wanted to pick you up today because i had a bad feeling something was going to happen.”

“Like what? I don’t need you white knighting me.”

“like… that,” he says, stopping in his tracks, his eye lights staring straight ahead.
It’s your ex.

You grab the arm of Sans’ jacket and steer him the other direction. You can use a different set of stairs to get to the bus station today.

“Are you ever going to talk to me again!?” he calls out. Just the sound of his voice makes your blood boil.

No, no you’re not. There’s nothing left to say. It’s not like he would listen to it anyway – he’s too wrapped up in his own narrative about ‘destiny’ to ever listen to a differing opinion. Of which you had plenty.

“You can’t keep walking away from me forever, _____!” he shouts angrily at your backs, but from no further away. Great. He’s following you.

Sans stops and frees himself for your grip, turning to face him. No, dammit!

“look pal, the lady clearly doesn’t want anything to do with you, so why don’t you just leave her alone?” Sans says, his voice low and threatening.

Damnit Sans, do not engage! You curse him for letting himself fall into the trap. Now he’s involved.

“Oh what, are you her new boyfriend?” Drew sneers from behind you. “I didn’t take you for a monster fucker, _____!”

Time figuratively stops. You’re not going to lie down and take that this time. Not when it’s directed at Sans. Not when it’s directed at any of your new friends. They’ve all been so sweet and welcoming, and it’s the first time in a long time that you’ve felt so wanted and included. You will not have it. You’ve got to stand up for them and protect them. You will never allow them to be hurt, not so long as you can stop it.

You turn on your heel, heart pounding, and full of determination.

“ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME DREW!?” you scream, vow of silence completely shattered. “HE IS A SKELETON! WHAT IS THERE TO FUCK!?”

Drew is stunned. You lean over to grab roughly at the front of Sans’ t-shirt and pull it up. Sans is also too stunned to stop you.

“SEE!? THERE IS NOTHING!” You wave your hand through the space where organs would be on a human, but instead there’s just open air bordered by hip bones, ribs and spine. “THERE IS NOTHING HERE, YOU COMPLETE FUCKING MORON! FUCK!”

Drew is summarily defeated. He turns and leaves to slink away to whatever hole from whence he came. You let go of Sans’ shirt only to flip off Drew’s back with both hands.

“ASSHOLE!” you shout one final time.

Your head is pounding, your face and throat hurt. Your cheeks feel hotter than the surface of the sun. You feel people’s eyes on you from every angle.

Sans has the most amazing belly laugh you’ve ever heard. Wait, what?

“Oh my god,” he wheezes. “I wish i had a picture of that look on his face… good… good job, _____!”
You have to sit on a nearby bench and take a couple deep breaths before you can process the situation. You rest your face in your hands.

“are you okay _____?” Sans asks you, looking down at you with a concerned expression.

“I feel like I just reverted to my angry teenage self. I'm so embarrassed,” you groan. “I'm so incredibly sorry that you saw that side of me.”

“naw. that was amazing. bravo.” He gives you a tiny applause, clacking his bony hands together.

“I probably shouldn't have indulged him.”

“i think it may have been worth it,” he chuckles.

“I forgot to deny that we’re dating!” you gasp, the realization shocking you to stand back up. “Oh no, he’s going to tell everyone we’re together… FUCK!”

“oh…”

“Exactly. He’s going to tell everyone we’re dating, and there’s going to be big fat targets painted on our backs. Not just ours, either – Undyne, Alphys, and your brother too! “

Everyone knows what happens when humans and monsters mingle. It’s all over the news – dead bodies and piles of dust. Suddenly this is a much bigger issue than gossip.

“we’ll figure it out. hey, are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine.” You are not fine. Your friends’ lives could be in danger all thanks to that asshole Drew.

“quit ribbing me,” Sans says, playfully running his knuckle bones against his ribs. You smile weakly at the joke. “you are not fine. can i get you anything?”

“… Some chocolate would be good. Maybe some water?”

“heh, you got it. stay right here.”

You’re not sure how much time passes before he shows up again, but he apologizes for the delay anyway, handing you a water bottle and a couple chocolate bars.

“i don’t know what kind you like,” he shrugs.

“Anything’s fine, really. Thanks, Sans.”

You reach into your backpack to get out your wallet to pay him back. A couple chocolate bars and a water would only cost about four bucks, right? You’re about to hand him a five dollar bill when his hand rests on top of yours to stop you. It’s warmer than you expected. Hard but smooth, like polished ceramic. He withdraws it almost immediately.

“uh, let me get it this time, as thanks,” he says.

“Thanks for what?”

“for sticking up for me, against your ex.”

You grumble. You hate it when people bought things for you, but he wasn’t treating it like it was
charity. You suppose, just this once, that you’ll let someone else cover it. You sigh, and give him a nod and a small smile.

“Thanks, Sans.”

“no skin off my nose,” he grins, winking an eye socket at you. You share a short chuckle with him. “uh, one more thing? i don’t think you should go in to work tonight.”

“What? Why not?”

He shuffles and puts his hands in his pockets. “i don’t think you should be anywhere alone right now. not after that.”

“Ugh. I don’t need anyone’s protection,” you groan.

He pulls his hands out of his pockets and holds them in front of himself in surrender. “not saying you need protection. i would never say that, especially after what i just witnessed. you’re tough as nails. but…” he pauses, shuffling his hands back into his pockets looking up at you. “i still want to. protect you, i mean.”

You let out a groan of frustration. On the one hand, you hate being babied and treated like you can’t handle yourself, and almost want to go in to work in spite of any potential dangers that might come with people thinking you’re dating a monster. On the other, you’re flattered that he’d care enough to suggest taking the night off, that he cares enough about you to want to protect you, and just because he WANTS to, not because he feels he needs to.

Wondering how the short skeleton constantly manages to get under your skin (Oh, you’ll have to tell him that one later), you take out your phone and start dialing your boss.

Chapter End Notes

I’ve so been looking forward to writing this moment. Hope it made you laugh :)

“this is where you live?”

“Yup. This is home sweet home,” you say, gesturing broadly, then fumble for your keys for the door. You managed to isolate the right one and get it in the lock first try. The handle twists free and the creaky door swings open. “Come on in, nobody’s around at this time of day.”

You kick off your boots, setting your book bag on the floor so you can take off your coat and hang it up. You offer a hanger for Sans’ jacket, but he shrugs and shakes his head. You figure he wants to keep it on.

“Can I get you anything?” you offer, hoping to be a good host. After all, he was only here because you were both paranoid about being in public right after your encounter with Drew. “Tea, hot chocolate?”

“a hot chocolate sounds good, thanks,” Sans says. Then he shifts uncomfortably. “um, mind if i sit down?”

“Sure, the livingroom’s just on the left. Make yourself at home.”

You head to the kitchen and start making the hot chocolate. Oh, good, there’s actual milk in the fridge this time, even if it’s just one percent. You don’t see a label on it with false promises of certain doom, so you pour a couple mugs and put them in the microwave for a minute thirty seconds. After that elapses, you take the mugs out and rearrange them, warming them further for another minute. The lack of a turn table was a bit of an inconvenience.

You withdraw the mugs and drop a couple mini marshmallows in each before emptying packets of generic brand hot cocoa mix in. It takes longer than you’d like for the chocolate to melt – Maybe you should’ve had them in the microwave longer? Eventually it does, but it makes you feel awkward to leave your guest unattended so long. As soon as the two drinks are done, you hustle back to the livingroom, trying to best to keep either mug from spilling.

“Sorry about the wait,” you say, not looking up from the mugs until they’re safely resting on the coffee table. When you do look up, you notice he’s crouched down and looking at the things on your small shelf. “Find anything interesting?”

He startles and straightens. “no, i was just- i noticed the plush toy from the arcade was on here, so i just started, uh, looking at the other things.”

“Hey, I’m not bothered. Everything on that shelf is mine,” you add, inviting him to sit next to you on the couch.

“so…” he starts, stirring his hot chocolate.

“So…” you follow up.

“heh. uh, can’t help but notice the neighbourhhood you live in. it’s welfare housing, isn’t it?”

“Yup. My aunt’s diagnosed with chronic stress disorder or something, made the argument that she
can’t get a job like that, so she’s on welfare.”

“you live with your aunt?”

“And my two cousins from her – Paul and Amey.”

“no, i mean – what about your parents?”

“What about them?” you say, your voice coming out a bit harder than intended.

“they’re not around?”

“Oh, they’re somewhere – And probably doing perfectly alright for themselves, too. I just don’t talk to them anymore.”

“oh, i see,” Sans relents.

You blink in surprise at that. Normally, when you reveal that you’re not on speaking terms with your parents, the follow-up question is usually “Why not?” followed closely by “But they’re your parents!” and encouragement to forgive them and ‘just call’ and everything would work out happily with sunshine and rainbows and blah blah fuckin’ blah…

Sans didn’t do any of that. Sans could sense that there was something that hurt there, and he didn’t push. Why was that?

“Do you have some experience with shitty parents?” you ask bluntly, clutching your cocoa mug to your chest.

“heh. you could say that,” he says, stirring his drink to cool it more.

“You don’t have to talk about it, sorry I pried,” you tell him, realizing that you’ve probably stepped over a boundary.

“it’s okay. i mean, i don’t want to talk about it, but it’s okay that you asked,” he says with a small smile.


“why, what have you got?”

In your excitement you set down your hot chocolate so quickly it spills a little onto the table. Eh, whatever, you’ll wipe it up in a sec. Scurrying over to your bookshelf, you withdraw one of your most prized possessions. Triumphantly, you hold it up so he can read the cover on the DVD box set.

“… babylon 5?”

“Season one of five. It’s my favourite show. I’ve wanted to share it with you guys for a while, but I always feel weird asking if I can show something that’s not, uh, animated.”

“sure, i’d love to watch it,” he smiles.

“Okay!” you gush, then quickly try to reign in the fangirl side of you as you fumble with the case to get the first disc into the DVD player. Oops, wait, that’s the CD player. Damnit, Paul. Why’d he have to go and change everything for this new sound system?

After a couple embarrassing minutes, you manage to get the disc in the right machine and press play.
There’s no sound. Shit. A couple minutes more, you find out that everything was just muted and/or turned down really low.

At first he’s shocked, then delighted, that all these different aliens have come together on a space station to work out their differences diplomatically, and he comments that he wishes humans and monsters could be like that. You reflexively shush him because Ivanova is saying something epic. She’s your idol. He learns to wait until the credits at the end of each episode before commenting on it. He asks you why the space station is spinning, and you explain how the artificial gravity works, then launch into how the fighters move around in space, because you think their design is genius. He’s not sure if Londo or if Garibaldi is his favourite, but their interactions between each other are the best. He’s bothered by the soul hunter episode a bit – And who wouldn’t be? – But he’s satisfied with how it resolves. At some point you decide to order a pizza, then almost forget to get the door when it arrives.

The first four episodes fly by, neither of you wanting to stop. You sigh when the DVD returns to the menu screen, then put it back in the DVD box. You grip the second disc for a moment before turning to Sans.

“Uhh, more?”

He nods, grinning. He likes B5. He really likes it.

You’ve created a fan.

Chapter End Notes

Gotta tell ya - I am absolute B5 trash. I have a signed autograph from Claudia Christian and everything :D
The Stalker.

“I think staying over for the night is going too far, Sans. No one knows where I live,” you argue. “Besides, it’s not really my house, and I have no idea what my aunt will think. I don’t usually bring guests, I just crash here.”

“well, we need to think of something to keep you safe. i don’t want to leave you all alone.”

“But I’m not alone. Paul will be home in an hour.”

“but-“

“Look. Sans.” You grip him by his shoulders, feeling for the ball joints through his plush winter coat. “I appreciate you being concerned for me, but my safety is not your sole responsibility. Understand? I’ll be fine.”

He shifts his weight, looking down at his feet uncomfortably. He sighs nervously, then the pins of light in his eyes meet yours. “… you promise?”

You release one of his shoulders to extend a pinky finger.

“Pinky promise,” you smile.

He’s not familiar with the ritual, but he hooks an ivory pinky around yours experimentally anyways. You bob your hands up and down a moment to seal the deal. He chuckles at that.

“call me if anything happens, okay? anything.”

“What would you do if something DID happen?”

“i’d come find you quick, and do whatever’s needed to keep you safe.”

“How quick? Think you can get here faster than Undyne?” you challenge.

“heh. way faster.”

“How??”

“less wind resistance,” he grins proudly, winking a socket at you.

You giggle at the joke, imagining him running through the streets bare bones. Your thoughts freeze in place, cutting off your laughter. Would that be scandalous? You shrug at the thought. Sans eyes you suspiciously.

You lean down and wrap your arms around the small skeleton’s shoulders, nuzzling into his hoodie. He hesitates before removing his hands from his pockets and gingerly putting them on your sides, almost too gently, as if you’re the one that feels to be made out of porcelain. You can feel the gentle warmth of his thin hands through your shirt. It’s comforting.

“Everything’s going to be okay,” you promise.

“… ok. i’ll trust you,” he mumbles softly.

You withdraw from the hug and he pulls up on the scarf you gave him before heading out the door.
You wave him off and lock the door behind him. Sighing, you return to the living room.

Grabbing your textbook, you drop yourself unceremoniously onto the couch, ready to cram some more chapters before passing out. You wonder how the hell you’re going to manage class tomorrow – everyone saw you being friendly with Sans. That’s typical for YOU, you think, but it’s still not socially acceptable for most people. Not yet, anyway. Groaning, you try and refocus your attention onto the dull printed words in front of you.

Hey, how did he know your ex would show up, anyways? Well, there goes your train of thought, and you snap the text closed and stuff it into your bag. You’re not going to get anything done at this rate. Showing up at your college was probably a bad move, but the only time he did it so far was when your ex was around the corner waiting for you. It wouldn’t make any sense for him to risk being seen with you otherwise. The rumour mill would’ve started up anyways, just from him showing up at your school, and offering to walk you home. That was so unusual. He must’ve somehow known that that was going to happen, right?

You cover your face with a couch pillow and groan into it. Maybe it was just a coincidence – a HUGE coincidence, but stranger things have happened – that he was just passing through the mall, and spotted Drew in advance.

Wait. Have you ever told Sans, or any one of them for that matter, where you were going to school? You can’t remember. You’re not sure you ever did – It wasn’t a secret or anything, of course, but you don’t remember it ever coming up. You get a knot in your stomach thinking about it. You want to give Sans the benefit of the doubt, truly, you really do, but suddenly, things just weren’t adding up.

Was Sans… Stalking you?

You pick up the pizza box with half the large pizza left and bring it to the kitchen, leaving a note for Paul and Amey to help themselves. Slipping on your boots and sliding into your coat, you head out into the frozen night, locking the door tight behind you. You’re going to need some chocolate for this.

The grocery store is right around the corner, but you walk past it for some reason. Something urges you to keep moving forward instead. Urges you to go straight to the boys’ place and confront them. Confront Sans. The more you think about it, the more things just don’t make sense.

You turn a corner and let out a yelp of surprise. The heel of your boot skids along a thin patch of ice and you fall into a heap. A bony hand is there to help you up.

“hey, uh, are you okay?” Sans is there, offering a hand. He’s not smiling, not really. He looks concerned, but not the kind of concerned for someone who just slipped and fell in front of them. The kind of concern that he knows he’s been caught at something, and is about to be in serious trouble.

You don’t take his hand. You straighten and narrow your eyes at him. “You were waiting for me to come,” you say clearly. “How? Tell me everything.”

He nuzzles his face into the scarf and sighs through it. “… okay. come with me.”
“So…” you start, rolling the ceramic mug of hot chocolate around in your cold palms. You were staring at him intently, seated cross-legged at one end of the boys’ couch facing him, him having a similar posture at the other end.

“so…” Sans follows, then gulps guiltily. “i’m sorry.”

“Explain,” you demand. “Sorry for what?”

“uhh…” he trails off, wringing his hands uncomfortably. “frisk is a really great kid, you know?”

“I agree, but what does Frisk have to do with anything?” You bring the mug to your face, not taking your eyes off of him as you sneak a sip. Still too hot. “Don’t change the subject.”

“okay. what if i told you, that i knew to go to your school today because something bad would’ve happened otherwise?”

“Sound ominous. What would’ve happened?”

“your ex hurt you. … really badly.”

“What, emotionally? He’s never hit me before,” you say, completely confused.

“no, no, he didn’t hit you. but… he grabbed your wrist, and when you pulled away you fell down some stairs.” He looks into his hands, as if he’s holding something that scares him.

“How could you know that would happen? Where’s your information come from? Can you see the future or something?”

“no, i can’t do much but break a few rules here and there,” he sighs. What the hell does that even mean? “but frisk can. well, sort of.”

“What do you mean, Frisk can see the future?”

“frisk has a power. i don’t entirely understand it myself, yet, but it’s how they got through the underground safely. they can save and load little moments of time, so they can keep trying things differently, over and over, until they get the most desirable outcome. it was their only way to escape the underground, the only way they were able to survive, and to bring us all out with them.”

Your thoughts stumble over each other trying to process this. Frisk can manipulate time?

“pretty, uh… pretty weird, right?” Sans mutters nervously. He runs a hand along the back of his skull. “frisk can save and load, just like in a video game, heh. and they remember every single timeline. uhh, look,” he says, opening his cellphone and then offering it to you. You have to scoot closer to accept it and see what he’s showing you.

It’s a text message from Frisk, from about 2:15 this afternoon.

* eyy uncl snas, be @ the collag @ th cool mall 4 bout 330. best psbl outcm is u ther 2 help ——— so jerk doznt grab her.

Someone really needs to teach that kid that they can take their time with texts. It takes you a minute to parse what it says, but it sort of proves it: Frisk knew something would happen if they hadn’t sent
Sans there to meet you.

“This is so fucked up. There’s a kid out there who can manipulate time and I’m sitting in a skeleton’s livingroom drinking fucking cocoa.” Suspension of disbelief is hard right now. “My best friend is a fish lady who needs help planning her lesbian wedding to a lizard biochemist, and my phone’s memory is full of selfies of a metrosexual robot man.” You wonder how the hell all this happened.

Sans struggles to maintain a serious expression at you having laid out the current state of affairs in the way you did.

“How do I know you’re not just making shit up? How do I know that I would’ve actually gotten hurt if you hadn’t been there? Maybe Drew would’ve just left me alone when I walked away like normal.”

Your phone suddenly buzzes in your pocket. You take it out. It’s a text from Frisk.

* eyy is this the pt wher i confirm i can ctrl time? did u say metrosexual robot man yet? ;P

Okay that’s creepy as hell. Wordlessly, you turn your phone to Sans to show him what you just read. He has to let out a small snicker, you think, else he might explode.

“ehehuh, anyway. uh. so, you know our little secret now, i guess. are you okay?”

You hold your hand with your phone in it to your forehead, closing your eyes. Man, where did this headache come from? Your head is a whirl of emotions right now. Anger seems to be at the forefront of it. Something else clicks into place.

“How long have you guys been manipulating my timeline?” you snap.

“this is the first and only time, i swear. look,” Sans says, holding out his phone. “you can read my entire text history with frisk for yourself. if there were any other changes they’d be there.”

“If this is the only change, how did you know my work schedule a few weeks ago? I never told you I was working the Saturday before Valentines…”

“you work in a flower shop, i figured it was obvi-“

“OR at what time,” you add. “You texted right as I should’ve been leaving to say I was late.”

His face flushes blue - is he blushing? - and he reflexively tries to hide it in his shirt.

“got me there,” he admits. “i’ve, uh, been keeping tabs on you to make sure you’re safe. you come home late a lot.”

“You mean you’ve been stalking me,” you give him a hard glare. He slumps under your gaze.

“… i’m so sorry.”

“… No.” you say, anger bubbling over into tears. You grab a throw pillow and hurl it at Sans’ head. “No, I am NOT okay.”
The Prank.

Chapter Notes

So I kind of wrote myself into a corner, and then this happened. I apologize if it's not good quality, but I hope it's at least as entertaining to you as it was for me to write it :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Your phone buzzes as you’re pulling your gloves on, marching home as quickly as you can away from the boys’ place. Away from Sans.

* eyy _____, ur pillow throwin game iz on point.

* Frisk. First off, stop responding to things that happen in a room you’re not even in. It’s creepy as hell. Second, fix your English. What would Tori think? you scold.

* ugh, fine. look, please dont be too mad at sans. i was the one who asked him to come see you.

* Were you also the one who asked him to stalk me?

* oh. no, i didnt kno bout that part. but if he did it was for a good reason!!1

* Look kid, I already have one stalker trying to make my life hell, I don’t need another!

* hes not trying to make u miserable. look, its thanks to him following me and watching over me that we all got out of underground together.

* I thought that was all thanks to your save/load ability?

* well that was one part of it. the other was that tori made him promise to keep the next human passing through safe - me. he checked up on me and kept all the scariest monsters away. he protected me from dangers ill never kno.

* Well, it’s still creepy as hell. Stalking isn’t normal behaviour.

* can i help him make it up to u?

* How?

* we could use save load to mess with sans.

Oh. You stop in your tracks. Oh, that’s too tempting. That’s brilliant.

* What do you have in mind?

* do u have any conveniently shaped lamps?
Sans runs his hands over his scalp miserably. His hot dog stand, as usual, has very little traffic, save for the occasional passerby taking out their phone and snapping a picture of him. He’d put up a sign – no pictures without permission – but no one listened. Instead he just shot each of them a scowl. Huh. Maybe that’s why he didn’t sell very many hot dogs. He groans.

Well, at least he has the scarf to remember you by when you never speak to him again.

His phone buzzes. It’s Frisk.

* heyyy snas, did she 4give u yet?
* why would she forgive me after finding out i was following her?
* well, she kiss u rite? tat means shell 4giv u sooner.

Sans’s cheeks flushed dark blue.

* what? no, she hugged me.
* wait… did u 2 have pza, or did u go 2 the cafe?
* we had pizza. wait, were we supposed to go to the café?
* omg. did i 4get 2 tell u? cafe is where _____ rlzs she rlly likes u! she luvs u & u 2 haf bbys n stuff later.
* whaaaatttt.
* yea! but since u had pza, she leaves!! and paps goes 2 tour with mtt! but if u go 2 the cafe he stays!

The skeleton breathes a sigh of relief.

* now i know you’re just messing with me, kiddo. paps would never leave me on my own. anyone ever tell you you can’t prank a master?

“SANS!” Papyrus calls out to him. Sans wonders why he’s got so much luggage trailing behind him.

“oh no,” Sans breathes. It can’t be.

“SANS!” he calls again. “THERE YOU ARE! LAZING ABOUT, AS USUAL!”

“papyrus… uhh, wh-where you going bro?” Sans asks, his bones suddenly feeling heavier than usual.

“WHY, I WAS JUST COMING OVER TO TELL YOU THE WONDERFUL NEWS! METTATON HAS ASKED ME, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, TO JOIN HIM ON TOUR! I’M MOST EXCITED! I COULD HARDLY WAIT TO PACK EVERYTHING! NYEH HEHEHEHEH!” Papyrus cackles, posing dramatically in front of his matched luggage.

“w-well, uhh, have fun, bro,” Sans manages weakly.

* load a save. god damnit kiddo load a save already.
* it dznt seem 2 b werkin rite now. sorry snas.

* you are dead to me kid.

* im so sry uncl snas. i dn know hats wron!

* santa’s giving you coal for the next ten years. i’m gunna write him a stern letter.

* im so so sooo srry!!!I im tryin bt its no werkin!

* you’re gunna get socks for your birthday. only socks.

Another message pops up on his screen from Undyne. What is it now, he wonders?

* HEY PUNK!!! WE HEARD ABOUT PAPS, YOU OK?

* how’d you hear about that so fast?

* HE TEXTED ME, DORK! I’M LIKE HIS BEST FRIEND. YOU WANNA COME OVER AND CRY ABOUT IT??

* you have booze?

* DUHH!! WHO D’YOU THINK YOU’RE TALKING TO??

* good i need booze.

Sans needed a lot of booze. _____ is furious with and will never talk to him again, Papyrus has left with the metal molester on tour for god knows how long, and now. Now this.

Alphys and Undyne were wearing hats with fluffy pink cat ears, bobbing their hands and waggling their hips to their favourite show to watch together.

Mew Mew Kissy Cutie.

* kid just reset. my life is over, he texts to Frisk.

To Alphys and Undyne, he asks “haven’t you guys seen this like a hundred times already?”

“I-it’s our weekly m-m-marathon n-night,” Alphys explains shyly. Sans groans miserably.

* hey kid, i’ve just become a part time tooth fairy. next time i see you, i’m collecting early.

The episode ends, and Undyne is all too enthusiastic in starting up the next one. They sing along with the theme song. In (bad (no, like, really bad)) Japanese. Sans immediately opens his sixth beer. He’s not even done beer number five yet, but he knows he’ll need it.

* I’m gunna get your mom to adopt jerry so he can live with you and torment you for forever.

Texting idle threats to Frisk is the only thing that’s keeping him relatively sane.

* i’ll tell lemon bread you like her and to give you a big slimy kiss.
* i’m gunna go jump in the core and come back as a goop monster to haunt you in every timeline.

* i’m playing fetch with endogeny later. you’re the stick.

* hey kid.

* kid?

* kid you still there?

* knock knock.

Sans looks up from his phone. He’s confused, a bit drunk, and now suddenly very worried. Frisk was never far from their phone. He startles when there’s a knock at the door. Alphys pauses the show and Undyne runs to the door.

“It’s probably our pizza! Sans, come help me!” Undyne barks from by the door.

“no i hate pizza forever.”

His eyes fixate on an oddly shaped lamp that he doesn’t remember seeing in their apartment before. How long has it been there? The shape is so familiar to him for some reason. He wonders if it’s weird to feel slightly attracted to a lamp.

“SURPRISE!”

Startled, Sans throws an empty bottle at the sound. It lands on the ground in front of Papyrus and… doesn’t break. It just rolls off to the side. He curses the bottle. Then he blinks. Papyrus?

“papyrus!” Sans cries out happily, wobbling over to his brother and falling into him in a desperate hug. “i thought you left bro! what happened?”

“I’M QUITE UPSET ABOUT IT ACTUALLY! IT TURNS OUT IT WAS ALL PART OF AN ELABORATE RUSE!” Papyrus grumbles unhappily.

“a ruse? who pranked you? i’ll get them. and i’ll turn that bucket of bolts into a… a toaster oven.”

“Oh darling,” Mettaton coos. “I’m very sorry to have been dishonest with your brother, but it turns out you’ve been a VERY naughty boy, and sorely needed a lesson in manners.” The robot tsks at him.

“there you are. come here i want to use your stupid hair for something,” Sans swats at the robot, but Papyrus’ hold on him prevents him from closing the distance.

“Okay _____! You can come out now!” Undyne calls.

Sans’ eye sockets widen. He looks all over the room until he sees you peeking out from behind the weird lamp. He slumps out of Papyrus’ arms into a pile on the ground.

“i thought…”

“Not so funny when the jokes on you, is it Sans?” you grin broadly at him.

Sans just starts crying.
“you were there… the whole time? why…”

You rush over to hold him in a hug. He relaxes in your arms. “Oh my god, I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to make you cry, what’s wrong?”

“why… why did you let them play seven episodes of mew mew kissy cutie before coming out?” Sans sniffs. “… i… i hate that show.”

Chapter End Notes

This was so random. I'm not sorry.
“So now the deal is, if Frisk finds out I’m in danger, they’re going to text me so I can work my own way out of it,” you clarify for Sans. “As for you, mister – If Frisk is keeping an eye out for me through the timelines, then it’s not necessary for you to follow me at all.”

“that’s fair,” Sans says, idly playing with the salt and pepper shakers on the table. “but i still think i should walk you places more often. it’ll lessen the chance of anyone trying anything in the first place.”

“But I thought we were trying to avoid people thinking we’re dating? Walking everywhere together will make us seem like more of a couple,” you ask, confused. “Speaking of which, why’d you insist on lunch at this café?”

You look around at the mostly empty café. The barista hasn’t come out of the back room in a while, and an older couple over by the windows keeps looking over at you and Sans cautiously. Your eyes fall on the dark chocolate cake in the chilled display case. It’s taunting you.

“Their desserts are…. They’re good. But their menu for sandwiches is kind of boring,” you point out.

“oh, no reason,” Sans smiles softly, leaning his cheekbone into his hand.

“Huh!? But you were so-“

Your phone buzzes with a text from Frisk.

* i agree with sans! u should let him walk u more. make my job ez :)

You sigh. “Frisk is inputting on our conversation through timelines again.” Sans chuckles. You put your phone away. “By the way, uh, please don’t do any of that stuff you threatened Frisk, okay?”

“i dunno. tori’d be a really good influence on jerry.” Sans teases. Then he frowns, pensive. “frisk was the mastermind of that whole mess, weren’t they? they abused save/load just to get the best reactions out of me,” he groans at the thought of being a puppet in your little game to punish him.

“I helped,” you grin, shrugging nonchalantly. “I gave them a few details for them to use and got Undyne, Alphys, and Mettaton to play along. Don’t worry though, Papyrus is completely innocent,” you reassure him.

Sans narrows his eyes at you. “i never took you for pure evil.”

“Are you going to get Frisk a real present for their birthday?”

“yeah. socks.”

“Sans!”

“what? i’ll make sure they’re nice socks,” he grins devilishly.

You laugh. “Anyways, there was something I wanted to ask you about.”
“oh? what’s up?”

“When we were talking about Frisks Save/Load abilities, you said something about ‘breaking the rules’? What did you mean?” you ask, studying his expression.

He looks behind him at the old couple. They quickly finish their coffees and head out. He waits for the door to close behind them before turning back to you, leaning in to the table. You lean in too, thinking he’s going to talk quietly.

“it’ll be easier to just show you,” he says softly. “here, give me your hands.”

You hold out your hands. He takes them in his warm, hard fingers and he studies them for a moment. Your scalp tingles pleasantly when his fingers curiously trace the lines in your palms, and you try to fight the heat rising to your cheeks. Then he gently rests your hands, palms facing up, on the table in front of you. On your right hand he rests the salt shaker.

“What are you-“

“shh. watch.”

He points a finger at the salt shaker. It glows a faint blue, almost too subtle to notice unless you were looking right at it, then it slowly floats up from your hand. Guiding it with his finger, he slowly floats it over to rest on your left hand. You reflexively grasp it by the bottom when it touches your skin, letting out a gasp of surprise.

“Telekinesis!? That’s-“

“wait, there’s more,” he says in a low voice.

He taps on your right hand to make you open your scrunched up fingers flat again. You nod, opening up your palm up. This time, he points to the pepper shaker that’s still resting on the table next to him. It also glows a faint blue, but instead of levitating over slowly like the salt, it just appears in your right hand. You flinch in surprise.

“Teleportation too!?” you gape.

“mm-hmm,” he confirms.

“But. How?”

Sans wiggles his finger bones at you. The joints clink together in the motion and it reminds you of soft wind chimes. “magic.”

You groan at that. You wonder if you should ask for more details, an undoubtedly sour look on your face.

“hey, don’t look so salty,” he grins, winking at you. “it’s a monster thing.”

“Bonehead,” you grumble.

“are you going to pepper me with insults now?”

“Ugh!” you groan loudly in frustration. But then you can’t hold back the laugh that comes next. He chuckles along with you.

“heh. uh, hey,” he asks, suddenly a bit shy. “does it bother you, what i can do? my magic, i mean.
some humans really don’t like it when monsters use magic around them.”

“No more than it bothers me that Frisk can literally control time,” you shrug. “It’s kind of cool, I guess? And probably pretty tempting for you to abuse, too.” Suddenly you gasp. “You cheater!”

“huh?”

“That’s how you’re so good at arcade games! The claw machine, air hockey, bowling… You’ve been cheating at ALL the games!” you laugh.

“you caught me,” he grins, shrugging his shoulders.

“We should go to the arcade some time and see how good you are WITHOUT your magic!” you challenge. “Oh, but I should get to class. It’s Friday, so I need to go write an exam. I should be out early though.”

“ok, i’ll walk you… i mean, if that’s okay?”

“It’s fine. Though, uh, Sans?”

“yeah?”

“Could you, uh, take these out of my hands?” you say, holding up your hands still clutching the salt and pepper shakers in your palms. “It’s weird to put them down when I’m holding them like this,” you giggle.

“not comfortable with being pinned down?” he says, then blushes a furious blue. He tugs on the scarf to try and hide it.

“Was that an innuendo pun?” you ask, raising an eyebrow inquisitively.

He snatches the shakers out of your hands and sets them back down on the small table to one side, then quickly rises to his feet. “uhh, don’t want to be late for your test, right?”

“Right,” you grin.

Frisk had told you what they had to say to rile up Sans the most in the aftermath of your prank – That because Sans didn’t take you to the café (Which wasn’t legitimately an option at the time), you didn’t kiss or confess your love for him there that night. The fact that he was so bothered by it, and that he insisted on going to the café today, no less, was very telling.

Sans has a major crush on you.

You’re not sure yet if you feel the same way – he is a skeleton, after all, how would that even work? – but you do enjoy spending time with the quirky and charming little bag of bones. Letting him walk you to and from class, watching a show with him quietly at home, and sharing a meal with him were all becoming your new favourite pastimes. You decide that it doesn’t hurt to indulge in spending time with him, especially since he worries far less when he’s with you.

Besides, all of it was just more opportunities to find ways to tease him, and flood his cheekbones with that unique, handsome blue.

Chapter End Notes
Have you ever tried to put down salt or pepper shakers when you're gripping them by the bottom and have one in each hand? It's basically impossible without tipping them and making a huge mess. Just my two cents :P
“Are you friends with it?”

“What did you let it walk you home after class the other day?”

“I thought monsters hated humans?”

“Does it smell bad? It’s a corpse, right? Isn’t it rotting?”

“I thought monsters were dangerous because of their magic?”

“Does it eat? Where does it… go?”

Several of your classmates had cornered you coming out of the exam. You suspect at least a couple of them had turned it in early just to follow you out.

“One at a time people, please!” you ask, holding out your palms in surrender, and to claim some more personal space. “Yes Sans and I are friends, he walks me home because we’re friends, he only dislikes jerks, no he isn’t rotting and doesn’t smell, he showers, his magic’s not dangerous, and…” you pause. “I actually have no idea where his food goes.”

You scrunch your nose up in mild surprise. Why hadn’t you ever thought to ask that yourself?

“You’ve seen his magic? How do you know it’s not dangerous?”

“How long have you been friends with it?”

You sigh, frustrated at the barrage of questions. “Yes, and, I just know, okay? His magic’s not dangerous because he’s not dangerous. For being all bones, he’s basically a marshmallow. As for how long we’ve been friends…” you trail off, thinking. “I don’t know, I guess it’s been a couple months now?”

As more people finish the exam, the group gets larger, and the questions get more personal, even a bit accusatory. You field them as best as you can, but you hate how uncomfortable it is – you don’t know the answers to a lot of the more personal ones. Finally, you hear the door to the school open and close. It’s Sans. You practically run to him.

“Sans!” you call, grabbing his bony hand abruptly and dragging him over to the crowd.

“uh, what’s going on?” he asks nervously, his hand tensing in yours.

“My classmates here,” you gesture to the group of suddenly silent college students. “Have about a thousand questions about you and monsters. Can you help me answer them?”

Everyone looks very uncomfortable with this idea, but you have to insist. It’s better that they learn to ask about monsters directly than to talk about them behind their backs. You’re no time-manipulating eight (and a half) year-old ambassador, but you’re determined to make this work, to get them talking to each other.

“i… don’t think this is a good idea,” Sans looks up at you imploringly.

“It’s a great idea,” you say confidently. You grip him by the shoulders and maneuver him over to the couch in the small student lounge. You smile. You like the way he withers under your touch. “In
order to get along we need to learn about each other, and to talk to each other. Right, class?” you say, looking at your classmates.

“Uhh…” One brave soul at the back of the group mumbles. “I was wondering… When you eat, where does it, uh, go?”

It takes some time for the tension between them to break, but once more people start talking and engaging him, Sans relaxes and starts telling stories about the Underground and his brother Papyrus. Some of them are really funny, and he has a few people laughing. You learn a lot more about monsters yourself, or at least skeleton monsters, and their apparently magical physiology. Some of the questions get too personal for him, or too political, but you excuse him from answering anything he doesn’t feel comfortable with. One of the more important things out of the exchange that you feel the most proud of, is how some of them have stopped calling him monster, and started calling him Sans.

“I have another question,” One of your classmates near the middle of the group asks. You think his name is Derek, or Devon, or something with a D. All you knew about him was that he wore way too much aftershave and that he had an ego the size of Quebec. You already don’t like the challenging edge to his voice. “Why is it, whenever ______ touches you, your face goes all blue. Are you blushing?”

He startles a little and tries to shrink into the fur lining of his winter coat. “u-uh, i’m not a very touchy-feely guy…” he mumbles.

“And I like to tease him about it,” you grin mischievously, gently squeezing his shoulders and resting your chin on the crown of his skull.

“Do you like her?” someone immediately follows up with.

“Wow, awkward much? What is this, grade school?” you shoot back, fighting off a blush of your own. You know the answer to that, but it’s not really any of their business. You also don’t want to be party to any of their lingering discrimination… or weird fantasies. “Sans, that’s personal, and you don’t have to answer that,” you excuse him.

“can we go now?” he asks meekly.

“Yes Sans, let’s.”

You pick your school bag up off the floor and sling it over your shoulders. Sans stands and follows you when you move for the exit.

Passing through the mall that the small college was located in, you notice Sans hasn’t come to walk beside you. You spin around to find him still behind you, his face scrunched into his coat.

“Hey shy boy, you okay back there?” you call teasingly.

He stops suddenly, and you stop to see what’s wrong. His eye lights stare down at his slippered feet as he shuffles them in place.

“would it bother you?” he asks finally, not daring to look up at you.

“Would what bother me?” you question, pretending like you don’t know.
“i-if i, uh, if i l-liked you…” he mumbles quietly.

“No, Sans,” you tell him firmly. “It wouldn’t bother me at all.”

A pang of nervousness rolls over you. Is he about to confess?

The blue is back in his cheeks, more brilliantly than ever, and he pulls on the collar of his jacket more desperately.

“ok,” he finally says. “… okay,” he breathes again, visibly relaxing. He shuffles over beside you and you both start heading home.

Why didn’t he confess? The thought bothers you. The two of you continue walking in silence.
"To good food!"

"And bad teeth!"

High-fiving your spoons together and giggling like idiots, Undyne and yourself start digging in to the cake in front of you. The café just got in a carrot cake that looked really good. You take a bite of it. It’s better than good.

“So have you thought about what kind of music you want for your wedding?” you ask excitedly.

“Well, there HAS to be live piano!” Undyne grins broadly. “I want to take it over for a song and play something I wrote for Alphys!” she adds, a blush creeping into her cheeks.

“Oh my god that’s awesome!” you agree gleefully. “What other songs do you want played though? Did you make a list like I asked?”

She smiles and pulls a folded scrap of paper out of her pocket. You immediately open it up and take a look.

“You’ve really put a lot of thought into this, these are great choices!” you exclaim.

“I’ve had a lot of time,” she rasps, blushing wildly.

“Really? But you’ve only been engaged since Valentine’s.”

“I’ve liked Alphys for a long time, though,” she explains. “Actually since I first met her! I used to listen to songs on the Undernet, dreaming about us getting together one day, planning our playlist. I wish it hadn’t taken so long for us to admit it! I mean, all that time WASTED!” She balls up her hands and slams the table. You hear something fall out of the barista’s hands in surprise and shatter. “I could’ve been kissing the nerd YEARS AGO!”

“Why DID it take so long, anyway?” you ask. “You’re always the first to approach something new with gusto,” you add with a smile. Undyne did not understand patience.

“She’s such a shut-in, my girl,” Undyne sighs. “Plus, I thought I couldn’t compete with Asgore!”

“What, she liked Asgore too?”

“YEAH! I mean, only reason she agreed to build Mettaton a body was to impress HIM!”

“Whoa! Alphy built Mettaton?”

“Yup. It was his idea though. See, he used to be a ghost like his cousin, Napstablook.”

“Napstablook, the spooky DJ?”

“That’s the one! But ghosts are incorporeal. They become corporeal by possessing something for a body, and then feeling strong emotions or something? It binds their spirit to it.”
“That’s… Kind of freaky, but cool,” you shrug.

“Anyway, speaking of Napsta, can we get him as a DJ too?”

“You KNOW if Napsta’s the DJ, Mettaton’s going to steal the show at some point right?”

“UGH. He’s going to do that anyway! Alphys asked him to MC!”

You share a groan, and then an unrestrained laugh. Tears form at the corners of your eyes. You wipe at them with a finger as you open them, Undyne suddenly giving you a serious look.

“Okay. Real talk,” she says sternly, pointing her spoon at you accusingly. “What’s the deal with you and the punster?”

“Sans?” You shrug innocently. “There’s no deal. We’re just pals.”

“Bull-SHIT you’re just pals! He adores you.”

You’d never known Undyne to be anything but blunt, but it still makes you blush.

“I know,” you groan, dropping your spoon and putting your face in your hands. “And I have no idea what to do about it. Or feel about it.”

“Do you like him?” Undyne presses.

“If I did, would I really be able to do anything about it?” You fire back, exposing an eye between your fingers to meet hers.

“What are you talking about? Of course! You can do PLENTY about it!” she guffaws.

“But, I mean,” you remove the hands from your face and lean in closer to whisper. She matches your lean, upper lip wrinkling curiously. “It’s not like he has anything, d-down there, you know? He’s a skeleton. Just bones. How would we ever, u-uh…” you trail off, completely embarrassed you’re even talking about this.

“What, have sex?” Undyne declares tactlessly.

Feeling your face fire up furiously, you give a stiff nod.

Undyne bursts out laughing, bashing the table repeatedly. You catch her fist before she can break it in half – It’s happened before. It was expensive.

“What, what? What’s so funny?”

“THAT’S WHAT YOU’RE WORRIED ABOUT!”?

The only way you can find to respond is by putting your face right back into both hands.

“OH MY GOD. Okay, _____, listen up!” Undyne starts, resting her chin on the backs of her hands with her elbows resting on the table, a predatory grin splitting her face and showing off her shiny, serrated teeth. “Sans CAN bone you, if that’s what you’re wondering.”

“Uhh. What? How?”

“Don’t worry about it,” she grins, looking entirely too pleased. “If you like him, you should tell him! Don’t worry about the ‘what-ifs’ – If you two get that far, it’ll be a nice surprise.”
Your face has never felt this hot before. You want to know how, but your brain has completely stopped working.

“Undyne my god you’ve ruined me,” you say, sliding your hands up to dig into your hair. “Now all I can think about is being in bed with a skeleton!” you groan. “And I STILL don’t even know how that works!”

“NERD! You asked!”


“What’s up?”

“I’ve known that he likes me for a few days now, but… Why hasn’t he said anything?”

“He’s such a shy little DORK, you’d probably have to BEAT IT OUT OF HIM!” Undyne laughs, leaning back in her chair. “If ANYBODY’S going to start this thing, it’s got to be YOU!” She stops laughing, then crosses her arms and gives you a hard look. “So look, you didn’t answer my question before.”

“What question?”

“DO YOU LIKE HIM, _____?”

Before, you were more concerned with how a relationship with a skeleton would work rather than if you actually wanted a relationship in the first place. You think about Sans. About how he seems to slip under all your guards and let him protect you. How you enjoy spending time being with him, watching DVDs at home or on your walks together. You think about how it felt when his hard, warm finger bones started gently tracing the lines of your palms, and how it made you shiver with delight. Sighing, you drop your arms to cross them on the table in front of you, then drop your forehead into them, making your metal spoon bounce on the empty cake plate in front of you.

“… Yeah,” you mumble into your arms. “Yeah, I do.”

Chapter End Notes

I love writing for Undyne. She’s my spirit animal.

Sex foreshadowing for my fellow sinners, too. For my non-sinners (Or those of you in denial), don’t worry, it’s still going to be a LONG TIME before they get to that stage.
The Confession.

Most people probably wouldn’t expect it, but Easter is a pretty busy time for flower stores as well. There’s something about the coming of Spring that draws people to buy fresh, bright bundles of flowers to decorate their homes with. Sue anticipates that Easter weekend will be very busy for them, so as soon as April starts, she starts calling you in to help once again.

Sans is waiting for you around the corner when you finish work at ten in the evening. He holds out an umbrella for you, since the air is full of a mist that threatens to rain. You open it and hold it up in one hand as Sans falls in line beside you.

“So…” you trail off, smiling.

“so…” he follows softly.

“Have you had dinner yet?” you ask.

“papyrus made some spaghetti, as usual,” he says. The grimace he’s making is audible in his voice. “i only had a couple bites before i had to put it down.”

“What did he put into it this time? I keep telling him to stop doing that,” you empathize.

“spicy peppers. it may not have been the worst idea… if i liked spicy food, and, if he hadn’t used so many of them,” Sans groans. “my eye sockets, teeth… everything still tingles. it hurts.”

“Well, at least you tried it. That probably made him really happy. Hey, do you want me to tell him to tone it down a little?”

“That’d be great, thanks,” he says, beaming at the offer of help.

“My pleasure. So, sort of answers that question I had earlier. Want to grab dinner?”

“are you thinking subs? burgers?”

“Naw, my schedule’s going to fill up so we should do something special with the time we have. I know a good steakhouse we can get to by bus,” you offer questioningly.

You had never suggested going to a sit down restaurant with him before. You look down and can see the side of his bony face walking next to you, scrunched up as he’s trying to figure out what you’re playing at. It’s a cute expression.

“That sounds nice, actually,” he finally says quietly.

“Awesome. We need to take the 97, so we have to catch the 95 for a few stops first.”

The restaurant’s atmosphere is warm and inviting. It’s busy, but not overcrowded, despite there being a hockey game in overtime on all the TVs. You and Sans are shown to a booth and handed your menus, but the host who seats you fails to introduce herself and scurries away as quickly as she can. Sans notices this and grumbles.

“Hey bonehead, try not to let it get to you, okay?” you reassure him. “Not all humans are like that.”
“oh, i know,” he says, blushing softly. “the problem is just that most are.”

Well, it’s hard to argue with that. You sigh.

“Did you want to get alcohol for drinks, or just soda pop?”

“hmmm,” he says, thumping through the menu. “i shouldn’t. i’m kind of a miserable drunk,” he admits.

“Aha. I’m… Well, I guess I get a bit more fun? It relaxes me, and I just become more ‘myself’,” you say, shrugging.

“i’d love to see that,” Sans giddily says before catching himself. He quickly uses the menu to obscure his face.

“Maybe you will then,” you tell him playfully. He slinks further down behind the menu.

Your waiter for the evening comes and introduces himself as Kevin. At first he starts a little when he sees Sans, but he composes himself and returns to wearing a smile. Sans seems to appreciate that as he orders a Coke. You order a fruity cocktail, but ask for a glass of water to come too. When he returns to deliver your drinks, he’s brought a second glass of water out of consideration for Sans.

“See? Not all humans are jerks,” you say proudly. “We should give him a huge tip afterwards.” You hold out your drink.

“agreed,” Sans grins, gently clinking the plastic cup of Coke against your cocktail glass in a toast.

The night is perfect. It’s so perfect, in fact, you have to keep reminding yourself that it’s not a date, because if it was, it’d be the best date you had ever had. He wasn’t dominating the conversation talking about himself, trying to push you to say things or do things to satisfy his kinks, or treating you like you ought to be thankful you were even out at a restaurant together in the first place. No, Sans was just being himself. He was telling stories about him and Papyrus as kids running around Snowdin and telling jokes and talking about pranks he’d pulled, like the time he once chugged an entire bottle of ketchup in front of Frisk just to shock them. That one had you laughing for a while, imagining the look on little Frisk’s face. He tells you it tasted surprisingly good before snickering himself.

You have an equal part in the conversation, talking about school and crazy stuff that you and your siblings did as kids too. He’s a little surprised when you tell him you have siblings as well, but he doesn’t start asking invasive questions about your family. He’s happy to just listen and let you talk, your hands and motions getting more erratic the more you nurse at your drink. He’s the perfect audience for your tales of wacky random adventure.

“Hey. Hey, Sans,” you call to him after a lull in the conversation, your respective dinners having been demolished a while ago. The plates are stacked at the end of the table for a busser to pick up the next they come by. “Give me your hands for a sec,” you say, reaching across the table for them. Your buzz is making you determined for some contact with the cute little skeleton.

“uh, okay,” he mumbles, putting his hands in yours.

You’ve never really studied them before, but they’re really nice hands. They’re hard like glass or ceramic, and warm, like a hot mug of cocoa. They don’t quite look like the hands of a human
skeleton – well, the finger bones do a little – as the palms are actually one solid piece of bone instead of lots of tiny ones. You gently press your thumbs into them curiously, and gasp when they give way. Even though they look solid, they bend and move, almost like a stiff gel. It reminds you of how Mettaton’s seemingly solid metal hands, hair, and face moved organically.

“What are you doing?” he asks, shuddering at your touch.

“I have something I want to tell you, Sans,” you say.

“What’s that?” He’s nervous.

“Your hands… They remind me of Mettaton.”

Sans makes a noise of absolute disgust and he tries to pull away. You laugh, but you don’t let his hands go. Instead, you release one hand to stroke the palm of his other hand with the palm of yours, enjoying watching him squirm.

“No seriously Sans, we need to talk about something,” you express. “Look, I know.”

“Know… what?” he hesitates.

“I know that you like me.”

“U-uhh…”

“And I want to tell you something,” you march on confidently. “I like you, too.”

“O-oh…” he gasps. He blushes that gorgeous blue again. His eyes are darting around at the room trying to avoid your piercing gaze.

“Sans,” you say, savouring the name. “Do you think maybe we should do something about that?”

“A-are you, uh…”

“Would you like a dessert menu, or just the bill?” Kevin offers helpfully, breaking the moment.

“YES!” you gasp, dropping Sans’ hand and pouncing on the dessert menu. “Sans, you should try the brownie sundae! Want to split one with me?”

“You’re still hungry?” Sans chuckles nervously. He seems to welcome the subject change, but you’re not done yet. You’re on a mission here.

“One brownie sundae please, two spoons!” you answer Kevin.

“Coming right up,” Kevin happily takes the menu from you again and departs.

You reach for his hands again, but he keeps them in his lap. Aww.

Sans gives you a quizzical look. “_____, what are you doing?” he asks softly.

“What does it look like I’m doing? I’m flirting with you,” you reply, confused.

“Is it the alcohol? you’ve only had one drink, but you seem pretty buzzed.”

“No, I told you I become more myself, didn’t I? This is how I honestly feel,” you say sadly. “I thought you liked me?”
“no, i do! i just…” he trails off, blushing furiously and looking anywhere else but at you. What’s wrong with him all of a sudden?

“Why are you being cold?” you ask.

“listen. _____ i don’t…” he swallows nervously. How does he swallow? “i don’t think us dating is a good idea.”


“a lot of reasons. i’ve been thinking about it for a while, and-“

“You’re rejecting me?”

His hands shoot up in surrender. You kind of want to grab at them, but there’s a huge table in the way and you’re kind of sad right now. “i don’t want to – i really don’t - but i feel like i have to, in order to keep you safe.”

“But… C’mon, SANS! People ALREADY look at us and think we’re a couple? What’s the harm in making it real?” you fumble. “Besides, between you and Frisk, we can basically get away with anything! Time and space and all that stuff.”

“i’m… i’m sorry.”

You huff angrily. You take out your phone and open up the messaging app.

“What… are you doing?”

“I’m calling for backup,” you say. “Undyne gonna be PISSED.”

“oh, please god no.”
* Undyne Sans rejected me and I’m a little bt tipsty and he’s making me really really sad. can you come punch sense into him or something?

The text sat unanswered for more than five minutes. Way too long for Undyne to still be awake to get it. Sans left a while ago, some of his cash on the table to cover his share of the meal plus a generous tip. You’re a little upset that he left you all alone, but you figure it’d be awkward to go all that way home with him after that. The brownie sundae has started melting in front of you, the two spoons next to it untouched.

Your phone buzzes on the table next to it. You open it with probably a little too much enthusiasm.

* im sorry what happened, Frisk texts. you shuldnt go home alone 2nite tho. i sent mtt to get u so u don’t have 2 get a cab.

* Thanks kid, you text back, resignedly.

* eyy no prob _____. just stay ther til he gets 2 u ok?

* You got it boss.

* dont worry bout it, snas wil come round.

You resist texting out the “I hope so” that you say out loud at the melting ice cream.

While you’re waiting, Kevin wordlessly leaves the bill next to your arm. He’s comped the sundae, clearly feeling bad and giving you your space. You wonder if a 30% tip would be too much or not enough. After working out the math, you tuck your credit card into the billfold with how much to charge – If you just pay the flat amount of the bill, the cash on the table should make up about 35%. A couple minutes after getting your card returned to you, Mettaton bursts through the door.

He’s not posing. He’s not exaggerating his movements as he walks as if he’s dancing or moving to a beat. He just, very quietly, scopes out the restaurant until he sees you, and walks normally over to you, taking a seat in the booth beside you. His arm goes around your shoulders in a gentle and comforting sideways hug, leaning his metal head and hair slightly into the side of your head.

“Oh, I’m so sorry ____,” he says softly.

“I’ll be fine, I guess,” you say sniffling. “You know, guys usually wait to break my heart until after they start dating me, not before,” you joke.

Mettaton says nothing to that, just holds you for a moment quietly.

“Dating two monsters in one night, huh? What, are you some kind of slut, girly?” some voice from some asshole who’s decided to come stand near you and Metts. You don’t like the challenging feeling you’re getting from him, or the fact that he’d apparently been eavesdropping on you and Sans earlier.

You don’t care about him. You don’t even raise your head when you casually respond, jerking a
thumb towards Mettaton. Without the slightest hesitation, you say “This one’s gay,” matter-of-factly.

Mett burst out laughing, as do a couple other voices nearby. More eavesdroppers. Great. “Come along darling, let’s get you home.”

“Oh,” you agree softly. You pick up the dish of melting brownie sundaes and shove it in the direction of the asshole, who’s still stuck trying to think up a comeback. “Here have some ice cream, it might make you sweeter.” Some more laughs follow as you and Mettaton leave the restaurant together.

You’re not sure what you were expecting for Mettaton’s ride, but a limo? That wasn’t it. You also weren’t expecting to see Sans’ brother Papyrus sitting inside of it waiting for you.

“I’m terribly sorry about the company gorgeous, we were on the way to a party,” Mettaton purrs in your ear. He enters the limo ahead of you and nestles in beside Paps, planting a kiss on the skeleton’s cheekbone, which makes his face erupt in orange. You fight to hide a jealous look at them.

“It’s okay,” you mumble softly.

“METTATON, YOU STILL HAVEN’T TOLD ME WHY WE CAME TO PICK UP THE HUMAN IN THE FIRST PLACE. AREN’T WE GOING TO BE LATE?”

“Hush, skelekitten. We’ll be fine. And ‘why’ is a bit of a sore spot for the poor dear right now, so I promise I will explain everything later,” Mettaton coos.

“If you want to smack Sans around for me though, that’d be alright,” you mumble.

“What! What did my brother do? Did he finally confess his true feelings for you?” Papyrus continues unabated. “I’ve been telling him to do that for weeks now, but he’s so lazy!” He looks like he wants to stomp his feet in the limo, but Mettaton quickly puts a hand on his knee as he jerks his leg.

“Papy dearest, this really isn’t a good time—”

“What!” Papyrus is shocked. Mettaton’s visible eye widens in surprise. “Then why are you sad? He… he rejected you!” He’s incredulous.

You nod stiffly, eye gaze shifting to your feet.

“That— That bonehead! Is that why your soul colour is so dim—“ Papyrus starts.

“PAPS! Darling! Please, I think that’s enough—“ Mettaton interrupts.

“Soul colour? What?” you look up, interrupting Mettaton.

Mett takes Papyrus’s jaw in one hand and turns his skull so they’re face to face. Their faces are pretty close, and Papyrus starts blushing again at the proximity. “Humans don’t like talking about their souls, kitten. Remember? Especially not when around monsters.” He sounds serious.

“I want to hear it. Tell me what’s wrong with my soul,” you press.

“Nothing is wrong with your soul, don’t be ridiculous,” Mettaton attempts to reassure you.
“Then why is it dim?” you counter.

Mettaton puts a couple metal fingers to his forehead, closing his eyes. “Tch, you really are determined, aren’t you darling? Always forging ahead, ready to pounce on anything… All right.” He removes his hand and straightens to look at you seriously. “I will explain it to you.”

Mettaton explains (and Papyrus helps with his usual enthusiasm) that monsters can see souls. It’s harmless for them to see it, but if they wanted to use their magic against a human, that’s what it locks on to. He then explains that humans, unlike monsters, have different soul colours, representing a core aspect of their personality. There are fourteen such aspects that seem to line up with what humans refer to as the seven deadly sins, and the seven heavenly virtues – although for monsters, some of the names are a little different.

“Your soul is red, which represents ‘diligence’, or as we like to call it, determination,” Mettaton concludes.

“BUT IT IS NOT AS RED AS WHEN WE FIRST SAW IT!” Papyrus helpfully adds.

“What does that mean, though? When a soul’s colour fades?” you ask, still concerned about your metaphysical well-being.

“For most humans we’ve noticed, their souls are at their brightest during childhood, but they grow darker as they get older. We think it’s because of events in their life or barriers that come up that counters your soul’s natural instincts,” Mettaton explains.

“Is it permanent, when a soul fades?”

“I’m terribly sorry, but I’m afraid I’m not sure. That might be a question for Dr. Alphys. I’ll tell you one thing, though; When we first met, your soul was the most brilliant of reds. I’ve never seen an adult human with a soul that bright before you! The only person to whom I could compare it to would be our darling little ambassador, Frisk,” he reassures.

You let your eyes fall to your hands, digesting all this new information about souls. About your soul. It’s obvious, you think, why your soul had dimmed tonight – You’d tried to force the issue with Sans because you knew about your mutual attraction before he did. Maybe that was the wrong move. His rejection had left you feeling numb.

You straighten in your seat. You decide that you didn’t want to feel numb anymore.

Mettaton gasps.

“HUMAN! YOUR SOUL JUST GOT BRIGHTER! HOW DID YOU DO THAT?” Papyrus exclaims.

You’re not going to give up on Sans. Not yet. Not ever. The thought fills you with… Determination.

Chapter End Notes

I wrote a sad :( Don’t worry, it’ll get better. Damn Sans and his blue stop signs!

Also, originally I wasn’t going to do anything with soul stuff, but needed something to break the sad and show that things were going to get better. I’m at the point where this is
mostly on the spot improv, and just taking it one chapter at a time trying to make them link together and make sense. Again, I really appreciate all the comments and kudos this has gotten :) Thank you guys so much <3
“I’M GOING TO TEAR HIM BONE FROM BONE AND SELL HIM TO A PET STORE SO DOGS CAN CHEW HIM INTO TINY WIMPY LITTLE SHREDS!! NGAAAAAAAAAH!!”

“I think that might be a bit overkill, Undyne,” you tell her. “So Alphys, what do you mean my soul can regenerate it’s determination? Is that normal?”

“No, this is the first time I’ve seen anything like it,” Alphys replies, writing something down on her notepad. She’s not stuttering. She’s focused. “Do you remember how you did it? What did it feel like?”

“I don’t know, I was numb from when Sans rejected me-“

“NNNGGGHHHHH.”

“Undyne, please. Anyways, I was feeling numb and depressed, and then I just, decided that I didn’t want to feel numb anymore, I guess?” you attempt to explain. “I decided that this is not over yet. We can try again.”

Alphys distractedly scratches away at the notepad. “Have you ever done something like that before? Countered or cancelled out a significant, negative emotion?”

“Uhh, I think so? I think lots of times, actually.”

“Would you be alright with giving us some examples?” Alphys marches on.

“Well, a big one would be when my parents disowned me. Another time was when-“

“Your parents disowned you!?” Undyne gapes. “But, WHY!? You’re such an AWESOME PERSON!”

You smiled bashfully, a little flattered at that. “I guess because I’m really stubborn, and didn’t want to play by their crazy rules?”

“How did it make you feel, when they did that?” Alphys interjects curiously.


“And what did you do to stop feeling that way?”

“I just pushed against it with something positive. Like, ‘this doesn’t define who I am. I can come back from this. I am stronger than this,’ and just telling myself that I would make it all work out.”

Alphys doesn’t say anything for a while, just keeps scratching away at her notes. You shift on your
feet a little uncomfortably.

“What’s the scoop, Alph?” Undyne, tired of waiting, breaks the silence.

“I’m still putting the pieces together, and I’m going to need some more human subjects for comparison, but, so far my theory is this;” she begins. Wow, she’s really focused. “Some early childhood trauma – You don’t have to say what – darkened your soul of Determination enough that it triggered some sort of self-healing process.”

“Well, I’ve always been my own anti-depressant,” you shrug casually.

“Do you think I could run some tests? Nothing invasive, I just have some instruments in my lab downstairs that can give me more accurate measurements of your soul’s intensity. Who knows, maybe you have some ability similar to Frisk’s?” Alphys inquires.

“Yes, I guess, but not right now. There’s something I have to go do real quick.”

---

Sans is slumped over his hot dog cart once again on a sunny Sunday afternoon. The weather is better now that the snow has almost completely melted, so there are a lot of people walking around the park, looking at the different memorials. It’s been busier for the hot dog business than normal, but still fairly slow for the skeleton. It’s clear that he feels like the biggest idiot in the universe right now. His phone’s been on silent since last night because he’s already gotten over a hundred texts telling him so.

He has absolutely no idea what you’re about to do. It fills you with determination.

You charge towards him, hand in your pocket, a massive grin splitting your face. He looks up as he notices you, startled and clearly not expecting to see you so soon after last night.

Good.

You close the distance as quickly as you can so that you’re standing in front of the stand.

“____, wh-“ he starts, but you turn away.

You pull the air horn out of your pocket, and press down on it. Holy shit, that’s loud.

It has the desired effect, though. It gets the undivided attention of everyone who can hear it.

“HEY EVERYONE, CAN I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE!” you yell out. They stop and stare. There’s probably a hundred people or more. But there’s no time to get shy about it. You’re on a mission.

“____ what the hell are you doin-“

“I WOULD JUST LIKE EVERYONE TO KNOW THAT I, ____ _____, HAVE A HUGE FICKING CRUSH ON THIS SKELETON!!“ you keep shouting, pointing dramatically at Sans. You turn back to him. His skull is almost completely blue from shock. You quickly circle around the cart, plant your hands on the sides of his skull before he can stop you, and kiss him right on the lips.

He has lips. They’re hard, and like stiff gel, but there’s lips. They mold easily to your own as if they were made for kissing you and only you. You close your eyes, enjoying the heat of his lips and face
next to yours. You lose yourself in the moment. You feel his warm ceramic hands on yours, gripping them, but not pulling them away. Despite himself, he doesn’t want it to stop, either. He leans into you.

The crowd makes some assorted noises that breaks the tender moment between you. Gasps and shocks, some “awwws”, some noises of disgust, and a lot of clapping and jeering.

You put your hands on his shoulders and your forehead to his. Your damage has been done and he is completely at your mercy. You stare down into his eyes. “You know what this is,” you tell him in a low voice. “I will wait however long it takes.”

Then you pull away and leave him, riding on an adrenaline high knowing you’ve made him feel more flustered than ever. Circling back around the cart, you take a bow, earning more applause to the crowd.

As you leave, you circle your hands around your mouth and shout back towards Sans. “CALL ME WHEN YOU SORT YOUR SHIT OUT!”

Chapter End Notes

None of this is going anything like how I originally planned it.
“You’re in the paper!” Mettaton exclaims, fluttering a newspaper near your face.

“Shut up, I don’t want to be in the paper,” you groan. Forehead resting on your folded arms on the card table in front of you, your migraine punctuates every sound and jostle of motion with a sharp pain.

“Darling, please, that was a WONDERFUL performance!” he purrs. “I’d be delighted to include the scenario in one of my entertainment programs – crediting you, of course! How does five percent royalties sound?”

“How much did I drink last night?” you look up at him and whimper, ignoring the question.

“More than you should have, OBVIOUSLY,” Undyne scolds. You wince at her volume. “Also, this is kind of a problem. You brought a lot of attention to yourself and Sans.” She sounds serious. She was, after all, former head of the monster Royal Guard, and had insisted on using their apartment’s kitchen as a war room of sorts. It was littered with paper – a daily newspaper, and tons of print offs of online blogs, news sites, and web forums, all talking about your epic declaration of having a crush on a monster.

“Correct; if there wasn’t a target on your back before now sweetheart, there is now, I am certain of it,” Mett ponders aloud, thumbing through some of the articles.

It doesn’t really matter what any of them are saying, you think. You didn’t do it for the attention. It’s not fame you’re after. Only reason you wanted an audience was to prove that even with a lot of eyes on your relationship, you’d both make it out okay. It was all just to send a very clear message to Sans; You want to be with him. Damn the haters.

“GOOD. Maybe it’ll force Sans to do something about it,” Undyne snarls, cackling. That’s the plan, Undyne. That’s the plan.

“Frisk, are your hands tired? You’ve just been sitting there signing ‘awesome’ over and over again at me since you got here,” you ask.

Frisk shakes their head in the negative, that charming mischievous smile of theirs breaking across their face. They keep signing ‘awesome’ – Both hands up by their face, palms facing out, and their fingers loose. Bobbing their arms with their hands high, then again low, makes the sign. Or was it the other way around? In any case, they were here because Toriel had dropped them off before you got to Undyne & Alphys’ They had apparently insisted that they come see how their ‘soul bff’ – ie. You, since your soul was one of Determination like theirs – was doing. Their enthusiasm is appreciated, but the motion is a bit dizzying to have in the corner of your vision.

“Give your arms a break, will you?” you tell them. Frisk giggles in response, shaking their head no.

“So, we should really discuss who’s going to be on ____ duty this week,” Undyne says… Coldly?

“The hell do you mean?” you ask mystified.

“Well, since SANS isn’t talking – Bravo, by the way, that was AMAZING – ahem. Anyways, since
there’s a LOT more attention on you now, we need to come up with a plan to keep you safe from
any anti-monster aggression,” she continues.

Frisk stops signing to nod enthusiastically. They know you’re not up to snuff on sign language just
yet, but the YouTube tutorials they’ve shared with you are helping for the big ones. Or the ones
they like to spam, like ‘awesome’.

“Is that why you’ve been keeping me from going home?” you groan at the group. Is that why they
also got you drunk last night? You can’t remember exactly how that started, but part of the logic for
it was because Sans hadn’t called or made a move yet.

“But of course, gorgeous - If you head home in the midst of this, someone will undoubtedly follow.
Your address would be all over social media within minutes,” Mettaton ponders. “Really, you should
stay at my resort hotel until the heat of this dies down.”

“No, I’m not going to be shut away.” You raise your head from your arms to stare down the robot. “I
didn’t do this just to become some princess locked up in some tower. I don’t need protection, I don’t
need to be kept safe. I don’t need anyone’s help. I’m going to handle this on my OWN,” you
growl, something passionate burning within you.

“How are YOU going to handle it!? You don’t have any magic!” Undyne balks.

“Same way I handle things all the time without magic,” you explain cheekily. “Raw determination.”

Of course, it still wasn’t a bad idea to go somewhere else for the night – You’re stubborn not stupid -
but there was no way your pride would survive having everything handed to you on a silver platter
by your friends. Mettaton was a bit put out that you wouldn’t go stay at his MTT Aboveground
resort hotel on the edge of the city. Besides avoiding the idea that you’d be kept under lock and key,
it made you uneasy to be so far away from everything. After some more arguing, you wouldn’t take
the car he offered either, but settled for a cab instead, paid for by yourself and shared with Undyne
back to your aunt’s. She ‘stood guard’ while you ducked into the house, scratched Kerry behind the
ears when you found him on the couch, and grabbed your laundry basket, textbooks, and some other
personal items to take with you to the cheap hotel you found to stay at.

It definitely would have been easier to let them help you, you acknowledge. But it wouldn’t have
been you.

Work and school were a bit more complex to manage. You agreed to take the next couple days off
both jobs, but no more if possible. For school, you refused to miss even a single class. It was a large
enough class that you figured, even if a few people were against your actions, a few others might
speak up on your behalf – You were happy to be right about that part when you went to class the
next day. Some of the guys remembered Sans and even encouraged you. Plus, the college was
located on the lower floor of a busy mall – The odds of anyone trying to hurt you in public, with any
number of witnesses, you figured, were pretty slim.

Frisk was complaining endlessly about how much work they had to do to protect you now without
Sans’ help, but they were still being really good about it. Sometimes you’d get a burst of short,
random text messages telling you to take a different set of stairs, or wait somewhere for a while –
This helped to keep any aggression/paparazzi off of your back. Sometimes Frisk would send Undyne
to meet you somewhere. That part was a little annoying, thinking that Undyne needed to protect you,
but you couldn’t argue with her menacing gaze. But then, neither could anyone else. She made for a
good deterrent. It was a little hard being understanding of how necessary it was. It’s not comfortable
for you to be babied so much by everyone.
With all of that in place, you manage to stay under the radar for the next couple days – Almost as if your stunt had never even happened. That’s a little disappointing to think about - you had put so much work into it! Since the party store you work at didn’t carry any, you had to go find a place that sold air horns.

Then, late Tuesday night, you finally get a text from Sans.

* hey.

Your hands freeze. Why is it suddenly so hard to respond to him?

* so… he continues. Well, at least you know how to follow that.

* So… you answer back.

* heh. uh, listen. i’m sorry.

* Sorry for what? you reply, wanting him to say what he's apologizing for.

* how much time do you have? paps made me write a list.

You snicker at that. Good old Papyrus.

* I’m not going anywhere, you tell him.

You suddenly feel something pulling at your chest.

Chapter End Notes

HOLY CARP this was hard to write. I really didn't like writing the aftermath scene - Hence why it took so long, and why this is the first chapter I've posted today, instead of my usual 5-10 - so it's really gone through the ringer. I hope it's still good. It's necessary, at the least - I've got to set the stage for the next one, which will be much better :)

And holy damn, I love all you crazy amazing people. I want to make a word cloud or something of all your comments and put them on my wall. Your comments, constructive criticisms, and praise... They all fill me with DETERMINATION <3

Chapters are probably going to slow down a bit since I'm starting to get over the flu (Surprise! I was home sick for most of the week, hence the writing) and since I'm starting to run out of steam finally. From this point on it's shippy fluff! Shippy fluff everywhere!

Also I'm just going to leave this here: @Anatares on Twitter. It has my random shower thoughts and pictures of my real dog. She's no Kerry, but I promise she's at least ten times as awesome <3
The Hotel.

Chapter Notes

Some screaming and swearing at the start, and then
FLUFFFLUFFFLUFFFLUFFFLUFFFLUFFFLUFFFLUFFFLUFFFLUFFFLUFF

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“AAAAHHHH!!” You pause for a breath. “WHAT THE FUCK!? SANS!?”

“uhhh. you said you weren’t going anywhere…” he mutters, blushing furiously.

“That doesn’t mean ‘teleport immediately to my location’! JESUS!” you gasp.

You had been staying in a hotel room since last night, alone, and it had been the first time in years you hadn’t had to worry about somebody getting up in the middle of the night and passing through the livingroom where you slept fitfully, kicking blankets away and exposing yourself. You had kind of expected to stay alone for at least another night. So, of course you were going to sleep without much in the way of clothes on.

You’re just glad you were already sitting in bed with the blankets pulled up to cover your chest. Clutching at the sheets desperately, you give Sans a withering look.

“i’m so so sorry! i, uh, i c-can go-“

Pointing with one arm outstretched, you shout. “That’s the bathroom. Go in there and do not leave it until I tell you to. Got it?”

He rushes to obey you, slamming the door and locking it. What, are you some kind of predator? Ugh.

Quickly, and awkwardly, you move over to your basket and grab the first two clean articles of clothing you lay your eyes on - A pair of worn sweat pants and the glittery Paris t-shirt Amey tossed your way. Dressing quickly, you’re not sure which emotion you feel more strongly – Embarrassed shock at him arriving so suddenly when you weren’t ready for him, or a crushing sadness that he might leave again just as quickly as he came. And right as you were about to work things out! Feeling slightly more presentable (But not entirely mollified), you knock on the door, hoping he hasn’t gotten squirrely and teleported away.

A sigh of relief leaves you when you hear the knob slowly turn. He only opens it a crack at first, not even peeking an eye out.

“is it safe to come out?” he asks meekly.

“Yes, Sans. The scary naked human is dressed now,” you tease, fighting a yawn. “Though maybe next time, give me a bit more warning?”

“uh. yeah,” he mumbles, slowly opening the door fully.

“So, you wanted to tell me something?”
He pulls a couple folded pieces of paper out of his coat pocket. “a few somethings,” he replies.

“Well, there’s no time like the present. Come sit. Please,” you ask, trying for a gentler tone.

You head back over to the bed you were laying in and sit down on it near the head of it. Patting at the empty space in front of you, you beckon him to sit on the mattress with you. He moves to do exactly that, then he blushes and looks away from you, scurrying over to the other queen sized bed in the cramped hotel room. Sighing, you turn to face him across the gap, shifting to hang your legs over the side.

“okay,” he breathes, unfolding the papers. They looked fairly crumpled and worn – You wonder if he’s been working on an apology this whole time? “i need you to not talk until i’m done, okay?”

“Okay,” you agree, taking in a breath to steady yourself as well.

“okay,” he says again. “here goes.”

Sans has quite the list of apologies to make. First off, he’s sorry for how he reacted to your telling him you like him at the restaurant. He should’ve done a lot of things differently there – He shouldn’t have been so dismissive of your feelings, or rejected you for the reason that he did, or left you there all alone. He understands that rejecting you because of terrible things happening to other people - other human and monster couples - was not fair to you at all. He realizes that he discriminated against you when he did that, since it’s only because you’re a human that he reacted that way, when he should’ve just treated you like a person instead. And he shouldn’t have left you all alone after how he treated you, and taken you home and made sure that you were okay, regardless of how awkward he felt. He apologizes profusely, for letting his fear and prejudice override his compassion and sense.

He really likes you, and he’s sorry for not being honest about how he felt a lot sooner. Again, he let his fear get in the way, but the truth is he really enjoys spending time with you. He’s missed walking with you and your playful banter back and forth. He regrets that he hasn’t been there for you even half as much as you’ve been there for him. He recognizes how much you try to help him through his chronic worrying, and how you’re always the first one to ask if he’s okay, when he’s so used to it being the other way around. He’s constantly looking out for his family and friends, but you’re the only one so far who seems to be looking out for him and his well-being. He’s sorry, because he misses that, because it’s something that he’s never realized he needs in his life before he met you.

“… i’m sorry for treating you, like, well… like a monster.” Sans continues. “i’m sorry that i’m not half the kind, and welcoming, and strong person that you are... someone who can see past the labels and just accept and care about others for who, not what, they are.”

There’s a silence as he folds up the papers again, then just holds the ratty things in his fingers tenderly for a moment.

“Is it my turn?” you implore gently, brushing at the corners of your eyes.

“uh, yeah. sure.”

Slowly you slide off the side of the bed and turn in the small gap to sit next to him on the other bed. He shuffles in place, but you feel him relax when you gently put your hands on his shoulders, you one arm across his back in a sideways hug. You’d been missing his touch, his proximity, and you want to comfort him right now after he bared his soul to you just a moment ago. The two of you stay like that for a minute, maybe longer, before you can find the right words.

“I’m sorry, too,” you begin.
Sans shakes his head vigorously. “no, you don’t have anything to apologize for.”

“Yes, I do. I’m sorry that I wasn’t more mature about finding out how you felt about me, and took you across town to a restaurant to corner you.” Rubbing your thumbs in circles into his dense shoulder blades, you continue. “I definitely could’ve approached that less aggressively, and with more patience and tact.”

“no, i-“

“Shhh. My turn,” you gently remind him. “It was inconsiderate of me to act on my feelings before we could talk about yours. We probably could have avoided this whole thing if we had just talked about it a bit more, first.”

“And,” you add, moving your hands from his back to his upper arms, leaning forward to meet his eyes better. “I’m sorry about cornering you at your job in the park, and making a big scene. And kissing you without asking if it would be okay to, first.”

He flushes a deep blue and reflexively scrunches his face into his coat to hide it.

“I think you’re adorable, and funny, and amazing, Sans. And, if you’re up for it, I’d like to start some kind of relationship with you,” you tell him firmly, squeezing his arms gently before dropping your hands and moving them to your lap.

“_____ i don’t deserve you,” he mumbles into his coat. “you’re amazing.”

You blush, your own nervousness kicking in. “You don’t have to answer me right away, you know. I’ve told you, I’ll wait for you for as long as it takes.”

He breathes into his coat for several moments, his eye sockets looking pensive but the blue blush not fading in the slightest. “i want to spend more time with you,” he finally says, raising his bony chin out of his collar. “that much i’m sure of. i don’t know what i want to call it yet, but… more than friends, would be, uh… nice. it’d be really nice.” He looks up at you, his eye lights twinkling. “i want to be more than friends with you, _____,” he says.

A soft chuckle rolls out of you at how innocent and adorable he looks with his pleading expression. “All right then, Sans. I’d be more than happy to be more than friends with you,” you say smiling, your heart swelling with happiness. You sling an arm back around his shoulders and lean you face close to his. “Permission to kiss the skeleton?” you ask playfully.

“heh. granted.”

You give him a quick smooch on the side of his face and he relaxes, leaning into your side.

Chapter End Notes

D'awwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww I've been waiting for this. Awww, yeah, mature adult talk!
“All right, Sans,” you say, giggling quietly. “You have to help me out a little bit, okay?”

He moans softly, shrugging one shoulder to finally let you take his jacket off of him. His eyes don’t even open to look at you.

“Good job, sweetie,” you smile softly.

Leaning down you slide his slippers off his feet, and then pause a moment looking at them. They were like his hands, in that instead of lots of little bones to make up the foot, it was one solid mass with toes. You resist the urge to touch them, thinking it might stir him too much. Slinging one of his arms around your shoulders, you gently shift him up so you can wrestle the blankets out from under him. Then you sweep his legs up so he can lay straight on the bed as you lower his shoulders gently, ensuring there's a soft pillow under his head. You pull the blankets up over the snoozing bag of bones.

You had underestimated how relaxed you made him feel, and within minutes of sitting together, he had dozed off, nuzzled into your side. Chuckling softly at that, worried you might accidently wake him, you wondered how it could be possible that the slight, handsome little monster could be so cute.

Sighing, you peel the sheets back on the opposite bed and climb into them again. As much as you’d love to just climb in and cuddle next to him, you think it’s probably way too early at this stage of ‘more than friends.’ Instead, you opt to pull your own sheets back up in a pile by your chest and snuggle into them, watching him breathe gently and letting the sound relax you.

Sleep claims you quickly.

Stretching and yawning, you take a moment to orient yourself when the morning finally comes. Sleeping in an actual bed is a rare luxury, and you smile satisfied that you’ve thought to book the room for the whole week. It’s really nice to have a place all your own that you can escape to, for once. Even if it isn’t exactly home.

Glancing over, you see that Sans is still deep asleep. His sheets have curled up mostly in front and he’s nuzzling his face into them, snoring softly. A small pang of jealousy washes over you briefly, thinking that, maybe, that could have been you. You shrug off the feeling, knowing that it would’ve been too pushy, and you didn’t want to try and rush him into things.

Just in case he wakes up before you get back, you take the pen and pad of paper by the phone and write him a short note. There’s a new bakery near here, and you knew they opened early from the smell that permeated everything outside in the early mornings. Breakfast in bed with your new…

You want to say boyfriend, but you’re not sure how Sans would feel about it yet. Anyway, breakfast in bed with Sans sounded really nice.

The smell of the small bakery was so overwhelmingly fresh and alluring - you self-consciously brought a hand to your face to check if you had drool at the corners of your mouth. You’re pleasantly surprised to find a monster behind the counter, setting out some freshly-baked Danish
pastries. She turns and makes a small gasp of surprise.

“Oh, good morning, dearie!” she rasps cheerfully. She has five eyes arranged in a semi-circle pattern on her face and fangs sticking out from her upper lip, probably contributing to her lisp. Her skin is a cool bluish-violet, and she has three sets of arms juggling various tools and trays. She seems really busy, her smile distracted and, you suspect, a bit insincere.

“Good morning to you too,” you greet, smiling broadly.

The two eyes on the left side of her face both narrow at you slightly, but after a moment she straightens, setting down a couple more trays into the illuminated display counter. “What ever can I get for you today?” she manages, tone still friendly, but noticeably guarded.

“Hey, uh, is everything okay? You seem unsettled about something,” you ask curiously.

“Oh! W-well…” she starts, her lavender cheeks turning slightly pink. “It’s just that, I’ve never had a human customer before… Or at least, one as friendly as you, dear!”

“Don’t sweat it, I understand,” you forgive quickly. She seems to relax slightly. “So how are things for you on the surface?”

“Awfully stressful, I’m afraid,” she sighs. “Would that I could have my family to help out here at my bakery, but the health inspector wasn’t a fan of that. He called all of my adorable little spider cousins ‘unsanitary’,” she says, a bit heatedly.

A spider! That’s what she reminds you of, is a big spider! You’re actually very thankful the health inspector turned her down, otherwise your arachnophobia would’ve sent you running screaming away, and you didn’t want to offend the poor woman. She herself didn’t seem to bother you though, and you were very grateful for that. You feel a little guilty suddenly that spiders bother you so much, because it would clearly offend her to know, but you also can’t help your brain’s irrational fear of arachnids.

“What about hiring some help?” you suggest.

“I would love to, truly! But, so far the only applicants have been monsters that don’t even have hands!” she grumbles. “How am I supposed to put them to work?”

“What about humans? I mean, I know things are tense between humans and monsters, but I’m sure there’s someone out there who’d love to work with someone as charming as you,” you say, flattering her.

“Auhuhuhu! Well, I hadn’t considered it, but I suppose it doesn’t hurt to try!” she chuckles delightedly.

“What about hiring some help?” you suggest.

“I would love to, truly! But, so far the only applicants have been monsters that don’t even have hands!” she grumbles. “How am I supposed to put them to work?”

“What about humans? I mean, I know things are tense between humans and monsters, but I’m sure there’s someone out there who’d love to work with someone as charming as you,” you say, flattering her.

“Auhuhuhu! Well, I hadn’t considered it, but I suppose it doesn’t hurt to try!” she chuckles delightedly.

“That’s awesome. Do you mind if I tell some of my classmates about it? I mean, they’re all nerd boys, but I know some of them mentioned needing a part-time job. And class is always in the afternoon, so they could work mornings when you’re probably busiest.”

“That would be wonderful, dearie! I appreciate the thought!” she exclaims sincerely, all tension in her voice and gestures gone.

You decide it’s a special day, so to the spider girl’s delight, you ask for one of everything that she has in the display already: A cinnamon bun and a cinnamon bunny, one of each flavor of Danish, and a couple of croissants, one with chocolate hazelnut filling. It’s dizzying to watch her move, bagging up the various pastries with six hands to work with, but her movements are so fluid and
graceful. Before you know it, she’s ringing you up at the register with one hand offering your change and another two folding the brown bag closed and offering it to you with a fourth steadying it from the bottom. While putting your change away, you almost fail to notice she’s also offering a small handful of business cards. You notice the business name is just “Muffet’s”.

“Do offer these to your friends and have them call me, dearie,” she smiles sweetly.

“Of course! Thanks, miss Muffet!” You can’t resist the subtle reference to the nursery rhyme.

“Ahuhuhu, just Muffet is fine!” she chuckles bashfully. Maybe she’s not familiar with it? That’s unfortunate.

“Morning, lazybones,” you whisper, huddled over the snoozing skeleton.

He mumbles and shies away from the sunlight pouring in from the open curtains. You plant a quick kiss on his forehead to rouse him, and grin as his smile brightens and his cheeks are dusted blue. Sitting up straight, you set up a small lap table over Sans as he finally shifts to sit up straight, running the back of his hand against the edges of an eye socket. You expect some sort of scraping sound to result from the bone on bone scratching, but apart from the initial clacking sound when his hand meets his face, it’s just a soft, barely audible rubbing – Almost, but not quite like, skin on skin. You didn’t know he could even get more adorable.

“It’s morning?” he asks blearily. “I slept the whole night?”

“You sound surprised.”

“Uh, yeah. It’s been… a very long time since I’ve slept that well,” he manages while navigating a yawn. “What’s for breakfast?”

“Sugary junk, obviously.” you tease, setting out the pastries on some paper plates Muffet included in the bag for you.

“Muffet’s?” he asks, eyeing the logo on the bag. “Five eyes, six arms? I know her.”

“Oh really?” you ask, then grin. “She’s a very handy lady.”

He snorts, laughing. “I’ve always been envious of her ability to multi-task.”

You giggle. “Well, it seems she’s looking for help at her bakery, so it must not be going well. She says she has her hands full.”

Both of you burst out laughing together at the joke, then start going through the breakfast pastries.

**Chapter End Notes**

Somehow Muffet worked her way into my story. I couldn’t resist the hands/arms puns since they’re so flexible. *badum tss*
“Yo, Shaun!”

The business card lands on his table and bumps into his arm, rousing the mousey nerd from gaping at his computer screen.

“Humm?” Shaun asks distractedly.

“You were looking for a morning job, right? I made a new friend yesterday who owns a bakery, and she needs an extra set of hands,” you tell him. Then laugh at yourself. Does she really? “Anyway, thought you might want to check it out.”

“Oh. Uh, thanks,” he replies meekly, checking out the contact card you’d thrown at him.

“Fair warning, though; Muffet’s a monster. She has six arms, fangs, purple skin and five solid black eyes on her face. Kind of resembles a spider, and apparently she’s related to some. I figure you’re cool with Sans, but wanted to give you a heads up if you decide to check it out, just so you know what to expect.”

Shaun smiles softly at that, his eyes thanking you quietly.

“So, you’re still hanging out with monsters then, ____?”

That voice. You don’t like that voice.

“Since when is that any of your concern, Devon?” You turn in your chair to look the aftershave asshole in the eyes.

“That’s Derrick,” he corrects sharply.

“Whatever,” you dismiss with a wave, smirking. “I’m sure you can tell exactly how important remembering your name is to me.” Your seat mates force back a chuckle at your scathing retort.

“Just saying, maybe you shouldn’t get too comfortable around them.”

You narrow your eyes at him in one of your best, withering glares. He flinches, but tries to remain tough. “Are you threatening me, Devon?” you challenge.

“That’s enough,” Richard calls authoritatively from the front of the class – Your teacher. “I need your work sheets turned in before the end of class, so I suggest you both get back to it.”

“Yessir,” you say casually, turning back to your computer to puzzle out some SQL queries.

A swell of happiness runs through you when you find Sans waiting outside of class. He seems to be lounging on the couch talking with some of the animation students, since they let out early. You suddenly realize he’s probably a great model for them. One of them has a sketchpad out, busily scratching away. Most of them are girls, you realize, but then quickly try and chase the errant thought
away.

“_____!” he calls (Desperately?) when he sees you leaving the classroom. He goes to rise from his seat, but the girl with the sketchbook makes a noise at his movement, and he plops right back down.

“Hey cutie,” you reply flirtatiously. A couple of the girls giggle as the blue spreads across his cheekbones.

“Sans!” one of them asks. Hrmm, she’s too bubbly. “Are you coming by again tomorrow?”

“uh, probably.”

“You should model for our class!” she continues. “We need to learn about different joints in the body and how they move.” Yeah, you kind of figured a skeleton would be perfect for that.

“Hey now,” you start assertively, addressing the group. “He doesn’t have to do anything he’s not comfortable with, okay?”

“Ugh,” the bubbly one groans, annoyed with you. “Well, just think about it, okay Sans?”

“okay ashley.” First name basis? No, shut up brain, you have nothing to be jealous of. “let’s go, _____!”

You reach for his hand and he takes it proudly, leaving the small school together.

“So…”

“So…”

“Heh. Uh, just so you know, those are animation students. Artists,” you caution him.

“really? i couldn’t tell,” he says smugly from next to you.

You laugh. “What I meant was, if you model for them, they’re probably going to want you to take your clothes off… So they can see your body properly, and study your joints,” you explain, feeling the heat rise in your face.

“oh!” he startles, and he hesitates his next step.

“Yeah,” you sigh.

“uhh, h-how much clothing… would i…”

“I don’t know? It depends on what they need to see. It’s not uncommon for artists to use nude models to study the body, though.”

He flushes a deep blue, and squeezes your hand defensively. You give him a protective squeeze back.

“Yeah,” you sigh again, looking down at the shy little skeleton. “I didn’t think you’d be comfortable with that.”

“w-well, u-uh, if it sounds like it would h-help…”
“Are you actually considering it? you ask, surprised.

“i-i don’t know. i’ve never been n-naked in front of anyone before... i mean, besides family, i guess?”

“What do you mean? What about past girlfriends?”

“uh,” he mumbles shyly into his coat. “no girlfriends. not until, uhh…”

“Wait!” you gasp, stopping in your tracks. He startles at your outburst, halting beside you. “I’m your first!?”

His head is nestled firmly in his jacket’s fluff. He can’t look at you, his eyes are darting everywhere but. The blue blush has spread up to the bottoms of his sockets. Finally, he nods.

“OH MY GOD!” you exclaim with a start. “I STOLE YOUR FIRST KISS!?”

If his head could shrink further into his coat, you’re sure it would. He nods a bit more vigorously.

“I STOLE YOUR KISSING VIRGINITY!” You let go of his hand and straighten your arms into the air, pumping your fists triumphantly. “OH MY GOD! I’M GOING TO STEAL ALL OF YOUR VIRGINTIES!”

“oh, please… _____ please quiet down, we’re in public…” he mumbles softly.

“No way in hell! This is too good! I want to steal them all!” you cry out happily. Then ponder this for a moment. “I should make a list, and check them off as we go!”

“please… please stop.” His shy little voice sounds strained. But there’s a smile in his tone.

You can’t stop. This is too awesome. Your innocent precious little flower hasn’t done anything with any girl before you. This is going to be so fun.

“Here’s an easy one:” you start, then grasp his hand in yours again.

He straightens his head out of his collar, looking at you quizzically. “uh? we’ve held hands plenty of times already.”

“Yeah, but have we done this?” you exclaim, then start swinging your clasped hands together dramatically. He starts laughing. You continue swinging his arm as you motion for you both to continue walking to the bus station. “Come on, let’s go back to the hotel, and see what other virginities I can steal from you today!”

He makes a worried noise. “that sounds ominous…” he mumbles, mouth talking into his coat again.

You look down at him making sure his eyes meet yours before winking playfully. “Don’t worry cutie, I’ll be gentle,” you tease.

“That sounds even worse.”

Cackling madly, you continue leading him by the hand to catch your bus.

Chapter End Notes
Get ready for some fluff next chapter :) Sorry this one took so long, I ended up writing a ton of future plot and had to organize it, plus another spinoff fic about Sans' past that I'll share when the moment is right.
The Hair.

Chapter Notes

I'm not sure how to warn for this, but Sans plays with Reader's hair and she in turn explores his scalp. It's my attempt at making gentle hair play sensual (because damn I love hair play). Feedback greatly appreciated!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The list is coming along great. First things on it were the things you’d already done together so you could cross them off; hand holding, hand holding and swinging, the gentle hug, the sideways hug, the kisses on his forehead and the side of his head, and then the actual kiss on the lips. You sigh softly that you’ve only gotten to do that once – He hasn’t had the nerve to approach you about it, and you don’t want to scare the shy skeleton off too quick – but, it totally still counts. Oh, there was also holding his shoulders, arms, and rubbing his shoulder blades with your thumbs last night. You idly wonder if taking his coat off of him when he fell asleep against you counts for anything.

“Hrmm,” you ponder, chewing on the branded hotel pen slightly. “Is there anything you want to do to me?” you ask, flirting with an eyebrow raised.

“no.” The corners of your smile dip slightly from behind the notepad. “uhh, no, wait i mean…”

“Hey, it’s okay, Sans. We can take this slow. I don’t want to scare you off.”

“you don’t scare me,” he struggles.

“Liar,” you grin wolfishly.

He cheeks flush blue. “uhh, so what’s on there so far?” he says, twiddling his bony thumbs in his lap.

“What do you want to know? Or do you want to find out?” Teasing him is just way too much fun.

“u-uhh… maybe, uh, j-just the next couple things?” He looks super adorable when his little face flares up like that.

“Don’t worry so much, my little snow poff. Here, we’ll start with an easy one,” you say, setting the pen and notepad back down on the small nightstand.

You grab the remote and flick on the TV, then you switch beds to sit next to the nervous little skeleton, close enough that your hips are touching. It seems like they’re re-running Firefly on the sci-fi channel. Awesome.

“What’s this one?” he asks, blushing at your closeness.

“This is just watching TV together so far,” you explain. “There are a couple things we can do from here.”

“such as?”
You make a very obvious fake stretch and exaggerate a short yawn into a longer one, and then rest your arm around his shoulders, gripping his shoulder and pulling him gently into you. “This move is called the ‘yawn and lean’,” you instruct him. “Guys do it all the time while watching stuff together with their girl.”

“then why are you doing it?” he asks curiously.

“Hey, you’ve got to learn somehow, right? Do you want to give it a try?”

He considers this for a moment, then nods sharply. “yeah, seems simple enough.”

You drop your arm and make a gesture with both hands in front of you, welcoming him to try it out. He starts by stretching, yawning legitimately, and then reaching behind your head. Your heart melts for the brave little skeleton. But, instead of feeling a hand on your opposite shoulder, there’s a painful tug at the back of your head.

“Ow!”

“oh shit, i’m sorry! i-i think my hand is stuck!” he panics.

“Don’t- Ack! Don’t pull! Just- just relax, and remove it from my hair bit by bit, carefully.”

“i’m sorry,” he mumbles, using his other hand to carefully remove the hairs from between his bony fingers. You lean forward so he can better see what he’s doing. “i’m so sorry.”

“Stop apologizing, it happens! Just be careful.”

He is very gentle with you, so much so that it quickly becomes kind of soothing to feel the tiny shifts of movement in your hair as he untangles himself. Some of them send pleasing tingles along your scalp. Your eyes flutter closed at the sensation.

“does… does that feel good to you??” he asks, sounding completely baffled by your expression.

“It’s nice to get your hair pulled a little sometimes,” you flirt.

He looks completely fucking mystified by your response. He doesn’t get it at all. You suppose that’s for a couple of very good reasons.

“Nevermind,” you sigh.

“no, i… please explain it to me,” he starts confidently. “it looked like it felt good. i want to know why, so i could, uh…”

“Oh! Oh, okay. I can try,” you say. You run your fingers through your hair to straighten it out a bit better. “It feels nice to have my hair played with. It can be very soothing and relaxing, even sensual in the right person’s hands. It’s kind of, uh, a vulnerability thing, I guess? Hair getting pulled on can hurt a lot, so letting someone play with it willingly is like, a huge trust thing. I hope that makes sense,” you say, stroking your hair thoughtfully.

“… can i try?” He seems eager to get his hands in your hair again. “i’ll try not to get stuck this time,” he adds cautiously.

“Sure!”

He pats the bed ahead of him, beckoning you to sit in front so he can get a better angle, and you’re more than happy to comply. At first, he’s so gentle you can hardly tell he’s doing anything at all,
exploring your hair so carefully with the very tips of his bony fingers, trying very hard to not make you yelp in pain again.

“it’s so soft...” he comments with a curious tone. “it smells really nice, too,” he adds after a moment, a shiver running up your back when his warm breath hits your ear at his closeness. “wow.”

He gets a little more vigorous in his exploration of this new sensory experience, lifting up small bundles of your hair in his fingers and letting it go slowly, watching it fall back into place strand by strand. He finds a couple small knots doing that, and takes a moment to pause and gently untangle them with his fingers. Then, he starts combing through it slowly down your back, fingers dragging with feather light touches. The faint contact through your clothing sets off fireworks on your scalp, and you shift involuntarily in your seat and squeak with delight.

“sorry did i hurt you?” he withdraws suddenly, a note of worry in his voice.

“No! No, that just feels really nice,” you reassure him. “It just surprised me a little, but it’s not bad. In fact, it’s really good.”

“oh! heh, okay.”

“Please, by all means, keep going,” you urge him on. “I’ll tell you if you do anything wrong, promise.”

Sans is more than happy to comply. He resumes dragging his fingertips down through your hair against your back, and your mouth drops open in pleasure. He explores more, gathering all your hair and lifting it up gently, then you feel a pair of fingertips graze the back of your neck where your hair meets your head. You shiver with delight.

“Still good! Really good, trust me,” you manage before he retreats on you again. “Don’t... Don’t stop.”

“okay, i won’t,” he says softly, a smile on his voice.

He lets your hair go slowly again, watching the waterfall of strands fall against your back, strand by strand. There’s a lull in what he’s doing again, with a couple quick tugs from individual hairs here and there - You suspect that maybe he got some stuck between his finger bones again. But the delay is brief, and now you feel his fingertips on the back of your head, pinching at small patches of hair and exploring your scalp where it all connects to your head. It feels luxurious on your sensitive scalp, and you wonder if it can get any better. He seems to notice this and pauses his curious exploration, in order to press all of his fingertips to your head and gently move them in small circles, in a full blown massage.

“Wow,” you moan at his touch.

“that good, huh?” he chuckles softly.

He continues rubbing small circles all over your head with his fingertips, pleased to have you as putty in his bony hands. He spends more time on areas that make you flinch or shiver, or make involuntary noises of pleasure, such as when he traces your hairline and his fingers fall behind your ears, and then again when they’re down close enough to tease the sensitive areas of your neck. You never want it to stop. Just keep doing this forever, Sans, you think to him.

“i wonder what this feels like. it looks amazing,” he says softly.

“It is amazing,” you confirm. “I could try and massage your scalp too?” you offer.
“but i thought you didn’t want me to stop,” he teases.

“Never. I never want you to stop. But,” you sigh sadly. “If I have my way we’ll starve to death sitting here.”

“heh, okay.”

“I need you to pull away first though, because I won’t be able to,” you say resignedly. He laughs softly at that.

He spends another moment or two combing his fingers through your hair, still fascinated by it, and then traces your hairline again to make you shudder one last time. Regrettably, he then lets his hands drop. You turn your upper body to face him, stealing a quick kiss on his cheek.

“heh. my turn,” he says excitedly.

You shift out of the way so he can slide forward, then straighten yourself to sit behind him. As soon as your fingers touch his head, he shudders away from you.

“whoa,” he breathes.

“It’s even better if you let me keep doing it,” you offer.

“sorry. sorry. i just… it took me by surprise. that tingles, heh.”

He settles in his seat again, and you press your fingertips lightly on his head again. It’s a bit different doing this to someone without any hair – or skin for that matter – but you find that his head is softer than expected, and just slightly pliable like the palms of his hands were the other night when you were exploring them. Maybe his fingertips, too – You weren’t really paying attention, but you don’t remember them feeling hard just moments ago.

“wow,” he murmurs.

“See? Told you. Amazing, right?”

“don’t ever stop,” he agrees.

You massage him for as long as he lets you, taking your time to make sure you gently rub and every square centimeter of his skull. Ambitious to keep the contact going – and the closeness of his warm, slight body to yours – you run a couple fingers along his forehead, starting from the center and then spreading them out horizontally with gentle pressure.

“oh that’s new,” he says softly.

“Does it feel good, cutie?”

“yeah,” he says. “but not as nice as what you were doing before.”

“Mmm, all right.”

You skitter your fingers back and continue rubbing circles all over his scalp, pleased you can make him melt with your touch. You stroke along the sides of his skull where you figured ears would be, and he flinches as if it tickles him.

“that’s… wow.”
So that’s good then? You focus on the area longer, running semi-circles along the sides of his head. He loves it, and he starts to relax more. Surging with confidence, you pull away from the area and dance your hands to the very back of his skull, where his cervical vertebrae connects. You run one finger gently down the first couple bones. He gasps sharply and his whole body immediately stiffens straight, one of his hands shooting to the back of his neck, as if to protect himself from more of your touches.

“whoa. that was. too much. sorry,” he says, turning his upper body to face you, his adorable face blushing heatedly. “really good, but uh, way too intense right now.”

“Aww, that’s okay. Sorry, I just wanted to experiment, see what it did to you,” you apologize. “Necks are sensitive for everybody, I guess!”

“oh, you too huh?” he grins, delighted with the information.

Your blush is immediate. “Uh, yeah. I thought you noticed when your fingers were tracing my hair line? You got a bit close to the sides of the back of my neck. But, necks are really intimate, I guess. It’s probably too early to be doing that.”

“hmmm,” he hums, clearly storing the information for later.

You look up at the TV and some show is on you don’t recognize. What were you two watching again?

Chapter End Notes

It is currently 2am and I’ve just finished writing over two thousand words of Reader and Sans massaging each others' heads. I regret... Absolutely nothing.

Now, to listen to ASMR videos on YouTube where people pretend to play with my hair for that same feeling. If anyone is curious about ASMR, I highly recommend GentleWhispering: https://www.youtube.com/user/GentleWhispering. She has a two minute channel trailer that explains it, and is SUPER tingly. Wear headphones.
“UGH, do I REALLY have to!?”

“Is that a serious question ____?” That fearsome yellow eye narrows at you, like you’d just grown three heads.

“No, but it’s a serious complaint. I don’t do dresses,” you groan annoyed. “Why can’t I get like a pants suit or something, like the guys?” you ask rhetorically.

Undyne had taken you to a bridal shop to figure out what style of dress they wanted for all the women in the wedding party – Which, so far, was just you, Toriel, and two friends of Alphys’ named Bratty and Catty. And Tori was busy today, so it fell on you to model the different styles for her. The guys – Papyrus, Sans, and Asgore – had suits being made for them.

You couldn’t argue with her fashion sense, though. She only handed you the most flattering of dresses, eerily able to guess your size and what would fit just by looking at you. The webbed fingers of one of her hands tapped gently against her chin in thought, then she gestured with her other for you to turn on the podium so she can study you from every angle. Sighing, you shuffle your feet, rotating clockwise.

“Isn’t it a bit early to be dressing up the wedding party anyways? The wedding’s still not for another five months.”

“Not if we want to get them all made on time,” she points out. With their custom colours of teal and gold, and the fact that most of the wedding party consisted of monsters (Half of them with tails), it would take some time to get those orders tailored and completed for everyone.

“I’m still slightly amazed you got a venue for a date only six months away,” you marvel idly to yourself.

“They had a cancellation, and I wouldn’t take no for an answer,” you hear Undyne say smugly behind you. “Hey, can you drop your arms? You pose in that thing like it’s made out of barbed wire,” she adds.

Your arms flop to your sides, making the layer of tulle in the skirt crinkle. “Sorry, I’m just… Really uncomfortable.”

“It can’t be the fabric, it’s silk,” she points out. “Is there some chafing at the seams?”

“No, no, the dress is fine! I just…” you grumble. “I don’t like being dressed up. It makes me feel like a doll.”

“We can get out of here if you like,” she offers sweetly. “I’ve already got a few ideas.”
“I’m sorry,” you sigh. “I’m being selfish. If we’re not done yet I’ll tough it out a bit longer.”

You finally, fully turn to see Undyne again. She studies you a moment longer, then holds up a finger. “One last dress? Then we can go for cake.”

Resigned, you nod your agreement. She motions for you to get in the change room while she goes to grab it.

“That’s the one _____,” Undyne gasps.

“Are you sure? I haven’t gone up on the little podium thing and spun around in it yet.”

She answers by fumbling her phone out of her purse and snapping a picture. “I want to show Alphys later,” she explains. “Maybe Sans, too,” she teases.

“Ugh.”

“Can I take another one? Maybe without your hands in the way?” she laughs.

“Fine,” you grumble, letting your hands fall back to your sides limply. It was a reflex to protect yourself from the camera flash.

“Nice,” she compliments, the camera going off again. “Now, hurry up and get out of that thing and let’s go!”

“Start talking, nerd.”

“Talk about what?” you ask, feigning innocence.

“YOU. What’s your problem with getting dressed up!?” She points a spoon accusingly at you. “Was it something I did?”

“No, no, you were totally fine! I just,” you heave a short sigh. “I don’t really like getting dressed up. Do I really have to get into my baggage right now? We were having a good day.”

“Baggage. NOW.” Undyne demands unabated.

You groan. “It’s my parents. Well, everybody in my life up until five years ago, actually. When you’re told you’re pretty so often and by so many different people… I started to hate it. It became less a compliment and more of a label.”

“How so?”

“When you’re pretty, that’s all you are,” you explain, poking thoughtfully at the half-eaten strawberry shortcake. “They treated me like I was stupid because I was pretty, like I couldn’t function as a person because being beautiful consumed all of my energy, somehow? Like, just because I have a nice face means that my personality should be some ditzy model stereotype, and any behaviour outside of that would make them angry. My parents thought they could push me around, and that they should be entitled to do so. Push me into modelling, push me into getting married young to a rich guy, or they’d just push me in general because they thought that I couldn’t
“Push back.” you grumble. “It made me feel less like a person, and more of a… Toy, that they could
dress up for their own amusement, and throw away when they were done.”

“But you’re not around those immature assholes anymore,” she points out. “We see you for you, not
for your face. So, what’s the problem?”

“Uhh, I don’t know. Lingering baggage?” you shrug shyly, not really sure yourself. “I just… I
haven’t dressed up in a long time. I’m resistant to it. I don’t want to be a model. I just want to be
me.”

“You should let me do your makeup sometime,” Undyne says. “Something light, and just for fun.
Maybe boost your confidence a bit.”

“UGH! That sounds like the worst idea ever, no offense. I don’t want anyone seeing me playing at
being girly.”

“Not even Sans?” she teases.

“Especially not Sans!”

Undyne frowns, then holds her hands up in surrender. “No one would be there but me. If you really
hate it, we’ll just wash your face before you leave,” she grins. “It’ll be our dirty little secret.”

Well, if it’s just Undyne… Maybe it wouldn’t be so terrible?

“I can’t promise anything but that I’ll think about it, okay? These are some pretty deep-seated issues
we’re talking about,” you inform her. ”Twenty years of bullshit.”

The sudden broad smile and mischievous twinkle in her eye sends a sharp chill racing down your
spine. Oh god, what have you done?

“A-Anyway, subject change: There are quite a few silly human wedding traditions we could
include,” you tell Undyne, pulling a short list of your favourites from your pocket.

“The robot said he’d handle that part of the reception actually,” she grumbles. “But, well, what do
you have?”

“Not a whole lot, actually. Maybe I should just let Metts worry about it,” you wither shyly.

“COME ON!” she groans.

“All right, all right,” you say, handing over the list.

Her scaled face is so expressive - it’s fun to watch her as she goes over your list of suggestions. Her
eye shines with curiosity at first, but then her lips peel back in a lewd smile, a scarlet red darkening
her cheeks.

“Fuhuhu, these are AWESOME!” She slams the list back on the table triumphantly, making her cake
spoon bounce off the plate onto the floor. “YES! We’re doing ALL OF THEM!”

Chapter End Notes
This is some more of my real life personal baggage on display in this chapter, in case anyone's wondering. Some of the details are slightly different, but the same sentiments of feeling devalued as a person are there. Story goes, I tried the modeling thing once or twice - and then people wouldn't shut up about it. For years.

This is something I still struggle with to this day, but don't worry - I've realized since that it's not about being pretty for others but being pretty for me, myself, and I, because it feels good and boosts confidence. In public, I still wear lazy clothes - tank tops and comfy pajama bottoms mostly - but in private, I do have a handful of dresses, some of which I made myself for cosplay :) But, I still don't do makeup. I don't even know how D:

Anyway, just wanted to point that out. Maybe I'm unique in these feelings, but whether there is someone out there who can relate or not, I wanted to get them out there. Thanks again, a million times over, for reading <3

WARNING FOR NEXT CHAPTER: There's a bit of a makeout session. If you want to skip it, go to chapter index and jump to 37. I'll only warn you once more at the top of chapter 36!
The Couch.*

Chapter Notes

Warning! There's some kissing and grabbing, but despite the intensity, not much else. This chapter is skippable if it bothers you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“so…”

“So…”

It was late afternoon in the skelebros’ small apartment, and you were sitting with Sans on the oversized green sofa. The plan was to watch some more Babylon 5, but… You didn’t want to get up and set the DVD player up just yet. Sans was cuddled in right next to you, fingers interlaced with yours. You enjoyed that he was getting more comfortable with physical affection, so it was hard to tear yourself away.

“undyne sent me the picture,” Sans admits, blushing deeply. “but, she also said i’m not allowed to comment on it.”

“That meddling fish! UGHH,” you groan. “Well, just make sure Paps doesn’t see it.”

“paps? why?”

“Because if Papyrus sees it, then Mettaton will undoubtedly find out about it, and make my life hell.”

“ahaha!” he laughs. “oh, by the way – i have a question.”

“I have an answer, I’m sure,” you grin confidently.

“we haven’t, uhh… kissed, since the park. well, not really…” he says. “was it really… that bad?”

You burst out laughing. “Oh, Sans! You’re not a bad kisser! I just wanted you to make the first move on that!” Such a shy little skeleton. So adorable.

“o-oh! okay,” he blushes.

“I just…” you mumble. “I didn’t want to scare you away again,” you say, remembering the restaurant.

Sans shakes his head quickly. “i’m not running. i’m not going anywhere.”

“… So I take it you want to again? Kiss, I mean.”

“yes. absolutely,” he starts, clearly feeling empowered. “uhh, well, i mean if you want to,” he finishes nervously.

You maneuver to face him a bit better on the couch, letting go of his hand, and gripping the cushions behind his head with both of yours so that you have him cornered. His bony face bluens with your assertive closeness.
“Do you want to take the lead…” you purr seductively down at your bony boyfriend’s face. “Or should I?”

He thinks for a moment on this, eyes locked with your gaze. Then surprises you by leaning forward, locking his lips to yours.

His bony hands move to gently hold you by your waist, and you drop your hands to hold onto him as well, one to grip desperately to the shoulder of his shirt, and the other to start tracing that semi-circle pattern on the side of his skull that you know makes him weak for you. Your bodies press into each other, determined to get as close as possible, as if there’s no space left in the room, his ribs running against yours. He starts gripping your t-shirt tightly where his hands lay, and for one wistful moment you hope he’ll just tear it right off of you, craving some more contact with him. The racy thought of getting bare with him sends electric tingles up your spine.

As for the kiss… He’s clearly been wanting to try this again for a while, because there’s no sign of him ever slowing down. His lips aren’t hard at all – they’re soft and melt with yours. The warmth of his face, his closeness, the desperation in his kiss… It all makes you shudder with delight. You’re well past questioning how his bones can move like skin, and just appreciative of the contact and starving for more.

He moves a hand up to grip your hair and pull your face even closer to his. You moan, tingles dancing on your scalp at the contact and it emboldens you. You press into him further, gripping him tightly and you try to angle him to lie down on his back.

A small whimper leaves you as he suddenly breaks off, scurrying away from you slightly on his elbows.

“whoa,” he pants. “that was something.”

“Did I do something wrong?” you pout, a little sad at the loss of his heat and proximity.

“no, no i definitely want to keep going. i just… maybe we should stay, uh, vertical?”

“Oh,” you blush. “Yeah, maybe. Sorry if I pushed you.”

“no, i liked it!” Sans stumbles. “i just… i liked it a bit too much.”

“Oh,” you respond with understanding. “… We don’t have to go any further than kissing today. I’ll let you lead,” you affirm with a nod, trying to reassure him.

“… m-maybe we should calm down for a bit, and watch some b5?” he suggests meekly.

“It’s your call, cutie,” you smile down at him. He shifts to sit up and you straighten to sit next to him, nuzzling into his side once more.

“aren’t you going to put the dvd in?” he asks.

“… I don’t want to move,” you admit cheekily.

“me either,” he grins. With a flick of his wrist he uses his magic to open the DVD case, remove the next disc and put it into the player, then floats the remote over to you.

“… Cheater.”
YUP. That happened. And it's only going to get worse from here, my non-sinners. <3

Next chapter will be more plot-centric and include assertive reader shut-downs. Or, at least, that's what's planned.
“Oh my god,” Amey gapes.

Undyne had just come in the door with you for the first time since helping you bring your stuff back from the hotel. She looks up at Amey, who is standing on the stairs in slippers and pajamas. Amey looks down at her, a shocked expression on her face.

This is the first time Amey’s seen you hanging out with a monster before.

“You…” Amey continues, only pausing to collect her words and clear her throat. “… Have the nicest hair I’ve EVER seen!”

“Oh!” Undyne startles.

You can’t help but laugh, nudging Undyne on the arm. “See? I told you my cousins were cool!”

“I still can’t believe you’re friends with monsters, _____. How awesome is that?”

“Pretty snazzy, if I do say so myself,” you beam. “Undyne, Amey. Amey, meet Undyne.”

Amey climbs down the last few steps and juts a hand out to Undyne before the fish woman can react.

“Pleased to meet ya!” your cousin greets enthusiastically.

Undyne takes her hand, blushing slightly at the warm reception. “LIKEWISE, PUNK!”

“Insults means she likes you,” you clarify, smiling.

“So, what are you guys up to?” Amey asks.

“It’s my night off and Alphys is working late, so we wanted to play something violent together. Sans doesn’t allow any fighting games at the boys’ place apart from Smash Bros.”

“Oh cool. I’d love to join you, but I’m actually just getting up for work.”

Undyne looks at her wristwatch curiously. “But… It’s almost five o’clock?”

“I’ve got the night shift,” Amey groans. “Six ’til ten.”

“Where do you work?” Undyne asks, suddenly interested in what someone could possibly do for work at the late hour.

“Hair salon, actually,” your cousin says shyly.

“NICE!”

Undyne and Amey take to each other swimmingly (Heh), talking about Amey’s work as a stylist and launching into a confusing and hard to follow diatribe on hair care and products. After pulling off your jacket, you duck your head in the living room to see Paul sitting on the couch watching a show.
“Hey Paul! Nice TV you got there,"

“Thanks, I guess? Marc bought it,” he shrugs.

“Is that his name?”

“Yeah….”

“Hey Undyne,” you wave her into the room. “Come meet my cousin Paul!”

Paul and Undyne greet each other like new friends. Undyne shows him her custom made XBOX controller - Alphys got tired of having to buy new ones, so she made one from reinforced metals and materials - and he’s fascinated with its craftsmanship. Paul’s split between trade school for welding and working as a part-time auto mechanic. Undyne’s thrilled to start bragging about Alphys’ other projects, and Paul is impressed her fiancée is so talented at both science and robotics.

“If you ever meet any other girls like that, could you send ‘em my way?” he jokes, laughing.

“HAH! Count on it, nerd!”

Paul looks at you quizzically. In response, you flash him two thumbs up.

“Hey, by the way - are you in the middle of a show or something? We were hoping to destroy each other in DOA,” you ask.

“Naw, I was just channel surfing. Knock yourselves out.”

“Or,” you grin, looking at Undyne challengingly. “Each other, as the case may be.”

Undyne snickers gleefully. “You’re going DOWN!”

She’s devastating with Helena. You didn’t think it would be possible for the kind of slow, heavy-hitting blonde to be so hard on your Ayane, so you try to get as much air time as possible. She hates that and swears the whole time, but always somehow manages to come back from it and kick your ass. Paul looks on, laughing at how much energy and passion Undyne expresses. At least this game is fairly evenly matched for you two.

“We should get your boyfriend here so we can play tag team,” Paul suggests.

“I wish, but he’s busy today. The ‘ambassador’ wanted to go catch Kung Fu Panda 3 with their uncles,” you respond distractedly.

After a while you hear the front door open and shut and the shuffling of someone just having come home. A minute later your aunt goes to enter the livingroom, but balks and takes a half step back when she sees Undyne.

“Sup aunt Deb,” you call, not daring to take your eyes off the TV. Undyne is three games ahead of you, you can’t afford the distraction. Undyne glances over briefly to check out the newcomer, and it’s exactly the opening you needed to knock her out. “YES!”

“DAMNIT!” she screeches, her voice rasping. “And, uh, hi?” she remembers herself, eyeing Deb and waving shyly.

Deb responds with a weak smile, clutching her elbow with her opposite hand. What does she have to be nervous about? Undyne’s cool as hell.
Then her new man rounds the corner. He grips her shoulder in a clear sign of possessive behaviour. Paul immediately leaves the room at the sight of him.

… Interesting.

“Hi, you must be Marc!” you rise from your seat, moving over to them and extending a hand. “Sorry we didn’t get properly introduced before.”

He takes it, grinning as if he’s been told a dirty joke. His grip is very strong, but you smile in spite of it. No way are you going to let him intimidate you. “Pleasure to meet you, _____.” Marc greets.

“Who is your friend?”

Hooking a thumb back to the livingroom, you introduce her. “This’s Undyne, she’s my best friend,” you respond genially.

“You’re friends with monsters, _____?”

“Damn right I am,” you beam proudly. “I’m dating one too – a skeleton named Sans. They’re good people.”

“Sans, huh? You know that sans means ‘nothing’ in français, non?” he drawls, letting his native accent flourish. He chuckles at his own joke.

No one but aunt Deb joins him in his laughter, letting out a weak “ha ha”.

“It actually means ‘without’,,” you correct him happily. “But that doesn’t really matter, since he’s not actually French.”

Oh, the look on his face. The look. The room seems to cool an entire degree, and you wonder if that’s because of all the heat being absorbed by his angered face. If only it were appropriate to snap a picture of it right now.

He composes himself after a moment and continues threateningly. “So, your aunt and I were discussing your living arrangements here.” The looks your aunt shoots him is telling – No, they hadn’t been ‘discussing’ anything. But she’s too afraid to say anything against the towering Frenchman. “When are you going to start paying rent, again?”

“Can’t pay rent otherwise her welfare would get cut off. It’d be taxed as her income - She knows that,” you clarify. “Has for several years. Though I don’t know why it’s suddenly any of your concern.”

Deb nods resignedly in agreement with you.

“Well, I just think that if you’re staying here for so long, you should start contributing to the household is all,” he continues. Geez, has anyone else in the world had a more punchable face?

You’re about to correct him, tell him you help Amey with the groceries and with tidying up around the place. But instead, Undyne has something on her mind, surprising all of you.

“UHHH HEY LOOK AT WHAT I CAN DO!”

Undyne shouts from behind you, then you hear a loud crack as if the air itself is breaking, and in her hands above her head, she’s holding a glowing blue magic harpoon. What is she thinking?

She beams proudly. “AWESOME, RIGHT!”
Marc’s face has twisted in a panicked grimace.

“Damn right it is! Hey, is it cake time?” you turn and smile broadly.

“You know it is, nerd! Let’s go!” Undyne barks, dissolving the spear.

Chapter End Notes

I hope this communicates well - Been fussing over it all day now XD Stupid plot getting in the way of the fluffy stuff, grrr... :P
She’s stabbing idly at the soft tiramisu with her spoon.

Arms folded in front of you, you have to ask. “So, wanna tell me what that was about?”

“Frisk texted and said you needed an out – And I wanted to get the HELL out of there anyway! That guy… Ngghhhh!!” she grumbles. “He’s bad news!”

“I gathered that,” you nod, grinning mischievously. “But I still wanted to see how far under his skin I could get before he exploded.”

Her eyes narrow at you. “I get the impression that wouldn’t have been a good idea, nerd.”

“Eh, I could’ve taken him,” you shrug, grinning playfully.

Undyne chuckles, then immediately shifts into a faraway expression. “His soul colour… It’s like a slimy yellow-green,” she mutters quietly, seeming disgusted from looking at it, hand running through her hair briefly in thought. “Greed – Avarice is what we monsters call it. Its dimmer like most adult’s souls, but it’s still strong,” she explains.

“Does having a vice for a soul colour automatically make for a bad person?” you ask curiously. Mettaton had missed that in his explanation.

“Oh, no! Not at all. Actions define a person, not their soul! There’s nothing wrong with having one that lines up with a vice, it just indicates your natural compulsions and instincts,” she continues. “Hey - do you want some examples?”

“Sure, why not?”

“Amey burns yellow with Temperance – Justice is what we monsters call it. She probably likes things to be fair and equal. Paul, on the other hand, is Gluttony, or Indulgence. But that doesn’t make him a bad guy! It just means he enjoys doing things more! Eating, gaming, drinking, socializing – I bet he’s a RIOT at parties!”

“What about, uh, Drew? What did you see when you saw him?” you have to ask.

“Patience,” she grumbles. “Sorry.”

“Ugh! Never giving up, is he??” you groan. “Funny how I never even thought of him as patient before."

Undyne just shrugs as she stuffs more cake into her mouth.

“All right then, how about… Aunt Deb?”

“Lust, or Passion. Her soul’s very pink. She just wants to be loved.”

“Makes too much sense,” you think aloud.

“Does she, uh, date a lot?” she asks cautiously.
“You could say that,” you agree, poking at the last couple morsels of cake with your own spoon. “She’s been so nice to me, giving me a place to stay the last five years, so I try not to judge, but… Yeah, she sees a lot of guys - Two or three new ones a year.”

“This one’s bad for your aunt,” Undyne remarks.

“Most of them are,” you shrug. “But, I guess I’ll keep an eye out for her. I don’t like the idea of meddling in her complicated romantic life, but if he hurts her,” you glower threateningly, cracking your knuckles. “I’ll make sure to hurt him right back.”

Undyne guffaws, amused at your tough girl act. “Man, I’d LOVE to see you in a fight! Hey, maybe you should train with me and Papyrus?” she offers.

“I wasn’t serious about fighting him!” you chuckle, entertained that she actually thought you were serious. Her shoulders seem to drop, crestfallen. “It’s a custom to make empty threats to look tough with me and my cousins – You should see the shenanigans that go on with labelling stuff! I’m just saying, I’ll watch out for Marc, okay?”

“Okay,” she huffs. Clearly she was either hoping you’d let her protect you from him, or was hoping that she’d actually get to see you in a fight.

“Hey wait a second,” you realize. “Frisk texted you?”

“Oh! Yeah, I guess their movie’s done, huh?” Undyne pulls out her phone to send a text. “We should see if they want to hang out,” she says, slightly distracted by the intensity of her typing.

“Yeah, totally.”

You just wonder how badly Marc must have hurt you in that aborted timeline.

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“Do it.”

Sans looks up at you pleadingly, his face flushed completely with a dark periwinkle blue.

“Come on,” you push. “Do it! What’s the matter?”

“i-i just… i’m nervous.”

“Well, you’re going to have to get used to it,” you smile. “This is something we’re going to be doing a lot.”

“… can’t you do it?”

You shake your head. “Not this time, buddo. This is your show.”

Sans’ shoulders slump, then finally, painstakingly, he presses the call button on his cell phone.

“hi, y-yes, i’d like to make a reservation…”

You walk him through the details of booking a table back at the fancy steakhouse, reminding him to ask if Kevin’s going to be working and if so, if they can plan for you two to be seated in his section. Once he hangs up the call, you clap your hands excitedly for him from your seat next to him on the boys’ couch.

“Good job, cutie,” you grin proudly and clap your hands together in a tiny applause. “Next, we
should call to see if your suit for the Alphyne wedding is ready!”

“can’t we do that later?” he groans. You had no idea he had such a problem with talking on the phone. Not with you, or Frisk, or any of his monster friends of course. Just other humans. Strangers.

“What, you don’t want to see if my dress is ready too?” you tease.

“What’s their number again?” he responds immediately, grinning brightly. His sudden surge of confidence sends you blushing. He laughs at your twisted up expression.

Chapter End Notes

Now that more plot stuff is out of the way, get ready for some fluff/physical affection next chapter! Time to steal more virginities ;)
**The Bedroom.**

Chapter Notes

Lots of touching through clothes, more kissing, a little boob action, and intense flirting. This is your final warning!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Before you do that, Sans, I want to steal another one of your virginities,” you smile devilishly.

He grumbles, running a bony palm down his face. He moves his hand to the side and looks up at you with a worried smile. “can you please stop calling them that?” he asks, his face a soft blue.

“Nope, ‘cause it embarrasses you,” you explain plainly. “And that’s when you’re at your cutest. Besides, you’ll like this one,” you reassure him.

“shouldn’t we, uh, wait until paps goes out with the stupid robot? i think they’re going to a party tonight.”

“They do that a lot, don’t they?” you wonder. “And naw, we’ll just go back to your room to have our fun.”

“wh-what?” he starts, panicked.

You grab his hand and practically drag him there. It’s just around the corner about ten steps away, and as soon as you’ve got your bony boyfriend in there, you slam the door shut and block it with your body.

“Ha-HAH! YES!” you start cheering, pumping your fists in the air.

“d-did i just lose at something?” he says nervously.

“Oh no! I’m just happy!” you grin. “After all, I’m the first girl to ever be in your bedroom, right? That’s totally worth getting excited about.”

He flushes a darker blue, shrinking his head into his jacket again. “uh… yeah, i guess so,” he admits, running a hand along the back of his skull uncertainly.

You take a moment to observe the circumstances of your small victory. His room is rather messy, and it’s clear that he definitely wasn’t expecting to have you in here today, because there’re socks strewn about everywhere. His laundry pile (Which seems to have everything in it that isn’t socks) is at the foot of his bed, upon which his sheets are pulled up off the mattress at one corner and rather wrinkled. A couple of thick books are sitting open on their pages on the bed and floor beside it, the covers plain and unlabeled and the pages looking yellowed and worn.

“So, uh… what are we doing in here again? alone, in my bedroom…” he questions, muffled by his coat.

You stride a couple steps towards him, putting your hands gently on the sides of his skull, leaning down to place a lingering kiss on the small skeleton’s forehead.
“Try to relax, okay?” you tell him, feeling him take a breath and relaxing slightly. “I told you I would take it easy on you, right? I won’t rush you - we’ll only go as fast and as far as you want to go.”

“okay,” he sighs softly. “I trust you.”

Letting go of the sides of his head, you reach down and grip the zipper on the front of his jacket. Looking up into his eyes for permission, he blushes, then nods.

“See? Told you this was going to be easy,” you grin, dragging the metal tab downwards.

“just wondering how far you want to take this,” he stammers, shrugging his coat off.

“How far do you want to go?” you flirt.

Before he can respond, he shudders when your hands make gentle contact with his sides through his shirt. Kneeling on the floor in front of him you, very gently and slowly, start tracing the smooth bones of his ribcage, walking your fingers up as if they’re climbing a ladder. He shivers at each new touch, his expression getting more and more heated as you move your fingers along, dragging them inward to his chest.

“This is all I have on my mind for today; Touching through clothing,” you breathe a whisper up at him. “I haven’t really had the chance to touch you in any intimate way before, so I just wanted to… explore.”

“this is, uh… this is n-nice,” he mumbles shyly. “different. a little awkward? but, really nice.”

“Do you want to move over to the bed?” you suggest. “We might be more comfortable there.”

He looks about to protest, but you steal a kiss on his lips to shush him. It doesn’t hurt to savour it while you do, his soft lips moving with yours.

“We’ll stay vertical,” you promise. “Well, unless you want to change that.”

“okay,” he agrees easily. Too easily.

“Oh!” you feign being startled at his boldness. “You want to get me horizontal then?” you declare, changing from massaging his ribs to gripping his shirt tightly, as if you’re to tear it right off.

“n-no, that’s not what i- i just, uh…” he puts his warm hands on yours to stop you.

You can’t help but start laughing. “I know what you meant, Sans,” you say, taking his hands in yours, absently running your thumbs soothingly along the backs of them. Rising to your feet and directing him over to the bed, you motion for him to sit down next to you. ”You can’t stay so innocent forever, though.”

“i guess i don’t have much choice with you, do i?” he smiles.

Taking that as your permission, you release his hands and start tracing the lines of his ribcage again, this time sliding your hands around his back. He flushes at your closeness, your chest coming close to his. Slowly, experimentally, you let your fingers reach his spine, taking your time exploring the shape of each vertebrae. It must be a sensitive spot for him, because he shudders in your arms. You suddenly feel his hands gingerly holding you by your sides.

“can i?” he implores, his eye lights shining up at you.

“Of course!” you agree happily, tracing your fingers along his smooth collar bones.
Slowly, he moves his hands along your sides, watching your face intently. You realize that he’s
gently tracing your lower ribs as well, along the front and back. The warm touch from his ceramic
fingers sends a pleasing thrill through you. He hesitates a moment as he feels you shudder, but you
nod and kiss his forehead, urging him on.

“you’re so warm,” he comments enraptured.

“You can go higher or lower if you want to,” you permit, blushing. “I’m all yours.”

His face bluens and he gives you a shy look. But then, surprising you, he does move his hands
upwards to your chest. He seems unsure, only barely touching you with his ceramic fingertips, so
you grasp his hands gently and have him lay his palms on your chest, getting goosebumps under
your clothes from the new touch.

“I’ve been, uh, curious about these,” he mumbles. “wow, they’re soft.”

But before you can go any further, the bedroom door swings open.

Chapter End Notes

Comments are always appreciated, especially for these kinds of chapters. I lack
experience in the sensual writing department, so if this sounded good to you, or if you
think it could use some work, please let me know! Thanks guys <3
“SANS! HUMAN! THERE YOU ARE,” Papyrus shouts.

Sans’ hands immediately drop and his face blushes a brilliant blue. You can’t help but laugh at how flustered he looks when he’s caught in the act.

“What’s going on, Papyrus?” you turn in your seat to ask the tall skeleton.

“I WAS JUST ON MY WAY OUT THE DOOR, AND WANTED TO BE SURE YOU KNEW THAT THERE IS SPAGHETTI IN THE FRIDGE FOR DINNER, SANS,” Papyrus declares thoughtfully. “I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WOULD NEVER ALLOW MY BROTHER OR ANY OF MY FRIENDS TO GO HUNGRY!”

“okay, papyrus,” Sans says, resoundingly bored at the idea of spaghetti for dinner again.

“ARE YOU GOING TO PICK UP YOUR SOCKS NOW THAT THE HUMAN _____ IS COMING INTO YOUR ROOM?” Papyrus scolds, gloved hands on hip bones.

You look at Sans curiously, raising an eyebrow questioningly. He withers under your gaze.

“y-yeah, that’s probably a good idea,” he admits.

“Hey Papyrus, do you mind giving us some privacy?” you ask, smiling politely. “We’re kind of in the middle of something.”

“What are you in the middle of?” he asks mystified.

In response you grin, picking up Sans’ hands and proudly placing them back on your chest. Sans immediately recoils, pulling his hands away again.

“not in front of my little bro, _____” Sans scolds, shaking his head. You frown at him.

“AHA. I SEE THAT YOU AND THE HUMAN _____ ARE BECOMING QUITE AFFECTIONATE WITH EACH OTHER,” Papyrus observes loudly at the intimacy. “ARE YOU TWO HAVING A PARTY?”


“OH MY GOD,” you gasp out loud, the pieces suddenly crashing into place.

“What do you mean by that, bro?” Sans asks suspiciously, looking between you and Papyrus like he’s been left out of a good joke.

“Mettaton says it’s a secret code word for s-“

“Papyrus,” you interrupt for the sake of the tall skeleton’s safety. “Go and have fun with Mettaton, alright? I’ll talk to Sans.”

“RIGHT! I’M GOING TO BE LATE!” he stalls a moment to pose. “AND I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, CANNOT EVER BE LATE FOR A PARTY! NYEH HEH-HEH!”
Papyrus exits immediately, and Sans turns to look back at you. “mind telling me what that was about?”

You hold his shoulders gently and look him in the eyes, barely able to suppress your amusement, but needing to remain serious - and to restrain him - as you try and find the words to gently break the news.

“Sans,” you begin softly. “When a skeleton and a robot love each other very much…”

His eye sockets narrow at you, then widen in surprise. “wait… wait. what are you trying to say?”

“I…” you begin, drawing out the letter through your teeth. “… Don’t think your brother is as innocent as he seems?”

“oh my god,” Sans says. “you can’t be serious.”

“And I don’t think he’s been innocent for a while,” you add. “Those two are pretty close when they think they’re alone.”

“how do you know that?”

“Remember when you left me at the restaurant? Mettaton picked me up, and Papyrus was in the car. They were, uh… Pretty intimate.”

“oh my god. … oh my god! I thought metts was just doting on my brother for being a fan.”

“… How long has this been going on, do you think?”

“started s-six months… god, i am gunna turn that robot into scrap,” Sans snarls.

“Sans,” you say seriously, gripping his shoulders a degree tighter. “Your brother is an adult. He can do whatever – and whomever – he likes.”

“ugh. i don’t want that image in my head right now,” he grumbles.

“Hey, it’s okay. Papyrus is happy, right? I’m sure it’s fine,” you reassure him, rubbing his shoulders with your thumbs.

“i just can’t… shit, i still read him bed time stories.” He puts his bony palms over his eye sockets and groans. “uurrghhh, i don’t want to think of my little bro…”

“… As losing his virginity before you did? Like, his actual virginity?” you finish for him.

“ugh!”

“Does it make you feel like any less of a man? Because it shouldn’t, you know. You’ll get there when you’re ready.”

He says nothing, just shrugs irritated.

“So, is the moment officially ruined?” you say, dropping your hands.

“completely,” he sighs dejectedly.

“Well,” you ponder. “We actually DO have the apartment to ourselves now,” you say suggestively, raising your hands and pushing him onto his back by his shoulders. He looks back up at you, a little
intimidated. “Maybe I’ll see if I can’t change that.”

Chapter End Notes

I stole Papyrus' innocence in order to torture Sans. I'm not sorry :P
The Romantic.

Chapter Notes

Mettaton talks about Papyrus fondly, Reader gets a little desperate.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“So then we cuddled for a bit while watching movies and shit. I teased that I could read him a bed

time story, but he didn’t go for it,” you sigh. “Learning that Paps isn’t a virgin really did a number on

Sans.”

“So, whose idea was it anyway, Mettaton?” Undyne interrogates.

Mettaton has joined you and Undyne for the first time ever at the small café near your aunt’s place.

He’s absolutely quizzical, trying to connect the rich and fluffy vanilla cake in front of him with the

provided utensil.

“Why have I been issued a spoon for cake?” he asks softly, pointing a finger daintily towards the

dessert. “There must be some sort of error…”

“DORK! Don’t change the subject!” Undyne barks.

“Yeah! You and Paps!” you raise your spoon and point it at his wiry hair accusingly. “Which one of

you is… The big spoon?” you grin. Undyne guffaws at your joke.

Mettaton runs a hand through his hair… Nervously? Then he laughs that sickeningly charming

laugh.

“Hahaha… Darlings, please!” he flicks his hair dramatically, all confidence restored. “As if you’re

going to get an exclusive expose about my romantic endeavours!” He waves a finger at you, tsking.

“You can wait until my interview with Ellen next week, can’t you gorgeous?”

“If you don’t tell us now, we’ll text Sans where to find you,” Undyne threatens.

“Come on, Metts. We just want to make sure that this thing between you and Paps is healthy, okay?”
you reassure. You can’t help that it also makes for great gossip. The skeleton and the superstar.

“Oh, all right,” the fabulous robot sighs.

Mettaton takes credit for originally putting the idea forward, but that he’d left the decision with

Papyrus, who embraced it (Like he does with everything else) with gusto. Metts was nervous, so he

delayed for a while claiming he needed to check something with Alphys first, make sure he actually
could… Undyne’s really not happy about that, but relents when you remind her that Alphy built

Mettaton’s body in the first place – who else would he consult? A car mechanic? Finally, when they
did it… Metts smiles brightly at the thought.

“He’s an absolute sweetheart,” he purrs. “Really, I couldn’t imagine sharing that with anyone else.”

“UGH! GOD,” you groan loudly. “You’re being such a… ARGH! What the hell ever happened to

that sex-charged flirty robot you are on stage, you big tin dork!? Details, I need details!”
“I don’t want details,” Undyne grumbles.

“I need details!” you stand, slamming your hands open-palmed on the table dramatically. Spoons and ceramic plates bounce everywhere. “Seriously, what’s it like when he takes you to the bone zone? Better yet, what’s he packing? How big is it?”

“You want to know for Sans,” he observes, his voice taking a low, sensual tone.

“Damn right I do!” you retake your seat. Resting your chin on your hands and your elbows on the table, you give Mettaton a hard look.

“I told her to just wait and be surprised,” Undyne shrugs when Metts looks to her for guidance.

“Why don’t you want to wait and find out, darling?” Mettaton asks you.

“I just… I don’t know. He’s so shy, I’m not sure we’ll ever even get there!” you groan into your hands. Then you grab at your chest. “The furthest we’ve gotten was I had to put his hands on my boobs the other day. I put his hands there. He didn’t even give ‘em a squish!”

Undyne looks embarrassed to be in the same zip code as you, while Mettaton has to raise a hand to stifle his chuckle at your boldness. You just drop your hands and slump in your chair.

“Well, darling, all the determination in the world isn’t going to make him move any faster,” Mettaton winks at you. “But nonetheless, I think you’re making fabulous progress!”

“What makes you say that?” you have to ask.

“I don’t believe the little bag of bones had ever conceived of the opposite sex until you came along, darling,” he shrugs elegantly. Can a shrug be elegant? “I am certain that if you keep at him, he’ll cave under his attraction to you. And who could turn down an aggressive little minx such as yourself?”

“I guess I’m just not used to having to take the lead all the time,” you sigh. “I’m ready for more action. And I can’t help but be ridiculously curious. Is it bad that I want to be… You know, prepared?”

“Not at all, _____! But never you mind, it is nothing to be nervous about,” he reassures smoothly.

You just hope he’s right.

Chapter End Notes

This one really got away from me, but I hope you still like it ^_^ I was writing romantic, gentle, puppy-love Mettaton and I was just like... I need to ruin this. Enter Reader!

Three chapters in one night, you lucky ducks. Here I thought I'd slowed down! There's another one I've half-finished too that might be thrown up momentarily. Then there might be more borderline smutfluff in the next one after that - I'll make a note of it at the end of next chapter if that's what winds up happening :)
“Hey _____!” Amey calls cheerfully when she sees you coming home from the café.

“Oh hey Amey, what’s up?” you ask.

“Well, uh… Since I met Undyne, I thought ‘Hey, monsters are pretty cool’, right? So I’ve been doing some research. It turns out, there’s still a lot of discrimination against monsters, right here in Canada! There’s a rally tomorrow I’m going to, wanna come?”

“Oh wow, that’s awesome!” you say cheerfully. That’s truly awesome, and you’re thrilled at your cousin’s show of support. “But, ah… I can’t make it. Got class,” you shrug a little sadly.

“That’s okay, I figured you’d be busy. It’s spring, isn’t it flower season again?”

“Oh yeah, but Sue hasn’t called for a while. I expected I’d be busier for Easter, but I only worked the one Saturday and nothing since,” you heave a sigh.

“Are you going to be okay for money?”

“Tch, of course. I guess I just have to find another job to replace it. Won’t be hard. My pride will survive flipping burgers, or something like it,” you shrug.

“Well, don’t worry about the groceries for a while at least, let yourself keep building that nest egg, cuz,” she smiles. Then she frowns. “Besides, Marc’s been showering mom with gifts and stuff. I’m sure if prompted he’d buy like a dozen lobsters or something.”

“You’re not a fan of him either, huh?”

“The rule is, if he’s here, Paul and I are not.”

“Have you talked to aunt Deb about it? I don’t know what she sees in him, but that guy’s dangerous. You and Paul are right to be careful.”

“Naw, she’s either not around, or he’s hanging off of her. It’s impossible to get her alone anymore.”

“Well, we all need to keep an eye out, okay? Everything about him screams ‘abusive dickhead’,” you declare.

“Want me to start texting you when he’s here so you can avoid him too?” Amey offers.

“Naw, I can deal with him. He’s not half as tough as he thinks he is,” you grin. “My mom would have him running scared.”

“You know, I never did like Auntie E. There was always something off about her, even when we were kids,” Amey says, showing her support.

“That means a lot to me – thanks Amey.”

“Has she called?” she asks cautiously.
You check your phone in response, half-jokingly. “Not in… Five years? I’m not a model or married yet, so that must be why.”

“Well, maybe she’ll still come around, you know? She’ll wake up one day and realize she’s missing out on a relationship with her daughter.”

“I think that’s too much to hope for, at this point. But thanks for the thought,” you say, fighting to hide the moisture collecting in your eyes.

“We’ve got a war of attrition on right now when it comes to sleep,” you update the assembled monster group, snickering to yourself. “I’m winning, of course.”

“Naturally,” Undyne beams, clearly proud of you.

“What does the human Marc do?” Papyrus asks innocently.

“Well, I sleep on the couch in the living room right? The living room, where he’s put in this ungodly massive TV and sound system? He’s decided that he’s going to try and make me want to leave by staying up watching shit late night TV, since he knows I’m waiting to sleep in there.”

“And??” Undyne begs for more.

“I just hang out, you know? I try and make awkward small talk about what’s on TV, I start texting Sans and giggling to myself because it makes him uncomfortable that I’m dating a monster, and really I just see how long he’ll last. He usually gives up around three in the morning,” you grin.

Everyone laughs with you except Undyne, who opts to cheer with her fists up like a raving sports fan.

“No sweat off my back, though. My classes are always in the afternoon, I can afford to sleep in,” you shrug, smiling devilishly. “So hey, what anime do we want to watch?”

“Well, Mettaton’s not here yet,” Alphys stammers.

“Sans, are you going to be okay with him?” you ask pointedly at your boyfriend. He’s shrinking into his jacket, his eye sockets creased with a dangerous expression.

“I’m just gunna set some ground rules is all,” he grumbles.

In the next moment, two things happen. The door to the boys’ apartment swings open, revealing robot legs. Your phone also starts buzzing urgently in your pocket.

* hold snas shoulders. keep him rational. Frisk texts.

Oh damn, this must be serious. Not really wanting to know how much the pint-sized time traveler understood about the situation, you comply, moving quickly to follow Sans and Papyrus over to the door to greet the robot.

Papyrus embraces Mettaton in a hug gleefully, but Mettaton’s too focused on the dangerous look Sans is throwing him, gingerly placing his hands on the tall skeleton’s back. When Papyrus withdraws, he obliviously snatches the bags of groceries from Metts’ outstretched hand and disappears into the kitchen humming a tune. The air then gets heavy, and feels like it has a strong
static charge. When you grip your boyfriend’s shoulders you receive a small shock. He’s very tense.

“Sans,” he greets carefully.

“mettaton,” he grumbles. You rub some small circles into his shoulder blades, trying to calm him.

“… Perhaps I should depart,” the robot retreats.

“No! Mettaton, please stay,” you plead. “Not just for anime night, either – You two need to work this out.”

“i just… i want to set some rules,” Sans mutters, his face hard. “first rule; wherever you two are… keep it there. i don’t ever want to hear it,” he manages, shifting his feet uncomfortably.

“Of course, Sans. Understood!” Mettaton agrees nervously. What is he looking at?

“and another thing;” Sans squares his bony shoulders and stance, trying to look intimidating. “if you ever hurt my bro…”

“I would never dream of it,” Mettaton interrupts. “Papyrus is very dear to me, I would never do anything to harm him.”

“all right, then,” Sans relaxes. Mettaton visibly relaxes too. You give Sans’ shoulders a supportive squeeze.

“UGH! Does that mean they get to kiss around us now!?” Undyne protests. Alphys, on the other hand, doesn’t seem to mind the thought of that at all.

Chapter End Notes

Sans had a lot more he wanted to say here :P I hope this reads okay, been fussing over it because I feel like it’s dialogue heavy. Dialogue is my strength, narrative is my weakness. In any case, it’s plot, and plot is good.

Next chapter will be FLUFF! Harmless, beautiful fluff! It’s basically already written at this point, just making sure it sounds as good as it possibly can before I paste it on here :}


You bring a sleepy skeleton to bed. Cuddly, cute, adorable fluff, at maximum power.

You hate waking up in unfamiliar places. Upon waking there’s always that furious rush of adrenaline-fueled anxiety that rocks your whole body, suddenly very worried that you don’t know where you are or how you got there. It takes you a solid minute to calm down, to stop sweating, and to get your brain working again so you can try to puzzle it out.

An experimental sweep of the room with the glow from your cell’s screen shows that you’ve passed out on the boys’ couch again. You let out a small sigh of relief at the sense of safety that gives you. Then you resolve to start bringing an energy drink with you to anime nights – you can’t just keep passing out in the middle of your late night marathons with the group. You try to move, but you suddenly find yourself restrained.

Someone has wrapped a soft blanket around you. And, asleep with his head in your lap and bony arms fastened firmly around your waist, is Sans.

“Aww,” you beam down at the sleepy skeleton. You start massaging his head gently with your fingertips, not really wanting to wake him up, but needing him to change position at least.

He registers your touch, but he does so by snuggling you a little tighter for a moment and mumbling. “just five more minutes mom…” he says blearily.

“I’m not your mom, Sans,” you tease him quietly. “But I do think I should get you to move to bed.”

He shuffles to roll his head so he can look up at you, his eye lights the brightest thing in the almost pitch dark livingroom. When his face registers it’s you, it starts glowing a soft blue in embarrassment. Oh, how adorable. His blue blushing cheeks glow.

“s-sorry… i mean, h-huh?” he mutters, still sleepy.

You move to wrap your arms around him under his shoulders so you can help him up to his feet. “Come on, sleepy bones. Let’s get you to bed.”

“don’t need help,” he protests softly. “i can teleport…” he’s interrupted by a yawn.

“No teleporting when you’re tired,” you scold. “New rule I just made up.”

He grumbles, but complies, feeling so heavy and relaxed in your arms. Slowly, you manage to untangle both of you from the plush blanket in the dark, then help him to his feet. He’s still not fully awake with how he’s leaning on you for support. Good, that means he’ll fall back to sleep quickly. Slowly but surely, you maneuver him out of the livingroom, cursing quietly as you accidently kick over a mostly empty bowl of chips someone left out. You resolve to tidy it up on your way out the door in just a minute.

Figuring his bedroom lamp is too bright for both his and your eyes right now, you opt to instead turn
on the flashlight on your cellphone to see where you’re going. His room’s a lot tidier than last time it
seems. Did he also wash his sheets? They look smooth, like they’ve been meticulously ironed flat.

Balancing him with his arm draped around your shoulders, you shuffle him over to the bed.
Unceremoniously, he tears off his shirt and throws it at the end of the bed, narrowly missing the
laundry pile collecting there. Then, to your mild shock, he goes to take off his shorts, but then falls
on his back instead. A blush lights your cheeks on fire. Maybe he’s trying to be decent around you?
Or maybe he’s just too sleepy to care if he sleeps in them?

In any case, this is your first time seeing him so bare. He really is just bones underneath his loose
clothing, and with exceptions made for his hands, feet, and flexible face, you guess his structure is
pretty accurate for a human skeleton too. You pull the blankets up over the sleepy skeleton, resisting
your urge to touch him, to explore his body gently with your fingers, and telling the heat in your face
to calm the hell down.

After he’s tucked in you turn to leave, but his hand catches your wrist and startles you.

“where are you going?” he asks sleepily.

“Home, sweetie. I’ve already overstayed my welcome.”

He sits up partially, the blanket falling off his bony chest, eye lights looking up at you pleadingly.
“nuh uh. it’s too late for you to go.”

“I’m sorry cutie, but I don’t think-“

“stay,” he begs. “please stay.”

The suggestion sends your mind reeling. Is this just him being protective of you, not wanting you to
go walking alone at night? Or is this because he actually wants to keep you nearby? Either way, you
feel flattered at the cute skeleton’s demands for you to stick around.

You kneel beside the bed next to him and hold his porcelain hand to your cheek, enjoying the subtle
warmth of his bones against skin. “Are you sure?”

He nods slowly. “new rule i just made up. if you fall asleep here, you stay the night,” he declares,
smiling softly.

“I’m a bit of a rule breaker, you know,” you tease him gently. “But, I guess I can abide by that one,
just this once.”

Rising to your feet, you move to give him a kiss on the forehead good night, but he shuffles away
from you towards the far side of the bed, then pats the empty space beside him.

“… stay here,” he clarifies. “not the couch.”

“… Why?” you ask, a bit confused at his sudden affection.

“want to keep you close,” he mumbles, laying back down and finishing with a yawn.

“… Well, if you’re sure, I guess…” you agree nervously. Why did your face have to get so hot
again?

Not wanting to be indecent yourself, you opt to remove only your sweater and bra so you can keep
comfortable, but keep on your tank top and everything from the waist down. Watching him carefully,
his tired eye lights watching you right back, you slowly climb into bed next to him under the blankets, waiting for him to protest or say it’s too much too fast. He doesn’t complain. Just smiles gently at you.

Instead, as soon as you’re down on your back beside him, he rolls close and snuggles into your side.

“Are you absolutely certain this is a good idea, Sans?” you have to ask, one last time.

“it’s the breast idea ever,” he mumbles happily, nuzzling deeper into your side and bringing a hand to rest gently on your chest, his cheeks glowing softly.

You giggle at the pun, appreciating the first time he’s been so forward with you. “You are absolutely precious,” you tell him, wrapping your arm around his shoulders, just happy to have him this close to you.

His soft, rhythmic breaths against your ribs send you to sleep quickly.

Chapter End Notes

I'm still writing the next chapter, and so far it's still fluffy as they're just in bed talking. I may cut it before the makeout session or I may include it, but either way, tentative warning. I'll update this when I decide - Also keep watch for asterisks in chapter titles to indicate when they get intimate!

WARNING FOR NEXT CHAPTER: I went with a really steamy makeout session, where reader kind of pushes Sans' boundaries by a lot. If you're not interested, the chapter is skippable. Go check out chapter 45 instead, I'll only warn you once again at the top of chapter 44!
“wow.”

Grumbling tiredly, you roll towards that wonderful voice. You feel fingers in your hair and let out a small squeak of delight.

“Sheh. good morning to you too, ____,” it says.

You fight to open one eye to take a look at who’s talking, and see a shirtless skeleton lying on his side in front of you in a bed. He’s smiling at you, eye lights shining, leaning on one elbow for support, with his opposite hand tangled in your hair.

Not yet fully aware, you lazily stretch and snuggle a little closer to him, smiling. “Morning back, Sans,” you mumble tiredly.

“I could get used to this,” Sans blushes, running his fingers along your scalp in a gentle massage.

“Used to what?” you ask innocently, curious if he’ll let you run your fingers along his ribs.

“Sheh. where do i start?” he grins thoughtfully, his fingers moving and massaging in your hair keeping you in place. It’s so soothing, you’re afraid to move lest he stop. “Waking up next to you is pretty good,” he finally says.

“Mhmm,” you yawn your agreement. Then a thought bubbles to the surface, interrupting your tired stupor. You shift to rest on your elbows, which – unfortunately – means he has to remove his hand from your hair. Briefly wondering how he doesn’t get it stuck anymore, you have to ask. “Was this okay?”

“Was what okay?” he frowns, suddenly looking concerned.

“Well, I thought that maybe, uh, you’d be uncomfortable with the thought of sharing a bed with me, and only wanted to because you were tired and… Maybe not thinking clearly?” you explain nervously, worried the thought will send him running.

“Oh! sheh, no, this was completely okay,” he sighs, smiling at you. So, not running? That’s good, you think. That’s really good. “I wanted to keep you close,” he says enchantingly.

“Even though it probably violated a couple more of your virginities?” you tease the shy skeleton.

“Okay, now i feel like i should be concerned,” he rolls his eyes, a blue tint to his cheek bones.

“I guess I can stop calling them that,” you grin. “If it means we can cuddle like this more often, that is. I like it when you take the initiative.”
“oh, really?” he says delightedly. He thoughtfully runs his knuckles of his free hand along his bare ivory ribs, the bones softly clinking against each other like glass. You’re sure that’s not what bones are supposed to sound like when they clack together, but the musical sound is so uniquely his, it adds to his gentle charm.

“i guess i’ll have to do that more,” he winks at you, grinning devilishly.

The heat rising to your face could potentially rival the surface of the sun. Or the conventional oven in the kitchen, at least, any time Undyne or Papyrus decide to take over making dinner.

“Did you have anything in particular in mind?” you regain your composure and flirt at him.

“where do i start?” he flirts right back, his grin getting broader.

“Damn,” you say, thoroughly impressed. “You get a thousand times cuter when you’re bold. How do you keep surprising me like that?”

“you could say that i’m…” he begins, then raises his hand and wiggles his fingers at you. “magic.”

“Well then, care to demonstrate what you have in mind? Or are you just going to lay there and tease me all day?” you grin.

He’s definitely not used to taking the initiative, you think, as he responds by slowly shuffling closer to you. Taking a moment to savour the closeness, he raises his hand to trace the side of your face. You close your eyes at the gentle contact, feeling his hard, warm fingers tickling your skin from your temple, down your cheek to your jaw, then down the side of your neck. Your lower lip falls away when his fingers pass over your neck, then they continue tracing a line down your shoulder, and slowly down your arm, making it prickle with goosebumps at his light touch. Before you can complain at him for stopping at your wrist, he changes direction, moving back up your arm so slowly, so gently, and then staying on the side of your throat.

“I think i really like this look on your face,” he chuckles from in front of you, gently running a small line up and down that sensitive spot.

“Mmmm,” is all you can manage, eyes still closed, wholly unwilling to open them or move your body in any way at the risk of losing his touch.

You hear him shift and open your eyes to see him sitting up. His hand leaves your neck briefly, his whole palm cupping it gently instead before you can make a noise of protest. He moves his other hand to hold you gently at your waist.

“here… lay down,” he gestures.

You’re absolute putty in his hands as you let them gently guide you to lie down on your back. A pleased smile breaks out across his bony face, cheeks dusted with blue. Kneeling beside you, he takes a moment to just look at you prone on the bed in front of him. He hesitates for a beat too long, and you let out a playful huff, surprising him.

“Are you waiting for permission? You have it. You have all the permissions,” you inform him.

He laughs. “okay. noted.”

He hesitates a moment longer, then he carefully leans over you, supporting himself on one arm, and brushes your chest with his other hand. He experimentally moves your one breast around in his fingers through your tank top, squeezing it very lightly, and sending a pleasing shiver through you as
his thumb brushes your areola through the thin fabric. You reach up and start tracing his shoulder blade with your fingers, the contact making him shudder in response.

“this is nice…” he mumbles distractedly.

“What part?”

“Every part. All of it.”

You take that as your cue to flatten your hand against his bare back bones and pull him in a little closer. He flushes blue at the contact, but he doesn’t try and pull away. Your lips meet his, and he leans into the kiss. You’re faintly aware of a set of bony fingers holding your breast a little tighter, his thumb more intensely rubbing against a hard nipple. He’s kissing you passionately, with no signs of stopping.

He’s a lot closer now. You’re faintly aware that his warm, bony chest is pressed squarely against yours now, and you feel his knees digging into the mattress on either side of your hips. You move your hands up and down his back, one going lower to grip his open spine. His whole body shakes pleasantly at your touch, and you feel satisfied that you can make him want you like this. He releases your breast and moves his hand down, to hold you by your side. Thinking better of it, he then pushes up your shirt to rest it against your bare skin instead, gripping you gently, lightly pressing with his thumb and running it down dangerously close to your hip. The full weight of his upper body is on you, you realize, when you feel his other hand move to hold your neck tenderly.

Between having his weight against you, his legs around your hips, and his hands where they are on your body, the fireworks in your scalp are driving you insane. Instinct starts to take over.

Gripping him tighter and moaning into him, your hips rock upwards to meet his. He shivers at your touch and seems to recoil, but that only makes you more determined. Your head lifts off the pillow as you kiss him more desperately, and both your hands move to grip his hips, pulling them against yours, giving them another longing grind.

The next moment is a heated flurry of passion. He pulls away slightly, but you follow him. He makes a noise like he wants to say something, but you silence him with another passionate kiss. You feel his hands move to your shoulders, gripping you tightly.

Finally, he manages to push you away. You blink a couple times in surprise, slightly upset that the moment has ended. But then you see the look on his face.

“Stop…” he pants. “Stop, please?”

He looks… Nervous? No, he looks afraid. Scared.

You look down and realize that you’re on top of him now. You’ve managed to get your knees in between his and are pressed up against his hips, with one hand holding him down by his shoulder, and the other tangled in the draw strings of his shorts.

“Oh…” you manage, letting him go and withdrawing to sit on your knees. “Oh god, Sans. I am so sorry.”

He sits up in front of you and collects himself, awkwardly running a bony hand along the back of his skull. “No, i… i’m sorry i had to stop. i’m just not there yet.”

“I said I wouldn’t push you,” you say weakly, finding your hand on your elbow. “Really, I’m really sorry.”
He hesitates to re-tie the knot on his shorts before shuffling to sit closer to you. Then he wraps his thin ivory arms around your chest in a reassuring hug, gently rubbing your upper back with one bony palm. “it’s okay. you didn’t do anything wrong,” he tries to comfort you.

“I did and you know it,” you mumble shamefully into his collar bone, gingerly reaching to put your arms around him too.

“i’m not going to let you feel bad about this, _____,” he reassures. “actually, for me, this has been really encouraging,” he adds, laughing softly into your hair.

“Encouraging how?” you have to ask, resisting the shiver from having his warm breath hit your neck.

“well… i was worried that you wouldn’t, uh, want me, in that way,” he fumbles, and you can feel the blue heat on his face. “since, you know, i am a skeleton. and a monster. i’m actually really happy right now,” he finishes, laughing gently again.

“I told you a while ago,” you mumble. “How you look doesn’t matter to me, so long as you’re the right man.”

“i’m very sorry i ever doubted you,” he says firmly, withdrawing from the hug to give you a quick kiss on the lips. He drops his hands to hold you gently by your hips (Oh, that’s new), giving you a half-lidded, loving expression. You straighten your arms at the sides of his head, resting them on his shoulders. His eyes twinkle at you as he smiles.

“Still,” you say sternly. “I’m really, really sorry. I shouldn’t have tried to push you. I’ll try to keep better control of myself next time,” you say, quickly crossing your heart with one hand to seal the promise.

His smile brightens slightly at that. “next time?”

You grin teasingly. “There’s going to be a lot of next times. I hope you’re ready,” you flirt.

As you lean in to kiss him again, you’re stopped short by a loud gurgle from your stomach. Sans startles, moving his hands to hold your shoulders, gripping you protectively, and looking around for the noise.

“what was that?” he panics.

You burst out laughing. “My stomach,” you explain, holding your belly. “Sometimes it gurgles when I’m hungry.”

“oh…” he relaxes. “… we should probably get some food, then?”

“I guess we should,” you agree, amused.

Chapter End Notes

Damn reader, what were you thinking? :P
“So,” you reply distractedly, flinging open the fridge door again, your stomach tensing and urging you on. The fridge has a bunch of half-empty bottles of soda, a half-empty bottle of ketchup, and many unlabeled containers of what could probably be considered leftover pasta... If you allowed for the most abstract definition of the word ‘pasta’, that is. You’re briefly excited to find an egg carton hidden behind some containers, only to find that there’s just one egg left, and it’s cracked.

“What’s for breakfast?” Sans asks from behind you, a smile on his voice.

“That’s what I’m trying to figure out,” you tell him, continuing your raid of his kitchen.

Maybe they have cereal? Something that wouldn’t be terrible dry, hopefully. You open a pair of cupboard doors. Some unlabeled dry baking ingredients, and a lot of boxes of dry pasta. Not much else, sadly.

“Is there a menu?” he teases.

Another cupboard gets thrown open. Pasta sauces, marshmallows, and a tin of hot chocolate mix. Geez, not even like, a can of fruit? Or a loaf of bread?

“God damn, it’s no wonder people bring food over every time we hang out!” you exclaim. “Your brother doesn’t know how to stock a damn kitchen!”

Sans laughs at your frustrated expression, drawing it out when he hears your stomach gurgle again. “We could go out to eat,” he suggests gently.

“Well...” you pause, looking abashed. “I wouldn’t mind having some of Muffet’s pastries again, but that’s over by that hotel on the other side of town.”

“Ok,” he says, hopping off the counter he was sitting on, and moving to stand in front of you. He takes both of your hands in his and looks up at you deviously. “Ready to go?”

“Wh- Sans, but it’s so far!” you protest.

“Don’t worry,” he winks at you. “I know a shortcut.”

Before you can protest any further, you gasp down at him as the scenery abruptly changes behind him. Dropping his hands, you look all around you and realize that you’ve been transported. You’re standing in an alleyway, alone with Sans, and visible across the street from you is Muffets.

“Are you okay?” he asks you, sounding slightly worried.

“Can you give me some more warning next time!?” you gape. “I just... Holy shit, Sans. I wasn’t expecting to be teleported anywhere today.”

“Oh!” he startles. “I’m sorry. How are you feeling? Are you okay?”

You look down at yourself. You actually feel completely fine, you think. It only shocked you
because there was no warning to it – No sound, no puff of smoke, no void or some dimension in between, nothing. Not even the slightest physical sensation that anything had happened at all – Well, except for the cool morning air hitting you all at once and the smell of fresh breads in the air. One moment you were in the boys’ kitchen, then the next you were here. But, nothing hurt or felt out of place.

“I’m fine, Sans,” you breathe, then smile at him. “Just, please – I want more warning when you do that. I didn’t actually think I could come with you.”

“why not?” he raises a brow ridge curiously.

“I don’t know? I guess teleporting is a tricky thing… Well, in fiction, at least?”

He shakes his head, chuckling. “i’m pretty good at it. i’ve had a lot of practice, after all, so you don’t have to worry about that with me.”

“Well,” you shiver. “Can you bring my coat and shoes here too, then?”

“oh! right, right, sorry,” he apologizes quickly.

He reaches a hand out over your outstretched arms, and your catch your coat as it suddenly appears in the air, falling. Your shoes are placed right by your feet.

“Thanks,” you blush, sliding your arms into the sleeves.

“Oh hello again, dearie! It is so good to see you!” Muffet greets happily. You wave your greeting, distracted by the four trays of pastries she’s in the process of putting out.

“hey muffet,” Sans nods towards her.

“Hello, Sans!” she beams down at the small skeleton. “Oh, so this is your human? Ahuhuhu,” she laughs delightedly.

“You betcha,” you grin broadly, curling your arms loosely around his shoulders and planting a kiss on the crown of his head. He withers away from you slightly, his cheeks feeling hot from embarrassment.

“How wonderful!” she cheers, clapping an odd pair of hands together. “Oh! There is someone you absolutely must meet,” she pauses, then turns to address the open doorway to the back room. “Shaun! Come out here for a moment, will you dear?”

Your classmate Shaun comes out of the kitchen, wearing an all-white smock and a pale lavender apron.

“Hey Shaun,” you greet proudly. “I guess you got the job, huh?”

“Err, yeah, hi _____,” he mumbles nervously. “I have cookies in the oven about to go off, can I…?” he turns to Muffet to ask, clearly uncomfortable to be standing next to her. His eyes avoid her gaze, and you think he might be blushing.

Does Shaun… Have a crush on Muffet? You move to look down at Sans, and he shares a knowing expression.
“Of course dearie, it seems you two already know each other,” she dismisses with a wave. He looks happy to disappear again.

“So, how’s the new guy doing?” you ask, glad that Shaun took the referral after all.

“He’s wonderful,” she boasts. “Shaun’s learned all of my recipes ever so quickly! Oh, I’m so glad you suggested I try hiring a human, ahuhuhuhu.”

Sans has started idly pointing at different pastries, and Muffet quickly plucks them out of the display with a pair of tongs, setting them on a tray to package once he’s finished his selections.

“See? What’d I tell ya? Not all humans are crap,” you nod proudly.

“Well, there is just one problem,” she sighs, her shoulders dipping slightly. “Sometimes, I catch him looking at me when my back is turned. I’m not familiar with the expression, but it might be fear? He seems to startle every time I get close to him, too.”

“Oh, is that so?” Sans echoes your thoughts aloud.

“I’m just uncertain whether he’s truly comfortable working with a spider such as me,” she says sadly, nodding. “He’s been a treasure in the kitchen, and helped me to really get my business off the ground, but… I’d be miserable if I had to let him go for discrimination.”

“Oh geez, Muffet!” you laugh joyfully. “Don’t do that! That would probably break the nerd’s little heart!”

Two of her eyes narrow at you curiously as she starts bagging up the baked goods for you.

“Whatsoever do you mean, dearie?”

You lean on the display counter, keeping your voice low. “Actually, I think Shaun may have a crush on you,” you break the news gently.

“Oh!” Her pale purple cheeks are shocked pink, and the cinnamon bunny she had clutched in her tongs drops to the floor. She quickly pulls another from the display. “Truly? How can you be sure?” she whispers softly.

“Trust me. With how nervous he was in your presence? There’s something going on there,” you affirm.

“But,” she stumbles. “I’m a… He’s a…”

You drape your arms around Sans’ shoulders again, and his hands come up to hold them gently.

“That’s only a problem if you let it be a problem,” you encourage.

She’s utterly flummoxed by this new information, raising a dainty purple hand to her chin in thought. “Hmm,” she hums finally, then she brings your bags of baked goods over to the till. You and Sans follow, walking awkwardly with your arms still around him.

“So, what are you going to do, muffet?” Sans asks curiously.

“Well, dear, I just don’t know! But, you were right, _____, I can’t let him go for that! Oh, what a terrible misunderstanding! I’m glad I said something, though, ahuhuhuhuhu!” she giggles as she rings up your items. Your mouth starts watering at the idea of breakfast. “Your total for today is $16.50,” she announces.
You hold up your debit card, and she prepares the machine and hands it to you in response.

“Huh,” you mumble, annoyed at the error message.

“What’s wrong?” Sans asks.

“Sorry, Muffet. Can we try it one more time?” your cheeks feel heated from embarrassment.

She frowns, but she re-enters the sale and you try the machine again. Same response.

“Damn,” you sigh, returning your debit card to your wallet and digging around for either some cash or your Visa. Sans catches your wrist, and looks up at you expectantly, his question still unanswered. You groan, feeling pressured. “Insufficient funds,” you explain. “It says I’m out of money.”

Chapter End Notes

Plot, beautiful plot! I think foreshadowing is one of my favourite things. Ahuhuhuhu~ :)
“Ugh, how do you keep doing that!?”

“doing what?” he asks innocently, sitting across from you at the small card table back in the boys’ livingroom.

You shoot a grouchy look down at the bag of pastries in front of you. “I never let people buy me things. Ever,” you grumble at the innocent baked goods, feeling guilty. “Why didn’t you let me at least try my Visa?”

“didn’t seem like a good idea to let you get breakfast on credit when i had cash on me,” he shrugs.

“I’d pay it off in a week from now,” you groan. “Payday’s next Friday.”

He looks up from his cinnamon bunny, slightly worried. “are you going to be okay until then?”

“Course I will. I just said I have my Visa, didn’t I?” you answer flippantly.

“yeah, but-“ he begins, entirely too rationally.

“I’m fine, Sans, honestly. I just got a little carried away, I guess,” you grumble. Your stomach grumbles with you, as if on cue. “I mean, I’ve been going out to the café with Undyne a lot, getting snacks here and there for our anime nights, trips to the arcade to play DDR with Paps and Metts, and then that hotel was, uh, kind of expensive to book for an entire week. I just have to dial it back a bit, keep better track.”

“i just… this is the first time we’ve really talked about money,” he highlights. “i don’t mean to be nosy, heh, but… i’m worried. you don’t make a whole lot with that party store.”

“I know,” you sigh, trying not to feel offense at his honest concern. “I’m going to start looking for a second job again soon, so try not to worry too much, okay? Besides, I’m not broke; I have investments, some of them maturing next month, actually.”

“What happened with the flower store, anyway?”

“They haven’t called me since before Easter,” you shrug. Your stomach protests loudly that you still haven’t started eating yet.

“If you’re waiting for my permission, you have it,” Sans offers. “I don’t want to watch you starve to death in front of a bag of muffet’s danishes,” he chuckles. Then his eye sockets narrow in a focused expression. “say… so that night we went to the restaurant, was that the last day you worked for the flower shop?” he asks curiously.

“Yeah, I guess it was,” you mumble, picking at a grape jelly filled pastry. “Why?”
“well… the next day, you kissed me in the park in front of a whole lot of people,” he blushes proudly.

“Yeah, there’s a cute picture of us in the paper from that, you know… Oh.” The gears in your mind grind and click into place. “Oh! Do you think that has something to do with it?” you ask, feeling your face flush hot with anger.

“that,” he begins, bobbing a half-eaten cinnabunny at you. “and the fact that i went by there that monday for, uh, flowers for you, and the florist chased me out,” he adds hesitantly.

“Really??” you utter shocked. “Oh my god,” you growl angrily. Fucking Clara, the nerve.

“i’m sorry,” Sans says sincerely. “i mean, there’s not a whole lot of monster friendly businesses to begin with, i just didn’t think it would… i mean, i’m sorry.”

“Sans.” You stand from your chair to move beside him, kneeling so you’re almost at his height while he’s still sitting. “This is not your fault, okay? Not even a little bit. They… Them being racists is on them. You did nothing wrong, and like hell am I going to let you sit there and apologize for it. Okay?”

“uh oh,” he says, smiling mischievously. “you’ve got that look in your eye. what are you going to do?”

“You know me,” you grin devilishly. “Something determined.”

You know Sue very well. You’ve known her since she’s been hiring you for the odd holiday since that co-op placement you did in highschool for her, after all. You know how she caves under pressure, and she knows how stubborn you can be when she neglects your breaks. You crack your knuckles decisively, before pulling open the door to the flower shop.

“You don’t work here,” Clara barks at you defensively when she sees you round the counter. She boldly plants herself right in your way.

You narrow your eyes dangerously at her, closing the distance so you’re almost nose to nose. She has to take a step back, her resolve faltering.

“I’m here to talk to the boss about discriminatory business practices,” you inform her sternly. “Trust me, Clara – You don’t want to get involved.”

Her resolve is crushed, and she steps out of the way, mumbling something about having to finish these arrangements anyways. Eyes drilling holes in her back, you continue around the corner, past the staff kitchen, and into the boss’ office. Sue is engrossed in paperwork.

“Oh!” she startles when she notices you leaning on the door frame looking down at her. She removes her glasses meekly, folding them closed and setting them down neatly next to her pen. “Sorry, ____, I haven’t called in a while, have I? There hasn’t been enough work lately,” she explains.

“I’m not here about that,” you tell her. “I’m here because apparently your employees have been turning away monsters,” you challenge. “Is that true?”

“Oh,” she says with understanding, bristling slightly under your gaze.
“So, you’re going to do me a solid, or there’s going to be some consequences,” you inform her harshly. You withdraw some folded pieces of paper and hand them to her. She unfolds her glasses and puts them back on before accepting them, unfolding them and reading over them carefully.

“What… Is this?” she asks finally.

“A wedding order,” you say smiling. “My friends Undyne of Waterfall and Alphys of Hotland are getting married on Saturday, August eleventh of this year. They still need a florist.”

“This is a very large order,” she whistles softly. “About fourteen thousand dollars.”

“Great. I’m sure you can do it for twelve.”

She snaps to look up at you, a bit annoyed with you playing hard ball by now. “And… What are those consequences you mentioned? What if I refuse?”

“The former head of the monster royal guard and former royal scientist are very well connected,” you explain. “From monsters rights groups picketing outside for weeks on end, to the King and Queen of all monsters themselves paying you a diplomatic visit, to the monster superstar Mettaton bringing over every news crew he can gather at a moment’s notice… I really don’t think I have to tell you how much it would kill your business for the public to know, without a doubt, how you feel about monsters.”

She shrinks in her seat at the thought of it. Finally, she clicks her pen and goes to write on the pages. “Alphys and Undyne, you said? August the eleventh?”

“With delivery included, if you could,” you add. Then, you gasp as you realize you’ve won. “So you’ll do it?”

“You just handed me twelve thousand dollars,” Sue says, smiling gently. “Why not?”

“Fantastic, they’ll be so happy! I’ll tell them tonight and get half for the deposit within the next couple of days,” you tell her, beaming.

You extend a hand and Sue and you shake on it, then as you’re leaving with a spring in your step, your eyes meet Clara’s, who has clearly been eavesdropping. She scowls at you, and you stick your tongue out at her in response as you pass her bench on your way out, thoroughly enjoying her ire.

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry, both of these plot threads have some bumps in them to come, but both will end with happy conclusions :)}
“NERD! IT HAS TO BE YOU!”

“But I don’t wanna,” you whine.

“C-come on, _____, who else c-could, uh…” Alphys stammers. Then, the gentle lizard scoops up your hands in hers. “P-please?”

“UGH. Maid of Honour?? I don’t know… I hate doing speeches,” you groan. “Writing them, giving them, anything about them. There really isn’t anybody you two know better? You know, from Underground?”

Undyne shakes her head vigorously. “The only other women in our wedding party right now are Catty, Bratty, and Toriel. None of them are maid material – WELL, maybe Tori, but neither of us know her well either!” she complains. “BESIDES! You just saved our wedding and found us a florist!”

Alphys gently runs her thumbs along the backs of your fingers. “Y-you’re already in the wedding party,” she highlights. “A-and you’ve been h-helping out so much with the planning. We want you t-to be maid of honour. Th-there’s no one else the role fits better,” she stammers, smiling pleasantly up at you.

“YEAH! What Alph said!” Undyne cheers.

You throw your head back and growl your displeasure. “UGGHHHHHH, FINE,” you bring your head back down in a dramatic nod. “I’ll do it! I’ll be the stupid maid of whatever;”

Undyne and Alphys share a cry of joy, Undyne excitedly scooping up her fiancée clear off the ground. They give each other a very long, slightly intimate kiss in front of you. Your face flushes, glancing away.

Your phone buzzes for your attention in your pocket, so you pull it out and quickly read the new text on the lock screen. “Can I add a condition to this, or is it too late?” you ask, sighing.

“TOO LATE, NERD!” Undyne barks happily.


“Word’s gotten out that I’m job hunting, apparently,” you mutter resignedly. “Mettaton wants to hire me as his ‘muse’ for…”

Your eyes widen as you scroll through the offer.

“D-damnit, that overgrown tin can has a lot of money to throw around,” you stutter. “A-anyways, I just need him to get off my back. I don’t want pity job offers. I’ll manage well enough on my own,” you continue resolutely, texting back a rejection.

“He managed to land a major role on some soap opera,” Undyne rasps, crossing her arms aggressively and flicking her hair away from her face with a quick jerk of her head. “And I think the
Your phone buzzes, with a steep counter-offer. “Is he doing this to everybody?”

“I turned him down too,” Alphys mumbles. “I-it was nice of him to ask, b-but I can’t walk away from my research right now.”

You hiss a breath, texting Metts back that it isn’t about the money.

“O-oh! I’ve been meaning to, uh, ask…” Alphys stammers, her attention fully on you again, eyes shining brightly.

“Uh oh,” you say. She wants to ask for another favour. You faintly hope it isn’t wedding related.

“My lab wants to learn more about human souls and their different traits,” she continues more confidently, brightening at the thought of her research. “We’ve had volunteers for most of the fourteen different traits come in already, except we haven’t had a single one for Determination yet.”

“Well, that’s not five figures a month, like Metts was offering for a ‘muse’. “What would I have to do?” you ask, suddenly considering it.

“Just stand in front of our instruments. Uhh, m-maybe have someone sh-shout at you for a bit?” she stammers that last part, clearly uncomfortable with the idea. “I-it’s just that, in order to tr-trigger the r-regeneration…”

“I understand; You would need to tear me down so I can show how I build myself back up.”

“Y-you don’t have to, I know it’s not, uh, pleasant,” she wrings her hands anxiously.

“Just… Ugh, let me think about it, okay?” Alphys looks up smiling, and excitedly bounces in place. “It’s not a yes. Not yet. I just… It’s for science, right? To help humans understand souls? And to help monsters and humans understand each other, right? I might feel like an ass turning down something like that, so just let me think about it first.”

“O-okay!” Alphys wiggles joyfully. “L-let me know when you have an answer, th-there’s no pr-pressure – We’re going to be working on this branch of research for a few more years,” she assures you.
“I’ve been meaning to ask - do you have a passport?”

Sans is sitting at the small kitchen table in your aunt’s house, watching you intently.

“No, and I can’t afford one right now. Why?” you grumble, opening and closing cupboard doors. Guess they haven’t done a food bank run in a while – Even a bowl of mashed potatoes would be good right now, with some butter and salt. You recognize this seems to be a new trend – raiding a kitchen for food in front of him. You grumble your annoyance at the thought.

“I want to take you somewhere.”

You startle as you’re holding Kerry’s peanut butter, interrupting you from considering whether you want to risk it. Placing it back in the cupboard, you turn to Sans. “Really? Uh-uhh, where?”

He grins, glad to have your attention. “Surface day - it’s a monster tradition we want to start. A year ago, we came out of the underground and saw the sun for the first time. Asgore wants to bring everyone together back at the mountain to watch the sun rise.”

“That sounds really nice, actually,” you think. “When is it?”

“It’s May thirtieth, so about three weeks from now?” he guesses. “What do you think?”

“That’s too soon to get a passport,” you sigh dejectedly. “Sure I get paid in a couple days, but even if I filed for one the same day, I think it’ll take four to six weeks for it to come in. Oh, and isn’t that in the middle of the week? I’ve never missed a class.”

Sans considers this for a moment, tapping a cheek bone idly. “You could bring your textbook, I don’t mind.”

“That still doesn’t solve the passport problem,” you point out.

“Maybe…” he grins mischievously. “We could… take a shortcut?”

“You’d smuggle me across international borders with your magic?”

“Well, it sounds terrible when you say it like that,” he teases.

“How much worse does it sound that I… Might actually be okay with that?” you slump against the counter, a blush racing to your face.

His eye sockets widen in delight, eye lights shining. You startle as he suddenly appears in front of you – Damn his teleporting is unsettling sometimes – and he takes your hands in his hard fingers, rubbing them tenderly. “Really? That makes me… I’m so happy.”

You shrug, fighting the flame in your cheeks and looking away, trying to play it casual. “I mean… It sounds kind of romantic? Plus, it means I get to see where you came from.”

“There’s going to be a lot of other monsters there, is that okay?” he asks, gentle concern in his voice.

“Why wouldn’t it be?”

“… Right,” he beams proudly at you. “Forget I asked.”

He lets go of your hands and moves his warm, ceramic palms to hold your face, drawing you downwards so he can kiss you. You move your hands to hold his ribs gently, appreciative of the affection, letting the kiss last as long as possible.
This is how Deb and Marc find you two when they come in.

Chapter End Notes

Asgore's still crap at naming things. That's my explanation for "Surface Day" :P
You hear a man clear his throat a couple feet away from you. Eyes still closed, you hold up a finger for whomever it is to just wait a sec. To your disappointment, Sans breaks off the kiss to look at the newcomer. His eye sockets narrow slightly, and he holds your arm protectively.

Deb is smiling at you. Marc, in front of her, is not.

“What’s going on here?” the towering Frenchman asks.

“Just kissing my little sweetheart of a boyfriend,” you tell him boldly.

Sans looks up at you, eyes imploring, with a very worried expression on his face. He startles and looks away next, bringing his buzzing phone out of his pocket. It’s Frisk. You can’t see what it says, but you feel Sans let out a ragged breath.

Damn. Shit must be about to go down.

“Marc,” you address him. Then smile broadly, gesturing with a hand to your boyfriend. “This is Sans. Sans, meet my aunt Deb, and her boyfriend, Marc.”

Sans takes the hint and extends a bony hand to the Frenchman. “nice to meet you,” he greets softly.

Marc glowers at Sans, looking like he wants to slap his hand away. Sans either doesn’t notice, or doesn’t care, holding his ground with his hand outstretched. Deb looks between the hand and Marc, then, suddenly finding her courage, comes from behind Marc to grasp Sans’ hand and shake it gently up and down.

“Nice to meet you too, Sans,” Deb greets in a gentle whisper.

Marc wrenches her hand away from Sans by her arm, very roughly, and Deb lets out a squeal of surprised pain. Both you and Sans jerk forward to reach out and help her, but Sans stops and holds you back.

“I think it’s time for you to go,” Marc drawls threateningly.

“This is my home,” you answer back, face burning hot with rage. “I’m not going anywhere.”

“Not anymore it isn’t,” he continues darkly. “I want you gone. Tonight.”

“You’re not in charge here,” you challenge, a pit of worry forming in your stomach. Oh fuck, where would you even go? You have no money for another hotel stay.

“YES I AM,” Marc barks. “I am SICK of you getting in the way and taking up SPACE! I am SICK of your ATTITUDE! And I am SICK of your DISGUSTING MONSTER FRIENDS! YOU ARE GONE!”

Your head is spinning. This can’t actually be happening, can it? It’s hard to breathe. He can’t throw you out, right? You look up at your aunt, who is running her fingers along her arm. She frowns meekly, gently shaking her head. You choke on a breath. She’s not going to help you. Panic grips you. She can’t, or he might hurt her again. You clutch at your chest, almost as if you can feel your
Sans grips your wrists gently, tearing your attention away. He looks up at you, an apologetic look on his face. “I’m sorry, ______. Time to go.”

Your eyes widen in surprise. “Wait, Sans—”

But it’s too late. You’re in the boys’ living room, back at their apartment.

“AARRGGGHHHH!!! Why did you do that!?” you scream in anger. “I can’t— I can’t LEAVE her there!”

He lets go of your wrists and turns to face you, shrinking into his coat and shuffling his feet uncomfortably. “I’m sorry,” he says again. “That guy was headed for a bad time. I couldn’t… I would have lost it, if he hurt you…”

“But what about aunt Deb!?” you wail.

His head shrinks lower. “She’ll be okay babe. Frisk seems to think so, at least.”

You grab your hair with both hands in frustration, knowing you won’t get very far arguing or being angry with Sans. He just wants to protect you. This is his nature.

You pull out your phone and open up a new text message.

“Who are you texting?” he asks cautiously.

“Paul and Amey. They ought to know what happened,” you say distractedly.

* Just got thrown out by Marc. I’d say call me if he hits her, but I think that’s happened already, you growl worriedly. Call me if he gets any worse, though. I’ll come running, and I’ll bring HELL with me, you promise.

Sighing, you’re sliding your phone back into your pajamas pocket, when your eyes fall on something new in the room.

“When did my shelf get here?” you ask Sans. All your stuff’s still on it, right where you left it. The dust even looks undisturbed.

He blushes. “I brought it with us. Figured you, uh, might need a place to stay,” he mumbles, running his hand along the back of his head.


“In my room,” he nods. “With your school bag.”

You turn and sit down on the couch a foot away. He takes a seat right next to you, putting his hands together gingerly.

“I’m not sure… Damn it,” you groan, balling your fists and covering your eyes with your hands. “Sans, we’ve only been together a couple of months. I don’t know if it’s a good idea to live together, even short-term,” you sigh. “That’s a huge step, and it’s just too soon for us.”

“I’m okay with it,” he smiles gently at you.

“I’ve never lived with a guy before,” you admit. “I mean, that wasn’t family…”
His eye sockets widen, and he surprises you by laughing. It takes him a minute to stop. What could be so funny right now?

“What’s so funny, Sans?” you grumble. His hands are at his eye sockets, wiping away… Tears?

“would… hehehe, would you say that… it’s one of your, uh…” he pauses, exploding in another brief fit of giggles. “… virginities?”

Your face suddenly heats up. “Wow, uh… Got me there, Sans. I guess so.”

His grin broadens and he chuckles a bit longer, then he takes your hands in his. “cool. that’s… that’s cool. i’m glad i get at least one,” he says proudly.

He looks so happy, it kills you that you have to ruin it. “I’m sorry,” you apologize. “I don’t think it’s a good idea…” you tell him.

His smile falls into a frown. But he nods with understanding, rubbing your fingers with his gently.

“I just… What if I drive you crazy? Or what if you drive me crazy? It’s too soon for us to try something like this, we’re just not used to each other yet. And this is a very small space for three people.”

“i understand,” he agrees gently. “i mean, i was hoping, but… where will you go instead?”

You withdraw your phone from your pocket again, opening up your contact list. “I’m going to see if Alphys and Undyne would be okay with it,” you tell him. “They’re not boys, and their place is bigger. Plus, they have a spare room.”

Chapter End Notes

This was Marc's entire purpose - Force the reader out of her home. He'll make another appearance or two, but that's about it. Don't worry, this has a happy ending. Promise :)
“You… Win…”

geez _____, you look really exhausted or something.”

Sans opens the front door of his apartment wider so you can make it through with your wide laundry basket gripped in your hands. You walk two steps past him before dropping it unceremoniously on the floor, not breaking pace as tear off your jacket and toss it aside. You continue over to the couch, falling into the well-loved hunter green corduroy cushions. Wow. How did you never notice how comfortable this couch is before? It feels like a cloud. No wonder you keep dozing off on it.

“Oh my GOD,” you gasp. “How do they do it? How do they function without any sleep!??”

He closes and locks the door, chuckling at you. He comes over to sit by your head, and you shuffle over to make room. “what happened?” he asks, tangling his fingers comfortingly in your hair.

“Well, at first, Undyne was like ‘Yeah, this is cool, let’s stay up late and watch anime and party and stuff’, and I was all for it, because I wanted to be a good guest? We were up until two AM,” you explain.

“that doesn’t sound bad,” he notes.

“That’s not even the half of it. It was Testament to Sister New Devil – Kind of a smutty one, with a redhead for a lead? Undyne and Alphys got a bit, uh, intimate in front of me,” you groan. You cover your eyes with your palms, trying to block it out. “How did I forget that they’re lesbians? Very, very in love lesbians, who are getting married this summer?”

“Oh,” he comments, cheeks dusting blue as he laughs meekly.

“At that point I was like ‘Great! Okay, going to bed now!’ and they just took that as their cue to move to their bedroom,” you grumble, still horrified. “I… Apparently, the walls are paper thin.”

“… how late did that go?”

“The. Entire. Night. I can’t… I just don’t understand how they don’t sleep!”

“you couldn’t get comfortable, or block it out somehow?” he suggests, not so helpfully.

You shake your head. “Even worse, the bed in the spare room is apparently Alphys’ old one? It was folded into a cube,” you explain, making an odd cube shape with your hands as best you can as you continue to vent. “It confused me. I couldn’t figure the damn thing out, and was too embarrassed to ask with that going on in the next room, so, uh… It seemed comfortable, folded up? But, it was way too small a surface to stretch out on. My arms and legs were hanging off of it. Not comfortable at all.”

“and they don’t have a couch,” Sans adds.

“Right. Undyne thinks sitting is for wimps. She watches everything either standing or laying down on the floor with Alphys.”
“i’m sorry you went through all that,” he says, chuckling. He’s not sorry, you think. He’s enjoying the schadenfreude. “but… do you think you’ll stay here now?”

“I guess I’ll have to,” you admit resignedly. “I just got paid but it’s not near enough to blow on hotels, and Metts is still down in Hollywood.”

He grins broadly, then leans down to give you a kiss. “i’m happy to have you here,” he beams, then holds your hands in his gently, pulling on them to get you to sit up. “come on,” he beckons.

“We’re not going to go make out are we?” you complain idly. “I mean, that’d be awesome, nothing wrong with that, but I’m really, just, so very freaking tired.”

He shakes his head. “nope. i’m just going to put you to bed, and bring you something to help you relax, okay?”

You nod weakly, letting him lead you to his bedroom. “Okay, that sounds really nice,” you mumble.

He pulls the sheets down as you unhook your bra under your shirt and work it out through a sleeve. Laying down, he pulls the sheets up over you and tucks you in, giving you a warm kiss on your head and stroking your hair softly. It’s so soothing, you feel yourself losing the battle to keep your eyes open.

“i’ll be right back with a warm drink,” he says in a quiet whisper. As his hand leaves your hair, you catch his wrist.

“Stay please,” you ask tiredly. “I want, uh… I want to be held.”

“okay,” he smiles.

You shuffle over and he climbs into bed with you, gently placing a hand on your side. You moan softly, pleased with the gentle contact, before sleep takes you somewhere far away.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the short chapter, I'm still writing the next part and it's gotten longer than I originally expected. All fluff though <3
The Name.

Chapter Notes

Just fluff.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The first thing you notice is Sans snuggled right into your chest, your arms wrapped around his adorable little sleepy form. He’s breathing slowly, eye sockets closed, a small smile on his face. He’s still wearing his t-shirt and basketball shorts. The second thing you notice is that you’re in his bedroom, his warm sheets kicked down to your waist, leaving your back cold. You try to maneuver to pull them up again, but it’s hard to see with the lack of light – the room is very dark for some reason. The third thing you notice is that it’s dark. There’s hardly any light coming from the window now.

Wasn’t it morning? Oh, shit.

“I missed class,” you rasp, panicked.

Sans mumbles and rolls onto his back, eyes scrunched tighter. He takes a moment to decide whether he wants to open them or not, then his face relaxes, and you guess he’s resolved to keep them closed. He makes a noise that sounds like “what?” and you’re not sure if that means he’s awake or getting there.

“Sans,” you nudge him gently. He reflexively grasps your hand with both of his to stop you from jostling him. “Sans, wake up,” you sigh. “We slept all day.”

“okay,” he mutters tiredly, cuddling into your stolen hand.

“Sans,” you groan.

“keep saying my name babe,” he smiles devilishly, eyes still closed. “it sounds awesome in your voice.”

“SANS.”

“mmm yeah. maybe not so angry though,” he chuckles softly to himself.

Frustrated, you lift up his shirt and blow air through his rib bones. It shocks him awake as he struggles to push his shirt back down.

“what? what’s going on? oh, hello there _____,” his eyes flutter open finally, and when he notices your face in the dark, he starts grinning proudly.

“I missed class,” you grumble. “We slept all day.”

“oh… i’m sorry,” he frowns. “i would’ve woken you up at noon, but you wanted me here, remember?”

“I know, I just… urgh,” you growl gently. “I’m just frustrated. I have never missed college before,”
you sigh. “At least I don’t work tonight, otherwise I’d probably be super late by now.”

“would it make you feel better if i told you that was probably the best night of sleep i’ve ever had?” he asks, smiling brightly.

“That’s good, but… This can’t become a habit,” you shake your head. “I can’t miss school like that again.”

“You deserve a break,” he says, pushing to sit up. He sits facing you and rests his hands gently on your hips, running his fingers along what can be felt of the bones underneath your skin. You feel your skin prickle pleasingly at the goosebumps his touch gives you. “I mean, after the flower store thing, the marc thing… you’re allowed to take a day off, you know.”

“If I take a day off, I want it to be on my terms,” you moan.

It’s hard not to melt when he takes your hands in his. “I’m sorry, I know you’re frustrated,” he says soothingly, running his warm ceramic thumbs across the backs of your fingers. “but there’s nothing we can do about it now.”

You grumble your response, struggling to look away from his adorable eye lights in the dark.

“What can I do to make it up to you, babe?” he asks, brightening.

“You know…” you realize. “That’s the third time I’ve heard you call me ‘babe’. I didn’t actually know we were doing pet names now.”

“Oh!” he startles, cheeks taking on that pale blue luminescence. “I just figured… um, is it okay?”

You let go of one of his hands to run a hand in your hair uncertainly. “I mean, I guess so. I’m just not used to it yet,” you admit.

“Is it another one of your virginities?” he asks brightly, shuffling in his seat with all the enthusiasm of a kid on Christmas morning. Okay, maybe not that much enthusiasm, you think as you watch him fight a yawn.

You laugh, feeling your cheeks warm up, almost sad that you have to shake your head. “No, sorry. I’ve had boys I dated give me pet names before,” you tell him.

“Oh? What sorts of names?”

You groan. “Sex kitten.”

“Uhh? What??”

“And ‘baby doll’.”

He looks repulsed. “Those are terrible,” he says, shaking his head.

“I know, right!?” you scoff, rolling your eyes.

“It’s his turn again to look abashed. “I, uh, hope ‘babe’ is okay.”


“I’m glad,” he smiles. “So, babe,” he continues confidently, his smile getting broader. “What can we
do to make your day off a good one?”


“obviously,” he chuckles. “but what else would you like to do?”

“Does there have to be something else?” you flirt, pulling him in for a kiss.

Chapter End Notes

It's another short one, but I have another longer one going up right away after this. Sorry it's been a couple days!
The Supplies.

Chapter Notes

Domestic fluff, and biology.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Remind me why we’re here again, and not in your bedroom?”
“i told you. we need stuff,” he smiles up at you.
“Couldn’t this wait until after?” you whine.
“not if we wanted to make it before they closed,” he chuckles. “besides, i have it on good authority that my brother doesn’t know how to stock a kitchen,” he winks at you.

You grumble your disappointment from where your face is buried in your arms, currently resting on a shopping cart. Why a grocery store? You were in the middle of kissing him and everything!

“But… Really though? I don’t know what the female equivalent for blue balls is, but… Come on.”

Sans laughs and steers the cart you’ve opted to lean against down an aisle. “okay, so, i’ve actually only ever done this once or twice… so, uh, what would you normally pick up?”

“Really? Uhh, well…” you think for a moment. “I guess we can start with the obvious staples, and work our way from there?”

“what would those be?”

“Milk, eggs, bread, cheese, and butter,” you rattle them off, counting on your fingers. “Almost everything good takes one or more of those. Plus if you’re pinching pennies, you can make scrambled eggs and toast or grilled cheeses with just those things. Easy meals,” you explain.

“sounds good,” he shrugs. “what else?”

Sans has you put a lot more into the cart than you ordinarily would, and oftentimes when you suggest something new, or when your eyes unwillingly fall on something tasty, he’ll grab it and place it in the cart before you can protest. At one point he asks if you know how to bake cupcakes, so you have to go back through the baking aisle to grab muffin liners, cooking spray, a tub of icing, and a box of generic cake mix. He notices your choice and replaces the generic with the slightly more expensive and overall more appealing Duncan Hines version. Later, he catches you eyeing the meat section on your way back to the produce after asking a question about apples, and he goes over and picks up a couple frying steaks. In the condiment aisle, you catch him picking up an enormous bottle of ketchup and putting it in the cart. Then, after a moment of deliberation, he goes and grabs a second one.

“This cart is very full,” you say worriedly, as he finally lets you consider heading to the registers.
“We should probably put some stuff back.”

“nope.”
“Sans,” you groan.

“yes, babe?” he grins.

“I’m not sure I can afford all of this!” you rasp in a frustrated whisper.

“who said you were paying for it?”

“Wh- Sans, NO!”

“sans yes,” he chuckles happily.

You try to think of something to say to that, but instead, something inside of you just breaks. Your face heats up and you struggle to contain a sob that’s lodged itself in your throat.

His hands are on your back and side in an instant as you lean your face into your arms supported by the cart. “babe! are you… crying?”

“I can’t… But I’m not contributing! I’m a freeloader, I can’t just…” you struggle, blubbering through tears.

“you’re my guest,” he says firmly, running a skeletal hand soothingly along your back. “please, what’s wrong? let me fix it.”

You’re not even sure yourself. Why are you crying right now? In a public place, leaning on a cart full of groceries. Sure, his gesture to pay for it all was incredibly supportive and sweet – and you’re more than sure he only took you shopping to get food for you – but, something wasn’t adding up here. You’re not that sentimental of a person to have a break down over Duncan Hines cake mix and steak.

A thought crosses your brain, and you straighten, face flushed. An uncomfortable twinge of pain in your abdomen confirms it.

“Uhh…” you stutter. Sans’ face watches yours carefully as you fumble. “I-I need a couple more things, actually.”

“really? okay, let’s go get them,” he offers.

“NO! No, I’ll get them. They’re, uh, personal,” you stutter out. “You go line up, since you’re not letting me get the bill anyway.”

“i’m not leaving you when you’re upset,” he says gently. “i made that mistake once – not again.”

“Please just trust me. I’ll be fine, and I’ll be back quickly, okay?”

“… okay, i’ll trust you. hurry back,” he tells you softly.

______________________________________

“a huge chocolate bar, advil, and… what are those?” Sans eyes your haul.

“Shut up shut up shut up shut up,” you grumble at him quietly. “Also, you have to let me pay for these separately. Shut up. It’s a rule.”

“and these are necessary for something?” He float over the bag of pads to himself before you can
stop him, reading the packaging curiously.

“SHUT UP OH MY GOD PUT THOSE DOWN.” Your voice is a lot less intimidating than you want it to be, you think. That was less of a stern yell and more of a terrified shriek.

“menstrual pads?” he reads it curiously.

Your face heats up and you would much rather find a hole to crawl into and die than be standing here right now. The cashier, a woman, is giving you a look that’s half amused at your current predicament, half disgust at your choice in romantic partners.

“oh! these are for your menstrual period!” he exclaims excitedly.

“What? H-how do you know about that?” you stammer. “Also shut up.”

“i’ve been reading about human biology,” he says, happy he’s been able to surprise you that he knows something about humans. “i figured i’d better know what i’m getting in to.”

The surface of the sun has got nothing on your face right now. Even the cashier wrinkles her nose in horror. “Did you just… Was that supposed to be a sex pun? Oh my GOD Sans, SHUT UP.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh biology... It was going to catch up with you sooner or later. Better now than on that trip in a couple weeks, right? :P

So... It's been a couple days without updates, huh? Sorry about that -_-; I have some personal life stuff going on, which I will spare you the details of, but suffice to say that future chapters are probably going to come out at a crawl. Like I promised 30-odd chapters ago, I will not abandon this - There is a long, convoluted plot ahead, that I don't want to miss out on revealing. It's just going to take a while longer to get there than I'd like :( (But we'll get there, and it will be awesome. Guaranteed. :)

Thanks yet again for all your kudos and wonderful comments, you make this old, awkward nerd girl feel really special :')
“Fight me, punk,” you challenge.

“I still think it’s hardcore that you bleed once a month, and how that’s supposed to be totally normal,” Undyne comments, then guffaws. “Humans are so WEIRD!”

“I’m just glad Sans isn’t totally grossed out by it – He’s being all clinical and shit. How come he knows more names for my parts than I do? Anyway, quit stalling and pick your character,” you grumble.

“You sure you’re okay, nerd?” she side-eyes you, a concerned expression lighting up her noseless face.

Your only response is to reach over and hit confirm on her controller a couple of times to start the match. DOA3 – The perfect way to exercise period aggression. Since you couldn’t go back to your aunt’s anymore with the Marc problem, Alphys and Undyne invested in their own collection of consoles and games.

Undyne cackles joyfully. “All right, _____! GET READY!”

“i think _____’s going to win,” Sans remarks casually from somewhere behind you and Undyne, sipping on a beer. “wanna make a bet?”

“Y-you’re on, Sans!” Alphys accepts. “What’s the wager?”

“if my girl wins, you have to clean up after dr. garrett tomorrow.”

“H-Hah! And if Undyne wins y-you’ll do it!” she cheers.

They clink their respective glass drinking vessels together while your brow furrows in confusion. Not wanting to tear your eyes from the pitched battle on screen, you wait until the match is over and Undyne’s Tina is KO’ed to ask your burning question.

“Sans you work at Alphy’s lab?” you inquire over Undyne’s huffing and puffing.

“oh, i just consult,” he shrugs, acting casual. But there’s a dark look to his face he’s trying to hide.

“S-Sans has been invaluable to our soul research project,” Alphys explains, adjusting her glasses as she talks.

Are they both being vague intentionally? “Why didn’t you ever tell me you’re a science nerd?” you scoff. “That’s hot.”

“Told you, Alph!” Undyne grins wolfishly at her fiancée. Alphys sputters and looks away, golden scales blushing scarlet.

Sans, on the other hand, looks conflicted about something. He’s tracing the rim of his beer bottle idly with a finger, brow bones knitted in an uncomfortable expression.

You flash Undyne a look with a finger extended, asking for a minute. The millisecond she nods her
permission, you’re on your feet and shuffling over to Sans. A painful jolt in your abdomen gives you a brief pause, but you power through it and drape your arms around the small skeleton’s shoulders from behind him.

“Hey cutie,” you coo into the side of his skull. He shivers as you start tracing that semi-circle pattern with one hand, and brings his up to stop you. “Penny for your thoughts?” you request, kissing the crown of his head gently. You rest the back of your stolen hand against his cheekbone, relishing the warmth from his blue blush.

“i, uh…” he stammers. “sorry, i didn’t mean to keep it a secret.”

“It’s okay. It’s just… Kind of odd to learn about this now, after knowing you for three and a half months?” you say, frustrated. “Why’d you let me think you were a hot dog vendor?”

He turns in your arms and holds you by your hips affectionately, grinning up at you. “because i am a hot dog vendor,” he explains.

“Yes, but also a scientist!” you huff, smiling but a bit exasperated. “I mean, I’m confused – Which would the average person brag about at parties? Being a scientist or being a peddler of wieners??”

He looks away uncertainly. “i’m not a scientist though, not really,” he continues. “i never bothered to get a degree in anything. too much of a lazy bones, i guess, heh,” he shrugs nervously.

You’re about to ask why when Undyne shouts impatiently from somewhere behind you. “Hey, NERD! Are we still playing or what!?”

“You’re on. Best out of twenty-five,” you call back.

You kiss Sans longingly for a moment before letting him go. He relaxes in your arms, but this time, you’re not sure if it’s from the kiss, or if it’s from Undyne providing him with a timely out.

“You’re going to have to talk to me about it sometime, you know,” you sigh into your hand, sitting across from your bone boy back at the brothers’ apartment.

Once you had beaten Undyne 13-12, he wanted to leave early to get dinner at home. Papyrus was still out - speaking of jobs you didn’t know about, what did Paps do out of the house all day anyway? - so he asked if you’d make him a grilled cheese or two. Your aunt and cousins were home so rarely that you never got to cook for anyone besides yourself, and he had been enthusiastic about trying new things that weren’t spaghetti. Of the many new recipes you brought to the small household, grilled cheeses with ketchup was his new favourite meal.

“I don’t really want to pressure you about it, since it obviously makes you uncomfortable, but, c’mon,” you continue. “Why is it such a big secret that you work in a lab?”

“it wasn’t a secret,” he mumbles between bites.

“Then why did it take almost four months for me to find out?” you ask. He winces. “Are you… Ashamed?”

“No,” he sighs. “it just… it brings back bad memories. i don’t want to talk about it right now.”

You’re about to ask what’s wrong, but he just looks up at you with big, sad eyes.
“i’ll talk about it sometime, okay? just… let me find the words first.”


You reach across the table to put your hand on his, but he responds by interlacing his thin fingers with yours. You trace the side of his hand and thumb idly with yours, and he lets a small, relaxed sigh, slip past his teeth.

“thank you babe,” he says, smiling brightly at you.

“Anytime, cutie,” you grin.

As soon as he brings the last bite of grilled cheese to his mouth, you collect the plates and his enormous bottle of ketchup, planting a kiss on his skull before turning away. You take a couple steps towards the kitchen, surprised to find warm hands gently holding you by your hips mid-stride.

“come to the bedroom after,” he says from behind you. His low tone makes you want to melt on the spot. He nuzzles his face into your back, the warmth and his closeness making your skin prickle pleasantly.

“But,” you grumble softly, turning to face him with your arms still full. “I’m still, uh…”

“we’ll stay above the belt,” he assures you with a grin, letting his hands slide upwards over your clothes to your ribs right below your arms, thumbs teasing the sides of your breasts. “i want to do an experiment,” his voice takes on that low tone again.

Between the lazy smile, his seductive voice, and the contact, you kind of want to just throw everything out of your arms and ravage him right there. You tell your determined soul to settle down just a little, mildly upset that you have to exercise at least some self-control. Instead, you juggle everything over to one arm, and hook a couple fingers over the waistband of his shorts instead, pulling him to press against you. His face flushes blue and his hands freeze in place.

“Maybe my belt, but what about yours?” you flirt, stealing a kiss from the blushing skeleton.

“i have a hypothesis on that,” he teases, blue cheeks darkening. He moves one hand to hold you gently by the neck, placing a warm kiss on your collar bone. His other hand sneakily removes yours from his shorts. “hurry back.”

He blinks out of existence, and you figure he’s teleported to his bedroom. Throwing the ketchup into the fridge as soon as you reach the kitchen, you wonder how quickly you can wash all the dishes in the sink without breaking them.

Chapter End Notes

You probably don't feel like the sexiest person in the world right now, but you can still have SOME fun ;) As for the science Sans backstory, all will be revealed soon - Some of it is going to be in story, and then there's also a spinoff fic of it to flesh it out I'll post. It's from Sans' perspective, and tentatively titled 'Why I Have Nightmares'. Keep an eye on the notes in a few chapters for links to it!

WARNING! WARNING! WARNING! Makeout session ahead! Skip ahead to chapter 54 if you're not interested in a LOT of physical contact. He said he'd stay above the
belt... He LIED.
“So…”

“so…” he smiles, waiting for you on his bed.

The door softly clicks closed behind you as you enter the bedroom. “Are you sure you want to do this? While my body is being gross and human, and all?”

“does that make you uncomfortable?” he asks gently.

You cradle your elbow with your hand. “Yes. A little bit. But… I’m also really, really frustrated because of it,” you admit, a flustered blush warming your cheeks.

“i might have a solution for that,” he grins, beckoning you over. You briefly contemplate running there, but settle on just shuffling quickly over to sit beside him on the mattress. He laughs, your eagerness endearing to him.

He doesn’t protest when you tear his shirt off and start kissing him passionately. At least, not at first. After indulging in your aggressive affection for a minute or so, he puts an ivory hand on your chest and pushes you away. You withdraw, giving him a sad look, until he grips the lower hemline of your shirt.

“may i?” he asks, lifting the thin fabric of your t-shirt slightly upwards to emphasize his request.

You nod, and he slowly peels your shirt upwards. You straighten your arms to allow him to pull it over your head. He pauses for a minute, just looking at you bare in front of him, a pale blue glow on his cheeks. Then, he gently rests his fingertips on the lacy band of your bra.

“uh… this too?” he pleads.

“Of course!” You turn in your seat so he can unhook it. His fingers make surprisingly quick work of it, then he gently peels it off of you as well, fingers making light electric touches on your bare skin. His hands very gently move your hair out of the way, before he places his warm bony palms on your shoulder blades and runs them slowly down your back, fingers teasing a ticklish trail in their wake. Your body shivers in response.

“wow,” he mumbles, enthralled. “how are you so amazing?”

“I could ask the same of you,” you purr over your shoulder at him, thoroughly enjoying the contact.

His hands find their way to your hips, and he teases you for a minute by tracing the waist line of your sweat pants, all the way around from back to front. Then his hands move up to your abdomen and you enjoy the warmth of them, until they suddenly leave you for a brief moment. Before you can
sigh sadly at the loss, you feel him shifting on the mattress, readjusting his seat behind you, his bony legs appearing by your hips and his ribs pressing into your back. His warm ceramic hands then return to your sides.

“is this still okay?” he asks, his heated breath on your neck giving your brain pause.

“Everything is okay. All of it. I’m all yours,” you answer him in a whisper, once you can think again.

Sans’s hands return to your skin, starting from the sides of your ribs, then dragging his fingertips along your skin upwards to your breasts. The new sensation has you grip his femurs at either side of you for support, feeling him shudder slightly. He holds each of them in a hand, gently massaging them, enjoying the shape of them. You gently trace your fingers on the undersides of his bones.

“wow,” he mumbles into your hair.

“How’s your hypothesis doing?” you mutter, utterly pleased with his exploration so far and running your fingers along the bottoms of his femurs.

“i want to work on a different theory first,” he mumbles distractedly.

He removes a hand from your breast to gently brush your hair out of the way of your neck, and then slides it back under your arm to firmly grip your shoulder from the front. You gasp sharply as he puts a soft kiss on the sensitive part of your neck. And then another, and another, his body pressing into yours as his one hand grips at your chest more intensely, his thumb working your stiffened nipple. You’re wracked with pleasure, completely unable to move, breathing getting ragged.

He stops kissing briefly and rests his cheek on your shoulder. “i think it’s doing pretty well, heh,” he finally answers, his face feeling hot against your back.

“This is... Amazing so far,” you moan as his hands explore your collarbone and neck. “B-but, it’s not very fair.”

“oh?” he breathes, bringing a finger to gently trace the outside frame of your ear.

You try to turn in your seat but he tightens his grip on you. “Sans...” you groan.

“not done with you,” he says huskily from behind you. “i’ve yet to break new ground in my research.”

Before you can ask why, he releases your shoulder and chest to slide his hands downward, taking his time smoothing his palms against your skin. His fingers trace the waistline of your pants again, and he kisses your neck.

“take these off,” he instructs in a low, seductive tone.

You freeze up, your hands shooting to grasp his. “A-are you sure?”

He plants another long kiss on your neck to confirm it. “just the pants. that’s okay, right?”

Suddenly more than a little nervous at what he has planned for you, you shift in your seat to remove your sweat pants. His fingers help slide them off of you as much as he can from where he’s pressed into your back, then his hands return to hold your now bare hips.

“lay down,” he whispers, placing more kisses on your neck, fully taking advantage of your newfound weak spot.
“I, uh…” you stumble. “I-is that such a good idea? After last time…”

“we won’t precipitate into things,” he chuckles. “i just want to keep exploring,” he continues, his voice tantalizing to you.

He withdraws his legs to give you space, placing his hands on your sides to guide you to lie down on your back. His eyes are half-lidded and his cheeks are glowing dark blue, satisfied he’s got you right where he wants you. Then he shuffles downwards to start with your legs. After tracing the muscles in your calves with his fingers while watching your face, he gets bored of that, and moves his hands up to your thighs. With your mind still flustered from the earlier neck kissing and breast massage though, you wince away and gasp when his fingertips tickle the insides of your thighs.

He grins broadly. “seems i’ve found a favourable result;” he says wolfishly. “are the insides of your legs always this sensitive?”

“Only when I’m this turned on,” you groan. “Seriously, this is torture.”

“should i stop?” his hand freeze in place and eye sockets open slightly wider, looking concerned.

“I… I don’t want you to. Ever.” you tell him vulnerably. “But I have never wanted to jump your bones as much as I want to right now. Holy crap, Sans.”

He shifts away nervously and runs a hand along the back of his head, his whole face glowing dark blue. “m-maybe we should stop for now then, huh,” he muses shyly.

“Sans,” you say, sitting up and gripping him by the shoulders. “What’s wrong?”

Chapter End Notes

So I have this indie novelist friend I have proofread my chapters for me, and upon reading this one he told me I should write more skeleton erotica. *blushes furiously*

Hope you enjoyed all the science/chemistry subtle puns, I know I did XD I'm still not convinced I used precipitate correctly, but three different online dictionaries seem fine with it. Then flirting with science jargon might be one of my new favourite things. I didn't even get to use the words chemistry or friction here, as much as I wanted to :P

Next chapter you and Sans talk maturely about sex. It's kinda fluffy, but you're also still kinda mostly nude. But it's relevant to the main romantic plot, too, so I won't warn for it again or put an asterisk in the chapter title. Just a heads up :)
You just had a steamy makeout with your bone boy where he managed to push some of your boundaries (But you didn’t get to push any of his :( ), and now you’re sitting in bed with him almost bare. That said, this chapter’s nothing illicit, just talking about Sans’ fears regarding taking your relationship to the next level.

“I’m ready, right?” you continue. “I want to have sex with you. I want it pretty badly, actually, and the wait is figuratively killing me.”

“So, I don’t really want to pressure you if you’re not ready, but… I would like to know why you think you’re not,” you finish.

“I… don’t have an answer for that,” he shrugs softly in your grip. “I mean… I guess you’re right. I am a bit… scared.”

“Scared of what?” you ask gently, giving him an encouraging kiss on the crown of his skull.

“a lot of things,” he mumbles.

“Talk to me,” you plead. “Please.”

“I’ve never done it before,” he begins. “And I’m worried I’ll screw it up.”

“Impossible,” you reassure, giving him another kiss. He lets out a soft sigh and you feel his body relax a tiny bit more.

“Okay, well… what if I’m bad at it? Or hurt you? I don’t ever want to hurt you,” he continues nervously.

“Also all impossible,” you inform him. “It’s not something you can be bad at, and you won’t hurt me. I promise.”

“What if I’m…” he trails off, giving off a brief nervous tremble. “Not as good as, uh, any of the other
guys you’ve been with? what if i can’t… satisfy you?”

You grip him tighter and kiss him on the head once more, then turn your head and rest your cheek against his skull. “Sans,” you begin softly. “Forget they ever existed. I try to.”

“but-“

“Sans. Trust me – they don’t matter to me at all. I will never compare you to them, because I don’t want them. I want you.”

“ohh…”

“As for satisfying me,” you add grinning, tracing a semi-circle on the side of his head. “You do plenty of that already. I’m sure you’ll have zero problems. You’re already, like, the king of foreplay.”

“okay, w-well, uh…” he stammers, processing your compliment. “what about the fact that it’s, uh, pure magic?”

“Is it now?” you whisper huskily into the side of his head. “I’d love to see it sometime,” you flirt. He shifts uncomfortably in your arms, bringing his kneecaps together. “u-uhh, what i meant was… if we try to h-have, uh… i don’t really know for sure what will happen, or what could potentially go wrong… i could really hurt you.”

“ Monsters and humans have done it before,” you say, shrugging. “they’re not exactly around to ask for advice, though,” he points out grimly. “and my brother and i are the only skeletons around,” he grumbles.

“We’ll be careful, and take it slow. I’m sure we’ll figure it out.”

“… i don’t trust myself not to hurt you,” he says, stiffening. Reflexively you grip him a little tighter and start tracing the side of his head again.

“Well, I trust you,” you tell him confidently.

He wiggles in his spot, not trying to get away, more like he’s uncomfortable with something that’s not you, repositioning himself like he’s sorting through his thoughts. You give him a moment, and then his flustered form squeaks out an innocent question.

“… wh-what’s it, uh…” he mumbles. “feel like?”

“Amazing. Incredible. Intense. It’s the most intimate thing you can do with a person possible.”

“well, that’s helpfully vague,” he grumbles, sinking further into your chest.

“It’s not something I can really describe on the spot, it just, feels really, really good?” you sigh. “Here, let me try it another way; You know how, every time we try something new, like kissing, or me touching you, or you touching me… Your brain goes ‘Holy shit this is awesome, why haven’t we been doing this the entire time?’”

He nods stiffly, his face feeling warm against your arm.

“It’ll be like that,” you tell him. “You’ll regret the lost time, and wonder why you didn’t just let me jump your bones from day one,” you promise with another kiss to his crown.
“hmmm…” he mumbles thoughtfully, relaxing into you.

“Hey, Sans,” you purr, nudging him for his attention.

“yes babe?”

“Thanks for opening up about it,” you smile, skittering your fingers soothingly along the top of his skull. “I’m glad we can talk honestly like this. And… It doesn’t have to be tomorrow, or even next week sometime, but I hope that maybe you’ll have more confidence in yourself now, so we can try it soon?”

“soon” he agrees quickly, surprising you and setting your face aflame. “not yet, but… soon.”

“I look forward to it,” you grin.

Chapter End Notes

Aww yeah adult sex talk! In case you haven't noticed, I am a huge advocate of open communication in a relationship :P
Monday was your next scheduled day off at the party store, so you decided to go to the lab for the soul study they were doing. You really did need the money if you were ever going to get out of the boys’ place and into your own, and you wanted to see Sans at work as a scientist – Actually, you pause to correct yourself, consultant. Sans was absolutely delighted that you’d decided to go. He started babbling for a while about how he’d get to see your soul and its various properties. When you started asking what he meant by that, he continued on a long technical rant about it. You flushed a bit when he said the word love, but from his explanation and the dark expression he wore, it became very clear he wasn’t talking about that kind of love.

“i hope yours is low,” he mumbles from where he’s sitting next to you on the bus.

“Would it change how you feel about me if it’s not?” you ask, running your thumb along the backs of his intermediate phalanges - You’d finally gotten tired of just referring to them as ‘finger bones’, so decided to just Google it and learn their actual names. He didn’t have carpals or metacarpals, the large, oddly flexible and soft bony palms taking their place, but the rest of his bones were similar to if not exactly the same as a human skeleton.

“i… no,” he breathes, shaking his head, enjoying your touch. “i’m being ridiculous. of course your love is low, you’d never hurt anybody.”

“Our stop’s coming up,” you say, reaching behind you to tug on the wire running along the window, triggering the bell to indicate you want off.

He walks with you from the bus stop with an obvious spring in his step, hand tightly clenched around yours. Everything he says and does is so animated, it only makes you wonder at the stark contrast between his giddiness at having you come to his work now, and the sullen expression he wore the other night when he admitted that doing science work brought back some unhappy memories.

He looks up at you, eye lights shining with joy. “we’re here,” he says happily, swinging the heavy door open easily with his magic.

The receptionist is human and she greets you easily. She doesn’t seem to mind at all that you’re holding hands with a monster. While it makes sense since this lab is a joint endeavor between monsters and humans, you’d thought the affection between you and Sans would give her some pause. You’re glad it doesn’t. It fills you with hope.

Sans places his hands gently on your hips and you turn to face him on instinct. He gives you a soft, affectionate kiss right there in the waiting room, and you lean into him to make it last as long as possible. His skeletal fingers move to hold your face in his hands, and you’re a little lost when he breaks it off.

“wait here, _____” he says smoothly. “i’m going to go upstairs to check in with alphys. i won’t be long.”

“Okay,” you agree, stealing another quick smooch before you let him leave, dusting his cheeks with that adorable blue. It brings you a small, perverse but socially acceptable joy to send him away
flustered like that.

As you watch him swipe a card to get past the security door, you hear the front door heave open behind you and turn to see the newcomer.

It’s Derrick. Great.

You fall into one of the chairs and grab a Reader’s Digest out of the pile of provided magazines. Sometimes they have good jokes and fun anecdotes to read. He watches you carefully, before taking the seat along the wall beside you, the only thing in between being the small table of reading materials.

“Hi, _____,” he greets coolly.

“’Sup Devon,” you grin over your magazine.

“It’s Derrick,” he corrects.

“I know your name, Derrick,” you sigh. “I just call you Devon because it clearly bothers you, and because I think you’re a bit of an ass,” you admit openly.

“That’s so typically blunt of you,” he grumbles.

“So what are you in for, anyway?” you ask, eyes staying on the pages of the magazine.

“Soul research study. I met one of the scientists at the country club by chance, they said that they’d be honoured to get a good look at my soul,” he boasts.

“Oh? What aspect did they tell you yours has?”

“Pride.”

“Why doesn’t that surprise me?” you grin.

“What’s yours?”

“Take a guess,” you grin.

“… Envy?” he shrugs.

“Why doesn’t that surprise me either?” you chuckle. Your eyes catch the receptionist’s and she shares a knowing smile. It just figures a pride would assume other people would be envy.

“Why? What’s yours?”

“I’ve got the rarest soul around,” you brag, now knowing that it bothers his prideful soul. “It’s super special, in fact. It’s the bees knees.”

He scoffs and leans back in his chair, taking out his phone to idly tap away as he waits. You find a couple good anecdotes in the Digest and let out an unrestrained laugh at one of them. Derrick bristles at your outburst.

“Do you…” he starts, breaking the silence.

“Hmm?”
“There’s a wine tasting at the Hilton on the twenty-ninth,” he mumbles. “… Do you want to go?”

Your nose wrinkles in confusion and you turn slightly to look at him. “Are you seriously asking me out?”

“What if I am?” he looks to you.

“You realize I have a boyfriend, right?” you scoff.

“Are you talking about the monster?” he scrunches his nose in disgust.

“Uhh, yeah? Sans, the skeleton? He picks me up after school every day? Ring any bells?”

“I didn’t think you were actually serious,” he grumbles, eyes returning to his phone. His brows knit together, idly tapping away. “Well,” he continues confidently. “Offer’s on the table, if you ever want to quit messing around with monsters and have a shot at something… Traditional.”

“Please. Don’t flatter yourself,” you groan, hearing the security door behind you beep and swing open. “Normal’s boring, and I’d bone a skeleton over you any day.”

“uhh…” Sans mutters from behind you. You turn and beam at him. Oh god, how is he so sexy in a white lab coat? His hands are in the pockets of it, and his flushed expression looks like he wishes he could hide his face in the open collar. He can’t, though, and the blue on his cheeks is absolutely adorable.

“’Sup sweetie,” you look over to him grinning.

“we’re ready for you now,” he says, gesturing for you to follow by hooking his head towards the door.

“Are you just going to leave me waiting here, or am I allowed to watch?” Derrick asks as you stand up from your seat.

Sans looks up at you, a question in his eyes.

You shrug. “Yeah, he can come. Why not?”

“Fantastic,” Derrick says delightedly, sounding every bit like a minor Disney villain. “Let’s take a look at your ‘rare soul’.”

Chapter End Notes

Aww yeah, now we finally get to flesh out Derrick's character >:)}
The Test.

Chapter Notes

Reader screams and swears in this one.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“So all I have to do is just stand here?”

You’re standing in a small, clean exam room with a cot to one side, and a large window on the other looking out to the assembled scientists (and Derrick). Frisk came into the room shortly after you with Undyne, and you share an excited wave at the sight of them, smiling broadly. They text your phone saying they can’t participate because of their age, but they didn’t want to miss watching your exam.

There are infrared cameras in each of the four corners of the room, and they’ve hooked up a small monitor facing the window mirroring their screen, so you can see what they see. The room feels very sterile and clean, like a hospital, though you’re not sure what else it could be used for. It’s a little disconcerting to think about, but then maybe not – You’re just being paranoid and self-conscious with how out of your element you feel right now. The door out is next to the window, and has a push bar to get out, so you know it’s not like they’re going to lock you in.

“Yes,” Alphys says curtly, distractedly tapping away on a keyboard. Sans is muttering quietly to her, leaning against the desk, as he helps calibrate the cameras.

“Uhh, any particular spot you want me to stay?” you ask nervously, looking down at the floor. There’s no markings on the tile or a line of tape indicating where to stand.

“No, no, anywhere in the room is fine,” one of the human scientists behind Alphys reassures you. He seems to notice how distracted she is, and is happy to fill in. “The cameras will follow you automatically. You can even sit if you’re uncomfortable.”

“Well, okay then,” you say, climbing onto the edge of the cot. Swinging your legs, you verify “And you said this is painless, right?”

“Exactly – It’s just a scan, like getting an x-ray but without the radiation,” he nods, attempting to keep you calm. He glances over Alphys’ and Sans’ shoulders. “In fact, it looks like it’s already started.”

The monitor facing you blinks to life and you see… A red heart?

“Is that my soul?” you ask, wondering if they’re playing a prank on you.

“Indeed!” he beams. “We thought it was a bit strange at first, too, but apparently that’s how souls are normally shaped.”

“And here I thought that cartoony heart shape was supposed to be shaped like women’s butts, or something,” you mumble, trying to understand the information overlaying your ‘soul’. “Hey, my love is one. Is that good?”

Sans grins, his eyes still fixed on their own screen. “it’s perfect.”
“What’s EXP? I guess mine is zero?”

“zero is the best number you can have for that too, don’t worry about it,” he reassures.

“Then what are all the other numbers for? They’re not low,” you add.

“Those are your stats,” Alphys answers distractedly, scribbling away at a note pad. “You’ve got about average strength, dexterity, mid-to-high charisma… Your intelligence is rather high. Wisdom, too.”

You raise an eyebrow curiously. “What am I, a D&D character?”

“It’s, uhh, a convenient system for reading your physical and mental attributes off of your soul,” the human scientist from earlier pipes up. He finishes with a nervous shrug. You wonder if he’s a fan of 3.5 or 4th edition.

They continue walking you through the information on screen, explaining the different meters. There is a rainbow scale they toggle at the bottom of the screen, showing you where your soul’s colour pigment is on the scale, and explaining the different colours and aspects. There’s another very large number that appears beside it, in the low ten thousands, that apparently expresses your ‘soul power’, or the intensity of your determination. Frisk makes a shocked little noise at the number, then communicates via text message that your number is almost as high as theirs. Undyne cackles at your attack and defense attributes, suggesting you should spar with her sometime, but you point out your average strength and note that it wouldn’t be fair. She looks very disappointed at your response.

“Oh, I think we have a good read on your stats,” the human scientist speaks up after a while. You’re sitting on the edge of the cot, swinging your legs in boredom. “We want to see if we can trigger the regeneration ability Alphys talked about.”

Derrick stirs from the wall he’s leaning against. “Regeneration ability?” he asks, surprised.

You stand up from the cot and nod your consent. “I’m ready.”

“I’m very, very sorry,” the unnamed scientist apologizes.

“It’s okay. I know.”

He awkwardly begins by calling you some childish names, insulting a body weight you’ve never had an issue with, then moving to academic achievements you don’t have that you’ve never been fussed about. Seriously, is that the best they’ve got? Your skin’s thicker than that. You fold your arms and shoot him a bored look. The number representing your soul power doesn’t budge a single integer, and Sans looks like he’s about ready for a nap.

Derrick straightens, walking over to stand right in front of the window. Your eyes immediately narrow at him challengingly. He clasps his hands behind his back, his expression one of deep thought.

“You…” he begins, then pauses to rethink it. “I’ve been curious about something, ____. Why don’t you ever wear makeup, or dress in nice clothes?”

Ah, fuck. He’s caught on to what’s happening and is probing you for sore spots. Well, at least he’s trying to be helpful? In a twisted sort of way, but helpful nonetheless. “I’d rather be comfy than cute,” you shrug, smiling.

“But wouldn’t life be much easier for you if you were ‘cute’?” he asks. “You wouldn’t need school
or dead-end jobs just to get by – You could have anything you wanted handed to you, if you just emphasized your ‘features’.”

“I don’t want to be a charity case, I’d rather earn things than feel like somebody’s taking pity on me,” you say determinedly. “And I don’t mind taking the hard path to get there.”

“Not pity,” he corrects, a finger upraised. “Admiration and respect.”

“What would there be to respect?” you scoff, feeling awkward and a bit heated to be talking about your issues in front of so many people, and with someone who only knows you from class. Frisk, Undyne, the scientists, Alphys, Sans. “I wouldn’t have earned any of it.”

“You’d have earned it, just in a different way,” Derrick shrugs idly.

Your face goes hot. “I’m not some whore,” you rasp.

“But you are some kind of deviant, dating a monster of all people,” he rolls his eyes disgustedly.

You sputter, so insulted and offended by the implication that your words fail you. Sans stiffens, going to stand up from where he’s leaning on the console to get between you and your classmate, but Alphys holds him in place by his sleeve. You see her quietly mouth ‘It’s working’.

Derrick seems satisfied at your lack of response, inspecting his fingernails for a moment. “You’ve had plenty of other options presented to you, you know.”

“What, like who?”

“Oh come off it,” he grumbles, eyes darting to you in annoyance. “I’ve been trying to get your attention since you joined the main class in January.”

You burst out laughing. “PFFT OH MY GOD DERRICK! You think talking about your sailboat and country club and what-the-fuck-ever is flirting?”

He seems to wither at that, but regains his composure quickly. “I could give you everything you’ve ever wanted. All you’d have to do is, well…”

You vigorously shake your head no. “I already told you, I have a boyfriend. He’s even standing TWO FEET AWAY FROM YOU!”

Sans startles a bit at the mention of him, but keeps his eyes fixed on the screen as best he can, trying not to interrupt. He’s caught between wanting to see the results of this, and knowing you can fight your own battles.

“You’re still stuck on that, aren’t you,” Derrick groans, pinching the bridge of his nose in annoyance. “You DO realize that you’ll never be able to do anything with him, right?”

“Oh, we’ve already talked about it – Apparently we can totally have sex,” you grin deviously.

A thrill runs up and down your body, enjoying the look on his face as he jolts away in shock. “Ugh! I didn’t mean that, I… You can’t have a future with a monster. It’s impossible.”

“Says who?” you challenge.

“Says the government,” he explains coldly. “Monsters aren’t full citizens, they’re more like refugees with work visas. They can’t get married, they can’t own property, they can’t work for the government or even join the military. And, whether or not you can… You can’t have children with
monsters. It’s biologically impossible.”

Your face flushes, but then goes cold. You hadn’t really thought about all that, but you know he’s right. You feel your heart sink in your chest. No house, no marriage, no kids, and no future – That’s what you’ve got with Sans. Is that… What you want? Is what you have right now… Enough?

“Look, _____,” Derrick continues, meeting your eyes sincerely. “I don’t care what you’ve done with the skeleton. When you get tired of him, give me a call. I’m real, and I’m willing to look past your previous rejections, and I can give you everything you’d ever want and more.”

Did he just? He did not just. Your body burns with rage, feeling tense and taut like a spring.

“That’s enough, now-“ someone calls out.

“ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME DERRICK!?” you explode, releasing a fury that had been building within. “WHY THE FUCK WOULD I WANT YOU? YOU COCKY PRETENTIOUS PIECE OF SHIT!”

He staggers backwards. You race forward and pound your fists against the hard plastic window of the exam room, wishing you could strangle the pretty fucking rich boy’s neck.


Derrick stammers, incredulous. “But, the government-“

“LIKE I GIVE A SHIT!” you’re emboldened. “I PROMISE YOU – I AM GOING TO MARRY SANS, AND WE ARE GOING TO GET A BIG, BEAUTIFUL HOUSE TOGETHER, AND WE ARE GOING TO HAVE THE CUTEST FUCKING HUMAN/MONSTER HYBRID BABIES ANYONE HAS EVER SEEN.”

Derrick is speechless. He slinks away from the window. Yeah, you’d fucking better run, asshole. You’re going to marry a skeleton monster and there isn’t anything anybody can do about it. You’re feeling extremely determined.

“holy shit,” Sans breathes. He’s still fixed on the monitor. “you just broke the scale.” He points at something on the monitor, but Alphys is just looking at him, mouth open in shock. “see how the numbers have gone into the negatives? it’s an integer overflow problem. next time we’ll-“

He pauses, then straightens, realizing all eyes are on him. His face turns dark blue once he registers what you’d just said. Frisk taps Undyne’s arm with an open bag of popcorn, offering to share.

“Sans!” you call out to him, face flushed heatedly.

He doesn’t come. Flustered, instead he turns and runs out the door.

“SANS!” you cry out again, hurriedly slamming your body into the push bar on the exam room exit. Launching yourself past Undyne and Frisk, you chase him out into the hallway.
Want to know the best way to get a determined soul to do something? Tell them they can't. >:)

Also, your determination went over 65,535. 32bit integer problems :P
Oh god, please… Please don’t teleport away.

You round a corner and startle slightly as you almost run into him. His hands are on his face and his body is heaving. Oh good. He’s still here.

“Oh my god, Sans! I’m- I’m so…” you stumble as you move to put your arms around him, kneeling down on the tile floor to look up at him.

He takes his hands away, and he’s… Laughing?? Pale blue tears are falling from his eyes as he struggles to breathe. He wipes at them with the sleeves of his lab coat.

“Sans? Are you okay?”

“i’m fine. i’m… oh my god,” he struggles. He tries to compose himself, but just starts laughing again, leaning on his knees for support.

“… Sans?” you ask, confused.

He responds by holding your face and peppering your lips and cheeks with small kisses. “i’m so happy,” he mumbles in between rapid fire smooches. “i’m so, so happy. you actually want to… oh my god i love you. so much. i… oh.”

Oh. Your jaw drops open, and a lump in your throat forms rapidly and chokes you. Did he just?

Sans’ expression drops, his hands trembling slightly at the sides of your face.

“uhh…” he mumbles, his features tensing in fear. “s-see, actually, what i m-meant was…”

“Shut up,” you say, putting a finger firmly on his lips. You get to your feet as he looks at you, like you’re the scariest thing he’s ever seen in his entire life. You grab his hand firmly and try to pull him along behind you. “Let’s go.”

“wh-where are we going?” he stammers quietly, resisting your pull.

“A utility closet, or something. Labs have those, right?” you answer, looking down at him seductively. “I’m tired of seeing you in that lab coat, it’s driving me nuts. I want to tear it off of you as soon as possible, along with everything else you’re wearing.”

“whoa,” he breathes heatedly, cheek bones turning dark blue. “wait! can’t we, um, talk about this?” he struggles in your grasp.

You let his hand drop and pull him into you firmly with both arms wrapped around his back, kissing him longingly. His entire body is shaking, confused at the affection.

“wait,” he begs. “_____, i can explain-“

“I love you too, Sans,” you tell him, stroking the side of his head.
“o-oh!” he startles, then a smile breaks out across his adorable ivory face. “r-really?”

You kiss him again to confirm it.

“oh god, you’re incredible. i love you so much,” he purrs, pale blue tears forming at the corners of his eye sockets again. He wraps his arms around your back and presses the side of his face into your chest, crying quiet happy tears, never wanting to let you go. You pull him closer with one arm wrapped around his bony shoulders, the other tracing comforting circles on his scalp with your fingertips.

“Uhm…” a voice interrupts your moment. It’s the human scientist from before. “Very sorry to interrupt, miss _____, Doctor Aster… But, we weren’t quite done with all the tests yet.”

“Oh, so you are a Doctor,” you grin, squeezing his shoulder and kissing his head.

“ugh. just ‘cause they call me that here doesn’t mean i have a doctorate,” he grumbles into your arm.

“Well, you should,” the scientist argues suddenly. “After all, none of this would even be possible without your involvement in the project!”

“_____ Aster,” you muse out loud, lying on Sans’ bed next to him. Your fingers are interlaced with his, and he’s running his thumb idly along the side of your hand.

“what are you doing?”

“Just trying out my name with your last name. Y’know, in case we do get married someday,” you grin at him as his face turns blue.

“why are you doing that?” he asks. “expecting a proposal?” he grins, raising a brow bone at you.

You laugh softly. “It’s a thing girls do. Usually not out loud, but… Well, you know me.”

“all girls do it?”

“Yes,” you say firmly. “And if they say they don’t they’re dirty liars.”

“hmm,” he breathes, so relaxed next to you. “do you like it? _____ aster, i mean.”

“Yeah, it’s not bad,” you admit. “It’s such a unique last name. It’s cool.”

“mmm,” he moans. “… i like it, too,” he says, smiling. “_____ aster.”

“Hey,” you wonder. “How come yours and Papyrus’ last names aren’t where you’re from, like most other monsters?”

“not all monsters do that. some monsters, like asgore and tori, had last names already. it’s just that many didn’t before we came to the surface.”

“What’s the difference though? I mean, how come some monsters have last names and so many don’t?”

He rolls onto his side and smiles at you. “i’ll tell you sometime soon,” he promises, kissing your hand gently. “first though, I have a question for you.”
“That doesn’t seem very fair, since you didn’t answer mine,” you grumble.

“it’s an important question, though,” he smiles down at you.

“Okay fine, what’s your question?” you groan.

“did you, uh, really mean what you said today?” he asks gently, his hand tensing in yours. “when you were shouting at derrick… or, was that just because he’d pushed you?”

“I meant every word,” you confirm for him. His smile brightens. “I want a future with you, Sans. I don’t care what hoops we have to jump through to make that happen.” Rolling onto your side to face him, you trace his jaw bones with your fingers. “Are you okay, though?”

“why wouldn’t i be okay?”

“It’s just that… A lot of guys don’t really like it when girls get serious. Or at least, most of the guys I’ve dated – Except Drew, ughh – had some severe commitment issues. Did I push you? I mean… Are my hopes too high?”

He shakes his head in his hand, closing his eye sockets gently. “nope. that was the best news i’ve ever heard,” he grins brightly. “i mean, i really don’t know if we can actually make a lot of that stuff happen, but, knowing how determined you are, it makes me… i want to try.”

“What about… Kids?” you ask carefully, moving your fingers to explore his collarbones. “Is that… Something you want?”

He shrugs. “we can adopt. well, as soon as the government figures that out, anyway. monsters can’t adopt human kids – frisk’s an exception,” he chuckles. “kiddo tells me it took a lot of loads to get that to work out for them and tori.”

“But, Sans… Do you want kids of your own?” you emphasize.

Sans opens his eyes, looking past you at something very far away. “i don’t think it’s a good idea. i mean, not that we could.”

“Hypothetically, if we could,” you ask. “Would you want to? With me?”

“… i don’t know.”

Chapter End Notes

Fifty-seven chapters for the L word to get used. BAM! How's THAT for slow burn? And they STILL haven't even done the sex. But that's coming soon. Within the next few chapters. My version of Sans is such a romantic dork, he's waiting for something special :)

Also, apparently Sundays are for writing. I wanted to get these plot points and the foreshadowing out, in that I literally could not stop myself from writing them today. If another two chapters or more eke out of me today, please... Send help. I might have forgotten to eat. D:
The Bystander.

Just another average day of leaving class slightly ahead of schedule, and waiting for Sans in the student lobby to come and walk you home. You’re thumbing through your textbook idly as you lounge, not absorbing anything. The exam was tough, and you feel like you don’t actually know anything about subnetting after all. It is such a pain.

“_____!” someone calls out from behind you. Ah crap, that’s Derrick, isn’t it?

You turn your head from where you’re sitting on the couch. “‘Sup Derrick?” you say, giving him your best attempt at a stoic expression.

“I didn’t get a chance to properly apologize the other day,” he struggles, his eyes avoiding meeting yours.

“Oh!” you gasp, slightly surprised. “Uh, it’s okay, I guess? It actually helped them out.”

“What was that about, if you don’t mind my asking?”

“Apparently I have some crazy ability to regenerate my soul power or something, but it’s emotional,” you explain. “In order to demonstrate it, I had to get torn down emotionally so I would, uh… Explode.”

“I see,” he stammers, clearly less composed than he’d like to be. “Well, in any case, I do apologize for that. It was uncalled for.”

“Did you actually mean any of it?” you interrogate carefully. “That you, uhh, want to date me, or something?”

He flushes and then pales very quickly, eyes darting away. “Every word,” he coughs.

“Why?” you reflexively ask. “I mean, I’m such a bitch to you.”

“You’re different,” he admits, sliding his fingers into his jeans pockets and looking straight down at the floor. “You’re insufferable, abrasive, argumentative, brilliant, you spite your own beauty, uh… You’re nothing like other girls. I don’t know why it’s so damn attract- um…”

Wow. “You really do have a crush on me? Damn, Derrick, I had no idea.” How do you even process this right now? You’re going to marry a skeleton, damn it.

He looks up at you, eyebrows creased in annoyance. “It’s more than a crush,” he scoffs. “I’m completely taken with you. I’ve honestly never felt this way before,” he says, withdrawing a hand from his jeans to smooth out the sleeve of his black cashmere sweater. Why cashmere, and why a sweater? And in May?

“Did you just…?” Did he just?? “Confess that you love me?” You’re not sure what expression your face is making right now. It feels like one eyebrow is a lot lower than the other, and your mouth is twisted in a grimace.

His whole body flinches and his eyes dart in every direction around himself to see if anyone overheard you.

You slam the hard cover of your textbook closed and set it down next to your school bag on the
“Wow. Okay, uh, give me a second to process this?” you tell him, standing to move in front of him.

His eyes carefully look up to meet yours. Huh, they’re green. You’ve never noticed that before.

“Okay,” you start, letting out a breath. “Obviously, I really don’t feel the same way about you. Sorry,” you shrug apologetically.

He sighs deeply, but he nods. “I understand. You’ve made that quite clear, actually,” he smiles faintly.

“And even if I could return your feelings,” you continue, not really sure where you’re going with this. “I… You don’t love me the way I want to be loved. Listen, Derrick - You’re not half bad, but the kinds of things you’ve offered me in a relationship? I don’t want them. I really don’t do the whole princess treatment thing – I want to be independent and equal, even when with a partner,” you pause. “Does that make sense?”

“No,” he answers quickly. “And… Yes, I suppose it does,” he admits, resigned. “It’s consistent with what I know about you,” he smiles weakly.

“I guess… We can be friends, maybe?” you offer. “Just don’t think I’m leading you on or anything. I’ve already made my decision.”

His expression brightens slightly. “Really? You want to be friends?”

“Yeah, why not?” you shrug genially. “Besides, you’re kind of being an adorable dork right now, and I’m realizing that I know hardly anything about you. At the very least, we could study together? I’ve learned today that I hate subnetting. With a passion.”

He chuckles at that.

You pull your phone out of your pocket. “Want to trade numbers?” He nods, accepting your cell and taking his out of his back pocket. You enter your digits into his phone and vice versa, before trading them back.

“Fantastic,” he breathes. “Well, I guess I will talk to you later, then.”

As soon as he goes to turn away, the door opens and Sans steps through. He sees Derrick standing close to you, you with your phone still in your outstretched hand. His expression gets dark, but then his lips turn into a broad, obviously fake smile. The hell?

“Hey cutie!” you call out, sliding your phone back in your pocket and rushing to greet him.

You kiss his forehead and he holds you by your hips, but it’s different this time. He’s tense. He doesn’t relax under your affection, and he’s gripping you tightly.

“derrick,” Sans says finally. “don’t leave yet, i want to ask you about something.” Derrick stops in his tracks and looks up, seeming about as confused as you feel right now.

“What’s going on, Sans?” you ask, concerned.

“i just want to ask a couple questions about his test results,” Sans says with a shrug, running a hand up and down your side rather stiffly. Possessively.

“What can I help you with?” Derrick offers as he strides over to you and Sans.
Sans’ grip seems to tighten a degree, his hands flinching in place. “some of your stats from the scan were very interesting. did we ever go over what love and exp stand for?”

Derrick shakes his head. Sans chuckles darkly. Did the room just get colder? Sans resists letting you tear his hands away from your body, but eventually he does release you, and you move to stand behind him, holding his shoulders protectively.

“love stands for level of violence,” Sans explains. “it’s an acronym. it’s a measurement for a person’s capacity to hurt. higher numbers indicate depravity - a callous nature towards other life.”

Derrick seems to understand where Sans is going with this, but you’re not yet sure that you do. “Well, my ‘love’ value was only three, correct? That seems fairly low.”

“derrick, buddy, i don’t think you understand,” Sans continues tersely. You rub circles into his shoulders with your thumbs, not sure what you can say. He continues. “any number higher than a one means you’ve been involved in killing monsters.”

Your mouth drops open in surprise and your thumbs freeze in place. Derrick looks like he’s going to faint. “B-But,” he stammers. “I-I didn’t-”

“now,” the small, suddenly intimidating skeleton continues. “here’s the really strange part. exp is another measurement we have, and it stands for execution points. normally, when humans have love, they have exp, too,” he explains. “if you had exp, maybe i would be all right with that – maybe some monster scared you, and you lashed out in self-defense? it happens, i understand. but, you don’t have any exp. not one point.”

“What does that mean?” Derrick struggles.

“it means,” Sans’ breathing has gotten haggard. “that you didn’t kill any monsters yourself. it means that you were there where monsters were being killed, and you just watched it happen.”

“Derrick!” you gasp. “What the fuck!”

“It was a while ago!” he backpedals. “Back in February, some friends invited me on some ‘outing’ – I had no idea what they meant by that, honestly!” Derrick looks like he feels his sins crawling on his back.

“You’ve been hanging out with murderers, Derrick?” you interrogate, feeling very angry. God, no wonder Sans was so upset right now! “That’s disgusting!”

He looks like he wants to run away, maybe jump on his private jet and go anywhere else in the world right now. Sans is vibrating with that static charge in the air. You’re not sure what you can do to help the situation, besides grip Sans’ shoulders tighter to hold him back.

“listen, bud. make me a deal, and i’ll let this slide,” Sans offers, shrugging his shoulders. He sounds entirely too pleasant right now, what is his game?

Derrick nods enthusiastically. “Anything. I’m so sorry. What can I do to help?”

Sans holds his hand out in the air in front of him, and Derrick eyes it suspiciously. Maybe he wants a handshake? No, instead, Derrick’s cell phone materializes out of thin air, falling half an inch into his bony palm.

“i’m going to put my number in here. text or call me if they ever contact you again, with any details you have.” Sans’ bony thumbs are hard at work entering his phone into Derrick’s contacts.
Derrick turns slightly, feeling his pockets. “Is that my phone?” he asks bewildered.

Sans offers it back to him. “keep me informed on any more of these ‘outings’, and i won’t give you a bad time. that’s the deal.”

“I accept it gracefully,” your classmate breathes. “Any information I have is yours.”

“i shouldn’t have done that,” Sans grumbles on the walk home, finally breaking the uncomfortable silence.

You give his hand a supportive squeeze in response.

“love and exp… that’s supposed to be confidential information that stays in the lab,” he explains. “i shouldn’t have confronted him about it so publicly, or in front of you. i’m sorry babe,” he apologizes, eyes directed at the ground.

“I get why you did it,” you nod. “But, yeah, maybe that was the wrong move?”

“i was going to try and talk to him anyway, but it could have waited until he returned to the lab, or until you weren’t there to hear it,” he chuckles darkly. “that wasn’t very fair to the kid. you and him just became friends, and i come in and tear it all down on him.”

“Were you eavesdropping on us?” you ask, squeezing his hand tighter.

“uh. sorry. a little bit, yeah,” he grumbles.

“Aha,” you understand. “You’re jealous!”

Sans’ face bluens and he tries to hide his chin in the front of his t-shirt. It doesn’t work. “n-no, i-i… well…”

“He’s no match for you, you know,” you grin at him.

“really?” he asks, sounding surprised. “i mean… why not?”

“What do you mean ‘why not’? You’re my cute little bone boy!”

“w-well…” he mumbles. “it just occurs to me, if maybe we never made it out from underground, you’d be with a human, instead. and, i hate it, but derrick’s right – he can provide you with anything… anything you wanted. you wouldn’t have to struggle like you do right now… i don’t think i could ever provide a comfortable life for you like he could.”

Stopping in your tracks, you pull on Sans’ arm so you can kneel down and hug him tightly around the ribs.

“r-really? in the middle of the sidewalk?”

“Sans,” you purr, looking up into his eyes. “I chose you. I didn’t do that because it would mean an easy life. I did that because I love you.”

He relaxes, then gives you a kiss on the lips. “i love you too, _____,” he smiles gently.

“So don’t you dare think about stuff like that, okay?” you order. “No feelings of inadequacy or
what-if scenarios are allowed. New rule.”

“you should get up off your knees, babe. you’re going to get your pants all dirty,” he grins.

“I will, when you promise me that you’ll stop thinking about me and Derrick. It’ll never happen,” you inform him, extending a pinky.

“heh. okay, it’s a promise.” He hooks his pinky around yours, and you bob your joined hands up and down to seal it.

Rising to your feet, you kiss him passionately again. “Awesome. Now, when can I tear off all your clothes?” you continue forward towards the apartment, quickening your pace. Five minutes from now would be good, you think.

His blue blushing is tremendously adorable. “not yet,” he shakes his head.

You frown. “UGH! When, then!?”

“just be patient,” he grins. Maybe he enjoys making you wait frustrated, just as much as you like to make him blush with your outbursts and public displays of affection? Damn it, it’s not fair! “i have a plan. i want to make it special.”

“But none of the other times we do it are going to be all that special!” you whine. “Why does the first time have to be??”

“i guess it’s a rule,” he snickers, knowing he has you beat at your own game. Damn him!

“Can you give me a date, or something? Some kind of timeline?”

“may thirtieth,” he nods. “surface day.”

You blush furiously. “Really?? Okay, I can do May thirtieth. That’s in like, five days?”

“i know,” he attempts to turtle into his shirt again. It’s adorable, but it doesn’t work.

“Hey, try to relax, okay?” you retake his hand. “It’s nothing to be afraid of.”

“then why am i still so nervous?” he mumbles.

“’Cause you’ll get to do the most intimate thing ever with this crazy good looking flesh bag,” you beam at him, putting your hands against your hips and pulling his hand along with yours.

He looks you up and down, eyeing your sweat pants and comfy stained t-shirt inquisitively. His blush turns darker and he chuckles softly to himself. You laugh with him.

“you’re certainly one of a kind, _____,” he snickers.
“You can’t wear bum clothes to a job interview, nerd!”

“But I like my bum clothes,” you grumble. “And these are my nicest ones!” you fluff out your old cardigan with your hands for emphasis. It’s a little loose on you, you guess.

Something grey and large hits you hard in the face. It’s a women’s suit jacket. Oh good. Not a cinderblock, then. You touch your nose experimentally. Maybe one of the plastic buttons hit first.

“Borrow that from me,” Undyne orders. She continues digging through her closet and finds a pair of slacks that work with it. This time you managed to dodge and avoid catching it with your nose.

“That too. Do you have a blouse?”

“Ugh, no. I was thinking I could get away with a tank top with lacy trim.”

“I know your lacy trim tank top,” she groans. “It’s stained.”

You only sigh your response. Seems like the safest move.

“We’re going shopping. Let’s get you some real clothes!” the fish woman cheers happily, grabbing her purse.

“No!” you protest. “I can’t afford it!” And you hate being dressed up! But that’s like, Undynes new favourite thing now. Ughhh.

“I’ll cover it.”

“UNDYNE, NO!”

“Or, would it help if Sans got the bill?” her yellow slitted eye twinkles at you.

“But that means he has to come with us!” you whimper. “That’s even worse.”

“Well, you could pay me back?” she sighs. “Would that help?”

You groan your response. She growls right back at you.

“PUNK, LOOK,” she charges on aggressively. “Like it or not, this shopping trip’s got to happen! Who would you prefer to go with you? Sans or me?”

“Neither,” you sputter.

“BOTH IT IS, THEN!” she cackles malevolently, grabbing you by the hand and wrenching you out the door.

Your best friend is a scaly fish monster, and she is pure fucking evil. How exactly did your life get like this again?
“It fits!” you call out.

“It fits!” you call out.

“DUH! I know that. Hurry up and come out, I need to see how it looks on you!”

“Do I have to?”

“Do I have to?”

“Don’t make me get Sans to teleport in there and PUSH you out!”

“Don’t make me get Sans to teleport in there and PUSH you out!”

You practically fall against the door of the cramped change room, hands up in surrender. “All right! All right, I’m out!”

Undyne quietly gasps, raising a hand to rest her chin in to, her eye sweeping across your body. Sans’ eye sockets go wide, his cheeks erupting in a deep, periwinkle blue. You slump into your shoulders, reaching for the pockets of the pants. They’re sewn shut. Great.


“Like I suddenly live under a microscope? Also, these pants don’t stretch at all.”

“That’s normal for dress pants, you big dork,” Undyne sighs. She looks down to Sans. “Well, we’ve got about a mid-scale blush from the bone bag. So it’s flattering, but maybe a little sexy?”

“The ‘Sans blush scale’ is not a thing.”

“It’s TOTALLY a thing!” she cackles. Pure evil. “Any thoughts, Sans?”

“n-nothing I can articulate right now,” Sans mutters, looking shyly up at you. “… you look really nice.”

Well, maybe clothes shopping isn’t that horrible, you think. After all, it means you get to make Sans blush and get flustered in public, which is literally the best thing ever.

Undyne comes over and shoves you back into the change room. “Next, try on that dress!”

“Ack! I don’t understand why I have to have a dress, anyways! I mean, it’s not like I can wear this to an interview! It’s too short,” you protest.

“You need a dress because you don’t have ANY dresses!” you hear her scoff.

“But I’ll have the one from your wedding, won’t I?”

“That’s too formal! You need something flirty for other things, too!”

After taking off the blouse and pants, you grab the hanger with the dress, holding it out in front of you as you sigh. The neckline dips down lower than you’d ever be comfortable with, and the skirt ends above the knee. It’s your favourite colour, but as far as you’re concerned, that’s all it has going for it. Well, that, and it’ll almost certainly make Sans blush, too. You go to pull it on.

“Are you done yet?” Undyne calls.

“Relax Undyne, it’s only been like thirty seconds!” you growl. You take a moment to adjust the straps so that it doesn’t hang quite so far down your cleavage before stepping out. “Tah-fucking-dah,” you say, your voice completely monotone.

“Oh my god,” she mutters, putting a hand over her mouth. She looks down at Sans, and flips out pointing at him. “NAVY! We’ve got FULL NAVY BLUE, ladies and gentleman!”

“NAVY! We’ve got FULL NAVY BLUE, ladies and gentleman!”
Sans breathes heavily and tries to cover his dark blue face with his bony palms.

“You’re buying that.” Undyne orders, nodding approvingly.

You grasp at the price tag and your eyes widen. “This is over a hundred dollars though!”

“then i’m buying that,” Sans interjects happily, rocking on his heels.

“Sans.”

“in fact, does it have to be special occasions? or can you just wear it all the time?”

“SANS!”

“maybe we should get two,” he giggles. “or seven. one for each day of the week.”

“Ohh my god Sans, you are not buying me seven dresses today!”

“you’re right,” he chuckles, thoroughly enjoying your flushed expression. “i’m buying you ten. what other colours do they have?”

“Will you stop!?”

He startles a bit and stops rocking in place, his blush fading and his smile falls. Crap. You hadn’t meant to shriek like that.

“I’m sorry. Look – I’m way outside of my comfort zone here,” you point out, pinching at the fabric of the dress for emphasis. “I didn’t mean to yell. I just… Could you please stop teasing me?”

“sorry,” he mumbles into his blue sweatshirt. “i really like... i got carried away.” His cheeks turn a pale shade of blue again.

“It’s fine, I guess,” you forgive.

“We’re still getting you that dress, though,” Undyne adds. Sans nods up and down sharply, freeing his chin from his sweater.

“Wyyyy,” you whimper.

“Wear it to Surface Day,” she suggests easily. Sans nods even more enthusiastically, his blue cheeks going darker.

“Do I even have a choice here?”

Sans shakes his head, grinning at you. Undyne cackles. You roll your eyes in annoyance, returning to the temporary safety of the cramped changing room.

Sans and Undyne split the purchases, spending a dizzying amount of money on clothes for you – way more than the requisite interview outfit. You insist on collecting the receipts to know how much to pay them back, but while Undyne surrenders hers easily, Sans eats his. You threaten to immediately go back and try to return the dress in retaliation, but he teleports all the bags home before you can react, grinning adorably, clearly very proud of himself.

It’s hard not to feel guilty when you’re conscious of how much they’re spending on clothes for you, but you try your best to not hold it against them. As uncomfortable as it is for you, you know they’re just trying to look after you. They have no motives beyond that. Besides, Sans has had a big dopey
grin on his face the entire time you’ve been out with them. You smile down at him, giving his hand a light squeeze. He grins back up at you, returning his affection. For that alone, maybe shopping with them wasn’t so bad?

“So _____, I’ve been thinking,” Undyne begins, looking off to the side. “We have one more place we should go.”

“Wha-? But I thought we were done already!” your protest is immediate.

Undyne just grins, then gestures broadly to the store you’re about to pass. The displays are wearing lacy lingerie and underwear. Oh no.

You mentally withdraw your earlier thoughts. Shopping with Undyne and Sans is literally the worst thing in the entire world.

“I don’t need-!” your protest is immediate.

“Yes, you do,” Undyne crosses her arms and glowers at you.

Something taps your arm. You look down at Sans, his eyes fixated on one of the mannequins in the window, and tapping your arm with his wallet. His dark blue cheeks can’t hide in his sweat shirt this time. Wait, is he offering to buy underwear for you?

“SANS NO,” you hiss.

“sans yes. sans always,” he responds shyly, but grinning broadly.

Before you can protest again, Undyne’s gripped you by the waist and has already pulled you bodily into the lingerie store. Jesus. That’s way more jarring than Sans’ teleporting you everywhere.

“UNDYNE!” you gasp. “WHAT THE FU-“

“Listen up, nerd!” she scolds in a rasping whisper. “I don’t fully understand your issues with money or clothes, but you need to understand something here: I have NEVER seen Sans happier than he is when he’s with you.”

“Whoa, okay.”

“And,” she continues, already tearing through a bin of panties looking for acceptable candidates in your size. “He’s totally having a BLAST today doting on you and buying you things! So you need to SUCK IT UP, and get something frilly to thank him with, because it will blow his mind.”

“UNDYNE! I don’t do… I have never bought sexy underwear for a guy before. I don’t want to be someone’s doll they can just dress up, and-“

She shoves a couple pairs of underwear into your arms and your face gets heated, a mix of anger and embarrassment boiling to the surface. “I’m no psychologist, but you need to fix your brain. LOOK! You want to do the nerd, right!? You want to get him in bed with you?”

Blushing for a totally different reason now, you nod sharply once.

“Then why not spur him on by wrapping it up with a bow?” she adds with a broad, toothy smile. She hands you another pair of underwear with a ribbon on the front. “Don’t think of it like whatever you think it is, think of it as pretty wrapping paper. A gift he gets to open,” she concludes wolfishly.

You wonder briefly if Undyne’s got more determination in this than even you do. But it makes you
stop and think. You could just throw the underwear back and her and run screaming from the mall, or… But, maybe, something ‘frilly’ would help Sans relax a bit?

Chapter End Notes

My version of Undyne has no boundaries :P I also am trying to use her as a positive source of feminine wisdom and advice, despite being kind of crazy and sporty too. I've been fighting with myself over this chapter for a while, so let me know how it reads :)
“so when can i see them?”

“Surface Day, duh,” you tease.

“aww, come on!”

You nearly jump out of your skin when two bony fingers find their way into the waistband of your pajama pants. You grip the edge of the stove for support, trying to keep some distance from the hot frying pan in front of you. “SANS! I’m in the middle of cooking!? And no, I’m not wearing any of the new ones right now,” you hiss.

“but i wanna see,” he whimpers playfully.

Well, at least the whole underwear fiasco has got him more interested. “Tomorrow night,” you grin at him, carefully flipping over a crepe. “You know, if you really wanted to see them it’s not like I can really hide them from you,” you sigh.

“are you giving me permission to look?” he beams. “i thought it’d be rude, plus you seem to want it to be a surprise.”

“I’m only making you wait because you’ve made me wait so long,” you say, sticking your tongue out at him teasingly. He scowls, but you know there’s no malice behind it. “But I mean, I basically live in your bedroom right now. It wouldn’t take much for you to find them and peek, and that’s before taking your crazy teleportation magic into consideration.”

“just didn’t want to be rude, i guess,” he repeats with a shrug, blue dusting his cheek bones. “plus, i kind of want to see them on you the first time.”

“You mean, our first time?” you smirk seductively.

His cheeks darken and he withers away at the thought. But, he’s still smiling. You remove the last crepe and hand him his plate, nodding your head towards the card table.

“Let’s eat,” you suggest. “You have work and I have class in a few minutes.”

On your way over to the table, Sans’ phone buzzes in his pocket. As he sits down he slides it out and inspects the new text message.

“Who’s it from?” you ask, cutting the thin pancakes into shreds and picking up a lump on your fork with a slice of strawberry. With the chocolate syrup it barely qualifies as a brunch type food, but it’s another variant on pancakes (Which Sans loves) and something he also hasn’t tried yet.

“derrick if you can believe it,” he chuckles darkly. “he’s sent me some info – there’s apparently a ‘human pride’ forum where they organize... ‘outings’.”

“Oh shit,” you mumble through your food, covering your mouth instinctively. “Can I see?”

“i’d really rather you didn’t,” he grumbles. “besides, i’m not worried.”
“Why not? To both, I mean.”

“well, for the first one, they’re saying some pretty awful stuff. about me, you, and us,” he admits. Then he chuckles again.

“Then… Why aren’t you worried?”

“because this post is over two months old,” he beams. “guess what, babe?”

“Hmmm?” you mumble, another bite of delicious crepes and strawberries already in your mouth.

“you’ve been protecting me,” he laughs. You shoot him a quizzical look before he continues. “they’ve got a ‘hit’ out on me, with a reward and everything for ‘stealing’ you, but there’s a lot of frustrated comments on here because they haven’t been able to catch me alone.”

“Damn,” you swallow. “Kind of didn’t see that coming.”

“me either. i’m so used to it being the other way around.”

“You know, your food’s getting cold, sweetie.”

“right, sorry,” he mumbles, putting his phone away and turning to his plate.

“And I want the link to that forum,” you demand, pointing your fork with a skewered strawberry at him.

“_____ no!” Sans startles.

“_____ yes. You don’t have to protect me so much, you know? And if it’s that bad, then I definitely need to know so we can both be on our guard.”

He grumbles, running his bony hands down his face in mild frustration. “but… they say some pretty scary things. horrible things,” he mutters.

“Look, remember when you deleted my texts from Drew and I got really pissed off?” He withers in his seat, but nods his head slightly. “This is like that. This is personal, and I’m part of it just as much as you are, so don’t try and hide it from me.”

“fine,” he submits, picking up a strawberry on his fork. “i’ll show you later though, okay?”

“That’s fair. Not sure I want to be thinking about it during class.”

“Thanks, Derrick.”

He looks up from his assignment sheet like a deer in the headlights. “What? What for?”

“For helping out Sans,” you grin at him.

“Oh!”

“Yeah. I was there when he got your text this morning.”

He looks away and blushes a bit. Is it so hard to believe you can be nice to him?
“My pleasure,” he mutters absently.

Satisfied, you turn back to your assignment and let out a deep sigh. Supernetting. Subnetting’s evil step cousin. Fortunately, your phone buzzes in your pocket, creating a convenient distraction. You gasp slightly in surprise, with maybe a small amount of relief mixed in.

Oh no. It’s Frisk.

* sans is in trouble. you need 2 leave asap

* What? Where?

* catch bus to the arcade. gogogog

Why’d he go there? You stand from your seat, gripping the edge of the desk. Your school bag, textbook, and work just fell to the bottom of your priority list. Bringing you coat might still be a good idea though. You grab it off the back of your chair as you try and maneuver around one of the nerds flanking you. Why couldn’t you get an end row seat?

“What do you think you’re going? If you leave now I’ll have to mark you absent,” Richard barks from the front of class.

“Sorry - There’s an emergency. I’ll do whatever make-up work you want,” you mumble on your way out.

Falling against the exit door of the school, you run for the bus, but something makes you stop in your tracks.

It’s Drew.

Chapter End Notes

The fic got away from me again - There's some violence in the next chapter, although Reader doesn't get into any fights directly, just witnesses a couple of small scuffles. Should I warn for it and mark it due to possible triggers? Let me know what you think :)
VIOLENCE WARNING for this chapter! If you want to skip it for personal/anxiety reasons, I'll put a sanitized summary at the top of the next one for you.

Get the fuck out of my way, Drew,” you hiss. He moves to block the door.

“Where do you think you’re going, dollface?” he flirts aggressively, firmly planted against the door frame.

You try to use a different exit, but he beats you to it.

“If you don’t get the hell out of the way, this is not going to end well for you,” you threaten.

Drew scoffs. “What are you going to do about it?”

You’ve never been in a fight before, but you pull your arm back anyways. You also know Drew has some obscure martial arts training from when he was a kid. It’s not going to end well for you, either, but you’re determined to make good on your threat. A hand catches your arm and you nearly jump out of your skin.

“I don’t know what’s going on,” Derrick releases your arm when you flail. “But it seems important, so I followed you out. And I find I dislike his tone,” he nods towards Drew, his expression darkening.

“Who the fuck are you?” Drew balks.

Derrick, you remember from his earlier ‘flirting’, is a black belt in… Crap, what was it again? He answers with a classy smirk, immediately followed by a swift kick to Drew’s shins, taking him down before the asshole can muster up any sort of defense.

Holy shit! Is this really happening right now? Two guys are actually fighting over you, and you’re dating neither of them. Seeing the pitched battle unfold in front of you has put you into a state of anxious shock.

“RUN!” Derrick yells amidst the scuffle.

“NO! Stop her!” Drew screams.

You snap out of it, deciding to take Derrick’s advice, and launch yourself down to the bus stop.

*sry i couldn’t txt n e sooner. Frisk texts. i wuz grounded again.*

* Can you tell me what’s going on?
* snas is stupid sometimes. hes tryin 2 help a monster. Frisk explains while you’re anxiously waiting on the bus, looking out the window and praying the driver will pass a couple smaller stations without having to stop. he can dodge 4 a wile, bt if he gets tired, or they hit him 1 time, hes dust.

A lump forms in your throat. It would only take one hit for your boyfriend to **die**!?

* Holy crap Frisk! If it was that urgent, maybe I should’ve gotten a ride, or… Damn, I don’t know!

* trust me. yull get ther in time. get off at the rcade.

They mean the movie theatre, don’t they? It’s so odd sometimes what Frisk does and doesn’t know. They’ve never been to the theatre’s small arcade, yet they know of it. Probably from another timeline where this crazy rescue mission on a city bus didn’t work. Your stomach twists angrily at the thought. *Please let him be okay.*

Once your stop comes up and you get off the bus, Frisk texts you with directions for where to go. It’s not at the arcade, just in the bad neighbourhood that exists behind it. Apparently they’re fighting in the space between two brick houses, where there’s a dirt path flanked by dead grass and a school’s baseball diamond beyond. It’s not long before you hear the shouting.

“**HOLD STILL!**”

“Grab his coat!”

“**Damnit, GET BACK HERE!!**”

You turn a corner and finally get to see what’s happening. One of the thugs notices you immediately and drops his bat.

“**SHIT! How is she here? Darkmoon said-**” he stammers. He doesn’t look any older than eighteen.

“**FUCK IT, JUST RUN!!**” another cries.

The three thugs take off, and you chase after them for a few steps before you turn to look at Sans.

“babe! look, i-“ he starts, having to take in raspy breaths.

You pick up the baseball bat. It’s wood, kind of inexpensive, and has seen a lot of use. There are flecks of white dust on it. You swing it into the side of the brick house next to you. It splinters down the middle. You strike again. And again. It splits fully and crumples in your hands.

Sans winces at the violent destruction of the weapon. You drop what’s left of the bat and turn to him, boiling with rage.

“**WHAT THE FUCK!??**” you shriek. “Seriously, WHAT. THE **FUCK**, SANS??”

“the kid sent you, huh,” he mumbles, running a hand along the back of his head.

“No fucking **SHIT**, you complete and utter **numbskull!!**”

Heart pounding out of your chest, you slump to the ground and cover your eyes with your palms, burying your nails into your hair. You feel him sit down on the dead grass next to you. He breathes for a minute, trying to calm down. You feel his fingers tangle in your hair, trying to comfort you, but instead your own breathing gets ragged as you start to cry.
“i’m sorry, babe,” he says, his voice soft.

“Never do that again,” you say, your voice strangled by a sob.

“i don’t know if i can promise that,” he admits.

“What in hell inspired you to come all the way out here to fight a group of teenage thugs, anyway?”

He opens his phone and shows you. There’s a post on the human pride forum about an outing. A monster lives in an apartment nearby, and takes this gap between houses as a shortcut. They talk about cornering it today, in the afternoon.

“So you thought you’d get yourself killed trying to stage a one-man rescue?” you ask incredulously, wiping your eyes on your sleeves.

“getting killed wasn’t part of the plan. but, yeah.”

“You can’t EVER do that again!”

“and i can’t just let monsters die.”

“So, what? You’re solely responsible for the safety of all monsters? You couldn’t call for help?”

“i’m the only one who can help.”

“Bullshit.”

His fingers stop their massage of your scalp, and he brings his hands together in his lap. “no, really. i… i’m the only monster who can use magic the way that i do. i can teleport that kid to safety, i can-”

“I’m not talking about magic, I’m talking about help,” you cut him off dismissively. “Are you really so messed up that you can’t ask for help from any of the friends you have around you?”

“but… they can’t…”

“Undyne, Alphys, Papyrus, Mettaton, Frisk,” you count them off. “Shit, even I can be useful as a distraction. After all, I just saved your stupid ass.”

He grimaces. “there are strict rules about magic… we’re not supposed to use any of it on humans, or they’ll freak out. frisk says it never works out well in any timeline,” he explains. “monsters can’t defend themselves because of that rule… but i can provide a quick escape for them, at least.”

“That doesn’t mean you have to handle it all alone,” you scold. You wrap your arms around his shoulders and squeeze him gently. Resting your forehead against the side of his skull, you notice that his porous scalp is sweating slightly. “Nothing you’ve said means you have to do it all, all by yourself.”

“i can’t let monsters die. i can’t do it,” he struggles, shaking slightly in your arms. You gently pull his head down to rest on your shoulder. “not anymore.”

“Shhh. I’m not asking you to stop,” you murmur softly to him, trying to understand his baggage. “I’m just saying, don’t do it alone.”

“wait.” He looks up at you anxiously. “you’re not going to try and stop me?”
“I don’t want anyone to die either,” you soothe, massaging his smooth, but slightly pliable scalp with your fingertips. “I know you want to do the right thing, Sans. I just don’t want to see you try to do it all on your own. I almost lost you today.”

“oh…” he sighs, his tiny body beginning to relax.

“I love you, Sans.”

“i love you too, _____.

“You know… We should probably get home, we have an overnight trip to pack for,” you remind him. “Think we could take a shortcut?” you ask with a wink.

Sans smiles. “it’s short notice, but i think i can navigate it.”

Chapter End Notes

This is how Sans has to fight: No telekinesis (Not even to disarm people), no teleporting people to rooftops elsewhere, no Gaster blasters, nothing. He just dodges indefinitely to piss them off and tire them out. Sorry, folks. There are heavy background reasons for why no dunking can occur, but I hope that in some of the future chapters, you’ll like how I manage to bend my own rules a bit :)}
“So you were just pissing them off by dodging all their attacks? Do you have a death wish or something?!” you ask incredulously, now in the safety of the boys’ apartment.

He chuckled a bit at that. “what can i say? it tickled my funny bone.”

“Why not just teleport yourself away with the kid? Wouldn’t that be more efficient, and a lot less dangerous?” Besides, with how tired he’d looked when you caught up with him, it was clearly a bit of a workout for the lazy bones. “I mean, it’s not like you can fight back with the whole magic thing – All you can do is evade, until they get you eventually.”

“the hope was that there wouldn’t be an eventually,” he shrugs. “i thought i could teleport away before then.”

“Well, clearly that was a bad move,” you growl.

When Sans teleported you both back that afternoon, you immediately insisted that you both go to school and pick up your things from class. Your teacher decided to be lenient and said he’d let you turn in the assignment tomorrow when you came in, but still marked you absent since class had only just begun when you left. You felt compelled to check in on Derrick too, but no one really had any information. You caught up with a mall security guard and asked about the fight, but he shrugged and said that the police took care of it, whatever that means. He’d kind of saved your bacon there, so you fired off a brief text thanking him, resolving to check up on him tomorrow.

He knocks on the bedroom door. “hey, are you ready yet?”

You grumble as you work the straps of the dress. “I guess?”

The door swings open and he looks at you. His eyes shine as they explore your body, and it makes you cringe and hold your elbow in response. They fall on your legs, and his broad smile dips slightly. “what are those?”

“Black leggings,” you answer. “I’m not used to wearing a skirt this short, so I thought I’d sneak out and buy a pair? That way, if my skirt flies up during the party I’ll still be decent.”

“mmm,” he moans thoughtfully. “i think i liked the dress better without them.”

“I also wanted to make sure you couldn’t steal a peek,” you tease him with a wink. “But don’t worry cutie, you can tear them off me later tonight.”

His cheek bones turn dark blue at the thought as he nervously clinks his fingers along the back of his cervical vertebrae. “a-are we ready to go then?”

“Let’s check.”

Sans had gathered everything on or around the small card table in the boys’ livingroom: A tent for two, two sleeping bags, a cooler full of soda and some sandwiches you had made earlier, plus a couple of blankets and your school bag, repurposed to hold a change of clothes for the both of you, as well as spare socks and underwear. You pull on the long coat Undyne’s loaned you for the
evening. It’s one of her nicer ones, and a neutral tan colour that she said would work well with your shorter dress.

“Well… Is that everything?” you ask, turning to Sans.

“there’s a couple more things,” he shrugs, grinning. “but they’re surprises. i’ll pick them up on the way.”

“Should I be worried?” you ask, raising an eyebrow at him.

He just chuckles, shaking his head no. Then he holds out his hands for yours.

“ready?”

You slide your hands into his. “As I’ll ever be.”

“next stop; ebott texas.”

You gasp. The warm air hits you before you can blink. You look around at your new surroundings, the sun still high enough to light up everything. It’s not as arid as you’d expected for Texas. You’re standing on a small outcropping looking down at a valley full of green trees, with a narrow river running through them around the base of the mountain. In the far off distance there’s a city – A human one, you’re sure, with some tall buildings on the outskirts – But you’re not familiar enough with American geography or with where Mount Ebott even is to know for sure which city it might be.

“are you okay?” Sans asks, gently squeezing your hands to bring you back down to Earth.

“Yeah,” you mumble. “It’s beautiful here. So green. I had no idea.”

“not a bad view, right? this is the first thing we saw when we finally reached the surface,” he beams.

You reach down and hug the small skeleton around his shoulders. He puts his hands on your waist, squeezing you back tenderly.

“let’s go see everyone,” he suggests, withdrawing from the embrace and retaking one of your hands in his warm ceramic fingers.

It’s a short hike from the small rocky outcropping to the large clear plateau where all the other monsters have gathered. Undyne spots you first and leaps over to grip you in a strong hug, lifting you clear off your feet.

“Glad you came, nerd!” she smiles toothily at you. Setting you down so you can catch your breath, her lips turn down at the sight of you. “What’s on your legs? Those SUCK.”

“Hey, I needed a way to keep the surprise a surprise – Especially if I’m going to be hiking through brush and getting picked up by monsters!” you huff.

She laughs. “Whatever. Hey, you should check in with Asgore.”

“The… You mean the King?” you stammer.

“He’s just a big fluffy dork, don’t get shy!” she slaps you on the back encouragingly, ushering you towards the crowd. Sans tugs quickly at your skirt.

“i’m gunna go find papyrus, okay?”
“Okay sweetie,” you smile, planting a quick kiss on his lips. “Love you, catch up with you later!”

Undyne drags you through to meet all of her friends, which seems to include an assortment of dogs. You briefly wonder if it’s okay to scratch them behind the ears, but decide to try it anyway, and it turns out that this befriends them quite immediately. They pant happily and box you in until Undyne leaps in and rescues you, planting you firmly in front of a large monster. He turns at Undyne’s prompting and you see that he has white fur, large horns, long floppy ears, and a golden mane. And a crown.

“ASGORE! Meet my best friend, _____!”

You numbly stick out your hand to greet him. So, this is the King of all monsters? He reminds you a bit of a lion, with the mane and snout, but with the horns and fur of a mountain goat.

“Oh!” he startles. “Howdy! I was not expecting to see another human here,” he starts, eyeing your offered hand.

“I invited her,” another, gentler voice interrupts. A similar monster to him, obviously a female with the long flowing purple dress, strides up beside him and places a large paw on his shoulder comfortingly. “You are the one dating Sans, are you not?” she asks.

“Oh, yeah,” you mumble. “I’m _____.”

“It is a delight to finally meet you, _____! Greetings, I am Toriel,” she introduces herself, extending a paw to accept your handshake. It feels just like the paws of all the dogs you were just petting, warm with large pads and her claws trimmed short.

“Nice to meet you too, Queen Toriel,” you greet the towering goat woman, inclining your head in a slight bow.

“Oh!” she laughs. “Please, there is no need to be so formal. You may call me Toriel. Or Tori, if you would prefer!” she smiles warmly at you.

“Oh good,” you sigh, slumping your shoulders forward and relaxing slightly. “I’m really out of my comfort zone here,” you admit, hoping you don’t sound too casual in front of the King and Queen.

“Well, let us see what we can do about that,” she beams, gently taking you by the shoulders and guiding you into the crowd.

Toriel introduces you to a few more monsters. Most of them are shy, and many don’t even have hands to accept a handshake with. Many of them startle at the sight of another human, but relax in Toriel’s presence. You feel a bit relaxed around her, too. She has this innate motherly aura that makes you feel so comfortable you could melt.

She finds Frisk among the monsters, wiggling their hips next to a monster that looks like a gelatin mold. Frisk looks up at you and startles nervously. Then they bring their hands up to their chest and sweep them downwards and outwards, fingers loose – ‘Dress’ – followed by two thumbs up and a big smile. You ask to be introduced to their small jelly friend, and they quickly sign out M-O-L-D-M-A-L with their hand. In response, you jump in line next to the odd little monster, and wiggle your hips just like you saw Frisk do a moment ago. Frisk laughs and the jelly ripples joyfully at your antics.

“Darling!” a familiar, abrasively metallic yet effeminate voice calls out to you. You turn just in time to get lifted off the ground again, this time by a pair of flexible metal arms wrapping around you several times.
“Hey Metts,” you rasp. “I can’t breathe…”

Mettaton sets you down after a moment, eyeing your outfit. “_____, you look absolutely ravishing in that dress!” he observes happily, daintily placing a hand on his metal chin. “May I assume this was Undyne’s work? It’s very flattering for your figure!”

“DUH!” she calls out, arm around Papyrus’ neck a short distance away. The tall skeleton waves at you, shouting something strangled in his best friend’s grasp.

“Well, you look absolutely gorgeous!” he admires, nodding to himself. “You should really let me take you shopping some time, I would LOVE to contribute to your new wardrobe!”

“So you hate my clothes too, huh,” you grumble. “And, uh, no thanks Metts. I think one shopping trip with monsters was enough for me,” you flush.

“Well, I suppose I’ll have to work to change your mind,” he challenges you teasingly.

“New topic; How’s Hollywood?” you distract.

He sighs dramatically, rustling his hair with his metal fingers. “Dreadfully boring, I’m afraid! If I didn’t have my Papy with me for most of it, I would probably collapse from the monotony!”

“That’s too bad,” you offer weakly. How could Hollywood be boring? For a metal monster superstar? Surely he was getting invited to parties all over – Real ones, that is, not ‘parties’ with Papyrus – and being fawned over by fan girls?

“It truly is, sweetheart, but do not worry – Once we’re done filming the season, I don’t believe I will renew my contract for another,” he explains.

“Oh wow, really?” you ask, mildly taken aback. “You know, I did catch a couple of episodes a while ago – You play Stavros really well, I thought.”

His eyes widen and he rests his fingers on his chest with a gasp, flattered by your compliment. “I had no idea you were a fan, beautiful! Oh, well that changes things, I suppose!”

You grip your arm shyly and look away. “It’s, uh, been a while since I watched any GH, and I actually thought they’d jumped the shark when I heard you were playing Stavros, but… The show could definitely use your charm, even as a minor villain,” you shrug. “I’ve only caught a couple of the new episodes, though. It comes on TV right after class, but I often miss it because of work.”

“I’m obligated by my contract not to spoil things for anyone, but you should definitely tune in for sweeps week. It might be my best performance to date!” he winks.

You grin up at him. “I’ll try and record it.”

The rest of the evening as the sun sets is dizzyingly eventful. Asgore gathers the assembled monsters for a few words, and Toriel has to rescue him halfway through his speech when he gets a bit distracted telling the anecdote about how Frisk had apparently collapsed in front of them, when the magical barrier sealing them all underground was suddenly and mysteriously destroyed. It’s not mentioned directly by anyone, but you wonder if the kid had had something to do with it. The kid, somehow knowing your thoughts, looks pointedly at you and grins, nodding their head. You fire back a playful smirk.

The festivities end as night finally falls, and you feel yourself getting tired. Sans takes your hand in his, his warm bone soothing against the cool night air.
“let’s go,” he suggests softly.

Chapter End Notes

IT'S OVER FIVE HUNDRED!!!

*confetti is deployed, enthusiastic kazooing begins*

Holy crap you guys are awesome! I can't believe over five hundred people like the garbage that I write @.@; Seriously, that's way way too cool.

*kazooing intensifies*

I hope you enjoy Surface Day - LOTS of hijinks are coming up. Including sex! I, uh, spent most of last night writing that chapter, and it's over 2600 words. Until 3am. It's light and fluffy, and then gets... Well, a LOT more heated than I originally intended. I hope you like it? Well, those of you who are going to hell with me, anyways. Oh, don't worry though, that's not NEXT chapter, it's the one AFTER. I've got more fluff for you all first :) And exposition. But, uh, not THAT kind of exposition. Not yet.

Your comments and kudos basically sustain me at this point, so keep 'em coming!
“So what’s this surprise?” you ask your skeletal boyfriend as you navigate through more brush. It’s getting hard to see, and you find yourself envying his night vision as your legs get whipped by various barbs and forest shrubs.

“i’ll show you once we get there,” he says brightly, leading you by the hand.

You come to a clearing and gasp. He’s laid out one of the quilts you packed back at home, and beside it a telescope is set up, pointed up at the clear night sky.

“Stargazing?” you ask.

He smiles, the muted lights from his eyes watching you intently. You kiss him softly on the head and move over to the telescope to take a look.

“Hmm,” you mumble.

“something wrong?”

“Oh, I’m just… I forgot we were in Texas for a moment. The stars are a little different, and I can’t point out Polaris. Or Jupiter,” you say shyly. ‘I’m used to being able to find them both fairly quickly. But now I don’t even know which way is north.”

His blue cheeks glow softly at the sides of his smile. “you like stars, huh?”

You nod. “I’m not so great with constellations, though. Well, besides the obvious Big and Little Dippers.”

“i spent months out here when we first made it out of underground, just looking up at the sky,” he explains, gently repositioning and focusing the telescope on another area of the sky. “i don’t know all of the constellations either, but…” he sighs. “i mean, can you imagine? up until a year ago, the underground was all we knew. then we get to the surface, and, not only is the world so much bigger than any of us ever imagined, but then night falls… and there’s trillions more stars out there, just like our sun, with planets and maybe life all their own,” he explains joyfully. “the scope of it was overwhelming. i had no idea what to expect.”

You nod at him, even though he’s turned away from you, an eye socket affixed to his telescope.

“i found jupiter,” he says happily.

“Is the storm still going?”

“yup,” he chuckles. “it’s so clear out tonight, i wonder what else we can see.”

You spend the evening nerding out with Sans about stars, constellations, and all the mythology you know behind them. He suggests catching the next meteor shower together and you agree, even though you’re not sure there will be another visible in your part of the sky for a while. It’s adorable how interested in space he is. And quite a bit romantic that he thought to share this with you.

“My dad actually has a telescope, too,” you reveal suddenly in the conversation.
“oh, so i have your dad to thank for this,” he turns to you and beams. “orion’s belt, want a look?”

You frown a bit as you shuffle over to the eyepiece of the telescope again, Sans placing a warm palm on your back to help steady you as you lean down to look. “Not really, actually. He was more interested in showing my siblings the stars than me,” you explain. “But, I guess it did get me interested? He bought a bunch of star maps and things that I got into.”

“why didn’t he invite you out?” Sans says sadly next to your ear.

“I dunno. He never really gave me much attention, I guess? If there was something cool to do, like watch a meteor shower, or if he got tickets to a hockey game or basketball, they’d usually just go and I wouldn’t hear about it until my siblings gushed about it afterwards.”

“that’s… any idea why?”

“I don’t really know. I have a theory, though.”

“do tell,” he says, rubbing your back comfortably now.

“He, like my mother, was always all about me becoming a model,” you explain. “He would measure my height against the door frame when I was little, with some set marks to reach high up for magazine model, runway model, etcetera – It was like a game, and I’d get rewards if I had a growth spurt, usually in the form of dresses or expensive jewelry. Once I got old enough to realize they were grooming me, I stopped playing, and they started to scorn me for it.”

“your dad’s an idiot,” he scoffs.

You look over at him in surprise.

“i mean- uhh… i’m sorry-”

You laugh, and his warm hand on your lower back freezes in place briefly. “Don’t be! I just… I’ve never actually heard anyone say that about him before!”

“Oh, okay,” he smiles. “then, yeah, he’s a huge idiot. he had this amazing, brilliant person for his daughter, and he- i mean, it just makes me angry to think about. what a waste.”

You blush heatedly at that, glancing away, then feel his warm glass lips kissing your cold cheek. “Uh… Well hey, how did you get into stars and space stuff, Sans?” you ask.

“My mother, actually,” he smiles softly, gesturing for his turn on the telescope. You shuffle away to give him room. “She found one discarded underground from the human world and got it fixed up for a birthday for me, but we didn’t really have any sky to point it at - just glowing rocks on the ceiling above waterfall. still, it was really nice. my baby sister loved it.” A mother, and a sister too?

“Your mother, huh?” you ask. “What’s she like?”

“She was the best mom ever,” he beams proudly. Was? “i loved telling jokes with her, and her cooking was the best.” He looks up at you briefly. “uh, yours is pretty great too, actually,” he adds, making sure you’re not offended. You chuckle at that. “anyways, she was always the best at finding cool things that came down from the aboveground, and tried to start up some human traditions within our family, too. she tried to find the good in everything and everyone – including humans.”

“You say that like you weren’t a fan of humans before,” you observe.
“uh, yeah. can’t slip anything past you, can i?” he mumbles. “i really didn’t like humans, for a very long time. humans were to blame for everything. it was actually frisk who changed my mind, though. it was crazy, i mean – here’s this kid wandering through the underground, with every monster out there trying to kill them, and… they just make friends? with all of them? it was weird, i thought humans were supposed to be evil, so i couldn’t understand it. and then… somehow, they set us free? and we’re buds now. it still confuses me that people like you and frisk actually exist.”

“Well, I can’t really blame you, I guess,” you shrug from your spot on the blanket. “Just remember not to paint us all with the same brush, mmkay?” you finish, fighting a yawn.

“tired?”

“A little, but I could stay up longer,” you offer.

“naw, let’s set up the tent. i have one more surprise for you tonight.”

Chapter End Notes

A small sneak preview of Sans' baggage here. I've also got to start posting chapters of the spinoff fic that fleshes it out. Warning: It is NOT a happy story :('(

ADVANCE SMUT WARNING!!: Next chapter, you *do* the cutie >:) Still skippable for anybody not on board with that. I'll only warn you once more!
Surface Day Part 3: The Surprise.*

Chapter Notes

SMUT AHEAD! SMUT AHEAD! It's the moment you've all been waiting for! Or, at least some of you have been waiting for. If you're not a sinner like me though, don't worry, I still like you, and this chapter is skippable.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Setting up the tent is as easy as Sans teleporting the gear to your location from home, and then using his telekinesis to do all the work pitching it. He brings in the sleeping bags next, and then he frowns when he looks at them.

“What’s wrong, sweetie?”

“i just realized, these are, uh… a little small,” he mumbles, blushing a darker blue.

“Hmmm, I have an idea.”

You unroll one of the sleeping bags on the floor of the tent, then unzip it all the way down the side and across the bottom, spreading it out flat, comfy inside facing up. Doing the same with the second one, you lay it flat overtop like a big comforter.

“Tah-dah!” you present, making jazz hands towards your efforts. “Lots of room for activities between the sheets!”

His lower jaw turtles into his shirt as you take off the borrowed coat and fold it neatly in one corner of the small nylon tent. Next, you climb under the open sleeping bag and pat the empty space beside you. He slides out of his slippers and crawls into the tent next to you.

“So…” you begin, grinning at him.

“eheh, uh, s-so…” he continues nervously, removing his jacket slowly. He crumples it and stuffs it in the corner next to yours.

“Are you okay, cutie?” you ask, running a couple fingers soothingly along his delicate collar bones.

“y-yeah,” he mumbles.

“I have another idea,” you grin seductively. You move to kneel in front of him, and then pull his bony hands to grip the bottom of your dress. “Do you think that you’ll feel more comfortable if you get me naked?”

“i’m sure i’ll feel something,” he grins, his eyes taking on a half-lidded, loving expression. “i’m not sure if ‘comfortable’ is the word for it, though.”

“Well, there is one rule I have to impose, though,” you smile at him. “If I get naked, you have to get naked, too.”

“but you’re so much better looking than I am,” he frowns.
“It’s a rule,” you scold. “I want to see you bare bones for once.”

He shrinks a bit, but doesn’t let go of the dress, running his thumbs along the smooth fabric. You grab his shirt in handfuls in your fists, then look to his eyes for permission. He nods, and he raises his arms as you pull it off of him, smoothing your hands against his warm ribs and sternum, making him shudder.

“okay, i really like this dress, but i need to take it off you now,” he blushes, retaking his hold of it.

“I keep telling you I’m all yours,” you flirt, holding up your arms. Slowly, he slides it upwards and you wrestle your arms out of the straps. When you can see his face again, he’s eyeing your half-naked body longingly.

Your hands move to slide the straps of your bra off your shoulders, but his hands hastily grasp yours to stop you. “let me,” Sans pleads. You lower your hands, and he moves his around your back, placing warm kisses on your collarbone and neck, working the clasp entirely too quickly once again (Does he practice?). He then grasps the straps on your shoulders and slides the whole assembly towards himself, then tosses it aside with the dress. Having your upper body bare, he runs his warm porcelain hands up your sides, teasing the outside of your breasts with his thumbs.

You lean forward and whisper in his ear. “Don’t stop there,” you say, gently taking his hands and moving them down. “Don’t you want to see your surprise?” you murmur.

His face flushes blue again, tracing the waistline of your leggings thoughtfully. Finally, he finds his confidence and hooks his distal phalanges into the elastic waistband, peeling them downward. He hesitates when he sees your new underwear.

“whoa,” he breathes.

“I guess you like it?”

He moves a finger to touch the bow on the front. “i love it. it’s… wow.”

“You’re not done with my leggings, sweetie.”

“right, right.”

You shift to straighten your legs next to him so he can finish taking the tight black leggings off of you. He also removes your socks, and sets those gently aside (As opposed to everything else that he threw into a crumpled heap?) almost reverently. His eyes then rake your nearly naked body approvingly.

“You turn,” you grin predatorily. You grip the waistband of his short and look at his eyes in approval. He flinches uncomfortably for a second, then gives you a stiff nod. You slide his shorts off of him and get to see his boxers for the first time.

There’s a pretty obvious erection hiding behind the fabric. And it’s glowing a faint blue.

“I can’t wait to see that,” you flirt, enchanted by the fact that it glows.

“sure you can’t wait a bit longer?” he asks nervously.

You playfully shake your head no. “One more idea?”

“let’s hear it,” he nods.
“Would it help if we took each other’s underwear off at the same time?” you suggest, hooking your fingers into the elastic of his boxers. “We can count it down.”

“i don’t know…”

“Hey, come on,” you groan. “You promised we’d do it tonight. We don’t have to go all the way if you’re still nervous, I guess, but I think I should at least get to see it.”

Sans sighs, smoothing his thumbs along the waistband of the frilly panties still concealing your bits. Finally, he experimentally hooks his fingers into it as well, looking up into your eyes. “fine,” he relents.

“Okay. On three! One, two-“

“wait!” he flinches away, grasping your hands with his. “wait,” he breathes.

You frown at him, and then grin devilishly, yanking them down anyway.

“_____!” he squeaks.

Your mouth drops open in surprise. “Can I touch it?” you grin, looking back up at his eyes.

“that’s not weird to you?” he asks, surprised.

“It’s a little strange that it’s blue, and glowing brightly, but otherwise it’s a pretty normal sight,” you shrug. Besides the facts you’ve already mentioned, it looks very similar to a regular penis. It’s not the largest you’ve seen, but it’s above average, for sure. The glow lights up the whole tent, and you wonder if his shorts are specially made to hide its sky blue luminescence from you.

“well,” he flushes, summoning his confidence. “my turn,” he grins, hooking his fingers into the waist of your panties, and slowly pulls them downwards. You lift your hips to assist him, then help pull them all the way off your legs. Taking advantage of the elastic in the lacy waistband, you hook it on a thumb, stretch it back, and fire it into the pile of other discarded clothing like a rubber band. He chuckles at that.

“wow,” he mumbles, looking down at your parted legs. You swing a foot over his head so he can get a better look from where he’s sitting cross-legged in front of you, your knees resting comfortably above his.

“Like what you see?” you flirt.

“y-yeah,” he breathes. “it’s different from the clinical diagrams i was looking at before – sketches, really – but… it’s nice. a little different from what i expected. and, uh… it’s yours. that makes it at least a thousand times better,” he beams.

He reaches experimentally with his fingers, but you catch his hand, interlacing your fingers with his phalanges. He frowns slightly, and you shake your head at him.

“You get to touch if I get to touch,” you tease.

“oh! um, let me think…”

You release his hand and bring your fingers to gently hold his lower jaw. “It’s not really something you think about,” you tell him gently. Then, you grasp his hand again, and move his fingers to your lower lips. “Just explore, let your instincts take over.”
He nods slightly, teasing you by tracing your lips with his distal phalanges ever so gently. You quiver at the light touches wanting more. Slowly, you reach forward to investigate his parts. He nods his permission absently, then startles in surprise when you grip his cock with both hands.

“whoa,” he breathes. “that’s… that’s new.”

“I’ll say,” you hum delightedly.

It feels like hot, smooth glass, and thrums with a faint vibration. It sends goosebumps up your arms as a pleasing chill races up your spine, exploding into electric tingles on your scalp. You roll it in your fingers experimentally, stroking it gently with your thumbs.

“Oh my god, I want this inside me,” you moan hungrily.

“u-uh, before we go that far i have something,” he stammers, shuddering under your touch. He holds a hand up and suddenly a box appears, clutched in his fingers.

“Condoms?” you ask, suppressing a laugh.

“surprise?” he says nervously. “i was reading about them online, and, they’re supposed to be safe, somehow? so, i went and picked some up.”

“You’ve got the right idea, sweetie,” you giggle. “But, I think maybe we don’t need them? They’re to prevent accidental babies, and, uh, some other stuff we don’t need to worry about.”

“o-oh! well, i wasn’t sure. i liked the idea that they’re safer,” he flushes, embarrassed. “but… well, maybe we should try and prevent a pregnancy? i mean, monsters and humans shouldn’t be able to reproduce, but… no one actually knows for sure.”

“Well, I’ve got you covered, my love. See this sticker here?” you point at the birth control patch on your abdomen. “I am already safe from accidental babies.”

“oh! i thought that was a bandage. well, okay, i’ll trust you,” he shrugs, setting the box aside.

You laugh softly again, then move his fingers back to your moist entrance once more. “Keep exploring, I really like this,” you plead.

“so long as you’ll keep doing that,” he smiles, nodding downwards at your hands clutching him roughly. “it feels amazing,” he mumbles distractedly.

“We could do more,” you suggest.

“i’m all yours,” he begs.

“Really now?” you grin wolfishly, bringing in your ankles so you can press him down flat on his back. He looks up at you, suddenly looking worried as you straddle his pelvis, rubbing your excited parts over his erect member.

“whatever you want,” he consents, a bit nervously, but suddenly open. His eyes are half-lidded, gazing up lovingly at you.

Leaning on one arm, you move to insert his cock into your soaked entrance, shivering as the heated magic fills you. “Wow,” you moan, beginning to rock your hips against his. “This is amazing.”

“yes,” he pants. “oh my god, this is so inc- oh wow.”
His hot ivory hands clutch wildly at either your legs or the sleeping bag stretched out underneath him in ecstasy as you continue to gently rock against him. His thrumming magic feels amazing inside of you, stimulating all of your most sensitive areas. It’s warm and electric and perfect in every way. It’s almost too much for you to bear.

“Sans,” you moan his name. “I’m going to- My body’s going to do something awesome, if we keep this up… Don’t… Don’t be scared, okay?” you warn heatedly. “It’s… It’s normal.”

He murmurs his acknowledgement as your body tenses up, a knot in the pit of your abdomen getting tighter and tighter. You rock a bit harder, trying to indulge in his hot, perfect body as much as possible, working your way to your release. He’s fallen silent beneath you, twitching every so often to grip at something as he pants and breathes heavily. He’s absolute putty underneath you.

It takes you suddenly, and you gasp loud and sharply as you work your way through it, feeling your muscles tightening in pulses around his incredible shaft. Your brain shuts down completely and it takes you a minute to realize you’re drooling and shuddering on top of him, panting exasperatedly.

“wow,” he breathes as your thrusts slow down.

“Did you finish, too?” you ask, feeling a wet slickness inside you. “Or, uh, is that just me?”

“i don’t know,” he begins. So, no then. “but, i do want to keep going,” he sits up on his elbows “can i try?” he asks brightly.

“Yes baby. I’m all yours,” you reply, climbing off of him and laying down beside him. He immediately follows, sliding his bony legs in between yours.

He explores your folds with his fingers for a moment, seemingly trying to figure out how it works. You moan impatiently at him, which makes him chuckle a bit. Finally, he re-inserts himself into you and groans suddenly in response. Your sensitive spots welcome the return of his thrumming, pulsing magic penis.

“holy- this feels so good,” he murmurs, thrusting gently into you.

“You can go faster and harder if you want to,” you encourage him. “You won’t hurt me, I promise.”

He nods, shifting to move his arms to rest up by your sides, working against the walls of your hall a bit more roughly. He slows his pace a bit, searching for your lips to kiss you longingly, moaning distractedly against him as he tries to keep his rhythm, the blue light pulsing and fading in the tent with each thrust, giving him an ethereal look. The height difference between you two means he can only just reach your mouth, but he’s not discouraged in the least. He tangles a hand into your hair, gripping at the back of your head desperately as his pace quickens. He takes the time to kiss your face, your neck, your collar bone, your breasts… Anywhere he can reach with his warm lips. He removes his hand from your hair to explore your skin with his warm glass fingers as well, his expression contorted in a mix of love and ecstasy as he indulges in your body in every sense of the word. Teasing your nipples, running his fingers along your neck, tickling your sides, brushing into your hair, then getting rougher as he clutches at you, getting closer and closer to his climax.

His breathing gets more ragged, and his hips start bucking more desperately into yours. Between the care and attention and his pulsing inside of you electrifying all your most sensitive areas, you’re almost ready for another climax of your own.

One last thrust, and it sends you both gasping. He thrusts a couple more times weakly before collapsing at your side, heaving with labored breaths.
“oh wow,” he finally manages between breaths. “can we do that again sometime?” he asks eagerly, gasping, a skeletal hand wiping sweat from his forehead.

You chuckle happily, settling in on your side to cuddle into his ribs, and he moves an arm under your neck to hold you closer, petting your hair with his bony hand. “Yes. Yes times infinity. Yes forever,” you confirm heartily.

“you were so right. why did i make you wait so long, we could’ve been doing that the whole time!” he throws his available hand up towards the roof of the tent in frustration. “sex is… wow. it’s pretty great. we’ve got to do sex more.”

“So? you ask, grinning. “You’re not a virgin anymore, how does that feel?”

“i’m so glad i got to share it with you,” he turns to you, smiling brightly. Then he looks away, a frown tugging at his ivory face. “i just…”

“What’s wrong, sweetie?” you ask, running your fingers comfortingly along his forehead.

“It’s too bad that this wasn’t, uh… w-well, i guess i’m thankful for your, u-um…”

“I think you should stop talking now, Sans,” you warn, having an idea of where this was going. “Besides, want to know something awesome?”

“What’s that?” he asks, eyes focusing on you curiously.

“You took one of my virginities tonight, too,” you tease, kissing the side of his ribs.

“Oh?” he beams happily. “which one?”

“This wasn’t just sex for me,” you tell him, punctuating the silence with more ticklish kisses on his bare ribcage. “This was the first time I’ve ever made love.”

Chapter End Notes

Mmkay, so, this is my first time writing sex. I hope I made it silly and awkward enough for a first time, while still sufficiently titillating :) Raise your hands in the comments below if you’re on your way to Hell with me. We should totally meet up when we get there, it'll be a thing.

Next chapter has some tense moments, stupid plans, and violence. Though again, no one actually gets hurt.
You just made sweet sweet love to a short skeleton last chapter. Welcome back if you skipped it. I've got some more vague violence for you in this one, but don't worry - No one gets hurt. The rules just get bent a little bit.

You’re snuggled into the side of your sweet skeleton love when his phone starts buzzing faintly in his discarded shorts.

“Ignore it,” you grumble.

“sorry, it might be important,” he says, stroking your hair as he reaches with his magic to float his cell over to him. You sigh, deliberately tickling his ribs with your breath to make him squirm. He laughs at that, then his smile falls. “it’s frisk,” he says.

“Damnit, but we were having so much fun,” you groan, rolling away. He shifts and you feel his warm bones against your body as he spoons you, brushing your hair gently away from your shoulder and running his fingers gently along your bare skin.

“sorry babe,” he sighs. “it sounds like trouble.”

“Well, I’ll come with you then,” you say determinedly, rolling back to meet his eyes. He goes to object, but you quickly silence him with a finger pressed against his lips. “No more doing this on your own, remember?”

His phone buzzes again in his hand and he chuckles as he reads the screen. “frisk says to hurry up, and that we should both get dressed. apparently the kid doesn’t want to see us naked again.”

Your mind stumbles a bit. “… Again?”

“frisk says there are bad guys coming tonight,” Sans interprets the frantic signs easily. His expression darkens. “with guns.”

“Well, uh, that’s bad… Do we have a plan?” you whisper.

“i’d love to go with my plan,” Sans chuckles quietly. Frisk huffs and stomps their foot. “but the kid won’t let me.”

“How much time do we have?”

Frisk signs. “i guess about fifteen minutes?” Sans answers.

“Frisk, what have we tried already?”

The striped sweater clad kid frowns sadly, signing slowly for Sans.
“so dunking on them is out, and doing nothing is way, way out. i guess it’s only been a couple tries?” he asks rhetorically, but Frisk confirms with a nod anyways.

“So, we don’t have any ideas?”

A heavy silence falls, and you sigh.

“Okay, well, here’s a crazy one,” you offer. “Sans, can you stop bullets?”

“yes, but i’d rather they stay in their guns,” he says darkly. The child eyes you curiously.

“Okay. So here’s my plan; We know it’s a bad idea for monsters to use magic against humans,” you present thoughtfully. “But, what if… What if a human used magic against humans?”

Frisk’s shining eyes narrow in the darkness, looking at you like you’ve grown four more eyes. They sign to Sans. “kid says they’re already using what magic they have giving us this info,” he sighs frustratedly.

“No, no! I don’t mean Save/Load, I mean… Making it appear as if a human with magic fought them off.”

“… what exactly are you suggesting?”

You explain your plan as quickly as you can, pausing and startling with every stray sound coming from the forest, listening in particular towards the hillside below. They should be coming from there.

“this is a stupid plan and i hate it,” Sans growls. “this is a really bad idea.”

“Frisk says we haven’t tried it yet, and we have a Load we can fall back to, right?”

“i still don’t want to see you hurt if we mess this up.”

“Then, you’d better be really damn good at your job,” you whisper nervously. “Okay, hurry up and hide! We have minutes!” you rasp, ushering them away.

Turning towards the hill, you can see some dark figures in the distant trees with flashlights approaching you. You take a few steadying breaths, and then try to think of something badass to say. What would Ivanova do? Or maybe Wednesday Adams? It’s hard to think of snappy one-liners at a time as stressful as this.

You decide to try and summon up your determination, instead. Maybe the weird stats, the deep, inexplicable burning sensation when you regenerate it, maybe… Maybe it’s something you can use. You take a couple more low, slow breaths, trying to focus on the pit of your stomach where you can sometimes feel your soul, your essence, yearning to take action.

Finally, you grin darkly, hands in the pockets of your coat, feeling full to the brim with determination. The flashlights fall on you, and the group of six armed men freeze in place at the sight of your crazed expression.

“Gentlemen,” you address them. “I’ve got to warn you… The only thing you’re going to find up ahead, is a bad time,” you smirk.

“Th’ fuck are you doin’ way out ‘ere, girl?!” one of the men shines his flashlight right in your eyes. You try to close them, hoping your calm badass act doesn’t falter too much.

The accent takes you by surprise, though. You giggle in response. Then, thinking better of it, you
extend the laugh into a long, loud cackle, pushing your voice down as deep as it will go.

“Shit, she’s crazy!”

“Th’ fuck you think she’s doin’ out here? She’s got to be with th’ monsters!”

“Well, go on an’ shoot ‘er, then!”

You hold a hand out, finger extended to scold them. “I don’t think so,” you tsk.

Pops and brief flashes erupt and several bullets freeze in the air in front of you, noticeably glowing blue in the dark of the night. They hang in the air for a moment like that, as if time itself has stopped them. Then, just as suddenly as they came, the bullets whip away from you. A couple of them start in surprise, shadowed hands flinching to hold their ears.

“WITCH!” one of them panics.

You chuckle darkly. A large tree falls in front of you, glowing bluely, creating a hard line that separates you from the assailants. It’s enough to break the resolve of most of them, and they drop their weapons and run away. A faint blue light flashes on the ground, teleporting the discarded firearms far, far away, you think.

One man’s left standing, but he looks about to rabbit himself.

“Listen girl,” he stammers, gulping. “I don’ know you, but them… Them monster things… They’s trouble. We jus’ want to protect our families, is all.”

“I’m so sick of people like you,” you hiss in return. “Using your fear to justify your violent actions. It’s DISGUSTING!” you take a step forward and shout. “Are you really so braindead that you don’t realize that monsters have families, too?!”

Another luminescent tree falls in between you, and it’s enough to send him running off after his posse. Minutes pass, and the cool night air makes you shiver a bit. Finally, Sans appears out of thin air beside you, gripping you tightly in a hug. You collapse to your knees, shaking anxiously, burying your face in his warm chest and fleece jacket.

“holy shit babe, are you okay?”

“You were absolutely right, Sans,” you gasp raggedly, heart pounding urgently against your ribs. “That was really stupid.”

“that was amazing,” he breathes. “scary as hell, but… wow. i love you so much.”

“I love you too,” you whisper distractedly, face still firmly pressed into his ribs, focusing on your own breathing.

You nearly jump out of your skin when a set of tiny arms encircle your own waist. A small body presses against yours, breathing deeply and quickly, on the verge of hyperventilating.

“Frisk??” you ask curiously. A small face pressed into your shoulder nods sharply.

You let go of Sans and turn to hold Frisk, Sans putting a hand on your shoulders and starts rubbing the kid’s back with the other. Trying to calm down the child helps you relax, the dizzying throbbing of blood in the sides of your head getting less oppressive by the minute. Frisk lets out a couple strangled, shuddering sobs into your collar, but it feels like they’re starting to calm and slow.
“Hey, Frisk,” you whisper, running fingers through their greasy hair in an attempt to soothe them. “Everyone’s okay, right? We’re all okay.”

Frisk withdraws and in the pale starlight you see them tap at their chest with both hands, one hand low and one high, fingers outstretched – ‘Scary’. You keep massaging their scalp as they wipe at their tears with their sleeves.

“You said it, kiddo,” you smile. “So, what happens now?”

“frisk,” Sans begins. “when was your last save?”

Frisk signs hurriedly to Sans. Sans sighs and relaxes, his hand sliding slightly down your back.

“right before they texted us,” he translates out loud. “okay. we’ll have to keep our eye sockets open for the next few days, see if there’s any repercussions to _____ fighting them off.”

“How long do we wait, exactly? What if this isn’t something that we’ll find out was a bad idea until several months from now?” you ask curiously. Frisk immediately groans in response.

Sans chuckles, his hand joining yours in the child’s hair, rustling it messily. “frisk doesn’t like reliving more than a couple of days, maybe a week at a time,” he explains, a smile brightening his voice. “just because they can rewind doesn’t mean they can fast forward – time still moves at a normal pace, and the kid’s impatient,” Sans explains. Frisk’s head nods in your hand. “if there’s some fallout for this months from now, we’ll just have to find a way to deal with it months from now.”

You sigh. That makes sense, you guess. A yawn takes you, and a beat later when you open your eyes Frisk has caught it, too. “I think we should all get back to bed,” you suggest tiredly. “We have a sunrise to watch tomorrow.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope it's clear what happened here, but here's a quick explanation anyways: Reader didn't actually use any magic, just stood there while Sans did all the work from a hiding spot. This was so that the attackers would interpret the situation as Reader being the one doing all the telekinesis. You were bait. You're fine, though, don't worry ;P
“babe,” a soft voice coos, his chin nuzzling your hair by your ear. “time to get up, _____."

“Five more minutes,” you demand tiredly, rolling away and pulling the blanket in a bundle to your chest.

He laughs softly at that, tangling thin, hard fingers in your hair. “come on, we’re going to be late,” he moans, planting warm ticklish kisses along your chilled back.

You reflexively roll on your back to stop him, but Sans just appears in your vision, hovering above you.

“now, what do i have to do to wake you, hmm?” he whispers seductively. Then he leans in and kisses your bare nipple. You feel something warm and wet follow right as his lips leave your skin. It startles you and you lift your head up to look.

“You have a tongue?” you ask incredulously, marveling at the blue light coming from his mouth. “Since when do you have a tongue?!” you repeat, sitting up and wrapping your arms tightly around his ribs, pinning his arms to his sides as you kiss him deeply.

“what kind of question is that?” he laughs in surprise. “don’t you have a tongue? doesn’t everybody?”

“Yeah, but… Come on, you must realize you’ve been holding out on me, right?” you grumble, stealing kisses along his cheekbones and the edges of his mouth. “Now that I know you have a tongue, baby, there’s like, a dozen more virginities between us to get rid of.”

“whoa,” he flushes heatedly, one of his bony palms sliding up your leg to grip your ass. “well, i guess i’ll have to find out about those later,” he giggles, kissing the side of your mouth and pulling away. “come on, _____. time to get dressed.”

You hate it when he decides to be responsible. Groaning, you surrender to the fact that you’re awake now, and roll over towards your bag to fetch a change of clothes.

“i should have bought you more dresses,” he whispers in line next to you.

“Shut up,” you hiss back. “It’s cold and I’m comfy,” you emphasize as you fluff out the pockets of your pajama pants from the inside, where your hands have taken shelter for warmth.

Sans makes an annoyed rumbling sound in his nonexistent throat before he brings an arm around your hips to hold you gently. You lean into his side slightly, pleased by his affection and drawn by his heat.

There are hundreds of monsters crowding the plateau, looking out Eastward as the sky gradually brightens, lighting up the gentle clouds with colour. Pinks, purples, and yellows dance in the early morning light in the sky. The initial moment is captivating when the sun finally makes its appearance
on the horizon, and you hear a lot of gasps and sighs as it burns at your eyes. Time passes slowly, so you steal a couple glances around you at the monsters – Everyone is completely captivated by the rising ball of burning gas. Holding their loved ones closely, but not daring to look away, as if the sun might disappear on them if they tried.

It’s hard to remain patient, watching the spectacle, but you understand its importance to the monsters. To you, a sunrise is nothing special – It does it every single day of the year. You’ve seen it many times before. But, to the monsters, it’s another day on the surface, and this one in particular marks the anniversary of when they first received that privilege.

After a while, the sun fully leaves the horizon where it rested, and the King and Queen take that as their cue to move in front of the crowd to address everyone, the sunlight on their backs giving them a shadowed appearance, but highlighting their features nonetheless. Asgore pulls some papers from an unseen pocket within his cloak and clears his throat.

“My friends,” he begins, shuffling the papers around in his large awkward paws. “This is a special occasion, so I will try not to mar it with too many words. As you know, it was one year ago today that the barrier was destroyed, and we were all freed from the Underground. But, we could not have done it alone.”

Frisk scurries up to cling to Toriel’s dress, and the goat woman puts a large paw on their head to comfort them.

Asgore continues, his deep voice rumbling. “Toriel and I have decided to do something to remember the ones we have to thank for helping us get here.” He turns his large head, and nods at a couple flying monsters to withdraw the sheet covering… A monument?

It’s large and round, and shaped like a hexagon from what you can see, made out of a light stone like marble or granite. The centre is a tall pillar, with a red heart and an inverted white one, side by side. Below it are what look like headstones, each with a different heart colour above names you can’t make out quite yet – The sun has yet to hit them in a way that they can be read. From your perspective, you can see a cyan heart, a blue one, and a green one, each on a different stone with some writing engraved below.

What… Is this?

Asgore crinkles his papers. “Bobby, the soul of Patience,” he begins, his assertive tone dipping sadly. “Alice, the soul of Integrity. Patricia, the soul of Kindness. Erica, the soul of Perseverance. Nathaniel, the soul of Bravery. And Courtney, the soul of Justice.”

Who were these people? Were they… Humans?

Some of the monsters grumble their dissent at the King’s actions, and the atmosphere grows tense. Toriel instinctively moves Frisk to stand behind her and takes a step forward challengingly, which seems to silence the crowd.

“Now, now,” Asgore rumbles. “I know there is still much work to be done so we can coexist peacefully with humanity – We have managed a great many things in the last year. Effort is still needed on everyone’s parts, however.” The King sighs. “We have a long, anguished history when it comes to humans, but, we must change our feelings about them if they are to accept us fully into their society. The first thing we can do, is honour the sacrifices of those whom helped us reach the surface.”

*Sacrifices? You gasp, covering your mouth with a hand. “This is a funeral,” you whisper.*
Sans looks up at you sadly, sensing your tension. He holds you tighter and takes your hand in his free one, massaging your knuckles. Asgore seems to be looking pointedly at you, watching your expression carefully.

Your determination burns, urging you to start screaming about how this whole thing is disgusting and *wrong*. Were those men last night *right*? Did they really feel like they had to protect themselves from monsters? Is *that* why they wanted to attack? To avenge their *fallen*? Tears fought to escape from behind your eyes.

“*Oh my god,*” you mutter quietly, letting the floodgates open, tears falling freely. “*I can’t… I need…*” You feel eyes burning into your back. “*I need to go,*” you say finally, wrestling away from Sans’ hold and running into the trees.

“_____!” he calls after you. You hear several heavy footfalls behind you, but you don’t stop running.

“I need an explanation,” you ask the monsters, voice feeling ragged and hoarse from crying. “People *seriously died*?!”

Mettaton, Papyrus, Undyne, and Sans had followed you back to the tent. You sat inside of it, cross-legged and clutching the open sleeping bag comforter protectively to your chest. Sans crawled inside to sit next to you, reacting sadly when you shrank away from the hand he’d tried to rest on your back. The rest of your friends were sitting outside the open tent flap, with a range of expressions from solemn to angry.

“I’m so sorry, darling,” Mettaton heaves his metal chest softly, his hands clasped in front of him and pressing his thumbs together. “If I had written the story myself, it would’ve had a happier outcome, I can assure you.”

“We needed seven human souls to break the barrier,” Undyne huffs, annoyed she has to explain this to you. She folds her arms and casts her gaze away from you. “*Those idiots fell down all on their own – All we did was make sure they made it to Asgore.*”

“WHY IS THE HUMAN UPSET?” Papyrus asks obliviously. “IS IT BECAUSE SHE IS COLD? OR HUNGRY?”

“No, skelekitten,” Mettaton coos, brushing the side of the innocent skeleton’s face delicately. Sans groans next to you at the pet name given to his brother. “_____’s upset because she didn’t know about the fallen humans, or how we needed their souls to break the barrier.”

“Tell me about the barrier,” you demand.

“Seven human mages locked all of us underground,” Undyne grumbles, rolling her eye in annoyance. “So, we needed seven human souls to let us out.”

“And you had to *kill people* to get their souls!?” you shout back. “*Six innocent people-*“

“NONE OF THEM WERE INNOCENT!” she screeches suddenly, one of her fists pounding the dirt ground beside her. You jump back in surprise. “Every single one of them had killed monsters before they made it to Asgore. EVERY LAST ONE HAD DUST ON THEIR HANDS!” she growls. Then she tears her eyepatch clear off of her face. “*Damnit _____, HOW DO YOU THINK I LOST MY EYE, ANYWAY!*?”
Undyne’s never been without her eyepatch before. She sticks her fingers between lids into the socket, forcing it open, a black void where another yellow slitted eye should be. There’s a dark, round mark on her eyelid, a wound that had healed a long time ago. You shiver at the sight.

“That stupid human girl with her BB gun – ‘Courtney’, I guess her name was – shot it out four years ago,” she explains. She huffs as she then tries to pull her weathered eyepatch back on in place.

“they had their sins,” Sans mumbles solemnly beside you. “just like we have ours.”

“I’m still upset,” you mumble, not yet mollified. “Why is this the first I’m hearing about this?”

“_____?” a new, motherly voice calls out from somewhere outside the tent. Your friends turn as Toriel steps out of the trees, with Frisk following her closely. “There you are, _____,” she relaxes.

You look heatedly at your hands in your lap, not wanting the Queen to see you like this. Mettaton and Papyrus shuffle to one side to let her through. She crawls into the tent on her knees so she can sit in front of you, gently taking your hands in her padded paws. You decide to let her, her motherly aura helping to calm you down. Frisk settles in right next to her.

“I am truly sorry you found out this way,” she says mournfully, running her warm padded thumbs against the palms of your hands soothingly. “But we cannot do anything for them now, except to keep them in our hearts and remember them. Would it help you if I told you about each of the children? I had the opportunity to care for each of them in turn, so I grew to know them fondly,” she offers.

“I don’t know if it’ll help,” you grumble. “But, I’ll listen.”

Bobby had told her his dad was a survivalist, so he had gone out hiking in the woods alone to prove himself when he’d fallen into Underground by mistake. He enjoyed whittling out wooden things with his knife, and she still had a couple of trinkets he’d made her, even though she burned most of them in anguish when he’d left. He’d also carried a weathered length of bright orange ribbon with him to practice his knots, and to sometimes tie off on branches in the woods so he could be found if his family ever went looking for him.

Alice had loved dancing – She had beautiful ‘yellow’ hair and a dress of a style Tori had never seen before, with a short skirt that went out instead of down and crinkled at her touch. She would love to show off to Toriel this graceful dance she did by standing on the points of her toes.

Patricia was passionate about food, and would ambitiously take over Toriel’s kitchen to try new cooking experiments – Toriel laughs when she says that only half of them were ever edible. When Toriel first found her, she was crying over the dust of a monster, having had to defend herself but deeply regretting her actions. She’d left because she wanted to apologize to the King personally.

Erica always had her nose in books – Reading them, and trying to write her own. Toriel still has one of the diaries she filled with her stories, and another she’d recovered from the child’s journey beyond the Ruins. Her thick-rimmed glasses inspired Toriel to get a pair of her own for reading. You ask if you could read Erica’s books some time, and Toriel agrees.

Nathaniel was the oldest of the children at about age fifteen, having run away from a gang that threatened him and was taken in by Toriel. She was more than happy to protect him. He’d come down wearing a bandana and a pair of thick, worn leather gloves with the fingers cut off that she had always been curious about.

Courtney was Bobby’s younger sister, Toriel learned, and one of the last few to fall. She fell
deliberately, having come to avenge her brother, armed with the only gun a girl her age was allowed
to. She had tried Toriel’s patience the most, and Tori had worked her hardest to prevent her from
leaving, fearing for the monsters on the outside of the Ruins’ large, protective door that sealed off the
rest of the Underground. Toriel remembers the frizzy plaits she had in her brown hair, woven with
orange ribbons under her cowboy hat, and the plastic sheriff’s badge she wore so proudly.

Before she’s finished talking about their favourite foods, favourite toys, and her favourite stories from
each of the childrens’ time spent with her, the short silky fur of her face is marred by her tears of
grief. You reach up to wipe them away and she softly chuckles and mouths a ‘thank you’.

“He only wanted to help his people,” Toriel explains of Asgore. “It took me a long time to forgive
him for what he did, but I realized that holding on to my anger and grief would not bring them back.
Instead, I mourn their loss every treasured day that I spend with Frisk,” she pauses, petting the kid’s
hair fondly and smiling down at them. “I also had to realize that he was put into a difficult position –
Either he could take an active role in bringing down the barrier by collecting souls, in order to keep
the hopes and dreams of our people alive, or he could leave them angry, imprisoned forever by the
humans.”

“We wouldn’t have taken that second option easily,” Undyne interjects, voice rasping. “It had
already been a thousand years! If Asgore had been like Tori and said ‘Heck yeah, let’s be buds with
the evil humans!’ there would’ve been open revolt,” she stresses. “It was getting crowded and food
was a problem in some places – The LAST thing we needed was a civil war, too!”

Taking all of the information in has calmed you down significantly. You’re really glad, you think,
that none of the kids were just killed and forgotten for the sake of the monsters’ release, and that
they’ll at least have a legacy to leave behind in their trinkets, in Toriel’s memories, and now, in their
grave stones.

Chapter End Notes

And that’s it for Surface Day! Aww yiss. After this it’s back to our regularly scheduled
flirting and fluff. And other plot.

I wanted to have this event specifically for two reasons: One, to give Sans a hard
deadline to finally take his pants off, and two, this - A human freaking out about the
monsters’ dirty little secret - the six dead children. I don't like how most people take that
in stride so easily. I mean, if you found out that somebody killed six kids, would you be
personally alright with that? I don't think it even matters if, in the monsters’ case, it was
arguably for good reason - The vast majority of people are bound to react badly to that.
But, the monsters, especially the King, want to make up for that. The first big step for
them is this monument. The six souls thing is still a bit of a secret until they find a good
way to approach it - No wonder Reader was the only human there, right? Well, besides
Frisk.
“are you okay?”

You hum in thought as you unpack your school bag of clothes back at the boys’ apartment. “I don’t know, Sans. Tori helped put my mind at ease, but… That was still… A lot to take in,” you admit.

“so, uh, what happens now?” Sans asks from somewhere behind you, sounding desolate.

“Well,” you ponder, tapping your chin idly with a finger. “I guess I’ve still got to apologize to Undyne. And make sure Metts and Paps know that we’re still friends.”

“really? after finding out asgore killed kids? six human kids? i thought you’d hate us…”

You turn to look at your small skeleton love. He’s shrunk his skull into his azure blue turtleneck. It really suits him. His cheeks are flushed and his eye sockets are drooping in a somber expression.

“I could never hate you guys,” you tell him honestly. “And… It sucks that it happened, but it sounds like you had to do what you did to survive, right? Undyne mentioned a famine? Besides,” you sigh. “Tori’s right – The past is the past. We can’t do anything about it now.”

“how are you so forgiving?”

Kneeling down in front of your bone boy, you bring your arms around him and pull him into a comforting hug. The height difference when you’re kneeling puts your head at chest level for the short skeleton. His hard, warm hands find their way to your back, pulling you into him as he nuzzles his face into your hair.

“I don’t know,” you sigh. “It was really jarring to find out about all this at once. But, I guess, there’s nothing we can do now but remember them, right? Like Tori said. And, because, you were right. We all have our sins, Sans.”

He chuckles softly into you, his warm breath grazing your ear. “really?” he says playfully, withdrawing slightly so he can look you in the eyes with a soft smile. “what are your sins?”

“Hey, nobody’s perfect,” you grin at him. “How about this; I’ll tell you mine if you tell me yours?”

“i can’t imagine you ever doing anything bad,” he giggles.

Your own grin widens as you move your hands to his pelvic bones, gripping them. “Try me,” you challenge. “There’s a lot we haven’t even done in the bedroom yet!” you add, cackling.

“whoa. uhh,” he flusters. “okay… deal. you tell me one of your sins, and i’ll tell you one of mine.”

You grin, feeling determined. “Okay, here’s one; When we were kids, I took my sibling’s favourite toy and wrapped it up for Christmas.”

“That doesn’t seem so bad. that sounds like the start to a very good prank,” he muses.

“That’s not the end of it: I did it in July. They were distraught for half the year because they couldn’t find it,” you smile fondly at the memory. “I got in so much trouble. It was so hard keeping that secret
to myself for months— it ate at me. My parents said I ruined Christmas, but my sibling was just happy to have it back. I got them another bigger present to open as an apology.”

“that’s terrible,” he chuckles. “and awesome. what else did you do?”

“No chance, mister,” you point at him accusingly. “It’s your turn.”

“okay, well…” his eye lights look away from you, thinking it over. Then they snap back and his grin widens. “on undernet, i troll all of papyrus’ accounts.”

“Figured you would be the trolling type,” you snicker. “What do you do to bug him?”

“just send him bad puns, so he’ll complain about the troll to me,” he chuckles. “which just gives me the opportunity for more puns.”

“How does he not know it’s you?” you question. “That seems like it’d make it pretty obvious.”

“i dunno,” Sans shrugs. “okay, next one.”

“Hmmm,” you think. “Well, right after my parents cut me off, one of my best friends had a birthday. So… I went to a toy store and pocketed a bunch of Hello Kitty pens and stationary for her gift.”

“you stole stuff?” his eye sockets narrow, the lights he has for pupils dimming in surprise.

“Yeah,” you sigh. “I felt pretty crappy about it, too. I was sure one of the employees saw me, but they seemed surprised when I came back a few months later to pay for it all.”

“that’s not so bad then,” he sighs, seemingly relieved.

“Your turn,” you announce.

“hmm… let me think of one…”

Just then, an alarm on your phone goes off. “Aw, shoot,” you groan. Releasing your bone boy to dig into your pockets for it, you find the damnable device and silence it.

“what’s that?” Sans asks, startled.

“I’m trying this new thing called ‘setting alarms so I’m not missing stuff all the time’. Let’s save it for later, sweetie. I’ve got to get to class.”

You climb to your feet and he puts his bony hands on your hips to steady you. Leaning down, your hands move to his face as you kiss him firmly on the lips, his fingers clutching your hips longingly. When you withdraw to smile at him he frowns, mildly put out that it had to end so soon. You hold out a hand, a pinky finger extended.

“Before I go, I want you to promise me something,” you ask.

“i make a lot of promises for you, _____,” he chuckles.

“I just don’t want a repeat of yesterday, okay? No going off on your own. Or, if you really have to, don’t mess around. Get in, get out fast, and stay safe, okay?”

He hooks his pinky around yours with zero hesitation, surprising you. “i promise.”

“I love you, Sans,” you tell him.
“I love you too, _____,” he responds, melting your heart.

“Damn, Derrick. You look like shit.”

He withdraws the ice pack from his eye. You wince at how bad it looks.

“This was the only time he managed to hit me,” he smirks proudly. “I consider it a compliment.”

“What happened?”

You look down at Sans’ shocked expression, squeezing his hand gently. “Drew showed up again,” you grumble softly. His hand tenses in yours as his expression falls to an angry frown. “He tried to stop me from leaving in the middle of class, but Derrick followed me out and fought him off,” you finish explaining.

“Oh, uh, thank you Derrick,” Sans nods to your classmate.

“Yeah, thanks Derrick,” you add, beaming at him.

“It was my pleasure,” Derrick grins, putting the ice pack back over his black eye.

“So, really. What happened?”

The three of you go around and explain your sides of the story. Sans explains that he saw on the forum that there would be an attack on a monster that same afternoon, so he didn’t even bother opening up his stand and headed right over to where it was supposed to happen. You wonder if Frisk had texted him, warning him against it, but don’t want to spill the young ambassador’s secret in front of Derrick. When it’s your turn, you share that a ‘friend saw Sans in a bad neighbourhood’, and you leapt to take action to protect him, finding him just in time to chase off the gang that cornered him. Derrick frowns – He didn’t know Sans’ life was in danger, but he also notes that it’s odd that three guys with weapons just ran off at the sight of you – And you try not to take offense to that, posturing instead claiming you could’ve taken them if they’d tried. Both of them laugh at you as you huff and puff. Then, it’s Derrick’s turn.

“He started shouting that you were his girlfriend, and that he hates that you cheated on him with a monster,” he says pensively.

“Ugh, no,” you shiver, and not in a good way. Derrick eyes you curiously - Well, with his one good eye, anyway - So you figure you’ll explain. “I left him because he’s an asshole, and way before monsters started climbing out of Ebott,” you huff, folding your arms angrily. “Drew and I broke up seven years ago, right after highschool, and he still hasn’t gotten the message yet.”

“Oh!” Derrick’s taken aback.

“Yeah. Crazy, right?” Sans adds.

“It makes more sense now,” he nods.

“Why?” you ask. “What else did he say?”

“Something crazy,” Derrick scoffs, withdrawing the ice pack briefly to shake his head. ”He said you belonged to him, that you were his ‘destiny’ or something. Very possessive… And unhealthy.”
You throw your arms onto the table in front of you, and your head follows them with a soft thud. Sans’ warm ceramic hand starts rubbing your back comfortingly. “I can’t believe he actually said that to you, that’s so cringey,” you growl. “He makes my skin crawl.”

“but…” Sans mumbles. “why did he show up right then to block you? the timing seems sorta… convenient.”

You lift your head up to look at Sans with a gasp. “He knew.”


Sans wordlessly withdraws his phone, opening up the link to the human pride forum and turning it to show Derrick. “i bet he’s a member,” he snarls in a low voice. “and i might know which one.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it's been a while! Have another chapter I don't feel too strongly about, but it's necessary for establishing things for later. I have so much plot to cover still their next year and a half is planned out. Can you believe that the story isn't even half over yet? I can see myself creating a lot of problems with pacing though, there's just too much good stuff to come.

Also, during my little hiatus a friend of mine opened my eyes to this beautiful mashup. Any time Sans 'fights' in the story from now on, play this:

https://soundcloud.com/zvaari/mc-lovania
The Thread.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**SKELETON MEGATHREAD – BOUNTY OFFERED!!!**

Tired of this. OK, I’m putting a bounty out on that horrible skeleton monster that hangs around downtown. If you can bring me something of his to prove you dusted him it’s worth 10K.

dayummm, 10gs u sure DM?

which skelton r we talking?

The short one, obvs. He hangs around with a human girl alot. I don’t like it. Iunno where the tall one goes. Bounty offered is for the short one, wears a blue coat and slippers. Bring me his dusty slippers and 10k is yours.

wat do we do abut the hot chick? they r always 2gether.

id hit that.

u’d hit n e thing.

Ew she hangs out with monsters u serius?

Dem hips tho!

OK yeah, dem hips. Objection withdrawn.

Guys! We have to stick together! Who’s got intel on the short one? Can we get a schedule?

omg, it’s like never alone. can’t we just jump them both.

No hurting the girl. She’s a victim here. I think she’s being manipulated by their magic!

also, dem hips.

Can we focus??

just sayin’. she FINE.

The short one hangs around a hotdog cart at the memorial park some mornings, but his schedules so random. I guess he only opens up when he feels like it?? Other than that, I don’t know where he goes. Pics attached (2).

Did u guys see the paper? she kissed him in the park!

EWWW! GREASY MONSTER F*CKER.

who th fuk announces they have a crush!?? rotflolmao

Okay we seriously have to coordinate here.

I’m upping the bounty to 15K. I want his fucking slippers on my mantle.
got a thing for monster footwear DM?

So, two days, and no one’s seen him.

does n e l s notice he appears randomly???

Spotted the demon with the babe coming out of a hotel late this morning. They were holding hands, guys. Pics attached (3).

WHAT THE FUCK.

HOW DO YOU- I DON’T- IT’S A SKELETON!!

what is this a fuckin fairy tale? beauty and the creepy as fuck walking corpse??

Ewe ew ew ew ew ew ew ew ew!!

We HAVE to take this THING out! Now he’s defiling her? Filthy, wretched monster…

they r nevr alone. they r always 2gether.

we shud jus take em both out. sumtimes she goes home late.

No hurting the girl or I’ll withdraw the bounty. Not a scratch on her.

But DM she fucks monsters. They stole her from us and defiled her. She should burn with the rest of them.

but she hottttt doe.

We can get them tonight when she gets off work.

What happened last night?? Anyone?

my boys and i rocked up, but they didn’t leave the store! we didn’t even see the monster enter it?

did u try the back door?

roflslmao ‘back door’.

YES, we had TWO GUYS standing by at the back door! We didn’t see him enter or leave it. It was locked up tight, too.

was he in there the whole day or sumtin?

No, we came in earlier saying we were looking for some out of season shit. He wasn’t there. Got her to climb a ladder, stealth booty pics attached. Pics attached (2).

mmmmmm. too bad she soiled by that monster.

i might still hit that.

i guess skeletons are good for a boning? she still walks everywhere with him. Pics attached (5).

ROFLMAO OH GOD.

u kil me dude. i ded. sned flowers.
dont turn into a skelton.

or do? she seems into necrophilia. u might have a shot then.

Can we move the discussion back to DUSTING the SKELETON? PLEASE!?

DM dont get ur panties in a wad. they r literally never apart. weve been at this for a month now?

is the bounty still gud?

Yes, it’s good. I’ve set it aside for anyone who can bring me his fucking slippers.

wat about just jumping him at the park?

You really think the RCMPs that patrol there are going to be alright with that?

they shud b. it’s just a monster.

A creepy undead monster who appears and disappears in random places when he’s not walking with the princess.

princess? rly dude?

this IS a fucking fairy tale! i knew it!!I DM even wants his slippers, like it’s fucking cinderella.

Okay, I know it’s a monster, but them kissing might be my new fetish. Pictures attached (14).

EWWW WHAT THE SHIT.

how does that even… what would that taste like?

….. maggots?

dud why u gotta say that shit. now its in my brain. eugh.

u asked.

Okay guys, I think I know what his magic is! Or at least, one major thing he can do that’s different: I think he can teleport. It would explain why we keep tracking them down places and just finding that they’ve vanished into thin air, and how there are pictures of them at different places across the city so close together. You can’t get a cab or catch a bus that goes that fast. It MUST be magic. Check my proof. Pictures attached (8).

holy shit what the fuck? i want to call you out for bullshit sci-fi theories, but those pics are like a minute apart. and like, twenty kilometres apart.

That’s messed up.

dam. wish i culd teleprot.

into her pants?

huehuehuehue.

Monsters can’t do shit like that, that’s impossible. Your proof must be fake.

think about it tho! remember when hammer took his boys to the party store? they were there and
then just... gone.

how do u catch something that can teleport???

this is bullshit. we r nevr gunna dust that thing.

We should focus on the girl. Maybe if we grab her it’ll come running, then we can jump it get everyone together?

what, like kidnapping?

uncool bro. heroes don’t kidnap ppl.

just sayin, might be easier.

This is getting fucking ridiculous. I can’t raise the bounty any higher! Does ANYONE have ANY IDEAS??

DM, tone it down a peg dude.

yeh, what sur stake in this? why the skeleton and not, like, literally any other monster?

Fine. You really want to know? The girl he’s with is _____ - She was my girlfriend until that skeleton THING stole her from me. I want it DEAD!!

whoa damn. DM just went 0-100.

he might be a boss type monster.

we gotta rescue her from it tho. for DM.

And for money!!

@ that guy three posts up: the only bosses are the furries at the embassy. there are no other boss types so there’s no use speculating.

how do we kno 4 sure? they could b lyin. there culd b mor.

Guys, we have a new problem – We were going to catch both of them as they headed to the underground bus station last night, but while we were tailing them, the monster looked at his phone and they both just fucking vanished into thin air. I think he got a text message?? So, thanks to someone unknown, somehow they KNOW when we’re going to catch up to them?

holy what the fucking fuck.

well, that confirms the teleporting theory.

Told you guys. But... Seeing the future? That’s fucking insane.

who is txting them predictions? miss cleo??

I’m upping the bounty to 25K. Obviously this adds another layer of challenge.

so much for ‘can’t raise the bounty even higher.’

Shut up. I WANT THAT SKELETON DEAD DEAD DEAD DEAD DEAD.
darkmoon do urself a favor and use some o dat dough on hookers or something. treat yoself.

yea, not sure this thing iz ever gunna happen.

GUYSS!!1 ou'll never guess what just happened. someone online? i need someone this is URGENT!!

I'm on. What's up?

my boys and i grouped up to dust that monster who lives near us, and the skeleton showed up!
alone!

Perfect. I'll try and distract _____. I'm near her school.

wat happened yesterdya?? n e l home?

After reading the entire thread, you finally put down Sans’ phone as your stomach churns uncomfortably. You nearly jump out of your skin when he puts his hand on your shoulder to comfort you. He almost withdraws it, but you clap your own hand over the back of his to keep him there. Derrick’s watching you solemnly, looking like he has an apology he’s working on.

“That settles it, then,” you sigh wearily, looking over at Sans. “Darkmoon is Drew, and he’s offering 25K for someone to kill you.”

Sans nods.

“We need a plan,” Derrick suggests firmly.

Chapter End Notes

Originally I was going to format this chapter to have usernames, time stamps, dates, post numbers, and other user information for each of the speakers, but oh my god was it ever TEDIOUS! It was seriously painful to write, and extraordinarily hard for me to think up sufficiently terrible usernames. So, I threw all the forum formatting away, and just went with a mix of unnamed speakers. Way, WAY more fun to write - I literally could not stop myself and suddenly it was midnight and I had over five pages in Word. In any case, I hope it's pretty self-explanatory and that it reads well!
“This isn’t a good plan,” Derrick sighs listlessly.

“Shut up it’s a great plan,” you grin. “Sans has a lot of experience trolling forums, right Sans?”

He runs a bone palm along the back of his skull nervously before responding “I think I agree with Derrick, though. This is only going to draw even more attention to us.”

You scoff playfully. “Look, we need a way to break up their little gang. What better way than to have a monster join their forums? Demoralize them! Take away their safe space!” you start shouting, as if giving an enthusiastic sales pitch.

“You would be taunting them,” Derrick mutters.

“Okay, yeah, it’s not the best plan. But I think we can still handle it. Besides, it’ll be really funny.”

“What about, oh I don’t know, contacting the police?” Derrick inquires appropriately.

“We’ll still call them too, show them what we found,” you wave off casually. “But, even if they actually do something – Which, with all the prejudice still out there against monsters,” you begin, glancing apologetically at Sans. He shrugs knowingly. “I don’t think they’d take us seriously. I mean, it’s always in the paper, you know? Monster dust found in an alleyway, police have no comment on their investigation - Or any suspects.”

“What about Drew, himself?” he presses. “You do have a restraining order against the imbecile, right?”

“Yeahh, about that…” you trail off, looking away from his critical gaze.

His green eyes widen in shock. “You mean you DON’T?”

“I didn’t think I really needed to bring the law into it at first, that I could handle his bullshit myself, you know?” you attempt to explain, shrugging weakly. “Besides, it’d kind of screw up his life to not be allowed in the same areas as me – A couple years ago he was attending university downtown. What would that do to him, make him drop out? It just… Would’ve been kind of a dick move on my part.”

“And now?”

“He’s not in school anymore, so I WAS considering it,” you say, then look at Sans with a smirk. “But while I was collecting evidence, somebody deleted my entire texting history with the aforementioned asshat.”

“… oh my god!!” Sans recoils in shock. “I had no idea- I’m so, so sorry!” he apologizes, covering his
sockets with his palms.

“It’s okay, sweetie,” you soothe, stroking the side of his hard ivory face. “You didn’t know.”

He pulls his hands from his face to look up at you sorrowfully, white lights of his eyes small and dim. He did it because he thought he was protecting you – He had no idea he sabotaged your ability to actually get rid of Drew. You smile down at him, quietly reminding him that you forgave him a long time ago. His heart was in the right place, after all.

“Well,” Derrick interrupts. “That aside, we now have access to a forum where he’s coerced several people into taking photos of you and learning your schedule. How is that for evidence of stalking?”

“It’d work pretty well, I guess,” you admit. “But, I think restraining orders still take a lot of time to get approved or something? I inquired about it last December and I don’t remember all the details. Anyways, we still need a short-term solution to deal with his attention, and the anti-monster gang. So, how’s trolling? Or are there any other ideas from the class?”

Derrick sighs deeply. He has a look in his eyes like he wants to help you fight this battle, but he has no idea how. “You’re so stubborn,” he mutters.

“Well, I’m willing to try trolling,” Sans offers. “For now, anyways, until we think of something better. You called in to work tonight, right?” he asks.

“Yup,” you nod. Then sigh to yourself softly. They know you work at the party store – Your only remaining source of income. It’s located in an awkward part of town, a low traffic area, and is a bit of a walk from the bus stop. Are you going to have to quit your job, just to protect yourself and Sans from a potential ambush?

Sans seems to sense your tension, and puts a skeletal hand on your leg, rubbing into the flesh of your thigh gently with his warm thumb. “Don’t worry about money, babe. I can think of more reasons to get you into the lab,” he winks.

You shudder at that. Is he thinking what you’re thinking, about supply closets and lab coats? Your face flushes. Derrick clears his throat, distracting you from your sexy fantasies.

“Well then, if you’re going to insist on this hair-brained scheme, I won’t stop you,” he breathes, rising to his feet. “However, if either of you need anything, please let me know. You both have my number now.”

“Thanks again, Derrick. You’re a real hero,” you smile up at him.

Derrick quickly moves to hide his face with his hands, a faint redness appearing in his dimpled cheeks. His eyes dart quickly between you and Sans.

“Yeah, and sorry for rattling your bones the other day. I get touchy when it comes to protecting my friends,” Sans adds with a broad grin, patting your leg gently.

“You’re welcome,” he finally mumbles. Then he nods his head as he grabs his satchel, heading for the exit doors.

“He still likes you,” Sans observes.

You roll your eyes. “I know. I’ve already told him I’m not interested. I can’t really do anything about how he feels, though. Feelings are hard to control.”
“I’m pretty sure this user ‘Darkmoon’ is my ex from seven years ago – His real name is Andrew Cross,” you inform. “He’s been stalking me for all this time, but, I haven’t really made any reports before now?” you wince at yourself. “But, clearly, he’s coercing people into doing it for him now with these pictures people are taking of Sans and me. And, you know, offered a ‘bounty’ for someone to kill my boyfriend.” You nudge Sans to indicate him. “Which isn’t cool, at all.”

“Uh-huh,” the officer says boredly. The police station was bustling with activity behind him, but he looked about to nod off at his keyboard.

“And, I don’t really know any of the other members of the forum for sure,” you add. “But it’s obvious from the pictures they took of us that most of them are very local.”

“Mmhm.”

“I wouldn’t know where else to start, unfortunately. But, oh! There are at least three of them I know about in the neighbourhoods by the midtown mall, near the big theatre with the arcade?” you try. “They looked like… Well, thugs, I guess. Late teens, maybe early twenties? Tallish, lanky boys. They cornered Sans yesterday, actually, and I chased them off.”

The officer says nothing, idly typing slowly away. You wonder if you should suggest that maybe the forum members are aliens from outer space, too, and that they’ve come to steal all of our petunias, just to check if he’s really listening. But, an even better idea crosses your mind first.

“Hey,” you ask, leaning on the desk. “Can I get a copy of the report when you’re done?”

He startles slightly, then nods. You wait, patiently as you can. But, he doesn’t follow with any information, like a file or case number, or a way to contact about it. Hrmm.

“Oh! And, can I have your badge number?”

He looks over at you, for the first time in minutes. “Why?” he asks.

“So I can tell your sergeant what a HUGE help you’ve been today!” you beam. “I mean, seriously, you’re a stand-up guy. I want to give my glowing recommendation for all of your hard work!”

His lower lip parts slightly, then he points to his badge on his shirt. Oh, well, so there it is. His surname, too. You quickly pull out your phone and type it in a blank text.

“Thanks, Officer Simmons!” you grin. You hold out a hand to accept the return of Sans’ phone, and he returns it gingerly, watching you suspiciously.

Sans’ phone returned to your skeleton love, you grasp his phalanges in your hand and walk him out of the police station. Once you’re outside, you lead him down the street towards a convenience store that you know has a darkened overhang where you both can ‘take a shortcut’ straight home.

“That was unsatisfying,” Sans says as soon as you’re outside together. “do you think they’ll have any luck finding these guys?”

“No,” you sigh. “He didn’t make a report, Sans.”
“what? how do you know?”

You reach over and awkwardly pat him on his bare ivory head. “I know you had trouble seeing over the counter, but I was watching him the whole time. He was tapping W, K, and the space bar a lot, and little else. Fake typing. Plus, he didn’t even ask me any questions to help identify the thugs – Not that I’d remember much, anyway, but still. He showed a complete lack of interest in our case.”

“is that why you gave him that fake smile at the end there?”

“Hell yes it is. I’m going to complain to his supervisor, his supervisor’s supervisor, as far up the chain as I can go!” you beam. “And hell, while I’m at it, maybe I’ll drop in at the embassy and let Tori know what happened? I don’t know if they can do anything about one bored officer not doing his job, but they should probably know about the forum, too.”

“should we even bother trolling it, then? i mean, asgore and toriel can probably work this out,” he suggests.

“Maybe. Maybe not,” you sigh. “I kind of get the impression that they’re both too gentle to make a big enough fuss about this. Damnit! If only Metts were here – He’d round up every news station in a jiffy, get a big spotlight on these assholes.” Squeezing his gentle bones between your fingers, you continue. “To answer your question; I don’t actually know if trolling them is a good idea or not, but, I think it will be really fun to make them realize their cover’s blown.”

“you should work at the embassy – tori likes you, you know,” Sans suggests suddenly. “you know a lot about human culture, and local laws, and even psychology – that’d be a big help to her and asgore getting things moving – like permanent citizenship. there’s only so much frisk knows as a kid, and it’s for the wrong country anyway. and,” he adds. “it’s hard to find humans to work for them, apparently.”

You stop in your tracks to blush. “I’m really no expert on any of that stuff, though! I just… The only ‘laws’ I know are my rights, basically, and little else. As for psychology, all I know is how assholes work, and how to get the best reactions out of them?” you grip your elbow defensively, then, realizing this, drop your hands and shove them into your pockets instead. “Besides, my only actual post-secondary education is in computer networking, and I’m less than halfway through my program!”

“you should apply,” he pushes gently. “i’ll ask tori if they have anything.”

“I still have school,” you grumble. “Every day in the afternoon. Hard to get a job around.”

“she’d probably let you make your own hours – a part-time consultant, like i am at the lab,” he pushes some more, pulling out his phone to a blank text. Is he texting Tori right now?

“That sounds less like a real job and more like charity,” you scowl.

“you think i don’t have a real job?” he asks, raising a brow bone as he glances at you from his phone.

Shit. “No, geez, no I didn’t mean it-“ you backpedal nervously.

He chuckles “i know what you meant, babe. i’m just thinking; you don’t have the flower store any more, and it sounds like they stake out the party store, so you’ll probably have to leave that too. the embassy is safe, and i really do think you’d be a big help to tori, asgore, and frisk. you don’t need a degree for all of us to realize how smart you are.”
Your blush deepens at the compliment. Your phone dings as he finishes his text. Pulling it from your pocket, you see that he’s just sent you Toriel’s contact information.

“just give her a call sometime, see where it ends up,” he shrugs, smiling up at you brightly.

Chapter End Notes

Anybody remember chapter 11? No wonder reader was super pissed, right? >:)

Also, thanks you guys for commenting on the last couple of chapters! It actually helped me write this one - Made me realize that I had to explain more about the Drew situation and the lackluster police response to monster murder. You guys are the real heroes here :)


“Sans,” you call out. “Why is my dress hanging up in your closet?” And your dress shirts and dress pants, you add silently. Wait, is that your old cardigan, too? It looks so worn and saggy on a hanger. And kind of… Pathetic? Maybe Undyne was right after all.

“isn’t that what you normally do with nice clothes?” he chuckles from the next room. “hang them up?”

“I guess, but… I didn’t put them here,” you grumble. “And this isn’t my closet, it’s yours.”

“i moved them,” he says suddenly from right next to you.

You blink down at him, puzzled. “Why?”

He shrugs. “i dunno. i didn’t want your dress to get wrinkled?” he offers.

“But…” you stammer. “This is your closet. I don’t really live here, I’m just crashing until I find my own place. I don’t want to take up space…”

Sans frowns at that. “question?”

“Answer,” you respond automatically.

“do you… really need to find a new place?” he asks.


“i wouldn’t mind it if you did,” he grins softly, rocking on his slippered feet and closing his eyes in delight.

“Sans,” you scold. “I need my own space!”

“my space can be your space,” he answers nonchalantly. “i think that’d be very spatial,” he adds with a sly grin and a wink.

“Sans!” you huff in frustration.

“i’ve another question for you,” he stops his movement to open his eyes and look up at you imploringly. “why do you act like you’re always ready to just pick up and leave? as if you’re going somewhere, like you think this has to end?” he says, his eye sockets drooping a bit sadly.

“I…” you stumble. “I don’t know? I guess… Because it’s true?”

“but it’s not,” he claims. Sans gently takes your hands in his and starts stroking your knuckles with
his warm thumbs reassuringly. “you were living like this for five years at your aunt’s place – like you were always expecting to leave at a moment’s notice. i’m not asking you to go, so… why not settle in, for once? call something home?”

You blink thrice. Your brain does a soft reboot before you’re able to talk again. “Sans, I… I think you stumbled across some baggage I didn’t even know I had,” you fidget. “How did you do that?”

He chuckles softly. “let’s talk, okay?”

“Okay,” you nod stiffly, sliding the closet door closed.

You let him lead you by the hand over to the comfy couch in the livingroom where he’s been setting up for an Avatar: The Last Airbender marathon. The low coffee table is littered with candy, tortilla chips and salsa, chocolates, and some of your other favourite odds and ends for a night inside. He sits down ahead of you, stretching his legs out across the cushions with his feet apart, then gestures for you to sit between his knees with your back to him. As soon as you do, he’s stroking your hair comfortably – one of his new favourite pastimes and a guaranteed way to relax you.

“So…” he starts.

“So…” you mumble back distractedly.

“… five years you lived out of a laundry basket and slept on a couch?” he asks rhetorically, stating fact. “doesn’t that seem a little… strange?”

You lean into his distal phalanges tracing distracting circles on your scalp under your hair. “I guess so? I mean, if it were someone else, I guess I’d find that a bit weird,” you admit. “But for me… I don’t know? I always thought it was a temporary arrangement.”

“why?” he asks. He’s tracing your hairline now. It’s hard to not become jelly in his hands when he then moves his thumbs down both sides of your neck. You gasp, gripping his knees for support. He chuckles softly.

“I guess… Because my parents threw me out? I think I was waiting for my aunt to get tired of me in a similar fashion,” you theorize. “I wanted to be prepared, in case she ever did. Have the bare minimum of stuff to move so I could get out quick.”

He moves his hands down to your shoulders, and starts gently squeezing and massaging the muscles there. “but,” he begins again. “for five years, that didn’t happen,” he points out, his warm breath brushing past your ear. “what’s home, to you?” he asks you thoughtfully.

He’s really good at this now, you think, as he manages to find all of your most sore and tender spots, working them with just the right amount of pressure. Who would’ve thought a skeleton would be amazing at massaging muscle? “Somewhere I can relax, I guess? Where I can have my own stuff everywhere? My own bed, my own closet, my own TV, consoles, and plush couch…” you trail off as his thumbs move to gently squeeze at your neck, lighting your scalp on fire again. “I just… Somewhere I don’t have to worry about leaving again soon. Somewhere I can be safe and… Myself.”

“What would it take for you to feel like that?” he murmurs softly into your hair.

“I don’t know… My name on the lease? A sense of ownership over the space? More stuff that I can call my own?” you shrug gently. “I really don’t know.”

“Well,” he starts, pausing his massage to place his warm palms against your shoulder blades. “let’s try
something.’

Before you can ask, he slides out from behind you and holds out a hand for yours. ‘What are you trying?’ you ask, recognizing that mischievous smile of his for trouble on the horizon.

‘i have a surprise for you,’ he insists, tugging on your arm gently to encourage you to stand.

A towel flies out of the kitchen and slowly wraps itself around your head, covering your eyes. You reach a hand to tear it away, but it’s held there firmly by blue magic. ‘Sans, what the f-!’

‘no peeking,’ he chuckles.

Slowly, blindly, he leads you away from the couch, and, you’re pretty sure, back into his room. It’s not far and you’re familiar with the direction. Finally, he lets the towel fall from your face.

‘surprise,’ he beams.

‘Why am I looking at your closet?’ you look down at him, perplexed.

‘not my closet,’ he slides the door open, then takes your hand in his again. ‘our closet.’

‘Why?’

‘say it,’ he squeezes your fingers gently. ‘‘our closet’.‘

‘Our closet,’ you say, sighing.

‘one more.’ He pulls you over to the bed and sits down on it, patting the mattress beside him. You take a seat, and he squeezes your hand again as he says “our bed.”

‘Sans, this really isn-‘

‘i want to hear you say it,’ he presses.

‘Fine,’ you groan. “Our bed.”

‘one last one,’ he stands giddily, taking both your hands in his with a broad smile splitting his skull.

You stand, but this time he doesn’t seem to be going anywhere. ‘Uh, Sans? Where are we going now?’

‘we’re already here,’ he says matter-of-factly. “in our room.”

‘Our room,’ you repeat mechanically.

Then you gasp.

‘You… You really want me to stay?’

He nods emphatically. “we can put your name on the lease tomorrow, if you want.”

“I…” you stumble, fighting the prickly heat gathering at the backs of your eyes. “Oh geez, Sans, I…”

Words utterly failing you, you just clutch at him and kiss him deeply, letting the tears fall free. His hands move to your waist and push up your shirt to pull you into him by your bare skin. As you pull away to breathe and sputter, he brings a hand up to wipe away the liquid from your face, phalanges
feeling hot as he strokes your cheek.

“i love you, _____,” he says softly, caressing your tears away. “and, uh, obviously we can’t live in an apartment forever, but… i want you to feel at home with me. you’re home for me, and, uh, i’d keep you forever, if i could.”

Sniffling, you flush some more at the honesty in his eyes. “I love you too, Sans.”

Chapter End Notes

How bad did your teeth rot reading this sweetness? Damn, I needed some fluff after all the super serious forum stuff.

Also, we’ve hit 70 chapters, over 300 comments, and over 600 kudos. I’m blown away. I love you guys. Don’t tell Sans.

As a mini-celebration and thank you, here's my quick notes on the fourteen different human soul colours I use as canon for this story. Feel free to use it in your own story, or as a reference for what the other soul types look like or are linked to in terms of virtues/ves:

Virtues and vices:
Human name - Monster name
Chastity = Perseverance
Diligence = Determination
Temperance = Justice
Kindness = Kindness
Patience = Patience
Humility = Bravery?
Charity = Integrity?
Wrath = Wrath
Envy = Covetous
Lust = Passion
Greed = Avarice
Gluttony = Indulgence
Sloth = Sloth
Pride = Pride

Soul colours (In rainbow order):
Determination - Red
Passion - Pink
Perseverance - Purple
Indulgence - Indigo
Integrity - Blue
Sloth - Periwinkle
Patience - Cyan
Covetous - Teal
Kindness - Green
Avarice - Yellow-green
Justice - Yellow
Pride - Yellow-orange
Bravery - Orange
Wrath - Orange-red

For monster souls... Well, I'm getting to that in the fic soon. You'll just have to keep reading ;)

SMUT WARNING FOR NEXT CHAPTER!! Not sure anyone will see this considering how long it's been, but I'll warn again at the top of it. It was supposed to be just a regular makeout session but somehow Reader took it too far on me again D:
The Act.*

Chapter Notes

SMUT ALERT! SMUT ALERT! French kissing and oral sex in this one. Skip ahead to next chapter if you're not on board for that. I should have another chapter up today as well, so that this isn't the only update you see from me today.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I can’t wait to get to book 2,” you say excitedly. “Then you’ll get to see my favourite character in the show.”

“if you’re willing to stay up a bit later we could get to it tonight,” Sans offers. He’s cuddled comfortably into your side with your arm around his shoulders and neck, and a soft blanket pulled over you both. You think that you could probably melt into the couch like this.

“Can’t - I have an exam tomorrow,” you sigh. “Besides… I have something else on my mind, actually,” you say, nuzzling your forehead into his and throwing your best seductive smile.

“uh oh,” he grins. “i know that look. that means trouble,” he chuckles. Bringing his boney fingers up to caress your face, he continues with his eyes half-lidded. “Fortunately for us both, i like trouble.”

You reach to stroke his neck vertebrae teasingly with your fingertips as you lean in for a kiss, making him shiver with delight and reach to grab you longingly by your waist, pushing away your shirt and pulling you into him. You tear his shirt away before pressing yourself against him and he responds by pulling yours up and off as well, then you feel his fingers move to your back, trying to find and work your bra clasp.

As he’s doing that, you get an idea. You lick his lower lip experimentally between kisses.

He laughs softly as he breaks away. “heh, why’d you do that?” he asks, holding your arms and gently running his hands along your skin.

“Wanted to try something new,” you shrug playfully. “Now that I know you have a tongue, we can try a different kind of kissing,” you explain.

“Oh?” he murmurs, leaning in to steal some small kisses along your neck. Your eyes flutter at the sensation. “how does that work?” he asks softly, hot breath running past your ear.

You grip both sides of his skull with your hands and gently pull him away, his hands gripping you as they run up and down your bare sides. “Open your mouth,” you instruct. “Let me in.”

He’s mildly confused, but he complies anyway. His warm ceramic hands tense against your body as your tongue explores his mouth and finds his. It’s warm and wet, just like a human’s, but somehow more so. As it nervously flinches to greet yours, you notice that it’s quite long, and seems to vibrate with a faint magical intensity, just like the other glowing blue parts he has that you find yourself very fond of. You manage to trap it and suck on it gently, and his body shakes in response.

“whoa,” he breathes after pulling away slightly. “that’s different.”
“Good different, I hope,” you purr, tracing that semi-circle pattern with the fingers of your one hand where his ear would be on the side of his head, your other working at the knotted drawstrings of his black sweatpants. “It takes some getting used to, and a bit of practice to get good at.”

“well, no time like the present,” he grins, eye sockets giving you a loving look as his thumbs dip into the waistband of your own comfy pajama pants.

Grinning, you lean in again for another wrestle with his tongue. His mouth is sweet, just like all the monster candy he’s been eating tonight. His warm hands work you out of your pants, then longingly grip your hips and trace the lace of your frilliest panties. After a moment of distracted deliberation, he pulls those off of you as well, his kisses getting hungrier as you lean him to lie down on his back on the soft green couch. Seeing that the knot is loose, you grip the waistbands of both his shorts and boxers when he flinches and grips your hands to stop you.

“sh-shouldn’t we move to the bedroom?” he asks breathily.


“What if paps comes home?” he asks, glancing away nervously at the front door.

“Paps hasn’t been home in weeks. Isn’t he still in Hollywood with Mettaton?”

“uh, yeah, but…” Sans mumbles, his grip loosening on your hands.

You growl as you tear away his last articles of clothing, exposing his glowing member. “I want you right here, right now.”

He pants slightly as you take his cock in your hands. “o-okay, but i think this...”

His hips buck gently into your hands. He’s not thinking anymore. Good. You shuffle down to rest by his pelvis and give his manhood an experimental lick. He groans in response, his hands withering away as he’s unable to bring himself to stop you.

“I’m going to make you feel really good, okay sweetie?” you tell him. His eye lights search your face for a moment from his prone position, then nods submissively.

His glowing, throbbing dick fits easily in your mouth. His whole body jolts in response, but he doesn’t stop you, so you pass your tongue over the tip and start gently sucking at it, the magical vibration making your lips and mouth tingle pleasingly. He moans at the new sensation, fingers twisting in your hair just for something to hold on to, gripping and loosening as you work him into a frenzy.

Suddenly you have a heavy feeling in your chest. You startle slightly and let out a short yelp as your body shifts upright away from him. He’s sweating and has a look of pure ecstasy on his face.

“wow. oh my god babe,” he pants. “that’s amazing...”

“Did you seriously just pull me away with your magic?” you grumble, noticing your body is glowing faintly blue. “You cheater!”

He chuckles and nods weakly as he sits up. Gathering himself, he gently brings a hand forward and you feel your body being pushed down into the couch behind you. He climbs over you, kissing your neck heatedly and pressing himself against your hot entrance as his magic continues to hold you in place.
“’s torture,” he moans into your hair in between kisses. “so good, i just…” he drawls. “i need… i mean, wow.”

You’d cross your arms and glare at him if you could, but his magic still holds you firmly in place. “Sans,” you cry distractedly as he continues nipping at your neck. “Can you let me go?” you beg.

“nope,” he murmurs happily as he nuzzles your ear gently. “my turn now.”

You faintly wonder how much it really taxes him to use his magic so casually, when you’re distracted by fingers tracing your sensitive clit. You gasp and he pauses, drinking in your expression, stroking the area gently. As you pitch and moan in response under his hold his grin gets wider like he’s just won the lottery.

“so that’s how i do that to you, hmm?” he purrs. “i wonder…”

Still unable to move for the most part, he shifts to bring his face between your legs. You cry out as something wet and slick brushes across your sensitive nub.

“Sans you’re right this is torture,” you rasp. “Let me go please?”

He responds by working you up even more, lazily exploring your intimate areas with his long, glowing magic tongue. You try to struggle, but you can’t move your body. He traces your lips, dips slightly inside your entrance for a taste, then returns to that swollen bundle of nerves and focuses on that, noticing your reactions and deciding that area must be the best. His gently pulsing tongue works the area more intensely as you start to cry out in pleasure. Drool starts to spill out the corner of your mouth but you can’t move to wipe at it. You’re making a lot of noise, you think, but it’s too much for you to try and stifle it. Your release hits you suddenly like a shockwave, your whole body tensing in bursts as your vaginal muscles clench and unclench. You’re vaguely aware of a bony finger exploring your entrance as you finish your wet orgasm.

“oops,” he chuckles, sitting up. “you made a mess of the couch.”

“Holy fuck, Sans,” you manage, grabbing at the cushions now that he’ll let you move again. Your legs are tingling right down to your toes.

“did i do something wrong?” he frowns, noticing the swear.

“Shit, no, I just…” you stumble. “That was intense.”

“just wanted to make sure you felt as good as i did,” he grins. You feel his fingers tracing your sensitive parts as he chuckles.

“Well, you succeeded,” you breathe.

“i’m not so sure,” he smiles seductively up at you. Leaning his face down, he murmurs “maybe i should do that again…”

You lean upwards to grip his shoulders and pull him up on top of you. “Just get inside me already,” you grumble.

“yes babe,” he says, then laughs.

You’re almost not even ready for him yet, but he slides himself easily into you and starts thrusting slowly. The sensation promptly makes you forget your aching muscles as you moan and clutch at his back ribs, pulling him into you. His fingers of one hand gently trace your ear, as the other grasps
roughly at your breast. His mouth occupies yours as his thrusts get quicker and deeper, and soon he’s panting again and has to pull his tongue away from yours, brushing it against your sensitive neck instead.

Your world of hot sex and Sans comes to a crashing halt when you both suddenly fall into his bed. He scrambles off of you, his chest heaving as he draws in air, his dark blue cheeks glowing in the unlit room.

“Sans, what-!?“

“i heard a key in the door,” he rattles out, in more than one way, bones nervously clinking together as he frantically pulls on a new pair of shorts and a t-shirt. “papyrus is home.”

Chapter End Notes

So apparently my brain likes to write smut in the early hours of the AM. These sins brought to you by my brain between 3 and 5AM this morning -_-;
Pulling on a fresh sweater of your own you shoot him a glare as soon as your neck is through the hole. “We could’ve kept going, you know. You teleported us to your bed and everything!”

“Our bed,” he corrects firmly. “and, not while paps is home,” he shakes his head, fiddling with the drawstring of his shorts trying to get a knot tied as quickly as possible.

You stride over and yank both ends of the drawstring tightly, pulling his hips against yours. “We WILL finish this later,” you inform him sternly, silencing his immediate complaint with a long kiss. His cheeks flush blue and he looks about to complain, but he nods stiffly instead. Good. Nice to know he’s on the same page.

“let’s uh, let’s go see my brother,” he struggles.

He grips your hand and leads you out of his- your bedroom, to find Papyrus eyeing the mess of clothes scattered around the livingroom in your very recent sexcapade. He’s holding your bra up with a finger through the loop of a shoulder strap.

“hey bro,” Sans meekly calls.

“SANS!” Papyrus scolds. “IS THIS HOW YOU’VE BEEN KEEPING THE PLACE WHILE I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WAS ON VACATION!?”

Sans strokes his face with a bony hand as if he’s trying to restrain the blush lighting up his cheekbones. “sorry papyrus, i’ll tidy up now,” he says finally, letting go of your hand to start collecting the discarded clothing. You decide to retrieve your bra from Papyrus, but as soon as you step up to him the much taller skeleton raises it out of your reach.

“Come on, Paps, give it back,” you chuckle.

“JUST AS SOON AS YOU EXPLAIN WHAT THE PURPOSE OF THIS CONTRAPTION IS, HUMAN” he grumbles. “AND WHY IT WAS ON OUR LIVINGROOM FLOOR.”

Sans’ head shrinks down into his neck as a darker blush lights his face navy blue. “That’s my bra,” you explain unabashedly. “And it’s ‘purpose’ is to hold these up, so my back doesn’t hurt,” you explain, grabbing your chest with both hands and lifting up your breasts.

“AHA. A CURIOUS FEAT OF ENGINEERING!” he exclaims. Thankfully, he seems to have forgotten the second party of his inquiry.

Papyrus delicately lowers your bra to you, but Sans snatches it away before you can, and shuffles shamefully away back to the bedroom with the rest of the clothes. You can’t help but laugh at how embarrassed your bone boy is after almost getting caught in the act. Just you wait Sans, you think to yourself. There are plenty of places to do sinful things if you’re willing to get a little creative.

Papyrus’ eye sockets then dart to notice the couch, and the scolding tone returns. “WHY IS THE COUCH WET?”

“I spilled water,” you quickly supply. Then grin to yourself as you fight your own blush.
“i’ll clean it up, paps, don’t worry,” Sans mumbles on his return, holding the drying towel from the kitchen that he’d wrapped around your eyes earlier.

“YOU’D BETTER!” the tall skeleton commands.

“Can I help you with your luggage, Paps?” you offer helpfully, just wanting to give Sans a break from all the questions. “Then, maybe we can make dinner together? It’s late, but Sans and I haven’t had real food in a few hours. Plus, you must be starving after the plane ride.”

Papyrus glowers over you as you make dinner.

“THIS…” he sighs. “THIS IS HOW YOU’VE BEEN COOKING WHILE I’VE BEEN AWAY!?”

“Yeah, what’s the matter with it?” you grin, turning slightly to smile up at him.

“WHY, IT’S PREPOSTEROUS!” he flails. “HUMAN _____, I HAD NO IDEA THAT CULINARY ARTISTRY COULD BE SO LAZY!”

“i like it,” Sans supplies from behind you where he’s sitting on the opposite counter, chuckling. Papyrus jerks his head to glower at Sans next. “YOU DRINK KETCHUP LIKE IT’S SUPPOSED TO BE A BEVERAGE! I DON’T THINK YOU’RE QUALIFIED TO COMMENT!”

“Come on, Paps. Don’t be rude,” you scold, jerking a wire whisk in his direction. A dry grain of rice falls from it onto the counter in the process. “Besides, I’d argue my way of cooking is efficient,” you boast.

“But you make food with other food! It makes no sense!” he maintains.

“I just don’t like prep time or making sauces from scratch,” you explain, holding up the empty can of cream of chicken soup. “This works well as a sauce, though. I just threw a bunch of spices in it to liven it up. Now, it’s perfect.”

“But you didn’t measure anything! How do you know it will taste good?”

You shrug, smiling. “Eh, I just go by instinct I guess? Taste it when it’s done, and then tell me whether or not my lazy cooking was worth it. Sound good?”

Reluctantly, the towering skeleton nods.

Now that the glob of chicken soup mix has been mixed with a half can of milk and a half cup of uncooked white rice, you place three raw chicken breasts into the mix and ensure that they’re covered with the sauce, but not rice grains. Once that’s done you place the dish into the preheated oven, then collect the paprika, garlic powder, onion powder, and black pepper spices and put them back into their labelled positions on the large MTT-Brand wall-mounted spice rack.

“How long will this take?”

“About an hour at 350,” you say, setting the timer. “Halfway through I’ll turn the chicken and stir the rice mixture. Then, about ten minutes before it’s done I’ll dump a bunch of shredded cheddar cheese on it, melting it overtop while it finishes in the oven.”
“AN HOUR AT THREE FIFTY…” Papyrus thoughtfully taps his lower jaw with his left hand, while reaching for the dial with his right. “OR, THIRTY MINUTES AT SEVEN HUNDRED…” he muses.

You gently bat his hand away with the dirty whisk. “That’s not how human stoves work Papyrus,” you admonish him.

“that’s not how monster stoves work, either,” Sans supplies helpfully, chuckling.

“Do you need a snack while you wait?” you offer helpfully, wiping up splashes of sauce from the counter and stovetop.

Papyrus eyes you curiously. “BUT THAT WOULD SPOIL MY APPETITE! AND, IT WOULD BE RUDE, SINCE YOU’VE BEEN SO NICE, MAKING DINNER FOR ME!”

“I also know it’s kind of late,” you say, eyes darting to the microwave clock - 9:22pm it reads. “I won’t be offended if you want something light to hold you over for an hour.”

Papyrus considers this thoughtfully. “I DON’T THINK THERE IS ENOUGH TIME FOR ME TO MAKE SPAGHETTI?”

You frown, shaking your head. “Even if there was,” you begin, recalling that he does like to make his sauces from scratch. “We don’t have those ingredients on hand, and pasta would be kind of heavy right before a meal?” you guess.

“here bro,” Sans scoots along the counter as Papyrus turns. The smaller skeleton swings open a cupboard door next to his head, and he grabs a blue box off the shelf to offer it. “take a look at these.”

“What are ‘POP TARTS’?” he asks curiously, reading the box.

“It’s a thin pastry-like thing,” you explain. “You can warm them up in a toaster.”

“PASTRIES ARE FOR DESSERT,” he scoffs, withdrawing a foil package from the box and eyeing it warily.


It takes some more prompting, but Papyrus does eventually take a bite of the pop tart, and then devours the rest of the package like a starving person who’s just been handed a juicy cheeseburger. He approaches the baked chicken and rice dish with similar caution, but as soon as he takes a bite he can’t get enough of that, either. He eats it silently, making the odd noise of delight. You smile satisfied at that. Maybe he’ll let you cook for him too now that he’s home, and you won’t have to endure spaghetti quite so much.

Sans collects the dishes and leaves the table to wash them. Papyrus has a curious look on his face at that. As soon as your boyfriend leaves the room, the taller skeleton lunges at you and you find your lungs being gently crushed by his arms and ribs as your feet leave the floor.

“Holy crap Papyrus, what-?” you breathe as you struggle.

“HUMAN _____!” he cries out. The shoulder of your sweater feels damp. Is he crying?? “I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, AM SO HAPPY!”
“Paps, please put me down,” you mumble weakly at the bone crusher.

He puts you down and when he releases you, you look up and see small faintly orange tears trickling down his teeth from the corners of his sockets. You pull your sleeve over your hand and reach up to wipe at them.

“Papyrus, are you okay?” you ask, concerned.


“Whoa, uh, okay,” you stumble.

“THANK YOU, HUMAN ____,” he blubbers through more orange tears. “I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, AM FOREVER IN YOUR DEBT!”

“I really don’t think that’s necessary Papyrus,” you shake your head, struggling to both reach his face at your height and keep up with the steady streams of tears.

Papyrus suddenly straightens into a dramatic pose. “NONSENSE! PREPOSTEROUS! I MUST DO SOMETHING GRAND TO REPAY YOU!” His long skeletal fingers meet his jaw to stroke it ponderously. “BUT WHAT WOULD BE GRAND ENOUGH TO COMPENSATE YOU FOR INCREASING MY BROTHER’S HAPPINESS BY SO MUCH?”

“Really, I didn’t do anything,” you stumble.

“I’VE GOT IT!” he snaps. “HUMAN ____ , I UNDERSTAND YOU STILL NEED TO FIND A PLACE OF YOUR OWN. WOULD YOU PERHAPS WANT TO BECOME OUR ROOMMATE INSTEAD? NYEH-HEHEHEH!”

You gasp. “Oh, well, this is awkward,” you laugh nervously, ceasing your efforts to dry his tears to hold your elbow defensively instead. “Sans kind of already asked me that. But,” you add cautiously. “I’m glad you’re cool with it?”

Chapter End Notes

Oh man Papyrus, I love you but I hate writing your dialogue XD Sorry this took so long! Meant for it to go up yesterday, but my brain quit and then decided to go write another story instead. Whoops.

As always, thank you all for your wonderful comments and kudos. You make me feel so loved :’)}
You make a deal with Papyrus that you’re going to take over the cooking from now on, but he negotiates for at least two nights a week that he gets to prepare spaghetti. You decide to keep an eye on him whenever he does, so he doesn’t add anything weird to the sauce anymore.

Papyrus rambles on for a while about his older brother’s laziest exploits, much to Sans’ dismay. Really, it looks like he’s being tortured, having all of this laid out in front of his girlfriend like that. You try to change the subject a couple times, but Papyrus barges on with another anecdote about socks or finding him asleep at Grillby’s – His favourite restaurant in the underground, you learn.

Finally, you have to ask. “Hey Paps, I thought you weren’t coming home until next Friday?”

“That was my original plan,” he agrees. “But it seems that Mettaton thought it best I return early.”

“Oh?” Sans hums, not actually sounding very interested.

“Why’s that, Paps?”

“He didn’t want to say,” Papyrus sighs softly. “But he had a rather heated argument with his agent on the phone last night. I only hope that they remain friends, Mr. Moore is a pretty cool guy!” he beams.

You look over at Sans, whose head rises from his folded arms, eyes matching your curiosity. Wonder what that’s about. You turn back to Papyrus. “Do you think that means he’s coming home early?”

“I’m not quite sure, but I hope so!” Papyrus beams.

“Hey bro,” Sans interjects. “it’s really late. how ‘bout i read you your story?”

Papyrus practically bounces in his seat. “Can you read the fluffy bunny!”

“Of course paps.”

The boys disappear to Papyrus’ bedroom while you tidy up the livingroom and get ready for bed yourself. You set your textbook down on the coffee table, ready for an early morning cram session before the test tomorrow, then go to brush your teeth. By the time you’re done, Sans is waiting for you on the bed.

“He asleep?” you whisper.
“like the dead,” he chuckles softly.

“Good,” you grin, pulling off your shirt. “We can finish what we started earlier.”

His cheeks glow bluely at that, eye lights focused on your chest. “uh. only if you’re quiet.”

“I can’t promise that,” you grin, sliding out of your pants.

“Morning Paps. Need anything for breakfast?” you call cheerily.

He eyes the frying pan curiously, unsure how to respond to the fried eggs and bacon. The toast pops up out of the toaster and he straightens to examine it as well. You smile, plating up some food for him and withdrawing the toast to add on the side. He can have the first plate, you think, as you add more bread to the toaster and pull another couple of eggs out of the carton to fry up.

“WHY ARE YOU WEARING ONE OF SANS’ SHIRTS?” he asks, eyeing the loose basketball jersey you’ve claimed this morning. He never wears it himself, and it’s just long enough to hang past your butt like a short dress.

You wiggle your hips flirtatiously in response. “He’s my boyfriend, so I’m entitled to steal his clothes. It’s like a rule.”

“CURIOUS,” he ponders. “IS THIS A SORT OF DATING TRADITION?”

“Why? Are you thinking about stealing some of Mett’s clothes?” you grin slyly.

Papyrus smiles, an orange blush lighting up his cheekbones as he glances away shyly. Oh my god, he’s adorkable. You quietly hope that if he does try on Metts’ wardrobe that he’ll snap you some pictures. He’s got a killer figure, being a tall broad-shouldered skeleton, and Mettaton’s probably got a closet of the finest threads a mile deep.

How did you start being attracted to skeletons again? Oh, right. It’s because Sans is freakishly adorable.

“Hey,” you say. “Speaking of Mettaton, have you heard from him since last night?”

“HE TEXTED ME THIS MORNING,” he admits, as he finally grabs a fork and knife for his plate of breakfast. “HE SAID THAT HIS AGENT IS AN IDIOT, AND THAT HE’S GOING TO BREAK HIS CONTRACT.”

“Holy crap, really?” you ask, astonished.

“WELL, I STILL LIKE MR. MOORE, BUT I TRUST METTATON’S JUDGEMENT. I JUST HOPE THEY CAN BE FRIENDS AGAIN SOON!”

You giggle softly at his obstinate innocence. “Sure Paps, that’d be nice if they could be.”

Papyrus cackles gleefully before taking his plate to the card table in the corner of the livingroom. You reach for your phone and open up a new text to Mettaton.

* Hey Metts, you text. Paps is home, he’s doing fine. He said you’re going to break your contract?
You don’t expect an immediate response with the early morning hour, but the buzzing from your phone startles you slightly as you start plating up more bacon and eggs to bring to your sleepy skeleton love.

* Oh darling, thank you for the update!! Yes, I’m afraid it’s true; I just can’t work with that agent anymore. I apologize, I know you were a fan

You scrunch your nose at that. Fan was not the word you would’ve used, but you’re not going to tell him that and offend the glamorous robot.

* What happened? Is everything okay?

* No, gorgeous. It’s absolutely dreadful here I caught some of my colleagues saying some rather inappropriate things about Papyrus and myself, and my agent did nothing to protect him, so I’m taking matters into my own hands

* Oh snap, you used the devil and fire emojis, you joke. Although he’s not using as many emojis as he normally does, you notice. How real is shit going to get down there?

* I have a meeting with a lawyer today to help. I hope it goes well. It is so hard for monsters to find willing help down here, he texts.

* Well, I’ll be glad to see you back here, you smile. It’s boring without you <3.

* I simply cannot wait to return

Chapter End Notes

I'm not happy with this one (And it was a real fight to get the smileys to work), but I wanted to both bring Mettaton back into the story and flesh out his character a little more - This will be important later. As my friend said when he proofread it, 'If they were making fun of just him then he'd walk it off - that's show business - but drag Papyrus into it? It's go time.'
“We should print off some of these pictures and put them on the fridge!”

“stalker photos?” he asks incredulously, sounding like he thinks you’ve just gone off the deep end. “really?”

“Yeah, why not?” you grin, looking through the downloads folder on the computer. “Hey, this one’s super cute! It’s us kissing in front of some crappy tattoo place.”

The boys’ beat up laptop leaves a lot to be desired, you think, but you suppose that’s what they get for pulling it out of a garbage dump. You’re sitting at the small card table in the living room with Sans behind you, looking over your shoulder as you cruise through the anti-monster forum.

Before engaging the forum’s denizens with your honestly terrible but frankly hilarious plan of trolling them, you’d agreed that it might be a good idea to capture any evidence you could before they have a chance to edit their posts and tear it all down.

Fortunately though, there was a thread in the general discussion that made the trolling scheme all the more tempting: The administrator that set up the forum never promoted anyone before going inactive two months ago. As a result, spam bots were taking over some of the smaller forums… And there was nothing stopping either of you from taking the boards by storm.

“i still think this is a bad idea. we’re only going to make them mad,” Sans suggests reasonably. “besides, this is where they post about their ‘bounties’ and ‘outings’ – we could use that information to keep monsters safe.”

“Well,” you consider. Damn, that’s a good point. Finally, you sigh. “Okay, fine. No trolling them. Maybe I’ll just make an account, and we’ll set up some alerts for new posts or something.”

Sans smiles at that. “thanks babe,” he says, petting your hair from where he’s standing behind you. “i appreciate it.”

The security on this board is really sloppy, you think once you make an account. You’d thought there would be more boards only visible to members, but everything was open to the public. You shake your head, remembering a mantra your teacher tried to impress upon you and your class when briefly touching on security last unit – ‘Security through obscurity isn’t secure’. Just because it was a small forum, and the web URL was a mishmash of letters and numbers, doesn’t mean that it wouldn’t be possible to find it. You decide to make your forum name match the same convention the spambots used, and you copy and paste some of their posts on the boards to keep up the illusion. Once that’s done, you set your account to invisible and set up some e-mail alerts to go to Sans’ gmail address.

“why my e-mail?” he asks curiously.

“So it pings your phone whenever there’s new posts,” you explain, leaning back to look at him. “You can take shortcuts, so you can come grab me and get us both there faster.”

“ping my phone? how does that work?”
“… Do you not have e-mail notifications set up on your phone?”

He shakes his head meekly.

“Ugh. Give it here,” you say, holding out your empty hand.

He grins, taking your fingers in his warm ceramic ones and kissing your palm lightly, before placing his phone in your grip. You grasp his wrist before he can pull away and pull him down into you so you can steal a longer kiss on his warm, smooth lips. He chuckles warmly at that.

“come on, we’d better not start something we can’t finish before paps gets home,” he smirks.

“Aww, someone didn’t like getting caught in the act last night?” you tease.

Sans winks at you, grinning. “i’ve got to say, i was scared stiff when i heard him at the door.”

You snicker at the pun before turning your attention to his phone to set up his e-mail and notifications.

“say, did you want to go to the embassy tomorrow?” he asks. “we should probably take this stuff to toriel before too long,” he nods to the computer screen.

“Yeah,” you sigh. “You’re probably right. If they’re really attacking monsters, and,” your stomach churns disgustedly. “If they’ve really been as successful as some of these posts claim… The Queen’s got to know.”

Saturday morning you had Sans take you to the party store so you could quit your job in person. Nat was sorry to see you go, noting that you were her most reliable closer. You apologize profusely that you can’t stay, but you have to think about your safety and the safety of your friends. She glances over at Sans warmly for a moment, as the curious skeleton looks through the bachelorette party section, blushing furiously once he realizes what the confetti in the small bag he’s holding is supposed to be shaped like. He startles when he sees that you’re both watching him intently, accidently knocking down the peg with the rest of the bags and then frantically scrambling to pick them all up while his cheekbones go full navy. Nat chuckles at his antics and promises to give a good reference to your next employer.

Once that’s over with, Sans and you leave the unassuming brick building and head around the back. You notice for the first time a group of teenagers looking over in your direction. One of them sneers at you and his buddy looks like he wants to follow. You grab the shoulder of Sans’ jacket protectively, and your boyfriend stops to look up at you.

“Let’s take that shortcut right here, sweetie,” you smile down at him.

“people can see us,” his protest is immediate.

“I know,” you grin seductively.

Leaning down, you wrap your arms loosely around his shoulders, steering his body towards you so you can look past him at the group of kids, who are now making no efforts to conceal that they’re watching you intensely. You plant a long kiss on Sans’ lips as he holds your waist gently with both hands, keeping one eye open on the teens and upturning one of your hands where they can see it, middle finger extended.
Before the apparent leader of the pack can shout something at you, the teleport takes you away in the blink of an eye.

“we’re here,” Sans says softly after parting from the kiss. “mind telling me what that was about?” he asks, tangling his fingers in your hair.

You straighten slightly and meet his glowing eyes. “Pretty sure those kids were part of the anti-monster board,” you tell him in a hushed whisper. “I just wanted to leave an impression.”

Sans frowns. “you really shouldn’t antagonize them like that,” he says responsibly. “they’re dangerous.”

“Yes, they are,” you pull him into a tight hug. “So I’m going to do whatever I can to protect you guys – Even if that means putting myself at the center of this, or picking fights to take the attention away from you. I know how thugs work,” you say confidently.

His hand rubs your back for a moment. “you must know how i feel about that,” he starts, his voice muffled by your sleeve. “but i also know how determined you are. just, don’t put yourself in danger, okay?”

“Same goes for you, you know,” you scold.

“yeah, yeah.”

Finally, you break the embrace and capture his hand in yours, walking out of the alleyway hand in hand. You turn the corner, and finally see it. The Embassy for All Monsters.

It wasn’t even half as impressive as it should have been.

The building, at least from the outside, had the look of an abandoned building or squat house. It was a dark brown brick building three stories high, with black metal fire escape stairs against the building connecting the second and third floors, with a ladder to deploy to reach the ground in an emergency. The windows on the third floor were broken and had graffiti still left on the remnants of the smokey gray glass, with particle boards visible nailed up on the inside to keep out the breeze. All in all, the building’s exterior gave you an uneasy feeling.

“Well,” you sigh. “Let’s go inside then, alright?”

Chapter End Notes

When characters talk their own writer out of pursuing a story arch you know they must be good characters, right? XD Seriously, I wrote that line from Sans and I was like ’Shit that's a really good point... I guess I can't do that now.' No matter though, I've altered it so it still works, and this gives me a new way to bring Muffet back into the story.

Ahuhuhuhuhu~

A couple somebodies found my tumblr already, so I've decided to try and be more active on it and post when new chapters go up (Even if that's 3-4 times a day still XD). I'm ladyanatares.tumblr.com, so if tumblr's your thing that's where you'll find me. I can't art so it's literally just me reblogging cute skeletons other people draw, and my own story stuff.
The interior was a lot nicer than the exterior. The front lobby was lit dimly, but warmly, with conch lights high on the carefully crafted wood paneled walls. The carpet was a dark red and had some height to the pile, your shoes crunching into it almost like it was grass. There were three lounging chairs set side by side across from a small cloakroom, all custom upholstered in a rich, patterned silk that didn’t clash. It even smelled fresh in here, like lavender and vanilla – You spot a reed oil diffuser on the front desk that must be the source. The desk looked to be made of a similar wood to the walls, and at it sat a white bunny type monster who smiled sweetly at you.

“Welcome to the Embassy for All Monsters,” she inclines her head in greeting. Her nose delicately sniffs the air, probably trying to gauge your scent. “My name is Sophia, how can I help you today?”

You’re still slightly awestruck at the stark contrast between inside and out, so Sans urges you forward with a warm hand on your lower back. “Uhh, hi,” you greet shyly. “I don’t really know what the protocol is… But we need to see the Queen, I guess?”

“Oh!” she startles at you, letting out a short laugh. “And here I thought Sans was finally coming in to pay his taxes!”

You shoot a look down at Sans. He withers under your gaze. “yeah, i guess i’m late again. i’ll apologize to tori directly if you can get her out here,” he chuckles nervously.

“How much are they?” you ask. “Why not just pay them now?”

“i’m a little short right now,” he winks. “don’t worry about it. i’ll settle my tab soon.”

“You’d better,” Sophia waggles a pen at him, one of her tall ears twitching in annoyance. “I’ll call Toriel now. Human, may I have your name please?”

“Oh! I’m _____,” you introduce.

“All right,” she nods.

You take a seat in the lounge chairs with Sans as Sophia dials the Queen’s extension on her phone. She eyes you suspiciously as you watch her, so you turn your attention back to Sans.

“don’t worry about sophia,” he smiles softly. “she’s as gentle as any rabbit, just wary of humans like most monsters,” he explains.

“Aha,” you say with understanding. “Anyways, what are these taxes you owe?”

“They needed a way to fund the embassy and a lot of the costs of doing politics. so, tori and asgore just asked monsters to keep paying monster taxes.”

“So you’re getting double taxed? You still pay income tax working in Canada, no?”

He shrugs. “it’s not so bad. we get a gst exemption, and monster taxes are only two percent of our income.”

“Two percent!??” you gape. “I made minimum wage and I still paid like twenty-five!” You launch
out of your chair just as Sophia sets her phone down, raising your hand just like you do in class for a question. “Hey! If I marry a monster can I have the monster tax rate?”

Sans cackles behind you. Sophia eyes you curiously. Finally, she shakes her head. “Queen Toriel is available to see you now,” is all she says.

Sophia pushes open the massive double doors behind her and gestures for you to step through. Before you can though, a massive goat-lion lady breezes past her and embraces you in a warm hug.

“_____ it is so good to see you again!” she coos.

“Uh, likewise, Tori,” you smile into her fur, returning the gentle hug. She withdraws and smiles at you.

“‘sup tori,” Sans greets.

“Sans! It is wonderful to see you too,” she grins at the small skeleton. “Have you paid your taxes yet?” she waves a finger at him, a scolding tone on her furry lips.

Sans shrugs, a playful glint in his eye as he winks at her. “i’m working myself down to the bone, tori. it’s very taxing.”

Toriel snorts as she howls with laughter. “Well you had better pay them soon, Sans,” she grins, a mischievous look in her eye. “… Or I will send you to an early grave!” she cackles.

“hehehe. nice,” Sans chuckles.

What happens next between the two pun pals is something you can only describe as an overly complex secret handshake. Toriel laughs some more at that before inviting you both to her office.

Her office is way bigger than the reception area, you figure, and a lot more regal. The plush carpet in here is a deep purple with the symbol of the monster monarchy patterned into it in a bright yellow that compliments it pleasantly. The walls look like white marble or granite, little flecks of something occasionally flashing a reflection of the light from the chandelier on the ceiling. She has a pair of soft ivory couches on one side of the large room with a low, dark wood coffee table in between them. On the other side of the room was her desk, the same dark wood again but larger and more impressive than Sophia’s. You suspect they were custom made, as Toriel’s is a few inches higher, probably to accommodate her height. A few feet behind her desk is a small kitchenette with cupboards above it and a small coffee maker on the counter next to the sink. A small black fridge silently runs below the counter, probably containing fresh milk and cream for coffee.

“I trust that the guards did not give you too much trouble getting in? They are good boys,” she remarks as she sits behind her desk and puts on her reading glasses.

You remember the two dogs in royal guard armour who were standing guard outside the front door. They’d almost pounced on you in greeting. They clearly recognized you from Surface Day, panting heavily as you passed, and whimpering slightly when you apologized that you couldn’t stop to pet them. There was a sign posted and everything: “Please DO NOT pet dogs on duty”. The NOT had deep scratches through it from dog claws.

“I might have to bring them cookies next time,” you think aloud. “They seemed upset I couldn’t pet them today.”

“It distracts them,” Toriel explains. “We need their eyes, ears, and noses open and focused on protecting what we have built here. Cookies should be fine, though, if you wanted to bring some for
next time!” she laughs.

“Awesome,” you smile.

“May I get you something to drink?” she suggests. “Coffee, tea?”

“Oh! Uh, hot chocolate would be cool if you have any,” you ask.

She smiles at that. “One for you too, Sans?”

“i suppose i have room in me for one,” he winks, clinking his bony knuckles along his ribs.

Toriel guffaws at that, standing to go to the kitchen. From the cupboard she pulls out an electric kettle, filling it with water and starting it by plugging it in. Two packets of hot cocoa mix come out next, set aside a bag of mini marshmallows, two mugs, and stirring spoons.

“While we wait for the water to boil, to what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?” Toriel turns and smiles at you both warmly.

Sans frowns, glancing at you briefly before pulling the printed screenshots of the board out of his coat pocket, unfolding them in his phalanges. “we’ve got something to show you, tori. and you’re not going to like it.”

Chapter End Notes

Don't ever trust me to do interior decorating. Honestly, wood paneling is so dated but I was trying to think of a ritzy, old timey office look. It would probably be pretty ugly in person, IMO.

For the secret handshake I must refer you to this: secret handshake gif
You dab another tissue to the Queen’s teary eyes as they gaze up at you in quiet thanks.

“How long have you known about this?” she asks sorrowfully.

“Since just before Surface Day, honestly,” you explain. “Sans has already taken it upon himself to try and prevent any more attacks.”

She lifts her head and looks at Sans sternly. “Is that true?”

Sans withers slightly in her gaze. “heh. just the one time,” he says, shrinking his head into his spring jacket.

“Reckless as ever,” she scoffs, a large paw coming up to cover her eyes.

“I’m going to help him,” you add.

Toriel startles and turns in her seat to look at you. “No, my child, you should not get involved!”

“I’m not much of a fighter, but I don’t want them hurting my friends,” you say, determined. “If you send monsters out to fix a monster problem, then that’s just more monsters that can get hurt,” you add. The thought of Undyne or the dog guards getting caught in that mess makes you feel nauseated.

“… But you are a human! You do not-”

You put a finger to her furred lips to shush her. “Exactly. If they think they’re such ‘heroes’, then they can’t hurt me. I’m not much of a fighter, but the least I can do is stand in their way.”

Toriel opens her mouth to speak, but Sans holds up a hand to silence her. “i wouldn’t bother trying to talk her out of it, tori. _____’s pretty determined, and probably more hard-headed than i am, which is saying something,” he grins, knocking his bony knuckles against his skull to complete the joke.

“Plus,” you add. “I can remind the numbskull when it’s time to leave,” you wink at Sans.

Toriel folds her paws into her lap and sighs deeply. “I suppose I cannot talk either of you out of this foolish endeavor. And, to be truthful, we simply do not have the resources to spare handling this problem; We need the royal guard to protect the embassy, to give monsters somewhere safe that they can come to if they feel threatened.” Her gaze snaps sharply upward to look at Sans, then at you. “I am not giving you official endorsement. Either of you. Just… Keep safe, all right?”

“you got it, tori.”

“Hmm,” you wonder. “You said something about not having the resources?” you highlight. “Is there something wrong?”

“Oh!” Tori gasps. “Well, yes, there is a problem. As it happens, things are a lot more… Expensive, on the surface.”

“What are you doing for funding?” you ask.
“We have only the taxes that our people pay. At least, those of them who actually pay,” her eyes narrow at Sans, who chuckles nervously, shrinking into his coat.

“That’s it?”

Toriel and Sans look at you skeptically. “… What more can we ask?” she asks curiously.

“What about asking humans for funding?”

Toriel blinks at that. Her eyes hold about a thousand questions. “But… Why? Who else would…”

You grin confidently. “Seriously, you guys have way more fans out there than you think.”

Standing from your seat next to Tori, you collect up the printed screenshots of the forum in a pile in one hand and hold it up dramatically. You consider also standing on the low coffee table for triumphant effect, but put your foot back down on the floor after realizing that might be rude. Sans smirks quietly at your almost antics.

“For every single one of these assholes, you’ve probably got like fifty fans at least,” you proclaim, gesturing broadly and waving around the prints from the forum. “My cousin actually goes to monsters rights rallies, and I’m sure there are human fan clubs for monsters all over that we just haven’t discovered yet. Why not ask them for financial support? Two percent off income isn’t bad – That’s way less than churches or the government takes! Or, maybe a monthly recurring donation of their choice could work instead? People do that stuff online through funding websites already, supporting artists and stuff,” you shrug. “Logistically, you can probably make it work like charity or foreign aid, and you can print off ‘honourary monster nation citizen’ certificates for them on shiny paper in thanks or something.”

“Hmm,” Toriel runs one padded paw over the back of the other thoughtfully. “I suppose it could not hurt to investigate,” she smiles softly.

“I can get more info for you on the monsters rights group Amey’s part of?” you offer, holding out your phone for her to enter her contact information. “From there, I can probably find more.”

The large goat woman takes your phone into her hands uncertainly, a small smile tugging at the corners of her mouth. Your phone looks so small in her massive paws, and she clearly seems to have trouble typing on the touch screen. Sans chuckles and bails her out, taking your phone from her and entering Tori’s contact information on her behalf.

“Thank you, _____,” she beams up at you.

“Hey, what’re friends for?” you grin.

Chapter End Notes

When I said Reader is a smarty pants back at the lab, I meant it :P
“we’re home, paps,” Sans calls out as he closes the front door behind you and clicks the lock into place.

As soon as both of his hands are free of shopping bags, they find their way onto your neck as he gently pulls you down for a quick kiss. You respond by pulling him into a deeper, longer kiss. Successfully lighting his cheekbones on blue fire, he grasps the bag handles again and shuffles away giddily to the kitchen.

“I’m going to put the groceries away and make some hot chocolate, want some?” he offers lovingly.

“Hot chocolate?” you question. “It’s June.”

“So?” he grins.

“Hot drinks aren’t really suitable for hot weather,” you explain. “It overheats your body or something.”

Sans gestures to himself as he opens the cupboard with his magic and fetches a mug. “no body – no problem,” he winks.

You roll your eyes at that, but chuckle anyway. It’s easy to forget that skeletons don’t mind either the heat or the cold.

“Hey can you see if paps wants one?” he asks.

“Oh, sure! And hey, can you grab me a soda when you’re done? I want to get laundry started.”

“Make sure to pop in our room for the basket,” he winks.

Laughing softly at the pun, you finish kicking off your falling apart sneakers and settle in next to the taller skeleton on the couch. He’s watching some Mettaton movie, you groan inwardly, and sighing softly to himself. He’s entranced by the compact metal box form of his boyfriend on the screen, reclining in a fancy pink lounge chair with rose petals falling gently over his body as soft piano music plays in the background. Papyrus is completely enraptured with it. You wave a hand in front of his eyes and he still doesn’t snap out of it.

“Papyrus,” you bark softly into the side of his skull. He startles a bit and turns to you, cheekbones blushing orangely. “Sans is making hot chocolate – Would you like one?”

“Oh. No, but thank you for offering,” he says, eye sockets returning to the screen.

You wait patiently, watching the TV with him, just trying to figure out the appeal. Moments pass. Nothing of any significance happens on the screen. It’s literally just Mettaton being showered with rose petals.

“Missing your boyfriend, huh?” you suggest, elbowing him in his armoured ribs.

He nods sharply in response.
“Well, don’t worry, okay? He’ll be home soon, right?” you ask.

“HE’S NOT SURE EXACTLY WHEN HE WILL ARRIVE HOME,” Papyrus shrugs. “BUT HE HOPES TO RETURN BEFORE THE HUMAN FRISK’S BIRTHDAY.”

“Oh, is that soon? I forgot all about it,” you admit meekly.

“IT IS A WEEK FROM TODAY, IN FACT!” he expands. “SATURDAY THE NINTH OF JUNE.”

“Wow, that’s close. Did you get a present for them?” you ask. Personally, you have no idea what to get for Frisk yourself – You see them so infrequently that it’s hard to gauge what they’d like. Maybe you’ll just ask them next time you stop by the embassy.

He straightens proudly in his seat. “I WAS GOING TO MAKE MY SPECIAL BIRTHDAY SPAGHETTI,” he explains.

“Of course you were,” you smile.

Papyrus’ mood hasn’t improved, even at the mention of spaghetti. You sigh, wondering what you can do or say to soothe the sad skeleton.

Straightening to a stand from the luxuriously cloud-like couch, you move around the back of it and stand behind Papyrus, holding his skull in your hands and massaging it with your thumbs.

“HUMAN! WHAT IS IT THAT YOU ARE DOING?” he startles a bit at your touch, but doesn’t completely pull away. After a moment, you find that his skull actually presses into your fingers a bit, and he mumbles pleasantly at the contact.

“I just wanted to try and help you calm down,” you explain softly. “I know it sucks to be apart from someone you love, you know.”

“WHO ARE YOU SEPERATED FROM THAT YOU LOVE?” he asks. “YOU AND SANS ARE NEVER APART,” he observes.

You chuckle at that. “My siblings, I guess. I haven’t seen them in years,” you admit sadly. “I used to run my fingers through their hair when they were sad, they said it relaxed them. I just thought I’d try it on you,” you shrug, blinking away your emotions before they can overcome you. “Is it working?”

“SKELETONS DO NOT HAVE HAIR,” he scoffs. “BUT… I SUPPOSE THIS IS PLEASANT ANYWAYS.”

“Have you never had a head rub before?”

“NO, THIS WOULD BE MY FIRST TIME!” he proclaims.

“Really? What about your mom? What would she do to help you calm down when you were upset?”

Papyrus turns to look at you, his skeletal face twisted in confusion. “I DID NOT HAVE A MOTHER GROWING UP,” he explains. “SANS IS MY ONLY FAMILY.”

“You mean… Oh I’m sorry, did you lose your parents young?” you retreat sadly, bringing your hands to your mouth.

Papyrus doesn’t flinch away sadly, instead he just looks even more perplexed. “NO, I NEVER HAD PARENTS TO BEGIN WITH. I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, AND MY LAZY BROTHER,
WERE BORN TO NO ONE.”

“You mean… That you never had parents at all? How does that work?”

“I DO NOT KNOW THE SPECIFICS, HUMAN _____, BUT IF I HAD HAD PARENTS, SURELY I WOULD REMEMBER THEM!” he declares proudly.

You think back to the night with the telescope and Sans. He mentioned a mother and a sister, and spoke adoringly of them. Even earlier on when you were just friends, he expressed some disinterest in talking about his ‘shitty parents’. Why is it that Sans thinks they had parents when Papyrus insists that they never did?

There’s a soft sigh that escapes a pair of bony lips behind you. You turn to see Sans standing there, a mug of hot chocolate in one hand and your soda in the other. He’s got an apprehensive look on his face, like he’s just been caught in a lie.

“Sorry Papyrus,” you turn back to the taller brother. “I hope you feel better, but I have to go. I think Sans and I need to have a chat.”

Chapter End Notes

Reader accidently stole Papyrus’ headrub virginity. Mettaton will be cool with it, but Sans... Well, we'll see ;) This chapter only endured a single pass of my fussy editing, so I hope it reads okay, but I may check it over again later and make more tweaks and changes. I just wanted to get this up so I can move this plot along!

The next chapter is an ugly feels trip, you guys. I have another story up that will go into more details, called Why I Have Nightmares. But while there will be fluff and happy times, it's mostly bad times. I am so sorry Sans, but you know how comics are - They always find comedy in the darkest of places. :(
Sans shifts guiltily where he sits on the bed next to you.

“Sans,” you start. “What’s going on? Why doesn’t Papyrus remember your parents, but you do?”

“i was always planning to tell you this, okay?” he promises. “i just… i didn’t know where to start,” he slumps sadly.

Gripping his bony shoulder with a hand intending to stabilize him, you press on. “Tell me. Whatever it is, I can handle it.”

He nods. “i know, it’s just… this isn’t an easy thing for me to talk about.”

You decide to wait quietly for him to continue. He sighs bitterly, then surprises you by standing up. He shuffles over to his dresser, pulling his empty sock drawer open with his magic. Then, even more surprisingly, he removes a false bottom from the drawer to withdraw what looks like a large scrapbook. Written on the cover in black permanent marker are the words ‘Never Forget’.

“What is that?” you ask, an uncomfortable lump working its way up your throat.

“all i have left,” he answers sullenly.

Returning to sit beside you on the bed, he takes a couple of deep calming breaths, then opens the scrapbook across both of your laps. Inside are drawings of people. Skeletons, you figure out, from the angular way their arms seem to be illustrated, and the black sockets for eyes. He points at them with his phalanges.

“this was our little sister calisto,” he points to the smallest figure, a purple ribbon tied around her head in the amateur drawing. “this was mom, her name was arial,” he continues, pointing to a taller woman skeleton wearing a decorative scarf around her head and a thin dress. “and this asshole,” he grumbles, pointing to the tallest figure. “was our dad.” He shakes angrily at the word. You reflexively grip his shoulders to calm him as he chokes on a sob. He sighs and looks up at you, eye sockets creased in a miserable expression. “you were asking about my sins the other day. well, today, i’ll tell you about my biggest one.”

Sans flips through the scrapbook, pointing at drawing after drawing and telling his story. He focuses on the happier pictures that remind him of better days, when he was finding new ways to get into trouble with Calisto, and punning back and forth with his mom. All of the stories seem to exclude his father – It’s not hard to figure out that this Dr. Wingding Aster wasn’t someone that Sans loved very much – but you give him his space to tell his story the way he wants to. When he finally flips to the last page, he blubbers a bit at the final picture of him, Calisto, and Papyrus holding hands together as kids.

“cali’s fourth birthday was just around the corner i think,” he struggles, shutting his eye sockets tightly as pale blue tears fight to dribble out of them. “it was hard to remember after mom was...”

“Did she die? I’m so sorry, Sans,” you attempt to soothe.

He shakes his head fiercely at that. “even worse,” he sniffls. “she was erased.”
“Erased?”

He nods, the sobs rattling his bones more evidently now. “my father... the only reason he even decided to have a family in the first place was to have a successor, and to have more subjects for his fucking experiments.” He wrings his small bone hands together angrily. “but she wasn’t good enough for whatever project he was working on, so he used his magic to erase her existence from the world.”

“How do you use magic to do that?” you ask, biting back your shock in favour of horrified curiosity.

“He was a boss monster,” Sans explains bitterly. “boss monsters always have some powerful special ability, on top of enhanced physical attacks. he was a tier five boss, and as old as the entire history of monsters living in the underground, so his ability was manipulating existence. he could delete people, make it as if they were never even born. nothing of them remains. no dust for a funeral, nothing that they owned or that reminds you of them, not even other people’s memories survive complete erasure.”

“Oh my god,” you gasp, fighting the prickly feeling of tears behind your own eyes now. “So that’s why Papyrus doesn’t remember her... But, wait, how do you remember?”

“Because I’m a boss monster too,” he slumps. “well, sort of. I had to learn how to resist his magic from... well, I did say he wanted a successor, right? that’s me,” he sniffs, chuckling unamusedly. “broken as I am, I’m supposed to be the next brilliant Dr. Aster…”

“Did he...” you didn’t want to ask, but your determination urges you on anyway. “Did he erase Calisto, too?” you wince.

Sans’ eye sockets close tightly, tears flowing freely from them as his body shakes with ugly crying. Wow. That answers that question, you think darkly.

“Sans... Oh my god, I had no idea. I’m so, so sorry.” You pull him into your side as his hands cling to your shirt, soaking it with tears. “And you’ve been dealing with this by yourself this whole time?”

He nods into your side shakily, still making muffled sobbing sounds into your t-shirt. You run your fingers up and down his spine tenderly through his own thin shirt, quietly regretting bringing all of this information out of him before he was completely ready.

“I had to...” he starts again. “I had to stop him...”

“Shhh, you don’t have to keep talking about this if you don’t want to sweetie,” you soothe, kissing his skull softly.

“No, I have to tell you this...” he pulls away, trying to straighten and compose himself, but rubbing his palms over his eye sockets miserably. “this is my sin...”

“Okay,” you permit, holding his shoulders as he sits across from you. “If you insist, tell me when you’re ready.”

“That utter bastard, he... he w-wasn’t satisfied, with two failed experiments from my mom and sister. so... when I figured it out, he told me he had ‘one last shot’ with p-papyrus,” he trembles, looking up at you with big sad eyes, the tiny flames making up his pupils fading to small points. “I h-had to st-stop him...” It’s like you can feel his heart breaking.

“Whatever it was, I already forgive you. I can’t know how this feels, but... My feelings for you aren’t going to change one bit if you tell me, okay? Know that,” you tell him confidently.
He nods weakly, signaling his understanding, before he continues. “we were at the core,” he breathes. “that’s where we were when he told me that he was going after my bro next… i knew the core was built in part with his magic, s-so i… i pushed him in,” he struggles, some of his anger returning. “i used my magic to pick him up and drop him in that fucking power plant, erasing him with his own fucking magic out of our lives, in order to keep him from hurting papy… from hurting anyone, ever again. i killed my father and made the world forget him. that’s my sin.”

His eye lights shine a mote brighter as they look up at you imploringly. You pull him into a hug, gripping him tightly, as if he’s the one about to disappear. “You did the right thing stopping that monster,” you reassure him.

“is it b-bad that i wish i had d-done it a lot sooner?” he trembles, his voice muffled against your chest.

“No, I think it’s okay to feel like that with everything you’ve been through.” You stroke his shoulder blades through his shirt to comfort him.

“m-maybe if i had, we’d still have c-cali…” he mumbles.

“You can’t play at ‘what ifs’ – Don’t hold yourself accountable for something you couldn’t even know was happening. It’s not your fault, what he did to your family. Do you hear me, Sans? It’s not your fault.”

Sans says nothing, his body heaving the last of his grief into a watery mess on the front of your shirt. You kiss his skull softly and hold him, wishing you could take and hold on to his pain for him for a while, so he wouldn’t have to feel so much of it.

“I don’t know if this helps any, but…” you start. “You say that their existence was erased, but… Not completely, I’d bet.”

He bolts upright out of your arms, looking at you in confusion and pain. “what do you mean?”

“You still have memories of them,” you point out. “So they exist in your memories, don’t they?”

“only fragments, bits and pieces of moments…” he looks down sadly.

“They still exist because you remember them,” you insist. “And hey, since you’ve told me about them, they exist in me now, too,” you smile softly.

“even if that’s true, there’s nothing i can do about it… they’re… gone.”

“But not forgotten.”

“never. i’ll never, ever, forget them,” he nods resolutely.

“Feel a little better?” you shrug meekly.

“not really. well, maybe a little,” he shrugs tiredly.

“Good,” you tell him, gripping his shirt. “I need to do laundry, remember? So, let’s get these dirty clothes off of you.”

Chapter End Notes
Don't say I didn't warn you ;-) I'm so sorry, Sans. If you want more of this backstory, that's what my fic Why I Have Nightmares is for. I'll try and get another part of it up tomorrow maybe. It's just hard to write because it culminates in... This.

ADVANCE SMUT WARNING FOR NEXT CHAPTER: They do the sex. I don't know what's spiffy about it because I haven't written it yet, but sex is the plan. I'm sure I'll figure it out at 4am when I typically write my smut chapters XD Stay tuned my fellow sinners.

And if you're not interested in sin, please feel free to skip to chapter 80 instead. Once it exists. Smut chapters are always marked with an asterisk, and are always skippable :)

You peel his shirt up and over his head, then scoot over so he can lay down on the bed next to you. He’s still sniffing and blubbering, but he’s watching you, trying to gauge your actions. Once he’s prone, you lean over him and seize the opportunity to gently kiss each of his bare ribs, working your way up on one side, then starting again at the bottom of the other, working your way up once again.

“What… what are you doing?” he mumbles morosely, fingers fidgeting in the sheets at either side of him.

“Just trying to help you relax, sweetie,” you explain breathily next to his head.

“… is this really the time?” he asks, moving a hand to rest gently on your lower back, just holding you keeping you close.

“Is there ever a bad time?” you inquire jokingly, moving your kisses to his collarbone, neck vertebrae, and finally up to his cheekbones. “We don’t have to do anything,” you promise. “I just wanted to… I don’t know. To make the sad part pass a bit quicker? I mean, I don’t want to take away from the very heavy and personal things you’ve shared with me today, but, to me, it seems like you could still use a good distraction.”

“You are pretty distracting,” he smiles weakly, caressing your cheek with a bony hand. You wipe at his remaining tears with the corner of the nearby blanket.

“We don’t have to do anything,” you suggest. “We could just cuddle for a bit?”

“Aw,” he pouts playfully, his fingers moving from your back and finding their way into the waistband of your pants. “But the other thing is so much more fun.”

“What other thing?” you giggle, feigning innocence.

“The sex other thing,” he grins, running his distal bones along the lace band of your panties, enjoying the texture.

You frown. “Are you sure you’re in the mood?”

His hand leaves your pants to tug at his own, quickly untying the knotted strings and hooking a thumb into the band to pull them slightly away from himself. A blue light emanates from them, lighting up his ribcage and lower jaw hauntingly. “Does this answer your question?” he asks, chuckling softly.

Before you can ask again if he’s sure, he silences you with a long kiss, his gently pulsing tongue wresting yours for control. Your hands peel away at more of his shorts, gripping at his warm glass member lustfully, working it roughly in your fingers. He groans at that, his own hands pulling you
closer and finding their way your panties.

Breaking off the kiss briefly, he pulls in close to whisper into your ear, heated breath raking across your neck tantalizingly. “can i use my magic?” he asks seductively.

“Anything you want, sweetie,” you consent, dizzied by his closeness and mutual lust.

Suddenly, you find yourself completely naked. A chill wracks your body and you flinch out of reflex.

“Did you just- You teleported my clothes off of me!?” you gasp.

He chuckles. “is that okay?” he says, stroking your hair with his fingers and your cheek with his thumb.

“Just a little startling, I guess,” you shrug weakly. The room is a bit cold tonight, though, and you try to resist a shiver.

“don‘t worry, i’ll keep you warm,” he says huskily, trailing soft, warm kisses along your neck and shoulder as he pulls you to press against him.

You notice his clothes are gone too, his waistband no longer pressing against your wrists in a fight for control. His member glows brightly in your hands, the soft vibration making your hands tingle. His one hand grips you tightly by your ass, while the other pushes your hands away from his cock so he can press against you, pulsing against your lower lips as he kisses you deeply once again. He unconsciously thrusts into you gently, making you wet with wanting and feeling frustratedly empty.

“Oh my god, Sans,” you rasp when he finally breaks off the kiss. “Will you just get inside of me already!?”

He chuckles at that into your throat. “can i use my magic one more time?” he drawls, kissing you from your throat down to your collarbones. “i have an idea.”

“Yes,” you say lustfully, rocking your hips into his.

Your body is suddenly wrapped in a new sensation. Looking at your hands, you notice they, and the rest of your nude form, is glowing a faint blue. It’s a sensation like static, but warm and soothing, like a blanket fresh out of the dryer. He gets an evil glint in his eye as he raises his hand away from your buttock.

Suddenly you’re floating.

“Holy crap,” you breathe.

It’s a truly surreal feeling – On the one hand, gravity feels like it should be pulling you down, but instead, you feel completely weightless and something inside of you twists uneasily at that. On the other hand, however, you know you can trust Sans and his magic. He’s never showed the slightest bit of uncertainty whether he could do something, even when teleporting you both around all the time. He’s very confident with his magic, and has never hesitated or made you worry that he couldn’t do something. This was Sans, and Sans can do anything he puts his mind to. And, unlike last time on the couch, you find that you can still move your body and limbs somewhat. The thought fills you with reassurance.

“you doing okay babe?” he looks up at you with a grin, eye lights beaming with pride as he easily keeps you suspended in the air.
“I feel like I should be falling, but I’m not. It’s a bit weird, but not unpleasant,” you admit.

“gravity’s just a theory, you know,” he shrugs, chuckling.

“Well then,” you smile, beckoning him with a finger. “If that’s the case, then get up here.”

He beams with pride as his own body begins to glow faintly, pushing off the bed as if from the edge of a pool of water, his bones now just as weightless as yours. You clutch at him and wrap your legs around his middle section as he presses into you, grasping at your body with his phalanges and pulling you onto himself. You gasp as he hilt you immediately, the warm pulsing sensation sending pleasing thrills throughout your body. You wonder how he can thrust without leverage, but he manages it find and he cancels out the thought with another long kiss. Your tongues wrestle for control as his hot glass length explores you roughly and deeply, his hands holding you by your ass tightly as he thrusts into you. You grip his back ribs for support and he groans lustfully at that.

A tense coil of warmth starts low in your abdomen, distracting you from the kiss as you grip him tighter, throwing your head over his shoulder and moaning in pleasure. He takes that as his cue to go a little slower, letting you savour the feeling as it grows. He moves one of his hands to your lower back, repositioning himself slightly to maximize your pleasure. His luminescent tongue runs a trail along your shoulder, then focuses on that part of your neck that leaves you breathless. You grip at him tighter, and he responds in kind, keeping pace as he pushes into you. Your release right around the corner, he brings up a hand to lick his fingers, then brings it down to work gently at your swollen clit. Only a moment later and you’re gasping loudly as you orgasm, your muscles throbbing as they clench around his cock.

“Oh, Sans, oh my god…” you gasp breathily as your eyes roll to the back of your head. “I love you. I love you so so much,” you mumble, kissing his bony collar, neck, and face as your brain melts right out of your head.

He strokes a hand in your hair lovingly as his eye lights look at you, taking in your expression, a pleased smile on his face. “you look so good when you do that,” he moans. “and you feel even better,” he grins, thrusting his hips for emphasis.

“Your turn,” you press into him. “I want you to feel that good.”

His twinkling eyes meeting yours, they take on a half-lidded, loving look and he grins. “i don’t know. maybe i should try and make you do that again first.”

“Sans, god damnit, just… Fuck me, alright? I want you so bad right now. I want you,” you gasp desperately.

“well, if you insist,” he groans hungrily, gripping you tighter and thrusting his hips.

His hands move to grip you tightly by your ass cheek and by the hair at the nape of your neck, his face burying into your shoulder as his thrusts get quicker, deeper, longer. He grunts as you clutch him by his pelvic bones, pulling him closer. It feels amazing to bring him to his end like this, you think, as you lick and kiss at his cervical vertebrae. His mouth tries to respond in kind at your neck, hand tangled in your hair clutching at you more desperately, but he’s obviously a bit distracted. You grin at that, holding him close, wanting him to find his end, to feel as amazing as you did just moments ago.

He gasps and you both suddenly drop out of the air and fall onto the bed. Your head bangs into his skull noisily, pain blossoming as you reel from the blow.
“OW!” you shout. “Sans!”

“sorry, i just… hang on,” he mumbles, rolling onto you and inserting himself again, thrusting a couple more times weakly, grunting through it. Then he peels off of you, panting heavily. “i guess i got distracted. i’m sorry, babe. also? wow.”

Some of his luminescent seed has splattered onto your belly in the fall. which you guess was caused by his sudden climax. You chuckle at that.

“Next time, maybe we should stop floating when it’s your turn?” you suggest amusedly. You find his hand to hold it in yours and he absently starts running his thumb along the back of it.

“good idea,” he pants, looking over and smiling at you. “i love you,” he says, softly and sincerely, bone lids dipping contentedly.

“I love you too, Sans,” you smile back.

Chapter End Notes

This has been an idea since I first started this story. I just didn't know where or when to fit it in. But, while I was originally intending to have this a bit later in the sexual part of their relationship, I think/hope it fits here. Also, like Reader said, I wanted to make the sad part of last chapter pass quicker (So meta, right? :P). I'm trying to keep the story so that if emotions dip down low, I have something to bring you back up right around the corner.

Also, I know it was probably awkward to do sex right after that big reveal in 78, and I almost went and cancelled the idea, but then I *finally* managed to wake up early enough and be creative enough to do the smut, so I did the smut :P Enjoy!

Back to our regularly scheduled plot next chapter: We visit the lab again, and possibly learn more about souls! Did you think the fourteen aspects were the end of it? Ohhh no, there's more were that came from - Sans has already hinted at some of it :P
You feel a set of warm, bony hands nudging you awake the next morning. A trail of kisses down your arm stirs you some more, as a low breathy voice flutters past your ear.

“good morning, babe,” it says.

“Five more minutes,” you whine.

Sans chuckles and tangles his phalanges pleasantly in your hair, stroking it gently. “come on, time to get up.”

“Whyyyy…” you protest, clutching the pillow more and snuggling deeply into the sheets. Your awareness of your nudity hits you when you feel his distals run up and down your bare side under the covers.

He kisses your hair from where he’s cuddled into your back. “i want to take you to the lab today,” he admits.

You roll onto your back to face him, feeling confused. “But it’s a lab. It’s open on Sundays?”

“no…” he slumps weakly. “but… i want to take you there anyway.”

“What for?” you ask, your befuddlement growing as concern joins the mix.

He grins. “i want to show you my soul. and, maybe, we can take another look at yours?” he asks hopefully.

“Can we get a couple lab coats and play doctor in a supply closet too?” you inquire playfully.

His cheeks flush dark navy as he struggles with the heated thought. “m-maybe another time?” he offers shyly. “i was thinking about getting alphys to come, i need help running the equipment.”

“AARGHH,” you growl, grabbing the pillow from behind you and swatting him with it. It disappears out of your hand before it connects. “Cheater!”

“it’s a reflex,” he grins. “anyways, want to go?”

“I guess we could,” you sit up, stretching and looking around the room. “But, uh, would you mind making breakfast today? It turns out I need to do the laundry that I forgot about last night.”

It’s the afternoon before you make it out to the lab again. Sans has to call the security company to get them to enable his and Alphys’ cards at the front door for today, and then again for several more doors on the way to the exam room you’re familiar with. You ask him on the way inside why he doesn’t just teleport you past them all, and he explains that they don’t really like it when he does that. He wants to behave himself, but when you stop at the fourth door for yet another phone call to the automated system, you roll your eyes as you wish he’d be bad, just once.
“are you going to be okay babe?” he asks, concern glowing in his eyes as he looks up at you. His thumb runs along the back of your hand where he’s holding it.

“Yeah I’m going to be fine,” you groan at the uneasy feeling in the pit of your stomach. “Breakfast just isn’t sitting well with me. Are Alphys and Undyne already here?”

“yeah,” he nods, swiping his card at the last door before the hallway with the exam room. “undyne doesn’t let alphys go out alone if she can help it. she’s very protective of her fiancée.”

“Makes sense with all the anti-monster aggression lately,” you grumble. “I just… Things are going to be awkward between us, aren’t they? I haven’t spoken to Undyne since Surface Day.”

“i’m sure you’ll be fine,” he reassures.

Pushing open the final door to the lab, you see Alphys at the workstation busying herself calibrating the cameras, and Undyne leaning on the console over her watching her work.

You wince as she bolts upright and her slitted yellow eye scans you. It’s this meeting that you’ve been looking forward to the least, and one you’ve been avoiding for several days now. You wonder at what she’s going to say regarding your reaction to the events of Surface Day, and if she’s still angry with you for getting upset over it. But, you ponder, is it really fair of her to be angry at you for being upset? Probably not, even if it is a bit justified, knowing one of the kids took out her left eye.

“_____,” she sneers. “Why the hell haven’t you texted!?”

“Sorry…” you apologize weakly, running your hand over the back of your neck under her withering glare.

“I was worried, and it seems I was right to be! Your soul looks WEIRD right now, what the hell is THAT?”

What?

You shoot Sans a look, and he cringes into the neck of his jacket. “So that’s why you wanted to do the lab today,” you state.

“uh, yeah,” he mumbles. “sorry, i didn’t mean to trick you. i do want to show you my soul today though, that part’s absolutely true. i just… you’re looking kind of brown right now, so i was going to ask if we could take a look at the end?” he asks hopefully.

You rap him on the skull with your knuckles. “Bonehead,” you grumble, rolling your eyes. “Yeah, you can put me under your microscope again, I don’t mind. Better to be informed about my soul’s health, or something… Right? Like a checkup with the doctor,” you shrug.

Sans lets out a sigh he’d been holding. “sorry, i… thank you, babe. i just want to make sure you’re okay.”

“Well, then you’d better hurry up with your turn in the box, so we can get to mine,” you suggest, smiling down at his twinkling eyes.

He grins, standing on his toes to gently caress your cheeks as he kisses you, stopping only once Undyne makes a gagging noise to try and get this show on the road. He breaks it off, chuckling giddily, then checks over Alphys’ shoulder to make sure everything is set up, before going to the exam room door to open it and step inside. You take up position next to Undyne, who is standing in front of the window of the exam room looking in at Sans. She seems to be emitting a rather
intimidating aura right now.

“Undyne, uh…” you stammer. “I’m sorry.”

She looks over at you quizzically. “What the hell for?!”

“For avoiding you,” you admit. “And for, uh, reacting badly at Surface Day. I didn’t—”

“Idiot,” Undyne scoffs, folding her arms and rolling her eye.

“Huh?”

“I mean, you actually thought I was angry about that?” she glowers. Then she punches your arm, hard. Seriously, OW. “PLEASE. If anything, I’m IMPRESSED! I get pretty pissed when humans kill monsters,” she grumbles absently, then continues. “So, it makes total sense that you’d get upset when it’s the other way around!”

“… Really?” you mutter. “You’re not mad?”

“TCH, NO! It just shows you care. That’s IMPORTANT,” she insists. “NEVER APOLOGIZE FOR YOUR PASSION!”

“So, we’re cool?”

“Yeah we’re cool. Just don’t ghost me again, nerd!” she grins toothily.

“Okay, awesome. We should do cake again soon, then,” you suggest happily.

“Totally,” she smiles.

“Uh-h, Sans, your soul is giving me some weird readings,” Alphys mutters, looking at her screen.

“nah, they’re probably okay,” he grins from inside the room. “_____ check out my stats.”

You look over at the console to see the readings for your bone boy’s grey soul. “Why are all your numbers ones?” you ask, concerned. “That seems, uh, really low.”

“oops,” Sans grins. “self-defense mechanism,” he explains, then cocks his head to the side and looks away, as if he’s focusing on something. “check it again... now.”

“They changed,” you mutter in awe.

“S-sans, h-how did you do that!?” Alphys stutters.

His numbers for ATK and DEF jumped from ones, to hundreds, and from the look that Alphys is giving him, he just broke the monster scale. Several of his stats jumped as well. He laughs from inside the room at all of your expressions. The upside-down grey heart that represents his soul also seems to glow a lot brighter. But, you realize, his HP is still only one.

“Why didn’t your HP go up when you did… Whatever you just did?” you ask, concerned.

“that’s the part that’s broken,” he shrugs, this clearly not being any news to him. “i’ve got all the boss monster stats, except that one. one hit and i’m dust. good thing i’m so awesome at dodging, right?” he beams proudly.

“PUNK! You’ve been holding out on me!” Undyne rasps sharply, chest heaving in barely restrained
rage. “Why didn’t you ever come to sparring practice underground? You’re the WORST sentry EVER! I could get your HP up, no problem!”

“it’s not fixable,” he mutters, tapping a distal bone against his hard ivory cheek. “we- i’ve tried lots of things, but it doesn’t help. my hp’s stuck at one, there’s no changing it.”

He looks at you pointedly as he slides his hand up to briefly rest against the side of his skull, the back of his thumb against his head and with his fingers spread out, just for a half second, then slides it down the back of his neck vertebrae. It takes a moment for the meaning of that small, simple gesture to sink in – He was signing ‘father’ in ASL, subtly telling you that his dad was involved in trying to get his HP up, and without tipping off Undyne or Alphys. You frown slightly and nod. He exhales, smiling softly, clearly glad that you caught his message.

“How have you survived this long?” you ask, still shocked at how fragile he is.

“i put a lot of work into it,” he answers vaguely with a shrug.

“You don’t put a lot of work into ANYTHING,” Undyne sneers.

He chuckles at that. “the best jokes are the ones I make other people tell for me. come on, now, i want to move on to soul colours. alphys, can you bring up the spectrum?”

Alphys nods, clicking away at the keyboard with her finely manicured claws – You notice they’re painted with small purple and white seashells on a teal background, clearly Undyne’s doing – Until she brings up the colour scale you remember from your own adventure in the exam room. You wonder how they’re going to find out his soul’s aspect when it seems to be a colourless grey, but the indicator lands easily somewhere in the blue section.

“that’s periwinkle, right between integrity and patience – sloth,” he explains from the room, eye lights on the monitor facing him. “that’s my primary aspect. monster souls appear colourless at first, but we’re on the spectrum just like humans. it just takes special equipment to tell.”

“Sloth makes perfect sense for you,” Undyne hisses.

“hey now, nothing wrong with taking it easy,” he stretches. “anyways, as i said, sloth is my primary aspect – my natural inclination towards things is to just relax, and let life come as it happens. my secondary aspects are the neighbouring colours cyan and blue – patience and integrity. that’s how i achieve my primary aspect. i wait patiently, let life come as it will, but i have the integrity to step in and change things if absolutely necessary.”

“That makes sense, I guess,” you shrug.

“since i know you want to ask, your secondary aspects for determination are passion and wrath,” he smiles.

“That also makes perfect sense,” you grin. While not much of a fighter yourself, you’re never one to back down from a challenge. Even if your bark is worse than your bite.

“i think you might lean more towards passion, actually,” he winks, giving you a sly grin.

“Sans, we’re in polite company here,” you flush.

Undyne guffaws absently, either at his flirting or at your use of the word polite – You’re not actually sure which.
“we have two more things i want to go over, then we don’t have to be,” he beams. “first is tertiary aspects - those are the neighbouring aspects of your neighbouring aspects. so, for me, that would be indulgence and covetous. tertiary aspects are just other compulsions you have besides your primary aspect, but can’t override the primary. often they complement it, though. so, my tertiary aspects mean i enjoy doing stuff sometimes, and i’m a little selfish some other times. yours would be bravery and perseverance – orange and purple, the other neighbours to passion and wrath. good partners for determination, if you ask me.”

“Does everybody’s soul colours work the same way?” you ask. “Like, for everyone with a red soul, they’re always going to have the secondary aspects Passion and Wrath, and tertiary aspects Bravery and Perseverence?”

“basically yeah, you’ve got it. it’s not complicated stuff once you break it down,” he grins proudly. “i mean, some people may exhibit the aspects in slightly different ways, but at its core everybody’s personality is easy to tell from their soul.”

“I’m not sure how I feel about that,” you shake your head. “I mean, that people are so simple to read for you guys.”

“it’s nothing bad,” he shrugs. “maybe it is cheating a little bit,” he admits with a grin and a wink.

“What’s the last thing you wanted to tell me about?” you ask.

“eager to get in this tiny room with me, huh babe?” he grins wolfishly. “i just wanted to talk about, uh, monster magic. specifically, boss monster magic and what i mean by tiers.”

“You really trust her, huh?” Undyne comments.

“yeah, actually,” Sans mutters, rocking on his heels. “can i ask you and alph to leave for a minute? this part’s a little personal, and i don’t need the equipment for this.”

After Undyne puts up some resistance, wondering why the hell monster magic could be such a big deal when they are monsters. Alphys taps a few buttons on the console before hooking her arm around her much larger and more intimidating fiancée’s waist, leading her away to the door. After watching the spectacle and joking waving goodbye, you turn back to Sans, who is beckoning you into the exam room while wearing one of your favourite mischievous smiles.

Chapter End Notes

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH It's been so long without an update I'M SORRRYY!! I had some life stuff happen, a massive migraine last weekend, and work has gotten pretty incredible busy. I hope this double length exposition chapter and comedy to come helps with my mini hiatus. D: I really hope stuff settles down soon, but I can't make any promises. This is why I don't do an update schedule in the first place.
“Can you push on the bar actually? I think the door’s locked,” you highlight giggling, tugging on the handle of the exam room door. Well, that’s a minor mood killer.

“Oh, sure,” he chuckles, then a moment later the door swings free, almost knocking you over. He snatches your hand and you manage to keep your balance with his support. “Are you sure you feel okay today babe?”

“I think so, just out of sorts I guess,” you shrug, gently pulling on his arm. He takes the cue and wraps both of his around your waist, holding you carefully by the small of your back. “Now, tell me about magic,” you ask.

He gently maneuvers you over to the small cot in the room, climbing onto it and patting the spot next to him for you to sit. You hop up and immediately wrap your arm around his waist, resting comfortably on the wing of his pelvis through his thin t-shirt.

“All monsters have two basic types of magic they can use; physical and healing,” he explains, tapping your leg as he lists each one. “Physical magic is just basic manifestations of something to throw, like an attack. So, spears, white flames… bones,” he grins, summoning a spinning bone out of thin air and grasping it, then tossing it unceremoniously at the floor where it bounces and fades into thin air as quickly as it came. “Sometimes we can make them blue-tinted, which means they only hurt if you move through them deliberately, and orange for the opposite effect. Healing magic is very basic as well, but it can only heal cuts and scrapes. It’d take at least a tier three boss monster to restore something like broken bones or missing limbs.”

“So physical magic is just like, punching and hitting, and healing magic is just like my ability to heal a scraped knee or something, but maybe a bit faster?” you suggest.

“Right, you get it. We don’t have organs, blood, collagen… all that organic biology humans have that heals itself on its own. We just have magic.”

“What about boss monsters? What makes them special?” you ask the inevitable question.

“Boss monsters get something extra,” Sans explains. “We rate the ability out of five tiers, tier five being the highest. Tier one abilities are fairly basic and, while powerful, pale in comparison for how dangerous a tier five can be.”

“You mentioned your dad’s was existence,” you remember. Sans cringes slightly at ‘dad’ and you reflexively pull him by his ribs into your side to comfort him, running your fingers along his side soothingly. “So what would Toriel and Asgore be?”

“They’re both tier one; elemental fire. That’s how Tori makes a mean butterscotch pie,” he grins softly.

“Where does your ability fall? What tier would you be?”

“Tier four; spatial. Means I can see and use space, teleporting or moving myself and other things through it.”

“That’s so cool,” you grin to yourself. He chuckles softly. “So does that change how you see things?
Like, you’ve been able to teleport to me without really knowing where I was. Can you, I don’t know, lock on to my soul regardless of where I am or something? Or see through solid objects to find me?”

“god you’re so smart,” he leans up to kiss your cheek. “only thing i’d change in that explanation is that it’s less seeing, more feeling. i can feel where things and people are, all the time.”

“Does it bother you? I think that might be a lot for one guy’s head,” you knock on his hollow skull for effect. He beams proudly as it makes that familiar empty noise.

“its not much different from breathing for me;” he grins. “well, it was a little complicated to master at first, but i’ve got a good sense of it now.”

“And what tier would Undyne be?”

Sans reels and looks at you, his smile turning in panic and his eye lights barely pin points against the dark hollow sockets. “h-how… how did you know?”

“Lucky guess,” you grin victoriously. “She’s really strong, stronger than any other monsters I know, and the way you glanced at her when you said ‘boss monsters tiers’ earlier kind of gave you away. Plus, I got the feeling you wanted her out of the room for a reason.”

“just because we’d be talking about my dad again, but… holy shit, _____. how did i not see you coming?”

“She doesn’t know either, does she?” you intuit.

Sans slumps, running his bony palms against each other in his lap. “no…” he mutters. “her mom, she… well, my dad got to her, too. undyne doesn’t remember anything about her mom, and her dad was long gone already. she grew up without parents.”

You grip his shoulders as he trembles slightly. “Oh god, I’m sorry... Maybe I shouldn’t have mentioned it,” you apologize.

“no, it’s okay. i just… how could i tell her?” he sighs dejectedly.

“We’ll find a way,” you say, rubbing his shoulder blades with your thumbs to soothe him. “She deserves to know. But, we don’t have to sort this out today, all right?” you offer.

“okay. thanks, ____,” he looks up and smiles, his glowing eye lights returning to their normal intensity.

“Hey, what are awesome girlfriends for?” you grin.

His grin gets wider. “i can think of a few things,” he says huskily, gently pushing you to lie down on the cot. His hot ceramic fingers work their way under your shirt to trail gently up and down your bare sides.

“Sans, wait, hey! Aren’t Undyne and Alph-“ you start, but are silenced with a kiss. You sigh softly, unable and unwilling to protest under the might of your boyfriend’s libido. You work your hands under his tucked in t-shirt to grip his ribs and draw him closer.

He continues kissing you lustfully as his fingers wring the waist band of your pants. Yours go to his as well, untangling the knot. Suddenly he freezes, pulling away as his whole body stiffens. His cheeks flush a dark blue.
“shit,” he breathes, re-tying his basketball shorts and hopping off the table.

“Sans?” you ask, confused and aroused.

“That… argh, damnit, she turned on the cameras. alphys recorded everything,” he grumbles.

He nods to the far wall as he tucks in his t-shirt again. You look behind you at it and notice a red blinking light on one of the cameras pointed at you. You’d thought they were just infra-red, for the scanning equipment, but judging from Sans’ reaction they must be able to do more than that.

You blink as the information reaches your muddled mind, then you burst out laughing. “Oh my god, that little voyeur!”

Chapter End Notes

Ohh snap! I think I'm going to have to make Reader make more future plot points for me. I was tempted to go back and edit chapter eighty to make this reveal work a little better, but I think it also works as a surprise for everyone. I have one more chapter of this I'm going to make myself write, then I can safely continue with some more chapters of my other fic, Domestic Life with a Skeleton. I've decided all of my fics are tied together and exist in the same world, so an update for one means spoilers for another. Kind of wrote myself into a corner a bit, but, I don't mind writing my way out of it, if slowly.

Thanks, as always, for commenting and leaving kudos! And thanks for the support and for sticking around. I know my life stuff has slowed me down considerably, but I swear, I WILL finish this story, and all my others. I'm full to bursting with Determination! >:D
Alphys wrings her hands nervously, her golden-scaled face on fire with a deep red blush. “S-sorry, y-you guys a-are my favourite sh-ship right now…” she stutters guiltily. “I m-mean, you’re so c-cute together…”

“You know, if you wanted a sex tape, all you had to do was ask,” you tease.

Sans stops glaring at Alph to turn to you in startled shock. “what?! no, we are not doing that,” he barks firmly.

“We totally could do that, though,” you counter seductively.

“i don’t care how determined you are, we are not making a sex tape,” he insists, shaking his head.

“And I don’t care what EITHER of you two do, I just don’t want to see it myself,” Undyne gags from where she’s leaning against the wall. You chuckle at that, remembering how much she’s not a fan of male anatomy.

“Anyways, is it my turn in the box now?” you ask.

“as soon as i figure out how to delete security footage,” Sans grumbles, turning to the computer console.

“How far did you guys GET?!” Undyne asks, appalled.

“Not that far,” you giggle. Unfortunately, you add silently to yourself. “Besides, when I opened the door into the hallway, you two were totally in the process of making out. Don’t act like you’re any different from us,” you charge giddily.

Undyne cringes inwardly, her teal scales flushed pink. Alphys gazes at her approvingly, eyes half-lidded at the recent memory.

“Ahh, c’mon everyone. Sans, let’s deal with that tape later, okay?” you urge, pulling on the stiff door handle into the exam room again.

He looks uncomfortable with leaving it unfinished, and you figure that’s for multiple reasons. Info on his dad, and even on Undyne’s complicated lineage, was on tape. You wonder how good the security company is with keeping camera footage and backups.

“Uh, Sans,” you grumble, hands still wrapped around the door handle. “Can you teleport inside and give this a push? I’m having zero luck with this door today.”

“right,” he sighs.
In an underwhelming and unflashy display where he just vanishes from the computer and reappears instantly inside the exam room, he teleports as requested. Reflexively he holds out his arm for you as soon as he pushes the door open again, but your balance is better this time.

“Thanks sweetie,” you smile, kissing his ivory forehead.

“no problem,” he smiles softly, holding you tenderly by the waist as he returns a kiss on your lips.

Alphys squeaks her delight and Undyne groans her displeasure. “Can we get this show on the road!!” Undyne growls.

“The scanner won’t work with m-multiple people in the room,” Alphys manages, scaly cheeks dusted in red. “It’s reading multiple souls.”

“okay, okay, fine,” Sans grumbles, gripping your shirt. He leans in and kisses you again. “love you babe,” he breathes.

“Love you too, Sans,” you stroke the side of his skull longingly. His eyes close partway, enjoying the contact.

Undyne clears her throat. Sans withdraws his hands and puts them up in defeat. “alright i’m going already,” he surrenders. He pushes on the door and lets himself out.

“U-uhmmm…” Alphys pales, eyes still fixated on the scanner.

You look at the screen facing you from where you’re standing inside the room, and your soul looks weirdly brown, but you can’t tell what’s wrong. “What’s wrong” you ask the obvious question.

“I-It’s still reading m-multiple souls…” she stammers.

“What?” Undyne asks.

“What?” Sans stumbles.

“Um… Huh?” is what you go with.

Sans pulls a wheeled office chair across the floor to himself with his telekinesis, glowing bluely as he absently levitates himself onto it, his eye lights never leaving the screen.

“is it broken? i don’t know what i’m seeing here,” he says absently, thinking aloud. “i thought your determination might be low is all – it’s fine, but… yeah, there’s some conflicting readings. what is going on?”

“No, it’s… whatever it is, it isn’t a normal monster soul,” he continues. Then he pales, somehow. “did i… did i do this to you??” he asks rhetorically, voice high with concern.

“Sans, there are definitely two souls in there, at least,” Alphys states, trying to stay focused on the task at hand. “Can you figure out if there’s a way to make the equipment analyze them separately?”

He looks shell-shocked for a moment, then nods stiffly. “i think so… i mean, i can try.”

Time passes. You sit on the cot and swing your legs, but wring your hands a bit anxiously against the edges of the thin mattress at what might be going on with their scanning equipment. How are there two souls in the room, when you’re the only one in there? You try to distract yourself from
fretting by checking social media on your phone. It looks like Papyrus has prepared some spaghetti for lunch. Your stomach gurgles uncomfortably at that, especially when you notice some crushed up pop tarts among the noodles and sauce. Yuck.

“i think we’ve got it,” Sans says finally. “but i still don’t know what i’m seeing.”

You hop off the cot and stand closer to the window, looking at the screen. There are two hearts on it now – Your brilliant red one with maxed out determination, and another one that’s green, but a pale, green apple green.

“What’s that second soul?” you ask. “Whose soul is that, why is it in the room with me?”

“I’m not sure,” Alphys admits.

“Is it a human soul or a monster soul?” you continue. “It’s green, but it’s like, washed out?”

“it’s both,” Sans replies. “somehow. i don’t get it…” he trails off, shaking his head.

“Oh my GOD, you’re all such NERDS!” Undyne cackles. She straightens and comes over to the window, looking in at you with a toothy sneer. “Really? You guys can’t figure this out!? I HAVE to be the one to spill the beans?”

You narrow your eyes at Undyne quizzically. “What do you mean?” you inquire.

She turns to Sans. “Hey Sans, remember when the receptionist’s soul turned purple one day, and you were super confused? She was blue for integrity, but one day she was purple instead, and you were all ‘but souls don’t just randomly change colour!’” she says in a mocking tone, then chuckles again at his annoyed expression.

“what about it?” he asks. Then he gasps. What?

“You remember how Alph found out the reason WHY her soul changed colour, right?” Undyne marches on.

“you’re shitting me,” he grumbles. He looks to Alphys, who can only respond by blushing and glancing away. “it’s not supposed to be possible,” he insists.

“What’S not supposed to be possible?” you growl, slamming a hand on the window. “Helloooo? Can somebody tell me what the hell is going on!?”

Undyne turns her attention back to you, folding her arms and eyeing you aggressively. “Question for you, dork, since I know Sans won’t be direct; How many times have you and lazybones here done it?”

“We’ve ‘done it’ every night since Wednesday,” you flush. “Sometimes twice… Or three times.”

Sans says nothing, just awkwardly buries his dark blue face in his hands.

She guffaws at that. “And your first thought was ‘there must be a ghost in the room’?! Come ON _____, you know how this works better than we do!”

“But…” you stutter. You lift your shirt slightly and point to the sticker, voice slightly high from shock. “I’m on the patch! I shouldn’t be able to…” you tremble, trailing off.

She shakes her head. “Monster magic doesn’t care. It’s all about intent. So, congratulations, I guess! You’re pregnant.”
SURPRISE!!

All right, real talk; I know that some of you may not be on board with the direction this fic is about to go, so please know that I will not be offended if you decide to bow out now. There's plenty of other loose ends to wrap up still - Marc, the forum, Derrick, the ex, the wedding, oh my god and so much more - but the pregnancy is going to continue and will be a regular subject in the plot. I write this story for you guys, but I also write it for myself a lot, and I adore babies so babies are going to happen. Especially since I've yet to find a decent man to have some real (normal human) babies with IRL :(.

Thank you everyone for all your support this far. If you want to continue on this journey with me, this story isn't even half over, but if this is your stop, I understand and respect you and your decision to step out. I appreciate every comment and kudos you give me regardless :)
The room falls stark silent as everybody takes in this information. Well, not completely silent, you admit – Now you can hear the faint humming of the air conditioning working. You wonder absently at how quiet the fans must be for you to only just be noticing them now.

“i don’t…” Sans is the first to break it with barely coherent mumbling. “i mean. i can’t… i’m not even sure i…”

The poor guy looks absolutely distraught.

“Take your time, Sans,” Alphys offers, trying to be of some help and comfort.

“… humans have a way to fix this, right? there are, uh, clinics…” he mutters, looking up at you shamefully.

You gasp at the suggestion, then rip the sticker on your abdomen off, folding it over before sliding it into your pocket. “No chance in hell,” you grind your teeth angrily.

“What’s he suggesting?” Undyne asks, startled by your aggression.

You open your mouth, but you can barely find the words. “It’s not an option,” is all you can manage.

Sans stands and comes over to the window, eyes mixed with anger and worry. “but we don’t have any idea what could happen! it could h-hurt you…”

“You don’t have to rescue me from our child, Sans,” you growl back, feeling your heart breaking into pieces.

“i don’t want this. i mean, i’m not ready for this. i don’t think this is a good idea,” he continues, trembling in fear, anger, and worry, brow bones creased in intense emotion. “please, we… we ought to fix this.”

You feel like you could faint. Everything he says makes you feel like your heart’s breaking, smashing into your soul, making cracks that run deeper and deeper. “There’s nothing to fix,” you stammer, tears stinging your eyes. “Sure, we didn’t really plan for this, but… I’m… I’m not going to let you talk about our unborn kid like it’s… I don’t even want to know what you think of it as!”

“YOU UTTER ASSHOLE!” Undyne screeches to your defense as soon as she catches on. “Don’t you DARE stand there and tell _____ you don’t want the baby. You HAD to, otherwise this wouldn’t have even HAPPENED!”

“it was just an idle thought!” he snaps back, surprising Undyne with his own level of vitriol. “i didn’t know it could actually happen! i was just wondering, hey, it might be nice to have a family with _____ some day… in terms of adopting humans, not… not this…” he trails off.
You sniff and look to Alphys, and she helpfully mumbles an explanation. “Monsters can’t get pregnant unless they both want to have a child. There’s no such thing as an accidental pregnancy for monsters. Both parents have to want it. Sans,” she turns to your grieving boyfriend. “Her determination. Look at it.”

“alph, seriously, this isn’t the time,” he struggles.

Undyne places her giant webbed hands on his shoulders and turns him to look at the screen. “LOOK AT IT, YOU NUMBSKULL. YOU DID THAT.”

His head is turned away from it, trembling through a shaky sigh, but his eye lights do glance towards it. They grow fainter once he grasps the information. You sit back on the cot, glancing at the monitor as well. Your chest feels heavier as you realize your red soul has darkened by half, at least.

He shakes his shoulders out of Undyne’s grip, holding his hands up to her in surrender. “look, this is a lot for me to process right now. okay? give me some space.” He goes over to the window and puts a hand on the glass. “hey, _____, uh… how… how are you holding up?” he asks cautiously.

“Gee, I wonder,” you snap scornfully, sniffling and wiping your messy face on your sleeve. “I just found out I’m pregnant and that the father doesn’t want it. But other than that, I’m just peachy!” you rasp raggedly, folding your arms over your stomach protectively.

“listen, uh…” he mumbles, eye sockets drooping sadly. “i need… i need some time, to think about this. i have issues with my… well, you already know. i just need time. i’m sorry.”

“You’re leaving me?” you look up in horror.

“SANS!” Undyne rasps angrily.

“i’m coming back,” he insists, ignoring the angry fish behind him. He taps the distal bone of his pinky finger on the glass. “pinky promise, okay?”

“I don’t want to be alone like this,” you whimper.

“i really don’t want to leave you alone either, but i-“

“Then don’t leave,” you fire back weakly.

“… i have to figure this out on my own. i’m sorry. really, i’m so, so sorry.”

“Sans,” your voice cracks.

He frowns deeply, resting the palm of his hand against the glass, then he shakes his head and turns away. Undyne moves to grab at him, but he vanishes from sight before her arms reach him. She lets out a frustrated scream at only getting empty air. Running her webbed fingers through her hair, her slitted yellow eye locks with yours as she looks over at you sadly.

“… Cake?” she suggests.

“… Sure,” you sigh, sniffling. “Cake sounds nice right about now.”

“This couldn’t have come at a shittier time,” you grumble at your caramel brownie cheesecake, poking it idly with a spoon.
“How so? Don’t you want a kid?” Undyne asks gently, leaning on the table looking at you cautiously.

“I did. I mean, I do,” you stumble half-heartedly. “I just…” you stop to clear your throat. “I don’t have a job, I live in an apartment, and I’m in the middle of my college program. This is not the ideal situation to be raising a kid in. This isn’t how I planned it, like, at all. Plus, Sans is… He doesn’t seem to be on board with being a dad. God, I feel like I should be on an episode of Maury or Jerry Springer or something,” you groan.

Alphys, sitting next to you, puts her small scaly hand gently on your wrist through your sleeve. “It’s going to be okay, you know? Sans is scared, but he’s smart, and responsible! I-I’m sure he’ll come around…” she soothes quietly. You smile softly down at her, thankful for her attempt at reassuring you.

“Thanks, Alph. I kind of already know it’s all going to work out somehow, but… I wish Sans was here,” you choke. “I wish he’d trust me enough to… to work this out with me, and not run away again…”

Your hand goes to your face to hide your eyes as tears sting at their corners again, a sob caught in your throat making your breath hitch. Alphys squeezes your wrist gently to bring you back, and Undyne reaches across the table to grasp the same hand. You wipe your eyes before looking up at them both, smiling weakly.

As if on cue, your phone buzzes in your pocket. You wonder if it’s Papyrus, Frisk, or Mettaton as you slide it out of your pocket. You’re wrong on all three counts, it seems. It’s Sans.

“It’s Sans,” you announce.

Undyne hisses. “Should I read it first, make sure it’s safe?”

You shake your head no. “It’s… I’m sure it’s okay…”

Sans tells you that he loves you, and that he’s sorry he had to go away, but he has a lot he has to figure out on his own right now. He feels really bad, he was blindsided by the information and he’s not sure he’d make a good dad. He’s gone back Underground to Snowdin, though he doesn’t say why, but you suspect it’s something to do with his complicated past. He says that if you ever need anything – a shortcut, heavy lifting, terrible jokes - or if anything weird happens, to feel free to text him for help.

You try to stay strong, biting your lip and holding on to your determination. But, your eyes fall on the i love you at the start of the message again, and you choke on a sob as tears spill freely down your cheeks.

“Oh… I’m so sorry, _____,” Alphys soothes. Undyne says nothing, just snarls at your phone in your hands as if Sans could feel her wrath through the cellular network.

“I’m… This is a lot to deal with at once,” you sniffle. “But… Things are going to work out, right? He promised.”


Chapter End Notes
Sorry I had to go break your hearts again D: This is essential for his character development - He's just gotten blindsided finding out he's going to be a father, and now has to take responsibility for a kid of his own. Plus he lacks a proper role model from his own dad (More on that in other fics), so he's not sure he's up to it. He's promised to come back, though. Pinky promised, even.

Don't worry, your soul will brighten up again and everything will turn out okay, there's just a couple bumps in the road first <3
“I seriously have no idea what to get this kid for their birthday,” you grumble, browsing some toy store’s catalogue on your cell phone. “You said Frisk is turning nine, right? What do nine year-olds even like these days?”

“THAT IS CORRECT, HUMAN ____!” Papyrus shouts gleefully. “ALTHOUGH I DON’T UNDERSTAND YOUR FRUSTRATION. WHY NOT PREPARE SOME OF YOUR SPECIAL BIRTHDAY ‘FRENCH TOAST’?”

You chuckle at that, remembering how you had to talk him out of covering his ‘practice birthday spaghetti’ with rainbow sprinkles. He was saddened to learn that sprinkles don’t really belong on spaghetti. No, not even on birthday spaghetti.

“French toast doesn’t really have a birthday variety, Papyrus,” you laugh. “Actually, a lot of foods don’t.”

* What do you want for your birthday kiddo? you return your attention to your phone to text Frisk, figuring that being direct may reward you with some hints.

* what ever u get is perfect 4 me ;) Frisk texts back.

* You little twerp. You already know what I’m getting you, don’t you? you thumb type, grumbling.

* i am the time master!!1 no 1 can keep th futur from me >;) is all you get back.

You grin, the opportunity too much for you to pass up, but before you can finish typing ‘I think you mean Time Lord’, your phone buzzes with another text from Frisk.

* in b 4 dr who refrense, they text.

* Did you just load a save to beat me to that joke??

* it will 4evr b a mistery.

You sigh, summarily defeated by time master Frisk.

“Hey Paps,” you glance over at him from over your phone. “What did you like when you were Frisk’s age?”

“DRAMATIC PLAYS AND ROBOTS, MOSTLY,” he answers automatically, not tearing his eyes from the TV which is, once again, playing one of Mett’s old movies. You continue to fail to see the appeal.
“Dramatic plays?” you ask, quizzical at the response.

“INDEED! THERE WAS THIS HUMAN PLAYWRIGHT CALLED SHAKEY-SPEAR OR SOME SUCH, AND HE WROTE SUCH WONDERFUL STORIES!” Papyrus answers giddily.

“Shakespeare?” you ask, surprised.

“THAT’S THE FELLOW!”

“Dude, that’s awesome,” you beam. “I was a big dork for Shakespeare in high school.”

Papyrus’ lower jaw drops slightly in surprise. “REALLY??”

You nod. “We should watch some movie adaptations of his plays some time. I’m sure I could find a couple online,” you offer. “I mean, its one thing to read about Malvolio trying to impress Olivia by wearing yellow socks, it’s totally another to see actors make it happen.”

He wordlessly bounces in his seat on the couch at your recognition for one of his favourite things, shaking the entire couch, and by extension you where you’re lounging with your phone. Unfortunately, it still doesn’t help you figure out a gift for Frisk. You wonder if Toriel would kill you if you bought them a bike. You could probably get them a bike. You decide to search an online catalogue for kids bikes on your phone. Unfortunately, they all seem to be gendered – either blue with black seats and handles, or pink with baskets and pastel streamers - and Frisk has always been cleverly evasive about revealing their gender. You groan. A bike is probably out, then.

“IS IT ALMOST TIME FOR YOUR APPOINTMENT?” Papyrus asks suddenly, distracting you from your search.

“Yeah, I guess it is,” you sigh. “Sorry to make you take the afternoon off work today, Paps. Undyne couldn’t make it, and, uh, it’s too awkward to try and get Sans to come.”

“I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, AM ALWAYS HAPPY TO HELP A FRIEND,” he stands, posing proudly. You smile at that.

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“Darling!”

“Please don’t pick me up right now Metts, my stomach can’t take it,” you surrender. “It’s good to see you back, though.”

The metal hands halt in place as he reconsiders, and then gently pulls you into his chest in a hug as if you’re suddenly a lot more fragile than you used to be. He’s very warm, and you can hear cooling fans under his chest plate whirring away. “How is this?” he asks softly.

“This is alright, I guess,” you mumble into the tender embrace. You hate feeling fragile.

“I’m so awfully sorry about Sans,” he treads carefully as he pulls away. “Let me get a look at you, gorgeous. How are you feeling?”

“Weird,” you grumble. “Everything smells different, my stomach hates all food now, and I can’t go anywhere on my own because of the anti-monster groups targeting me… Things just kind of suck right now, Metts,” you admit.

“Is there anything I can do to help you feel better?” he offers genially.
You shrug. “Nah, I’m alright I guess. Although, I do seem to spend way too much time at home now. We should hang out sometime, maybe?”

“I would be honoured to, gorgeous, however… My schedule is unfortunately very full until the party on Saturday,” he bemoans. Then he suddenly claps his hands together joyfully as a thought occurs to him. “I still haven’t gotten your thoughts on MTT Aboveground. Perhaps you would allow me to treat you to a spa day or two?” he asks hopefully. If metal eyes could twinkle, his would be blinding you right about now.

“You think I won’t turn you down this time since my determination is still low,” you grumble at the suddenly transparent robot.

“Caught me red-handed, I suppose!” he laughs joyfully, taking your hands in his soft metal ones. “Well, how about it? It would get you out of the house, allow me to pamper you for once, and all I ask in return is that you leave an honest review.”

You twist your lips up in thought, surprised you’re even considering it. Finally, you huff in resignation. “All right. Just one day though, and I want Undyne to come with me.”

“Consider it done!” he cheers in delight.

It turns out that all the most awesome things you can do at a spa aren’t a good idea when you’re pregnant. You grumble at that, wishing you were lounging in a salt water hot tub right now, but that was forbidden according to the wisdom of the Internet. You had already had to give up on soft cheese and rare steak, what more could your unborn kid deprive you of?

Well, at least the massage was divine.

“Hey nerd, can I do your makeup later?”

“You’re taking advantage of my low determination too?” you lift a slice of cucumber from your eye to gasp at your fishy best friend, feigning a shocked expression.

Undyne cackles. “I’m just glad you’re so agreeable now. If you weren’t knocked up, I’d ask if we could go sparring!”

You sink a little lower in the silken lounge chair. “Maybe I should text Sans, and see what he’s up to? Or, would that be too needy?” you fret morosely.

Undyne groans loudly, rolling her eye. “If you’re going to text him ANYTHING, make it a nude or something. You ought to torture that little asshole for leaving you!”

You chuckle at that. Not a bad idea. “Do you think I could get my hair all gussied up here too?” you ask.

“Metts is paying the tab, so why the hell not?” she grins toothily.

“Cool. Let’s do that, and then I’ll let you do my makeup and nails. If I’m going to send him a pic of me, I’m going to make it a good one. Let’s make Sans regret everything,” you cackle.

Chapter End Notes
I needed some friendship fluff, and to show how having low determination really impacts your decision making. You'll get through this, I promise :(
“You finished early,” Derrick huffs as he comes out of the exam.

“What can I say? I guess I’m a Net+ natural,” you grin proudly from your seat on the couch in the student lounge, setting your open textbook aside.

“Are you waiting for Sans?”

“Oh,” your heart falls slightly. “Uh, he’s not coming.”

“What do you mean he’s not coming? Does he not walk you to and from class daily?” he inquires.

“I’ve just been walking myself lately,” you shrug casually, tapping at the cover of your textbook. “Geez, Derrick, you say that as if I’m a little kid who can’t cross the street without holding someone’s hand.”

“I just think it’s irresponsible,” he grumbles. “Between the forums and your ex, someone should keep near you at all times,” he explains.

“Yeah, well, Sans is busy, so-“

“Busy with what?” he interrogates.

“I don’t know, work stuff?” you evade.

His emerald eyes narrow. “What kind of work stuff?”

“Something to do with souls, probably??” you lie, badly.

“And he doesn’t have a moment to spare to make sure you’re safe, or to teleport you to and from school?”


“You’re hiding something,” he realizes. Busted.

“Okay, yes, I am. It’s just… Personal.”

“How personal? Did… Did you two break up?” he asks.

You glare up at him, but his eyes are concerned, not hopeful like you were expecting. Maybe he actually cares, and isn’t just checking to see if you’re available, or whether he might have a chance with you now?

“No, but,” you groan. “Okay, there’s a huge thing, but it’s really not safe for me to be talking openly about it.”

“I can keep a secret,” he insists.
“Really? Because this is like, the motherlode of all secrets. This is a ‘it could get me stabbed and dumped in the canal’ kind of secret.”

His eyes narrow. “How could someone like you have a secret like that?”

“You mean, besides me hanging out with monsters and dating one?”

“Ah… I suppose,” he relents.

You grumble inwardly. All of your monster friends were in the know, but apparently none of them had a complete understanding of how human pregnancy actually works. It was getting weird having to explain some of the grosser, awkward details, like how you legitimately couldn’t stomach Papyrus’ spaghetti any more, and definitely couldn’t go for sushi with Alphys or Undyne either, despite their insisting. Plus, all of them had jobs and busy schedules. There were your cousins Paul and Amey whom you could confide in, but you were too worried that telling family the news would make it back to your parents, and that was not a conversation you were at all ready for.

Grasping your hair roughly in your hands in frustration, you decide that you need at least one human in your life that knows about your situation. Even if it is Derrick.

“You have to promise me you will take this to your grave,” you say sternly, extending a pinky towards him.

He eyes your hand curiously, unsure of what to make of it.

“I’m not shitting around. Pinky swear it or you get nothing,” you roll your eyes and groan.

He lets out a soft ‘Oh’, and then curls his pinky finger around yours carefully. You bob both your hands up and down to seal the promise. Pinky promises are sacred.

“Awesome. Now,” you start, taking out your cellphone and thumb-typing quickly. “Delete this text right after you read it. I don’t want anybody in here overhearing.”

A couple heads turn slightly from their spots at the student lobby computer desks, then turn away again as you scowl at each of them in turn. Turning back to Derrick, you notice all the blood has drained from his face.

“How?” he demands in a small shocked voice.

“I SAID delete it after you read it, asshole,” you insist, nodding to his phone. He immediately complies in a panic. “And this really isn’t the place to be talking about it.”

“Fine then,” he grumbles, then he grabs your textbook from under your hand and slams it closed, then stands to take your book bag from you to shove it inside.

Surprised, you scramble to clutch at your things. “Derrick, what the hell!?”

“I’m walking you home,” he declares, slinging your bag over his shoulder. “Tell me more when we get there.”

“You’re completely serious about this,” he mutters idly.

“Yeah,” you sigh.
“So, where is the father then?”

“Underground,” you wince. “Sorting out his head, I hope. He has issues with his own dad, so he’s not thrilled about being one.”

“And he left you by yourself?” Derrick admonishes.

“I’m not totally alone. I mean, I have Paps, Metts, Undyne, Alphys… Toriel and Frisk too, I guess. Everyone’s been awesome about supporting me.”

Derrick leans forward on the couch and tents his hands, resting the bridge of his nose on the points of his fingers. He closes his eyes and lets out a long breath.

“Well,” he says finally. “If you ever need anything, you know you can call me.”

You blink at that. “Really? That’s it?” you fluster. “You’re not going to call Sans a bunch of colourful names for his actions?”

“I certainly would like to,” he nods. “But I feel like that may be insensitive right now. If I see him again, though-”

“You’ll let me handle it, right?” you interrupt, jerking a thumb at yourself.

Derrick chuckles at that. “I suppose that would be safer for him. You can’t fight, after all.”

“HEY!” you rasp, shocked. Grinning deviously, you grab the throw pillow behind your back and throw it at him. But, you’re way too slow, and he snatches it out of the air and shoves it behind his own back, leaning into it with his hands folded behind his neck and wearing a self-satisfied smirk. “I totally could fight if I wanted to,” you grumble.

“Of course you could,” he teases.

Chapter End Notes

Just for the record, I suck at making chapter names, that's why they're all simple two word things. I'm at the point where I have to scan through my chapter list before posting a new one every time, just to make sure it's unique and I haven't used it yet XD
“ARE YOU ALMOST READY!?” Papyrus shouts from the livingroom.

“Just about, Papyrus,” you call back from the bedroom.

You weren’t sure what Frisk’s favourite colour actually was, but you thought the large red handmade bow for their soul colour would work, and the wrapping paper was a thicker, nicer stock than typical, patterned with thin red and white stripes. After putting the finishing touches on your wrapping job, you slide the present into the maple leaf gift bag, then stuff red and white tissue paper all around it. After working at the party store for over a year, you’ve certainly picked up a few tricks when it comes to decorating things. Sighing delightedly, you grasp the handles of the bag and join Paps in the next room.

“WOWIE!” Papyrus gasps when he sees your present for the pint-sized ambassador. “IT’S HARD TO IMAGINE THAT SUCH A BORING BOOK COULD BE DECORATED AS SUCH!”

“Just try not to spoil the surprise before the kid gets to open it, okay?” you chuckle.

Papyrus nods, then wrings his long bone phalanges together in front of himself, looking like he’s fretting over a question. You grin at that. The seven foot tall skeleton could be so transparent sometimes.

“You want to ask me if I’ll re-wrap your gift so they match?” you guess.

“I WOULD BE DELIGHTED IF YOU COULD! BUT, I DO NOT WANT TO BE LATE,” he admits.

“If you give me five minutes I could make another bow?” you shrug.

“THAT WOULD BE SPLENDID!” he cheers.

A tiny body flings itself into you at full throttle, and you reach down to tousle the thick dark hair on their head. Their arms grip you around your waist tightly, hands meeting at your lower back and clasping together in an unbreakable hold.

“Hi kiddo, and Happy Birthday!” you greet, smiling warmly.

Frisk looks up from where their face is buried into your belly, then flashes the most mischievous of smiles, letting you go to quickly snatch the present from your hand and run away deeper into the embassy.

“Hey!” you shout, then laugh, giving chase to the little dork. Papyrus next to you ‘nyeh-heh-heh’s before bolting after the littlest diplomat. They’re hard to miss with that bright neon coloured tie dye tank top they’re wearing, but they’re also very hard to keep up to – At least, for you. You turn a corner and wind up in the large hall where everyone else is gathered. Frisk puts your present for them down gently in a pile with the rest, and Papyrus sets his down next to it proudly, fluffing out
the orange bow.

Toriel has spared no expense for this party, you realize. The hall was already ornately decorated, with pale granite columns and hanging crystal lights from the ceiling. The party decorations consisted of a ton of pastel purple and blue streamers hanging from the ceiling in loops and strands, as well as several arrangements you recognize from your party store, mostly in pale blue, lavender, and soft yellow.

“You little rascal,” you heave, leaning on the dark oak door frame for support. Frisk sticks their tongue out at you in response, something you don’t need ASL to understand. You respond in kind and they chuckle.

“MY SINCEREST APOLOGIES YOUR MAJESTY FOR OUR TARDINESS,” Papyrus bows courteously to Toriel, who is sitting in a very large lounge chair (Probably custom made, like most of the furniture in the embassy) that’s upholstered with a very soft-looking scarlet red satin. A nice contrast to the pale blue summer dress she’s wearing. She laughs good naturedly at Papyrus’ apology.

“You need not be so formal today, good sir Papyrus!” she teases. “This is a party for friends and family, nothing so official.”

“Asgore,” you think. They’re probably making out in a bathroom somewhere. Chuckling at that, you’re about to take a seat at the table when heavy footfalls behind you make you turn and greet the newcomer.

It’s Asgore. You haven’t seen him since you ran off at Surface Day.

Hoo boy, that’s awkward.

“You…” he stammers, brown eyes immediately locked with yours. They’re not threatening, though. Instead, they glisten with the deepest form of regret. You feel Toriel watching you both, very cautiously.

You step away from your chair and hold out your hand towards the King of all Monsters. “Hi again, Asgore,” you greet confidently. When he doesn’t raise his paw to shake your hand, you startle him by grasping it at his side with both of yours, gently shaking it up and down. “I don’t think we got properly introduced last time. I’m _____,” you continue.

“Oh! H-Howdy!” he greets, scratching at his golden mane nervously with his free hand. “It is good to see you again, truly,” he relaxes slightly.

“Listen, uh… I’m sorry about bolting off on Surface Day. I just…” you remove a hand from the pile to rub at the back of your neck anxiously. “I wasn’t expecting that,” you admit.

“Oh!” he gasps, then chuckles softly as his other paw joins your hand. Man, your hands never looked tinier than in the two paws of a giant goat monster man. “No, your response was appropriate,” he reassures you. “I… I am the one who must apologize…” he finishes sadly.

You shake your head. “I know it’s awkward, but… I guess you and Tori are already doing everything you can,” you tell him. “Besides, you look like you really regret it. I don’t want to pile on when you already have so much baggage over it, you know? That doesn’t seem fair.”
He lets out a massive, haggard sigh. “Thank you for being so understanding, human.”

“Please, call me _____. I already have Paps calling me ‘human’ daily,” you chuckle.

“Hohoho! Of course! _____, thank you,” he smiles broadly.

You remove your hand from his massive paws and return to the chair you’d pulled out before, making brief eye contact with Toriel as you do so. Her eyes twinkle as she smiles softly at you. You smile back, taking your seat to ease your sore feet. You weren’t nearly far along enough to worry about sore ankles, but you might’ve gotten a bit used to Sans teleporting you everywhere, so walking so much was making your heels hurt.

Frisk looks between you and Asgore, seemingly wondering if your moment is over, before rushing to tackle their lion-goat dad in a hug. Asgore laughs deeply as he embraces the small child. It’s easy to see how much he adores kids… And how much his sins must be crawling on his back.

Chapter End Notes

Yup, another multi-part section of the story just like Surface Day. This was originally going to be only one part, but then I found a lot more stuff and detail I wanted to cram into it: Minor plot points, foreshadowing, sorting out reader’s relationship with Asgore, and Asgore’s relationships with everyone. Normally the chapters focus on like one day at a time, every couple of days or so, or, depending on what's happening, might have a couple parts that run into each other. But in this section, just like with Surface Day, it's all going to be running into each other, and will probably last roughly five parts or so again.

Anyway, that's my logic behind the chapter title, and preview of what's to come. Enjoy :)
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Frisk is kicking both yours and Papyrus’ butts at Scrabble. Mettaton’s able to keep up to Frisk’s score, but only barely. You wonder if he’d be winning if he wasn’t a little too distracted by having his boyfriend nestled next to him. He’s only just returned from Hollywood three days ago and has clearly been missing his skeleton love. You try to not let their intimacy bother you, knowing how much your own skeleton needs his space right now.

“AWWW YESSS!” Undyne bursts into the room dramatically, door slamming against the wall behind her and startling everyone, Alphys trailing closely behind.

“UNDYNE! ALPHYS! EXCELLENT, EVERYONE HAS FINALLY ARRIVED!” Papyrus declares loudly. “NOW WE CAN FINALLY SUSPEND THIS GAME. IT’S MUCH WORSE THAN JUNIOR JUMBLE!”

Frisk sneers at Paps and signs a challenge.

Papyrus scoffs. “I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WOULD NEVER SURRENDER! I WILL NOT BE SO EASILY DEFEATED!”

Mettaton chuckles warmly at his boyfriend’s emphatic defense of his honour, his metal nose nuzzling Pap’s cheekbone. Your stomach twists in response to the affection, and at the warm orange blush that Metts is rewarded with.

“What’s going on, Undyne?” you turn your head to see your best friend and ask, hoping for a long, distracting story.

“Oh! Uh, sorry _____!” she apologizes. “Alph and I went and got a travel agent to help us out with planning our honeymoon. Sorry I didn’t talk to you first,” she admits. “That’s what that phone call was about.”

“Oh! It’s cool,” you grin. So, they actually were on a long call. That’s mildly surprising. “Where’s it going to be?”

“Somewhere HOT, but with LOTS of water!” she beams.

“We’re going on a trip next week to visit some r-resorts personally,” Alphys pipes up behind her, blushing and smiling. “Th-there’s a couple in the Carribean, Mexico, Cuba, Hawaii…”

“Wow, that sounds awesome. And you’ll be able to get back into the country okay?” you ask, concerned that they might be given a hard time at the border. They’re monsters, and not true citizens, after all.

“Oh yeah,” Undyne smirks. “This guy’s good - Plus I think he’s a little scared of me! He says he’s got us covered,” she cackles.

“Well, if you ever need anything, you know you can call us,” Toriel reassures. Then she rises from her seat, clapping her hands together. “All right, everyone! Who is ready for pie?”

Asgore gets up to follow Toriel, and Papyrus obliviously volunteers his help with gathering the
plates and utensils too. Mettaton looks reluctant to let him go, briefly sighing as he takes his seat at the table across from you. Alphys and Undyne seat themselves at either side of you protectively.

Frisk bounces up to you next, kissing your face and texting on their phone. Instead of sending it though, they turn the screen to you so you can read it quickly. *I got mom 2 make a vanilla cake too, wit' strawberries. shoudnt bother ur stomach too much*, they’ve typed.

“Aww, thanks Frisk,” you smile softly, smooching their face right back. Frisk giggles proudly before bounding away to chow down on a bowl of monster candy and rearrange their scrabble tiles.

“So, h-how are you feeling?” Alphys asks gently from next to you.

“I feel alright, I guess?” you shrug. “I mean, I’m really not that far along, you know? Sometimes, I wonder whether I *actually* feel as crappy as I do, or if I’m exaggerating my symptoms because I’m so anxious about it,” you admit, fiddling with your hands absently. “I’ve *never* been pregnant before, so, while I can read about stuff online, I don’t *really* know what to anticipate. I didn’t expect morning sickness to hit me so hard, for instance, or so *early*. I’m only like a week along,” you complain.

“Wh-what’s m-morning sickness?” Alphys stutters out.

You turn to look at her, blinking. “Um, just be glad you don’t know?” you attempt.

“D-do you need medicine?” she offers, her scaly hand gently gripping your wrist in concern.

“Oh, no!” you chuckle. “I’m not *actually* sick! And, uh, besides, there’s not a lot of drugs I can take while pregnant anyway.”

“Well! If there is ever anything you need, darling, never hesitate to ask,” Mettaton reminds you.

You roll your eyes, smiling. “Yeah, yeah, I know. Thanks, Metts.”

“Anytime, beautiful,” he winks genially at you.

“A-and be sure to let us know, if there’s uh, anything w-weird that happens,” Alphys insists.

“What should I be on the lookout for?” you ask, vaguely aware of Toriel re-entering the room with Asgore and Papyrus – Asgore carrying the vanilla cake and a bowl of sliced strawberries, and Papyrus following proudly with the serving plates and utensils. “In fact, what’s monster pregnancy even *like*?”

“Oh!” Toriel gasps as she hears the question. “W-well, it has been a long time since…” she tries to answer.

She must be talking about Asriel. Oh, *shit*. You really didn’t want to bring her down by talking about her dead kid today. Not on her living kid’s birthday.

You bolt straight up out of your chair and raise your hands in surrender. “You don’t have to answer that, Tori. I don’t, I mean, uh- Listen, I’m *so* sorry-“

“No, my child, it is quite alright,” she shakes her head, smiling softly. Asgore rests a supportive paw on her shoulder as she sets down the pie she carried in, with a curious look creasing his brow. Toriel raises her paw to rest on top of his, appreciating the comfort. “You deserve to know.”

She gestures for you to sit down again as she hands a blunted serving knife to Frisk with the pie. The
ambassador doesn’t hesitate to deftly start cutting the pie in quarters, then sets an entire quarter on one of the plates Papyrus carried in for themselves, before slicing the remaining three into six equal pieces. Toriel watches them intently after she takes her own seat, her furred lips twisted. Her expression is wondering whether she should scold them, or let this pass as it is their birthday. It shifts to a bright smile as she decides to leave it be.

Toriel gently explains how monster pregnancies typically work, drawing from her own experience. You’re pretty sure she’s leaving out some of the more intimate or gruesome details, knowing that Frisk is watching her intently, their own curiosity shining forth, but it seems there’s a few things to be on the lookout for. One is hormones, which you pretty well expected, but for monsters that can mean stronger magic or temporarily losing control over their magic. Another, for boss monsters especially, is magic manifesting in the womb. Sometimes the child waits until a few months after birth before displaying their boss monster ability, but other times, it comes about as early as a couple weeks into pregnancy. This can mean some scary things for the mother, but magic by nature is not cruel, so she says it’s not something that can kill you.

“But it may be harmful to you, if it is an aggressive ability,” Toriel winces. “Asriel had fire magic like his father and I, so sometimes when strangers would pick him up he would burn them until he learned how to control it. It is a good thing my fur is so flame resistant!” she laughs lightly.

You pale a bit at the thought of your kid hurting you, inside or out of the womb. You slump in your chair, resting your chin on your arms in front of you, as Papyrus places a small corner of vanilla cake next to you with strawberries on the side. Undyne slams her hand into your back, attempting for a reassuring pat, but instead the strong guard has probably just left a palm-shaped bruise on your shoulder blade. It stings, and isn’t super reassuring.

“Cheer up, _____! It won’t be that bad!” your bestie cheers.

“Is there any way to know what the kid will have in advance?” you ask worriedly. “Like, since Sans can teleport and move objects around, will the kid get that?” Your stomach twists uncomfortably at the thought, wondering how the hell his mother ever managed to raise a kid that could teleport.

“I am afraid we cannot know for sure until they manifest,” Toriel says solemnly. “Boss monster abilities rarely transfer directly.”

“Why are we telling the hu- I mean, _____, about this?” Asgore asks curiously, his mane tickled slightly pink from the sensitive information being thrown around. The gentle lion-goat king was so quiet until now that you’d almost forgotten he was even there.

But, then, if you’ve just been asking about monster pregnancy for the last twenty minutes or so, shouldn’t he be able to put two and two together, and figure out why? You furrow your brow, trying to find a way to explain the whole situation.

“Oh geez! I didn’t tell you?” Undyne barks before you can get a word in. “_____’s pregnant!”

Chapter End Notes

Turns out monster pregnancy is a little more than reader bargained for :P All the foreshadowing!
That tactless *fish*. You stab at the remainder of the strawberries on your plate aggressively with your fork, imagining that you’re spearing sushi not fruit, now that you’re done basically catching up Asgore on your entire relationship with Sans.

“G-golly!” the king stammers. “That sure is something.”

“Yup,” you respond bleakly, popping skewered strawberries in your mouth and gnashing them into delicious paste.

“W-well,” he continues gruffly. “If there is ever anything I can do to be of help, please, do not hesitate to let me know,” he offers, smiling softly.

“Will do,” you salute absently.

Frisk bounds up to their mom, and signs something excitedly. Toriel raises a gentle paw to her mouth and laughs. “I suppose we could begin presents!” she answers joyfully.

Frisk squeaks in delight, then dashes over to the considerable pile of gifts, brushing their small honey-coloured hands over the bows on yours and Papyrus’. They look over their shoulder at you, face twisted mischievously as they snatch the handles of the bag your gift for them is in. Really? Yours first? You flush in embarrassment, still unsure whether it’s a good gift. Frisk brings it back to their seat at the head of the table, wiggling in their seat as they wait for everyone to be paying attention.

The royal child undoes all of your careful wrapping in a matter of seconds, like a hyena ripping through a gazelle. The red bow is intact, however, where it’s resting on top of their head. They run their thumbs over the popped out title on the hardcover front of the massive tome with a small smile.

“Well, don’t keep us in suspense, kid! What is it?” Undyne demands.

“… C-Canadian Law for Youths?” Alphys reads the title.

You slump in your chair. “I thought it might help Frisk with, uh, Ambassador-ing?” you explain. Maybe it was a bad idea after all.

“Oh!” Toriel gasps. “Well, what a thoughtful gift!”

“Yeah, Frisk seems to really like it!” Undyne grins toothily, nudging your arm.

The pint-sized ambassador hugs the book to their chest and climbs down out of their chair, dashing over to you to give you a kiss on the cheek. Grinning, and feeling a bit more sure of your gift, you smooch them right back on their forehead, eliciting an adorable giggle from the otherwise mute child. Scampering back to their chair with their treasure still clutched against them, they retake their seat and carefully open the cover, eyes scanning the index page.

And here you’d thought you’d be the one to give the lamest gift at the party. It was a really tough call
Any toy you’d thought of was gendered or had gendered versions, and you didn’t want to get the wrong thing. Clothes were also out for the same reason. It took a lot of thinking, but you finally realized that it would be better to stop thinking in terms of appropriate birthday gifts for a nine year-old kid, and start thinking of birthday gifts for Frisk. And Frisk was a very unique kid, with a very unique responsibility. You just hope your gift helps them out a little.

“Hey kid! Is that the ONLY thing you’re going to open today!?” Undyne rasps from beside you, hitting the heavy wood table with a fist.

Frisk startles out of their reverie, then closes the book carefully and slides it to the side. Strolling over to the pile of gifts, they carefully select the next one.

Undyne got a beginners weight training set for Frisk, which Toriel doesn’t seem pleased about, but Frisk starts enthusiastically pumping the smallest weights up and down with Undyne cheering them on. Alphys gifted them a chemistry set, then enthusiastically hyperventilates her way through explaining all of the features it comes with while the kid nods decisively. Papyrus’ gift is next, and, to no one’s surprise, its birthday spaghetti. It seems like he disregarded your advice against sprinkles, because there’s chocolate ones littering the pasta.

“BUT EVERYBODY LOVES CHOCOLATE!” Papyrus loudly complains. Frisk gives him a hug anyway, grinning up at their favourite tall skeleton.

“Is it my turn?” Mettaton coos softly, withdrawing an envelope from his pants pocket and holding it daintily towards the birthday kid.

“Metts, you did not get Frisk a gift card to your spa or one of your boutiques or something…” you groan, face in your hand. Typical robot.

“I did not,” he insists, gasping in feigned shock. “How could you think so little of me, darling?”

“Then what is it? Cash?” you muse.

Frisk snatches the envelope and shreds it, determined to get at its contents as quickly as possible. Inside is a folded letter of some kind, but it’s not facing you so you have no idea what they’re looking at. Their tiny brown eyebrows knit together in confusion, then soften as their mouth drops open, trembling with excitement. Tears well up and spill out of their eyes as Toriel gently moves behind them and embraces their shoulders, planting a soft kiss on the crown of their head.

“Well, is SOMEONE going to tell us what it is!?” Undyne barks, just as confused as you are.

“A week-long vacation in Disney World for Frisk, Toriel, and Asgore,” Mettaton announces, flipping his hair and beaming with pride. “I cleared it with Her Majesty first, of course.”

“Holy crap kid, congratulations!” you cheer. No wonder they’re so excited! “When do you leave?”

“In about a month from now,” Asgore answers timidly.

“I’m sorry I ever doubted you, Metts. That’s a pretty amazing gift,” you apologize.

Mettson hums delightedly, not insulted in the least.

“Is that all of the gifts already?” you ask the group.

Asgore rises from his chair, rustling Frisk’s hair as he stands. “Actually, I have one more, but it was difficult to wrap,” he answers lightly. “I will return momentarily.”
Toriel shoots him an inquisitive look that makes Asgore look very remorseful for some reason. Frisk hugs the king’s massive legs before letting him go, bounding over to their chair excitedly, running their hand absently over their new book. After a couple minutes of aimless chatting as everyone waits, the massive man returns with a bicycle.

It’s pink and white, with pastel streamers and a basket on the front. Frisk marvels at it, grasping one of the handles and giving the bell an experimental ring. So, does that mean Frisk is…?

Toriel’s brow knits in frustration. “Asgore! We discussed this,” she scolds. Suddenly you’re very glad you didn’t go with a bike.

“I know, and I did not listen,” he answers sheepishly, inclining his head. “But, I wanted to invite Frisk out for rides out in nature with me. I rarely spend time with them, as they spend so much of theirs here at the embassy… I swear to you, Tori, they will be safe with me.”

Frisk gasps, then sets the bike against the wall carefully before moving to get in between their lion-goat parents. They sign something frantically to Toriel in defense of Asgore, then clasps their tiny hands together in a pleading gesture.

Toriel silently considers the child’s pleas, arms folded across her midsection. Finally, the queen lets out a long sigh and raises her paws to run them down the sides of her short snout. “Frisk will need a helmet,” she relents, unable to defy Frisk’s raw determination.

The tiny diplomat cheers successfully as Asgore joyfully scoops them up in a massive hug. Frisk leaves a dozen smooches or more all over his face, happy as can be, until they stop and claw at their mouth with their tiny hands. It seems they’ve gotten a hair on their tongue with the faces they’re making. Toriel laughs at their plight and offers a paper napkin, patting their head with a paw comforting.

“Is th-that all the p-presents, then?” Alphys asks. Are those two eager to go somewhere?

“uhh, actually,” a familiar voice behind you rattles you to your core. “there’s just one more.”

Chapter End Notes

I've broken out of my rut with the posting of the previous chapter, now I seem to be on some kind of roll. I hope to wrap up this arc before the weekend is out :)

Chapter End Notes
"You look like hell."

Sans slumps under your gaze. "s-sorry, uh…"

"Have you been sleeping?" you continue, concerned.

He shakes his skull miserably from inside the collar of his filthy sweatshirt. Honestly, he looks completely wrecked. He smells like he hasn't showered once since he left, there are dark circles under his sockets, and the sockets themselves are drooping wearily. It's only been about a week, but instead, he looks like he's been haggard for years.

Geez, and you’d thought you were the one having a bad time.

"Oh my," Mettaton purrs, swinging a leg up to cross them in his chair. "I couldn’t write a better drama than this," he says giddily, popping an unwrapped monster candy into his open mouth.

"SANS!" Papyrus exclaims. "WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? YOU’VE BEEN AWAY FROM HOME FOR DAYS, YOU HAVEN’T RETURNED ANY OF MY TEXTS, AND WORSE YET, YOU SMELL LIKE A GARBAGE DUMP!"

A webbed hand clamps on your shoulder defensively, Undyne trembling in fury. "YOU ASS-"

"Language, please!" Toriel interrupts just in time.

Undyne hisses, then continues on the warpath. "How could you just DITCH your baby mama like that!?" You choke on air at ‘baby mama’, gagging uncomfortably. "DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW STUPID YOU ARE!?"

The warrior bares her sharp teeth down at Sans, the air cracking loudly as a teal blue spear magically forms in her other hand. You grab her arm and she turns to you, seething at yet another interruption but softening when she realizes it’s you.

"Let me handle this. Please?" you release her and hold your hands up in surrender, putting yourself between Sans and the rest of the monsters. "Don’t forget, it’s Frisk’s birthday, right?" you reason. "He’s here to see the little twerp, too."

Undyne’s right eye darts to you, then glares down at Sans some more, before she finally relents. The spear disappears from her hand as quickly as it came with a static buzzing sound as it fizzles away into nothing. Undyne grumbles angrily under her breath, retaking a chair directly behind you, so she’s not too far away. You appreciate her being protective.

"you… you look good," Sans chokes out, his eye lights still unable to meet yours. "your soul looks a bit better, too."

"No thanks to you," you fold your arms, remembering the lab. He withers under you gaze.

“i’m- i’m sorry…” he mumbles, looking away.

You grasp his lower jaw in your hand, tilting his face upwards to force eye contact. "We’re going to
talk later, okay?” you order, leaving no room for argument.

He gulps reluctantly, then jerks his head in a stiff nod.

Sensing it’s their cue, Frisk appears and tackles their uncle Sans in a big hug. “hey kiddo, sorry i’m late,” he smiles weakly, tousling their hair.

Frisk releases him and starts signing frantically. “oh, it’s right here,” he answers, holding out a hand and teleporting a present into it. It’s wrapped in brown packing paper and torn at one of the corners, revealing a plain cardboard box underneath. Frisk huffs. “no, no, it’s not socks.” The kid scoops up the shabby present and returns to their seat at the head of the table.

You gesture for Sans to sit in Undyne’s old spot next to you. The tension in the room is palpable – Everyone seems to be watching the smaller skeleton intensely with mixed expressions of confusion and anger. He slides into the chair shamefully, and you take your seat beside, just happy to see him in one piece. And, you admit, maybe a little satisfied that he looks as miserable as he does.

Frisk tears into the small package loudly, and the sound manages to draw some eyes. It’s easy to sense that they want the focus off of Sans, uncomfortable with the quiet dread filling the room. They noisily tear some more tape off the box before they can get at its contents, and then groan bitterly as they withdraw a bundle of socks, throwing it at Sans. He catches it easily with his magic, chuckling.

“okay, it’s not just socks,” he grins. “i couldn’t resist, sorry kid.”

The rest of the box seems to contain some kind of tube or scope (A kaleidoscope, maybe?), and a very worn book that looks older than it probably is. Frisk carefully lifts the small tube up, eyes asking Sans a silent question.

“it’s a miniature version of the scanner at the lab,” he explains. “i figure, since you’re tori and asgore’s kid, and the ambassador for all monsters, you should be able to see souls like monsters do. it’ll show you the soul colour of anyone you point it at, even monsters. give it a try,” he suggests.

Frisk giggles and puts it against their eye, pointing it at each of the monsters and finger spelling out the results. Papyrus’ soul lands on orange for Bravery, while Undyne’s lands on an orangey-red for Wrath. Mettaton, to no one’s surprise but his own, is pink for Passion. You’d thought Alphys would be Passion too, but it turns out she leans more towards indigo for Indulgence. Toriel is a royal blue for Integrity, and Asgore falls neatly into green for Kindness. The royal child groans when they realize Sans is Sloth. They seem to be overjoyed with their gift, now able to get more information about their friends’ souls, cackling like mad as if they now have access to everyone’s secrets.

The last item in the box is the book. Frisk carefully peels at the pages while Toriel looks on, a curious look on her face. “Sans, where did you get that?” she inquires, sounding upset.

“the garbage dump underground,” he winces, knowing that probably sounds bad. “i wanted to add something from there to my gift. i made sure all the pages are there and the text is still legible. i had to dry it out since it was waterlogged.”

“Hmmmm,” she hums, eyeing Sans dangerously. What’s that about?

Frisk grabs the book and rises from their seat, scooting around the table to encircle their scrawny arms around Sans. You catch that the book is actually one of Shakespeare’s plays – Twelfth Night – and it looks well loved. A gender-bending romantic comedy suits Frisk pretty well, actually. They giggle as Sans returns the hug, then shuffles back to their seat next to Toriel at the head of the room.

“Well!” Toriel starts. “Frisk, do you want to say thank you to all of your friends for all of your
wonderful presents?”

Frisk brings their fingers to their lips in the easily recognizable ASL sign for ‘thank you’, but Toriel tsk. Frisk looks up at their mom with pleading brown eyes as Tori shakes her head.

“No, Frisk,” she scolds gently. “Say thank you.”

You look at Frisk, eyes wide. Everyone else looks on curiously as well. Frisk scrunches in their seat uncomfortably.

“Thank you,” a new, shy voice rings out from the small child. You gasp. Frisk can talk!?

“You’re welcome Frisk!” you blurt out, clapping your hands and squealing, completely unable to contain your excitement.

Everyone is thrilled at the news, taking turns to enthuse about how cute and adorable their voice is and how much they all wish they could hear more of it. Mettaton suggests taking them for karaoke some time, and they shrink further in their chair in embarrassment.

“you’re welcome, kiddo,” Sans chimes in softly at the tail end of the enthusiastic mayhem.

“Please everyone, forgive Frisk for their reluctance to speak up before,” Toriel offers, patting the child’s head comfortably. Frisk has their phone in hand, typing something out. “It is not easy for them, due to some issues with their birth family, I am afraid. Please, do not force them into speech, let us give them some space and allow them to approach it at their own pace.”

Your phone buzzes in your pocket softly as they look up at you. You raise a hand, index and thumb extended towards the ceiling, then bob it towards them, signing ‘Later’. A small smile creeps onto their face as they give a slight nod.

“i should probably get going…” Sans mutters eventually, sensing the party is coming to a close. “uhh… i-is there any pie left?” he asks timidly.

“Not for deadbeats,” Undyne sneers from behind you.

Rolling your eyes, you slide your container with an extra slice for later in front of him. He blinks at it and looks up at you. “uhh?” he stammers, cheekbones dusting blue.

“You look like you could use it,” you shrug.

“THAT’S IT!” Undyne shrieks in rage, slamming her hands against the table as she slides out her chair to tower over you. “What is WRONG with you, ______? WHY ARE YOU BEING SO NICE TO SANS? DID YOU FORGET WHAT HE DID?”

Angrily shoving your own chair away from the table, you stand bolt straight to meet her eye with your own. “Gee, I don’t know, maybe because I still LOVE him!” you shriek in response, throwing your hands out at your sides and stepping into Undyne’s personal space. She takes a cautious step back, as if getting into a defensive stance. “Why do you think I’d just GIVE UP on him like that, huh?! It’s been ONE WEEK, and he’s got some complicated SH- stuff to sort out! Who would quit on somebody they love? Would you quit on Alphys just like that if she’d done the same thing?!” you charge, snapping your fingers for emphasis.

Undyne withers and glances at her fiancée, flushing as her wrath crumples under the force of your determination, and retaking her seat. Sighing, you turn back to Sans, who is looking up at you in shock. You grip Sans’ warm wrist with your hand, feeling him jerk nervously under your firm grip.
“Sorry sweetie, I’m going to take your uncle and cut out early, okay?” you apologize to the birthday kid. They nod with understanding. “Come on, Sans. Let’s go have that talk.”

Chapter End Notes

In writing this, I got so wrapped up in the Sans/Reader drama that I almost forgot this very essential plot bomb. Oops :P
“i’ve never seen anyone make undyne back down like that before,” he chuckles shyly, swinging your hand with his. “you really are tougher than you know.”

“I’ll deal with her later,” you grumble. “Though, I had no idea she was Wrath. I thought she was Determination, like Frisk and me.”

“determination and bravery are her secondary aspects; they’re how she achieves wrath,” he helpfully explains. “sometimes they can seem similar since they’re close neighbours.”

“Did you want to duck under an overhang and teleport home?” you ask, giving his hand a light squeeze.

He tenses at that, almost stumbling over his feet with the next step. “u-uh, not in your, uh… condition…” he mumbles out.

“Oh, right,” you grumble. Your feet are still pretty sore, but it’s not hard to infer from his response that using magic on you while pregnant might be a bad idea. At least he thought to warn you. You’re still not certain where he stands on that.

Instead, it’s a very long, and very quiet, walk back to the apartment building. It’s gotten pretty late so the sun is setting, giving some slight relief from the heat and humidity as night’s cool breezes take over. Your heart swells, knowing your bone boy is next to you once again, his warm hand occupying yours comfortably, as if nothing had ever come between you in the first place. It’s not perfect, and you still have a lot to work out, but at least he’s back.

It’s only when you finally make it home that he says something to make your determination run and hide again.

“i can’t stay,” he mumbles apologetically. “i… uh, i started working on something in underground. a project…”

“I see,” you sigh heavily. “But, I think you should stay the night, at least. You really do look like shit, Sans – You could probably use a shower and a good night’s sleep. And… I really missed you,” you choke out.

“i don’t know if i should,” he says softly, clinking his phalanges against his neck vertebrae in those soft, musical glass tones you’d almost forgotten. “it seems… i don’t know, kind of awkward, considering how i left…” he trails off, looking away.

You grasp his other hand firmly in yours, hoping it will discourage him from running away. “Please, just tonight, okay? I think we’ll both benefit from it, even if it’s just one night. I… I need you, Sans.”

He looks up at you, an incredibly sad look crossing his skeletal features, before his skull falls forward against your chest. His shoulders heaving, he whimpers out, “i need you, too, ____.”
Sans smells a lot better after his shower and getting a change of clothes, you think to yourself. You’re spooning him from behind in your bed, feeling him relax and breathe softly in your arms.

“so tori told you about her pregnancy with asriel, huh?” he asks softly.

“Mm-hmm,” you confirm, stroking his bony arm where it extends out of the short sleeve of his t-shirt.

“and you still want to… try to have it?” he flinches.

“Yeah,” you say, cuddling into him more.

He lifts his head slightly as he asks “… why?”

“Should I write you a list?” you grin, leaning up to kiss his porcelain cheekbone.

He turns slightly to meet your gaze. “give me the short version?”

“Well,” you sit up more, leaning on your elbow as you trace his ribs through his shirt idly with your other hand. “I love kids, and I’ve never had one of my own before, so, I’m kind of excited about being a mom? Even if it is a bit… Unexpected.”

He nods. “what else?”

“Because it’s yours.”

He blinks at that, eye lights shrinking in slight shock.

“Come on, Sans,” you roll your eyes playfully. “You already knew that. But, I mean, I think I love it even more knowing that I’m having your kid, since I adore you so much. Does that make sense?”

“i don’t know. i guess, maybe?” he struggles.

“What about you, Sans?” you ask, leaning against the side of his body. “Talk to me. What’s going on in your head right now?”

He rolls onto his back and looks past you at the bedroom’s popcorn ceiling, trying to piece his words together. “… i’m terrified,” he finally manages, his words trembling slightly.

“What of?” you ask, caressing his face with the backs of your fingers. “Please, talk to me.”

“of everything,” he rasps emotionally. “of what it’s magic could do to you, since i’m half boss monster. it’s magic may not kill you, but it could… it could really hurt you. i’m scared of being a father, or of turning into my father - that kid is basically a science project just waiting to happen. there’s never been a monster-human hybrid before now,” he rambles off, shaking more with each thought. “and, it’s really dangerous out there for monsters right now. if… if those forum assholes caught wind that you’re carrying a half monster kid… they could hurt you. and… i don’t know if i could protect you, when i’m not really allowed to use my magic on humans...”

His solid ceramic palms creep up to cover his sockets as he takes a couple shuddering breaths, cerulean tears creeping out and dribbling down his temples onto the sheets below his skull.

“Oh, Sans…” you breathe, shifting to rest between his legs and lay gently against his front. Propped up on your elbows, you pull his hands away to kiss at his tears. His expression is agonized, but seems to soften slightly at your affection, his chest still heaving with ragged breaths underneath you. “Hey, cutie. Can I try and ease your fears a bit?”
“you can try,” he mumbles bitterly. “but i don’t think it’ll work.”

“I’ll try,” you insist, shifting down to rest the side of your head against his ribs. His fingers tangle in your hair comfortingly, and you moan in pleasure having missed his luxurious massages. “This might be a little distracting, though,” you admit humorously.

His ribs shake as he chuckles softly. “i could stop?” he offers, pulling his hand away.

“Never ever,” you retort, reaching up to pull it back into your hair.

“heh,” he breathes amusedly, then heaves a deep, relaxed sigh. He’s so calm and comfortable in this moment that you both could probably melt into a puddle together.

“I think you’d make a great dad, you know,” you say finally. His hand freezes in your hair briefly before his phalanges continue their seductive strokes on your scalp. “I mean it, Sans. I see how you are with Frisk and your brother. You adore kids. I don’t think you’d ever hurt them. You’re not your father, Sans. You care. You care a whole hell of a lot. There isn’t a single doubt in my mind that you’d make a great father to a kid. Hell, you even wanted to adopt before this all happened. That says a lot.”

He hums softly, digesting that.

“As for the kid becoming a science project… Well,” you grin, poking at his ribs. He raises his other hand to stop the painful jabs, holding yours in his warm bone fingers and stroking your palm with his thumb. “Buddy, if you thought I was determined before, you haven’t seen anything yet. Our child will not be a science project - end of story,” you declare.

“heh, okay. i trust you on that,” he mutters.

“Finally, for the idiot forum thugs,” you clench your teeth at the thought of them. Sans notices your tension and moves his hand from your scalp down to grip your shoulder, firmly working his thumb at a knot you didn’t even know was there. He grips your hand in his a degree tighter, as if he’s thinking the same troubling thoughts. “There’s more I can do to defend myself,” you say finally. “I could get Undyne to teach me some self-defense, and I could start carrying pepper spray. You might not be able to fight back, but I could learn to.”

“i really don’t want to see you in a fight,” he shudders.

“I know,” you raise your head to look him in the eyes, his hand drifting to hold you by your chin. “But you want me to be protected, right? So, I should learn how to protect myself any time you or someone else can’t.”

“i guess it’s probably a good idea anyway,” he relents, leaning in to give you a quick kiss on your lips.

“Does it help, though?” you ask, relishing his affection. “Have I eased all your fears?”

“you missed the biggest one,” he responds softly, pulling his hand away from your chin to wiggle his finger bones as they clink and chime against each other. “magic.”

“Ah,” you realize. “Well, I didn’t really know about that until today, but… I guess I’ll just deal with the consequences, once I know exactly what they are?” you wince.

“that’s not very reassuring, babe,” he groans, running his fingers along your cheek. You sigh, you’d figured as much. But you can’t help that your heart flutters at his pet name for you.
“I know, but what can I do, really? I can’t exactly prepare for something like that,” you explain. “The best I can do is hope my friends can help me, if it’s something aggressive.”

“I’m tier four, so it could be literally anything,” he says, squeezing your hand in his where he’s holding it against his ribs. “Plus it’s half human, so it could even be stronger than me, which is normally really rare. There’s too many unknowns…” he trails off.

“Well, I don’t really need to tell you how determined I am, do I?” you grin at him. “I want to wait and see. Take it one day at a time, and we’ll figure it out when we figure it out.”

Sans sighs deeply, then is caught off-guard by a yawn. His wide mouth exposes his glowing blue tongue briefly, and you thank god his eyes are closed as you fight off a blush at the sight of it.

“We should probably get some sleep,” you offer, laying the side of your heated face against his ribs once again and cuddling into him.

“Sleep sounds like a good idea,” he breathes lazily.

Minutes later, the rising and falling of his chest turns into contented, relaxed snoring.

Chapter End Notes

And that concludes the Tiny Ambassador! I know Frisk themselves doesn't feature here, but I wanted to end with an angsty/fluff section of the two lovebirds cuddling and talking out their issues related to reader's child. Half the point of this arc was to reveal a few things about Frisk, and the other half was to bring Sans semi-sort of back into the story.

Also, please let me know your thoughts on this part, and on Sans/Reader's relationship in general. I'm super curious how I've affected you emotionally. ie. Do you still hate him for leaving? Or do you feel bad for him for why he left? I love all of you and appreciate all of your wonderful comments, even though I rarely respond I still read them like 100x over, 'cause they're what keeps me going. Thank you!
“I am so, so sorry!” he mutters. I had no idea…”

You’re clutching your newfound porcelain god on the bathroom floor, feeling beyond nauseated from the morning sickness. You wave off Sans who is fretting beside you, urging him to keep his distance. “I just… I didn’t think the grease smell would-“ you panic and turn back to the toilet, gagging. “I thought cracking all the windows and turning on the fan would help, but-“ you’re interrupted again as your stomach lurches. “Can… Can you just get me a glass of water? To rinse out my mouth?” you ask.

“uh, yes!” he stammers. He vanishes from space for a moment and his sudden absence makes your stomach clench uncomfortably. His sudden reappearance with a full glass of water is no less unsettling.

“Thanks,” you accept the glass from him, taking a mouthful and swishing it around your gross mouth, gargling slightly before you spit it out into the toilet.

“… and you’re sure you still want to have it?” he asks cautiously.

You shoot him a glare and he holds his skeletal hands up in surrender.

“Sorry. If I had known, I would’ve-“

“Stop right there, Sans,” you insist, holding up your index finger commandingly. “I was the one who wanted to make you fried eggs and bacon for breakfast to surprise you. You had nothing to do with this, I did this to myself this time.”

“this time?” he asks worriedly.

“Sometimes Paps makes weird things in the kitchen, or Frisk wants to go for burgers when I get off school. It happens. Best I can do is just try to keep my stomach empty and my meals fairly bland,” you explain.

“and this happens every day?”

You nod.

“Is there anything I can do?” he fumbles nervously.

“Be glad you don’t even have a stomach?” you offer, laughing unamusedly.

“What do you need, babe?” he insists. “There must be something I can do to help.”

“Nothing,” you answer, weakly reaching over for the handle to flush. “I’m just going to sit on the floor here for a while until my stomach stops trying to secede from my body,” you answer darkly, clutching your sensitive abdomen.

He perks up as a thought crosses his skull. “One second,” he mutters, vanishing into thin air. Mid-blink he’s already back, holding one of the back seat cushions and a square throw pillow from the
couch.

At his guidance, you shuffle out of the way so he can rest the cushion on the hard tile floor, then he pats it for you to sit down on one side of it, facing away. He sits behind you, his legs appearing on the outsides of yours, and you feel the throw pillow pressing against your back. He probably thinks his bony body is uncomfortable and is protecting you from it with it. Once he’s settled into position, he takes your shoulders in his hands and gently pulls you to rest your weight against him, then starts working his thumbs into the knots in your neck and shoulders. You moan at the focused attention to all of your most achy spots.

“there, how is that?” he asks softly from behind you. “feel better?”

“No yet. Keep going,” you demand, halfway to drooling in pleasure. He chuckles at that.

“anything you want,” he affirms. “geez, that looked horrible.”

“Ugh, don’t remind me.”

“sorry.”

You let your eyes close as you lean into his hands, your head lolling back to rest on his shoulder. “Do you… Really have to go?” you ask weakly.

“yeah,” he sighs. “i’m sorry, babe.”

“Why?”

Sans’ thumbs cease their ministrations on your sore shoulders and neck, as he brings his arms down to hold you gently around your lower ribs, careful not to put any pressure on your stomach. He sighs softly into your hair.

“i just… need some time to figure things out,” he admits. “talking last night helped, but i’m still not sure how i feel about this. i need some distance from the situation in order to process it clearly.”

“I understand,” you mumble. “I just wish you could do that here with me. I hate it when you run away.”

“i’m always going to come running back,” he murmurs into your ear, raising a hand to stroke your cheek.

“Even though I want to have this baby?” You turn in to him slightly, thankful your stomach has finished its gross protest. His small boney body stiffens at the thought, hand tense against your face. You reach up and hold it gently. “I mean, let’s face it – Is it really fair of you to ask me not to have it, when I kind of really want to?”

He breathes shakily before responding. “is it fair of you to force me to become a dad to this kid, when i’m not sure i’m up for it?”


“you sound like you’re ready for bed again,” he chuckles softly.

“Maybe a little,” you admit.

“come on,” he holds your shoulders and sits you upright so he can shift himself out from behind you, standing and offering his hand to help you to your feet. “let me tuck you in before i head out, okay?”
Losing a brief battle of wills against another yawn, you nod.

Later when you wake up again, you head to the bathroom to clean it, only to find it completely spotless, with a couple towels laid out for your shower. Confused, you pass back through the living room and spy a plate of fluffy chocolate chip pancakes on the card table, situated next to a jar of maple syrup, and a hastily scribbled sticky note.

‘hope these are ok. love you babe xoxo – sans’

You smile a little sadly at that, taking a seat in front of the still warm breakfast and digging in with the provided utensils. Chocolate chip pancakes are totally okay.

Chapter End Notes

*throws fluff at you*
As you’re finishing off washing the dishes from your breakfast Sans made for you, you suddenly remember that Frisk texted you shortly before you left the party. Deciding to throw some clothes into the wash first, you pull out your phone while pulling out the knob on the washer to start it.

* i tried to convinc mom not 2 make me talk, but some tings I just cant fix w save load :/

Oh, is that what Frisk wanted to say? Oops. Now you feel a little worse for leaving the text without a response overnight.

* Hey kiddo, sorry I didn’t see your text until now, you reply.
* its ok, Frisk answers back quickly.

* So I guess I know two new things about you from your party, huh? you point out.
* wats the other thing?
* That was a pretty girly bike Asgore brought in, don’t you think? you tease.
* auaaanguhhghhh that’s it im getting undyne to help me paint it black, comes the anguished response. dad is such a doofus sumtimes.

* Do you not like being a girl? you ask curiously.
* i just don wanna be treated like one. why are people always tryin 2 guess whether im a boy or a girl? its so rude!! and the way they treat each other based on gender… i dont want to b a girl. i don’t want to b a boy either, i jus want t be me.

Their text strikes such a chord with you, you have to read it a half dozen times to fully digest and appreciate it. Holy damn Frisk is one smart kid. You had no idea you had someone who hated stereotypes and labels as much as you did so close at hand.

* Oh my god kiddo, I totally get what you mean!

The two of you go back and forth on crappy gender stereotypes over text for almost an hour while you wait for the laundry to finish. Frisk complains about how other people (Mostly kids, but some adults too) assign roles to genders, such as telling them only boys can play with cars, and only girls can ride ponies. They admit that both of their monster parents sometimes try and encourage them to wear dresses, but they refuse to leave the embassy with anything too girly or with a skirt. Frisk much prefers their collection of striped shirts and pants, and they’re always avoiding the colour pink in everything like it’s the plague. They won’t even accept dolls as gifts for the toy’s connection to young girls. That brings out some baggage of yours that you wind up blurtting out in your text conversation with the ambassador.

* ur mom really treated you like a doll?? Frisk asks later in the cathartic conversation.
* Yeah, you text with a sigh. I look a lot like her, so I guess she thought I was an extension of
her or something? Anyways, I don’t talk to them anymore. They didn’t like it when I stopped playing along.

* wow im sorry, Frisk texts. hey if u r cool with goat parents i kno a couple :P omg we could be sisters!!

You snicker at that. * lol! Well, while Tori’s very lovely, I’m not sure I could bring myself up to calling her mom.

* ehh she wouldn mind. shes like that. human parents suck n e way.

* What were your parents like? If you don’t mind me asking, that is.

A minute of silence passes as you fret and wonder whether you’ve suddenly crossed a line. Toriel did say something about them relating to Frisk’s willingness to talk before. Finally, you feel awash with relief as your phone buzzes with another text from the kid.

* mean. my bros and sisses were mean too. every1 always told me 2 shut up.

Your heart breaks for the poor kid. * I’m so sorry, Frisk. If it helps any, I think you have the cutest voice ever and I hope no one ever tells you to hide it ever again.

* thanks.

* Besides, sounds like Metts wants to turn you into a singing superstar ;)

* uughghgh. i could b a backup singer maybe. or signer.

* Think you and I could duet at karaoke some time? I could sing your parts you don’t want to?

* maybe. that might be cool.

* Or maybe you and my kid could start a cool band when they grow up!

* lol yeah!!1 omg we could be like babymetal! gimme choco!!

* Who would be your third singer?

* undyne ez. she can do th screaming parts.

* You know, Babymetal dresses kind of girly :P

* pssh ill be a rockstar, ill wear whatever i want!

* Is the fame going to your head already, Frisk? you chuckle.

* no autographs til after the show darling ;)

* No wonder you and Metts get along so well.

* lol shud i start takin lots of selfies too??

* I’m so glad I introduced him to Instagram.
“I told you I can’t have sushi, Undyne,” you sigh.

“What about cake?” she begs. “Come ON, let me make it up to you!”

Undyne was beyond apologetic for her blow up at the party days ago. She’d thought you were kind of done with Sans after he knocked you up and left, and was just getting angry on your behalf. She just wanted to hold him accountable, which you took care of, and wanted to try and protect you from him hurting you again. You accepted her heartfelt apology ten minutes ago, but your fish bestie insisted that it wasn’t enough.

“I think whipped cream and cream cheese are borderline,” you grumble. “That means the café, and most of its delicious cakes, are kind of not an option, either.”

“I have to do SOMETHING to apologize!” she insists.

You shake your head. “Don’t worry about it, seriously.”

“NGGGHHHHH-“

“Actually,” you hold up a hand to interrupt her laboured growling. “You can teach me self-defense?” you offer.

She blinks her yellow slitted eye a couple times, as if trying to restart a process that’s halted. Then it seems to twinkle at you like she’s a kid on Christmas morning. “R-really? I can train you?” She asks hopefully.

“Yes,” you groan, crossing your arms. “Sans is worried about the anti-monster groups finding out about the kid, and you guys can’t use magic against humans, so I offered to learn some self-defense to help protect myself.”

Nothing on this Earth could have prepared you for Undyne’s enthusiasm.

Chapter End Notes

Here have a chapter I'm still fighting with myself over :P Honestly, this conversation with Frisk should've happened a while ago, but I was focused on building Sans and Reader's relationship first. Looks like you've got some common ground with your Determined soul BFF :P
You collapse on the linoleum floor of your apartment, so done with this training session already.

“I’ve never…” you pant. “Run… So long… in my life.”

“Don’t wuss out now!” Undyne cackles, completely unphased by the marathon you just did together. “You need your legs STRONG so you can get away from monster-hating JACKASSES, RIGHT!?”

You cannot speak a response, only wheeze your discomfort. Yet your legs manage to start working again to scramble away in shock as Undyne dumps a bucket of ice water on your head.

“OH MY GOD, YOU SUCK!” you screech, immediately soaked to the bone and shivering slightly.

Undyne cackles in delight, reaching out a hand to help pull you to your feet. You’re tempted to slap it away, but you huff and decide to trust the overgrown fish stick instead.

“All right, nerd! Now, we’re going to practice punching!” She punches her one scaly hand in the other with a loud SMACK, grinning maliciously. You gulp. Then she spreads her arms wide, which you flinch at, unsure of what to anticipate next. “Hit me!”

“Whoa wait what!?” you panic.

“COME ON!” she shouts, opening and closing her webbed fingers, inviting the attack. “HIT ME!”

“Shouldn’t I start with a punching bag first? Or targets, or something?”

“NOT A CHANCE! Listen, I want to get you trained up QUICK since I’m leaving tomorrow for my trip! Besides, hitting targets doesn’t teach you how to punch PEOPLE!” she sneers. “If you need to defend yourself while I’m gone, you need to be able to HIT THEM! SO COME ON AND HIT ME ALREADY!!”

“Geez Undyne, but you’re my best friend. I don’t want to hurt you,” you surrender, backing off.

“I ONLY let besties get the first attack!” she proclaims, not backing down from her challenge.

You blink for a moment, surprised you’re considering it. “But, wait… Won’t fighting you increase my LV and EXP stats?”

“Not unless you dusted me,” she shrugs, hands still extended outwards. “NGH, QUIT WORRYING, I DON’T HAVE ALL DAY!”

“Ugh, okay, fine,” you relent.

Making a fist with your dominant hand, you breathe a couple times, trying to mentally prepare yourself. You square your feet on the floor, legs still wobbly from the run. Would closing your eyes help? Closing them, you realize that it won’t. Maybe you should shout a warning, first?

“Okay, I’m going to try and hit you now,” you announce awkwardly.

“DO IT, NERD!” she exclaims, closing her eye.
Where should you hit her? You think that maybe the shoulder would be best. It won’t hurt her that much, and it’s sort of like how she sometimes greets people? You’re just returning the greeting, sort of. Okay, you can do this. You take your swing and hit her, hard as you’re able to, on her shoulder. She opens her eye and blinks at you.

“That… Was the daintiest fucking hit I’ve ever taken,” she says, lips twisting in amusement. “Did you extend your pinky while you did it? I should get you a fancy tea set and address you as Your Majesty!”

You scowl at that. Suddenly you want to hit her again. She cackles delightedly at the glare you’re giving her.

“Not bad, punk! At least you did it!” she congratulates, slapping you on the back and briefly knocking the wind out of you. “But go for my face with your next one, you’re not going to hurt anybody hitting shoulders.”

“But I don’t want to give you a black eye!” you stammer. “You’ve only GOT one!”

Training continues like that for a while, Undyne goading you on with insults and personal digs while she has you use her as a punching bag. She doesn’t even flinch any time you hit her, no matter how much you put behind it. A couple of times she stops you to try and make adjustments to your technique, but overall says you’re doing well. At one point she comments that at least your first attack was a lot better than Frisk’s best. You kind of want to hear the story behind that one, but decide that maybe you actually really don’t.

It feels like hours pass before she finally lets you take a break. Your arms and shoulders are now jellified, just like your legs, and your knuckles are red and the skin has cracked on a couple of them. You have no idea how you’re going to manage to work on a computer in class tomorrow, but maybe if you ice your hands as soon as possible you’ll be alright. Undyne on the other hand doesn’t look any different. You might as well have been hitting her with feathered pillows all afternoon. You groan when you finally get to sit down again, and your stomach grumbles along with you. Dinner would be amazing right about now.

“That was a good first training session,” Undyne remarks proudly. “For a human, anyway!”

“Are we going to do this tomorrow, too?” No. Say no, Undyne. The answer is no.

“I can’t,” she sighs dejectedly. “I’ve got to pack and catch a plane with Alph. But hey! I like your enthusiasm! If you’re eager to keep training while I’m gone, I’ll give you a training plan to keep up while I’m away.”

She tears her shell purse open on the floor next to her and retrieves a pad of note paper and a pen. Scribbling away at it for a moment she hands it to you.

Run 10K on every day that starts with T. On Wednesdays and Saturdays, bench press a small to medium sized child (Just one – I’m starting you off easy here) 50 times and do 100x each pushups and sit-ups. Every other day not mentioned, train with Papyrus. He knows what to do.

“Sure Undyne, I’ll totally be able to keep this up,” you say sarcastically.

She takes you seriously as she beams toothily at you, slapping you on the back again. “I knew you could do it, nerd! FUHUHUHU!”
Nobody can train like Undyne can. I feel exhausted just thinking about it @.@;
“What happened to you?”

“Undyne happened to me,” you wince at your ragged knuckles, readjusting the now melted bag of ice. You’ve had to wrap both your hands with fabric tape, trying to protect the healing cuts and control the swelling. “I asked her to train me in self-defense.”

Derrick’s nose scrunches up at that. “… Why?”

“The fuck do you mean, ‘why’? Isn’t it obvious?”

“But you have so many people to protect you already,” he reasons.

“Well maybe they all have lives, and I can’t just call for help whenever I want?!” you snap back. “Besides, I don’t want to feel like I need protecting all the time. I’d much rather fight my own battles.”

“I don’t have anything else going on,” Derrick offers. “I could keep you safe from those thugs.”

“That’s sweet and all, Derrick, but it still doesn’t excuse me from learning how to fight for myself,” you dismiss.

“Well, what is she having you doing for training?” he inquires.

You pull out the crumpled training plan and show him.

Derrick balks at Undyne’s instructions. “Is she serious?!”

“You haven’t met her,” you shake your head. “She doesn’t mess around when it comes to training.”

“Today’s Wednesday, have you done this yet?”

You hang your head. “No… I was going to try when I got home.”

“Cancel it.”

You perk your head up. “Why?”

He shakes his head. “Absolutely not in your condition. And, I don’t know this Papyrus or what he has planned for you, but I suspect you’ll need to cancel that as well.”

“What about the running?” you ask, now curious for his opinion.

“It’s not absolutely prohibited, but I would cut it down by at least half. Even I can’t run five K yet,” he mutters, his pride showing a bit.

“Hmm. Well, what should I do with my arms, then? Undyne’s leaving the country tonight, so I don’t have a fish to punch for just over a week.”

He eyes you suspiciously at that. “You were fighting her?!”
“More like she insisted she be my punching bag. She said it would get me used to hitting people quicker,” you explain.

“That’s… Unorthodox. But I suppose it makes a sort of sense,” he concedes. “That’s usually a problem for people just starting out in martial arts.”

“What should I do instead? I mean, since I can’t do pushups or punch people,” you ask again. You’re not totally opposed to the exercise, and it’d be nice to have something to show for it when your bestie gets back.

“Free weights, I’d say. From a seated position,” he instructs. “Do it while you read for homework tonight. Take it easy, though – Mind your hands.”

“What do I do about my abdominals?”

“Avoid working them too roughly, if you must insist on working them at all. Not in your condition,” he forbids. You catch his meaning quickly. It could hurt the baby.

“Got it. Thanks Derrick. How’d you know so much about my ‘condition’ and exercise, anyway?” you ask.

“I’ve had to turn away women who shared your condition at my dojo before,” he shrugs. Oh right, he’s some kind of super martial artist.

“I keep forgetting you’re a black belt,” you chuckle. “Say, you and Undyne should spar sometime. See who the better fighter is,” you joke.

His pride shines through as his mouth twists up in a delighted smirk. “Perhaps we should,” he considers it seriously.

“Let me know when it happens,” you ask playfully. “She and Alph are leaving town today, but she’ll be back a week from Friday.” You could sell tickets.

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*omg look at this bean so kawaiii!! I Pics attached (2).*

*what monster is that? vulkin?*

*you got it. so cuteee! i wanna hug one!*

*Hey have you guys been to MTT resort? They’ve got lots of monsters there!*

*yeh i went w my mom. i love that tall skelton @ the front desk!*

*I think his name’s Papyrus? He’s a total cinnamon roll.*

*total babe u mean. so tol. wow.*

*i wonder if hes single?*

*I think he’s dating someone. He mentioned a boyfriend last time we went. Sorry.*

*omg nooooooooooooo*
You chuckle at that. Oh my god, monster fan forums were the best.

After class finished (And Derrick insisted he walk you home), you head to the embassy to show Toriel a couple of monster fan forums you’ve found. She gives you the go ahead to try and interact with them and see if they’d be interested in financially supporting the embassy. She would try and sort out how donations from individuals would be processed (Whether it counted as foreign aid or something else), while you worked an angle to try and entice them to donate. There were a couple of forums dedicated entirely to Mettaton, so maybe you would start there.

* Hey Metts, I’ve got a question for you, you text distractedly on your phone as you leave Toriel’s office.

* What can I help you with darling? he immediately responds back.

* Would you be interested in doing public appearances around town? Small ones, for local fans of yours to meet you and get some autographs and photos done?

* I would love to! I always have time for my fans

* Awesome. Thanks Metts!

* What’s the occasion if I may ask? Need something promoted? Or perhaps you’ll allow me to spoil you with a job? I could use a manager

He texts you a number for a possible salary, and you stop in your tracks and drop your phone in surprise. That friggin’ robot. You pick it up from the embassy hallway floor, knees popping uncomfortably to remind you of yesterday’s workout.

* Metts, you know I can’t accept your charity, you text resolutely.

* It’s not charity! You would be a remarkable manager I assure you, and I could genuinely benefit from having you on my staff.

* Anyways, the occasion is I had this crazy idea about raising money for the embassy, so now I’m trying to put it into practice.

* Aha You want to use my notoriety and fan base as a launching off point for the project

* Err, basically, yeah. You’re bait :P

* I’d be delighted to be ‘bait’ darling I know the King and Queen could use the assistance

* So you’re still in? Awesome.

* And you are arranging this by yourself?

* Yeah, I guess. It’s not that complicated.

* And you’re SURE you don’t want to be my manager?
I really don't like this chapter, but I wanted to touch base on a couple important points: One, that Undyne's training regimen is RIDICULOUSLY BAD for the baby (Apparently working abdominals and tearing those muscles can lead to a miscarriage), so a couple commenters on the last chapter were right on the money to be worried about it. Thankfully, there's Derrick to straighten you out. I also wanted to show what the hell Reader is doing in her spare time, and that is finding and collecting monster fan forums to try to convince to donate to the monster monarchy. And studying, of course. A lot.

I have a crazy idea I wanted to run by you guys: What would you think of me doing livestreams in the evening for my writing? I keep watching art streams lately and, while I'm not an artist, I think the interaction could be fun. I could share some of the unpublished fics I've been working on, you can get to see my chapters in progress before they go up, and I'd go on mic so I could talk and share my thoughts on characterization of the different Undertale characters and my own OCs. It'd be kind of spoilery that way. I was thinking I could do evenings during the week (I'm in EST time). What do you think?
It’s harder to find an anti-nausea medicine you can take while pregnant than you thought.

Rifling through the local pharmacy, it almost seems like there isn’t anything that’s really allowed. You’d consider asking the pharmacist, but didn’t really want to reveal your condition to a stranger. The circumstances were embarrassing enough without tacking on the fact that your unborn kid wasn’t completely human. The thought of the news media getting hold of that information just upsets your stomach more - Not to mention the anti-monster assholes. You’re just glad that it’ll take a while yet before it becomes visually obvious.

You’re not sure how long you’ve been standing here, but it’s been a while. Sighing, you turn to leave when you almost plow right into an older woman standing next to you.

“Oh, sorry!” you apologize automatically.

She pauses, brushing a lock of wavy white hair from her eyes with one gently wrinkled hand, her other one holding a box of tea. She smiles shyly. “I… I think I know what’s wrong. Try this,” she says, offering the tea to you.

You stare at it for a moment, trying to process exactly what is happening.

“Don’t worry, I’m familiar with what you’re going through,” she winks at you with a smile.

Awkwardly, you accept the box from her. Ginger tea? “Uhh, thanks, I guess?”

“You’re welcome,” she beams, glad to be of help.

“Umm…” you stammer. “Please, don’t tell anyone, okay?” you wince at yourself. Damn, that sounded kind of pathetic just now.

“Secret’s safe with me,” she shakes her head softly. You startle a bit as she gently holds your wrist to lean in and whisper. “My first was a surprise, too.”

Flushing and taking a step back, she releases you and disappears down another aisle. You hold the tea box in one hand, and withdraw your phone from your pocket with another. After a quick search, Google’s results almost unanimously declare ginger tea to be of some help with nausea. It’s even good for morning sickness.

You blink at that, setting the tea into your basket. Were you really being that obvious about it? That lady could read you like a book. It was really nice of her to approach you like that, non-judgmentally too… You’d have to be more careful.

“Say… Do you want to hang out tonight?”

Derrick blinks in confusion at that. “Really?”

“Yeah, why not?” you shrug. “Paps is always out with his boyfriend, and Undyne and Alphys are
still out of the country until Saturday.”

“So, you are asking me because I’m your last resort?” he scoffs at that, but there’s no malice behind it. If anything he looks delighted to be asked.

“WELL, I COULD ask Frisk and Toriel… But, a lot of the things I want to watch aren’t age-appropriate for Frisk, and even the stuff that is, Toriel would glance at me disapprovingly the whole time anyway,” you groan. “I want to watch cartoons or anime or something tonight, but it’s not as fun when I’m alone. Are you down?”

“Down?”

“Do you want to come over and watch cartoons with me or what?” you huff.

“… Would it offend Sans if I did?” he asks cautiously.

“I don’t particularly care if it does or not,” you answer indignantly. “He’s still AWOL, so he doesn’t get a vote on who I invite over.”

“Then… I suppose I could,” he accepts.

“Have you ever seen ReBoot?” you ask idly. “Might be extra funny since it’s so dated and we’re both taking computer networking.”

“That is a very strange flower,” Derrick comments of your latest gift on the table.

Sans had been leaving something for you every day since the morning after the party. Usually it was notes, sometimes he’d make you breakfast, and he did laundry and folded it for you at least once as well. You’re sure that he doesn’t mean for it to make his absence hurt more, but, it still does.

“Oh, apparently it’s an echo flower?” you say, aware of the blue flower in a vase on the small card table - Your latest gift from Sans to show he cares. “If you touch it, it will repeat back a message Sans left before he picked it.” You turn your head slightly to Derrick. “I’d, uh, rather you didn’t right now though.”

“Why?” he asks, his hand already reaching towards the flower.

“’Cause it’s going to say ‘I love you’ in Sans’ voice,” you wince. You’re not sure you’re up for that at the moment.

Derrick backs away from the flower cautiously. “I see.”

“So? Have you made a decision on what you watch?” you ask, frustrated that he’s just been gawking at the apartment for the last fifteen minutes. You’re not really sure what he’s so interested in, but he’s been looking all over. Maybe he’s curious how skeletons keep house? Papyrus keeps it pretty well. So does Sans, actually. At least, when he’s around.

He wasn’t happy with the cute stalker photos from the monster hunting forum posted on your fridge, of course. But you were, and that’s all that matters.

“I suppose… ReBoot would be acceptable,” he shrugs ambivalently.

“The way you say that makes it sound like you’d rather floss with chicken wire than watch it with
“Sorry. I’m out of my element here,” he smirks nervously. “I’ve never had a girl invite me over to watch cartoons before.”

“Hey,” you warn. “I’m not ‘a girl’, I’m your classmate who has a boyfriend already. Just be cool.”

“I never- I didn’t mean to suggest anything untoward,” he backpedals.

You chuckle at that. “I’m just teasing you dude. Relax a little, all right?”

“Right,” he mumbles in agreement.

“So, ReBoot?” you ask, holding up a DVD.

“… Sure. Sounds good.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay, NOW it's a real chapter. I'm sorry I did the author's note thing - I hate doing that, but I don't have a lot of ways to get the word out on here; I did a writing stream tonight where I got to spoil some of the upcoming stuff I have planned for my many fics, though I didn't get a whole lot of writing done XD Not to worry though, I will stream again if you missed it. Below are my details.

Twitter - https://twitter.com/Anatares
Tumblr - http://ladyanatares.tumblr.com/
Picarto - https://picarto.tv/LadyAnatares (Marked NSFW for swearing)

Credits to Yizuki for suggesting ginger tea for nausea :)

me,” you groan, narrowing your eyes up at your guest.
“I don’t understand why they keep trusting or doing favours for the virus,” Derrick scoffs. “That clearly seems like a bad idea.”

You roll your eyes. “Come on, it’s a kid’s show made in the nineties. Of course it’s going to have blatantly obvious morality lessons.”

“Why do you like it again?”

“Are you kidding?” you gawk. You hold out your hand to count them off on your fingers. “One: It’s one of the first fully-3D animated TV shows of all time. Two: It’s actually pretty damn well animated for its time. Three: It’s Canadian. Four: This was basically my childhood. And five: Have you not been listening to all the dorky lingo and computer terms?”

“It’s dated,” he scrunches his nose up in protest.

“Everything good is dated,” you insist. “Maybe I’ll show you nineties Batman some time. In the first few episodes, every time he gets data of some kind it’s on a floppy. CDs weren’t really commonplace due to how expensive they were until about ’92. Most people used floppy discs for data and cassette tapes for music until about then.”

“I don’t believe I’ve ever owned a cassette tape,” Derrick ponders.

“That’s probably because your dad is basically the real-world version of Scrooge McDuck,” you groan. He looks at you with a confused expression. “Oh my god. Okay, add Duck Tales to the list of cartoons I have to show you.”

“… Duck Tales?”

“Wooo-oooh!”

He blinks, surprised by your brief musical outburst, and you bust up laughing. “Shit you’re precious. Hey, do you actually want to pause for some food? I can throw something quick together for dinner,” you offer, wanting to be a good host.

“Oh!” he gasps awkwardly. “Well, wouldn’t that bother your morning sickness?”

“Naw, I started drinking ginger tea, it really helps to settle it down,” you shrug.

“What inspired that?”

“Random serendipitous old lady.”

“… What?”

Folding your arms, you sigh. “I was really getting sick of getting sick every single day at the slightest smell of greasy food, okay? So, I went to a pharmacy to try and find something to settle my stomach the hell down, and some adorable little old granny caught me. She figured out what I was doing and suggested it. Google backed her advice, so I figured I’d give it a shot,” you explain.
“Oh, well that’s good news, I suppose,” he admits.

“Yeah. Anyway, how about that food? I can’t live off of chips and candy, though not for lack of trying, I guess,” you joke, nodding to the mostly empty snack bowls on the coffee table in front of you.

“On one condition,” he smirks proudly. “You allow me to prepare it.”

“Really?” you blink at that. “It’s not going to be grilled cheese or spaghetti, is it?” you ask, recalling the favourite dishes of your two skeletal roommates.

He shakes his head, grinning broadly. You gulp nervously, wondering where the hell this is going to end up.

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“How the hell did that come out of my kitchen?”

You don’t even remember when you last bought frozen salmon, but Derrick found it, and Cajun-ized it with spicy and sweet seasonings from Papyrus’ gratuitously large MTT-Brand wall-mounted spice rack. You were mildly amused when you spied spaghetti on the plate, but instead of tomato sauce it was garnished with cracked pepper and a faint coating of cheese wrapped around the buttery noodles. The second side was cherry tomatoes, pearl onions (Did Papyrus buy those?), and mushrooms, sautéed in butter with fresh herbs and seasonings.

“You didn’t have pecorino for the noodles, so I made do with fresh parmesan,” he explains, clearly basking in your admiration as he sets your plate in front of you at the small card table.

“Where the hell did you learn how to cook?!?” you stammer. You unfold the paper towel in your lap and move to dig in to the fancy cuisine laid out before you.

“France, mostly. Italy too, for a year,” he shrugs all too modestly. “Did you think all those times I invited you out for dinner it was to a restaurant?” he smirks.

“Well, yeah!” you protest through a mouthful of noodles. Oh my god, it’s so good.

He shakes his head. “Not when I can prepare better,” he beams confidently.

“Why are you even taking Networking then?” you ask, utterly flummoxed by his cooking skill. “You could be a five star chef somewhere!”

Derrick sighs. “The only reason I am in school is because my father won’t hire me for his company until I have a relevant college education. Cooking is not relevant, and more of a hobby for me anyways.”

“So, it’s basically just to take a job handed to you by dear old dad? No offense, but that’s kind of lame,” you point out.

“At least I had my choice of program,” he counters. “If he’d had his way, I would have been enrolled in a dry business management program for four years or more, and been forced to take over when he wishes to retire.”

Your hand freezes mid-air with an onion and mushroom still skewered on your fork. “He seems kind of controlling. Are you all right with that?” you ask, suddenly a little concerned.
“Not always,” he sighs. “But, I suppose my life has always been mapped out for me.”

“Do you ever just want to break free, and do literally anything else?” you inquire before bringing the food to rest in your mouth. Yum doesn’t even cut it.

He hums thoughtfully at that. “… Sometimes, I suppose. Why do you ask?”

You grin. “It’s what I did,” you tell him proudly before scooping another small bite of food into your mouth.

He eyes you patiently as you finish chewing and pat the sides of your mouth with your napkin. “My dad’s not a bigshot business tycoon like yours, but my family is pretty well off,” you explain. “He’s a computer programmer for a software company at the west end of the city. He’s six-figures-a-year kind of rich, and that first digit isn’t a one. Owns several software patents as well. I used to admire him a lot, but he and my mother only really saw me as a potential poster child of some sort, and wanted to groom me to be a model. I decided I didn’t want to go down that path, so we had a big falling out and I left.”

“I’m sorry,” he slumps. “My earlier petitions for your attention seem grossly insensitive to you now.”

“It’s all right, you’re hardly the first,” you forgive easily.

“Seems like such a waste, though.”

“How do you mean?” you ask.

“With how intelligent you are, why would you resign your life and future career to be at the front of a camera? You have so much more potential than that,” he compliments honestly.

You blush at that. Sans said the same thing.

“I suppose we have some sort of common ground, though,” Derrick continues. “Both from affluent families, with our lives planned for us, yet going down different paths. I-”

His breath catches, looking past you at something. “What?”

“You look at the vase on the table in front of you. The echo flower? He commented on that earlier already. But no, he’s looking past you.

“Not the blue one in the vase,” he corrects, nodding towards the front door. “The yellow one coming up out of your floor.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it’s been a while! I needed some inspiration, so I watched a bunch of cartoons for it. Is it obvious? Also, Derrick was never going to be a chef until this chapter, but then I decided I needed the two of them to continue the scene, so I could introduce our best friend into the story :) Oh man, this is going to be fun.

Also, while I was slacking, this fic not only hit 1000 Kudos, but went sixteen over. I'm
gobsmacked. Holy crap I love you beautiful amazing crazy people. <3 You know, if you ever have any requests, feel free to ask in the comments below (Or on Tumblr, or during a livestream, really any time) and I'll try and entertain it, either in the story proper or as sort of a bonus piece :) MWAH!
Howdy!

It’s the strangest sight you’ve seen to date, and you’re dating a skeleton and carrying his hybrid baby. There is a short flower, maybe only a foot tall, with six yellow petals around its white face (Which is, literally, a FACE, complete with mouth and beady brown eyes), and a short green stem with no leaves. It’s just… Casually popping up from the linoleum flooring at the front entrance to the apartment, like it’s the most normal thing in the world. It grins at you genially.

“Golly! This is surely something to see!” it happily proclaims. “I heard the news, but I just HAD to see for myself! And look at what I’ve fou-“

“Oh my GOD,” you exclaim. “You are ADORABLE!”

“Wh-“

You dash over and grip him by the petals (You assume it’s a him, since his voice reminds you of a little boy, but you could be wrong), smoothing the silky texture of them between your fingers.

“AGHH! LET GO OF MY-“

“What kind of flower are you, I wonder?” you giggle, moving his little face side to side as he howls his protests. “A buttercup? No, those have only five petals…”

“ST-STOP IT!!”

“Too short for a lily,” you note of the petals. “But it’d be the right number, at least!”

“LET ME GO LET ME GO LET ME GO-“

“_____,” Derrick comments, amusement evident in his tone. “I think you should release the poor plant.”

“YEAH!” the flower agrees, finally shaking himself free from your grip. “Geez! What’s WRONG with you!? You see a strange flower and your first instinct is to GRAB IT BY THE FACE!?!?”

“Aww, I’m sorry flowerbud! I used to work with flowers a lot, so I wanted a closer look,” you smile, moving to sit cross-legged in front of him. “What’s your name little guy? Are you a monster?”

“Flowey,” he grumbles. “Flowey the flower.”

You clap your hands together, squeaking with glee. “That’s SO CUTE!”

“Stop that,” he hisses, his little face twisting into a frown.

“Can I get you anything, Flowey?”

“Some personal space would be swell!” he chides in annoyance. You obediently slide yourself away from him slightly, which seems to surprise him. His beady brown eyes blink at that.
“So, what brings you to my humble abode?” you ask the pretty little flower. “I’ve never seen you before.”

He rolls his eyes and glances away. “Just popping in, I guess. Is Papyrus home?”

You shake your head in the negative. “Not tonight. He’s out with his boyfriend. Are you friends?”

 “… Sort of. I haven’t seen him in a long time,” the flower answers morosely.

“I could tell him you stopped by?” you offer.

“Tch. Don’t bother,” he huffs. “Got what I came for, anyway.”

Arching an eyebrow, you ask “What’s that?”

The flower’s face twists into something that you think is supposed to be menacing, but just looks out of place on his tiny form. “I wanted to see the human that idiot trashbag knocked up!” he laughs darkly.

“Sans?” you ask, surprised. “How is he doing?”

The flower sneers, looking past you at the table Derrick’s still seated at, and seemingly tasting the air. “Something smells good. You got any food?”

 “… Why? Do you want some?”

“I’m sorry but this is so freaking adorable my god,” you giggle, offering a skewered tomato on a fork to the little flower, now sprouting out of the card table next to your plate.

“I can feed MYSELF, you know!” he growls, leaning away.

“Aww, come on. Humour me!” you insist.

Letting out a sharp sigh, he leans in and snatches the cherry tomato off your fork with his little mouth, a pale pink tongue coming out to cradle it and draw it inside, then he carefully chews it down until there’s nothing left. Oh god. You could adopt this delicate little flower child.

“What do you think?” you ask.

“At least it’s not bugs or cave mushrooms,” the flower hums, sounding more contented than he probably wants to let on.

“Compliments to the chef,” you gesture to Derrick, grinning happily. He straightens and smiles, but says nothing, content to observe. “So, what’s got Sans cooped up in the Underground?” you press, eager to find out what’s keeping your boyfriend away.

“You mean, BESIDES avoiding you?” Flowey cackles as you frown. “He’s working on some stupid machine. That, and moping around a whole lot. Ugh, he’s so ANNOYING!” the flower groans. “Can you do anything to make him go away!?”

“Aww, but aren’t you lonely Underground?” you tease. “Why didn’t you come to the surface with everyone else, anyways?”
“Lady, I don’t know if you noticed? But, I’m not exactly a people person,” he huffs adorably. “I’ve got my reasons.”

“What’s the machine supposed to do?” you inquire. “The one Sans is working on?”

He scowls at you, gesturing to your plate. You giggle, skewering a piece of salmon on the fork and offer it. Derrick looks on curiously, probably wondering if sentient flowers even eat fish. You catch his gaze and shrug, as if it’s the most typical thing in the world.

“That was different,” the flower comments, licking his tiny lips clean after taking a bite approvingly. “Anyway, I don’t really know because he doesn’t trust me enough to tell me. He’s rather talk to echo flowers about it, which can’t do anything but repeat back what they hear!” he finishes sourly. “It’s insulting, really!”

You chuckle at that. Flowey shoots you a fresh glare. Nope. Still not menacing in the least.

“I should get going,” he huffs. His tiny eyes glance up at you briefly, before snatching another morsel of salmon off your fork, chewing it down and swallowing it quickly. “If I linger any longer your boyfriend is going to give me a bad time.”

“All right,” you smile. “It was very nice to meet you, Flowey! Come back for dinner any time!”

His face contorts in abject confusion. Then he sighs. “… Sure. Fine. Whatever,” he rambles off.

The cute little flower retracts into the surface of the plastic card table, as if blooming in reverse, shrinking and disappearing from sight in the blink of an eye. Your hand instantly goes to the spot where he was just a moment ago.

“Well, that was certainly interesting,” Derrick chuckles.

“He didn’t even leave a mark in the surface,” you gawk distractedly. “How does he DO that!?”

“Is this a normal day for you when you associate with monsters?”

“Not really,” you admit. “Hey, want to watch Little Shop of Horrors next? It just sprang to my mind for some reason.”

Chapter End Notes

I don’t like this chapter but I’m going to call it done for now. Maybe if I go back through and do a full rewrite I'll change this a bit. At least the point is there: Flowey is around, and he's just pretty salty about life. And I wanted Reader to molest him a bit :P Remember that she used to work in a flower shop? Anyway, more on him soon.

Also, I tidied up my Tumblr and added a couple things, such as a submit button, because people in the comments have been teasing me with the idea of fanart of my fics. Note: I would LOVE FANART!! https://ladyanatares.tumblr.com for all your fanart depositing needs :D :D :D <3
“Why don’t you guys ever come here to hang out?” you decide to ask Mettaton over the phone one day.

“I’m so sorry, darling,” Metts replies charmingly. “But to be completely honest with you, I am a little terrified of Papyrus’ brother,” he admits. Why? Sans is a marshmallow. “And, I feel that some of our activities together would be inappropriate for what is your home, as well.”

“What, like, boning?” you ask bluntly. “Just put a sock or a tie on the door so I don’t walk in on it, and I’ll put on some headphones. Don’t worry, I’m cool.”

Mettaton flutters nervously on the other end of the line. “N-No… While that is very generous of you, I would still feel more comfortable having Papyrus come over to my penthouse, instead.”

“But we’ve got to hang out sometime, Metts! You two are literally glued to the hip, what about my needs? I want to watch cartoons with my fellow dorks sometimes, you know?!?” you protest lightly, hoping he can hear the hint of humour in your voice.

“I will find a way to make it up to you, gorgeous,” he relents. “But for now I must depart, Papyrus and I have a party we are due to attend.”

“A party kind of party, or a sex kind of party?” you tease.

“An actual party,” he replies, sounding slightly flushed over the phone call. “Papyrus and I will call you afterwards, if you would like?”


“Buh-bye, darling! Talk soon!”

You pull the phone away from your ear and close the call. So much for that plan. And Tori and Asgore were out at Cosmic Adventures with Frisk tonight. Another solo adventure for you, then. How boring.

You take a look at your contacts list and your thumb accidentally lingers on Derrick’s name, opening his contact. He was just over a couple nights ago for ReBoot and dinner, and you’re not sure if he would take things the wrong way if you invited him back so quick. But, with Alphys and Undyne out of town, your options are sharply limited. With a sigh, you press call.

“… _____?”

“No, that’s my name,” you tease. “What’s up, Derrick? What are you up to right now?”

“I’m actually at my birthday party,” he answers awkwardly.

Well, so much for that plan. “Oh shit, I didn’t know, sorry to bother you then. Uh, happy birthday!”

“Wait!” he shouts, just as you’re pulling your phone from your ear. “Wait, don’t hang up.”

“What’s wrong?” you ask, confused.
“Uhh…” he hesitates. “I don’t actually want to be here, at the moment. Could… Could I say that you pulled me away from it?”

“Why, what’s happening?” you ask, even more flabbergasted. He wants to ditch his own party?

“It’s… A long story,” he struggles. “How can I get out of it?”

“S-Seriously?” you stammer. “Uhh. Well… Does the bathroom have a window?”

“… It does.”

“Is it big enough to climb out of?”

“Yes!” he cheers, then you hear some frantic shuffling. “New problem: It doesn’t actually seem to open. What do I do now?”

“Wait. You’re hiding in the bathroom right now?”

“… Yes. Is… Is that wrong?”

You burst out laughing. “Holy- Derrick, how bad is that party?!”

“Can you assist me or not?”

“You want out of there pretty bad, huh?”

“Very much, yes.”

“Then… How difficult is it to break that window?”

More shuffling. “Not difficult!” he heaves, then you hear glass shattering.

“Holy shit Derrick, you are a rebel after my own heart!” you beam proudly, wiping a tear from your eye. “Climb out, climb out, and be free, you goofy birthday runaway!”

“I just realized I didn’t ask… Uh. Is it alright if I come over?” he says. It sounds like he’s trying to sweep glass away from the window frame.

“Yeah, of course! I’ll start baking you a cake now.”

“Thank you for aiding my escape,” he sighs when he shows up at your door.

His brown hair is a mess of gel and sweat, he’s wearing a cream-coloured three piece suit that looks disheveled and dirty, and his tie is barely hanging onto itself, the knot is so loose. His green eyes are ringed red and he absolutely reeks of fancy red wine.

“No problem,” you shrug. “Some bad party, huh?”

“I have never been a fan of my father’s way of organizing events,” he sighs.

“What does he do?”

“He rents the top floor of a hotel, invites a busload of models, and pays them to get me drunk enough that I take one of them home with me,” he grumbles. “Their personalities are puddle-deep, it feels
like talking to a brick wall.”

“That… Sounds kind of awesome? Uh, you know, from the perspective of most guys,” you figure. “Actually, scratch that, not most guys. That’s the dream of frat guys. Movie frat guys.”

“It’s his way of pressuring me to find a wife,” he groans bitterly.

“Ohh,” you nod. “Now I can see your problem. My parents tried to arranged-marriage me, too.”

“It’s completely disrespectful of me,” he continues ranting. “I am not some commodity to be paraded around or fawned over, like a… A prize to be won,” he says, burying his face miserably into his hands.

“You and I have a lot more stuff in common than we thought,” you muse. You startle as the buzzer from the oven goes off. “Oh, your cake’s done! It’s not fancy or anything, just confetti cake mix from a box. But, it’s the best I could do on such short notice,” you say meekly.

“That actually sounds perfect,” he smiles.

The cake wound up being slightly underdone in the middle, but it still went well with French vanilla ice cream. You’d decided to encourage Derrick’s rebellion further by suggesting you scoop the ice cream on top of it, then eat the messy mixture out of the pan with spoons. He loved that idea, attacking his corner of the cake with gusto. You’d maneuvered him to sit on the couch next to you, with the cake in the pan resting on the coffee table pulled up to your knees.

“Holy shit, I just realized; You were on the top floor of the hotel, and you still broke the bathroom window and climbed out of it?!”

“Fortunately there were balconies to many of the rooms going straight down from where I was,” he explains proudly. “It was dangerous, but, I only had to balance on a ledge briefly before I could swing over to them.”

“You are one crazy son of a bitch. Cheers,” you grin, offering the side of your soda can to him. He smiles and gently taps his plastic cup of water against it. “How old are you, anyway?” you ask, pausing before taking a sip of pop.

“Twenty-nine,” he grumbles into his cup.

“Hey, congrats!” you say, offering the side of your can for another clink.

“My father seems to think that makes me nearly too old to find a woman on my own,” he grumbles, not partaking in another toast.

“Pssh. You’re not old. Twenty-nine’s not old,” you insist. “You’ll be too old when you can’t see the appeal of eating confetti cake out of a brownie pan with me.”

He stops and looks at what he’s doing, his spoon halfway through scooping another clump of cake and melted ice cream, then dissolves into a fit of laughter. You chuckle along with that, the pure expression of mirth on his face too much for you right now.

“Besides,” you add. “Plenty of fish in the sea and all that. You’ll find someone.”

“I don’t want just anyone, though,” he bemoans, looking up at you with his emerald green eyes. “It
has to be someone smart, special. Someone who understands me.”

“Don’t say it,” you flinch, sensing where this is going.

“Someone like you.”

Then he leans in and kisses you.

Chapter End Notes

Do you have any idea how much FUN this chapter was to write? Oh my god, inspiration struck me today and I had to get it written down ASAP. The next one is also just about ready to go up, too.

We're getting real close to 100 chapters, are you as hyped as I am!? :D

Minor warning for next chapter: Yeah, he’s still kissing you, and it’s not cool, but don't worry it doesn't get any worse than that.
The PSA.

Chapter Notes

The first paragraph is a bit of a non-con makeout session, but it doesn't go very far and the Reader character spends the rest of it bitching him out. I'm not going to make a big fuss about warning beyond this because I think it makes some good points about consent, so no caps, no asterisk, and plot happens. Hang in there, it'll be okay.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“DERRICK WHAT THE FUCK! STOP!!”

For a guy that you’ve never been with - And had absolutely NO INTEREST in being with - he really kind of ran the bases. He pushed you down and pinned you to the couch underneath himself, one of his hands groping your breast as the other grips your hair to hold you as he kissed you greedily, his wine-tasting mouth and tongue gnashing against yours lustfully. You’d tried everything you could from your cornered position to get him off of you, from hitting him in the chest to kneeling him in the balls, but he’d absently deflected your arms away and pressed his knees into the couch between your own.

This is the first time in a good minute that you’d managed to get your protest out verbally. He finally stops THANK GOD, and looks down at you, his eyes half-lidded, but confused.

“I thought you wanted this?” he asks suddenly, finally registering that you’ve asked him to stop.

“What!? FUCK no, I did NOT ask for this what the fuck!?” you swear at him. “Get off of me! OFF, RIGHT NOW!”

He backs off, letting you sit up finally. You shuffle away from him, pressing against the arm of the large couch. You take a drink of your soda, swishing around the sugary liquid to get the flavor of his wine-coated mouth out of yours. Ugh. What the shit was he thinking!?

“But… You invited me over here…” he blinks. “On my birthday. You even made me cake, and we talked about relationships,” he says idly, looking at the demolished mess still in the brownie pan next to you. “This was all very thoughtful and sweet. Have I misinterpreted something?”

“Okay, fine, yeah, I can see that I might’ve been throwing some mixed signals around,” you huff, pinching the bridge of your nose in irritation. “But, at NO POINT did I say I was interested, did I say I wanted anything like that with you, anything like that at all. I called because I just wanted to hang out like normal, platonic buds, watching cartoons or something. Jesus!”

“Oh, really?” he says, shocked, and a bit let down. “But, we have so much in common-“

“That does NOT translate into consent!” you rasp. “Besides, I have a boyfriend, remember!? I’m carrying his CHILD!” you gesture dramatically towards your abdomen.

“You’re still on that?” he blinks. “I thought… It’s been nearly three weeks since he abandoned you. Why are you still clinging to this idea that he’s coming back?”

“Because he IS coming back!” you spit back, feeling defensive of Sans all of a sudden. “He’s been
leaving notes and doing random chores and making me breakfast almost every day for the past two weeks! He may be a little screwed up in the head, but Sans loves me, all right? And I love him! Him taking an emotional hiatus does not give you permission to grope me!

“Oh,” he blinks at that, looking down at his clasped hands in his lap guiltily. “I’m… I completely misread the situation. I’m so sorry.”

“What you just pulled? If I didn’t know you, dude, that would’ve been fucking scary, all right? Do not pull that shit on me or anyone else ever again,” you order sternly.

“What did I do wrong, specifically, if… If I may ask?”

You blink at that. “You seriously need me to spell it out for you?!!”

“It would help,” he says meekly.

“Fine,” you shake your head, incredulous. “First problem: You kissed me without checking if I would be okay with it first. You should always ask someone before trying to get intimate like that. I was NOT on board with that, obviously, so you should’ve asked me if it’d be all right first.”

“I thought it would be romantic to be assertive,” he mumbles.

“Nuh-uh, nope, not ever. Always ask first. End of story,” you instruct him sternly. “Second thing: You really didn’t notice that I was trying to beat the hell out of you? Deflecting my arms and using your strength against me was honestly terrifying,” you cringe, folding your arms across your chest protectively. “You had me pinned so I couldn’t even get away.”

He withers at that, but he nods his acknowledgement. “I’m… I was wondering why your arms were in the way, I- Oh god, I’m so sorry,” he says miserably, bringing his hands up to cover his gaping mouth.

“ ‘To your credit,’ you add. “You stopped when I asked you to stop. That’s good. Third thing: Always listen to your partner. If they’re not cool with something, they ought to let you know.”

He takes his hands from his face suddenly to look at you. “What if they… Don’t? What if they’re unable to say something, for some reason?”

“That’s where the first thing comes in again: If you’re not sure, ASK.”

“Okay, I think I understand now,” he sighs. “Thank you for being so straightforward with me.”

“You’re welcome. Leave, please?” you scowl at him.

“Right! Right, I’ve certainly overstayed my welcome,” he says, shooting straight to his feet.

Your phone starts buzzing on the coffee table next to you as Derrick strides past to the front door. It’s Metts. You decide to answer it.

“Darling!” he greets jubilantly.

“Hey Metts, how’s the party?” you ask. You hear Derrick stop in his tracks. Is he interested in your conversation with Mettaton for some reason? You look over at him scowling, and he startles and continues shuffling over to put his shoes back on.

“It’s an absolute tragedy, in actuality!” Mettaton replies. “The guest of honour has gone missing! And one of the bathroom windows on the tenth floor was shattered to pieces! We can only speculate
where he’s vanished to or why, but at the least there isn’t a… A body! The police are combing the area, but no one has seen him in over an hour!

Mettaton makes a noise of disgust as you start laughing hysterically. “Don’t worry you big drama queer, your guest of honour is safe and sound,” you reassure him.

“But… How do you know that? You don’t even know who it is!” the robot asks, sounding shocked.

“I have a pretty good idea that he’s the guy just leaving my apartment right now,” you snicker. Metts makes an amused noise of surprise.

“Who is that?” Derrick asks, clued in that you’re talking about him.

You cover the mouth piece of your phone as Metts stammers incoherently to Papyrus next to him. “My friends Mettaton and Papyrus are at your party for some reason. They’re wondering where you’ve gone off to.”

He blinks. “I didn’t even realize we had Mettaton scheduled for tonight.”

“Go back to your party, jackass! They’ve got the cops looking for you!” you wave him off dismissively. He sighs, finally opening the door and stepping out, shutting it behind himself.

“Is he returning?” Metts asks on the phone.

“Yeah, I’m sending him back to you guys. He’s fine, don’t worry. You might actually want to call off the search,” you chuckle.

Chapter End Notes

This is my creative process here: I wrote that first paragraph, and then thought suddenly "Holy crap, that sounds really not cool and kind of rapey," so I then had to back out and do an anti-rape PSA to make up for it. Did I originally plan for an anti-rape PSA in the middle of my story? No. Not at all. Rape is a sensitive subject for me, so I was shocked at myself for having written that, and needed to do something to turn it around.

Really, if you had asked me at any point in my life all the way up to ten seconds before I wrote that first paragraph whether I ever thought I’d be writing an anti-rape PSA or lecture on consent, I would’ve easily answered no. If you had asked me if I would do an anti-rape PSA in the middle of an Undertale fanfic where an SI character fucks a skeleton and gets preggers with his monster baby up until a couple months ago, I would have seriously looked at you funny.

This just kind of came out of nowhere, but I'm glad it happened. Consent is so, so important. Always ask, communicate with each other, and don't restrain somebody who doesn't want to be restrained.

DON'T RAPE, OR BE RAPE. *drops mic*
“Did you turn your exam in early just to follow me out?” you growl.

Derrick hangs his head apologetically. “Listen, I’m so sorry about last night. Is there anything I can do to make it up to you? I don’t want to lose our friendship.”

“I don’t know, Derrick. You crossed a few lines last night,” you shake your head. “Hell, if Sans ever found out about it, your ass would be grass.”

“Do you need someone to walk you home? I know your friends are busy lately,” he offers, reaching for your school bag.

You shrug it on your shoulder away from him. “You really think I want you anywhere near my home right now?”

He drops his hand, glancing away guiltily.

“Besides,” you shuffle your hands into the pockets of your pants. “I was going to text Sans and see if he’ll walk me today, so I can brag about how I totally aced that exam,” you boast.

Huh, your phone isn’t in your pocket for some reason. Either of your pockets. You walk over and set your bag down on the back of one of the couches in the student lounge, unzipping it and digging around your textbook and stationary. It’s not in there either.

“Did you lose your cell phone?” Derrick asks.

You walk over to your classroom, opening the door quietly and glancing in at your spot. It’s not on your desk either. A couple nerds perk up and look at you. Sighing and waving at them, you then close the door as softly as possible.

“I think I forgot it at home,” you grumble.

“Offer still stands,” he reminds you.

“It’s four blocks, I think I can handle it on my own,” you snap back.

“I think everyone would feel more comfortable if you had an escort, though,” he points out. “Even if it is just me,” he adds, smiling faintly at his own self-deprecating joke.

“Tch,” you groan. “Fine. This is the last time, though - Keep your hands to yourself. And, while you’re at it,” you say, re-zipping your school bag. “You can carry this,” you say, offering it to him.

“Yes ma’am,” he mock salutes as he accepts your bag, regarding it like precious cargo as he slings it onto his shoulder.

“Okay I’m home, you can go away now,” you instruct, holding out a hand for your bag. He unslings it from his shoulder and hands it to you easily.
“I just wanted to reiterate how sorry I am,” he says morosely. “My actions last night were grossly inappropriate. If… If you never want to see me again, I understand.”

He inclines his head and turns for the door. Groaning, you call out after him. “Derrick, wait.”

He stops, looking over at you with a hopeful, yet nervous, look. “Yes?”

“I can’t never see you again, you over-dramatic doofus. We have class together,” you point out. “Hell, you sit right behind me in my row. That’s going to remain true until next January when we graduate.”

“I suppose that’s true,” he admits.

“And also,” you add, sighing as you shift your weight. “We haven’t even finished season one of ReBoot.”

Derrick blinks at that. “You still want to hang out, even after that stunt I pulled?”

“That was pretty screwed up. But,” you relent. “It’s clear how shitty you feel about it, and you seem genuine in wanting to make up for it. So, I’m willing to give this friendship one more shot.”

“That’s magnanimous of you,” he breathes, sounding a little relieved.

“Just remember what we talked about, alright?” you say in a scolding tone. “I am not available, and I am only interested in Sans. Got it?” you finish, pointing accusingly at Derrick. He nods briskly at that.

“Well, that’s nice to hear.”

You blink. Derrick pales. You turn around. Sure enough, there’s Sans. He’s standing behind you, smelling showered and wearing clean clothes. How long was he behind you??

“I should really be on my way,” Derrick stumbles, looking every bit like he wants to sprint away from this drama as quickly as possible.

“Actually, hang around for a sec, will you?” Sans asks him. Oh shit, was he eavesdropping again? What would he think about that lecture? But there’s no malice or anger in his bony expression. What does he need Derrick for, then?

Derrick looks conflicted, but decides to stick around to see what Sans wants from him.

“______,” he begins, gently grasping your hands in his warm bone fingers. Holy crap have you missed his touch as he strokes his ceramic thumbs across your knuckles. “So…”

“So…” you follow, smiling.

“Heh. I’ve got a few things I need to tell you, ______,” he says, grinning up at you happily. “Now, uh, I wanted to let you know… I’m on board. If you’ll have me, I’m ready to stick around and raise this kid with you. I think you’re right, I think you’ve always been right. I’m sure I can be a good dad if I’m with you. If you want me to, I mean, of course…” he trails off anxiously, glancing away.

“Holy…” you let go of one of his hands to cover your gaping mouth, hot tears stinging at the backs of your eyes. “Yes, Sans. Of course I want you around. You’re really on board?!”

“Yes, yes times a million,” he grins broadly, overjoyed by your response. “You said it right back in the lab. We’re going to have the cutest damn hybrid babies anyone’s ever seen. I want that – really
“want that. i want to have that with you.”

“Oh my god-” you gasp.

“another thing: no more running,” he promises, shaking his head resolutely. “you are the most important person in my life, and our family is the most important thing in my life. i’m sorry it took me so long to realize it. i will never leave your side again, for as long as you can stand me,” he beams.

“Of course, Sans!” you sputter.

“one last thing,” he straightens, shuffling his shoulders nervously. “now, i, uh, don’t really have a… anyway,” he coughs, his tender grip on your one hand squeezing just the tiniest bit tighter. “_____ _____,” he says. He used your full name? Where is he going with this? “you are the most intelligent, most beautiful, and most amazing person i have ever had the pleasure of knowing, and, uh… shit,” he curses. “one second,” he shuffles into his pocket and takes out a couple scraps of paper. “damnit, i had this.”

“What’s wrong, sweetie?” you ask, concerned.

“i need to ask you something really important, and i’m already messing it up,” he grumbles, stuffing the crumpled notes back into a pocket. His shoulders sag as he closes his sockets, and takes a deep breath. “okay, screw it, i guess i’ll do the short version,” he sighs, opening his eyes and looking up at you, his other hand on yours again. “_____ _____,” he says your full name again. “you are the most important person in the world to me, and i love you, so much. i have no idea why you love me, because i really don’t deserve you, but, uh… i want… i want to have a family with you. i want to get a big, beautiful house with you, and i want to always be by your side. but most of all, i want to make what you want my highest priority, and to make you the happiest woman on earth as much as i am able to do so, if you’ll have me.”

He kneels down in front of you. Your heart stops.

“_____ will you marry me?”

Chapter End Notes

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...... You guys can wait (approx.) five chapters for Reader's response, right? >:)

Next up: Mini arc time. We get to go back in time and see what the heck Sans (And Flowey!) have been doing in the Underground for the last three weeks! AND THEN I HAVE AN EVEN BIGGER SUPER SPECIAL SURPRISE FOR YOU!!! D: D: D:

Also yes WE HAVE HIT ONE HUNDRED CHAPTERS I'm sweaty tired and haven't eaten well at all today boy howdy. I love you guys. Story is roughly half over now.

Chapter Notes

Now we go back in time to when Sans first left for the Underground.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It shouldn’t have been possible.

Sans had been tossing and turning for hours now, that one thought eating at him and denying any sense of comfort or rest. The thought ran away from him every time it surfaced, trying to put blame on something, anything, that he could hold responsible for this turn of events.

Why didn’t he just use one of those ‘condom’ things? Would that have prevented this from happening? Sans wondered if he should be angry with you for talking him out of it, but then, he couldn’t legitimately bring himself to be angry with you. It’s not like you had any idea that this could happen, either.

After all, you were the one carrying it, and you wouldn’t let him do anything about it.

Sans groans. It shouldn’t have been possible.

He clicks on his phone screen to check the time. Five minutes past six in the morning. He sighs at that. So much for getting any sleep tonight.

His thoughts went wistfully to imagine you sleeping next to him, and he lets out an involuntary sigh. Sans missed that already. Really missed how you would stroke his skull until he drifted off to sleep, the feel of your soft sweet-smelling flesh pressed against his hard bones, or the feeling of your hair brushing against his face as you nuzzled into his neck. You had been the cure for his insomnia for so long, just by lying sleeping next to him each night, that he’d almost completely forgotten what it was like to never get a decent night’s rest.

But, he couldn’t have that right now. He couldn’t hold you because the oppressive thought that you were carrying a monster child in your body frightened him. Terrified him. Especially since he knew it could only be his.

And there came another thought unbidden; The original reason for his insomnia. His asshole father.

Sans snarled and clutched at the air above him where he lay on the old stained mattress, wishing he could reach into the Core and drag his old man out for the sole purpose of strangling him one last time. That smug piece of work had taken everything from him. How dare he use his own family for his fucking experiments. If he ever got another chance to see the rattled old bastard again, he’d...

Well…

If he ever got the chance to see anyone again, he’d prefer it be mom or Cali. Preferably both, though.

What would mom tell him to do in this situation? He cringed at the thought as soon as he’d had it. She would no doubt be upset at him for running away to collect his thoughts, conscious of his girlfriend being left all on her own… But then, would she? Mom might tell him to listen to his integrity, be responsible… Or, she might just unhelpfully tell him that she wants him to do what
makes him happy, not making the situation any easier on him. He groaned again. He really had no idea without asking her, and that definitely wasn’t going to be possible, no matter how much he wanted it.

Maybe… Maybe there was some way he could still get her advice. His mind wandered to echo flowers. The blue flowers would, more often than not, just repeat back what they last heard. They would often make great gifts between lovers for that reason, especially because you could record a message and then pick it, sealing the message into the flower until it eventually wilted.

But, sometimes… Sometimes people looked to them for solace, for a connection with the dead and dusted. They would find a flower on its own, looking for help or advice from someone dear that they’d lost. That was because, sometimes… Sometimes, the dead would answer back.

Sans rolls onto his side before sitting up on the mattress. He wasn’t sure if it’d even work, considering how his mother was killed – There wasn’t even dust for a funeral, being completely erased from the world like that – But, he was down here anyway, and he definitely needed some guidance.

Well, it was worth a shot.

“What the HECK!? What are YOU doing here?”

Sans blinks his sockets in surprise. Is that…?

In the dark cavern illuminated by faint crystals, he stops in his tracks and turns to face the speaker. An ornery yellow flower is looking up at him, expression scathing. He rolls his shoulders as he shrugs, smiling down at the eternally frustrated plant.

Well, this wasn’t the flower he was looking for.

“heh, i could ask the same of you, az,” he says in a casual greeting.

“I sensed someone was down here with me so I came to look. So, what brings you to my personal hell?” Asriel’s tiny floral face sneers up at him.

“maybe i took a part-time job as a demon to torment you,” Sans chuckles darkly. “why are you even still down here, anyway? the barrier went down a year ago.”

“TCH. Where ELSE would I go?! the flower hisses, face contorting in disgust. “I’m a freak, an ABOMINATION with no SOUL.”

“you could go see your parents, you know,” Sans suggests softly. “or frisk or paps. i know you’re friends.”

“Don’t be an idiot. There’s NO WAY my parents would accept me like THIS!” Asriel hisses, fluttering his petals for emphasis. “Do you really think I could just, just return and be their darling little PRINCE as a fucking FLOWER!?”

“hey now,” Sans scolds. “little kids shouldn’t swear.”

“SCREW YOU! You KNOW, if I had my REAL body, I’d be the same age as Papyrus!”

“oh i see, so you’re an adult, huh?” Sans asks, amused.
“Of course I am, IDIOT,” he scoffs.

The skeleton chuckles as the flower’s face contorts into something akin to fear and regret.

“well, that’s good then,” Sans grins broadly. Asriel cowers, not sure what to expect from the dangerous boss monster looming over him. “that means i won’t have to censor any of my jokes.”

“UGH!!” he groans, disappearing into the ground again.

Sans hums to himself softly as he continues through the caverns.

“mom, are you there?”

“mom, are you there?” the glowing blue echo flower taunts back at him.

Sans sighs softly. “well,” he says. “i’m just going to keep talking, and hope that it reaches you somehow, okay?”

“… hope that it reaches you somehow, okay?”

“so,” he says, shifting to sit on the cavern floor next to the singular flower. “i uh… i screwed up big time, mom.”

“… screwed up big time, mom,” the flower hauntingly repeats.

“i met this amazing girl on the surface. you were right all along, i guess,” he continues. “i fell for a human after all, heh. literally, even. that’s actually how we first met.”

“… that’s actually how we first met,” his own voice answers him.

“she’s smart, kind of crazy but in a good way, and she doesn’t put up with my bullshit at all,” he continues. “she’s been through so much, but she’s strong. so incredibly strong, i don’t know how she manages to put up with all this stuff without cracking under the pressure.”

“… cracking under the pressure.”

“she’s… she’s amazing, mom… and, i don’t deserve her. not even a little bit,” he groans, pressing the palms of his hands against his sockets. “i’ve always been the one people leaned on for help. i never thought i would lean on someone else. but she bears it, bears me and all my imperfections and pain without complaint. she… she helps me, in so many ways she doesn’t even know. i… i love her. i love her so much.”

“then… why are you here?”

Sans pulls his palms from his sockets. Was that… That was her voice. Holy shit.

“… mom?”

The glowing flower remains starkly silent.

“holy shit don’t leave me that’s the first time I’ve heard your voice in twelve goddamn years!” he panics.
“… in twelve goddamn years!” it mimics his desperate cry uselessly.

He slumps at that, the brief connection seemingly gone. “i guess i’ll just… i’ll keep talking, and hope that you’re still somewhere, listening, okay?”

Silence again. Perhaps she’s really listening. The thought fills him with a sense of determination.

“anyways, uh… this girl. we’ve been together for three months now,” he continues. “and… i really fucked up, mom. i got… she’s pregnant. it’s definitely mine – we took a look in the lab and it’s got a half-monster, half-human soul. i didn’t even know that was possible. it shouldn’t be possible, i mean… right? i don’t… i don’t know what to do.”

Sans startles as the gentle, airy laugh of his mother fills the air around him.

“… is that all?” the flower asks him.

“What do you mean ‘is that all’? she’s got a new half-human boss monster growing inside of her and i have no idea what to do. it’s… it could really hurt her.”

“What colour…” she asks, her voice trailing off.

“Colour of what? her soul? or the kid’s?” he asks, hoping to hear the rest of that incomplete question.

More silence.

“My girlfriend’s soul is red for determination, and, uh, she has this crazy ability where she can consciously regenerate it. it’s pretty crazy. the kid’s? uhh, i don’t know… it looked pale green, so, maybe avarice? i didn’t exactly, uh, stick around to find out for sure…” he finally answers, hoping the information she wants is somewhere in his rambling.

The flower doesn’t answer him in any fashion for a long time. He sits and waits, anxiously interlacing his phalanges in his lap in front of him, wondering if she’s gone again, but hoping against it. Hoping she’ll respond, and help him make some sense of this. He eventually sighs, curling into himself and rocking in place quietly.

“… your father would know best,” the gentle voice snaps him out of his reverie.

His bones shake angrily at the mention of him. “What? why the hell would i want to consult with that asshole?” Sans snarls. “i dunked him in the core. good fucking riddance, he’s never coming back for what he did to you and cali.”

“… what he did to you and cali,” the flower taunts him back. Great. She’s gone again.

“mom… come back. come on, i need you,” he whines.

“… come on, i need you.”

Sans groans, then yawns. The glowing flower echoes his yawn back at him as if to toy with him. Maybe he ought to give this a rest for today.

Chapter End Notes
I've been fighting with this chapter all week, and I'm still not happy with it. Ahhh well, here's hoping you guys like it anyway. I love you <3

SMUT WARNING FOR NEXT CHAPTER!!: Sans gets the photo you sent him. He REALLY likes it. REEEAALLY.
**Sans Without Part 2: The Socks.*

Chapter Notes

FINAL SMUT WARNING! Male masturbation ahead!! Feel free to skip ahead to chapter 103 if you're not down for that, there is absolutely no plot here to miss.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Sans wheezes uncomfortably as his hands shake and clatter where they’re holding his phone. He feels like the biggest fucking moron in the world right now, looking longingly at the picture of the woman he left behind.

It’s not anything he’d been expecting at all, least of all from you.

* Sup cutie, Undyne gussied me up and I thought you might want a look ;)

The picture attached was… Jesus Christ, you look amazing. The shot was taken from a high angle to show off the full length of your body, as you wear a short sky blue tube dress that flaunted your cleavage and curves, faint black lace from a pushup bra peeking out from the sides of your bust. The dress ends high on your thighs, and he wonders if the angle were lower, if he’d get to see those lace panties he loves peeking out underneath. Your hair was done up, exposing your bare neck, and gentle wisps of it frame your face, which looked softer and brighter for some reason. And those stockings…

Sans struggles in shock. He wonders if this is what it felt like to have your brain melt. His magic had rushed in full force to his cheek bones and hadn’t abated in a solid two minutes, too enamoured with the picture of you dressed up. The magic surges between his hips too, his arousal taking physical form. His mind is alight with lewd thoughts about how much he’d like to ravish your naked, panting form right now.

“What the heck is your problem now?!” Asriel asks bitterly.

“i’m the biggest goddamn idiot in the world,” Sans struggles, swallowing hard. “holy shit.”

“I could’ve told you that, IDIOT!” the flower says, rolling his beady little eyes.

“can you maybe leave me alone for like fifteen minutes i have something i really need to take care of,” Sans stammers out, his words tripping over each other, waving a hand dismissively at the flower prince. Asriel groans in frustration, completely oblivious to the skeleton’s state, then shrinks into the ground and disappears.

He teleports and falls onto his back on his old mattress back in Snowdin, grunting as his phalanges of one hand fight desperately with the knotted strings of his shorts, his head swimming with heated magic and thoughts of your naked, supple form.

* that’s so not fair, he texts you back with his free hand.

* If you come back here you can tear it all off of me you know, you promise tantalizingly.
* oh my god i want to so bad. where did you get those stockings?

A minute passes before you respond again.

* Really? I get all dressed up in that suffocating piece of vinyl, and your first actual comment is about the socks?!

* the rest is super nice too! i just… they’re really nice socks?

* Sans, do you have a sock fetish?

He blinks his sockets at that in confusion, pausing his ministrations. What did ceremonial idols for worship have to do with nice socks?

* Is that a turn-on for you? you follow up when he doesn’t respond.

* i guess so, he admits finally.

* Mmmm. I suppose I’ll have to keep that in mind next time Undyne wants to take me shopping ;) you tease him.

* oh god yes. buy all the stockings. make them chop my card into shreds, he demands heatedly.

* Lol! They don’t do that with debit cards, silly.

* i don’t care. make me a broke man.

* If I do, will you come back? you press on.

He breathes haggardly as he forces himself to stop stroking himself, removing his hand from his shorts and trying to force himself to calm down. He didn’t deserve this. He didn’t deserve you.

* i will but not yet, he texts regrettably. i’m sorry.

* You know you can come defile this fantastic piece of ass at any time you want, right? ;)

His bones rattle at the bold statement, and he has to take a few deep breaths to calm himself down again. i’m sorry, he repeats.

* Sans, come home. I miss you <3

He groans miserably at that. He’s just not ready yet.

* not yet. i’m so sorry.

You don’t text him back after that for a while. He sighs deeply, re-tying the strings on the front of his shorts as he sits up on the side of the mattress. Looking back at the cellphone still clenched in his sweaty bones, he sets the picture of you in the tube dress as his lock screen wallpaper, smiling faintly at the lewd smirk playing at the corner of your mouth. You were so amazing.

It vibrates in his hand and he panics and nearly drops it into his lap. You’ve sent him a video file, about thirty seconds long. Sans opens it, curious what you have to show him.

He rolls off the mattress onto the floor onto his elbows and knees, his skull spinning and swelling
with magic as the heat returns to his pelvis in full force and he struggles to breathe. His whole body shudders wildly under the pure lust he has for you right now.

* hooly fuckk what is this witchcraft?! he manages to text out as he tries to regain control over his body and mind. He brings a hand to his teeth to bite down on it, as if that will somehow contain the desire boiling out of him.

* I take it you like that, huh? you text back teasingly.

The video had your feet, still wearing those glorious silken stockings, in focus as you wiggle your toes seductively at the camera. Something inside of his mind breaks at the sight. He throws himself on the bed on his back again, working under his shorts more roughly than before as he pants lewdly, his free thumb tapping the screen desperately, replaying the thirty second segment over and over, hips bucking desperately into his grip.

The next thing he knows he’s howling in pleasure as he comes undone forcefully, struggling to breathe as his entire body goes taut in a single instant of ecstasy. His phone’s fallen out of his other hand and hit him hard in the face, but that’s pretty low on his priority list right this second. He relaxes as his mind blanks, panting with a permanent grin splayed across his ivory face as he whispers your name to himself.

His phone then buzzes uncomfortably against his nasal bone with a new text. He picks it up with one hand, idly pulling at the waist of his shorts to survey the mess of orgasm he’s made as he mechanically taps in his unlock code.

* Did you have fun cutie? How did you know?! Sans’ face flushes with his blue magic again, wishing he could somehow hide from the text that apparently knew all about his sins. It takes him a minute to compose himself before he can come up with some sort of reply.

* i love you, he texts, those three words being the only thing on his mind he can address you with. oh my god i love you.

* I’ll take that as a yes >:)

* i’m in trouble now aren’t i? he realizes, gulping down his panic.

* Maybe. It seems like I have a new weapon in my arsenal to fluster you with. Muahahaha.

* ohh shiiit.

* Don’t worry sweetie, there’s more where that came from ;) you promise.

He groans as he rolls onto his side, gathering the greasy ball of sheets desperately into his arms and burying his face in them as his body relaxes, allowing him to finally get some sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Originally I wasn’t going to take this this far, but my brain got away from me again. I don’t even know if this is good. But, someone commented early on that they wanted to see what Sans thought of that picture Reader and Undyne put together and sent him, so I thought I’d push the envelope a bit I guess. The answer? He likes it. Hoo boy, he really
likes it.

There was always going to be a reaction scene to Reader dressed up on his end of the story, but taking it into smut territory wasn't the plan until about 1am last night. And, I just realized after posting this that there hasn't been smut in twenty-two chapters, so this is actually probably due.

Also, it is official now: Sans has a sock fetish. *waggles eyebrows*
“What are you working on?”

“nothing,” Sans answers the flower idly.

“That doesn’t look like nothing.”

“then maybe you need to get your eyes checked,” Sans smiles. Asriel scoffs.

It’s been a long time since he’s worked on the timeline measurer – A necessary instrument he’d had to build once he’d started having persistent déjà vu during Flowey’s runs through the Underground, which then came in handy later when Frisk came along and started doing the same thing. Time magic had never been his forte, nor had it been the ability of any boss monster he’d ever personally known, but it was just close enough to spatial magic that he and his father had had some success in the past with their experiments with it. That allowed him to build the measurer in the first place, in order to track the resets in the timeline.

He scowls absently at the thought of his father again. Maybe coming Underground to sort out his head was a bad idea. But he’d needed his tools and access to this machine for his latest project, as this was probably his best bet for getting the answers he sought.

“Tell me what that thing is!” the flower is insistent.

“it’s a microwave to heat up spaghetti.”

“NO IT’S NOT! I’m not an idiot, like YOU!” he spits.

“if i’m such a bonehead, then, how come you can’t figure out what this is?” Sans grins, enjoying his tormenting of the little abomination poking up from the solid tile floor of his workshop.

Reconfiguring the machine was taking longer than he’d thought. He hadn’t been able to invoke his mother’s spirit with the echo flowers again in a couple of days, but at least this was a more promising solution to his problem. The only problem with it, however, was that it was currently set to track the past; changes to the timeline that had already happened, all said and done. What he needed right now, was some way to track future changes, and maybe input some suggestions of his own to get theoretical outcomes.

Sans was building a ‘what if’ machine.

“I’m not leaving until you really tell me what that THING does!” Asriel barks. “Or, I’m going to give YOU a bad time!” he finishes threateningly.

“quit pollen my leg, az. you’re as docile as a ficus,” the skeleton snorts at his own bad joke.

“Oh MY GOD, NO PUNS!” the perturbed plant demands.

“no need to flower at me like that,” he chuckles deeply.

“UGH!!!”
Sans grins at the prince’s frustration as he decides to check the time on his phone. He clicks on the screen, but his eyes instantly go to the date, instead. His sockets widen. June the ninth? Already? How did he lose track of an entire day like that? Rubbing at his sockets tiredly, he figures it might be due to his inability to get any consistent sleep down here. He shuffles to his feet and looks around the room. He’d put together his gift for Frisk two- no, wait, three days ago, but he hadn’t yet wrapped it. He was already late, too.

“What are you doing now?” the flower questions.

“It’s Frisk’s birthday and I’m already late to the party. I don’t suppose you could help me find something to wrap this with?” Sans asks idly, scanning his workshop but only seeing a small cardboard box. Well, the soul scope wasn’t a very large gift, so it would do. He’d also left a pair of kid’s socks bundled next to it for his joke.

“Oh!” Asriel gasps. “Sure, give me a minute;” he agrees easily, shrinking into the floor. Sans crooks a brow at that. Why was the flower being nice when it came to the kid, anyway? The yellow petals burst forth from the ground closer to the skeleton’s feet a beat later, and then a mass of fine roots follows, pushing up through the tile next to himself, cradling some brown packing paper.

“… you got anything better than that?” he asks.

“Look, this is all I’ve got on such short notice!” the golden flower huffs.

“Alright,” the skeleton shrugs. “Thanks, Az,” he says, gingerly accepting the paper from the flower’s tangled roots. The plant withdraws them back into the ground once the skeleton’s taken his offered prize, leaving no trace in the tile of his presence. At some point, Sans needed to figure out how the little abomination does that.

“Actually…” Asriel mumbles. “Hang on!” he demands as he abruptly shrinks away, disappearing again. Sans wonders at that. He reappears with something else cradled in his tangled roots, brown and ragged from the years. A book? “Give this to Frisk for me too, okay?”

“What’s that?” Sans asks, kneeling down to look at the flower’s present. “… a play?”

“It was Chara’s favourite,” he mutters. “I think maybe Frisk would like it.”

‘Flowey’ the asshole was giving Frisk a birthday present? “Hey, that’s really nice of you, kid,” the skeleton admits. “Why don’t you just come to the party though? I bet they’d be happy to see you.”

“You KNOW why I can’t,” he bemoans. “Actually, don’t even tell them the book was from me. I don’t want them making a big fuss over it!”

“Alright. you got it, flowerbud.”

“Don’t call me that, trashbag” Asriel snaps back.

“You sure you don’t want to come to the party?”

“Positive.”

“Okay, asriel. see you in a while,” Sans waves. “Oh, and if you break my stuff while I’m gone,” he warns, throwing his dead-eye grin at the cowering plant. “I’ll break you.”

“Tch,” the flower tsks, trying to hide his nervousness. “I’ve got tons better things to do than mess around with your garbage!”
The skeleton grins at that before disappearing from sight.

“i love that woman,” he sighs contentedly, happy to be well-rested and in clean clothes for the first time in a week.

The notorious golden flower sprouts up near his slippered feet as the skeleton sits down on the tile and sighs, looking over his half-completed project.

“Where WERE you all night!?” Asriel demands to know.

“what, are you my wife or something now?” Sans chuckles. “sorry i didn’t call, babe.”

“UGH! NO!!” the flower grunts, utterly revolted. “I just wasn’t sure whether you were coming back!”

“aww, i didn’t know you’d miss me, az” he coos down at him, working to strip down and redo some internal wiring he’d mis-wired the previous day. He really had been tired, this thing was kind of a mess. “i offered to bring you with me, you know.”

“I don’t need YOUR help!” he scoffs. “If I WANTED to, I could just go see the kid for myself at any time!”

“then… why don’t you?” the skeleton asks idly.

The flower wilts slightly. Sans pauses his recalibration and turns his head to regard the small plant.

“What’s on your mind, kid?” he asks, his voice soft and genuinely concerned.

Asriel scrunches his tiny face up and hisses at him. “NOTHING.”

“Come on, az.”

Asriel’s tiny mouth was sealed shut as he glared up at the skeleton, but Sans knew that the prince’s self-imposed exile was hard on him. That was probably why the flower kept showing up, after all. He wasn’t really expecting the little monster to open up about it, but, he was worried about him nonetheless. Something inside of him demanded he try to help, no matter how much they disliked each other.

“Tell you what,” Sans begins. Flowey perks his head up, curious what the skeleton has to say. “you don’t have to surface like everyone else, but, if you can at least bring yourself to visit, i’ll use my machine to try and help you, too.”

Asriel blinks at that, surprised. “… Why,” he asks.

“I dunno.”

“Do you have any idea how many times you’ve KILLED ME in other timelines!? Why would you try to help ME!?” he demands.

“'cause you seem like you could use it?” Sans shrugs. “besides, i don’t technically remember those other timelines, so i’ve got no reason to be mad at you.”

It was technically true – While he had built the timeline measurer to explain his déjà vu, it only
allowed him to examine the differences between different timelines – It didn’t grant him any new memories of some of the awful things both Flowey and the kid had done. Besides, this was the timeline that hadn’t been aborted, and it was going pretty okay, so he saw no reason to hold a grudge. He knew the kid felt guilty enough as it was, from the look of fear in their eyes sometimes when they went to hug him, somehow knowing how powerful he was underneath his cool and relaxed exterior. He knew what that meant, what it had to mean, but right now in the active timeline, they were good friends. And he wasn’t about to throw that away for some violent acts that had been erased with a full reset of the timeline, and replaced with one that was still going with the monsters free and living on the surface.

“I still don’t even know what you’re trying to build with that scrap heap!” Asriel scoffs.

“It’s going to be awesome, guaranteed,” Sans insists, his grin broadening. “if I can get it to work right, of course.”

“huh. I’ve never seen this door here before.”

“Don’t open it,” the flower warns in a tiny voice.

“why? what’s behind it? do you know?”

“I don’t know, but I have a really bad feeling about it,” he shakes his floral head, his six yellow petals bobbing and swaying.

“come on az, what’s the worst that could happen?” Sans shrugs amusedly, enjoying the flowers ire.

“Okay! FINE! Go ahead and open that door! But whatever happens next, YOU’RE responsible for it!” Asriel scoffs. He then shrinks into the ground and disappears, clearly done with the skeleton’s antics for today.

Sans stares up at the grey door that shouldn’t exist. Something’s telling him to run, but… There’s another voice, growing stronger, telling him that it could also fix all of his problems. The longer he stares at it, the louder the second voice gets. It tempts him, telling him that it could even bring them back…

“screw it,” he sighs finally. The temptation overwhelms him, and as he reaches out to grasp the handle, his phone starts buzzing urgently in his pocket. He almost wants to ignore it. But then, it could be important, like another photo of ____ , or something from Frisk.

He’s right on the second count. The kid’s texted him a warning.

* don’t open th door. ure gunna have a bad time if u do, the kid urges.

* what happens if i open the door kid? and how do you even know? did this happen already?

Another text comes in from Frisk, but before he can make it out the screen glitches and a loud warbling sound echoes strangely through the cavern. The brief conversation has been erased.

He looks up. The door is gone as well, replaced by one of Waterfalls characteristic blue cavern walls.

* snas? what just hapend? i feel like i used a load btu i don remmber doin it, Frisk texts.
That was… It *had* to be…

Existence magic.

“wow haha *nope* i’m getting the *hell* out of here,” Sans backs away from the cavern wall frantically, nearly tripping over his own feet as he gets out of there as fast as his bones will move him. He could always return another day to try the echo flowers again, when he was less creeped out by mysterious echoes of his dad’s magic.

Chapter End Notes

**Another timeline has been created.**

Since the beginning I've wanted to tease the grey door, as it's a trope I see in other fics I read on here a lot: SI character visits underground, finds the door, Gaster comes back and very bad things happen. Well, here's my original timeline take on it, but then... The temptation was too great, so I had to slightly change my original plan.

Also, I think I might be overusing the words "bad time" lately. I just really like making other characters say it, okay? :P
Sans Without Part 4: The Insight.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Why do you talk to echo flowers so much, anyway?! You like the sound of your own voice?” Asriel taunts the skeleton.

“something like that,” Sans sighs, rising to his feet in front of the luminescent blue flower and sweeping the dirt off his shorts. No mom today, either. “just trying to figure something out.”

“Figure what out?” the flower asks. “You STILL haven’t even told me why you came down here in the FIRST place!” he demands sourly.

“do you really want to know?” Sans eyes him curiously.

“Well, YEAH!”

Hoo boy. He was really desperate for someone to talk to if he was going to consider confiding in Flowey the irate flower. Well, Asriel was pretty toothless these days, what harm could it do?

“i got my girlfriend pregnant,” Sans finally admits. “she’s a human.”

Asriel’s face quickly runs through a flurry of emotions as he recoils at the news. First his face contorts in shock, then flushed embarrassment, then curious wonder, and then finally settling on twisted malice.

“… AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
“wait, what?”

“Bye bye for now, Sans! Remember, you ASKED me to try visiting the surface, so I figure why not pop in on your little girlfriend, first?” he cackles.

“you little shit-“

Sans reaches out to grab the flower’s stem but misses it by a hair as Asriel shrinks into the ground out of sight. Fuck. He’s really going to see her. He closes his sockets and tries to feel out _____’s soul. It seems like she’s at home right now. He might just make it in time-

“she’s going to be okay.”

His sockets fly open and stare in panic at the nearby echo flower. “holy crap. mom, is that you again?” He hadn’t been paying attention during his conversation with Asriel, but it suddenly hits him that the echo flower hadn’t said a peep during it. She had been listening.

“humans and monsters have had children before, a long time ago,” the flower continues in his mother’s soft voice.

“really?!” he asks, shocked. He had no idea.

“before the war,” she continues. “i think it was a tradition, of sorts.”

“please, tell me everything!” he begs.

“i wasn’t around then, but… your father was.”

Sans growls at the mention of his father again. Why did she insist on always bringing him up? “he’s not here,” he says tersely. “i only have you. please, tell me what to do!”

“which part are you most afraid of?” the luminous flower gently questions. “the baby, becoming a father, or... yourself?”

“i don’t know,” he whimpers.

“my son, you could not father an evil child even if you tried,” the flower assures him, his mother’s airy laugh following the statement and helping to ease his nerves. “you are a good man, i know you will come to listen to your integrity and make the right decision.”

“but, what if it hurts her? i don’t want to lose her,” he asks desperately.

“... i don’t want to lose her.”

That was his voice. She was gone again. At least… At least his situation wasn’t as unique as he’d thought it was. That provided some comfort for him. Monsters and humans have had kids before? Wow.

He climbs back onto his feet and dusts the dirt off of himself again, sighing deeply. Well, she’d given him some small amount of insight. The rest he might be able to find with the help of his project.

He’s summon his blasters and vaporize this damn thing if it wasn’t his only shot at getting the answers he sorely needed. His recalibration didn’t seem to work – It was showing a weird branch in
the timeline starting sometime in the afternoon from last Wednesday. Sans scoffs. It must be busted. So much for that plan. He leans against the machine, hunching his chin into his chest.

“I’m baaaaack!” the flower calls. Shit. He’d completely forgotten about Asriel’s house call. Was she okay?

“hey, how’d it go?” Sans asks, trying to remain calm and casual.

The flower shudders. “She molested my FACE,” he whines. “Why’d you go and have to knock up one of the CRAZY ones?!” he protests bitterly.

Sans can’t help but laugh at that. Oh right, she used to work in a flower store, so seeing Flowey appear must’ve been a real treat for her. “i love that woman,” he hums contentedly.

“Well,” the flower grins maliciously. “You MAY have some competition on that front!”

“why, you thinking about stealing my girl, kid? heh, i don’t think you’re her phenotype.”

“UGH!! NO!” he recoils in disgust. “I’m saying she had some human guy there! Apparently he made her dinner!” he proudly reports. “Some really gourmet surface food, it was alright.”

“that so, huh?” Sans stiffens. “say, what’d he look like?”

“Brown hair, green eyes. I didn’t get his name,” Asriel shrugs. Or, at least to the degree that a flower can actually shrug.

“probably derrick, then,” he relaxes. “not a big deal, she’s probably just bored.” Sans didn’t know he could cook, though. Mental note to Sans: Learn how to cook more than just grilled cheeses and pancakes.

“I thought you’d be worried?” the flower asks, sounding deflated. “I mean, she’s on a DATE with ANOTHER GUY!”

“naw, i actually know that guy. he’s not a threat. besides,” Sans grins. “she promised.”

Chapter End Notes

My friend wasn't online to vet this before I posted it, so I decided to just roll with it. Let me know if you notice any grammar errors, I have a tendency to skip words or use wrong tenses if I don't comb over it a full dozen times or so :P

Another chapter coming up real soon!
Sans Without Part 5: The Idiot.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“told you, az.”

“… I still don’t like it,” the flower shakes his head grumpily.

“What? why not?”

“Because it’s TOO EASY! WHY would they accept me as a fricken’ FLOWER!?”

Sans had finally gotten the machine working and was running some simulations for Asriel after attempting a few of his own, tired of the results he had been getting. All of the ones where he’d forced the issue on getting rid of the baby had similar negative results; she would leave him, she would hate him forever, or her red soul would darken to almost black and never recover. He’d needed a break from that, and what better way than to keep his promise and prove to Asriel that his parents would welcome his return to the surface?

But Asriel wasn’t as pleased by the results as Sans thought he would be.

“You want to talk about it, kiddo?” the skeleton asks finally.

“What do YOU think?” he snaps.

“Are you upset about them forgiving you and welcoming you back, because you think you don’t deserve it?” he presses gently.

The flower shudders at that. Maybe he was on the right track. Sans sighs, flicking off the ‘what if’ machine and moving to sit on the floor next to the perturbed plant.

“Look, buddy,” he begins. “You might not think you deserve it, but… Tori and Asgore, they really love you, you know? That’s not going to change, no matter how you think they should feel.”

“Oh, shut up,” Asriel groans.

“Hey, you know… if you’re really set on not seeing your parents, you could always come and hang out with Paps or Frisk at my place,” he offers. “I know you miss them.”

“… Why?” the flower asks morosely. “Why are you being… So nice to me, anyways? Why bother?”

“I dunno. I don’t like seeing kids beat themselves up this much, I guess,” the skeleton shrugs.

“You know… Your girlfriend DID invite me back for dinner anytime,” Asriel smirks.

“Really?” he scratches at his nasal bone. “Wish she’d cleared that with me first,” he grins faintly.

“I don’t know what I’m going to do yet,” Asriel admits. “But… Have you decided what YOU’RE going to do yet?”

Sans sighs. “Not yet. I didn’t get the answer I needed. Maybe I should just… I don’t know, give up? After all, I don’t deserve her.”
Flowey blinks at that. Then his beady black eyes scowl at him angrily. “YOU IDIOT!!”

“What’d i say, now?”

“You can’t just tell me that it doesn’t MATTER whether I feel like I DESERVE my parents’ love, and then turn around and use MY OWN ARGUEMENT against YOURSELF! What brand of stupidity is that?!”

Sans blinks his sockets. “what?”

“UGGHHH! Learn to take your OWN advice or something! I can’t even LOOK at you right now!”

the flower growls, then shrinks into the floor and vanishes without a trace.

Sans’ sleep-deprived mind works to process the flower’s words. Did he really just…?

He stands from the tile floor and straightens, turning the machine back on with a flick of his phalanges. He had one last simulation to try.

This had been one of his earlier considerations, but he hadn’t looked beyond the attack, too afraid of the outcome. He was surprised to find that the timeline would still continue without too many blips from Frisk using their power. More importantly, it answered one of his greatest fears for him, he just hadn’t looked far enough ahead last time to actually see it.

Healing magic. The child was a tier three healer, at least. It would manifest in the womb and save them both.

“holy shit,” Sans breathes. “that’s the best news i’ve heard all week.”

The best simulated timeline was the one where the baby was a part of it.

“… i’ve got to get back,” he realizes. “no more lurking in caves, i’ve… i’ve really got to get back.”

But first, he had a stop to make.

He couldn’t deny how impressed, or envious, he felt when he approached the immaculate gated community. It had taken some doing with the guard over the speaker, but Sans had finally managed to convince him to let the skeleton through, saying he knew _____ _____. It was slightly odd that that was his ticket in, after being called every anti-monster insult in the book, let alone how quickly the iron-wrought bars blocking his way had been opened at mention of her. Of course, he could have just teleported past them, but he wanted to do this right. Starting off with a bad impression wasn’t going to get him anywhere.

He’d scoured the phonebook for over an hour, trying to find someone in the directory that shared her last name. He wasn’t sure how it was actually spelled, so it took a couple of tries, but, he finally got it. Again, with just her name, he was invited over without issue and given the address. They seemed really nice on the phone, he was eager to meet them.

The house in front of him was… Well, it certainly wasn’t small, that’s for sure. He couldn’t help but wonder if this is what the human word ‘mansion’ referred to.
It took him a minute or two to work up the nerve to wrap his phalanges around the knocker, which was only just within reach for someone of his short stature. He taps it twice, and his arm is almost wrenched out of its socket when the door swings open. A meek young girl with a green soul of kindness was eyeing him curiously. He could only just tell the colour, it was so dim and darkened. He frowned at that.

“Can I help you?” she asks him cautiously.

“i called earlier. i’m here to see mr. ______,” Sans explains. “is he home?”

“What for, monster?” she presses, soft voice unsure.

“i want to ask him something important,” he grins giddily, rocking slightly on his heels. “it’s part of a human tradition.”

Chapter End Notes

I really had no idea what to call this chapter XD So I'm just going to go with Flowey actually calling Sans on his shit or once. Maybe confiding in flowers wasn't such a bad idea, huh?
“… Nope.”

Sans’ sockets widen as his broad smile and glowing pupils make a hasty retreat. “wh-what?”

“No, Sans. I will not marry you,” you clarify, shaking your head with a grin.

“o-ohh…” he withers in disappointment. He slowly rises to his feet, looking down at where he’s holding your hand, trying to fight back the wet heat in his eyes. “wh-wh…” he struggles somberly.

Before he can dare run away again, you kneel down and wrap your arms around his shoulders tightly, stroking the side of his skull soothingly. You’re so happy he’s finally back, but there is no way he’s getting off that easily.

“Sans,” you murmur into the side of his head. “That was really, really sweet of you, and it makes me really happy you thought to even ask… But, as much as I want to say yes? I can’t ignore that you’ve been gone for like, three weeks now.”

“oh…” he mumbles softly into your hair.

“And, you still ditched me as soon as you found out I was pregnant with our kid,” you add. “I mean, that was pretty shitty of you, you know?”

“r-right…”

“Hey, how badly do you want to show me that you’re going to stick around? Be here for me, and the baby?” you pull away slightly to ask, eyes meeting his.

“so so badly,” he nods sharply, some of his confidence returning. “i really want to make it up to you, show you i’m here for good.”

“Then, you’ve got to prove it to me with your actions first. Show me that you really mean it, okay? And then…” you trail off, eyes feeling wet with the happy tears about to spill forth. “Try asking me again later,” you tell him softly, squeezing his tiny warm body against yours.

He chuckles softly into your hair where he buries his tiny face into your neck again, hugging you tightly as if he’s afraid you’re the one about to disappear. “i will,” he blubbers softly, warm tears mixing with your hair. “i’ll prove it to you. i love you, so much.”

“I love you too, cutie,” you reassure him, smoothing your palms on his small bony back.

“Well, this has certainly been… Something.”

Both you and Sans pull away and look up in surprise. Derrick’s leaning against the hall closet door,
meekly smiling down at you both.

“Geez,” you say, rising to your feet again. “I kind of forgot you were there for a second, Derrick. Sorry about that.”

“What did you want me here for anyways, Sans?” he asks.

“uhh,” the skeleton stammers, anxiously clinking his ceramic fingers against his cervical vertebrae. “i wanted a witness, i guess? when _____ said yes, of course. guess that didn’t work out, huh?” he chuckles.

“I see,” Derrick smiles softly. “Well, congratulations all the same for reuniting. I hope everything works out for both of you, but I feel as if I’ve overstayed my welcome,” he coughs.

“All right Derrick,” you grin. “See you around.”

Derrick stands from his lean, then waves at you both slightly as he turns to leave, closing the door softly behind him.

“he seemed like he was in a hurry,” Sans observes.

“He was probably feeling super awkward,” you guess, grinning. “After all, he did kiss me last night.”

Your boyfriend looks like he’d have a heart attack if he had one, eye lights shrinking in shock as he wheels to look up to you. “what?!”

“I only just forgave the nerd for trying when we heard you pop in,” you offer.

“i… oh my god i’m going to dunk on that asshole,” he glowers miserably.

“Don’t you dare. Besides,” you chuckle. “You making him watch you propose to me was probably better than any lecture I could’ve come up with.”

“… what the hell happened while I was gone?” he groans, pressing his palms to his sockets.

“Really nothing that exciting. Hey, let’s grab some food and catch up, okay?”

You grip his small, hard shoulders through his shirt and kiss his forehead softly, before smiling at him and straightening. He beams at you, heading in to the kitchen to take a look at the food situation, so you tell him not to go anywhere while you head to the bedroom to get changed out of your sweaty clothes. Aha, there’s your phone, sitting on the screen abandoned on the corner of the dresser. You must’ve been in quite the hurry this… It’s… Vibrating? But, who’s calling right now?

You log into your voicemail service and tell it to play. Then you throw your phone in shock, tears stinging your eyes as the battery cover pops off when it hits the wall with a loud THUNK.

“babe are you okay?” Sans asks, appearing next to you in the bedroom. “i heard a noise.”

“… My mom called,” you struggle to say, clenching and unclenching your fists.
“oh, cool,” Sans nods, oblivious of your wrath. “she’s a nice lady,” he chuckles airily.

What the **fuck**!? “You *MET* HER!?”

“uhh, yeah,” he shrugs, but his sockets are arched in surprise. “is… is that a bad thing?”

You grab the front of his shirt roughly and yank him so his face is inches from yours, just about ready to *strangle* him. “**WHAT DID YOU TELL HER!?**”

“u-uhh…” he stammers, his hands gently touching yours as you still firmly grasp him, looking a little afraid right now. “i, uh, called your parents, to get your dad’s blessing… because that’s part of the tradition when you propose, right? is… was that… a bad thing to do?”

A feral, guttural scream leaves you as you fall to your knees, still clutching Sans’ shirt as you bury your heated, messy face into his hard chest. You only dare relax your grip as he moves to hold you by your shoulders, shuddering with sobs threatening to break.

“holy *shit*, babe. talk to me, please? tell me what’s wrong,” he pleads.

“Tell me everything you told her,” you rasp. “**EVERYTHING.**”

Each new piece of information feels like another stab to the chest. She knows your new number. She knows where you’re living, and who you’re living with. She knows where you’re going to school. She knows you hang out at the embassy. She knows you’re dating a skeleton. She knows where he works. She knows you’re carrying his *baby*. And, she knows he wants to *marry* you.

She knows everything you’ve been trying to keep hidden for the last five *months*. No, the last five *years*.

You need to do some damage control. But you can’t handle that right now, as you’re still crying.

“i’m sorry,” Sans repeats over and over. You barely register his attempts to soothe you, stroking your hair and rubbing your back. “i’m so, so, sorry.”

Chapter End Notes

Aww, sorry for the angst. I wasn't sure whether to keep it as a separate chapter, but the next one will go into more detail on Red's family situation. And then, real soon, I'm gunna lift us back up again, don't you worry :)

On a lighter note, can I just say how much I enjoyed people who read Domestic Life commenting how they know her answer already? >:P Why would I make it so easy for you? And, why would they stay engaged for four years? Nuh-uh, bone boy's got some work to do, first.
The Mother.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Tomorrow morning we need to go to the phone store and get me a new number she doesn’t know,” you lay out, now that you’ve finally managed to calm down from your fit. Ugh, how embarrassing. Ugly crying is the literal worst. “We also need to gather some allies here: Let’s talk to the landlord tomorrow and make sure he knows to never let them in the building, or into the unit. We should also call Toriel and tell her the same thing – Actually, call all of our friends and let them know the situation. Some stuff will have to wait until Monday of course, like letting my college know that I don’t want her there.”

“do you really think she will show up places to see you?” Sans asks.

“Absolutely one hundred percent,” you respond factually.

He winces at that. “what do we do if she shows up somewhere anyways?”

“We call the police.”

The skeleton blinks. “is that… really necessary?”

You nod firmly. “If they don’t remove her for us, then they at least have to log a report. The more reports she generates, the more likely I can get a restraining order for harassment.” You move to take a sip of your tea, but your hand freezes and you set it down instead. “We also need to keep our eyes and ears open to the media,” you realize. “A human pregnant with a monster baby is a juicy story, and she might blab to them to try and smoke me out of hiding, or to try and get allies of her own.”

“you sound like you’re going to war,” he observes. “i mean, i’m sorry for screwing up again, but… she seemed really nice. i don’t quite understand, is what i’m saying, i guess.”

“It’s not an easy thing to explain,” you sigh. “My issues with dressing up and being feminine is just a symptom of the main problem, though: The core problem being that my mother is really controlling and manipulative. Look, you know how you’re always saying I’m smart and how I just ‘get’ people? How I always sort of know how you’re feeling down, based on your body language and expressions?”

Sans nods. “you’re really intuitive, babe.”

“That’s because when I was in highschool, I read a lot of psychology articles online,” you explain. “I was trying to figure out if I was the crazy one in my family, for not wanting to follow her orders or play her games. But, one of those articles finally stood out for me one day. I found some more to read more about it, and I might’ve figured it out: I think she has a personality disorder.”

“what’s a personality disorder?” he asks out of the blue.

“You blink at that. “Do monsters not have mental illnesses?”

“… no? i mean, not that i’m aware of?” he shrugs, unsure.

“… I guess that makes a sort of sense?” you struggle. “Some of you guys are pretty intense – like Undyne and Papyrus – but, you’re all so pure and in tune with reality. I sometimes wonder if you
guys even get common stuff, like depression.”

Then again, maybe Sans understands depression with his family history, even if he doesn’t always let it show. The thought drives you to wrap an arm around his shoulders and rub your thumb against the slight ridge of his shoulder’s ball and socket joint. He eyes you curiously at your affection, but doesn’t pull away.

“Mental illnesses are when people literally can’t see the world in the normal way,” you attempt. “It affects your emotions, your actions, and even your whole personality. Depression is something I’m intimately familiar with: Sometimes your emotions feel muted or nonexistent, like happiness becomes a chore to feel. Other times, it just feels like you can’t do anything right or that nothing ever goes your way, so why bother?”

“Wow, that sucks,” he nods, digesting the information. You quietly wonder if he identifies with the sentiment somewhat, but he doesn’t show it. “Is that what you think your mom has?” he follows with.

“No,” you shake your head. “Maybe she was depressed once upon a time – She hasn’t had the easiest family life either – But now? I think she has something called ‘Narcissistic Personality Disorder’, or NPD for short.”

He nods and looks up at you imploringly, waiting for you to continue. You sigh. It’s not easy to talk about heavy stuff like this, and you struggle to get past all the previous times you’ve brought this up and gotten shut down. Suggesting your mother is crazy, even using psychology to back it up, has never exactly been met with a whole lot of approval.

“NPD is when… Someone who has NPD literally views the world as if they are at the center of it,” you explain, watching his reactions carefully. He doesn’t flinch or seem to interrupt, his eye lights locked on yours, patiently waiting for you to continue. You let out a breath you didn’t even realize you were holding. “It’s like they think that life is a story, and they are the main character, so everything that happens or everything that people do relates to them somehow. If her friend’s kid got very sick and then got better, it was because she prayed for them, so she should get some recognition for that. If someone failed to keep an obligation to her, they were doing it to hurt her out of spite. If I acted out at the store as a kid, I was doing it just to make her look like a bad parent and ruin her reputation. She’d never come out and say it so bluntly, but she surely believes that everything revolves around her - It’s in everything she says and does.”

“Because I’m her kid, she thought her role was to control me, so that I would grow up to obey her and turn into the person she wanted me to be,” you continue. “But, I’ve always had a rebellious personality, even as a little kid. She’d order me to do something, I would resist, and we would end up screaming at each other. She used to hit me, too,” you add. Sans seems startled by that, eye sockets shifting to a worried expression and interlacing his phalanges of one hand with your fingers. You give them a reassuring squeeze. “Don’t worry, that stopped once I had a friend start teaching me martial arts, and I managed to catch her wrist. Then she denied ever hitting me, of course.”

“I’m so sorry, babe,” he mumbles, leaning into you and looking off in the distance. “I had no idea she was so bad. I actually thought she was one of the nicest humans I’d ever met. She kept saying she really loved you and wanted to see you, though.”

You sigh. “The only times she’s ever said she loved me, was either because someone was there to overhear it, or because she was trying to manipulate me to do something. That’s because she thinks she’s a puppeteer – She’s sweet on you only when she thinks you have something to give her, or when she thinks it will make you do something for her.”
“… maybe *that’s* why everyone else’s souls were so dark,” he muses idly.

You blink at that. “Hmm?”

“oh, sorry. didn’t mean to interrupt.”

“No, please, tell me more,” you implore him. “Actually, I’m really curious what the rest of my family’s soul colours are.”

He tells you that your mom’s soul is a bright teal for Covetous, or Envy – Part of the reason why he’d liked her so much so quick was because that was the same colour as his *own* mom’s soul, once upon a time. Your dad’s soul was blue for Integrity, which is interesting to know, and your siblings’ colours were so dim, he could barely even tell what they were. But then he describes a young girl with a dark green soul of kindness that you don’t know.

“she’s not your sister?”

You shake your head. “No, I don’t know who this ‘Sadie’ person is.”

“huh. well, she answered the door when i came, but disappeared after i started talking with your parents,” he says. “she reminded me of you a lot, only… quieter. heh,” he winks. You snort and grip his shoulder.

“How old was she?” you ask, your curiosity of this stranger eating at you. Did your mother have another daughter in the last five years?

“about frisk’s age, i think? eight to ten?”

Not a daughter, then. You scrunch your eyebrows together. “What else stood out about her?”

“i dunno. she was really pretty, i guess?” he tries to remember. “she looks a bit like you, and was wearing a red dress.”

Hmm. Wonder who that is?

“You know, if you had asked me first whether you ought to get my dad’s permission? I would’ve told you not to,” you inform him, gently squeezing his shoulder playfully.

“heh, but that would’ve ruined the surprise,” he grins.

“It’s actually a dated tradition anyway, and it kind of makes me feel like property. I’m not *his* to give away, you know,” you groan.

“… and you don’t like being treated like that,” he says, clacking his hand against his ivory forehead. “guhh, how did i get so stupid?! i’m sorry, again. geez, i really need to get some more sleep.”

“I *am* curious though – What was his answer?” you ask.

“your mother answered for him, actually,” he says. That’s typical of her. “and, she said that they would grant it *if* they got to know me better first. that all actually sounded kind of reasonable… you know, at the time,” he grumbles, upset that he’s been played for a fool.

“See what I mean, though? She added a condition to something you wanted so she could make you dance on her strings,” you point out.

“it’s kind of hard to imagine that people like that exist,” he sighs.
“That’s because monsters aren’t cruel like humans are,” you say plainly, going to sip your tea but realizing almost too late that it’s been cold for a while now. “I’m not sure you guys are even capable of cruelty,” you add.

He blinks at that, trying to process the compliment, and then looks up at you with concerned eyes. “but, you’re not cruel. you’re amazing.”

You smirk at him devilishly, waggling your eyebrows playfully. “Wanna bet?”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was really hard to write, logistically and emotionally, and has gone through at least a dozen rewrites. Oi. Remember how this story is based on my life? This is more real-life baggage of mine on display. "They say to write what you know, but that's a double edged sword." - My friend when I was talking to him about this chapter & bouncing ideas off of him.

I can't say for sure whether my mother has NPD or not - I am not a psychologist, and she hasn't ever seen one for a diagnosis - But one of the main problems with NPD is that people with it never see a therapist of any kind. Why would they? They're perfect, in their own minds, and going to see a shrink would endanger them to finding out that they're actually not.

For more information on NPD, here is a good traits list and how I actually first realized that my mother may be the problem. I don't put the blame entirely on her for everything wrong with our relationship though, especially since I myself might have oppositional defiant disorder that extended into my teen years. Kind of a perfect storm, don't you think? An authority figure that demands to be obeyed and an innately rebellious child? No wonder we haven't spoken in four years (In story it's five years of no contact, but in real life it's four).

As for the people concerned about Sans in the comments becoming sort of stupid: He's only been on the surface a year and has a lot to learn about the human world yet, okay? Besides, I can promise you that this is his last major failing until the baby's born - We're in the climax section of the story, where I'm going to start tying up all the plot threads I've left loose so I can get to the fluffy goodness yet to come.

But hey, if you're still not thrilled with this characterization of Sans or the fact that he jumped ship when Reader got preggers, then I have something for you: The Gaster Timeline. Go check that out :)

---
It’s morning.

Light is spilling in from the window of yours and Sans’ shared bedroom as you slowly sit up and stretch. Your back pops pleasantly even as your muscles ache and complain. You’re warm and sweaty from the comforter wrapped around you, and from the taste in your mouth you figure you forgot to brush your teeth last night before bed. Actually, you don’t remember much of what happened after your chat with Sans about your family. The emotional tax it had taken on you to open up like that has blurred your memory. Your skull and the backs of your eyes still ache from crying.

Your stomach registers that it’s hungry just as you hear someone shuffling around in the kitchen through the open bedroom door. Between the bedroom and the living room, there really wasn’t much to muffle sound in the small apartment.

Throwing on a loose jersey from the dresser to investigate, you step out into the living room. You’re not sure, but it might look tidier than normal. Well, that’s one less chore to worry about for today.

“shit,” a low skeletal voice hisses from the kitchen. Sans?

You head over and see him standing over a pot on the stove. He’s standing on his stepstool and looking really frustrated about something as the water in the pot foams white in front of him. He grumbles resignedly before removing it from the burner and setting it aside. “how does this even work?”

“Hey cutie,” you greet. His eye sockets widen as he quickly turns to see you, cheekbones blushing a soft blue when he sees you in one of his shirts. “What are you doing?” you ask blearily.

“uh,” he fumbles. “well, i wanted to try and make something different for breakfast,” he sighs. “but, uh, it’s not going well.”

“What are you trying to make?”

He grabs his cellphone from the counter next to him and unlocks it, then offers it to you. You step over to him to take it from him, looking over the recipe he’s found on Google, but it takes a second to process in your tired state. “Poached eggs?” you say, restraining a laugh. “What seems to be the problem?”

“it says to, uh, make a whirlpool to get the white part to wrap around it?” he explains, his small hands making a gesture that you guess is supposed to relate to the spinning water. “but, it seems like that just scatters the egg white more. it’s no help.”

“Do you want some help?” you offer.

“no, i think i’m done trying,” he sighs. “if i keep this up we’re going to run out of eggs.”

You chuckle softly at that. “Well then, can I squeeze in so I can fry some of our last few eggs?”

“no,” he surprises you by saying.
You blink. “No?”

“nope,” he grins. Hopping off the stool and taking one of your hands in both of his, he gently leads you back out to the livingroom. “i’m making breakfast today.”

“Aww, sweetie, you don’t have to-“

“i want to,” he says firmly. Releasing your hands when you reach the soft couch, he shuffles to one side and invites you to sit. Your heart swells at that, taking the invitation and sitting down on the couch in front of him. “now, uh, since i can’t seem to poach eggs, it may be easier for you to just tell me what you would like?” he offers.

“Hmm,” you smile, heart swelling with affection for the suddenly domestic skeleton. “Your chocolate chip pancakes always win me over, you know,” you suggest.

“you got it, babe,” he beams. You pull at his sweaty sleep shirt and steal a kiss on his forehead. He reluctantly uprights himself, grinning at you with a half-lidded, loving expression, before tearing himself away to go try making breakfast again.

You let out a comfortable sigh, enjoying the cozy moment. It’s Saturday at least, so you don’t have to worry about studying or going to school today. You can just take a day to relax, especially after your fit last night. There are a couple chores to catch up on – Laundry, groceries, the whole bit – but you can afford to take your time with them today. Something nags at the back of your mind, something you have to do today, but you dismiss it when you can’t place what it is. Maybe you can bother Mettaton to let you hang out at his spa again? It might feel nice to get a little spoiled today.

Oh, speaking of Mettaton, you never actually got around to planning when that fan forum meet-and-greet thing would happen. Shoot. You realize you still have Sans’ phone so you punch in his lock code, wondering if the robot is an early riser on weekends or not. Then again, Papyrus is with him, so perhaps he’s forced to be. You snicker at that. Papyrus’ early morning enthusiasm was relentless.

You text the superstar indicating that it’s actually you and not Sans, and it seems you’re right about Papyrus as he responds enthusiastically, glad to hear that the skeleton is back from Underground and here to stay. It turns out they are in the middle of making breakfast together as he takes a selfie for Instagram of them both wearing adorable aprons in Mett’s massive kitchen. They’re so cute together, and the food prep in front of them is especially drool-worthy. It alerts your senses to the smell of pancakes being cooked in the kitchen just behind you. You smile softly at that.

Going back and forth via text, you plan out a meet-and-greet plus autograph and photo booth session for next Saturday, deciding that it’d be too soon to shoot for today or Sunday. Four hours in the afternoon seems like a long time, but Mettaton is fairly enthusiastic about it. It’s at his resort hotel and at his expense, but he still tries to find a way to turn it into something he can pay you for. As always, you decline, thanking him for the offer, but your pride needing to pass on his overzealous generosity.

Nuzzling into the absurdly comfortable hunter green couch, you decide to troll his social media accounts while you wait for Sans to finish up breakfast.

After he tucks your pulled-out chair in underneath you, he leans in and warmly kisses your cheek before tearing himself away to sit next to you at the small card table. A hearty stack of chocolate chip pancakes and a tall glass of milk, pink in colour from the added strawberry-flavoured syrup, rests on the table in front of each of you.
“This is awesome, Sans, thank you,” you enthuse, the luxurious smell of pancakes taunting you as you quickly try to open the bottle of maple syrup to coat them with. “Hey, how did you sleep last night cutie?”

“really well. way better than i feel like i had any right to, actually. how about you?” he asks as he carefully cuts his share of pancakes with a fork and knife.

“Pretty well considering,” you admit, attempting to blink away the soreness behind your eyes.

“i’m sorry again, babe,” he slumps.

“I kind of owe you an apology too, you know,” you sigh. “I really should have talked about it with you sooner,” you mumble wearily. “I just… I’m so used to it not being an issue, you know? It’s been five long years since I’ve even seen or heard from her. It was silly for me to think that the subject of my parents would never come up again.”

“yeah, but it only did because i went looking for them,” he grumbles.

“Let’s just… Try and forget about it for today, okay? It’s Saturday, I just want to relax, get some stuff done around the house, and stay under the radar, you know?” You need to get him to notify the landlord about visiting banshees and maybe text your cousins about this latest turn of events, but it’s nice to think that the rest of the day can be dedicated to relaxing with your bone boy.

“of course,” he nods. “maybe we could get everyone to come over for a disney movie day?”

“That actually sounds awesome,” you admit. Then you drop your fork in mild shock as your memory floods back. “Wait- SHIT! That’s what I have to do today!”

Sans startles, then places a warm ceramic hand on the back of yours comfortingly.”_____? something wrong?”

“Undyne and Alphys are at the airport!” you fumble. You check the time on his phone. “Damnit, their plane landed half an hour ago! I was supposed get a cab and go pick them up!”

Chapter End Notes

Have you checked out my other fic, The Gaster Timeline yet? From this point on, in order to keep things congruent, I'm going to be posting chapters for each of them at or close to the same time. We're getting into the stuff where the two timelines run parallel >:)

Also sorry for the majorly delayed update (Not that I have a schedule or anything, but to me it still feels super delayed), I've run into a whole bunch of IRL issues and things and it's caused a bit of a writers block for me x.x; Which sucks because writing makes me happy, and I need a fair amount of happy right now.

This chapter in the Gaster Timeline.
Sans was more than happy to provide a shortcut for the both of you to the airport. It turns out it took a while for them to get through security and customs, so you’re not that late. Each of them look a little pink from their time spent out in the sun, with Alphys wearing a very pretty summer dress with a yellow floral pattern and a large red fabric hibiscus flower on a white silken headband, while Undyne’s clothes brag about her curves. Denim cutoff shorts with thin yellow straps from a bikini bottom flirtatiously peeking out, and a halter top tied at the front showing off her modest cleavage and teal midriff with her sensitive gills. She lifts her sunglasses off her good eye to regard you and the short skeleton you just appeared with.

“What TOOK you so long, NERD!?” Undyne rasps as you rush to greet her. You huff and she cackles as she lifts you clear off the ground in a hug. When she sets you down, you lean lower so you can gently hug Alphys around the shoulders.

“So sorry, you guys,” you apologize. “We had kind of a crazy night last night.”

“hey undyne, alph,” Sans greets nervously, having not forgotten the boisterous fish woman’s outburst at the ambassador’s party.

“He’s back?” she blinks, eye narrowing at him.

“He’s back,” you confirm, grinning proudly as you grab your boney boyfriend next to you and pull him into a protective side hug.

Undyne sneers protectively. “It better be for good this time, Sans!”

“it is,” he nods abruptly. “no more running. i promised.”

Alphys just quietly looks on, her eyes twinkling softly at Sans in pride. She knew he would never break a promise.

“Well,” Undyne sighs, heaving the two large stuffed suitcases onto her comparatively small shoulders as if they were full of air. “Since you’re back and all, you might as well make yourself useful, punk! How about you teleport us and our bags straight home?”

“You got it, undyne,” Sans grins, straightening and working his magic.

“Th-thank you, Sans,” Alphys says as you all arrive instantly at the girls’ tidy apartment.

“Yeah, thanks,” Undyne offers reluctantly, setting down the luggage. “DAMN! That trip was fun, but MAN, am I ever glad to be home!”

“So how was your trip? Seems like you both got some sun,” you nod to her reddened scales.

“Felt like we spent more time on planes and in airports than anything else, really,” she sighs. “But, we’ve still got a TON of pictures. I bought Alph like thirty dresses in this little Hawaiian gift shop!” she exclaims, unzipping her shell purse and taking out her phone. “Check it out!”

You accept the phone and bring it low so Sans can see too, as you scroll through the photo collection
and squeal at some of the cute outfits they each tried on. “Oh my god you’re both adorable,” you comment, giggling at some of the pics. Sans’ sockets narrow at one photo in particular as you linger on it, trying to sort out what you’re looking at.

“hey undyne, why is there a picture of you attacking the ocean?” Sans asks, chuckling next to you and shaking his head.

“Oh! Ffft!” she snorts, wrapping a strong arm around her blushing fiancée, who is gazing up at her approvingly. “The beach we were at in the Caribbean had a jellyfish problem, so I took care of it. They basically think I’m a hero now!” she proudly beams.

“Have you decided which one you’re going to pick for your honeymoon?” you ask, chuckling at some of their antics in gift shops, still looking through Undyne’s photo collection with Sans.

“Not yet. We think we’re just going to decompress for a couple days, and then weigh the pros and cons together,” she casually rasps.

“Smart,” you nod. “By the way, your invitations should be in this week, so we can mail them out soon.”

“Awesome,” she grins toothily.

“hey, what are your plans for tonight?” Sans asks. “_____ and i were thinking about getting everyone together for a movie night?”

“That s-sounds nice,” Alphys perks up, but then she brings her stubby fingers to her face to conceal a yawn she’s fighting.

“Nghh, I don’t really feel like movies,” Undyne groans. “We watched plenty of those on airplanes. But, drinks and doing your makeup sounds good to me!” she grins sweetly. Well, as sweetly as her menacing smile of razor sharp teeth can manage. “I actually have a black dress that will probably fit you, too!”

“that sounds amazing i’ll go and grab the beer,” Sans stumbles the words out quickly and suddenly, then he pops out of sight from next to you.

You sigh deeply at that, hanging your head to rest your forehead against your palm. “You know, if you weren’t my best friend and all…” you moan, handing Undyne back her phone.

“Hey,” Undyne interrupts sharply. “Now that he’s gone, how are you two really doing?” she asks, voice harsh, yet concerned.

“I think we’re going to be okay now,” you answer, smiling softly. “He came back yesterday and was full of apologies and promises to stay and help me raise his kid. Oh, and uh, he proposed!” you announce.

Alphys is suddenly beside herself. “WH-WH-WH-WHAT!?” she stammers, feet shuffling anxiously in place. Undyne just blinks her good eye at you, scales seemingly paler at the news.

“I said no, of course,” you smirk, shrugging nonchalantly. “He’s got some work to do, first,” you add, waggling a finger at the air theatrically as if you’re scolding him.

“H-HAH!” your best fish friend barks. Alphys stops vibrating, her indulgent smile falling slightly. “Good… GOOD JOB, PUNK!” she cries out, clapping a strong hand against your shoulder.

“WOW, that’s some news, though! He must really love you then. Congrats, I guess!”
“Y-y-yeah,” Alphys mumbles, sounding a little disappointed, but still pleased that things are good in her favourite real-life ship right now. “Y-you guys are s-super cute together, I’m-I’m glad things are working out!”

Chapter End Notes

Please feed me comments. I’m not sure this is good but I’m kind of having a rough time right now :(. Sorry my updates are dead slow now, life just kinda sucks.

This chapter in The Gaster Timeline.
“You cannot put this on Instagram,” you groan sufferingly. “In fact, we should scrub my face before Metts gets here with Paps,” you say, conscious of the light dusting of makeup she’d done around your eyes and thin layer of gloss on your lips.

Undyne grins wolfishly from behind her cellphone she’s using as a camera. “But you are a freakin’ HOT MOMMA! Come on, learn to flaunt it every now and then!” she heckles you playfully.

She’s got you dressed up in one of her short, slimming black dresses with shiny black beads running down the front in a diamond pattern. You’d rested your hands at your sides experimentally, and the skirt was definitely shorter than the ends of your fingertips. The silken white stockings that climbed above your knees didn’t offer much in the way of coverage, either. Well, they did, you guess. Just, not where it most mattered to you.

At least Undyne was having a lot fun, even if it was at your expense. Her and Alphys took no time at all to get rip-roaringly drunk tonight while Sans merely nursed at his beer, and then Undyne practically shoved you towards the bedroom to dress you up and do your makeup. You couldn’t join the three of them in drinking of course, but their intoxication was, well, intoxicating, and everything was a laugh for them right now, which helped your spirits.

Playing dress-up with Undyne was also a lot different than playing dress-up for your parents. While they had wanted someone to stand there and look pretty to make them look good by association, Undyne had a completely different take on it.

“Okay, punk! Come here and look in the mirror for a sec,” Undyne barks. Sighing, you walk over to her and comply. Her scaly webbed hands grip your shoulders as she steers you to look at yourself. “What do you think of this?” she beams proudly.

“I don’t know,” you shrug, folding your arms protectively in front of you. “I guess, I look good?”

“DUH! Anyone with eyes could tell you that,” she snickers. “I mean like, how do you FEEL?”

“Awkward,” you stumble. “Anxious, nervous…”

Undyne’s mirthful smile from over your shoulder sags a bit.

“M-Maybe we’re asking the wrong question,” Alphys pipes up. You look over at the adorable golden lizard swinging her feet from the chair in front of the massive vanity. “If… I-If Sans could see you r-right now… H-How would that make you feel?”

“step out here and find out,” comes Sans voice from behind the closed bedroom door.

You squeak in surprise. “Sans! Have you been eavesdropping again?!?!”

“i’m three beers deep and kind of bored actually,” his voice complains. “come on, when do i get to see?”

“When I’m good and ready for you to see me!” you call out.
You hear his body slide against the other side of the door as he slumps, a small “aww” in his voice clearly audible through the thin wood. You and Alphys look at each other, sharing a giggle at the drunk skeleton’s antics. Sans was such a lightweight.

You decide to take another look in the mirror as you take a deep, calming breath. The dress hangs on your curves in a pleasing way, the V-neck dipping low on your bust, but not too low, and then the stockings… That pretty much ticks all of his boxes for turn-ons. If he didn’t dissolve into a puddle, he’d at least wither into an adorable, darkly blushing mess. Right before he tore it all off of you, of course.

Well, let’s hope he at least waits until you two make it home. “Okay, I think I’m ready,” you breathe, feeling confident, and maybe just a little bit sexy.

“yesss,” the skeleton slurs. You hear him shuffling to stand.

But as you go for the bedroom door handle, you hear a knock on the main apartment door, and then a familiar robot calling for Alphys in a very musical, masculine voice. Oh fuck, Metts is here.

“Nevermind!” you yelp, then dart for the girls’ bedroom closet, slamming the doors behind yourself as you fall into a pile of their clothes. On the other side of the door, you hear Undyne and Alphys giggling at your desperate attempt to escape.

“goddamn it metts,” you hear your salty skeleton complain after a moment, presumably to go and let them inside. “you have the worst timing ever.”

“My sincerest apologies Sans,” the robot’s voice coos. “Although, I am not yet clear on what I’m apologizing for, to be honest?”

“I’D SAY THAT METTATON’S DRAMATIC TIMING IS IMPECCABLE, ACTUALLY!” Papyrus proudly declares.

“i’m going to hit the snooze button on his system clock,” he threatens idly. Sans, no… That’s not how that works.

“My dear Sans… How much have you had to drink already?” Metts asks.

“with you here? not enough.”

“HEY!!! This room is OFF-LIMITS to boys!” Undyne barks.

“B-but we let Mettaton in here all the time?” her fiancée asks.

“Fuhuhu, Metts doesn’t count!” Alphys chuckles softly at that.

“Where is _____, anyways?” the robot asks.

“I dressed her up. She’s hiding in the closet from all you nerds!” your bestie snickers.

That traitorous fish. “No I’m not! She’s lying!” you call out playfully, knowing your fate is sealed anyway.

The closet doors are immediately thrown open, and you stifle a surprised shriek in response. It looks like Metts was on his way to grasp the door handles, but judging from the slight blue glow the doors had, Sans decided to use his cheater magic to beat him to the punch. The superstar spares your boyfriend an accusatory glance of some kind, before turning to observe your state of dress.
“uhh,” Sans stammers, cheekbones blushing a fierce navy blue. “w-wow.”

“Oh my!” he gasps. “Darling, you look-“

“Finish that sentence and I’ll format your hard drive,” you threaten, jabbing a finger up towards the much taller metal man’s face.

“-As spirited as ever,” he sighs, smiling softly. Okay, you guess that gets a pass.

“you look amazing,” Sans breathes, coming over to offer a hand to help you stand up. “i’m really the luckiest guy ever holy shit.”

“Don’t you start too,” you smirk, accepting his warm ceramic phalanges and slowly rising to your feet.

“WHAT AN EFFICIENT USE OF FABRIC!”

You blink, then with everyone else you look up at Papyrus in confusion. “Huh?”

"I COULD NOT HELP BUT TO NOTICE HOW YOUR ATTIRE CONCEALS YOUR BODY USING A MINIMUM AMOUNT OF CLOTH,” he comments of the little black dress. “NYEH-HEHEHEH! YOUR EFFICIENCY WHEN IT COMES TO CLOTHING NEVER FAILS TO IMPRESS THE GREAT PAPYRUS!” he beams, dramatically posing.

“Uh-uhh… Thanks, Paps?” you struggle, then snicker at the skeleton’s bold statement. Typical Papyrus, gay as the day is long and utterly blind to the opposite sex.

"HOWEVER, THE MIND BOGGLES AS TO WHY YOUR SOCKS ARE CLIMBING PAST YOUR KNEES. THAT PART OF THE OUTFIT SEEMS RATHER INEFFICIENT, IN FACT," he ponders aloud.

"you're right bro. maybe she should take them off for maximum efficiency," Sans suggests, winking at you.

"Sans!” you gape.

"don't worry, i'll help," he grins.

"S-SANS!"

Papyrus blinks, utterly confused. "WHY ARE YOU REFUSING MY BROTHER'S GENEROUS ASSISTANCE?"

Chapter End Notes

Thanks you guys who commented on the last chapter :) It actually pretty much made my day to have that support. I felt kind of selfish and weird for asking for comment validation, but I also knew it was a surefire way to help me feel a bit better. And, hey! I've got another chapter for you as a result - Two if you read my Gaster fic that runs parallel to this one!

This chapter in The Gaster Timeline.
“I can’t believe you teleported my clothes away, you ass.”

Sans chuckles giddily where he’s walking next to you, his warm thumb rubbing the back of your hand comfortingly against the cold of the night. You’re still wearing that dress Undyne pushed on you, but at least she let up when you said no to the heels. It’s been too long since you walked in a pair, never mind that they were about three inches tall, and your feet and back already hurt from walking around so much lately and then standing for the whole evening. The skirt was way too short to sit down with, after all. Not that Undyne had any chairs to begin with.

“heh. well,” he grins up at you in the barely-there illumination of the city’s streetlights. “i didn’t mean to undress you at the party like that. i’d much rather save it for once we get home,” he says in a low tone, releasing your hand to wrap his arm around your waist under your jacket instead. A thrilling shiver races up your back at his forwardness as you continue your walk home together.

“Sans, you dork,” you say, blowing air through your nose in an amused snort. Your bone boy was clearly still drunk. And tired. “Why don’t you give the jokes a rest already?” you smirk.

“aww, c’mon. but you’ve got such great material,” he says, lightly pinching at the fabric of your dress with a sly wink.

“You know, I thought you’d be put off by the idea of me coming out of Undyne’s closet,” you tease back.

“heh. i’m sure we’ll make up later,” his half-lidded sockets beam up at you.

Giggling at the pun battle, you touch your face and sigh. “Aw crap, I forgot to wash it off, didn’t I?”

“y’know, i’ve never really understood makeup. guess i don’t have the complexion for it,” he shrugs, grinning broadly.

You laugh at that. “Damn sweetie, you’re on a roll tonight.”

Sans chuckles at that.

Smiling, you wrap an arm around his tiny shoulders and lean in to kiss the top of his skull, as his fingers grip your side through the dress gently. “I love you,” you tell him.

“i love you too, ____,.” he says softly.

The sudden break in conversation alerts you to the sound of several pairs of footsteps behind you. There’re three, possibly four people walking on the sidewalk behind you. Maybe they’re just walking home late at night like you and Sans are? Nothing wrong with some good old fashioned
wishful thinking, after all. But it’s better to be sure.

“Hey Sans, let’s turn here,” you whisper down to him, pulling your phone from your jacket and fiddling to unlock it.

“huh? why?”

“Just trust me.”

He nods sharply, then lets you steer him left to go around a corner that leads back towards the centre of the city. The footsteps follow your change in direction. Shit.

“something wrong?” Sans asks quietly, his eye lights flicking up to your anxious expression.

“I hope not. This way next,” you nudge him to turn another corner.

You take a couple more turns, taking chances with an area you’re not too familiar with, especially this late at night. Everywhere you go, the footsteps follow you. Double shit. They’re really tailing you.

“We’re being followed by a group,” you tell him quietly.

“Where’re ya goin’, monster?” one of them finally calls out. He sounds young, and so do his buddies when they start laughing with him.

Letting out a laboured sigh, and realizing you might be a little lost anyways, you decide to stop in your tracks. Sans is gritting his teeth as his hold on you tightens protectively, your own fingers shifting to clutch at the shoulder of his windbreaker. You wish you’d been paying better attention to your surroundings tonight, but Sans was drunk and being too adorable for it.

You both turn as one. Looking them over, there’s no doubt in your mind that they’re from the monster hunter forums – All three of them are young guys, probably late teens, but no older than you are, at most. Triple shit.

“Hey, isn’t it like, way past your bed times?” you taunt the young men in front of you.

“We’ve had enough of your evasive horseshit, monster,” the tall one addresses your boyfriend, face shadowed from the street light behind him. You notice in the bad lighting that he seems to be holding a baseball bat. “No more running. Time to let her go.”

“go home, kid,” Sans warns, shuffling out of your grip to stand up straight. “or, you’re really going to have a bad-“

“EX-CUSE ME,” you interrupt, moving to stand in front of your boyfriend, huffing and crossing your arms angrily. “I don’t know what sort of demented fantasy world you boys live in? But, I’m not Sans’ prisoner or property. I’m his girlfriend. His equal. So, before we get down to whatever the hell you think you’re doing late at night threatening my bone boy, you’d better fucking apologize for that objectifying bullshit.”

“Sorry,” comes a new voice, condescending and immediately behind you. A panicked gasp leaves you as strong arms wrap around you, pinning your arms to your sides and pulling you away. You struggle, but have to stop as you feel sharp metal cold against the skin of your neck. Fuck he has a knife. You hiss a breath at your unseen attacker angrily. “Now hold still, princess,” he orders you.

Looking around everywhere you realize that Sans is nowhere in sight. But, he was right behind you?
Did this new guy try to get the jump on him first?

He suddenly reappears as soon as he realizes you’re in some amount of trouble, and his sockets go black at seeing you held hostage in another guy’s arms.

“Get him!” someone shouts.

The other three start to charge at Sans, steel glinting in a couple hands in the streetlights, but they immediately stop in their tracks. Sans’ left eye is going crazy.

“What the hell?” you rasp in surprise. You’ve never seen it do that before.

It’s rapidly flashing between discs of blue and yellow. The slight skeleton’s posture tenses. “I told you kids to go home,” his voice reverberates deeply. Threateningly.

The young guys seem to glance at each other, clearly out of their element as they silently vote whether they should continue their attack. Their legs start moving again.

Sans chuckles lowly, then raises a hand.

It takes a minute for you to process what happens next. One thing at a time:

First, the wall of bones. He’s surrounded himself with tall, jagged femurs, glowing a faint blue – You remember that the blue colour has something to do with them being impassable, so you figure that’s a wall he’s put up to defend himself with.

Second… There are… Skulls. Floating skulls, that don’t look human or skeleton. More like… Some sort of dog/dragon hybrid? There are seven of them, hovering lifelessly behind their apparent master, having materialized from nothing. Blue glowing rings are nestled in their sockets as Sans then lowers his arm to point at the thugs. Then, the dog skulls’ mouths open, and seem to fill with light.

Third… That’s a magic attack. He’s using magic to defend himself against humans. Monsters aren’t supposed to use magic against humans, because bad things always happen when they do.

In conclusion: FUCK.

“SANS GODDAMNIT!!” you shriek, struggling violently in your unknown assailant’s grasp. There’s a startled gasp behind you as a sharp pain starts on your neck, but you manage to wrestle mostly out of his grasp. He reaches a hand out and his grip is like iron on your arm, so you spin around and punch him, hard. His nose and face are way softer than you expected. Wincing at that, you turn back to the thugs charging Sans and throw yourself into the mix.

Sans’ eye stops flashing as he realizes you’re in the way, and the skulls abruptly disappear without a trace. You’re not really focused on that though, as you’re busy grabbing one of the punks by the shirt and laying him flat out with another face punch.

Compared to humans, Undyne’s face must be made out of concrete.

“shit,” Sans curses, the thug with the bat taking a heavy swing at him. His wall of bones has dropped in his panic, and he’s back to dodging for his life. You really need to get over to him.

The other remaining thug decides to focus his attention on you, light reflecting off a metal blade in his hand. “Crazy bitch,” he spits, then lunges at you.

You haven’t really gotten far in your training besides hitting things yet, so you try your best to get
out of the way only to feel a sharp stinging across your belly as his blade cuts you. Startled and in pain, you fall to the ground in front of him. You can see his face now, the street light illuminating it clearly now. It’s the face of an asshole.

“Word is, you’re pregnant with that monster’s abomination,” he taunts darkly. “But don’t you worry. I’m going to- ACK!!“

Knowing your baby’s life is being threatened fills you with enough determination to kick the asshole’s kneecap out, as hard as you possibly can.

He falls to a kneel, then grabs your ankle as you go to kick his face in. Fuck. Curling your body forwards you grab his knife hand and bash it into his other one, so that the blade slides against the backs of his fingers. He yelps at that and lets go, then you swing at his head. He blocks, so you pound at his arms with all your strength until you can get through. You feel the knife edge sting on the skin of your fingers a couple times, and curse at yourself for how fucked up your hands are going to be after this. Adrenaline’s one hell of a drug.

What was probably only seconds feels like hours, but finally, you break through and pound his jaw hard. He goes down. You grab the knife from the ground near him and toss it away from everyone and everything on pure instinct.

Sans is leaning against the brick wall of the nearby corner store. The thug he was dodging, seems to have walked into a metal pole for the streetlight? But, bat guy’s still down for the count. That’s good.

Sans on the other hand, looks a bit... Droopy.

“Sans!” you cry out, quickly crawling to your feet as you launch yourself over to his side.

He coughs as you crouch down beside him. You grab at his shoulders and they almost seem to crumble underneath your grasp. He’s fading to dust.

“Holy shit you’re dying,” you blubber, tears hot as they make angry wet trails down your face. “F-Fuck, please don’t be dying. You’re not allowed to be dying.”

“yup. that jerkoff clipped my ribs with his bat,” he confesses, rough dusty phalanges weakly caressing the skin of your arm as you fret over him. They’re coarse from his rapid decay, and don’t feel as warm as they should. “sorry, babe... i wish i could be more help. you were kind of amazing just now, did you know that?”

“You can’t go,” you sniffle desperately. “I just got you back.”

“hey, don’t look at me like that,” he smiles. It’s strained. “hey, babe… c’mere for a sec,” he says, weakly holding out his arms for you to hold him.

You pull him by his coat into you, hugging what’s left of him gently, like the smooth, fragile glass he used to be made of. His body seems to be slowly crumpling and shrinking underneath you, like dried out sand that’s been disturbed and falling away into powder.

“How long do you have?” you have to ask.

“with any luck… longer than most,” his soft voice mumbles.

“That doesn’t sound very good.”

“well,” he hums into your hair, hard hands warm against your back. “i might just surprise you. hey,
babe. look at me for a second.”

Reluctantly, you peel away from the hug. Then you have to blink a couple times and wipe at your messy face. His smooth hand strokes your cheek lovingly as he smiles up at you.

“Sans?”

“see? what’d i tell you,” he beams. “i’m okay.”

“But…” you stammer. “How?”

“our kid,” he says, poking at your belly gently. “is a healer.”

Chapter End Notes

For some reason I just couldn't get the main cast talking randomly about stuff by way of fluff (Which is weird for me, because goofy dialogue is my jam). So, I decided to skip it. I hope this chapter is still good and conveys all the emotions and plot points that I wanted to properly, because I really haven't been feeling into it lately. I've been fussing over it for a while, so I may go back and edit minor details to either get them in there properly or move them around.

Also, I decided that this doesn't exactly parallel the newest chapter or next chapter of Gaster Timeline, as it's the same night but with different timing, and doesn't at all mirror it's events. Just in case you were wondering :)

Thanks you guys for still reading this story. I've promised myself I'm going to finish it, so finish it I will! And thanks for your support, by the way. Life just kinda sucks, but your comments have literally been keeping me going. I love it <3 Stay awesome.
The Recovery.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He looks completely fine. His ball and socket joints of his shoulders feel whole through his jacket, and you take his skeletal hand from your face to feel the individual bones. Warm and polished, like a mug of hot cocoa. Just like they should feel.

“aww,” he moans absently, gently touching the bare skin of your stomach through a tear in the smooth black fabric. “i really liked this dress. i’m glad you’re okay though. looks like your neck and stomach are all healed up, too.”

“You were DYING!” you snap. “Sans I felt you crumbling to dust underneath me that was fucking terrifying okay!?”

“and now i’m not,” he reminds you way too casually.

“… You knew.”

He blinks his sockets in mild surprise. “uhh, yeah. guess i did.”

“How? How did you know all this would happen, that our kid would save your life?” You look down at your hands, still shaking from the adrenaline. It vaguely registers in your mind that they should be sliced to bits, but are actually fine and whole instead. “Did Frisk text you earlier?”

“no, not exactly. hey, i’ll tell you everything when we get home, okay?” he evades. “i’m able to provide you a shortcut?” he offers.

“You’ll have to explain why you can in just a minute,” you struggle, remembering his hesitation after Frisk’s party. “I’m just trying to figure out if using my newfound healing powers on these thugs is a good idea or not.”

“… wait,” he stammers. “really?”

At some point in the fight someone must’ve either grabbed your jacket and you tore it off to get away, or you just threw it off in general because it was constricting your movement. Coherent thoughts weren’t exactly your forte just minutes ago. Either way, your coat is crumpled on the ground next to one of the unconscious punks. As you dig through the pockets for your phone, you feel it buzz with a new text message. It’s Frisk.

* yea u re good. That’s all it says.

“Well,” you sigh. “That’s as good of a reassurance as I’m going to get, I guess.”

“you’re seriously going to try and patch them up?” Sans questions, a hard edge to his tone. “after they just about killed me? and hurt you, and tried to hurt our kid?”

“Sans…’ you sigh, kneeling next to the guy who must’ve grappled you at the start. “Look at what I did.”

The guy on the ground in front of you is lean but built, and tall for being in his teens. You feel horrible that his face is a bloody mess, and you’re positive that his nose isn’t supposed to look like
that. Plus he might’ve hit the ground hard when he fell, meaning potential for a concussion or even a serious brain injury. At least he’s still breathing. That’s good. You find the knife he was holding and grab it for yourself defensively. The last thing you want to do is use it, but who knows what kind of mood he’ll be in if he wakes up?

He’s just a kid.

“but… they attacked us,” your skeleton protests.

“And I hurt them. A lot,” you counter. “What kind of person would I be if I just left them all like this?”

His sockets soften at that when you look up at him, shuffling his feet uncomfortably. “okay,” he sighs. “but, if they try anything else…”

“I know, I know.”

You touch your hand gently to the kid’s battered face, and gasp in surprise as his wounds seem to glow green and close. Green? Is that the colour of your unborn kid’s magic? Then, that would make their soul Kindness, wouldn’t it? He makes an anguished sound after a moment, and your grip on his knife tightens as you shuffle away. He’s waking up.

“What the… What hit me?” he asks, blinking his bleary eyes skyward.

“I hit you,” you answer, smirking to yourself. “And then, I patched you up. You’re welcome.”

Gasping in shock he sits up and shuffles away from you, eyeing his blade in your hand. He stops his retreat once he realizes he’s pressed against something. He looks up into the sockets of your bone boy, who is staring him down intensely.

“’sup,” Sans greets him, grinning down at him like the Cheshire cat. The cornered teen noisily gulps.

“Now,” you begin again, not really sure what to do in this situation. “Uh, how are you feeling?”

He blinks at the unexpected question about his welfare. “Fine, I guess?” he struggles nervously. “Are… Wait. What are you going to do to me!?” he asks, suddenly sounding panicked.

“I’m going to give you your knife back,” you say, carefully turning the weapon around in your fingers so you can offer it to him handle first. “And then, I’m going to let you go home, where you’ll hopefully never bother us ever again,” you finish firmly.

“What about... Them?”

“Same deal for them, if they’re nice.”

“And, if they’re not?”

You hum thoughtfully at that. “I don’t really know? I might smack ‘em around a bit more, but honestly, I don’t really want to? I’m not that much of a fighter, and I’m tired and just kind of want to go home.”

“With the monster,” he states disgustedly.

“My boyfriend’s name is Sans Aster,” you swiftly correct him. “And I’ll have you know he’s an adorable sweetheart, actually.”
“But, what about your human boyfriend? Dark- Err, whatever his name is,” he protests.

“I broke up with that asshole seven years ago,” you grumble. He blinks in surprise. “Using you guys to fight his battles for him is just the latest in his crazy schemes to try and force me to be with him. There are multiple sides to every story, you know?”

“That’s a long time,” he observes. “Well… What’s your side, then?” he asks.

It’s your turn to be surprised. “Uh… Sure, if you’re willing to listen, I guess I can tell you.”

You kind of fumble through a brief explanation of your relationship with Drew, and how he treated you like property and abused you. It’s not an easy thing to explain to a complete stranger, and you’re not sure he totally understands it, but you’re glad that he’s actually interested in hearing the other side. That’s way more than you expected from the member of an online hate group. Sans’ eye lights twinkle at you proudly, and it reminds you of the time at the college, when you got your classmates to talk to him so that they’d be more accepting of him. It gives you an idea.

“Hey, you know… If you’re curious about monsters, you should come to MTT Resort next Saturday in the afternoon,” you suggest. “My friend Mettaton, Sans, his brother Papyrus, the ambassador and myself are all going to be there. Why not get any questions you might have about monsters answered, right from the source?”

“Why on earth would I want to hang out with a bunch of monsters?” he asks dryly. “They’re evil. There’s a reason why they were locked Underground, you know.”

“Monsters are not ‘evil’. I refuse to believe anyone is. Although, from my experience, humans are about a hundred times more awful than anything I’ve ever seen from monsters.”

“What? Why would you disrespect your own kind like that?”

“Think about why you were out here tonight,” you point out with a healthy dose of condescension in your tone. “You and your buddies attacked me and my boyfriend intent on killing him, for money. All we were doing was walking home after a night out with friends.”

He glances away guiltily at that. At least he’s smart enough to actually feel guilt over his actions – He gets some major brownie points for that. It gives you a tiny shred of hope for humanity to think that, maybe, he might actually change his mind about monsters with a gentle push in the right direction.

“What’s your name?” you decide to ask.

“Uhh, Mike.”

“Cool. Nice to meet you, Mike. Come next Saturday to MTT Aboveground. I think it’d be cool for you to see where I’m coming from,” you suggest again. “But for now, if you don’t mind, I’d like for you to take your knife back and go home. I’ve still got to pick up the mess I made of your friends.”

He glances over at each of the other three unconscious guys on the ground in turn. “They’re not my friends,” he mumbles idly. “But… Yeah, okay. I guess that’s fair.”

Slowly, he accepts the knife you’ve extended for him, and you’re overly aware of Sans tensing above him, but Mike makes sure his movements are slow and careful so as not to startle your bone boy. He has a small leather sheath for it that he slides it into, then puts back into his coat. His brows crease in the dark as a question pops into his brain.

“How did you fix me up, anyways?” he asks. “I thought I felt my nose… But, I don’t have any
You grin, reaching a hand forward and waggling your fingers at him. “Apparently my baby gives me healing magic. Go figure, right?”

“Healing magic?” he asks, startled. “You used magic on me!?”

“I don’t know what your injuries exactly were, just that you were in really bad shape. I’m no doctor, and my first aid certification is four years out of date. Plus, I know our city’s response times for ambulances kind of sucks,” you shrug your explanation. “But hey, doesn’t that kind of prove that monsters are good people? My unborn kid might’ve saved your life tonight.”

“I… I don’t know how to feel about that,” the lanky jock fumbles.

“Sleep on it, then,” you suggest. “And I’ll look for you next Saturday.”

With that, Mike leaves the scene, and you get to work on picking up the rest of the thugs.

Chapter End Notes

Baby magic FTW. Also trying to get punks to understand monsters as people fills me with determination >:(
The rest of the mercenary thugs were reluctant to walk away without going another round, but you still managed to talk them all down anyways. Sans helpfully splintered the shiny new baseball bat for the one guy into wood pulp, and the other guy who was halfway to carving you up complained that you didn’t know where you threw his knife. He had plenty of colourful things to say about it, to the point that Sans had to intimidate him into leaving by bringing out his dog-dragon skull things again.

At least that first kid was relatively amicable about walking away from that mess. One out of four isn’t too bad.

“i’m so proud of you babe,” Sans beams once you both step in the door of your apartment together. You let your coat slide off your shoulders as he grabs it, using his blue magic to levitate up to an open hanger in the hall closet.

“I’m kind of worried we gave that Mike kid too much information, actually,” you say after losing to another yawn. “Not to mention that I’m very concerned about the fact that they seem to know I’m pregnant with your kid,” you shudder.

“How do you think they figured that out?” he asks, returning from the closet with a blanket that he unfolds and drops behind you on the couch. You smile as you bring it around yourself like a cape, holding it open in invitation for him to join you in a cuddle burrito. He accepts by abruptly teleporting next to you so you can wrap him up in your arms.

“Probably got it straight from my mother,” you shudder. “I wouldn’t be terribly surprised if she decided to call up Drew herself to tell him the news.”

“i’m never going to live that down, am i?” he sulks.

“Sorry, cutie.”

He squints a socket up at you in confusion. “i’m the one that should be apologizing for that, not you.”

“I meant that I’m sorry about the situation, I guess,” you shrug. “It’s kind of a shit thing to deal with, and it’s probably going to follow us for a while.”

“ugh. well, sorry again, _____.

You accept the fresh apology by nuzzling his ceramic skull and placing a kiss on the side of his smooth head. He smiles and relaxes against you.

“still though, i’m so proud of you. you handled that whole situation like a pro,” he beams, smiling up at you.

“How so? I kind of went berserk on them,” you cringe. “I’ve never really been in a fight like that before, you know?”

“You stopped me from using my magic, which, uh… sorry i tried. i was just, so angry, that they would hurt you because of me,” he hisses, cuddling into you further. “i could’ve killed them tonight,
but, you putting yourself in the way of my blasters made me realize how horrible that could’ve gone.”

You recoil at the memory. “Well…”

“and,” he adds. “you invited one of them to the mettaton meet and greet thing so he could learn more about monsters. i’d have never thought to do that.”

“I just hope that goes over as well as I hope it does,” you fumble. “I think guys like him need more exposure to the other side, you know? If he has an opportunity to understand monsters better, it might help him become less prejudiced.”

“you should definitely ask tori for a job at the embassy,” he says suddenly, looking up at you with a bright look. “you’re already trying to improve monster-human relations in your own way, so why not make it official? you’d be a natural at it, babe.”

“Ugh. I wouldn’t feel right accepting a job from a friend,” you groan. “Especially after shutting Metts down so many times. Besides, last time I talked to Toriel I hadn’t made much progress in fundraising, so I doubt she has any money to actually pay me with.”

“Well, i’m still going to call her and talk you up,” he insists. You sigh and roll your eyes. “hey, don’t knock it. you’re so smart, i think you’d be perfect for any task you’re given.”

“Before you try and get me a cushy government job against my will, mind explaining some stuff I saw back there?” you nudge him.

“What stuff?” he asks nonchalantly.

“Stuff like your eye going crazy, flashing blue and yellow? What was that?”

“Oh,” he gasps, raising a hand to rub at his left eye socket. “uh, that only happens when i’m really angry. sorry you saw that.”

“Does it hurt?” you ask of the self-conscious motion.

He looks up at you, blinking his surprise at the question. “no, not really?”

“So it does, but you just don’t want to tell me,” you intuit.

He chuckles softly. “you’re too smart for me. okay, yeah it hurts, but it’s not too bad. i can deal with it.”

You grimace at his deflection, but decide to let it slide for now. “How about those… Dog-skull things? What were those?”

“Oh. those are my blasters,” he explains. “it’s, uh, a very powerful magic attack my dad developed. so far as i know, i’m the only one he taught how to use them before i dunked him in the core.”

“Are they… Alive?”

“heh, no. they’re just summoned automatons that fire lasers out of their mouths. it’s a devastating physical attack, though. i’ve never used ‘em on a person before, but, uh, i have on targets. they’re pretty, uhh… let’s just say they’re powerful,” he notes grimly.

“I’m really glad I stopped you, then,” you grimace.
“me too, honestly,” he breathes, sounding relieved.

“Last question before bed?” you ask. Sans nods gently. “How did you know our kid was going to save your life?”

“Oh. uhh…” he starts anxiously. “well, i promised only the truth, so… when i was underground, i was working on modifying this machine. it, uh, measures timelines, tracks changes. i needed it for when frisk fell, and started using their save/load ability, and even before when as- uh, flowey, was doing the same thing.”

Flowey the flower can use Save/Load too? You file that information away for later. “That’s… A little sci-fi, but I think I get it? What did you modify it to do?”

“originally it would only track changes that had already happened,” he explains. “but, i needed it to track changes that hadn’t happened yet, based on various decisions i made. it was a way to look into the future, and, uh, make sure everything with the baby would be okay.”

“There’s something you’re still not telling me about that,” you state, eyes narrowing at your recoiling bone boy. “But, if it helped ease your nerves and made you come back, then I’ll try and ignore what else you could’ve used it for,” you forgive.

“i didn’t look too deeply into it, actually, but… i saw that we would get attacked,” he admits finally. “and, that our kid would heal us both. i didn’t know exactly when that would happen, so i didn’t expect it to happen so soon – it only shows changes, not quite when events occur. and, i don’t know what else is going to happen, but it was enough for me to learn that they’re a healer.”

“Hmm,” you mumble tiredly. “Well, I’m really glad you’re back, and that we’re both in one piece after tonight.”

“me too,” he grins broadly. “although i’m kind of annoyed about the dress,” he says, then you startle slightly as you feel his warm hand on your belly over the large slice through the fabric.

“Well,” you hum happily. “If I’m going to try and mend it, you’ve got to help me out of it, first.”

Chapter End Notes

AUGH I'M SORRY IT'S BEEN FOREVER!!! D:

I was fighting with writers block and this chapter for like forever, so this was actually fully written almost a week ago, but I'm still not sure I like how calm Reader is after the fight. I think she should be more rattled, but I can't for the life of me figure out how to write that and get all this detail in here (About Sans' magic and what the forum thugs know) at the same time.

Also can I pimp other people's fanfic in here? If so, House of Sans by Moontamble is my latest guilty pleasure. In fact I love it so much it's inspiring me to write other non-Not Your Doll-related things :P Speaking of which, how would you guys like some non-canon NYD chapters in the Underfell AU?
“are you okay babe?”

“No,” you stammer, clutching the toilet for dear life.

“is it morning sickness? i can make you some tea,” Sans offers gently as he kneels on the laminate tile next to you.

“It’s… This isn’t morning sickness,” you rasp raggedly, shaking your head desperately. Leaning away from the toilet slightly, you raise your hands in front of your face. Yep, they’re still shaking. “I think I’m having some kind of panic attack,” you add in a brief moment of lucidity. Then the images flash back, and you grip the toilet bowl again.

His hands are on your shoulders and you nearly jump out of your skin. “what can i do to help?” he asks, holding you firmly in place. Part of you knows it’s his way of trying to comfort you, but another bigger part actually just wants to run the hell away.

“I don’t know,” you cry, hot tears suddenly racing down your cheeks. “I can’t get their faces out of my head!” All bloody and broken. Somebody could’ve even died back there. What the hell did you do!? 

“whose faces?”

“Those guys I hurt tonight,” you blubber, feeling cold as your body suddenly shakes.

“whoa, okay,” Sans’ soft voice says from behind you. “i’m really out of my depth here, but i want to help, okay babe?”

“Sorry I woke you up,” you apologize meekly.

“don’t start making yourself feel guilty about that too,” he scolds you lightly. “back in a flash.”

Abruptly the missing presence of the skeleton sends you dry heaving in the direction of the bowl again. Suddenly there’s a thick comforter being wrapped around your shoulders, then a pair of skeletal arms encircle you tightly as Sans rests his head against your back.

“i know you said it wasn’t morning sickness, but i put some water in the kettle for tea anyways,” he says.

“Thanks,” you mumble.

“… want to talk about it?”

You shudder as another memory of the fight crosses your mind. A guy’s face covered in blood. “N-not really…”

“then… hmm.”

Sans is silent for a moment, then you feel him slowly shift away from you, and the thought of running away again crosses your mind. But it’s immediately followed by the idea that more of those
thugs might be out there, forcing you to fight again. You withdraw into the comfortable safety of the blanket, feeling sweaty and yet cold at the same time underneath it. Then warm again, as you slowly register that Sans is filling the tub with water right behind you. While you were zoned out he must have turned on the tap.

“S-Sans?” you rasp raggedly, turning slightly to watch what he’s doing.

“alphys mentioned something at work the other day, about finishing off an anime that had a pretty sad ending, and taking a hot bath to relax and help herself feel better. i figure, what could it hurt, right?” he explains. He takes a step back over to you, gently resting his hands on your plush comforter covered shoulders. “come on, i need you to tell me whether this is too warm or not, okay? i’m kind of a numbskull when it comes to temperature.”

Suddenly a warm bath sounds like a really good idea. “It can’t be too hot,” you admit out loud, slowly turning towards the tub and stirring around the warm water idly with your fingers. “I guess that can be a problem when you’re pregnant – At least from what I’ve read on the Internet.”

“not too hot, got it,” Sans nods in acknowledgement, giving each of the taps a twist. “what about bubble bath?”

“I think bubble bath is okay,” you shrug. “Wait, do we even have bubble bath?”

Sans grins to himself as he kneels down and opens the cabinet under the sink, reaching towards the back of it. He pulls out a bottle of purple gel and offers it to you. The label says its chamomile and lavender.

Gripping the bottle with both hands, you pop open the cap and steal a sniff. “Wow, this is really nice,” you mumble.

“i picked it up a while ago to surprise you,” he admits sheepishly. “i thought we might, uh… try it out?”

You wince at that. “Sans, I’m really kind of not in the mood…” you moan.

“oh, no, i didn’t mean… it’s to relax you. at least, that’s what the label says it should help with,” he fumbles awkwardly, running a hand along the backs of his cervical vertebrae musically. “you’re always under a lot of stress babe, don’t think i haven’t noticed. so, i wanted something to, uh, try and help calm you down sometimes, you know?”

“… When did you buy it?” It couldn’t have been recently, he only just got back.

“it was back in may,” he admits. “you were stressed about school, and then there was that whole thing with your aunt’s boyfriend,” he shrugs.

That early on? You’d only been dating about a month by then. It surprises you slightly that he’d been thinking of you that way then – taking note of your ordeals and trying to find small ways to help you with them.

“Okay, I guess let’s try it,” you say, smiling softly and offering the bottle back to him.

He grins as he takes it, popping open the cap and squeezing a fair amount into the running water. It foams up instantly, and the smell fills the room, helping you take your mind off of things already. The sight of the playful bubbles foaming up is alluring, but you’re not ready to relinquish the relative safety of the comforter just yet.
Sans sees this, and carefully starts to peel off your portable cozy den, while you grip it on reflex.
“come on, babe,” he chuckles softly. “you can’t keep that on you if you’re going to have a bath, you
know.”

A small smile creeps on your face. “Wanna bet?” you challenge playfully.

He grins at that, pleased you’re starting to be more like yourself again. “well, i know how determined
you are. but, if you bring that with you anyways, there’s not going to be any room for me.”

“Oh. Well, that’d be a shame,” you blush.

Reluctantly, he relieves you of the blanket, and then you help each other out of your night clothes.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this took so long! @.@; I had a lot of trouble with this one. I needed to
demonstrate that Reader wasn't just going to take her first fight in stride, especially with
how bad it got. So, Sans is doing his best to help her anxiety.

NEXT CHAPTER WARNING: You're nude in a tub with a lewd skeleton. No actual
smut is planned, but it's still risqué, and you never know how far my 4am brain will take
it ;) This was actually going to be longer with the nudity included, but I decided to break
it up for those of you who aren't on board with doing skeletons.

Also holy cow this has 1390 kudos. I'm... Wow. I love you crazy amazing people. 
Thank you for reading my story :)
The Bath.*

Chapter Notes

WARNING: It's bath time! You're both nude and teasing each other, though no real smut happens.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Once he’s undressed he slips into the tub ahead of you, sending some bubbles floating upwards in light airy clumps from his haste. You giggle as the silly skeleton pats the foamy surface of the water ahead of himself, inviting you to join him.

The temperature is perfect when you slide into the frothy tub facing him, and you instantly gather up all the bubbles ahead of yourself to cover your chest with. He makes a derisive noise at that.

“greedy,” he scolds you, trying to steal some of the bubbles back. You laugh as you try to keep them away, but he gets a handful anyway and spreads them along his lower jaw. “check it out babe, i’m santa.”

You huff. “Sans no.”

“sansta yes.”

You flick some bubbles towards him.

“ahh not the face!” he recoils.

“Oops, sorry,” you apologize. “I forgot your sockets are wide open there for a second. Hey, would that hurt you? If soap got inside your skull, I mean.”

“naw,” he says, shaking his head. “it just wouldn’t taste very good, i think.”

“Oh, gross. Not a fan of the taste of soap?”

“nope. actually,” he grins. “i once went shopping with undyne and alph and they went to a fancy soap store. i joked that some of the stuff looked good enough to eat, and undyne dared me to take a bite out of one. how could i say no?”

You gasp. “You didn’t.”

“it was awful,” he shudders, clattering his bones musically. “and i had to buy it.”

You blink. “So, we have a fancy bar of soap somewhere?”

“oh yeah,” he realizes, straightening. “one sec,” he says. With a flick of his wrist the cabinet under the sink gently opens, and a small tissue paper package comes floating out towards you.

You grasp it with both hands when it hovers in front of you, taking off the wrapping paper to look at it. It’s brown with flecks of red, and on one corner there is a large bite missing. Sans is cackling at the face you’re making. “You are ridiculous,” you scold, amused by his antics. “Hey, this smells like
chocolate and raspberries. It’s really nice,” you add after giving it a sniff.

“fair warning: it does not taste like chocolate and raspberries.”

You giggle at that. “Say… If your tongue is always there, then where’s my favourite part of you right now?” There was a conspicuous lack of skeleton dick a minute ago.

“oh!” he blushes darkly. “uh, that… um, it’s only there when we’re about to…”

“Have sex?”

He nods stiffly. He cringes as you flick some bubbles harmlessly at his sternum.

“You can say the word, doofus. We’ve done it enough times already that you shouldn’t be shy about it anymore.”

“i’m actually just trying to keep my mind off of it right now,” he explains, looking away as he notices the bubbles start sliding down your bare chest. “i don’t want to push.”

“Aww.”

“do you want to turn around?”

“Why?”

“one, you’re very distracting,” he smiles, cheekbones a telling blue. “and two, this is a bath, so i was wondering if you wanted to wash your hair?”

You guess that washing yourself might be a good idea, since this is a bath, so you stand up and turn around in the tub, bubble bath sliding down your body as Sans looks up admiringly. He spreads his bony legs so you can sit between them, then start working the bar of chocolate soap into a lather for your chest and arms. Water suddenly dumps all over your head, startling you.

“Sans!”

“get dunked on, babe,” he giggles. “sorry, needed to get your hair wet first,” he says, then you hear the telltale pop of your shampoo bottle opening.

“Well, at least warn me first!” you scold, trying to beat down the sudden wellspring of panic within you. Your anxiety hasn’t been completely quelled as of yet. You lift your knees up out of the water, both as a defensive gesture and to rub the fancy soap against your legs, while skeletal phalanges start working your hair into lather.

“you’re so beautiful babe,” he murmurs, enchanted.

“We should do baths more often,” you hum delightedly. Between the smells of the suds, the luxurious bar of chocolate soap, and the shampoo he’s working into your hair, you feel yourself starting to relax.

“i’m gunna rinse your hair out, okay?” he warns.

“Okay.”

Your hair seems to straighten out back towards him for a moment – well, as straight as it can be when wet like this – and you figure he’s using his magic to hold it away from your head. You tilt your head back so it doesn’t get into your eyes, as a bubble of water spills all over it for a rinse.
Setting the bar of soap aside you work your fingers into it to make sure the suds are coming out as he continues to splash you in a lazy rinse. Eventually, it seems to be clear of shampoo.

“all done?”

“What? No,” you chuckle. “I need it to be shampooed one more time, and then I put conditioner in.

“wait, really?”

You turn our upper body to look at his incredulous face. “Really,” you grin.

“why do you wash it with the same stuff twice?”

“The first time is to clean it, the second time is to treat it I think?” you shrug. “And then the conditioner makes it shiny and healthy.”

“that seems like a lot of work for one part of your body,” he observes, running a hand along the top of his hairless skull. “is that why there’s so many bottles in here?” he asks rhetorically.

You flick your wet hair around and run your fingers through it carefully. “Jealous?” you smirk.

“naw. it sounds too complicated. i guess i’ll soap it up again,” he says, gently taking your hair in his phalanges again.

You turn away and nestle into him. “If it helps any, it feels really nice when you do it.”

“oh? then i guess i’ll have to take my time,” he hums, a smile on his gentle voice.

“Mmmm,” is all you can manage once his distal bones are scratching against your scalp again, working a second lather into your wet locks.

He silently works away at your hair while you sit there in the slowly cooling water, completely enthralled by the scalp massage he’s decided to give as he works the shampoo into your hair again. Then after he rinses it and you help to make sure the suds are all gone, he has you point out the bottle of conditioner, and he pops it open and squeezes some into his flexible ivory palm.

He gives the new gel a curious sniff. “so this stuff is why you always smell so good,” he comments.

“Once you’re done that part, how about I wash you?” you offer. “It will need to sit in my hair for a bit to work the best,” you add to explain.

His cheekbones tint blue briefly as he thinks about having your hands all over him, then he gives a stiff nod.

Carefully, you turn around in your seat to face him, sitting on your knees and straightening. You lean into him for a moment, enjoying the blue blush when your chest gets close to his face, then steal a kiss on his forehead as you grab his musky body wash from the corner shower caddy behind him. Withdrawing you pop the cap open and squeeze some of it into your palm, then close it over and set it aside as you begin to work a lather with your hands.

“uh,” he stammers, a blue glow from under the bubbles telling you everything you need to know about his state of arousal. He blinks a couple times as he tries to regain control of his mind. “i use a brush, actually,” he finally explains, looking away to try and locate it with his eyes.

“Don’t need it this time,” you smirk. “The point here is to spoil me, right? So, I want to take the opportunity to explore.”
“shit,” he curses, giving you a very heated, yet conflicted, look.

“Is that a problem?” you ask, concerned.

“no, no! i just, uh…” he says, sounding slightly panicked. Then his shoulders sag and he sighs in defeat, looking up at you as a grin spreads across his adorable face. “damn. i really am the luckiest guy ever.”

Flattered, you giggle before pressing your soapy hands against his barebones, smoothing them up and down his sternum as he shudders under your touch. “Weird question; Do you wash the, uh, insides of your bones?”

“i do,” he swallows. “they’re, uh, just very-“

“Sensitive?” you suggest, reaching a hand under his ribs and tickling the inside of one. He swats your hand away even as he chuckles, cheeks going darker, almost navy.

“yeah,” he flushes darkly. “that.”

He lets your hands roam his entire body of ivory bones, at one point his eyes fluttering then closing in ecstasy at your touch. His hard bones are very slippery with the soap, and your fingers glide across his body frictionlessly. His blush darkens as you fingers wander into the curves and spaces of his coccyx, but as you consider whether you should try washing his magic member, it actually fades from sight. That’s a little disappointing for you that he’s less aroused, more relaxed now, since he’s so fun to tease, but you’re not sure you’re emotionally up for any sexcapades right now.

He lets out a small, disappointed sigh once you’re done soaping him up, then you help each other rinse off again, him summoning water bubbles with his telekinesis for your hair and you splashing him with water and smoothing your hands along his body again, trying to clear him of the suds and slippery soap.

“Want to do my back?” you ask, grabbing and holding up the bar of brown soap.

“yes,” he nods quickly, accepting the offered soap.

You turn back around in the water and nestle yourself in against his pelvis again, feeling his hands glide the wet bar of soap all over your bare back. His other ceramic hand follows in it’s wake, spreading the suds around and appreciating the feel of your skin. Once done he gives it a quick couple of splashes for a rinse.

“mmm,” he moans, his hands wandering to your sides, tracing them upwards with his fingertips and then moving forward to cup your chest. He leans his jaw against your back, close to your neck as he starts gently stroking you breasts with his thumbs as he holds them carefully. “these are nice,” he comments absently, warm breath brushing past the bare skin of your shoulder.

“Hey, did you lock the bathroom door behind you?” you ask.

There’s a startled gasp as he freezes, then a hand briefly leaves you, followed by the sound of a lock clicking into place.

“yes,” he mumbles guiltily.

Chapter End Notes
True story: For my birthday once a friend got me a fancy chocolate soap that looked very much like a slice of chocolate cheesecake, and it had to be refrigerated for some reason. I warned my roommates about this in advance, and the plastic container it came in warned the same, though it was a tiny label with small print that said "This is soap don't eat it." Well, I never got around to using it, because it disappeared from the fridge one day. I can only imagine that one of them had forgotten my warning, missed the small one on the container, and tried to steal a nibble.

Nowadays, if I want fancy chocolate or other food-related soaps, they're just colourful bricks and not shaped like anything.

SORRY THIS TOOK SO LONG I DON'T KNOW WHY IT WAS SO HARD TO WRITE BLEAGH D:

Next chapter: More drama, more action! Less bloodshed though.
Wiping your nose on a tissue after a sneeze, you grumble. “Maybe we should’ve gotten out of the tub a lot sooner,” you complain absently. Sitting in the chilled water for a while with your skeleton beau early Sunday morning seems to have triggered a slight cold. “It’s too hot to be sick, augh!”

He squeezes your hand gently as he walks beside you on your way to school together. “Sorry babe,” he apologizes. “Maybe a bath was a bad idea?” he says, running his free hand along the back of his skull.

“It was an amazing idea, so don’t you dare feel bad about it,” you scold, smiling at him. “Although I’m slightly curious if you-know-who’s able to fix it,” you nudge him.

“Who?”

You stop in your tracks and point at your belly. He blinks his sockets at the gesture.

“… Oh!” he gasps.

You drag him forward a step as you continue walking. “Yeeaaah. We need like a code word or something.”

“I’ve been thinking about that, actually.”

“Thinking about what?”

“Y’know, a name.”

You feel your heart melt at that. “Awww. What did you have in mind?”

“I was thinking, if it’s a boy, how about Tahoma?”

“Tahoma?” you smirk.

“Is it not a good name?”

“It’s a font name, just like yours and Papyrus’,” you giggle. And Arial, and Calisto, and Wingding too, come to think of it. “Is that a skeleton thing?”

“I guess?” he shrugs, utterly confused. “Is that a bad thing?”

“Not at all. It’s like keeping with a family tradition. I like it.”

It might not have been something you would choose on your own, but it’s cute, and you’re eager to see this new side of him develop. He really is on board, and it makes you really happy to know that.
“okay,” he smiles. “then, if it’s a girl, how about, uh… arial?”

You lean over and kiss the top of his skull. “I think naming her after your mom is really sweet.”

“well,” he chuckles. “can’t name her after calisto. i mean, i think that’d be a little weird, i guess?”

“I like both names,” you enthuse.

“well, hey, what would you have chosen?”

“Probably something a lot less cool or sentimental,” you shrug. “I prefer your tradition.”

“nice,” he beams.

“We probably shouldn’t talk about this in public though,” you gently remind him, giving his phalanges a slight squeeze.

“right,” he nods. “when i pick you up later then?”

“Sure,” you smile happily.

It was inevitable.

You enter the small college to see a familiar woman standing at the front receptionist’s desk, a red flush crossing her face from apparently multiple attempts to manipulate her into giving her something she wants. Sylvie looks about nine different shades of done.

“But I’m _____’s mother,” she tells her. “I have a right to know what classes she’s taking!”

“Sorry, Mrs. _____, but she hasn’t authorized us to share that information with anyone,” Sylvie persists. Then she looks over to see you. “Oh! _____, hello!” she greets, sounding very thankful. She slides some paperwork up on the desk as the woman turns around in surprise. “If you can just fill this out then Mrs. _____ will have access to the information she needs.”

You take a deep breath, squeezing Sans’ hand in yours before letting go. He follows you closely as you walk up to the counter, pick up a pen and theatrically glance at the paperwork, then drop it as you pick up and tear the forms noisily in half lengthwise. You hear a skeleton chuckle not far behind you as you also notice the increased huffing and puffing from the woman you’re pointedly ignoring.

“Thanks for stonewalling her, Sylvie,” you smile at the innocent receptionist as she gapes. “Now, are you going to call the police on her, or do I have to do it?”

“What…?” she blinks, confused. “Why would I call the police?”

“Because this crazy banshee woman is stalking me, so I need to report it in order to build my case against her,” you casually explain. Her huffing and puffing gets louder. “Also, she’s prone to violent fits of screaming-“

“DAMNIT _____ I AM YOUR MOTHER!”

“Yeah, basically just like that.”

“Why haven’t you called?!”
“Um… Because you changed your number?” you suggest, giving her a confused look. “Also, because I kinda just don’t want to?”

“Well, as your MOTHER it’s my RIGHT to know-“

“So I was violently forced out of your vagina once, screaming and covered in amniotic fluid,” you snap. “Big deal.”

“DON’T INTERRUPT ME YOU-“

“I’ll interrupt whomever I like,” you boast confidently, grinning.

“Sans!” she pleads, turning to your boyfriend. “Control your girlfriend!”

“… control her?” he says, then cackles mirthfully. “lady, have you met her?”

“If you don’t do something to fix her attitude, I won’t allow you to marry my daughter.” Every new piece of garbage coming out of her mouth makes your blood run a little hotter.

“i’m not the boss here,” he says casually, putting his arm around your waist comfortably. “she is.”

And just like that, you feel yourself start to calm down again. You could swoon at his support of you right now. Is it too late to go back on your rejection of his marriage proposal? You wrap an arm around his small shoulders in a side hug, happy to have him close.

“And just like that, you feel yourself start to calm down again. You could swoon at his support of you right now. Is it too late to go back on your rejection of his marriage proposal? You wrap an arm around his small shoulders in a side hug, happy to have him close."

“Yeahhh… Sylvie, judging by the purplish-red colour her face is right now? She’s about to start swinging. If you don’t call the cops soon then I will,” you declare, pulling your phone out from your pocket and opening the emergency call feature.

“AUGGHHH!” she shrieks, then she storms out the front door. Well, that’s certainly telling.

“babe,” Sans says softly next to you, but his voice is still startling with all the blood rushing past your ears.

“I’m okay,” you breathe. Then you take a few more breaths, hand anxiously gripping the front of your t-shirt and closing your eyes. “I’m okay, I’m okay.” You cling to the word like a soothing mantra, trying to stop yourself from shaking.

“sit down for a sec, okay?” he suggests.

“Okay.”

He gently leads you over to one of the chairs lining the wall across from the reception desk, sitting down next to you and petting your hair. It helps calm you down a bit more.

“You look up to see Sylvie looking over at you, concerned. “Oh, some context: My parents threw me out and disowned me about five years ago now. The screaming and trying to boss me around is basically why,” you explain.

“Oh,” she gasps.

“Yeah. That’s also the reason why when I enrolled, I didn't put down my parents for my emergency contacts,” you explain. “Right now my file should only list my aunt Deb and my boyfriend Sans.”

“i’m one of your emergency contacts?” he hums, sounding pleased. “wow, i didn’t know we were at that stage of our relationship. you might be moving too fast for me babe,” he teases with a wink.
So says the guy who proposed to you just a couple nights ago, you think. Giggling, you give him a playful nudge as he cackles.

“Well, can’t say I’m not glad that that’s over with,” Sylvie sighs.

“I’m sorry she cornered you like that,” you apologize. “And that you had to see all of that.”

“Are you kidding?” she smirks deviously. “That’s the most exciting thing to happen in this lobby for the last three weeks. At one point I considered going to get popcorn.”

“hey, me too!” Sans chimes in, chuckling.

“Are you going to go to class today?”

“I should,” you assert. “I’ve been sick a lot recently and don’t want to miss too many days.” Your nerves are kind of shot, though, and you’re not sure you’d be able to focus.

“Naw, I’ll tell Richard something happened and that I sent you home,” she reassures you. “Go home and relax for today.”

“sounds like a good plan,” Sans agrees.

“I’ll try and make sure it doesn’t count against your attendance,” she adds.

Your eyes feel hot and you raise a hand to catch the tears before they spill out. “… If you guys weren’t being so awesomely understanding and supportive right now, I might be a little ticked off that you’re making decisions for me,” you sniffle.

Sans and Sylvie both share a soft chuckle at that. Sans gently takes your hand in his and leads you towards the door. “come on, let’s go home.”

You’re cuddled up on the couch in a soft blanket with your bone boy, watching book two of Avatar together. Assorted junk food favourites litter the coffee table at your feet, Sans using his magic to levitate morsels up to both of your mouths so neither of you have to move an inch.

“i can totally see why toph is your favourite,” he giggles. “she’s very determined, just like you.”

“I love how as soon as the group decides to go against the city, she busts down the wall of the house, just because she can,” you grin.

"hehehehe."

“Something I just realized,” you begin. “You asked my parents for permission to marry me, and didn’t get their approval before actually asking me.”

“maybe i’m a bit of a rule breaker myself,” he hums happily. You lean over and steal a smooch on his forehead. “heh. plus i figured i could ask for forgiveness later or something. i didn’t want to wait.”

“Was that because Derrick happened to be here when you came back?” you ask, nudging him playfully.

“that might’ve been part of it,” he flushes bluely.
“Jelly skelly,” you tease. He chuckles at that. Your phone starts buzzing urgently at the far end of the table. “Oh, that might be important. Can you float that over to me cutie?” You don’t get a lot of calls usually, just text messages.

He hums, hesitating. “what if it’s your crazy mom?”

You shake your head. “Can’t be, I blocked her new number already.”

“okay. good,” he sighs gently, pausing the cartoon and pulling the phone towards you gently with his magic. You accept it from the air in front of your face and answer it.

Oh hey, it’s your cousin Amey. You answer the call. “Hey Ames, what’s up?” you greet.

“Hey _____,” she greets in return. Her voice is muffled… Wait, has she been crying?

“Amey what’s wrong?” you ask immediately.

“It’s mom,” she sniffs. “Paul and I haven’t heard from her in over a week now. I just have this nasty feeling that something’s wrong.”

Holy crap what’s going on? “But wait, don’t you guys live with her? How could she disappear for a week?”

“Paul and I got our own place, actually. Didn’t I tell you we moved out? It was about a month ago.”

Shit, right! You couldn’t help them move because you went to Surface Day! So Aunt Deb’s been alone with Marc for a month?!

“You said… If he hurt her again, you’d bring Hell with you,” Amey mumbles miserably.

“Don’t worry cuz,” you announce grimly. “Hell is on its way.”

Chapter End Notes

I’m still fighting with this chapter but I finished it on the bus this morning and decided to post it at lunch time regardless. It's not my best work, but I need to get this up here so the story can continue. We’re now parallel to the Gaster Timeline again, so the next couple of chapters will be how two different timelines approach the same problem.

Also, yeah. This was uncomfortable to write for personal reasons, since Reader's mom is based off of my real mom. I'm sorry it took so long as a result, but she won't be showing up in person again in order to avoid more confrontations like this one. Which should mean faster updates, but with me you can never really know for sure ;)

*hugs all*
The Visit.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The lights are on in the house at nine in the evening. Nothing seems out of the ordinary, but the silence fills you with a sense of foreboding.

Good thing your key still works. It slides into the lock easily and turns without hesitation.

“You’re just going to let yourself in?” Sans asks from behind you.

“Yeah, why not,” you shrug. “It’s not like I didn’t use to live here. Besides, if Marc’s here, I doubt there’ll be a warm welcome waiting for us,” you sigh. “Are you ready?”

You turn in time to see Sans nod at you, a warm hand resting protectively on your lower back and ready to back you up at a moment’s notice. It’s nice to have his support.

“Just remember; No magic on anyone but me, and maybe my aunt. If he takes a swing at anyone, dodge or move us around.”

“You got it, babe.”

Taking a deep breath, you turn the knob and push the door in.

Well, at first glance there’s no Marc. That’s good. Surveying the livingroom and what you can see of the kitchen, the lights are on throughout and the TV is playing some news program. No sign of Aunt Deb, either.

At least, not until you hear the quiet sobbing. It’s coming from upstairs.

Your breath catches as you sprint up the rickety stairs, pushing against the railing and the wall in the turn for more speed.

“… _____! What are you doing here?”

Aunt Deb is a mess.

Her left eye is shades of blue and black, puffy from the swelling around it, and her upper arms are similarly coloured with more bruising struggling to heal. You rush over to her on the bathroom floor, and try to help her stand, noticing some pained hesitation from her as she rises to her feet in your arms.

“I’m so sorry,” you sniffle, grabbing a facecloth to wipe at her face. “I’m so sorry to leave you with him.”

“Why are you here?” Deb asks, her stunned voice barely above a whisper.

“Amey was worried about you. She said you haven’t called in over a week.”

“I screwed up,” she says, biting back tears. “I burned dinner, so he took my phone. I… I haven’t…”

“… Aunt Deb, he’s not your keeper,” you insist.
“You shouldn’t be here _____,” she rasps weakly. “He’s going to be here any-“

Sans hisses behind you at the scene, and at the sound of the door opening downstairs. “too late,” he snarls.

“Oh no,” she gasps.

“i’ll distract him,” Sans insists, heading towards the stairs before you can stop him.

“Sans-“

“try to heal her, okay?” he suggests over his shoulder, left socket flashing blue and yellow. Oh shit, he’s pissed. “i’ll take care of the monster downstairs.” With that, he vanishes into thin air.

“Right,” you nod, taking an anxious breath, turning back to your battered aunt. “I have to tell you, this might be a little weird,” you warn her.

“… What are you going to do?”

“Full disclosure: I’m pregnant, it’s Sans’,” you inform her. She starts and covers her mouth with a gasp, and you cover her hand with yours. “No time to talk about it now. Anyways, point is, my baby has healing magic. Now,” you say, taking both her hands gently in yours. “I’m… Really not sure how to trigger this.”

Nothing seems to be happening, anyways. You wonder if there’s something you should feel for, or think about, to trigger the healing.

“Should something… Be happening right now?” she gently asks.

“Uh, yeah. Give me a second to think about this.”

Wait – The only other time it’s happened was when you were fighting those thugs. Do you… Have to get hurt first? You look at the shoddy bathroom counter, and take one of your hands away from hers to ball up into a fist.

“I’m sorry if this scares you, I’m going to try something,” you say. “Man, I really hope this doesn’t become a thing,” you sigh.

She lets out a tiny pained shriek when you smash your fist into the counter. It hurts, as planned, really. Then… It doesn’t hurt anymore. Wow, that’s fast.

“Ohay,” you say, turning back to her. She’s touching her face experimentally. The puffiness and bruising seems to disappear before your eyes. “Whoa. Uh, how do you feel?”

“… Better,” she rasps softly. “I don’t know how, but I feel better.”

“I do too, actually, “ you say, looking at your perfectly fine knuckles. Then sniffle. “I had a cold earlier, I guess that’s gone too?” you think. A serious thought crosses your mind, and you take both of her hands in yours firmly. “Okay. Stay up here for a sec, alright? I need to go make sure my boyfriend isn’t going to kill yours. I asked him not to use magic, but-”

“… Marc has a gun.”

“WHAT!?” you panic.

“I… He used to be a cop,” she explains timidly.
You suddenly hear a couple of pops downstairs, and the sound of glass breaking.

“… SHIT!”

What do you even do in this situation?!

You quickly decide on the only thing you can do.

Protect Sans.

“Lock the door behind me and hide behind the bathroom counter,” you instruct your aunt grimly. Amid her frantic protests you launch yourself down the stairs.

“SANS!”

He looks tired from the fight, but he’s not crumbling to dust. He’s leaning against a wall in the kitchen, panting, his eye flashing between blue and yellow in anger. His blasters are out, but are just idly hovering behind him, no light filling their skeletal maws. Marc is haggard as well, phlegm at the corner of his mouth, breathing heavily. Both of them look up at you, and as Marc turns his body you see the gun in his hand.

… Sans can stop bullets still… Right?

Because you’re about to do something extremely stupid.

“… babe!”

“You little bitch!”

You throw yourself at Marc.

Chapter End Notes

This one got away from me at the end there. We're still in the main climax section of the story, but it will be over soon.

Here's what happens in the parallel Gaster Timeline chapter.
You sigh, taking a gulp of water from the paper cup in your hand. “Yeah, I know.”

“you can’t ever do that again,” your boney boyfriend insists, putting his hand over your other one resting on the armrest between chairs. “why did you do that, anyways?”

“Well,” you begin. “I figured, between your telekinesis stopping bullets and my baby magic, it would work out okay?” you say, feeling slightly ashamed of your earlier recklessness.

“You still can’t do stuff like that babe,” he continues scolding you. His interlaces his phalanges with your fingers and gives them a slight squeeze. “that was a really bad idea. what if i was too slow, or if he shot you and your healing didn’t work? you can’t just… throw yourself away like that,” he shudders.

“Well before you ask, I’m not sure I can promise I won’t ever do something like that again.”

“What? babe-“

“I mean it, Sans,” you say, looking up at him. “As much as you want me to be safe, that’s just… Not in the cards for our life together. You know that. I knew that from the beginning, that dating would be dangerous for us, but I decided I wanted to try it anyway.”

“… your determination is going to get you killed.”

“Probably.”

“i’m not alright with that. we’re going to talk more about this later.”

“I kinda figured,” you sigh.

“well,” Sans huffs. “i’m just glad that’s over with, at least for now.”

“It’s not over yet,” you remind him, gently squeezing his fingers. “Aunt Deb is still in questioning, and we’re still waiting to hear back from the cops that went to her place. You know, I can’t believe you just teleported the three of us to the police station like that.”

He digs his phone out of his shorts and deftly unlocks it, offering it to you. “frisk sent me a text early into the confrontation. they said to keep him busy until you got downstairs, then to get everyone out.”

“Aha. Well, that explains that,” you say, glancing at the open text message for yourself.

“is… is this going to work out for us?”

“What do you mean?”

“i mean… historically, the police don’t care for monsters,” he explains, a restrained bitterness in his tone.
“I don’t know what’s going to happen,” you shake your head, then finish off the cup and set it aside, next to a pile of magazines. “There’s also the fact that we let ourselves in, and… That I attacked Marc like that. I’m *really* not sure how this is going to turn out.”

“i can’t believe one punch from you broke his jaw,” he says, a giggle in his voice.

“I think Undyne might’ve taught me too well,” you smirk at him.

To kill time, you fish through the magazines on the small table next to you, and decide to read some of the Reader’s Digest reader-submitted stories aloud, much to Sans’ and your own amusement. It’s quiet in the small office where you’ve both been asked to wait, so you figure why not.

“oh my god i can’t believe that actually happened,” he chortles at the latest story.

“Excuse me, Sans Aster?”

Both of you look up at the lady cop that’s just come in.

“that’s me,” Sans nods.

“I’m going to have to ask you to come with me,” she continues.

“What’s up?” you ask. “Do you need to question him too?”

She pulls a pair of handcuffs off her belt. “Actually, he’s under arrest.”

“What⁉?” you shriek. “What the hell for⁉”

“For assault and use of magic on another person,” she clarifies.

“What⁉? NO!” you sputter, launching out of your chair. “No, I was the one that hit Marc! If you want to arrest someone, take me instead!”

“whoa, babe,” Sans says behind you.

“You don’t need to protect him, Ms. ____,” she says firmly. “We know what happened.”

“Well obviously you got it wrong somewhere! Sans would never hurt *anyone*!" you protest, feeling hot and shaking with rage. “What the hell crackpot investigative work do you DO here? Sans is less than five feet tall, how the SHIT is he going to hit a tall guy full-on in the face like that⁉?” You thrust out your wrists for her to slap the cuffs on you instead.

“babe, listen to me.”

You reluctantly turn to look down at your skeletal boyfriend, his hands coming up to cup your face and sweep away the hot tears you didn’t even know were there.

“You can’t go,” he tells you softly. “you’ve got to think about it this way; how’re you going to raise our kid from inside a jail cell?”

“But… You’re innocent,” you complain. “And I just got you back.”

“i know, babe.” He grasps your hands in his warm phalanges, running his ceramic thumbs along the backs of your fingers soothingly. “but for now, let me go with her, and then we’ll figure something out, okay?”
“I can’t-“

“stay determined, ______.”

You blink at that. Pulling him into a hug, you practically hiss at the cop behind him, who is gesturing for you to pick up the pace. As he pulls away, he stands on his toes to kiss you.

“… Just be good, okay? Don’t talk to anyone until I can figure something out, and don’t use any magic,” you remind him. The last thing you need right now is him teleporting around and freaking out cops who can’t actually hold him.

“promise,” he says, deftly hooking a pinky around yours. “hey, come here for a sec,” he says softly, pulling on your arm gently so that you lean forward where he can whisper in your ear. “remember, you don’t have to do this all, all by yourself,” he says softly. “try calling for help.”

Calling for help? What is he suggesting?

“Time to go, Mr. Aster,” the lady cop says.

It takes a minute for it to sink in, but once it does, you slump back into the chair, overcome with gross sobbing. The system is heavily biased against monsters, so much so that he probably wouldn’t even get a trial, let alone a fair one. And what self-respecting lawyer would take a case like that?

You open up your cellphone, seeking comfort, a distraction, anything… And your eyes land on a conversation about trading recipes for pie.

… As it turns out, you know exactly who to call for help.

Pressing the button to start a call, you bring your phone up to your ear as you try and work out what to say.

Chapter End Notes

Core timeline's got to do things the hard way.
“… Diplomatic immunity. You told them he has diplomatic immunity.”

You’re not sure if a shit-eating grin works on Toriel’s face, but it definitely does for Frisk’s, their dimples showing and narrow eyes scrunched up as their whole expression shines at you.

“… Does that work?” you continue, still incredulous.

“I believe someone has gone to release him already,” the queen explains with a cheeky smile.

“How would Sans have immunity, though? He doesn’t even work at the embassy—”

“hey babe.”

You turn and sprint in the direction of his voice, thankful you have him back once again. The cop barely has enough time to un-cuff him before you’re wrapping your arms around his hard body in a hug.

“i guess you missed me, huh?” he chuckles, returning the hug, his warm hands stroking your back comfortingly. Pulling away to look at him, his hands come up to wipe at your face. “don’t worry, i’m out of the slammer now, i won’t be leaving you again.”

You nearly choke on a surprised laugh. “The ‘slammer’? You didn’t even leave the station.”

“i’ve done hard time, _____.” he claims somberly, but can’t contain a broad grin.

“You were back there for barely twenty minutes!”

“i might never be the same again.”

He giggles as you gape at him, then you fall apart, laughing at his antics.

Someone taps his shoulder and you very nearly hiss and snap at them, gripping him tighter and not the least bit interested in anyone taking away your bone boy again, but instead they just offer him a clear plastic tub with his phone, wallet, keys, and cash. “Your things?” the cop says.

“right, thanks,” Sans acknowledges, pulling a hand away to accept the offered bin.

“Also, Miss _____?” he says, prompting you to look up at him. “I… Think you should talk to your aunt.”

“Why? What’s happened?” you ask, concerned about Aunt Deb. You’d almost completely forgotten about her with Sans’ arrest.

“Well,” he continues. “It appears she’s not pressing any charges.”

“What!” you seethe. But he’d beaten the crap out of her! “Can’t you—“

Oh, wait. Shit. You erased any physical evidence when your kid healed her!
“Unfortunately, we have no evidence he’s ever hurt her,” he says. “If he’s ever going to see any justice, she has to be the one to press charges.”

“Where is she now?” you ask.

He points behind himself to a hallway. “Conference room, behind me two doors to the left.”

“Thanks,” you nod appreciatively, darting behind him. Then you stop abruptly, turning back to him. “Err, is it okay if I go back there?” you ask belatedly.

He chuckles at that. “Wouldn’t be telling you to if it wasn’t,” he smiles. Finally, an awesome cop.

“Hey, can you two make sure Sans doesn’t get himself into any more trouble?” you ask of Toriel and Frisk.

“Hah! Of course!” Tori laughs lightly. Frisk grasps Sans’ arm tightly and nods enthusiastically while he grins.

“Okay,” you breathe. “Wish me luck!”

“good luck, babe,” your skeleton love smiles confidently at you.

“Stay determined, _____!”

All eyes in the room turn to Frisk, who has just spoken up for the first time since the party. You blink as you process that, wondering how you can react to bolster their enthusiasm without making too big of a deal out of it.

Finally, you decide to smile broadly, giving them two thumbs up. Frisk smiles shyly at that.

“I won’t let you down, kid,” you promise.

After over half an hour of back and forth with Aunt Deb, you’re not sure how much longer you can actually stay determined. Instead of listening to your arguments against Marc and how he battered our aunt, she’s decided to instead interrupt you with anecdotes about how sweet he was to her in France several months ago.

“We went up the Eiffel tower,” she giggles as she wistfully reminisces. “We got a photo together looking over the city at night. It was very romantic.”

“Aunt Deb, he hasn’t been romantic in a while,” you groan. “What if he hurt you so bad you ruptured an organ or something? You could die from that.”

She grimaces at that. “He’d never hurt me that badly,” she says dismissively. “He loves me.”

“He shouldn’t be hurting you at all,” you tell her firmly.

She shakes her head, still in denial. “No, no, I made a mistake, it was my fault.”

What the hell had this monster done to her while you were gone? This back and forth is going nowhere. You think back to Frisk… And it gives you an idea. You realize you have one last thing you can use to convince her.
“Deb, listen to me,” you say, grasping her hands in each of yours across the hard plastic table. “What if he’d done that to Amey? Or pulled his gun on Paul?”

The light in her eyes seems to retreat a second. She opens her mouth to respond, but withdraws her hands to hold herself defensively instead. “I… But he didn’t, though.”

“But he could have,” you continue. “He could’ve hurt your children.” It’s an obvious manipulation tactic, and you hate that you have to resort to it, but it’s the best chance you have at reaching her. If common sense won’t prevail, maybe maternal instinct will. “What would you do then?”

“… Paul and Amey moved out a month ago,” she counters.

“Yeah, they moved out because of Marc,” you inform her. You don’t actually know that for sure, but it’s a pretty good guess. Neither of them seemed to like the guy, and you couldn’t help but agree with their assessment considering everything that’s happened.

“No, no, he wouldn’t,” she resists, looking away.

“Are you sure about that? Because that’s exactly what almost happened with Sans and me.”

Her eyes dart back to you, widening in shock.

“He had his gun in his hand, Aunt Deb. If Sans hadn’t been so quick to get us out of there, it could’ve gone a whole lot worse tonight.”

She blinks at that as she digests the information, then her eyes narrow challengingly. “You want me to press charges, don’t you? As revenge against my boyfriend for what he almost did to Sans?”

“No,” you begin. “I want you to press charges and get a restraining order, so that you can be safe from him.”

“But…”

“Aunt Deb, please trust me on this. You need to get him out of your life, for your safety and the safety of your family. And no matter what your feelings are, you can do a whole lot better than Marc. You deserve so much better.”

She frowns at that, but… Her body language opens up as her hands drop to her lap, and she seems to relax. Closing her eyes tightly, she opens them and smiles at you, and it fills you with joy when she manages a nervous smile at you.

“Okay, fine. You win, _______. Do you think Officer Jacobs has left for coffee?”

"You should tell him it's a crime you don't have his number."

Deb gasps. "______! That's-"

"Oh come on, you were totally thinking it."

She sighs, laughing. "You know me far too well."

Chapter End Notes
This rollercoaster has no brakes :D
“I’m so glad that’s over with,” you sigh, relieved. “I made sure – Aunt Deb has made a report on her ex, and a car went over to her place to clear out all of his stuff for her.”

“that’s a relief,” Sans agrees, squeezing your hand in his comfortingly.

Frisk nods enthusiastically as well from where they’re holding Toriel’s paw walking alongside you. You sort of worry how much the kid understands about the situation, but also know how mature they are for their age with their Save/Load ability. Then again, is this really the optimal timeline? Sans was nearly shot and you broke a grown man’s jaw for it, then you had to sit down with your aunt for half an hour just convincing her to charge her ex for everything he’d done. You wonder if there wasn’t an easier way to handle everything. But, you acknowledge, Time Master Frisk is ultimately the boss when it comes to their ability, and they seem set on this version of events.

“Sans, _____ - Would you care you join us in returning to the embassy for tonight? I believe we have some pie left over, and it will be a good opportunity to discuss tonight’s events,” Toriel offers genially.

“ooh, what kind?” your skeleton love implores.

“Cinnamon and pumpkin,” the regal woman beams down at you. “I know that it is not the customary time of year for pumpkin pie, but… Well, I could not say no to Frisk when they requested it,” she smiles down at her child.

Frisk snickers at that. “Hmm… If talking means I automatically get what I want, I should do it more,” they grin mischievously.

“Frisk!” Toriel scolds, barely suppressing a laugh. “That is not the lesson to be learned here!”

“You should totally abuse it,” you grin. “Hey, next time can you ask her for cherry pie?”

Toriel gapes and turns to you, while Sans giggles himself into a fit. After a moment, the queen breaks and begins laughing as well. Frisk just smiles at you broadly.

“So no one’s really explained to me how Sans has diplomatic immunity,” you point out between mouthfuls of pie. It’s actually really good – Just like regular pumpkin pie, only the cinnamon flavor is stronger and it’s sweeter overall. Another recipe you’ll need to get off of the pastry queen. “Is it because he’s Frisk’s ‘uncle’?” you ask, raising both hands to make air quotes with your fingers.

Sans and Frisk look apprehensive about something… But what? Toriel, on the other hand, slides another sliver of pie onto your plate without asking first, humming cheerily as she does so.

“I am afraid that extended family does not count for immunity, or in cases where they do, it is a complicated process to declare. However, immediate family for embassy employees do qualify,” she gently explains.
“But Papyrus works for his boyfriend at MTT Aboveground. Does he work for the embassy part-time too?” you question.

“uhh…” Sans flusters, blushing bluely. Wait, what’s going on? “what tori’s trying to say is, is that you’re the embassy employee, _____."

“Wh-what?” you stammer. “But I’m not- Tori lied!”

“Accept the job offer and it will not be a lie,” the queen winks at you. You drop your fork with a clatter. “Whoa wait wait wait WHAT!?”

“come on, babe. this can’t be that surprising,” Sans speaks up as you try to remember how to breathe properly. “i’ve been bugging you for months to ask tori for a job.”

Your eyes dart around the table at everyone in shock. Frisk’s tiny hands dart to their mouth to cover up their snickering, while Sans just leans back and grins. Toriel just keeps smiling as she casually takes away their plates.

“… This was a setup!” you finally hiss at them, eyes narrowing at Frisk.

It makes perfect fucking sense now - Frisk didn’t want to load a save because they knew that this resolution would force you to work for them and Toriel. Even though Aunt Deb got beat up, even though Marc nearly shot you and Sans, even though you broke the asshat’s jaw, and even though Sans got arrested for it by the police and their bias. They must have known that getting Sans out by claiming ‘diplomatic immunity’ would mean you’d be forced to work for them!

They giggle behind their closed fists, shuffling forwards on their seat. “YOU LITTLE- AUGH!!” you shriek.

Frisk launches off the chair a split second before you can disentangle yourself from yours. You’d forgotten how fast their little legs could run, and they seem to anticipate your every move to grab at them and deliver a well-deserved tickle attack, heavy footsteps and a gentle voice calling after you. You turn a corner and suddenly crash into Sans, falling into a heap and abruptly halting your pursuit of the little hellion.

“No! Damnit Sans, the ambassador’s getting away!” you whine.

“babe.”

Sans’ voice snaps you back to reality. You look down at the skeleton you’re crushing, then slowly start to climb off of him, huffing. Before you can climb back to your feet though, he wraps his hard ivory arms around your waist and pulls you back down on top of him.

“UGHHH, SANS! Let go of me, you… You traitor!”

“guilty as charged,” he giggles. “hey, _____, listen to me for a sec.”

You attempt to struggle free, but he’s surprisingly strong all of a sudden. He lets you sit up though, his grip loosening slightly, but only just enough so that he can bring a hand up to pet your hair as his glowing pupils lock on to your own. Your wrath starts to melt away from the gesture, though you’re still not mollified at this elaborate conspiracy against your unemployment.

“we didn’t put this whole thing together just to torture you, you know – tori and i have been talking, and we really think you’d be the best fit for her assistant.”
You shake your head in immediate protest. “I’ve told you a hundred times, Sans – I can’t accept a job from a friend. It feels like charity,” you whine.

“It’s not charity – I believe you can really help out all monsters. Tori and Frisk do, too.”

“But, Sans- I didn’t earn this!”

He chuckles at that, putting a warm kiss on your cheek. “Yes you have. you’ve earned this a hundred times over.”

“How?”

He pulls his hand away from your hair to count them off. “One, you arranged to have your classmates ask me questions and get to know me, which helped them accept me and stop being afraid. Two, you’ve been helping to keep monsters safe from the more aggressive humans, by coordinating rescues with me using their forum. Three, you came up with the fundraising from humans idea all on your own, and have been working harder at it as a volunteer than most people work at their regular jobs. Heh, I should know. And four, you convinced one out of four of those thugs last night to give monsters a chance and come to the thing on Saturday to find out more. You’re already doing exactly what she needs your help with, only difference now is, it’ll be official, and you’ll get paid for it.”

“Sans, I- I don’t-“

You’re cut off as he suddenly pulls you tighter against him. “Hey, what’s really going on, _____?”

“Whu- Nothing, I just-“

“Then why are you crying?”

Damn traitorous tear ducts. You go to wipe at your eyes, but he beats you to it, pulling on the sleeve of his sweatshirt.

“Is it because… you don’t think you deserve it? Even after everything you’ve done that clearly proves that you do?” he presses softly, phalanges tangling in your hair again.

“I don’t deserve it,” you wither.

“Yes you do,” his gentle voice insists firmly.

“…”

At the sound of Toriel’s voice you freeze. Sans lets you go briefly, dragging your attention back to him as he takes your hands in his and pulls on you gently for you to stand. You lean against him slightly as you turn to face the Queen of All Monsters, and he seems content to provide support by encircling his arms around your waist.

“I did not make this decision impulsively,” she tells you softly. “You have shown an incredible amount of initiative in bringing down the barriers, so to speak, left still standing between monsters and humans. My desire is only to encourage you to continue such work, and to compensate you for it.”

“Uhh… Well, I… I can’t stop going to school,” you point out hesitantly, and feeling completely flustered right now from Toriel’s declaration. Still, if there’s one person you can’t exactly say no to, it’s the queen. “My classes are from one to five in the afternoon every weekday, though Fridays I finish early if I’m quick writing the exam.”
“You may come before or after your class as you choose, I am happy to allow for you to set your own schedule,” she clarifies. “And, as we are only just getting started, I do not expect you to work full-time.”

“What’s it, uh… Pay?” you ask awkwardly, a hand coming up to hold your opposite elbow defensively.

She digs a paw into a pocket of her flowing skirt, and withdraws a scrap of paper and a pencil. She writes down a number and shows it to you.

“… Twenty-five? You mean, twenty-five dollars an hour!? ” you gawk.

“I know it is not much to start with, but as your work continues I am sure we can find more room in the budget,” she beams warmly down at you.

“No, I mean – That’s too much, Toriel!” You aren’t exactly trained in ‘ambassador-ing’, and are pretty used to starting new jobs at the minimum. As in, minimum wage. That’s just way too generous for you and you can’t help but balk at it.

The queen furrows her fuzzy brows, sparing a glance past you at Sans. Then, she shakes her head and takes the note back, scribbling onto it again. “Or, I suppose we can increase it now,” she taunts you with a playful smirk.

You groan as Sans and Frisk giggle happily for you.

“Uh… I guess I’m really working for you guys now, huh?” you mumble awkwardly. Then you sigh, relaxing into Sans’ arms.

“guess so, babe,” he hums softly past your ear. “congratulations, you definitely deserve it.”

“Then…” you hum, glancing over at Frisk, who has been partially hiding behind their mom’s leg. They share a conspiratorial look with you, already knowing what you have in store. “I guess… I should do something special to celebrate the occasion, right?”

“That’s the spirit!” Toriel grins.

“Alright,” you nod, then turn towards Sans. He drops his arms as he realizes the grin you’re wearing.

“w-wait…” he stammers. “what’s going on?”

“Sans Aster,” you address him commandingly. “My first act as assistant to Queen Toriel of All Monsters is to order you to pay your damn taxes!”

Beads of cerulean sweat dot his skull as the monarchy starts laughing uproariously behind you. “uhh… damn, got me there ______,” he says, cackling nervously. “do you accept cheques?”

Chapter End Notes

About flippin' time!!!
“And this is *my* office!”

Frisk giggles as they run ahead of you into the very large room. It mirrors Toriel’s office for size, and for the ornateness of the décor, but not for tidiness. Not at all. Stray papers litter almost every inch of the floor, there’s a pair of bookshelves built into the wall with all sorts of things collected on them, such as worn out books with missing covers, a plastic filing crate that’s empty, a cowboy hat, a pair of worn old boxing gloves, and a strange red orb. There’s a large office chair that looks custom-made, with bright red upholstery on dark wood, and their desk is just a very large flat surface with odds and ends covering it as well.

The royal child climbs into the chair, using a short one step stool to facilitate their access to it, then spins around in it with their hands steepled together as if they’re some kind of cartoon villain, grinning broadly. “What do you think?” the ambassador asks. Then they lean forward and pull the only thing on the desk that can be considered remotely organized – One of those round Crayola telescoping towers of crayons. They pull up on the center of it, and extract a green crayon with one hand as their other finds a clean sheet of paper to start hastily drawing on.

“It’s a little messy,” you admit, gripping your opposite elbow in a hand. “But, I think we can make it work.” You wonder if Frisk would be offended if you started trying to pull the papers together and sorting them, but you have no idea where to even begin. Are all of these in crayon? You kneel down to start sorting them out.

“Yeah! I have so many plans for us, you have no idea,” they cheer. You hear them shuffle out of the chair and race across the carpeted floor over to you, papers crinkling with every odd step. Suddenly a picture is thrust in your face. “Here’s the first one!”

It’s a picture of a house, of what you guess is you, and… It’s one stick figure that’s short holding hands with you, and one tall one with a smaller head. Both of them have large green blotches for eyes – Eye sockets?

“Okay, wait, let me think,” you say, eyeing the picture discerningly. “So… The plan involves a house, Sans, Papyrus, and me… W-wait a sec,” you stammer. Frisk taps their socked foot against the plush carpet floor impatiently. “Is the plan for the three of us to buy a house together?”

Frisk grins even wider than before, nodding furiously.

“But monsters can’t own property,” you point out, casting the kid a questioning look.

“Not yet,” the littlest diplomat points out. “That’s what I need your help with!”

Frisk wants help figuring out how to give monsters the ability to own property? Like, land and houses and stuff? You have absolutely no idea where to even start. But… This is the ambassador, after all. Why would you need to know where to start? Odds are decent that this isn’t the first time you’ve stumbled into their office and been told about this plan.

“Well, okay,” you smile. “So Time Master Frisk, what have you already tried?”
“How’s dinner coming sweetie?”

Sans hisses a curse as you hear something metal clatter against the linoleum floor.

“That bad, huh?” you call out, chuckling.

“it’s almost ready, babe,” he calls back finally.

“Looking forward to it,” you beam.

Making dinner for you seems to be his new thing lately. Tonight he told you to stay out of the kitchen because it was going to be a surprise. You can’t help but wonder what it’s going to be.

Nestling further into the comfy green couch, your skeleton love comes out of the kitchen holding two plates, balancing forks and knives along the sides of them. Your mouth waters as you realize he’s made steak, mashed potatoes, and steamed asparagus. That’s definitely different from the usual fare of hot dogs and fries. You sit up to accept one, but he glances at you, and then sets them down on the coffee table just out of reach instead.

“uh, wait,” he says. “stretch your legs out along the couch, okay?”

“But that takes up so much room, and we can’t cuddle that way,” you protest.

“come on,” he gently insists. “i have a plan.”

Well, who are you to argue with a plan?

Shrugging, you decide to stretch out as instructed and lean your back against the arm of the couch, and he finds and sets up a small lap table across your, well, lap. Then he sets your plate down on it, and sits himself at the other end, facing you with his own table, plate, and utensils floating over into position.

“there we go,” he grins. “now we’re both comfy and facing each other.”

“But I still can’t snuggle with you,” you pout.

“but this way i can rub your feet, too,” he points out with a smile. Geez, he’s really keen on spoiling you lately, isn’t he? “how are they doing today, by the way?”

“A whole lot better, actually,” you admit. “I think our kid fixed them up the night of the fight - I haven’t had any aches or pains since. Err, not that I’d ever say no to one of your foot rubs, of course,” you have to add.

“hehehe. of course.”

Just as you pick up your fork and knife to check the doneness of the steak - it doesn’t seem to leak many juices at a touch, so it’s probably medium well, but that’s fine with your pregnancy’s ban on underdone foods - your cellphone starts ringing. You groan and roll your head back as you realize it’s across the room in the pocket of your coat still.

“Sans, can you-?”

“got it,” he nods, levitating the jacket over to you.

“Thanks cutie.” You grasp it out of the air and start digging for your cellphone. The call display is a local number, but not one you recognize. “Actually, uh, would you mind answering it? It could be crazymom with a new number.”
In response, the phone glows a gentle blue as it slowly pulls itself away from your hand, floating over to be caught by his outstretched hand. He puts it to the side of his skull as he answers it. “’yello, aster house.”

You snicker at that as you pick up your utensils again to swipe a forkful of mashed potatoes before using them to cut at your steak. There are small lumps in it, but otherwise it’s good. Is that a hint of garlic you taste? Mmmm.

Across from you, Sans’ eye sockets narrow. “i have a name, you know,” he rasps. What?


He maneuvers the phone away from his mouth briefly. “don’t know,” he whispers. “she’s rambling, one sec.” You nod, waiting patiently for more information. His sockets narrow further, eye lights fading from sight as he shifts the phone back to speak to the caller. “really,” he seethes. Whoa, what is going on?

“Maybe I should take that, actually,” you offer, setting down your fork again and holding a hand out.

“hold on a sec,” he asserts. “what the hell do you want, anyway?” he demands of the caller.

A little frustrated at being kept in the dark for too long, you carefully take your dinner plate off the lap table and set it aside on the coffee table instead, then free yourself from it and fold it up aside. Sans’ expression looks up in surprise, his eye lights coming back when you move his stuff out of the way too, then snuggle in right next to him as you take your phone back.

“_____ here, now what the hell do you want?” you greet darkly. Sans gapes at that. Was that coming on too strong? Ah, whatever.

She talks really fast and her French accent makes her very hard to understand. You blink a couple of times, wondering if you caught any of it. You didn’t.

“You can repeat that? A little slower this time?” you ask.

“… Good evening Ms. _____ my name is Marie Lécuyer, I am the fact checker for CBC News. I have a few questions for you so I was wondering if I could take a few minutes of your time?”

Fact checker? Why is she calling you? “What’s this about?” you press.

“Someone claiming to be your mother came in for an interview to discuss your situation,” she tells you in a well-practiced monotone while you cringe. “Before we can put it in the news we would just like to get the details straight.”

“… Fuck,” you curse, pulling the phone from your mouth. Sans raises a brow bone at you. “My mother blabbed to the news to smoke me out. I guess my situation makes for pretty decent gossip,” you hiss a whisper at your bone boy.

“i’m never going to not regret going to see her, am i?” he groans sufferingly.

You put an arm around him and smooch his hard ivory temple. “We’ll figure this out.” Putting the phone back to your mouth, you address the lady on the other end. “Okay, here’s what we’re going to do. My mom came in for an interview, right? Let’s not do this piecemeal over the phone - I want to come in for an interview too.”
I couldn't come up with a good phone greeting for Sans on Reads' phone, so it's just 'aster house' until something better comes along :P
“You are not putting that crap all over my face.”

“It’s for the camera, sweetie,” the lady protests, makeup brush still full of powder and at the ready. “You want to look your best, don’t you?”

“Come at me with that thing and I’ll snap it in half,” you warn.

“might as well give up,” Sans chuckles on the stool next to you. “the only person she lets anywhere near her with makeup is a gay fish captain.”

You stifle a giggle at that. Well, that’s one way to describe Undyne.

“Okay… I give up. What do I even do here?” the lady sitting across from your bone boy hums dejectedly.

“can you do mine like this?”

You look over at his phone that he’s holding up. On the screen he’s googled up some pictures of painted skulls from the Day of the Dead holiday in Mexico. The lady squints at him, then at you, wearing a very critical ‘are you serious’ expression.

“Pfft,” you snicker, giving his shoulder a gentle nudge. “I think we’re in the wrong part of the year for that cutie - and the wrong country.”

“aww,” he slumps dejectedly, but follows it with a playful grin.

“Are you ready?”

You look up to see a new person standing over you, and nearly launch off the stool to greet her. “Yes,” you reply eagerly, happy to avoid the assault on your complexion by the frowning makeup artist. “Let’s get this show on the road.”

“Alright, now that I have the fundamentals out of the way, I would like to go over the details that your mother shared with us in her interview.”

Marie is very professional. It’s honestly a bit stifling.

“Okay,” you nod, feeling a little anxious. Both about the subject matter, and about the large studio cameras pointed at you and Sans. He gives your hand in his a gentle squeeze, and it helps you smile and relax just a tiny bit.

“Your mother said she was concerned because she heard you are currently unemployed, is that correct?” Marie asks calmly.

“Actually, uh…” you begin, looking over at Sans who is grinning like a hyena. “Thanks to this doofus, and some of my friends, my employment situation recently changed. I’m now working at the Embassy to all Monsters, as Queen Toriel’s assistant.” Although, so far all you’ve done is spent one morning helping Frisk clean their room, but should you say that? Naw, probably not.
“I see,” she hums thoughtfully, scratching some notes onto a pad of paper resting on her lap. “Toriel Dreemurr?” she asks to clarify. You nod, then there’s more notetaking. Why does she do that? Isn’t this recorded? “Alright, next question: Mrs. _____ also asserted you are currently homeless and living rough. Is that true?”

“Nope, I’ve been staying with Sans and his brother Papyrus in their apartment since the middle of May,” you reply.

“How did that come to happen?” she follows up, eyes fixed on her notepad.

“Well, I was living with my Aunt Deb downtown, but her boyfriend, uh, at the time, didn’t like that I hung out with monsters, so he threw me out. Sans took me in immediately,” you turn your head and smile at him. His cheekbones flush a faint sky blue for just a second at the attention.

More notepad scratching. “And is that when you started dating him?” she presses.

“Oh, no – we’d already been together a couple of months by that point.”

“I see,” she replies. More notes get jotted down. “Your mother also said in her interview that you are pregnant with Sans’ child. Is this accurate?”

Her lips are pressed together in a doubtful expression, as if she can’t believe she has to ask this. But she waits patiently for your reply.

You spare Sans a glance, then you sigh. The only parties that would actually be a threat to you and your baby already know your big secret. Is there any harm left in letting it out now?

“… Yes,” you cautiously confirm, rubbing a hand absently over your belly. “Sans and I have a bun in the oven.”

Her icy expression thaws a degree, as her eyebrows raise in surprise. “Really? How did that happen?”

“Uhh,” you stumble, looking over at your bone boy. The dark navy blue dusting his cheekbones and broad, goofy smile tells you that his mind went the same place yours did. “Pretty much the same way it happens for humans, I guess?” you answer awkwardly.

Marie fights off her own surprised blush, before shaking her head to clear it. “No, no, what I meant was; How is that possible? Monsters and humans are very different – there was significant documentation on their physiology released shortly after they surfaced, indicating that they aren’t biological like humans or even most life as we know it. How exactly do you get pregnant with a monster? How does that physically work?”

“… we don’t know.”

Sans is rubbing the back of his skull anxiously when you check on him, faintly cerulean sweat droplets beginning to dot his skull.

“to be honest, this is the first time anyone knows of this happening, so, we really don’t have enough information on it yet,” he continues. “i do want to find out, but there are a lot of questions we won’t be able to answer until our kid is born anyways. so, i’m happy to wait.”

You’re really glad Sans fielded the question for you, because you’re not sure where to even begin. Or how much information you can offer. Telling the media that your kid has crazy healing powers is way, way out though. The last thing you need is everyone with a severe illness breaking down your
door for a miracle cure.

“So, I take it the pregnancy was an accident?”

The hairs of your neck stand up in defiance of that, and you throw your arm around Sans’ shoulders protectively. “It was a surprise. And not an unwelcome one, at that.”

“I see,” she collects herself, then writes down some more notes.

The rest of the interview went okay, you think. It was just more clarifying questions on what you were taking in school and why you hadn’t talked to your mother in five years, but you handled those alright. She then went on to ask more about your new job, your living situation, and why you hadn’t left school if you were already making decent money, but Sans jumped in and said you were determined to finish against all sense, and you nearly had to strangle the little joker on camera. After it concluded, you asked what would become of your mother’s interview. She just smiled faintly and suggested that you and Sans had a way more interesting story to tell.

You’d decided to hit the bathroom to decompress, partly because you’d been talking for nearly two hours, and partly because you had to get to class in a few minutes. Exam day today. The last one for a while.

One good thing out of this, at the very least, was that Marie invited you to promote something you wanted to shine a spotlight on. You’d decided to tell her all about the monster meet & greet thing with Mettaton on Saturday, and added that you and Sans would be there to help out with his brother Papyrus, the Queen, and the ambassador Frisk.

As you leave, you see Sans leaning against the wall next to the door. “ready to go babe?”

“Yeah,” you sigh. “Hey… Do you think we did okay?”

“I think so,” he nods. ”can i let you in on a little secret?"

“Sure, why not?” you shrug.

“Marie’s soul is a little faded, but it’s yellow for justice,” he explains. “and justice doesn’t like to tell lies. whatever she does with the information, whether it’s to put us in a good light or bad, it’ll be the truth. and i think, or i hope, that anyone watching our interview tonight will get a more positive message out of it than the one your mom wanted to send.”

“That is reassuring,” you sigh, feeling relieved. “So coming here was a good thing.”

“babe,” he begins somberly. “uh… thank you.”

“For what?” you blink, confused.

“For not telling them that i ran away,” he slumps.

“C’mere,” you say, holding your arms out for him.

He takes a step towards you and you wrap your arms around him tightly, kissing his warm ivory forehead comfortingly. He relaxes in your embrace as his hands find their way to grip your shirt at your waist.
“I’m not going to lie and say that it didn’t suck while you were gone, but, I understand why you did it, okay? We were both really surprised that day at the lab,” you coo, resting your cheek against the top of his head. “I’m not mad at you. I was never mad at you. If anything, I just missed you, a whole hell of a lot. And, you’re back now, and you’re ready to start this family with me together, and I think that’s way more important and shows more character than what you did back then.”

“i’m sorry,” he mumbles into your collarbone.

“I already forgave you a long time ago,” you reassure, stroking a thumb against his shoulder blade. “Now, c’mon, let’s grab a quick lunch on the way to my school, okay?”

He lifts his head to look up at you with an adoring smile, corners of his sockets misty. “okay,” he agrees. “i love you,” he adds.

“I love you too, Sans,” you grin, wiping your thumbs at his sockets. “Let’s go.”

Chapter End Notes

Disclaimer: My source for anything related to interviews and journalism hasn't done anything related to it in a nearly a decade :P

Now to get the Gaster Timeline chapter done D: It's 90% there I'm just tripping over narration.
“Oh my god you guys are soo cute together! Can I get a photo with you?”

“Sure I guess. Sans you good with that?”

“sure babe.”

“How do you guys do it?”

“… How old are you?”

“Fourteen?”

“Ask your parents.”

“Is his brother single?”

“no, his brother is dating mettaton.”

“Awww!”

“Is he better at it than a human guy?”

“He’s the best I’ve ever had.”

“How do you make his cheeks glow blue like that? It’s soo adorable!”

“Embarrass him. Or kiss him, either way.”

“hey no fair.”

“What’s your baby going to look like?”

“Cute as all hell, I’m sure.”

“Doesn’t doing a skeleton count as necrophilia?”

“i’m not dead, jerk. and watch it, there are little kids here.”

"If he doesn't have a dick, does he use one of his arm bones or something?"

“Okay, that’s enough of the sex questions.”

"If two astronauts were on the moon and one murdered the other one with a rock, would that be fucked up or what?"

“… What??”

Holy. Shit.

You probably should’ve tuned in to the six o’clock news last night. Maybe doing so would have
shed some light on your current situation. Because, as of right now? You are so overwhelmed and confused.

The Monster Meet & Greet at MTT Aboveground Resort was going off way better than you ever expected. What you didn’t anticipate – and honestly, you probably should have - was that a lot of people would come here to see you.

Mettaton, instead of posing with fans for photo opportunities and the like, has been running damage control the entire time. A ton of news reporters apparently showed up at the start, and he started turning them away as soon as their questions got too invasive for you. After that, you had retreated back inside only to be swarmed by fangirls – yes, you have fangirls now – asking a million of their own less invasive, more playful questions, about your relationship with Sans. Some of your new fans were a little more aggressive in their fan girling, but those ones were discreetly redirected by Toriel for a chat.

In fact, things were so crazy that you didn’t even realize your mother tried to show up until after Papyrus popped up to tell you that she was immediately turned away by security. It’s nice to know your friends have your back.

If you’d known that you would be in nearly every single photo taken today, you might’ve worn something a tad more presentable than Ninja Turtles pajama pants and a loose fit tank top. Hell, if it weren’t for the “Bone Daddy” that Papyrus had written for Sans on the front of his white T-shirt in sharpie, he might actually have looked slightly more dressed up than usual with his blue jeans and sneakers. There were a ton of pictures people asked for of you two together, cuddling, kissing, etcetera, and while your bone boy was rather shy in the onslaught of humans, he seemed happy for the attention in spite of it. He did sneak away a few times to get you a drink of water or something though, just to clear his head, but you can’t find the energy to blame him for wanting a breather.

All things considered, for a first event it went over really rather well. You’re just not sure you have the energy for doing this again any time soon.

But it’s your job now, so you try to stay determined as you start picking away at the mess left on the buffet table.

“Oh darling, don’t fret over that,” your metal friend coos in your ear. His warm hands gently grip your shoulders and guide you away. “I will have the staff tidy up, not to worry. You look absolutely exhausted. Please, take a seat and let me get you something to eat.”

“I can’t,” you refuse. “This mess is my responsibility too, since I threw my party at your resort-“

He tsks at you and suddenly long metal noodle arms are gripping your shoulders, gently encouraging you to step backwards into a chair. “Sit,” he commands elegantly.

“But, Metts-“

“Sit, darling. Take a load off already, you’ve earned it!”

He chuckles as you begrudgingly grip the chair to sit down on. “Uhh hey, sorry I stole the limelight from you today. I definitely underestimated, uh, a few things,” you apologize.

“It was a refreshing change of pace, actually!” he reassures you. “And I had plenty of photo opportunities with fans in spite of your newfound popularity.”

Large enrobed arms encircle you suddenly from behind causing you to squeak in surprise, a fuzzy monarch giving you a hug. Toriel giggles happily from behind you.
“Well done, _____!” she congratulates you warmly. “This event has been quite successful! Oh, I am so happy to have you working with us,” she coos.

“Not a lot of people asked about monsters, in hindsight,” you realize. “Well, unless asking about my sex life counts.”

“That is quite alright,” she reassures you, releasing you to circle around your seat to face you. “We still had a significant human turnout, and received several donations for the embassy!”

“That’s awesome,” you grin. Score one for the good guys.

“I cannot wait to see what you have in store for the next one!”

“I’m not sure how long it’ll take me to recover from this one,” you groan. “But, I might have a couple of ideas.”

“What made you want to do an interview with the news, if I might ask?” she asks curiously.

“Uh… Well,” you start nervously. “My mother actually beat me to it, so uh, it was either set the record straight, or let her trash me to the media.”

Her furry eyebrows furrow suspiciously at that. “Why would she do such a thing?? Also, you have never mentioned a mother before now. I had assumed your parents were deceased?”

If only, you think flippantly, and then cringe at yourself for having the thought. Wanting them dead is a step too far, you think. “It’s a long story, Toriel,” you sigh.

“But, I do not understand-“

“hey tori,” Sans interrupts. “_____’s had a long day, maybe cut her a break?” You look over at him and throw him a thankful grin.

Toriel’s still confused, though. “Is there some issue with your parents?” she presses.

“it’s a difficult topic for _____, look, can i call you about it later? if that’s alright with you, babe,” he deflects.

“That’s fine, Sans, thank you,” you smile.

“come on _____, i’m taking you to dinner,” he says, holding out a hand. You reach for it with one of your own.

“NOT SO FAST!!”

The door behind you suddenly slams against the wall and pops off its hinges. You startle and turn in your seat, looking over at Undyne who has just arrived, carrying a large brown box in one hand. Her serrated grin sends menacing chills up and down your spine.

“Wait,” you realize. “Are those the invitations??”

She holds up the box above her head in both hands. “NGAAAAHHH! YOU BET, NERD! I HAVE A HUNDRED AND FIFTY PUNY PAPER ENVELOPES TO WRITE ON, AND I’M NOT DOING IT ALONE! _____, YOU’RE COMING WITH ME! FUHUHUHAHAHAHA!!”

Chapter End Notes
For best results, queue up Spear of Justice when Undyne says "NOT SO FAST!" XD

[Edit] Also I keep forgetting to plug this WHOOPSIE: Patreon [Edit the 2nd] Hyperlink removed in order to be more compliant with AO3's ToS.
“Undyne, the invitations are already printed, and there’s no time left to order new ones. You literally CAN’T change the writing on them!”

“But I have something that’d be at LEAST TEN TIMES MORE AWESOME TO SAY NOW!”

“Undyne,” you plead, putting your hand on your best friend’s arm to gently restrain her. “We are four weeks away from your wedding. Invitations take three to come in. Mail can take up to a week to come back. That math just doesn’t work out if you want to give catering the final numbers on time!”

“NGGHHHH.”

“Undyne.”

“Well, can I at least change them a bit?” She goes to scribble on one of the fancy invitations with her pen.

You gasp and grip her arm. “Undyne, no!”

“AGHHH!” she rasps loudly.

Your hand drops as she raises her arm and throws the pen across the room. It spears itself into the drywall of the far wall, and you gape briefly at that. Well, they can probably patch it, maybe their landlord wouldn’t even notice.

“Nggh… FFFFFINE. I’ll accept defeat this time, nerd.” Her shoulders sag in a sigh.

“Sorry, Undyne,” you apologize. “If I had known you’d want to change them, then maybe we should’ve ordered them earlier.”

She huffs as she drops into the folding chair again. You reach for another pen from the pile on the small folding table in their kitchen to offer her, and she grunts as she accepts it.

“It’s whatever, punk,” she hums, the wrathful fish seemingly better from the catharsis of shouting and weaponizing her previous writing implement. “Actually, I figured I’d have trouble with this anyway. I can never get my words right the first time,” she chuckles.

“Well now you tell me,” you scoff playfully.

“Heh. Sorry nerd.”

“It’s alright,” you smile. “Now, how about we get these names and addresses onto all of these tiny fancy envelopes?”

She nods enthusiastically. “Sounds like a plan!”

“My god, why’d you have to invite so many people!?”

After crossing off another name on the guest list with no end, you set down the pen so you can flex
your cramped fingers and rotate your wrist. Early on you each recognized that Undyne had much neater handwriting than you do, so you traded jobs so that she’s addressing them and you’re stuffing them and applying the postage stamps. Together you’re knocking through them with the efficiency of an assembly line, but it still feels like a task with no end.

“I’m only planning on getting married once, you know. Figured I’d grab everyone I could for the party,” she explains mirthfully.

“Well, I guess I’m just glad the hall you booked is big enough for over three hundred then.”

“Hey, did you ever talk to Muffet about the cake?”

“Oh right, I went yesterday right after class. She said it was no problem for Shaun.”

“Awesome! Wait,” she blinks her one visible eye. “Who’s Shaun?”

“He’s a guy from my class I hooked up with a job at Muffet’s bakery.”

“She hired a human?”

“Oh yeah,” you grin proudly. “In fact, I noticed they were all smiles and flirty with each other when I was there.”

“HAH, I never would’ve guessed she’d get a human in her web!” Undyne chortles lewdly.

You pull your hands up over your face and wheeze uncomfortably. “Oh, my god. I think that mental image just did a number on me.”

Your phone pings with a new text message. Setting down the latest envelope you’ve been handed, you fish your cell out of the pocket of your pajama pants and check it.

You smile. It’s Sans.

* hey babe, just got off the phone with toriel.

* Oh? How did that go? you text.

* i think she gets it now. she seemed personally offended that someone’s mom could act like that.

* I feel a little embarrassed that my parental baggage is out to so many people now. Now including my new boss.

* naw don’t be. in fact she asked if she could adopt you.

You chortle uncomfortably at that. * Oh my god LOL! I don’t think I could do that!

* hey now, give it some thought babe. after all, if you join the royal family maybe then i won’t have to pay any taxes :D

* You’re not getting out of your dues that easily sweetie, you smirk.

* damnit, he replies.

* Lol. Hey It seems I’m going to be here late, would you mind if I asked you to make dinner?
* no prob. i'll also get laundry started.

* Are you going to bleach the ink out of that new shirt of yours?

* and offend papyrus? no way. besides, that’s my new favourite shirt.

* Sans…

* i’m gunna wear it everywhere.

* Sans no!

* sans absolutely.

You startle slightly as a webbed hand with finely manicured nails taps your arm. “Hey nerd, you’re falling behind.”

“Oops! Sorry Undyne,” you apologize, rushing to grab at the stack of addressed envelopes and the guest list. Where were you, anyway?

A stinging sensation registers in the tip of your finger. You hiss in pain as you withdraw your hand. A papercut. Isn’t that just your luck.

“You alright, _____?” your fishy best friend asks.

“Fine. It’s fine, I just got a small cut on my finger,” you dismiss. After all, the painful stinging sensation is going away quickly. It seems like your kid is already on the case.

“I can heal you, you know,” she suggests, sounding amused. She abruptly takes your hand in hers and looks it over. “Which finger was it?”

You shake your head in protest. “Undyne, really, it’s okay.“

Her eye widens in surprise as she grips your hand a degree tighter. “What?” she gapes, bringing her fingers up to her eyepatch. Wait, what’s wrong with her?

“Undyne, are you alright?” you ask, suddenly concerned.

After a confused moment, she tears the worn leather patch away from her face. She squeezes her eyelids tight for a second, then she opens both of them. You gasp. In the previously hidden and normally empty left socket, is a second slitted yellow eye.

Chapter End Notes

... Oops. Got to admit, one of the reasons why the baby has healing magic is because I always wanted to regrow Undyne’s missing eye.

This chapter in the Gaster Timeline Yes we're parallel again! Just for a couple chapters though.
“I can’t believe you grew Undyne’s eye back!”

You shrug meekly at ambassador Frisk as Sans helps them with their bags. “It wasn’t me, it was my baby. Their healing magic seems to trigger anytime I’m in pain. So, when I got a papercut on my finger, my baby reacted, and Undyne just happened to grab me at the right time to catch some of it too.”

“yeah, it was a real eye opener,” Sans comments with an obvious twinkle in his eye. You nudge him playfully as he cackles at his own joke.

“How did she react?”

“She was mostly shocked first, annoyed second. But then, when Alphys saw her having trouble focusing and took her to the eye doctors, I think she got excited about getting her own pair of glasses.”

“Can you guys take a picture for me when she gets them?” they grin.

“it’ll be a sight to see, for sure,” your boyfriend nods.

“Sans!” you burst out laughing.

Toriel strides up and places a furry paw on the tiny child’s shoulder. “Frisk, we must go through security now.”

You kneel and pull Frisk into your arms in a warm embrace. “Have lots of fun at Disney, okay? I want you to tell me all about it when you get back,” you tell them. “Ride all the roller coasters for me!”

“Will do!” they say excitedly in your ear, pulling away as they bounce giddily and pat your shoulders with both hands.

Sans opens his arms for the kid next, and they bounce into him, wrapping their tiny arms tight around his ribs. “try not to cause too much trouble for your parents, kiddo,” he says, rustling their messy hair.

Frisk pulls away and signs something too quick for you to catch it.

“hey now, watch your language,” he chuckles, winking. Frisk scoffs when they realize the pun, but giggles nonetheless.

You take the queen’s offered paw in both of your hands, shaking it with a smile.

“I am very glad to discover that your child’s ability is healing,” she beams at you. “Although I am a little surprised you did not share such wonderful news with us much sooner.”

“Well, I wasn’t trying to keep it a secret exactly,” you admit bashfully. “I’m just, uh, trying to be cautious, I guess.”
Her fur around her snout crinkles at that, confused. “Cautious?”

“Thereir healing ability is great and all, but, what do you think would happen if word got out?” you relate. “I mean, people would probably come from all over looking for a quick fix for their diseases or to grow back missing limbs. I’m… I’m just not sure what kind of life my child’s going to have as a result of what would otherwise be a good thing, you know? I worry that people are going to take advantage of them, or treat them badly, like they’re a thing that’s the solution to all of their problems. My kid doesn’t deserve to get used like that.”

“You are very wise to consider the long-term ramifications of your child’s power,” the queen praises you. “But, I would not worry so much in the company of monsters.”

“I know,” you shuffle in place awkwardly. “Thanks, Tori.” If there’s one group of people you can trust with knowledge of your kid’s ability, it’s definitely your friends. Sans subtly slides his phalanges between yours, his warm ceramic fingers at home interlaced with your fleshy ones.

“Thank you for looking after the embassy while we are gone,” she smiles gently.

Oh, right. You work for Toriel now. You anxiously rub the back of your neck. “I’m really not sure I should be holding the fort so soon. I mean, you only just hired me, Your Majesty.”

Toriel laughs lightly at your anxious expression. “Do not fret, my dear! Sophia will still be greeting guests and answering the phone. All I ask is that you continue working on your research into attaining rights for our people.”

“Well… I’ll do my best,” you offer.

The queen smiles warmly at you. “That is all I require. You will do well, I am certain of it.”

Sans grins up at you, squeezing your hand in comfort. You nudge him as he chuckles.

“Toriel, Frisk, there you are.”

You look up at the furry lion-goat King as he approaches, water bottles and sandwiches in his large fuzzy mitts. “Asgore, what is all this?” Toriel asks, eyeing his prizes. Frisk brings both of their fists to their mouth, stifling a giggle.

“I thought it would be best to gather some food for the plane,” he beams proudly.

“Asgore…” Toriel sighs. “We have not been through security yet. They are just going to confiscate it all.”

He blinks at that, then his jovial expression drops to a sullen one. “Oh… Right.”

Barely able to restrain a laugh yourself, you hold out your hand invitingly. “Here, Asgore. We’ll take them off your hands and you can try again when you’re at the gate. I’m sure I can get Sans to eat them,” you offer.

“yeah, give ‘em here your highness,” your bone boy agrees.

The King seems to perk up at your suggestion, easily handing them over to Sans’ outstretched arms. He comically shifts his weight under the load, sweat beading across his skull from the apparently herculean effort. It’s just three sandwiches and water bottles.

“Are you okay sweetie?”
“totally fine! i got this.”

“All right, I’d better not keep you guys any longer. The faster you get to security the faster you’ll get through it,” you say.

“Farewell, _____!” Toriel and Asgore wave, then the queen places a hand on Frisk’s back to direct them when they don’t stop waving.

“Take lots of pictures!” you cheerily call out after them.

Frisk turns their head ever so briefly to give you a thumbs up.

As you finish sending off the royal family, you turn to Sans and snort a laugh. “You know, you could just teleport those directly into our fridge at home.”

“i could,” he beams up at you, the items vanishing from thin air as he slides his hands in his pockets. “but then i wouldn’t have gotten to see that cute scrunchy look on your face.”

“Pfft. Dork.”

Chapter End Notes

Ahahaha, yeah. This is really just the Core timeline version of this chapter of Gaster Timeline, posted like forever ago, but yesterday and today I found some reasons for Sans to be here. Namely, puns.

I'm sorry it's been forever D: I wanted to get ahead on Gaster Timeline because of plot developing there, while this side of things doesn't actually have a whole lot going on right now. So this kind of went on a mini-hiatus for a bit that I failed to announce anywhere but Tumblr (And even there, I was kind of vague about it).

BUT! I have a solution for while I'm catching up on Gaster Timeline: How about some Flowey and Frisk exposition in the interim? Frisk is enjoying Disney with their family, and Flowey stops by for a conversation. I'm not sure it'll span five chapters, but once it's done we can jump right into Alphyne pre-wedding shenanigans :P Sound fair?
“Un-Undyne, check this out!”

Undyne turns away from the pot of boiling spaghetti noodles to see what her adorable little fiancée is holding out for her. It’s a stack of papers, with black printed text covering them, and there’s a thick staple holding it together. It looks to be over a hundred pages or so.

“A new fanfic?” the mermaid asks, accepting it from her. “You know babe, this is a lot of paper, sweetie.”

“It’s double-sided, I’m not wasteful,” Alph complains. “A-and this way, I won’t bother you with the light from my phone while I’m reading it in bed.”

“What’s it about?”

“A-actually, it takes place in an alternate universe that’s based on our own,” she beams, thick golden tail swishing side to side. “One where all the monsters are actually more violent.”

“Oh, really?”

Undyne accepts the stapled papers from her favourite nerd, checking out the tags

“Hey, this is a reader insert!” she highlights, squinting at her lizard love through her new spectacles. “You hate reader inserts!”

Alphys snorts. “I loathe reader inserts. If you’re going to put a bunch of canon characters in a story, at least focus the story on the further development OF those characters. I MEAN, IFYOU’REGOINGTOWRITEAFANFICATALLATLEASTMAKETHEPURPOSEOFTHEFICDEVEL

She’s ranting again. Undyne grips her shoulder and gives her a gentle squeeze, which makes her jump and fluster, golden scales blossoming into a cute pink blush.

“Slow down there, babe. Can I ask you something about this one?”

“U-uh, s-sure?”

“Was it the number of shipping tags with the Reader OC that got your attention?”

She blushes even harder. Undyne wasn’t sure it was even possible for her to go completely cherry red.

“Let’s see: Sans, Mettaton, GRILLBY now I’d LOVE to see that, and Gaster. Wait,” she squints. “Who the fuck is Gaster?”

“I don’t know, but in this story he’s Sans and Papyrus’ dad.”

“Must be some sort of OC to explain those two weirdoes. I’ve never met anyone completely without parents before - Even I had a dad.”

“Y-yeah.”

“Th-there is, b-but it got a little too meta for me, so I stopped reading it.”

“I see,” she concedes.

Well, if Alphys endorses a reader-insert, then why the hell not?

“HOOOLLLL FUUCK I’ve NEVER thought of that FLAMING DORK as SEXY before!”

Undyne is completely enraptured by the new fic. Alphys wiggles excitedly under the sheets of the bed next to her.

“I thought you might like it,” she giggles.

“IT’S LIKE, WHAAAT? HE’S SUCH A MASSIVE DICKHOLE WITH THAT BET THING, BUT, then, he’s like, SUPER FUCKIN’ HOTTT?! HOLYSHIT I might even go straight for him. DAMN!”

“Oh-huh.”

“And then, this fucking edgy motherfucker named Sans? Like, our dorky puny friend Sans? But, like twice the height and teeth? He’s like, a total fucking sweetie underneath all that edgy shit.”

“Yup.”

“And Gaster is like, this super fucking EVIL guy, but he’s also TOTALLY FUCKING DOMESTIC AND ADORABLE when they’re alone together.”

“That’s his entire charm,” Alph nods sagely.

“And then, what the fuck is Mettaton’s problem kissing her like that? That feels so contrived.”

“I think even the writer admitted that wasn’t well executed.”

“Well, holy damn, I think I’m hooked. I can’t wait to see what happens next with the Grillbae. Or for Sans to fucking dust these two douchebag assholes, Derrick and Drew. It makes me want to fight for her too, y’know?”

“I knew you’d like it.” Alphys rolls towards her and smooches the side of her face, lips warm against her teal scales.

“Happy April first, my lovely fish wife.”

“April first?” Undyne blinks. “Oh. SHIT. Then, none of this was canon, was it?”

Alph shakes her head, smiling. “We can’t really talk about other stories based off of our own without totally destroying our credibility. Also I think the universe might implode or something. I’ve run some tests.”

“I get it. It’s just weird to think about.”

“Well,” the lizard grins, throwing Undyne a sweltering look. “Think that last scene with the Grillbae’s got you fired up?”
Undyne throws the stapled together print-offs somewhere far away from her, rolling on top of Alphys and kissing her strongly. She loves how she squirms beneath her and how it leaves her gasping.

“You know it, nerd,” she grins sharply.

Chapter End Notes

Ehehehehe. This one was probably the least amazing of the three (at least to my mind), but I still love it anyway.

Happy April's Fool! Canon chapter to go up for noon in my timezone (a good twelve hours from now). Until then, here's a this :)

The Royal Family Part 1: The Pool.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for your epic responses to my little joke, I’m glad it was mostly well-received. Here’s the real chapter now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“There are so many lizards here!”

Frisk giggles as they run ahead of Toriel and Asgore on the sidewalk, chasing the tiny geckos as they disappear into well-manicured shrubs and gardens. They stumble a bit and fall to the ground, narrowly missing catching one in their greedy palms. There’s a soft thud sound behind them, then Toriel’s warm paw is on their back. She must have dropped her souvenir bag in a panic.

“My child, are you alright?!” their adoptive mother frets.

Frisk moves to sit on the pavement, holding a hand over their knee. “I totally meant to do that,” they claim indignant, with a sassy smile on their little face.

The queen chuckles softly at Frisk’s quick wit. “Please allow me to heal you,” she says, before gently attempting to move Frisk’s hand away.

“Uh, mom,” they struggle, shaking their head. “Not here, okay? Upstairs,” they offer, nodding up towards the resort building where they have a room on the third floor.

“Is Frisk alright?” they hear Asgore’s deep voice behind them.

They turn at the waist to answer him. “It’s just a scrape, I can still walk.”

“If you are sure,” he nods. “However, if you are not, I believe my shoulders are available,” he grins meekly.

Frisk snickers at that. “Maybe another time, dad.”

The Royal Family heads upstairs to their resort room to unload their things. Frisk sits on the end of one of the beds in their parent’s separate room, swinging their good leg impatiently as Toriel disinfects, then heals, the scrape on their bad one. The skin looks rough and it’s still a little sore to the touch, but it’s almost good as new.

“Can I go in the pool before dinner?” they ask brightly.

“Perhaps. I think Asgore and I would like to rest for a bit first.”

“You can watch me from the balcony, you know, since we’re right by the pool,” they protest. “You don’t even have to get your fur all wet if you don’t want to.”

Toriel carefully considers this, and then she sighs and pats the ambassador’s messy locks. “Very well, then. Get changed and wait for me to finish the tea. I will be on the balcony for you in just a moment or two.”
“Okay!”

They grab their goatmom’s face and smooch their snout, quickly skittering out of the room to the sound of Toriel’s soft laughter. Through the kitchen and main area of the lavish resort accommodations was another bedroom, with its own bathroom, vanity, and giant fluffy bed. Frisk takes a moment to jump and land into the bedspread, smiling into the soft covers, before scrambling over to their suitcase for their swimsuit.

It’s a two piece, and even though it’s a boy colour it’s still tellingly girly, but Toriel would not allow them to get a pair of swim trunks like they wanted. It’s not like they even have anything to cover up top yet, and boys go shirtless in the pool all the time! Sighing to themselves in resignation, they tear out of their clothes and put it on, then slide their feet into the gel sandals they bought yesterday from the tourist shop. That one they can justify to themselves a bit better – Sure they’re sandals, but they’re orange, not pink. Totally not girly.

Once re-dressed into their swim suit and sandals, they march into the main room where Toriel is sitting with Asgore and throw their arms out for inspection.

“I am pleased you wore the top without complaint this time, my child,” Toriel teases.

“Can I go to the pool now?” they ask.

“May I,” she gently corrects.

Tiny hands clasp in front of them in a pleading gesture. “May I go to the pool now, pleeeeease?”

Toriel nods, smiling. “Alright. We will have the balcony door open. Should you need anything, call out for us, alright?”

“Okay!” they cheer victoriously.

The ambassador rips open the door out of the suite and barrels downstairs to the pool.

After a moment, Asgore nudges Toriel, who has taken on a faraway expression.

“… Do they remind you of Chara, my love?” his baritone voice questions softly.

“Oh!” the queen startles, taking his paw in her own. “No, I was just thinking… Well, I suppose of Chara, but of Asriel, as well.”

“May I know your thoughts, Tori?”

She sighs, releasing his paw to tug on her long ears with both of hers. “I suppose the comparison to Chara is obvious, though Frisk is, honestly, far more well-behaved. Remember when she pulled that stunt with the mistletoe and Sans?”

He chuckles at that. “How could I forget?”

“I was merely thinking… Well, of a number of things. First was how spirited Frisk is when compared to our son. He was always a shy boy, after all, I…”

Asgore quickly wraps his large arms around his queen, rubbing her shoulder comfortably. “Tori, please do not cry.”

She pats her face with her furry mitts, as if trying to dam the flow of tears. “Did we do something wrong, Gorey?”
“So… Warm…”

Frisk casually floats along the surface of the water, feeling as if they’re on a cloud. Pools in Florida are at least a hundred times better than in Canada. It’s a hot and humid day but overcast, with grey clouds in the late afternoon sky promising rain and thunder later tonight.

It’s so nice here. It’s like a dream.

“What the heck are you doing here?”

Frisk panics slightly, but manages to wade over to the side of the pool where the familiar voice came from. They almost floated off into the deep end, and despite some lessons with Undyne they weren’t quite ready for that yet. Especially after the second time the mermaid picked them up and threw them in with no warning. Swimming is still a work in progress.

They look for the familiar voice, and when their eyes land on the speaker they gasp.

It’s Flowey.

Chapter End Notes

Frisk and Flowey interlude: START.

Also, did you know that according to Word the entire Underfell NYD story is about 234 pages long? That's many words. Wow.
A new Save has been created.

“Hey Flowey!” Frisk cheers, reaching a dripping hand out towards the plant.

He’s popped up underneath one of the lounge chairs set up along two sides of the spacious pool. Clearly he doesn’t want to be seen by anyone. Flowey hisses and bites the air just in front of the extended fingers, while Frisk pulls away, giggling at his antics.

“I see you’re talking now,” the yellow flower snarls. “What changed?”

Frisk looks away apprehensively from the small flower. “I’m just trying it out.”

“And?”

“So far so good!” they smile broadly.

Flowey scoffs. “That’s a lie,” he accuses.

The human child looks away sadly. “Okay… So, maybe I’ve been making Saves before opening my mouth lately, just in case anything bad happens. It’s still a work in progress,” they admit.

“How many do you have now?”

“Three!” they cheer.

“Been using it a lot then, hmm?” the flower smirks.

The ambassador frowns. “Well, I’ve-“

“Hey,” he interrupts. “Where are Toriel and Asgore right now?”

Frisk looks up towards the balcony. The sliding door is open, but they haven’t come out yet. “Looks like they’re upstairs still. They’re probably smooching or something. Parents do that a lot,” they shrug.

“Eugh,” Flowey winces in mild disgust. “Are they coming down?”

The human child shakes their head. “I told them they didn’t have to.”

“Good, because I have something I wanted to talk to you about. Look, can you get out of that oversized puddle for a minute?”

Frisk looks down at the pool’s edge where they have their arms folded for support, thinks for a moment, and then grins and shakes their head no. “It’s too nice in here. If it weren’t for the chlorine I’d tell you to join me!”

“Ugh,” he groans.

“What did you want to tell me?”
Flowey looks away to one side, bending at the stem as he mentally slogs through putting the words together. Finally, he straightens and sighs.

“Look – You know how Sans holed up in the Underground for a couple weeks or so?”

“Oh, right. _____ was really sad. Hey, have you met her? She’s really nice! If a little bit crazy.”

“… Unfortunately,” he grumbles. “Not the point. Anyways, while he was down there, I caught him working on something.”

Flowey does his best to describe the crazy machine, while Frisk listens patiently, kicking their legs out in the pool behind them. It sounds too strange and complicated for Frisk to make any sense of it from its description, but they calmly wait and listen to Flowey’s explanation. At one point another family walks by, and he pauses mid-sentence to watch them, hoping he’s not noticed. Fortunately, they don’t even turn their heads.

“It sounds complicated,” Frisk admits with a frown.

“Well, I’ve managed to figure out what it does,” the flower announces proudly. “Have you ever wondered what happens to the timeline when you load a Save?”

“Every single time,” the child says somberly.

“Well, it turns out you don’t need to, because each of our changes remain in the same timeline.”

Now Frisk’s eyes go as wide as saucers. “You mean-?!”

The flower nods. “You aren’t creating branching timelines when you Load. This is the only one we’ve affected.”

At this, the tiny ambassador climbs out of the pool to sit down on the pavement, needing solid ground as they work through this. So everyone they killed in their first run through Underground, and in the second-last one when they got curious about what would happen, aren’t still dead somewhere. Everyone Frisk has loaded a Save to, well, save, isn’t dead in another offshoot timeline after they Loaded.

Monsters aren’t dead. People aren’t dead. Mistakes were erased as intended and everybody is fine. Everyone was truly Saved.

They bury their face in their little hands and cry, overwhelmed by this new reveal. Flowey looks past them and sighs, clearly perturbed, but does nothing to either console or chastise them for the outburst. He just waits until they’re finished.

“Th-thank you, Flowey. Thank you for telling me,” they mumble through blubbery sobs.

“Tch. Whatever.”

They two sit by the pool as Frisk slowly begins to calm down, the tears gradually replaced with a broad, warm smile. Finally, a new question pops into their mind.

“Why did you want to know something like that?”

“Huh?” the flower feigns ignorance.

“How come you found that out to tell me?” the ambassador tries to clarify. “That doesn’t seem like the kind of thing you would just do for someone else.”
Flowey rolls his tiny brown eyes and looks away. “That’s *not* what I was interested in. It was just a side-effect.”

Frisk gasps delightedly. “You *care*!”

“Wipe that stupid smile off of your face, *idiot.*”

“What were you trying to find out then?” they continue curiously.

“That’s *none* of your *business!*” the flower hisses.

“Was it something about your parents?”

The look they give him is one of gentle concern, and he scowls his disgust. They reach a hand out towards him, but he disappears into the ground first and reappears only a little further away.

“Sh-shut up,” he mumbles.

“… Okay,” the human child relents. “But let me know when you’re ready to confront them, alright? I’ll be there for you, Flowey.”

“And what if I’m *never* ready?” he groans.

It’s a question that they know has been on his mind for a long time. Flowey is Asriel – Frisk discovered that in their very last journey through Underground, when he took the souls and became himself for a while again. But, only they seem to remember Asriel coming back from the dead, talking about erasing the world and resetting it back to zero. Only Frisk remembers it, everything that happened, everything he said… Even the delayed sorrow over not only losing himself, but his sister Chara, who meant the *world* to him. He’d even called Frisk by her name over and over, as if trying to relive the past. But Frisk wasn’t Chara, isn’t Chara, and will never be Chara for him. Once he had spent the last of his borrowed Determination, he realized that and broke down. Frisk held him for as long as he’d let them.

“It’s okay if you’re never ready. It’s your decision,” they answer warmly.

Under the shadow of a deck chair, a small yellow flower softly mutters “… Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes

AHH MA *GAWD* I haven’t updated this in over a month. It feels like *way* longer actually. April 1st was the last update, so it’s been a month and a half but feels like three.

I’m sorry for the extreme delay - I really do want to finish this story, and there really is some pretty cool stuff around the corner. But I started this arc to be sort of an interlude while I worked on Gaster Timeline, and then I promptly forgot everything I had planned for it. And didn’t make any notes. Well, *shit.*

I might do one more chapter with Tori & Asgore or something, but then I'm killing this arc and getting back to Sans and Reader. Reader's been busy the week they've been away :(
“Do you remember the run before last?”

Frisk lays down on the concrete by the pool on their stomach, folding their arms in front of them to bury their face in. They make a quick motion of a nod against their arms, face entirely concealed so that Asriel can’t see their expression.

“… Why did you do it, anyways?” he asks.

They mumble something in response. Asriel pokes them with a feathery root to stir them.

“I can’t hear you when you press your face to the ground like that, idiot,” he snorts, unimpressed.

“I was MAD, okay?”

Their head has lifted up, brown eyes conveying two emotions simultaneously – anger, and a bottomless well of sorrow and regret. Deciding their new position is kind of uncomfortable, they decide to sit back up properly, legs crossed in front of them.

Asriel continues looking at them with a skeptical expression that silently prods them to continue.

Frisk looks down at their lap. “I really liked Toriel, and then when I got to Snowdin Papyrus was really kind to me. We fought, but he never… He just brought me to his shed. Sans made me laugh,” they snicker. “But… Waterfall was a different story.”

“How so?”

They lift their hands and ball them into fists in front of them, seemingly remembering how angry they were when they got there. “Undyne was the first person who genuinely tried to kill me. And she did. She killed me so many times. It hurt so badly every time, I just…”

They drop their hands again.

“I didn’t really believe Toriel until then,” they continue. “I thought that when she said the other human kids died, that she was just trying to scare me into staying. It made sense at the time. I had already fought a bunch of monsters in the Ruins, so I thought she was just being worried for me. But…” they sigh. “Undyne proved that wrong. Undyne proved that… That monsters really kill kids, and that they really killed the other six.”

They climb to their feet and take a stance, incensed by the thought of dying to Undyne over and over. “Who does that!?” they shout angrily. “Who kills a bunch of defenseless kids!?”

Asriel rolls his beady brown eyes. “I think we both know the answer to that,” he points out dryly.

“I know,” the ambassador frowns. “I just wish it wasn’t… That it wasn’t true.” They sit down on the pavement once again. “I always expected to run into them somewhere along the way. I kept finding their stuff – the boxing glove, that orange ribbon, the apron – I thought they were still around living among the monsters happily. That maybe I could do the same thing.”

Now the prince is confused. “Then why didn’t you stay with Toriel?”
“I don’t know,” they admit. “I just didn’t see myself staying there for very long. I wanted to see more monsters, I wanted to explore. I guess my curiosity got the better of me.”

“… When you were killing everyone, I really thought for a while that Chara had come back, somehow.”

Frisk’s eyes snap up to meet Asriel’s just as he glances away. “Tch. It was a stupid hope,” he adds morosely.

“What did I do that made you think of Chara?”

“It was your anger,” he points out. “She was always very… Very upset with the world. She didn’t like rules, she didn’t like taking orders or cleaning her room or things like that. She just wanted to do what she wanted to do, and if she couldn’t get her way, she would lash out.”

“She sounds really mean.”

Asriel scowls up at the human child. “She was so cool,” he retorts, beaming uncharacteristically.

“Chara knew everything. She knew all the coolest places to hang out, how to sneak out at night, could find all the best stuff in the dump in Waterfall. She was cool because she made her own rules, and she showed me that I didn’t always have to be the perfect kid, the perfect Prince. She showed me how to have fun. I didn’t…”

Frisk watches him intently, waiting for him to continue.


“No, I really want to know!” they plead.

He purses his tiny floral lips for a moment, then relents. “… I didn’t really… I was so alone before Chara fell.”

There were so many mistakes between them that they wish they could take back.

Asgore holds Toriel from her side, a strong arm wrapped around her shoulders.

He has no idea how to answer her question.

“My love,” his deep voice says softly. “Your tea is getting cold.”

“I do not care about the tea, Asgore,” she bites back, raising her arm to get him off of her, to cut off his attempt at comfort. “I want to know why I am such a miserable parent to all of my children.”

“Tori…”

“Never in our long history has there been such a failure of a parent as I,” she bemoans. “Bobby, Alice, Patricia, Erica, Nathaniel, Courtney… Chara, and borne from my own dust, Asriel… How is it that I have failed so many children in my life? What have I been doing wrong?” she demands bitterly.

When her brown eyes meet his, they lack the warmth that they normally convey, and the King knows that there is little he can say to assuage this pit of despair she has within her. Especially considering that he personally ended the lives of six of them in a desperate bid for freedom.
His paw drops to clasp his other over his lap, looking down at his Hawaiian patterned shorts.

“I am solely to blame for them,” he rumbles deeply. “Not you.”

“You cannot say that,” she turns to him, running a paw over her reddened eyes. “If they had not left me… Left the Ruins in the first place, they would have never made it to you.”

“… If only I had never made that declaration of war.”

Toriel’s gaze snaps up to see Asgore, resting a paw on his shoulder and curling her claws into the fabric of his T-shirt.

“… I cannot accept what happened down there,” she reminds him sternly, but then her eyes shine with a sorrowful expression. “But… How I wish things could have been different. Maybe if I had not left in the first place…”

“No,” he interrupts, shaking his head and resting his own paw on the back of hers. “With what happened to our children, I doubt even you could have convinced me otherwise, Tori.”

“Still, I cannot help but wish things were different.”

“I know,” he rumbles. “I feel the same.”

Chapter End Notes

I TOLD YOU I'M NOT DEAD! And neither is this story! >:D

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