In These Quiet Moments
by MuhBeez

Summary

I liked the idea of someone being OK with monsters, but still having no clue how to even remotely react to them. If they're not that common, I guess it'd make sense to sort of have some freak out moments, right?

Better summary coming someday.

ps: hey kids we have a tumblr now lel - http://inthesequietmoments.tumblr.com/
Living on the third floor seemed like a good idea when you signed the lease. 2 years later, and hundreds of grocery trips in, you wondered why this was a decision you ever made. You huffed, out of breath as you made it to the top of the stairs and to your door. Good god, you didn't know what was worse - the fact that you were so out of shape, or that one of your bags literally had nothing but Oreos in it.

You fumbled in your pockets for your keys for a minute, when you saw the crest of what looked like a sofa peeking from the stairs. New neighbors, already? Your old ones across the way had just moved out, and you were enjoying the top floor solitude. I mean, sure, you missed the door and cabinet slamming contests you had on a nightly basis, but it had only been about a week and a half. Was the paint even dry? You groaned inwardly, managed to get your key in the door and stagger inside with your groceries before your new neighbors had the chance to say anything to you.

Tossing your keys in their rightful place (somewhere on the counter) and the groceries as well (also somewhere on the counter) you slumped onto your couch with the enthusiasm of a slug. You had today and tomorrow off, then back to the 5 day grind, you mused. You debated opening one of the many bottles of wine in your fridge, when you heard a knock at your door.

You turned on Netflix.

You heard another knock at your door.

You grumbled, not really wanting to socialize right now. Peeling yourself off the couch, you went to the door and looked through the peephole.

What. The fuck. Was that.

It had to be a fucking kid wearing one of those stupid zip-up skeleton hoodies or some shit. You opened the door, wondering what they wanted when you were greeted with a - nope - no, that was not a hoodie. There stood a literal skeleton, about an easy half foot shorter than you in a blue hoodie, peering up at you. Soft glowing orbs sat in the recessed sockets, seemingly scanning you as you stood in your doorway.

"hey." was all he said.

"Um. Hi?" came your response. Hi skeleton man? Is this a prank? Is he the grim reaper? Were you going to die here on your doorstep, oreos uneaten, Netflix unwatched?

"you dropped this outta your bag when you were going up the stairs." he held out - surprise - a skeletal hand with a box of Cheerios in it. "hope it'll cheer you up." He was smiling before he was saying all this, but his smile just seemed to broaden.

"Yeah! Cool! Thanks, umm..." you were still processing a skeleton on your doorstep. "You live here?"

His brow furrowed, his pun unnoticed. "yeah, we just moved in across the way. just me and my brother. hope you don't mind a couple of numbskulls around ya."

"No! I mean. Not at all." Smooth. Super smooth. Your first real time interacting personally with a monster, and you felt like you were being a jerk. "If you ever need anything, just uh, knock. Or ring the doorbell, I'll probably actually hear that."
"sure thing." he extended his hand. "sans."

You shook it. Someone farted. No, not quite. Was that a goddamned whoopie cushion? You couldn’t help but snicker a little, but still look absolutely nonplussed.

"______. Nice to meet you. I'm.. going back inside now. Have a good night!" You shut the door, maybe a bit too quickly. You heard a sort of snort, and shuffling noise behind the door. What the fuck? What the fuck just happened? Oh god, did you insult him? Was that some sort of monster traditional greeting? Did you need a whoopie cushion too? You figured google that later, because you seriously had no idea. You flopped back onto the couch, queued up way too many shows, and watched TV until you passed out for the night. You dreamt of skeletons throwing cereal at you.

You woke up to your phone ringing. You rolled over on the couch and grabbed it, looking to see who it was. Oh! It was your friend, Jackie. You actually answered the phone for her.

"S'up." you mumbled.

"Hey sunshine! I'm amazed you're up. You wanna grab breakfast with me and the boy?"

"Sure. Gimmie like.. 10 minutes? I gotta actually put pants on."

"Pfft, pants are overrated."  

"You know that, and *I* know that, but the police still don't know that."

"Kay-o, see you in 10 sweetie." she chirped, and hung up. Ugh, you kinda wanted to just play games or be a lazy ass today, but you loved the hell out of Jackie so it was worth risking the daytime sun.

You tossed on a sweater, some jeans and the usual boots and slapped your hair into a messy bun, then went down the stairs. You peered at your new neighbor's door as you went by, but saw nor heard anything unusual. What were you expecting, anyway?

Leaning against the pole, you threw down your shades and waited for Jackie. Right on time, she drove right up.

"Get in loser, we're going shopping." she shouted from the window.

"The hell, I was lied to, I thought we were getting breakfast." you exclaimed, overexaggerating your disappointment.

"Oh shut up and get in, you know what I mean." You smirked and got into the car, seat-hugging your best friend and her boyfriend.

"So what's up lovebirds? Where we breakfasting today?" Rubbing your stomach with enthusiasm,
"The usual." Jackie responded. She meant the cafe. They had some bomb quiche. She took off with her usual reckless driving that made you wonder why you didn't suggest they all walk ALL THE TIME, and got there in record time. You talked idly with her boyfriend, who DOES have a name, Kyle in fact, until you got to the cafe. You were saving your good stories for when you were sitting down.

After ordering your food, Jackie could tell you were brimming with news. The second you sat down, and just looked at you with those eyes that said 'Tell me. Now.'

"SO. I got new neighbors." you started slowly. This wasn't really news, and you knew it.

"Aaand?" Jackie fished for more information.

"Rockstars? Well, I mean really down on their luck rockstars?" added Kyle.

"No, but that'd be kinda awesome. No, fucking monsters moved in across from me." you beamed, like you had something to do with it.

"What? NO WAY. What kind are they? I keep seeing them here and there, but they're all.. different. Oh god, you're excited about it. Is it an octopus?" Jackie was stoked. You laughed.

"No! No, it's a.. skeleton? I think? I know there's more than one person living there, I didn't see the other one - but the one I met last night was definitely a skeleton. But dude, he can move his face and shit. It's so WEIRD." Thinking back on it, his face was extremely malleable, given that he was made of bone. Hopefully a he? It sounded like a he.

"You have GOT to have us over to meet them, that sounds so cool!" Jackie was hyping up over this now. She had been wanting to meet a monster, but not too many of them were in the city. "So what happened?"

You shared your whoopie cushion faux paus, and the two of you agreed that it likely was some sort of weird monster custom you were unaware of. You reminded yourself to google it later - again. Jackie, however, thought you should welcome your neighbors warmly. She was always a tad bit more considerate than you were when it came to things like that. You liked your cave.

"Think about it, ______." she mused. "People are still kinda dicks to monsters, we don't know a ton about them. It'd probably be nice to have a human reach out first, right? I mean, semi-first, I guess. Maybe bake them cookies or something." You hummed to yourself, pondering this.

"Yeah, but do they even eat? Jackie, it's a skeleton. Dude's got no stomach. Well, that I know of? Shit, this is confusing."

"Make them cookies, and if it's something they can't do, then do something else and enjoy a plate of cookies." she offered.

"Fair. Mind if we stop at the store then? I'd rather do this sooner than later, I don't want them to think I'm standoffish."

"Yeah, that's fine. We'll -- OOH! Quiche!" and with that, the conversation ended. The food was delicious, per usual. The three of you gabbed about the usual day-to-day activities you got up to and caught up with one another, occasionally going back to the whole "OMG MONSTERS!" thing. You stopped off at the store on the way home, and after much deliberation, grabbed chocolate chip. It was pretty generic, and ... friendly?
You never thought you'd be at home at 6pm, baking cookies for a neighbor of all things, and searching the keywords "monster whoopie cushion custom". You couldn't find a damn thing on it, and didn't know if it was because there still wasn't a ton of info on the monsters, or if this guy was just weird. Either way, the cookies were cooling, so you went into the bathroom to fix your hair.

"Alright. We got this champ. It's just.. a skeleton. And maybe some other horrible thing. But they might like cookies! So that's cool. We got this. We can do it. And we'll do it, sans any help."

Suddenly, you realized what you said.

I MUST NEVER TELL HIM.

Cookies! Yes! The cookies. Get the cookies. You scooped the cookies into some tupperware, slapped a post-it on it that said "For the new neighbors! <3" (because yeah, that's friendly, right?!) and stood at your door for a moment, collecting yourself. You already got mild anxiety with people, this was almost 200x worse. You swung the door open, and walked approximately 5 feet to their door, and knocked. You heard a bit of clattering, and then suddenly their door swung open. Oh. Ok, it was another skeleton. That made sense, right? This one was WAY taller though, taller than you even - wearing a bright red scarf and a knit sweater stretched out over what looked like may have been.. armour? You had no idea.

"Um, hi!" you squeaked, not knowing how to interact with the new skeleton. "HELLO HUMAN! MAY I HELP YOU?" half-shouted this new, taller not-Sans. Your confidence was waning a bit.

"Yeah! Well, I met your erm, roommate? Yesterday. And I just wanted to welcome you guys to the neighborhood, so I baked some cookies!" the words were tumbling out now, you were getting nervous. The taller, not-Sans peered at you, processed your words, then looked at your post-it. You were not expecting what happened next.

"WOWIE! THANK YOU! THAT IS SO KIND OF YOU!! COME IN!" Taller not-Sans literally scooped you up into a hug that you were NOT expecting, and then turned on a dime, depositing you into their house. That was.. different. It'd be rude to say no at this point, and you're pretty sure you could run if you needed to, so you smiled (semi-uncomfortably) and shuffled a little further in.

"hey bro, what's all the commotion about?" came a deeper voice from around the corner. Sans rounded the corner and saw an overly happy brother fawning over you, and you standing there with a huge container of cookies looking very awkward. "oh. hey neighbor."

"Hi Sans!" you said, maybe a bit too cheerfully. Ok, you needed to tone it down, you were trying too hard. "I just wanted to welcome you guys so.. I made these for you." you gestured to the cookies you were carrying.

"ISN'T THAT FANTASTIC? WE ALREADY HAVE A MUCH NICER NEIGHBOR THAN BEFORE! THIS IS SO GREAT BROTHER!" Taller, not-Sans exclaimed.

"yeah. heh. have you introduced yourself yet, papyrus?" Sans asked, shrugging towards you.

"NO! OH MY GOSH, I AM SO SORRY! THAT WAS VERY RUDE OF ME! I AM THE GREAT PAPYRUS, AND I AM VERY PLEASED TO HAVE MET YOU!" Papyrus then posed dramatically, somehow his scarf fluttering in what seemed a non-existent wind. You snickered a little.

"Nice to meet you too, Papyrus. Your.. bro..ther?" you were guessing, going off what they said -
Sans nodded, "was nice enough to rescue my cereal from the stairs last night. I almost lost it forever."

"gotta be careful, coulda been a cereal killer wandering these halls." Sans quipped. You made a 'pffft' noise, but still smiled. But only a little.

"THAT WAS TERRIBLE, SANS. BUT ANYWAY, I DID NOT ASK YOU, WHAT WAS YOUR NAME HUMAN?"

"Oh! It's _____." you put your hand out. You got this. You were going to nail this.

Papyrus shook your hand, and there was just this sad little fart noise strangling out between your hands. Papyrus's face managed to somehow look both angry and shocked before letting out a loud "UUUUUUUGHHHH" – confused, you shot a look at Sans who was doubling over with laughter by the table.

"oh my... god... this is great."

"NO, THIS IS AWFUL!! DID HE PUT YOU UP TO THIS _____?" Papyrus inquired, still groaning.

"No!" you shook your hands, feeling horrible. "No, I just... I mean, I'll be honest, and please take no offense - I've never met anyone like you guys before, so when Sans did that, I thought maybe it was customary to do so? I'm really sorry!" you offered, hoping Papyrus would stop his horrible groaning. Your explanation just made Sans laugh harder, but Papyrus DID stop the groaning.

"THAT WOULD MAKE SENSE. NO OFFENSE TAKEN, AND APOLOGY ACCEPTED! WE SHALL BE GOOD FRIENDS, WORRY NOT!" Papyrus beamed at you, then shot a glare at Sans. Whew, ok, you almost blew it.

"oh man, kid. you just made my day. thanks." Sans had finished his laughter and was just sort of chuckling to himself now. You were mildly irritated, but you guessed it wasn't his fault. He just was a whoopie cushion enthusiast? Was that a thing?

"Well," you started, hoping to segue way the conversation elsewhere, "I'm not sure what you guys like, so I made you some chocolate chip cookies. It's kinda a tradition around here, if you will. If you don't like them, let me know and I can make you something else, if you want." There. That was a polite way of saying 'I dunno what the fuck skeletons eat.'

"nah, i love chocolate chip cookies." Sans responded, and came over to you. You handed him the tupperware, and he took it, his hands oddly gripping the plastic. You suddenly realized you were staring. He noticed too.

"I'm sorry." You looked away. Anywhere else. They actually had set up their house pretty quick, but there wasn't a ton going on in it.

"s'fine." Sans responded, shuffling into the kitchen with the cookies. "you don't need to worry so much. we're not gonna bite."

"NO! DEFINITELY NOT!" Papyrus shouted, almost deafening you. He seemed flustered. You relaxed a little, which seemed to help him a bit.

"Look, I'm gonna take off - I hope you enjoy the cookies. And thanks for inviting me in, Papyrus!" you said, nudging the taller skeleton a little. "My door's always open to you guys, stop by whenever you want or need. We're officially neighbors now, and all."
"THAT'S GREAT!" Papyrus nudged you back, a bit too hard but in all good fun. "WE SHALL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OPPORTUNITY! THANK YOU _____!"

"thanks for the cookies. glad you didn't have a chip on your shoulder about the misunderstanding about our.. customs." his smiled broadened.

"No harm, no foul!" you stated, waving it off. Sans' smile went down a little. Man, was his pun game that off? "Have a good night you two."

"GOOD NIGHT HUMAN!" Papyrus shouted at you, even though you were mere feet away. "SLEEP WELL!" You waved goodbye, and went into your apartment, shutting the door and quickly sinking against it. Well, that COULD have gone better, but it didn't go too bad.

Monsters for neighbors, eh? It could be worse.
You woke up the following morning, having had extremely vivid dreams about faceless spectres chasing you down dark hallways, making horrible farting noises. That's definitely one that wasn't going in the dream journal. You groaned, reaching for your phone as it chirped far too cheerfully for you to get up. Snooze 4 times, then get up - this was your routine. Unfortunately, this was the 5th time it went off, which meant you had to get out of the comfort of your bed. Ugh. Work. Money and bills, and other stupid adult responsibilities.

After moving into the city, you had bounced around here and there, working various jobs. You had done pretty much anything and everything, from pizza delivery (that lasted a hot minute) to receptionist at a very nice law firm. But nothing seemed to stick. Not because you were a bad worker, or hated working - it's just you never knew what you wanted to do. Currently, you were a cashier at a local spirit shop, and the perks were probably the best you ever had. Lots of wine seemed to "fall off the truck" so to say, thanks to your boss, and you loved him for it. You'd been settled in this job for about 6 months now, and it seemed a pretty decent fit - it was far more laid back than some other positions you'd had before, and you were becoming extremely proficient with your pairing knowledge. Not that anyone you drank with would know, since you guzzled pretty much anything in a bottle and would pair it with Kraft mac'n'cheese or a fine bowl of chex mix, but your boss noted that customers DID come back frequently, and specifically asked for your recommendations.

You did your usual morning routine, occasionally thinking back to the previous night. Man. Skeletons. What a trip. You were debating telling your boss, but then remembered he wasn't exactly super thrilled at the introduction of monsters to the city. You didn't really blame him - I mean, they were called monsters for one, and it didn't help your entire childhood was dedicated to making sure your limbs weren't hanging over the bed, or out of the covers in case one decided to eat your feet in the middle of the night.

Regardless, the new neighbors sort of cracked you up. The taller one - Papyrus? He seemed like a little kid, just a little loud. Sans on the other hand was a practical joker, apparently. He was always smiling, it seemed, and loved whoopee cushions. You didn't feel like they'd be an issue, but you also thought those cupboard slamming assholes would be awesome neighbors too. Ah well, you surmised. You slung your messenger bag around your shoulder and headed out for the day.

Ugh. Morning. It should be illegal. No sign of the Skeleton Brothers (as you mentally had dubbed them) as you headed downstairs and out the door. You walked to work as you usually did (you sold your car long ago, it was just easier to walk everywhere, or take public transit) as it was just a few blocks away, starting to feel more awake as the crisp autumn air filled your lungs. This was a special time of year for you, you just felt more alive for whatever reason. You absolutely loved the changing of the seasons, watching the trees change colour, the air taking on a sudden chill, and all of the tourists getting the fuck out of your town. By the time you opened the door to your store, you felt much better.

"Morning Peter!" you beamed, way too full of sunshine. Peter turned and gave a half-wave, in the middle of taking inventory.

"Morning _____. You're certainly chipper today."
"Yup! Can't you smell it?" you asked, crossing the small store and going behind the counter, grabbing your apron, "Fall is in the air! Smells like..."

"What, pumpkin spice lattes?" he snarked.

"Ugh, no! God, you're such a butt. No, it smells just.. clean! And crisp, and like FALL. You know. People burning fires or something." You put your apron on, tying it in the back.

"That was 1st and Finch, you know. An apartment caught fire this morning." he responded, scribbling on his clipboard. You sputtered.

"Wait, what?? Are you serious?"

"No, I'm screwing with you." he said, then chuckled a little. "Go look in the back, by the way. Got a lot of stuff for you in your box." You practically squealed, and jetted to the back. 'Your box' was basically 'a giant box full of wine you get to take home'. In there was a delightful mix of reds and whites, some of them particularly nice.

"Holy crap Peter, are you serious? This is.. damn, this is really nice! I can't take ALL of these." you exclaimed. He shrugged.

"You're my favourite employee."

"I'm your only employee."

"Touche."

"Well, shit. I'm going to have to squirrel some of these away, I don't have room for all this." you said, opening your till. Again, he shrugged.

"Thanksgiving is coming up, just give some as gifts." As he said this, your face lit up.

"OH! That's brilliant! I have new neighbors, I could totally give them some! Although I don't know if they can drink it... maybe? I don't know. But yeah, that's brilliant."

"New neighbors? Already? Didn't your old ones just move out? The ones with the hell baby?" Peter asked, finishing up his inventory.

"UGH. Yes. Thank god. But I guess the landlord's quick on it, they just moved in yesterday." you responded. You finished getting the store ready, and Peter let out an overly loud sigh.

"Alright pipsqueak, I'm outta here. You're in charge until someone more capable comes along. I'll see you at 5." Peter grabbed his coat and headed to the door.

"Aye aye, cap'n. Be on time, I got plans!"

"Yeah?" he said, putting his coat on. "What plans?"

You gestured to the back. "Uh, BOOZE?" Peter laughed and waved you off, heading out for the day. Ahh, the store was now to yourself. You whipped out your phone, and immediately started perusing the magic that was the internet. Luckily, between the two of you, you kept the store in extremely good shape. Occasionally, you'd sweep or re-straighten everything after a customer came in and mucked everything up, but for the most part, it was a relaxing, easy job. A few hours went by, and a few customers trickled in and out, and then around 2pm, a semi-familiar face walked in.

"oh. well then." came the voice, as a familiar, short skeleton entered your shop. Your head jerked up
from the hilarious cat video you were watching.

"Oh! Hey!" you exclaimed. Alright, looks like skeletons DID drink. Score. The two of you stood there for a moment in a sort of awkward silence when you remembered you actually worked there, and you had a job to do. "Welcome to Bacchus's Cellar! You looking for anything in particular today?" Sans let out a small chuckle, and shoved his hands into his jacket pockets.

"yeah, i'm looking for a really good wine for someone. mind helping me?" he said, walking to a wall of bottles. "don't know much about the stuff, honestly. but i'm trying to impress someone here."

"Ah!" you exclaimed. "Then you definitely don't want THAT selection." You motioned for him to follow you, and he obliged. "I'm going to ask you right off the bat, do you have a price limit you're working with here? Or are you trying to REALLY impress someone?"

"no limit." he responded casually. "besides, there's no point in wine-ing about the price." You rolled your eyes heavily, having been subject to pretty much every wine pun known to man at this point in time.

"Yeah, if you did, I'd just tell you to put a cork in it." you retorted. Again, Sans was already smiling when he came in, but his smile just got bigger somehow. "Anyway, do you know what type of wine they like? Reds? Whites?" Sans just shrugged.

"no clue. they've never really told me, and as i said, i don't know much about the stuff. what would you recommend?"

"Oh jeez," you responded, "That's kinda an open-ended question there. I could recommend probably a zillion things here, if I had something to go off of but... I mean, they do drink the stuff, right?"

"it's pretty apparent they do," he said, "so anything'll work. it's just gotta be the good stuff."

"The good stuff." you repeated.

"the good stuff." he echoed.

"Welp," you said, hoping throwing him a curveball might help start narrowing down some options, "this here is a really nice Riesling from 2003, made in Alsace, France. It has extremely nice floral, apricot and honey notes to it. But what I like best about it, is it has a really nice earthy hint, sort of smokey - and then it finishes with a delicious tangy, spice-laden tangerine flavour. It's my absolute favourite, but it's about $250 a bottle." You figured this would get him to balk - a lot of wine newbies were looking for the $10 - 25 price range.

"sounds great, i'll take it." he replied, gently taking the bottle from your hands. His fingers made a soft clinking noise against the glass. You were taken aback for a second.

"Well, I mean, there's more choices in here of course," you sputtered, "You don't have to take the first wine I recommend. Plus there's a lot cheaper options..."

"nah, this'll be perfect. you really got a good sales pitch there, champ." he said behind his toothy grin, a little laugh escaping him. "were you bottling that one up for a while?" Oh god, another wine pun.

"Yeah, I decant believe you fell for it so easily." you responded, your eyes rolling again.

"well, you were bordeauxing on ecstatic about this so..." he said, waving the bottle a little, winking. You blinked. And then you actually laughed.
"Oh jeez, I've actually never heard that before, that was a good one. Props to you, mister." you headed to behind the register continuing to chuckle at the joke. It was easy to forget he was a walking skeleton when you were busy doing a sales job and cracking bad jokes, but now it was just... interacting. "You all good to check out?"

"yeah, sure thing." he pulled out a small wallet from his jacket pocket, then paused. "thanks for the cookies, by the way. papyrus and i loved 'em."

"Oh yeah! Of course. Hey, new neighbors and all. It's the polite thing to do." You inwardly cringed, that sounded like you were just performing a duty. Hopefully he wouldn't take it that way. "Besides, I had to repay the saviour of my cereal." You tallied up his total for him.

"heh, yeah. anytime. hey, what time are you off?" he suddenly asked. You looked surprised.

"Er, why?"

"papyrus and i wanted to invite you over to thank you for your cookies, if you didn't mind. he's making spaghetti for dinner tonight." he paused suddenly, his grin almost faltering, "it's fine if you don't want to --"

"5." is all you said, and took the cash out of his hand before he really handed it to you. "But I gotta carry some stuff, so probably won't be home until 5:30. But spaghetti sounds awesome." You were NOT going to piss off the Skeleton Brothers. Plus he just bought an expensive ass bottle of wine for someone on YOUR recommendation, which was flattering enough. Papyrus could be making mud soup, you'd just suck it up and deal with it for one night.

"great. we'll see you around 6 then?" he said, watching you count out his change, and put his bottle in a nice gift bag.

"Yeah! Of course!" you enthused, giving him his cash and purchase, then giving a big smile. He nodded at you, then headed out, turning before he left.

"thanks for your help. i barrelly knew what i was doing. have a good one." Then he headed out before you could react to his terrible pun, the bell on the door jingling in his wake, tinkling over your own stupid laughter. Oh god, his jokes were so bad. But there was a weird guilty pleasure in them. That's the nature of puns, you figured.

Still, you couldn't get over the fact that you just spent the last 20 minutes with a walking, breathing (????) skeleton. I mean, sure, you said hi to them last night, but it was still so surreal. This wasn't NORMAL, right? But you supposed it was going to become normal, the guy lived across from you for christ's sake, and apparently had a wine-loving friend, and/or love interest and/or boss that he needed to chum up to. You'd probably be seeing that weird, grinning face a little more than you expected. This was an exciting change of pace to your life, and you were welcoming it with open arms - and apparently chocolate chip cookies. You got this.

Your day breezed by afterwards, as you continued your internet escapades. You were absolutely amazed how many french fries one person could shove into their mouth at one time. Oh internet, you were such a magical place. 5pm approached before you knew it, and Peter came in.

"You're free! Run child, run!" he shouted, waving his arms at you.

"Ahhhhh!" you mock yelled, half jogging in a circle. You really adored Peter, he was fantastic. You practically skipped to the back after taking your apron off, grabbing your box of goodies and placing it on the counter. "Ah man, today was a good day." you said with a lazy smile.
"Yeah?" Peter responded, taking his coat off as you put yours on. "Make me them big bucks?"

"Aaaactually..." you replied, "I sold that expensive Riesling I've been pining over since we did that tasting a few months ago."

"Praise the gods above, today WAS a good day ______!" he enthused. "Now just do that every day, and we'll be set!" he patted you on the shoulder.

"Oh fuh, it was a good sale. I can't help it if people are cheap bastards."

"Yeah yeah, don't you have somewhere to be?" he said, looking at an imaginary watch on his wrist.

"Oh shit! Yeah! Thanks Peter, byeyou'rethebest!" you said, hauling your butt and box of wine out the door quickly. You had a quick step on your way home, instead of your usual stroll pace, excited about today's events. Plus, you had to freshen up a little, you smelled like wood and grapes.

The box of goodies was amazing, until the second flight of stairs. By the time you made it to the top, you wondered if you should have drank half of it to get to the top. You huffed your way into your apartment and lugged your box down. Alright, time to look presentable for the Skeleton Brothers. BUT CASUAL. This wasn't like.. some sort of weird monster date, was it? As you were combing your hair suddenly you realized it sort of sounded like a date. But it couldn't be a date with two BROTHERS. Wait, what the hell were you even thinking? They were monsters, you idiot. They'd sooner go to a medical lab and ask out an anatomy study model than ask any human out. You whapped yourself in the head lightly, and told yourself not to overthink it.

6pm came a lot faster than you realized, and you were busy doing the skinny jean shuffle when your doorbell rang. Ah shit.

"One second!" you yelled out, hopping around in your bedroom awkwardly, trying to get into your pants. One more good.... jump.... THERE. PANTS ACCOMPLISHED. You quickly crossed to the door and opened it, to see a familiar winking skeleton peering up at you.

"hey neighbor. you work up an appetite?"

"Sure did!" you exclaimed, rubbing your stomach. "I love me some food."

"awesome, just wanted to say, come on in whenever you're ready, no need to knock."

"Ah! Well, I'm ready now so..." you shrugged, then stepped out into the hall between your homes. You still locked your door, out of habit. Sans opened his door for you, and motioned for you to enter, and you obliged.

The apartment looked quite a bit different than it did yesterday. It wasn't nearly as sparse, and pictures were up all over the walls. Mostly pictures of Papyrus posing dramatically, it seemed, but a few of what looked like other monsters and the two brothers posing here and there. A lush area rug had been placed down in front of the couch, and a proper table and chairs had been arranged next to the kitchen.

"Looks good!" you exclaimed. "I like it!"

"THANK YOU, _____!" shouted Papyrus from behind you, giving you a start. Oh man, you were glad you peed before you came over. "I DECIDED IT NEEDED A PERSONAL TOUCH, SO I
"Yeah, looks like it. Very homey! I especially like the flower arrangement on the table." you said, motioning to the flowers.

"OH! THAT WAS SENT TO US BY OUR FRIENDS! UNDYNE WISHED TO SEND PRACTICAL WEAPONRY, BUT YOUR HUMAN POSTAL SERVICE FROWNS UPON SUCH A THING." Papyrus said, sighing, "BUT ALPHYS SENT THESE LOVELY FLOWERS IN THEIR STEAD!"

"Ah, that sucks." you replied, "Nothing like getting a claymore in the mail. Carnations are a pretty good substitute though." Sans chuckled a little, as Papyrus thought about this.

"YES, IT IS BETTER TO WIN OVER YOUR ENEMIES WITH FRIENDSHIP!"

"Yeah, hug 'em to death." you replied. You and Papyrus laughed a little, but you could have sworn you saw Sans's eye twitch. "Anyway, is that the spaghetti that smells so good?" Apparently that was the thing to say, because the lanky skeleton practically leaped over you and into the kitchen.

"YES! I AM THROUGHLY GLAD THAT YOU RECOGNIZE THE DELICIOUS SMELL THAT IS MY VERY OWN HOMEMADE SPAGHETTI!" Papyrus exclaimed. "WHEN SANS TOLD ME YOU WERE COMING OVER, I KNEW I HAD TO MAKE IT EXTRA DELICIOUS! YOUR COOKIES WERE VERY TASTY, ALTHOUGH NOT AS NOODLY AS I WOULD HAVE LIKED."

Uh, noodly? Maybe cookies were made of noodles in the underground monsterland? Or maybe noodly was a cooking term you weren't familiar with. You were going to ask, but decided against it, as Papyrus was already slamming down plateware onto the table with much enthusiasm.

"GO AHEAD! SIT! WE SHALL BE EATING SHORTLY! SANS, WHY DON'T YOU OFFER HER SOME OF THAT RIDICULOUS GRAPE JUICE YOU GOT EARLIER TODAY?" You laughed, sitting down to appease Papyrus.

"That's for someone special, Papyrus. Methinks I'll have some water, or something along those lines." Sans sat in the seat adjacent to you, and procured the bottle of wine he had bought.

"yeah, this stuff, right?" he said, waving it like he did back in the shop. You nodded. Suddenly, Papyrus was behind you, as he slammed down wine glasses on the table. Holy shit, how the hell didn't they break?

Oh, plastic.

Wait, wine glasses?

"Uhhhh." was all you said, as Sans began uncorking your dream wine. "What."

"like i said," he poured a glass, far too full, and handed it to you, then poured one for himself, "i needed to impress someone there."

You just stared at your wine glass for a minute, then back to him. His grin looked super smug. Wait, was he one-upping you? You bake him cookies, and he buys you a fucking $250 bottle of WINE? What the hell? Jesus christ, you'd have to craft him a statue made of diamonds or some shit to make up for this.

"Dude. Sans. This is too much. Are you serious?"
"don't i look serious?" he responded, still looking extremely smug. He swished his wine around, then gulped some down. "nice. i taste that tangerine."

You still were a little shocked. Papyrus came from behind, humming a little tune and very carefully placed the spaghetti down on the table. You were extremely glad no slamming was involved this time.

"TIME TO EAT! HELP YOURSELF, ______!" he stated, handing you a pasta fork. His enthusiasm for his food distracted you from the wine momentarily. You took a decent helping of the spaghetti and waited as the two brothers helped themselves. And then you took a bite.

Hey, this was pretty good.

"Delicious!" you said, nudging Papyrus with your elbow. Papyrus's face was suddenly tinged a bright orange, his hands coming up as his eyes got ridiculously big. Oh god, was he BLUSHING? Could a skeleton BLUSH? This was absolute nonsense.

"OH HUMAN, THAT IS SO KIND OF YOU TO SAY! PLEASE HAVE AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE!" he grabbed your hands suddenly, causing you to drop your fork. "I WILL MAKE YOU SPAGHETTI WHenever YOU WANT, FOR FEW PEOPLE UNDERSTAND IT'S COMPLEXITIES! BUT YOU, YOU GET IT! THIS IS FANTASTIC!" You could feel the bones underneath his... well shit, you never really looked at his hands before, you realized they were covered by mittens. Ok, interesting. His grip was getting a little painful.

"Yeah! I'll.. I'll uh, hit you up whenever I get that good ol' spaghetti craving!" you said, trying to very gently pull your hands away. He got the idea, and let go, enthusiastically eating his spaghetti. Across the table, you saw Sans opening a bottle of ketchup for whatever reason. Maybe there was something else Papyrus ma--

Nope. He just dumped a shitload of ketchup on the spaghetti.

And he was eating it with gusto.

Monsters were fucking weird.

"So uh, what brought you guys to town?" you asked inbetween bites, hoping to get a little conversation going.

"needed a change of pace." Sans replied, noticing you still hadn't had any of your wine. His eyes flickered back and forth between the glass and yourself, until you got the hint. You took a small sip. Oh god, it was like an alcoholic dream. It paired horribly with the spaghetti, but you didn't give a shit. His smile softened a little at your delight.

"Yeah? You guys already get jobs or anything?"

"NO." Papyrus replied, noodles dangling from his mouth. "HOWEVER IT NEVER TAKES MY BROTHER LONG TO GET ONE, DESPITE HOW LAZY HE IS. I HOWEVER, NEED TO GO ON A JOB HUNT." Sans shrugged, eating more of his disgusting spaghetti-ketchup horror.

"i already scoped a few out. we have a savings."

Suddenly, you felt terrible. They just moved in, and he bought this expensive ass wine...

"Dude, Sans, you really shouldn't have..." you gestured to the wine. He waved you off.
"i told you, i wanted to impress someone. hopefully it's working." he chuckled. "i mean, it's no chocolate chip cookie but it still took some dough." Papyrus started groaning.

You decided not to push the matter any further, as you figured it would be rude. "Well, colour me impressed." you polished off the the spaghetti on your plate, then held up your glass. "How about a toast?"

Sans raised... was that... like.. an eyebrow? Eyebone? You saw what looked like a raised eyebrow, but it was just skull. Papyrus looked at you as well.

"A TOAST? THAT SOUNDS FANTASTIC! TO WHAT?"

"Being great neighbors!" you said. You thought for a second, then corrected, "Nah. To being great friends!"

"I LOVE FRIENDSHIP!" exclaimed Papyrus, clinking his glass against yours.

"to being friends." chimed in Sans, with his glass. There was no way you weren't going to be friends with someone who was this nice to you. You all drank to your toast, and sat in silence for a moment. You suddenly smiled.

"Y'know, I was kinda pissy I already got neighbors so fast, but you guys are seriously really cool. Thanks so much for dinner and this.. amazing wine. Seriously. Thanks." Papyrus beamed at this, and Sans... well, he was already smiling, but he seemed to smile more.

"YOU'RE THE BEST NEIGHBOR WE'VE EVER HAD, AND YOU'LL BE ONE OF OUR BESTEST FRIENDS!" Papyrus said, suddenly hugging you. This, this you weren't used to, but it's ok. You patted him a little, then returned the hug, which unfortunately made him hug you tighter.

"Hokay Papyrus, new friend, buddy, I can't breathe."

"OH MY GOODNESS, I'M SO SORRY!" he said, releasing you immediately. Sans laughed.

"drink and eat up, enjoy." The three of you gabbed and chatted for hours, laughing about various things and keeping the conversation pretty light. You drank as little of the wine as possible, wanting to savour the hell out of it. You talked to Papyrus about his cooking, Sans bugged you about your job, and you all complained about shitty neighbors. All in all, it was a fantastic evening.

"Alright boys," you said, getting up. "I'd love to stay, but I actually do have work in the morning - and I'm guessing that clock is semi-accurate." You gestured to the clock above the table. It was almost 12am.

"ah shit. yeah, sorry, didn't mean to keep you so long." Sans said, also standing.

"Pfft, whatever. This was great. I'm down for spaghetti nights whenever." Papyrus shot up at this, looking at you with starry eyes.

"I WILL COOK YOU SPAGHETTI ANY TIME YOU WANT, JUST SAY THE WORD." he practically shouted at you. "THIS IS WHAT FRIENDS DO!"

"Hah, alright Papyrus! I'll take you up on that." you smiled. "Alright, c'mere. I don't trust handshakes anymore, so are hugs alright?" Like you had to ask. Papyrus practically crushed you.

"HUGS ARE ALWAYS ALRIGHT." Papyrus released you from his vice-like grip, and you opened your arms, motioning to Sans.
"C'mon, you too."

"nah, i'm good." he said, shifting from one foot to another. You rolled your eyes and crossed over to him, giving him a big hug. He just sort of stood there, but he accepted it.

"Whatever, you don't get a say, Mr. I Buy Expensive Wine n' Shit." you laughed, letting him go. He looked up at you for a second, then suddenly he laughed as well.

"yeah, i guess you got me there. there's no riesling for me to not get a hug." You groaned, which just made him smile more.

"Jesus, you really love those puns, don't you. Alright, whatever guys, I'm out. Have a good night."

"wait." Sans said, as you were heading to the door. He went into the kitchen, then came back out. "take this with you." He handed you the wine.

"Nuh uh. Keep that here."

"i don't really drink the stuff a lot." he responded.

"Then we'll save it for spaghetti nights!" you said, giving a hearty wink. He looked surprised, just cradling the bottle in his hands. His fingers rapped against the glass, making a hollow noise, then he smirked.

"i'm holding ya to that."

"Deal."

"shake on it?"

"Fuck you." you said, and absolutely cackled. Maybe you had had too much to drink, but you were feeling extremely chummy with these two at this point. But he just grinned, because you actually caught onto his joke.

"good night."

"Night."

"GOOD NIGHT _____!"

You went back into your apartment, full of spaghetti, good wine and good company. You felt extremely pleased that you managed to not pull any faux pas this time, and that your new neighbors didn't suck complete ass. You threw on your pyjamas and flopped down onto your bed.

You just made friends with two skeletons. Go figure. What would mom say?

You dreamt of stomping grapes until they turned into noodles.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not a wine nut, I promise! It was just a good way to break the pun ice.
These skeleton guys are growing on ya.

It had been roughly one month now since the Skeleton Brothers moved in. You saw them pretty much weekly (Papyrus didn't give you much of an option) for Spaghetti Night, and you all just shared in your day to days. You never pried much into them being monsters, and they never really pried in to you being... well, human. However, their concerns and needs seemed extremely human-like, so it was easy to forget that they were literally animated bones. Well, except for when Papyrus hugged you, then it was really easy. He was all edges and pokey bits.

Sans had apparently picked up a job or two, as he was in an out at all hours in various uniforms. Papyrus however, was still on a job hunt. At almost exactly the one month mark, his stress level seemed to have peaked, and you were starting to settle in on your day off when your doorbell rang. You went to your peephole and looked - ah, it was Papyrus. He probably wouldn't mind that you were in your jammies, just an oversized t-shirt and some flannel pants. And.. was he.. oh jeez. You unlocked the door quickly.

"NYOO HOO HOOO!" immediately was the response as your door opened, and there stood the tall, somehow crying skeleton.

"Oh god, Papyrus, what's wrong?" you asked, your face etched with worry.

"MAY I COME IN? I NEED TO SPEAK WITH SOMEONE." he sniffled, wiping his tears away with his mittens. You nodded, and gently ushered him in. He rounded your corner and collapsed onto your couch dramatically, bringing a pillow up to his face and started crying into it again. Suddenly you were wondering if monster tears stained, or were made of acid. You gently tugged at your pillow, both in concern for your friend and your pillow, just to see it was soaked and him looking up at you.

"Papyrus, what's wrong? Did you scare another cat? You need to stop trying to pick them up." you were guessing, though you never saw him this distraught over the neighborhood cats, who were fairly terrified of him.

"NO! IT'S JUST..." he let out a little hiccupsing sob, then threw down your pillow onto the couch and looked at you, absolutely miserably looking. "BEFORE WE MOVED, I COULD NOT SECURE A JOB, AND I CANNOT GET ONE AGAIN! I'M USED TO BEING A ROYAL GUARD, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO GET A JOB HERE IN THIS... THIS RIDICULOUS HUMAN WORLD!" he looked absolutely frustrated, and your heart broke a little bit.

"Well... what do you mean? Are you not getting interviewed? Are people turning you down? What's going on?" you asked, trying to figure what's been going on.

"WELL, I LISTENED TO SANS ADVICE, AND I CREATED A RESUME, HOWEVER 'ROYAL GUARD' DOES NOT SEEM TO BE A VALID JOB POSITION, AND FOR THE ONE JOB I DID GET TO GO IN FOR THE WOMAN JUST SCREAMED FOR 10 MINUTES UNTIL I LEFT." At this memory, Papyrus grabbed your pillow again and started crying into it.
Ahh. Yeah, that would be sort of alarming to some people. You felt a slight twinge of anger - this was your friend! But, on the flipside, you got it. People weren't used to this. Hell, you were still adapting to it sometimes. You gently rubbed Papyrus's arm, trying to calm him through all his 'nyoo hoos'.

"Hey, look. If you needed help, you can always ask me. I'm sort of a resident expert here on job hunting, y'know?" You smiled at him, as he peeked up at you through giant, impossible tears. "Let me grab a notepad and we'll write down all the stuff you're good at, and I'll see if I can find you something you can do in the city." Papyrus snorted what sounded like a bunch of snot (did they have sinuses? Maybe? They could cry, I guess..) and then partially nodded.

"YOU ARE A KIND PERSON. ARE YOU SURE YOU WISH TO HELP ME?"

"Pfft, is that even a question? How could I not help someone who feeds me such delicious food every week?" you asked, as you gently rubbed the top of his skull with your knuckles.

"PLEASE DO NOT NOOGIE THE SKELETON." he said, but he was smiling as he said it. You got up, heading over to your office as you were grabbing a pad of paper when suddenly it hit you. You ran back out into the living room. How could you miss this?!

"PAPYRUS! Oh my god!" you shouted.

"AHH! WHAT? WHAT IS IT?" he shouted back, throwing the pillow behind him and standing straight up, looking around.

"You! You love spaghetti!" you said, still sort of shouting.

"YES! I DO!" he again shouted back. He looked confused.

"Dude! Let's get you a job MAKING SPAGHETTI." It's like you told him Santa Claus was coming to town, riding in a sleigh made of macaroni and bringing sacks of rigatoni. He gasped, took one step back, then let out what sounded like a squeal. It was adorable.

"OH MY GOD. YES. _____. THIS IS AN ACTUAL JOB!?"

"Yes!"

"LET'S GO GET IT RIGHT NOW!" he said, bounding for the door. You had to grab his scarf, pulling him back.

"Whoa whoa whoa! Ok, maybe this is why you have trouble here." you blamed yourself for your excitement, so you had to bring it back to reality. "Listen, I have a friend who works at a local restaurant. Maybe I can get you hooked up doing something in the kitchen or something. But this is the human world. Jobs kinda suck. So you might not be making spaghetti all the time, or spaghetti even to start with."

"BUT THAT'S WHAT I WOULD LOVE TO DO MOST!" Papyrus said, looking a little confused.

"Well, yeah, and I would love to sit on my ass all day and get paid to do nothing, but I've yet to find a position for that."

"YOU SOUND LIKE MY BROTHER, SO LAZY!" he said, his hands on his hips with a disapproving stare.

"Oh please. Like you wouldn't love to get paid to do nothing all day." you responded, your hands
reflexively going to your hips as well.

"KEEPING BUSY IS IT'S OWN REWARD!" he responded. "BUT ANYWAY, HOW DO I GET THE SPAGHETTI-RELATED JOB?" You thought on it for a minute.

"If you don't mind waiting a few days, let me talk to some of my friends. It'll be better if I introduce you to them, so there's no misunderstandings. I don't want them to show up with whoopee cushions, right?" Papyrus groaned at this.

"THAT WAS MOST UNFORTUNATE. BUT STILL, FORGIVEN." He was smiling now. "I'M GLAD I CAME OVER, YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND." He ruffled your hair, like you were a little kid. You chuckled.

"Thanks Papyrus. You're not too bad yourself. Lemme send out some texts and... you wanna hang out? I was just gonna watch a movie or something." you asked, figuring, hey - it may not be Spaghetti Night, but why not?

"THAT WOULD BE GREAT! WE DO NOT HAVE TELEVISION IN OUR APARTMENT YET, SO I HAVE BEEN FAIRLY BORED." Oh jesus, what has he been doing for a month? Just job hunting? Maybe they had internet.

"Well, sit on back down, and we'll pick something out! Do you want anything to drink? I don't have any food right now, need to go to the store later." you asked, wanting to be a gracious host - but you kinda sucked at it.

"NO, I AM GOOD. COME, LET US WATCH A MOVIE! DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING OF METTATONS?"

"Meta-what?"

"METTATON! HE'S THE MOST FAMOUS MONSTER FROM THE UNDERGROUND!"

"I mean, I can look for it, but probably not." You sat down next to Papyrus, and turned on your TV. You put in 'Mettaton' into your search queue. Nothing. "Yeah, doesn't look like we have anything from him on our inferior human tvs yet. Sorry Papyrus." Papyrus looked a little bummed out. "Do you wanna watch a specific genre or something?"

"I DO LOVE CARTOONS." he said, albeit a bit sheepishly.

"Oh, Papyrus." you said, "Let me introduce you to the magical world of Disney." And with that, you immediately queued up Beauty and the Beast. You figured hey - it would be kind of a good analogy, people needing to see beyond a scary surface and care for someone despite being... uh... 'beastly'.

Papyrus LOVED it.

And he made you watch it a second time. You didn't mind, it was making him feel better, and you also had your phone with you. You'd sneak onto the internet while he was engrossed in the songs, and you were also sending out texts to your friends. You had to figure out a time when Sans was available also, so you could have them come together - might as well have them all meet, right? You realized then, that you didn't have Sans's number. Did he even have a phone? For that matter, how the hell did skeletons even hear? You started sidelong glancing Papyrus, staring at his skull to see if there were little ear sockets or something when the doorbell rang, startling you.

"I'll get it, you can keep watching." you said to Papyrus, who was knee deep in ballroom dancing scenery. You went to the door and just opened it, figuring it was - yep, there was Sans. He looked
slightly concerned.

"hey. is papyrus here?"

"Yeah, he's been here all afternoon. You wanna come in?" you motioned. He looked you up and down quickly, and you suddenly became self-conscious of being in your pyjamas. "We're just watching a movie."

"yeah, sure." Sans shuffled in, and you noticed he was wearing an apron. And then you recognized it.

"Oh dang! You work at the Fast n' Fresh?" you asked, closing the door behind him.

"heh, yeah. i work in the back though, they don't mind me there." he responded.

"Why doesn't Papyrus work with you?" you asked suddenly. Sans was... still smiling. He always smiled, but his smile looked... not so smiley right now.

"they don't wanna hire two of us. one's enough, i guess. we're used to it." he just shrugged. You frowned.

"Well, between us girls, Papyrus is stupidly distraught about not having a job right now. I offered to help out..." you left it there, and shrugged a little.

"you don't have to, y'know."

"I don't HAVE to, but I WANT to. Huge difference there. You guys are cool, and people are assholes. It's the least I can do." you smiled at him. His face subtly shifted back into an actual smile.

"thanks." was all he said.

"Anytime. Uh, you can go hang with your brother on the couch, I'll be right back, yeah?" you suggested. Sans nodded, and went around the corner to join his brother, who had at this point memorized the songs on second viewing, and was singing the Gaston song. You rushed into your bedroom and put on actual clothing, like a normal human being. You felt a little better, and a little less awkward now. You came back out, and plopped down next to Sans.

"wardrobe change, eh?" he noticed, a browbone raising. How the fuck did he do that?

"It was time to get dressed. Papyrus surprised me earlier, is all." you replied.

"mmm." was all Sans said. Papyrus turned to you two.

"SHHHHHH!"

"Sorry Papyrus." you both said in unison. And then you looked at each other. He chuckled. You giggled.

"Jinx, you owe me a coke." you whispered to Sans, and he winked at you.

And then you finished watching the movie in total silence, as Papyrus finished watching what was apparently one of his new favourite things.
The brothers took off shortly after the movie, with you reassuring Papyrus you had gotten in touch with your friends. You had figured out a time with Sans that would coincide with your work schedule as well, and it looked like Saturday was going to be the day. That gave you a few days to figure out how to slowly warm you friends up to the idea of monsters.

Jackie was totally already on board, she was hyped up as hell. Kyle was also pretty enthusiastic, although he was always 'wary of the unknown' as he put it, so you figured he'd be on guard. Will was the one you were trying to get them to impress, as he was the hiring manager at a small Italian restaurant in the Little Italy section of town. You knew Papyrus wouldn't be a chef or anything like that off the bat, especially with no experience - but you thought him maybe being in a kitchen would be a good environment for him... he certainly knew his way around it. Will's girlfriend, Hannah on the other hand, was kinda... you didn't want to say the words "anti-monster", because that wasn't quite her stance, but she definitely wasn't friendly towards them. But you'd been friends with Will for years, and this new girlfriend only had 1 on you, so you figured you'd just punch her or something and boom, duel won.

Plus, you kinda liked Will, so shoving a monster in his kitchen to piss Hannah off felt absolutely delicious. Not that was WHY you were doing it, but man, it was definitely a bonus.

You had more friends you could introduce them to, but you wanted to keep the circle small to begin with. Nothing worse than shoving new people into a wolves den, so to say. To be honest, you hadn't told too many of your friends about your monster neighbors. Mostly for their privacy than anything else, you felt like it would somehow be exposing them. I mean, of course you told your best friend, but that was a given. It's a crime not to share with her.

It had been raining all day, which had brightened your mood a little. You got to go home early from work, and you loved the smell of the city during a fresh rainstorm. Now this, this was a book day. You grabbed a pullover sweater, made a cup of tea, and headed out onto your porch with your latest novel - some sort of mystery drama about vampires, it was alright, you guess - and snuggled into your comfy chair.

And then the goddamned doorbell rang. Seriously?

You went to the door, and looked through the peephole, figuring it was FedEx or some crap, and just saw two sockets staring up with gentle lights peering back. Well, at least it wasn't a crying Papyrus this time. You opened up the door.

"Hey Sans, what's up?" you said, leaning against the frame. He grinned, holding up a can.

"i owed you a coke from the other day, figured i'd make good on it." he said, waving it a little teasingly. You chuckled.

"So you did, I forgot about that. Thanks." you said, taking the can from him. You gave him a soft smile. "You up to anything today?"

"nah. got home from work, was just gonna laze about. you know me." he said with a chuckle. "wasn't really expecting rain, i usually drought the weatherman." You rolled your eyes, but the corners of your mouth turned up a little.

"Yeah yeah. Look, you wanna come in? I just made some tea, I can make you some as well if you want. I'm just reading. Nothing exciting." For some reason, Sans' face lit up.

"yeah! sure. i gotta book i've been meaning to read. beats sleeping, right?"
"I dunno, nothing beats sleeping."

"i knew there was a reason i liked you."

"And here I thought it was my immeasurable charm and good looks." you smirked. He just laughed and went into his house for a minute, then came back with a huge book. You welcomed him in, and turned your kettle back on. He sat on your couch, and you eyed him for a second.

"You're more than welcome to read in the living room, but let me tell you, the porch is much better. For real." you smiled. He looked at you quizzically, but then shrugged and made a big show of getting back up, and slogged over to the porch like it was the hardest thing he'd ever done.

"oh man. nice. it's like a crow's nest." he said. You were a little confused.

"Well, I mean I know it's high up..." you said from the kitchen, getting a mug out for him.

"no, i mean..." he stood in the patio doorway, "it's really cozy. but you got all these little personal shinies everywhere. heh."

"Oh! Yeah, I guess it is." you said, filling the mug with water. Your patio was your solace. You watched a lot of TV lately, mostly because it filled a boredom void, but that patio brought you a weird sense of joy. You were lucky enough to have an overhead hang, so it was enclosed, and it was large enough for a small wannabe chaise lounger and another small comfy chair, with a little table in-between. You had gotten sick of the disgusting pink stucco and covered the entire interior with repurposed wood (a DIY pintrest thing you saw once. You fucked it up a lot. Like, a lot. You redid it probably 20 times.) so it had a nice homey, woodsy feel to it. Dangling from the top of the patio were little lanterns and lights, all probably against home and fire regulations.

But what made that patio so fantastic is that it was yours, and that you could see the city from it. You didn't have a spectacular view, or sweeping vista and see for miles - in fact, you literally faced another apartment building across the way, with shops littering the bottom. You loved it. You loved the weird smells, the sights, the sounds (sometimes the sounds would piss you off when you tried to sleep, but for the most part it turned into a delightful drone) and more than anything, you loved the city at night, and when it rained.

You finished Sans's tea, and brought it over to him. "Careful, it's hot." you said, flipping it handle first. He gingerly took it from you, and the two of you went out onto the porch. The rain had been coming down pretty steady at this point. You sat down in your little lounger, then suddenly you asked without thinking, "I mean, can you feel if it's hot?" Sans looked surprised.

"yeah, i can. can you?"


"as you said before, no harm, no foul." You both sat there a little quiet, your tea in your hands. "hey."

"What?" you asked, still feeling rude.

"why do skeletons hate winter?"

"Huh? Why?" you asked, not sure if this was a serious question or not.

"because the cold goes right through them." he said, sipping his tea and grinning. You snerked.
"Oh jesus. You're so lame." You eased back into your chair, getting comfortable and nabbed your book. "So what're you reading?" He held his book up. Oh god, no.

"1000 knock knock jokes for the ages"

"That book is HUGE. That's ridiculous!" you said.

"well what're YOU reading then?" he asked. You sheepishly held your book up. He just snorted, his eyes laughing instead.

"oh, well that's far more adult."

"Shut up!" you said, wanting to throw it at him. "It was $5. It's not that bad, really. The main vampire is about to go save his human girlfriend from the vampire hunters. But he doesn't know she's a supernatural detective. All very serious stuff." you said, nodding to yourself.

"very serious. all that drama sounds like a real pain in the neck."

"I'm ignoring you now." you said, making a show of opening your book. Sans opened his ridiculously enormous joke book and started reading as well. And that was it. For a few hours you sat there in each other's company, rain falling softly in the background as you read. Occasionally one of you would make a sound or laugh, and inquire about what passage was read, or joke about something, but then just go back to reading quietly to yourselves. You generally did this by yourself - honestly, the only reason you had a second chair was because of Jackie coming over, but... this was really nice. You enjoyed the presence of another person being there with you.

You were getting up to make a second cup of tea, and were going to offer Sans one when you noticed your skeletal friend had quietly dozed off. Well, he was working two jobs, it only made sense. Let a sleeping skeleton lie, right? You grabbed his mug anyway, figuring if he woke up, he'd either have cold or hot tea, and turned the kettle on. This had been an extremely nice afternoon, and you felt faded nicely into evening. The landscape had turned into twinkling dots of people going about their business in their own homes, lights flickering on and off. You grabbed your lighter, flipped on your switch for your electric lights, and went about lighting your little lanterns. Sans still hadn't woken up from his nap, so you grabbed a blanket off your couch and put it over him. If he slept too long, you'd just wake him up, right? Nabbing your mugs from the kitchen, you placed his next to him and sat back down, and resumed reading. His gentle breathing intermingled with the various sounds of cars driving by and people walking below, and you suddenly just felt.. comfortable. More comfortable than you had been in a long time.

You were just finishing the chapter where the Vampire King discovered the main heroine was a detective, when Sans finally stirred. You glanced over at him, looking at him taking in the change in scenery.

"i like the lights, they're nice." he said.

"Thanks." you said, hoping his tea wasn't too cold.

"kinda romantic, don't you think?" he said lazily. You froze like a deer in the headlights. He eyed you, saying nothing, giving you zero out.

"Nothing says 'romance' like electrical fires." you said shakily, realizing he was just fucking with you. God, this guy was such a joker. "You know, I do this when no one's over too."

"ah, so you're into self-romance, then."
"Gross! You're gross. That's gross." you said, trying to figure out if you were good enough friends to be making these jokes. You figured you were, you were definitely far more lewd with people you knew for much less time. Sans was just chuckling, then looked down to see there was another mug of tea. 

"thanks for more tea. and the blanket. that was nice." he said, still bundled up. 

"Yeah, well if I knew you were going to be an ass, I would have wrapped you up in carpet instead, and thrown you over the balcony." you muttered. "No one woulda said nothin'." Sans smirked at this, then stood up, folding his blanket. 

"You taking off?" you asked, trying to hide the sliver of disappointment in your voice. You didn't hide it very well, as Sans noticed. 

"yeah, i told papyrus i'd be over here, but we usually eat dinner together. didn't tell him how long i'd be. i'll see you saturday?" he asked. 

"Yeah! Of course. We're meeting up around 5:00 at O'Henry's, is that OK?" you said. Pubs were generally good neutral grounds. Plus you could get people drunk, and ask for favours they would later regret. 

"definitely. we'll be there. and hey," he said, suddenly growing a little quiet. You peered at him quizzically. "this was nice. thanks. if you don't mind me coming over again sometime..." 

"Anytime." you said. "I'm trying to stop watching so much damned TV. Toll entry is one coke." you said, smiling at him. 

"thanks." was all he said to that. He stood there for a moment in silence, as you looked up at him, and you could have sworn you felt something. Like a gust of warm wind passing by. The lights in his eyes seemed to soften, and his head tilted a little to the left as he looked at you. Your heartbeat quickened, and you couldn't figure out why. 

"See you Saturday." you enthusiastically said, waving to him, wanting whatever this... moment was to pass. 

"see ya." and with that, the short skeleton trotted off, locking the door behind him. Well, wasn't he polite? 

You gulped your tea down, and decided you needed some alcohol. And your best friend. You texted Jackie. 

y: Hey, you busy? I could use a drink. 

j: You could always use a drink. Everything OK? 

y: Everything's fine. Just really want to drink. 

j: No occasion needed. Let me tell Kyle. 

j: See you at Vin's in 20? Walking. 

y: See you in 20.
You threw on your coat, and headed down the stairs quickly, feeling weird. You couldn't pinpoint it at all, but something in your stomach was flipping, and you didn't like it. Was it some sort of animal instinct? Fear? Something primal telling you that skeletons were dangerous? You didn't know. Or maybe it was just bad food from earlier. But you wanted it to go away, and you knew both drinking and best friends helped bad vibes go away.

Jackie showed up a little later, and you were already 3 shots in. You guys generally saw each other at least twice a week, but you had been busy with the Skeleton Brothers, and felt terrible for not hanging with her as much. You began telling her everything that had been transpiring over the past month (most of which she already knew, I mean, you guys still talked) but you included the expensive wine story this time, which you HAD been omitting. And then you talked about reading on the porch, and the jobs and...

"_____. _____. Calm down. You know what's going on, right?" Jackie said, soothing you with another drink, and some gentle - but kind of condescending head petting.

"What?" you asked sloppily, not wanting to have feelings right now for whatever reason.

"The exact same thing that happened with your other friends. Stop being freaked out when you make new friends, you goofball." she said, sighing. "You give, it's what you do. And then you emotionally connect. And then you freak out, because you're used to being sarcastic and cracking wise at everything. And then you come here, and we drink, and I tell you it's going to be OK, and then suddenly our circle of friends gets bigger."

"But they're monsters" you whined. A few brows raised around you. You began talking in hushed tones. "Monsters, Jackie. Like, they're super fuckin' cool and shit, but you know how people are."

"Wait. _____. Are you seriously telling me YOU of all people are worried of being judged?"

"WHAT? Fuck no! No! Fuck 'em all!" you said, motioning to the people around you, even though they had nothing to do with it. Ok, maybe you needed to slow down on your drinking. "I'm worried about THEM being judged. The big skeleton who looks like if the Grim Reaper ran a preschool practically terrifies people by just walking down the street 'pparently, and it's not his FAULT." you said. You were getting worked up now. You needed to calm down. Jackie mused on this for a moment.

"Well, just wait 'till Saturday. We'll start introducing them to our friends, like you wanted to. Take it slow, right? If they have a good circle of friends, then if a few people are jerks to them, then it's not so bad, right?"

"Yeah.." you mumbled. Something felt off, like this isn't why you came to drink, but you were still feeling better. Jackie solved everything. "I love y'Jackie."

"I love you too, drunkie." she said, hugging you. "We should get you home soon, though."

"PFFT. Not 'till you get drunk too!" you shouted. "SHOTS! JASON! SHOTS!" you motioned to the poor bartender, who was far too used to your antics by now. You at least were never the worst person there.

"Woman, I have to be up at 5am tomorrow, it's a miracle I'm even out right now. No. C'mon, pay your tab and let's go." She raised 'the brow' at Jason, who understood, and just brought your bill over. You slapped down some money.

"Lesgo. C'mon. We're going. Jason, you're a traitor." you hissed. He laughed at you, and made you a
to-go water cup. You and Jackie went out into the night drizzle, and she walked you all the way home. And up the stairs.

And you were singing.

As you got up to your landing, she was fumbling through your as she said "fucking ridiculously large" purse for your keys, and you were making a general ruckus. Volume control was never your strong point when inebriated. She finally managed to find your keys, and was unlocking the door, when Sans poked his head out to see what all the noise was about.

Jackie froze, mid-knob turn.

"hey, you ok?" he asked you, and looked at Jackie.

"She's just a little drunk." Jackie replied, helping you into the house.

"Yooooooooooooooooooou!" was all you said, pointing at Sans as Jackie literally dragged you into the house, and shut the door. Sans was absolutely nonplussed. What the hell just happened?

Jackie helped you get ready for bed, and made sure you had adequate water before you passed out.

You dreamt of two gentle orbs floating mid-air, comforting you in their glow, and whispering you secrets just out of reach.
Swaying on your heels back and forth, it was an understatement to say you were 'antsy' at work on Saturday. You sort of bumbled through work a little it, mind preoccupied, hands seemingly not working right. You short-changed one of your favourite customers, having to leave a note for yourself to reimburse them the next time they came in. This wasn't a big deal, you kept having to remind yourself - monsters were legal citizens now. So why did you still feel so damned nervous? It's not like YOU were suddenly a monster, or you had mail-ordered a monster husband, or gave birth to a tentacled horror.

But these were your friends. You cared about them. And you wanted the other people in your life to care about them as well. And you also really, really wanted to get Papyrus that job. You sighed, resting your elbows on the counter and sinking your face into your hands. Worrying about it wasn't going to do you any good, you were just going to get all wound up for absolutely no reason, and just say a bunch of stupid shit. Time to calm down. You glanced up at the clock. 4:45, so close! Your friends knew you'd be running behind because of work, which was fine. They had to grab a table for you anyway, O'Henry's would get crazy busy on the weekends. You had told the Skeleton Brothers to meet you at work so you could leave straight after your shift, since it was closer from there.

Peter came in, huffing with a huge crate in his hands. "Yo, gimmie a hand here!" he called out. You bounced to action, running over to him and taking the crate from him.

"What's this?" you said, looking at the box. "Not a normal shipment."

"Local business wanted us to start carrying their stuff, said I'd give them a try. Nice stuff, reds. Y'know." he was taking his coat off, catching his breath.

"Awesome! We need more local things in here." you said, carrying it into the back. "I mean, I know we get stuff from the valley and all that crap but we only carry what, a handful of stuff from in town?"

"Yeah. This'll be nice. Plus if it sells well, I'm sure we'll get perks. At least I'll get perks." he laughed. "Ehhh, you'll hook me up, right?" you came back out from the back, batting your eyelashes at him.
"If I HAVE to." he responded. He smoothed his hair back, wet from the rain that had still been coming down. "You going out tonight?"

"Yeah, meeting up with some friends. They're stopping by." you said cautiously. You were debating telling him they were monsters, when you heard the tinkle of the entry bell and weren't really given that chance. In walked Papyrus and Sans, Sans in his general blue hoodie and black shorts - and Papyrus in... whoa, he cleaned up for the occasion? Papyrus was wearing a very nice button up shirt, complete with pullover vest, and pants. And normal SHOES. He still had mittens on, though. You idly wondered if his hands were somehow different from Sans, now.

The illusion was ruined though the moment he opened his mouth. "WOWIE, THERE'S SO MUCH GRAPE JUICE HERE!" he exclaimed. Peter was startled by his volume, turning quickly. You decided not to give Peter much time to react.

"Hey guys!" you called out, bouncing over to them. "Let me go grab my coat, and I'm good to go." you smiled. You looked at Peter, and then waved a hand out to the two brothers as he stared. "Peter, this is Sans and Papyrus, my neighbors, and my friends."

Peter continued to stare for a moment. This really wasn't like him. You coughed, and Peter seemed to shake out of it. "I've heard so much about you guys." Peter said politely. "Nice to meet you." You ran off to the back to grab your coat.

"same. all good stuff, same i'm sure." said Sans, and he extended a hand. Peter didn't take it. Sans left it there for a second, then shrugged. "nice business, by the way."

"Yeah?" said Peter, his tone monotone.

"yeah. bought a wine from you a while ago. really good. riesling, i think. _____ here helped me pick it out. good stuff."

Peter's wheels were turning in his head, Sans could see it. Sans was used to this, and just smiled uneasily as the large man stared down at him, and Papyrus was poking his head in an empty display barrel.

"She's a good kid." Peter finally responded.

"she is." Sans replied.

They sat in silence, in some sort of mutual understanding until you emerged from the back.

"Good god, is this rain ever going to let up? I mean, I like it, don't get me wrong but jesus, my hair is going nuts." you said, trying to tame the frizz. You quickly glanced at both Peter and Sans, noticing how thick the tension in the room had become. Papyrus, on the other hand, was just exploring the
store. Bless his soul.

"Alright, well, let's get going then. I'll see you bright and early - unfortunately - tomorrow Peter." you grinned at him, and suddenly hooked your arm through Sans, startling him. "C'mon buddy, let's blow this popsicle stand. Papyrus!"

"COMING! ARE WE LEAVING NOW?" he said, holding a big t-shirt that said 'Don't Wine About It'.

"Yeah, go put that back. We're taking off."

"OKIE DOKIE!" he responded, neatly folding the shirt and coming over to you. He looked at Peter, then gasped suddenly. "THANK YOU FOR EMPLOYING MY GOOD FRIEND ____! SHE IS A KIND PERSON. YOU MUST ALSO BE VERY KIND IN TURN." he grabbed Peter's hand, and shook it enthusiastically. Peter stood there shocked for a moment, then started laughing.

"Have a good night, guys." he said, half-smiling. "I'll see you in the morning ____.

Yourself, Sans and Papyrus exited into the evening drizzle, leaving the smell of wood and grapes behind you.

You were about halfway to the pub when you realized you still had an arm hooked through Sans. Embarrassed, you quickly released his arm. He looked up at you, but didn't say anything about it. Papyrus, on the other hand, was gabbing the entire walk about various pastas and his enthusiasm at the potential to make more friends.

O'Henry's was a nice, smaller pub that you and your friends had been frequenting now for a few years. It had pretty good food, great drinks, and fantastic service. The only downside is it had been featured in some tourist magazine as a "must visit" spot, and had become extremely popular during the high seasons. Great for the business, shitty for you. Luckily, fall wasn't a huge draw for most people, so there was a chance you could sneak in on a Saturday this early. You had texted both Jackie and Will that you were on your way when you left the shop.

Entering the pub, you felt both at ease, and uncomfortable. Everyone there knew you, this was pretty much your dive... but you had two skeletons in tow. And while people try to keep their stares polite (some, anyway) it was still mildly unnerving. You reminded yourself not to get irritated, you were pretty much the same way sometimes. You looked for the usual booth you guys crammed yourself into, and spotted Will. You felt yourself smile without meaning to.

"Hey! ____! Over here!" he shouted, waving to you. Ugh. He was an adorable puppy.

You motioned to the brothers to follow you over, and the three of you approached the booth. "Hey guys!" you said, mustering up more cheer than usual. Everyone was already there. "So these are my
friends, Sans and Papyrus!" you motioned to the short and tall brother appropriately. "And this is Will, Hannah, Jackie and Kyle."

A chorus of garbled "heys" and "hi"s came from the table. Will patted next to him for you to sit, and you slid right next to him, Sans sitting next to you, and Papyrus sitting next to Kyle.

"How was work?" asked Will, patting down some of your frizzy hair. You giggled like a schoolgirl.

"Ah, it was fine. Peter might be working with a local business. Some restaurant that I guess bottles their own stuff. I'll have to taste it later. That'll be the third place in the city, if it works out, which would be awesoome." Hannah snorted.

"He really needs to expand his business, I don't know why he keeps his shop so small." she said.

"I dunno either, but it's just us two, so the overhead is low." you shrugged. Kyle and Papyrus were chatting about... something. You couldn't make it out over the pub din. Jackie was just staring at Sans. Sans was staring at Jackie. You had no idea what was going on.

Will stretched back and put his arms back behind both you and Hannah, making himself comfortable. You felt your body heat rise a little. UGH. You shouldn't feel like this, he had a girlfriend! Even if she was a bit of a bitch. And you knew Will first. And she looked like a bad Picasso painting. WHATEVER.

Suddenly, Sans nudged you. "drink?" he asked.

"Please." you responded. "A stout would be great. Surprise me."

"anyone else?" Sans spoke up. Will already had a drink, but the other three looked a little surprised. "seriously, first round on me."

"A Sex on the Beach." Hannah responded.

"Tequila Sunrise." said Jackie.

"Uhh..." said Kyle. "Gin and tonic?"

"WATER, PLEASE!" said Papyrus.

"got it." and with that, Sans shuffled off to the bar. Kyle and Papyrus went back to chatting, and Hannah and Jackie started discussing work. Will leaned into you.
"Skeletons, huh?" he said.

"Yeah. Skeletons. They're really cool though. Like, REALLY cool." you said.

"Huh. I know our delivery truck has a monster working for them, but I've only seen him a few times. Big wolf guy, chucks boxes off the truck." he said, sipping his drink.

"Yeah? That's kinda cool. I've only seen them in passing, really. I saw a pretty flamey one back about a year ago in a store, no idea how that even works. Had an ADORABLE dress on. I hear some places have a ton of monsters coming in though so... gotta get used to them, right?"

"Yeah. Equal opportunity employment and rights and all that jazz." Will said. You were trying not to lean back into him. Back in the old days, you guys were casually all over each other, even just in a friendly, platonic state. But even though you didn't care for Hannah, you respected her relationship. You had become stiff, and awkward around him, and sometimes it made you a little sad.

"So... speeeeking of equal opportunity..." you said, beaming at him with your best 'you know you love me c'mon do this for me' smile. He sighed.

"I want to be drunker for this. Can I be drunker for this?" he asked.

"Before or after you puke?"

"Before."

"Fine. But I'm actually being serious. I wanted you guys to meet them, but I really do need to ask you a favour." you said, your face losing it's smile. He looked at you, realizing you weren't joking around.

"Whoa. Ok. Alright. We'll talk about it a little later. Let me get to know these two a little." Will responded, then gave you a squeeze with his arm. You blushed.

"one stout for you," came a voice, and a beer was there in front of you, Sans having returned with the drinks. "one sex on the beach, one tequila sunrise, one gin'n'tonic, and a water for ya bro." Sans slid in next to you, as you tried to get your face to calm down.

"What're you drinking?" you said, calming a little.

"whiskey." he said with a grin, and took a big gulp. Kyle just sort of stared.
"Ok, I don't mean to be rude, but how do you do that?" he asked.

"Kyle!" you shot across the table.

"do what?" Sans asked.

"Drink? Eat? I guess?" Kyle said, looking a little embarrassed. You could tell Jackie was pinching him painfully under the table. Or kicking him. Or both.

Sans took in a deep breath, and put his glass down. "you really wanna know?"

The table was quiet.

He suddenly did jazz hands. "maaaaagic." Papyrus and you laughed, and the rest chimed in.

The conversation turned to idle chatter, but you caught Kyle mouthing the words "I'm sorry" to Sans. Sans politely nodded and winked at him. So far, so good. Occasionally a remark about humans or skeletons would worm it's way in there (how could it not?) but for the most part, you had good friends, and the Skeleton Brothers were good people as well.

Around 11pm or so, Jackie started crying out for shots. This was her weekend, and damnit, this was her time to shine. You groaned, knowing you had to be up in the morning, but you couldn't resist the siren's call of shots with your bestie. But first, you knew you had a mission to accomplish.

"So. Will." you said, a slight buzz filtering through your head, "You're not puking. I'M not puking. Clearly, this is a good time to talk. So let's talk." Yes, your negotiation skills were obviously going to be A+ right now.

"Alright. Shoot."


"Oh my god shut up."


"I will do whatever you want if you shut up."

"WINNER. Hire him. In your kitchen." Will's eyebrows shot up.
"What? I know he likes pasta, obviously, he's been talking about it a lot but..."

"He doesn't have to cook, dude. Not right away. Just hire him. For something. In your kitchen. Do it. Do ittt." you said, putting your chin on his shoulder, giving him the best puppy dog eyes you could. Sans was doing his best to not listen in on the conversation. Hannah was doing the opposite.

"We need a new line cook, but we also need a new porter."

"Well, you're the hiring manager, figure it out. But seriously. Think about it. It'll look good. EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER. Banners everywhere. Parades in your honour." you said, hanging an imaginary banner in the air.

"Or bricks through our window. You know that Japanese restaurant that had the monster sushi chef, right? The place 'mysteriously' burned down."

"Different city. And... get good insurance? I dunno man. But please? Please? Pleeease?" you said, your ability to negotiate deteriorating. Will sighed.

"Fine. You know I could never say no to you. Plus, he seems like he's enthusiastic." Oh boy, was that an understatement. "You're really vouching for him?"

"Yeah. Serious. He's good. Good news bear. Plus if he's in the back how will it hurt?" you asked.

"Hmm. Good point, I guess. But the staff might have a coronary. Not everyone's... you know. Up to speed." Will said. You sighed.

"I know. But just try."

"I will. For you." he said, and planted a kiss on the top of your head. You felt yourself turn beet red, and immediately turned away so no one else at the table would see it. Unfortunately, turning away meant 'turning directly into Sans'. You could have sworn you were getting redder.

"you're pretty amusing when you drink." he said.

"Shut up." you murmured, slogging down the rest of your beer. Sans ribbed you. "You don't even seem half as drunk as me. You should drink more."

"i would but..." he swirled his glass around. "it's a whiskey business." You snorted, and started laughing.
"You are so dumb, you're the best." you said, suddenly hugging Sans. You felt him stiffen under your hug, but then ease into it. Your sudden movement had that 'feel good effect' that alcohol often does, causing you to rest on Sans with your hug. He smelt good. He smelted like rain, and old books, and cedar, and something else you couldn't put your finger on.

"Did she just fall asleep on you?" Hannah asked. "She does that. She fell asleep on me one time, mid-sentence when she drank this much." She reached out across the table to tap you, and you jerked back.


"SHOTS."

This evening was going to go to hell in a handbasket quickly.

Way too many drinks later, and much laughter and good times, everyone exchanged phone numbers. This is when you discovered that yes! The brothers actually DID have cell phones. You wondered why you never bothered to ask before, but you figured it was never really necessary before. Kyle and Papyrus had really hit it off, and Jackie thought he was literally the cutest thing on the planet. Sans told so many bad puns that everyone both loved and simultaneously hated him. Will reassured you after the 200th time that yes, he would hire Papyrus, and then proceeded to march up to Papyrus and told him to come down to the restaurant on Monday. This lead to a bone-crunching hug from Papyrus, which Will accepted with mild reluctance. Jackie and you could barely walk, with Kyle propping Jackie up, and Will helping you out of the booth.

"I have wooooork." you whined at Will, looking at Jackie like she had betrayed you. She just cackled, like some sort of cauldron-based witch.

"I know. Let's get you home. Hannah, I'm gonna make sure she's safe, I'll meet you at home?" Will said, looking at Hannah. Hannah looked like she had sucked on a sour lemon.

"She's fine Will. She's left here in worse states on her own."

"'xactly." you said to Will. "Hannah's in the know. Hannah knows. Hannah knows aaall." You booped your own nose and pointed at Hannah with a knowing wink. You had no idea what was going on. But you could figure it out, you were resourceful!

"we got this." piped in Sans, coming up from behind the two of you. Will just looked at him, unsure for a moment. "we live across from her. it makes sense, right?"

"I SHALL CARRY HER ON MY BACK!" Papyrus chimed in, sounding excited at the prospect for some reason.
"Please. Guys. I can wa-aaaaa!!" you had no chance to really express your desire to walk, because you had been scooped up and deposited on Papyrus's back like some sort of drunk koala. "Oh god. This is happening. I've hit rock bottom. I'm like a little boozy backpack." Will and Jackie started laughing. Jackie looked at Kyle.

"Why don't you carry meeeeee?" she asked, halfheartedly trying to clamber onto his back. Kyle pushed her away playfully.

"Because unlike some people, we own a car, and I'm driving, my dear. And with that, I bid you inebriates adieu. Nice to meet you guys." he said Sans and Papyrus, bowing with a flourish. Jackie giggled and curtsied, giving you a sloppy smooch on the cheek on the way out.

"well, let's get going before the rain starts coming down again." said Sans, looking at his brother. You were still trying to comprehend this entire 'being carried on someone's back' thing.

"INDEED! WE SHALL GET OUR GOOD FRIEND HOME SAFELY AND SECURELY!" Papyrus spun on his heels as he did, which was WAY too much movement for you. You felt sick. "IT WAS A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, WILL AND HANNAH. I SHALL BE AT YOUR ESTABLISHMENT ON MONDAY! I THANK YOU FOR THE OPPORTUNITY!" Aw, good on you Papyrus. Using your words. And stuff. Oh god, you had a headache.

"Nice meeting you too, Papyrus." Will smiled. "See you Monday, 8am!" Hannah didn't say anything. God, she sucked.

The three of you exited the pub and into the freezing cold, you gripping onto Papyrus for dear life. You were acutely aware of his bones as he navigated the sidewalk.

"THAT WAS A MOST WONDERFUL OUTING WE HAD TONIGHT! YOU HAVE VERY NICE FRIENDS!" he enthused, bopping along in his usual manner. "I PARTICULARLY LIKE THE KYLE ONE, HE IS VERY FUNNY AND KNOWS A LOT ABOUT COOKING!"

"Yeah... he's a... urp... he's a foodie, I guess." you said.

"A FOODIE? WHAT IS THAT?" asked Papyrus.

"It's a... oh.. Papyrus, ask me things when I don't feel like this." you said, your head spinning. You figured it was the feeling of not moving yourself. Sans looked up at you, worried.

"hey, you okay?" he said, his hand half-reaching out to you, before returning to his side. "paps, stop for a second."
"WHAT? OKAY." Papyrus stopped, and you clambered down from his back. You sat on the wet pavement, the water seeping into your jeans. You didn't care. It almost felt good. You had drank way too much, you usually did way better with your liquor. You knew why you drank too much. Fucking Will. Ugh. Fucking Hannah.

You felt fingers in your hair suddenly, pulling it back. It felt nice. Then, the sensation of a hand brush the side of your face. No, it wasn't a hand, it was too smooth. Like, a polished rock. The cold air hit your neck, bringing your temperature down. Suddenly, the ground rushed up at you, and the entire night's contents emptied from your stomach onto the pavement.

"yup." you just heard Sans say, as you retched onto the street. This was not your finest moment. Hey, you knew this street! You puked here before, once. Ah, memories.

"I'm sorry!" you said between gasps of air, Sans still gently holding your hair. Sans was trying to calm both you and Papyrus down, Papyrus convinced he had 'broke the human'. You finally stopped, feeling MUCH better.

"all good?" asked Sans, procuring a napkin out of nowhere. It was a little wet from the rain, but you were grateful for it.

"As good as good is gonna get. Oh god. I'm so sorry. I'm so, so sorry." you said, humiliated. Papyrus looked near to tears, crouched down by you.

"OH ____! I'M GLAD YOU'RE OK! PLEASE LET ME TAKE YOU HOME NOW!" he cried out, his eyes watery. You gave a weak smile.

"I'm ok Papyrus. I just... had way too much to drink. I should know better. It's ok." You still felt crappy. Sans helped you up off the pavement. Ugh, the water soaked through to your underwear, gross. Mistakes had been made. Sans was holding onto your arm, just to keep you steady, but it made you feel better. You looked at him. "Thanks. You're awesome."

He just smiled at you, the light in his eyes softening again. It made you feel comfortable, drowsy, even. That, or it was the booze. Probably the booze. It was the booze.

"YOU ARE IN NO STATE TO WALK, I SHALL CONTINUE TO CARRY YOU." Papyrus exclaimed, as you started walking off, in the best straight line you could manage. You probably COULD walk, but your legs felt all noodly. Haha. Noodly.

"Papyrus, if I have to ride on your back again, I'm gonna puke again. I'm good. Seriously."

Papyrus didn't give you an option. He scooped you up in his arms like you were a precious kitten. He was strong!
"IS THIS BETTER?" he asked, starting to walk. Sans chuckled.

"Yeah. That's fine. That's fine Papyrus." you said. You gave up. Papyrus smelled good too, but he smelled like laundry detergent. Hey, you recognized that brand! You used the same one. That's cool. Things were cool. You were so tired.

The next thing you knew, you were on a couch, covered in quilted blankets and next to you was a huge mug of hot tea, with a cool washcloth over your head. This wasn't your house! Oh. This was their house. Alright, this was a better change of pace.

"hey." You looked up, and Sans was sitting on the floor next to you, facing you. "you feeling alright?"

"Urgh, yeah. Fuck. I'm sorry. I never drink that much. I promise I'm not a lush." you said. Sans just chuckled to himself.

"you're fine." he said, flipping the washcloth around on your head. You gave a little smile. "small price to pay for you helping out my bro."

"Oh! Yeah, I have to thank him for helping me home too!" you said, going to sit up. Sans pushed you back down gently.

"whoa there, tiger. he's already asleep. just rest up. you said you have work tomorrow, anyway." you groaned at the thought of this. This was going to be an awful hangover.

"Tomorrow is going to suck." you said dramatically, flinging an arm over your eyes. "At least it's Sunday. We close early Sundays. Thank god for Sundays." Sans chuckled a little.

"what do they say, sundays are fundays?"

"Yeah, I wish. Sundays are boring. No one comes in on Sundays." Sans was quiet for a moment.

"i could stop by, if you wanted."

"Don't you work tomorrow too?"

"yeah, but i can pop in during lunch." he shrugged. "it's right down the street practically."

"That'd be awesome. Oh god, can you bring me a fruit smoothie from the cold section?" you pleaded. "I'll be in your debt forever." Sans grinned.
"sure thing. is there a flavour you're bananas over?"

"Not bananas, I'll tell you that." you giggled, a little. "Strawberry. Or raspberry. Or something. I dunno, you picked a good stout tonight, surprise me again."

The two of you shared a smile, again. You watched his eyes once again soften. It was like he had little dimmers in his eyesockets, you thought to yourself. You felt cozy, bundled up on his couch, chatting in his living room. You reached for your mug of tea.

"hope you don't mind chai."

"Are you kidding? I'm glad I got to chai it." you said, smirking at him. Take that, you punny bastard. His eyes lit back up.

"i tea you like bad jokes again."

"Don't push it, bonehead."

Sans stood up, staying there for a moment looking at you, as if he was about to say something. You waited, but nothing came.

"Thanks for letting me stay here." you said, breaching the silence.

"no problem." he said. Suddenly, he scritchted the top of your head gently, in a soothing fashion, just for a second. It felt amazing. "sleep well."

You dozed off peacefully, and you dreamt of Will, constantly running around corners away from you, and Sans always appearing behind them instead.

Chapter End Notes

So, there WILL be an introduction of other monsters in the story, I thought I should mention. But I kinda wanted this fic to be reader-oriented in that hey! You have a life that doesn't 100% revolve around the monsters. As cool as they are, though. I don't know how compelling these other characters relationships are, but I'm trying to make them likeable. Hopefully it's working, lol.
You awoke in the morning, your mouth tasting like something had died in it. Ugh, last night you definitely drank way too much. You slowly opened your eyes, observing your surroundings - you were in the Skeleton Brother's house still, on the couch. Sunlight was slowly cracking through the window blinds (they had been drawn, that was nice of whoever did that - probably Sans) and you heard a quiet rustling from the kitchen. You jimmied your phone out of your pocket to look at the time, only to see it was 6:20am. You didn't have to be up for a while. You let out a groan and rolled over onto your side, burying your face in the pillow.

"morning sunshine." came a mirthful voice. You opened one eye to see who was so offensively chipper, and of course it was Sans. He was in his Fast n' Fresh uniform, squatting down to be at eye level with you. "how you feelin'?"

"I feel like death. Tell my mother I loved her, and I want lillies at my funeral." you mumbled. Sans smirked.

"duly noted. you want some breakfast?" he asked, stretching upwards. You nodded.

"Yeah, my stomach is ready to lead a rebellion against me."

"i find that kinda hard to digest." he said. You immediately hit him with your pillow.

"Sans! It's too early for that! Please!" you cried out. "Oh god, my head. Ow. I'd tell you how that feels, but I'm worried you'll make another stupid joke."
"or i'd get you some asprin."

"The risk is too great. I'll suffer in silence, a prisoner of your puns." You dramatically sighed. Your head was absolutely killing you, though. Sans chuckled.

"i'll spare you this time. let me go get you something, and i'll make us some grub," he said. He smiled at you, then disappeared off into the bathroom. You sighed. You were extremely lucky that not only were you guys really good friends, but also next door neighbors. Sans came back with some asprin and some water, which you gladly took. You gulped it down, then looked up at him a little sheepishly.

"I didn't make a complete ass of myself last night, did I?" you asked, bracing yourself for the answer. He laughed.

"other than exposing papyrus to the wonderful world of human regurgitation? no."

"No late night confessions? No loud karaoke?" He raised his browbone at you.

"double no. you were on your best behaviour." You saw his expression shift for a moment, like he was thinking about something, but it went back to his usual lazy smile. "c'mon, lemme make you some pancakes."

"That sounds really great right now." you said, sliding out from under the covers. You chugged the rest of the water, and padded over to the table and plopped down into a chair. You didn't know Sans cooked as well, Papyrus mostly did all of the cooking whenever you were over.

You glanced over into the kitchen to see what he was up to, and watched as he fired up the griddle. Your mind was imagining delicious pancakes right now, and your stomach was growling.

"i wanted to say thanks again for what you did last night." Sans said from the kitchen.

"What, puking everywhere? If I knew that was what you were into..."

"shaddap. you know what i mean. you really helped papyrus out. it means a lot to me. to us, i mean." he said. You heard him shaking something, and looked back over. Oh god, was that -- ? He was squeezing pancakes onto the griddle from a yellow bottle.

"Instant pancakes? In a bottle? Really?"

"what?" he said, grinning. "they're amazing. no cooking required."

"I guess..." you said, resting your chin on your hand. "I'm not gonna complain, free food is delicious food."

You were wrong. They were pretty gross. But you ate them like they were the tastiest thing you'd ever had. Sans looked at you, seemingly amused by your enthusiasm, and you tried to not let the pancakes come back up as he doused his own pancakes in ketchup.

"So what's your thing with ketchup?" you asked, waving a forkful of the cardboard pancakes around.

"what do you mean, 'what's my thing'? i like it." he said, almost offended.

"You obviously have tastebuds, Sans." you grumbled, "We've talked about food before and some
things you've eaten or drank, but every time I've seen you eat you ruin everything with a buttload of ketchup. What gives?"

"ruin? how dare you madam, this is for those with a refined palette." He held up the ketchup bottle. "this is a rare heinz, crafted from the finest heirloom tomatoes in the world. lovingly bottled, and then imported here so people such as yourself could get a chance to try it." He grinned. "besides, i just think it tastes good with everything. why put salt on food? same idea."

"Yeah, but you sprinkle salt on something, you don't assault it with it." It was too late. The pun had been made. His face lit up.

"eeeeeeey!

"Shut UP!" you stuffed the gross pancakes into your mouth, and swallowed hard. You hated everything right now. "I want TWO fruit smoothies, now." you pouted.

"don't get greedy." he said, finishing off his vile ketchup-pancake concoction. He stood, taking his plate and yours (you had managed to somehow finish your food) and went to the kitchen.

"Sans, I'll clean those up. Don't worry about it." you offered. He turned and looked at you.

"alright. i hate washing dishes anyway." he shrugged. "plus i don't wanna be late." He threw his apron on, and then put his sneakers on. He didn't bother to tie the laces - he never did.

"Have a good day at work dear!" you said jokingly as he passed you, blowing him kisses. He seemingly missed a step, but kept heading to the door.

"see ya at lunch." was all he said as he exited the house, but you noticed something as he turned to close the door. Was his face a light blue? You figured it was a trick of the light, especially since his uniform was green. You headed into the kitchen to start doing the dishes and clean up the griddle, it was the least you could do.

As you finished with that, you realized it was only 6:50am. You didn't even have to be at work until 10. Screw this, you were going back to sleep. You crawled back onto the couch and pulled the blankets back up over you, and made sure your alarm was still on (it was) and closed your eyes. You could get at least another 2 hours of sleep...

"GOOD MORNING FRIEND!" came the booming voice from across the room. God damnit. Papyrus, you loved him, but not right now. Sleep is now.

"Morning Papyrus," you said, turning over to face him. He was dressed in full pyjamas, and they were covered in ducks. Somehow, this was absolutely adorable. If anyone in passing saw this, it would likely be terrifying, but Papyrus was just this... you didn't know how to describe him well enough. Precious is a word you'd use, definitely. "Sorry about last night. Thanks for helping me back."

"OF COURSE! I WOULD NEVER LEAVE YOU BEHIND!" he said, sitting at your feet. He patted your leg consolingly. "I THOUGHT THAT I HAD POSSIBLY HARMED YOU, BUT SANS REASSURED ME THAT YOU HAD A NORMAL HUMAN REACTION TO ALL OF THE DRINKS YOU HAD LAST NIGHT."

"Yeah, sorry 'bout that." you said with an embarrassed laugh. He still looked concerned.

"WHY DID YOU DO THAT TO YOURSELF ______? ARE YOU OKAY?"
"What? No, it's just something humans do, Papyrus. Sometimes we accidentally drink too much, and our stomachs kinda... reject all that drinking." you explained. He looked at you, unsatisfied.

"NYEEEEHHHH... YOU WEREN'T DRINKING TOO MUCH ACCIDENTALLY." he said, flatly. You blinked.

"Well, no? I guess? I wanted to drink, but I didn't mean to drink that much."

"IF YOU SAY SO." he responded, and again patted your leg. Was there something going on that you missed? You were too tired for this crap. "I NOTICED YOUR INTERACTIONS WITH YOUR FRIEND WILL. YOU SEEM TO LIKE HIM."

Oh my god. Was a gigantic magical talking skeleton in duckie pyjamas about to give you relationship advice? Was this a bad dream?

"What? No, we're friends Papyrus, that's all. We've been friends since forever. Plus a day. Besides, he has a girlfriend! That... lovely... girl, Hannah." you said. He just looked at you smugly.

"I UNDERSTAND. WORRY NOT." he said, and got up. "DID YOU WANT BREAKFAST? I HAVE SOME LEFTOVER PASTA."

"Nah, I'm good. Sans made me breakfast this morning before he left for work." you said. Papyrus just stared at you.

"SANS? SANS MADE YOU BREAKFAST?"

"Yeah?"

"SANS."

"Sans."

"MADE YOU BREAKFAST."

"Made me breakfast, yes. If you can call it that."

He suddenly leaned in and peered at you. "ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT STILL INTOXICATED? MAYBE YOU SHOULD SLEEP SOME MORE."

You were about to argue the point, when you realized this might be your chance to get more sleep. "You know what? I dunno now. It's all a little hazy. Maybe I should go back to sleep..."

"YES, THAT WOULD BE BEST! I SHALL BE AS QUIET AS A MOUSE. WHICH IS MILDLY QUIET."

"Thanks Papyrus." you said. He smiled at you, and went back into the kitchen. He was clattering around making noise, but it was all very domestic, and nothing particularly jarring - and soon enough you had fallen back asleep.

Work wasn't all that bad. Peter didn't say much to you, which you were grateful for as you still had a splitting headache. The aspirin kinda helped, but you still felt terrible. Sunday was slow, per usual, with not many customers coming in at all. You counted a whopping two before lunch rolled around, and your bony friend entered your store.
"Heya!" you said, actually happy to see him. He gave a little pause, then exhaled oddly.

"heya. brought you your fruit smoothie you demanded, your highness." He handed it to you, and you took it like it was the holy grail.

"Bless you. Bless your soul. You are the most wonderful person in the world right now, and may everything on this planet recognize the amazingness that is you." You said, super thrilled. He shrugged, casually laughing a little.

"no biggie. did you wanna go anywhere for lunch?"

"Go? I can't leave the store. It's just me. I just eat in the back usually. But trust, I take that full half hour to the fullest." Sans frowned a little. "Don't worry, I got you. It's no cuisine, but I did think of you!" you went to the back and grabbed a few things, then came back up and displayed them on your counter. "Lunch ala ______. Maybe I'll get a Michelin star, I dunno." Two boxes of Cup of Noodles and a bottle of ketchup. You smiled lazily at him.

"wow, all this for me? you didn't have to. what a treat." he said, mockingly. You stuck your tongue out at him.

"Suck it. I'll go microwave our 5 star meal in the back. C'mon." You motioned for him to follow, and he went around the corner to the back as you asked. The 'break room' as you and Peter liked to call it, was the loading and unloading room, with two chairs, a table, and a microwave. You dumped some bottled water into the noodle cup and started microwaving.

"So how's work going for you today?" you asked, idly watching the noodles spin on the roundabout.

"pretty good. only had one person call me 'hellspawn' today so far. we're starting to get down into the single digits."

"Ugh, serious? People need to get over that shit." you said, sneering. "It's not fair." Sans had heard it from you before, you tended to get riled up if you guys talked about it for too long. "Serious, you need to call me next time. I'll be over there in a hot minute, punching some old ladies." Sans raised a browbone at you. "What, you doubt my old lady punching skills?"

"i'm sure i can defend myself from the geriatric community, but your chivalry is appreciated." he said, smirking. The microwave beeped at you, and you took out the noodles, handing it to him with the ketchup. He suddenly snorted with a laugh as he took it.

"What?" you asked.

"you were just giving me shit this morning for putting ketchup on my pancakes."

"Yeah, and?" you said, pouring water into your noodle cup. "You made a decent point, so I grabbed some ketchup before I left my house this morning." You rolled your eyes at him.

"hey, don't get saucy with me." he quipped, dumping way too much ketchup into his noodles and stirring it around. Still, no matter how much you accepted it, gross.

"I hope you realize how much I love you to keep you around." you muttered, watching your noodles spin endlessly. You heard a sputter noise behind you, and looked at Sans. He had eaten too many noodles and was coughing them out. "Oh jeez, slow down there, ace. You okay?"

"y-yeah. these are spicy!" he exclaimed, fanning himself. He was turning a shade of blue. Oh god! Was he choking?!
You knew what you had to do. Immediately you positioned yourself behind him, and wrapped your arms just below his sternum. All you heard was a "wuh--" before you immediately performed the heimlich. You hoped to god skeletons had a trachea. Wait, did they have stomachs? How did he breathe? Wait, was he laughing?

"What the fuck?"

"i'm ok! i'm ok." He just kept laughing. Now it was your turn to turn a primary colour. Your face went bright red, and you spun him around to face you.

"Dude! I thought you were choking! This isn't funny!" you cried out. His laughing died down as his eyes scanned your face, realizing you were legitimately concerned.

"no, no, i'm fine. i was reacting to the spice. it was hot. i'm guessing my face flushed, kinda like you humans do."

"Oh god, yeah. I just heard a choking noise, and then you turned blue. Christ. So that's basically how you flush?"

"yeah. so if you turn blue, you're choking?"

"Basically." Both of you sort of nodded to each other in understanding.

"good to know. but i'll be damned if that wasn't funny."

"Heh. Yeah." you said, glad he was taking it well. You went to grab your noodles.

"and i'll be damned if i don't make fun of you for it for at least a week."

"Oh come ON! I just valiantly tried to save your LIFE!" you griped. What an ass! You grumpily stuffed your mouth full of noodles. Oh please, they were barely spicy. "You're lucky you brought me a smoothie, I'd kick your ass out so hard right now."

"lucky me." he said, rolling his eyes. The two of you let out a little laugh, and ate the rest of your lunch. "so how's work for you?"

"Not bad. You're the third person to come in today." you said, sighing a little. "Thanks for the company." He smiled at you.

"no problem, anytime."

"I might take you up on that. Sundays are abysmally slow."

"i can live with that." he chortled. He looked up at the clock. "looks like my federally mandated break is over." He got up with an overexaggerated groan. "man, i am bone-tired."

"I don't see why, you're always bone-idle according to your brother." Sans snorted with what sounded like a cynical laugh.

"that's me. thanks for the lunch."

"Oh, hey. Later tonight - book date?"

Sans paused.

"W-well, not a DATE. You know what I mean." You were suddenly flustered. "Hey, screw you,
you know what I mean jackass. Reading night. Book club. Whatever you wanna call it."

"book club sounds so lame. maybe if we had some of those classy shirts you sell here to wear when we read, though." With that, you burst out laughing.

"Oh my god. Yes. YES. Dibs on that stupid 'Keep Calm and Drink Wine' shirt."

"i personally like the 'i improve with age' one."

"And then we can start collecting cats. Please. Can this be a thing? Can we do this? Let's be old, lame people together." The two of you laughed at this, and he started heading for the door.

"i'll be over after i get off work then. see ya later." he winked, as he usually did, and waltzed out the door. You smirked a little and cleaned up the foodstuffs, and then greedily went to your smoothie. Ahh, strawberry banana, nectar of the gods. Suddenly, your phone buzzed. It was a text. From Sans.

s: knock knock

Oh great. His first text to you, and it's a fucking knock knock joke. Did his horrible appreciation of terrible jokes know no bounds? You played along, it's not like you had anything better to do.

y: Who's there?
s: scold
y: Scold who? (I hate you btw)
s: scold enough out here to freeze my bones off (no you don't)

This was Pandora's Box. Pandora's Text, if you will. If you continued along this line, you could be responsible for the downfall of humanity. If Sans realized he could go global with his shitty humour, the world would suffer for it.

y: Will you remember me in 2 minutes?
s: uh, yeah
y: Knock knock.
s: that's my line
s: who's there
y: Hey! You didn't remember me!

You smirked. Bring it on, motherfucker.

Ok, so texting Sans knock knock jokes was not one of your brightest ideas. Apparently his 1000 Knock Knock Joke books was not the first one he read, because this guy had a million of them under
his sleeve. To be fair, you did laugh at quite a few of them, and it definitely kept you extremely entertained until work was over. But now you were certain there was an entire network of people worldwide, receiving godawful knock knock jokes. You felt you had created a supervillain.

The rain had finally let up by the time you had made it home, and the sun was peaking out through the clouds. The air still had that wonderful, crisp ozone smell that made you feel alive. You weren't sure what time Sans was getting off, and your text asking him when he was went unanswered. You figured he was actually busy, you know, working. This was an opportune time to take a shower - you still felt like garbage after last night.

Your shower felt amazing. You cranked the hot water up and turned your bathroom into a mini-sauna, getting what you felt was all that imaginary grime and grit off of you. You were shampooing up your hair and mulling over the past few days. Kinda whirlwindy, you thought. It had been at least two months since you saw Will to boot, so that was nice. Ah, Will. Maybe you shouldn't be thinking of Will in the shower. You bit your lip. Was there really any harm in it? Your hand slid to your middle, maybe you should think about hunky lumberjack boys or something else. Your hand began to slip a little lower, when your thoughts suddenly drifted to Sans. You felt a tingling sensation, and a warmth flood you, and your mind snapped to attention.

Sans?! Come ON girl. He's a fucking SKELETON. You literally slapped your face. What the hell was wrong with you? Good god you needed to get laid. You knew you were hard up for some action, and sure, it had been a little while, but you weren't that desperate. Besides, he likely lacked all the proper anatomy, being a skeleton and all and --

Then you realized, you never really saw UNDER Sans's shirt. Sure, you saw his hands, and his legs. But his mid-section seemed incredibly solid, especially when you were heimliching him earlier today. You definitely felt bones, but his shirt fell over him like he was made of solid matter, not just bones.

Oh lord, what if he was like a zombie? And his flesh was all rotten underneath, and the extremeties were the first to finally lose all their flesh? Suddenly, your mood vanished. Welp, if you had a dick, it'd certainly be limp right now. You shuddered, wondering about the possibility. They were technically 'monsters', right? Zombies classified as monsters.

Urgh, you were done thinking about this. You rinsed your hair out and stepped out of the shower. You stared at yourself in the mirror. It's fine. You've had impure moments while simultaneously thinking about grocery shopping before. It's nothing. Don't make this weird, ______.

You got dressed in some comfortable sweats and a oversized shirt (you had been extremely tempted to get a stupid wine t-shirt, but decided against it) and put your hair up in a towel. You started making some tea, when you noticed your phone was buzzing. Oh great, more knock knock jokes from the champ.

s: knock knock
y: Who's there? (this is never going to get old)
s: dozen
y: Dozen who?
s: dozen anybody wanna let me in?

Oh shit! You ran to the door and opened it, and Sans was there, his hands shoved in his pockets. He
was still in his uniform, but had his book with him. "wondering when you were gonna open up."

"I'm sorry! I was in the shower!" you gestured to your hair. His eyes flickered up and down your body, then he shrugged.

"no big deal." he said, suddenly coughing a little. "i wasn't out here long." You let him into the house.

"Please tell me you didn't get another knock knock joke book. I don't think you need to actually know more." Sans laughed at this, heading for the patio.

"nah, not this time. had an old astronomy book i've been lugging around, wanted to take a look at it."

"Oh yeah?" you said. "Like, star positions and stuff?"

"kinda. planets, star systems, yadda yadda. boring stuff."

"Not that boring. You can't see the stars here very well, though." you frowned. You handed him a mug, sitting in your usual comfy chair, watching as he settled into the one opposite you. "Sucks. I grew up somewhere where you could see the stars all the time." Sans sucked in a sigh between his teeth.

"must've been nice. didn't have stars underground, obviously." he said, his voice a little sad. He never really talked about the underground much. "probably why i like them so much. it's amazing to imagine there's so much out there, above you. infinite possibilities, a vastness, swirling and changing... all of it on display to see on a regular basis." His head tilted back, looking at your lights on the ceiling of the porch, as if they were the stars themselves. You said nothing, just letting him talk. His words were usually short, clipped, stories funny. "i remember seeing the night sky for the first time, and just being absolutely amazed." he said, with a laugh. But the laugh sounded bitter. "and then i saw it again. and again. and sometimes i wonder..."

He snapped out of his reflective mood and looked at you, just staring at him.

"sorry, i'm just rambling. don't mind me. don't you have some reading about a vampire prince or somethin'?"

"Vampire KING, actually - but you can talk, you know." you said, trying to be encouraging. You wondered if Sans bottled this up.

"nah. i'm good. maybe another time. i'm really in the mood to read, y'know? you got me all hyped up at lunch."

"Alright..." you said, tentatively. "...if you ever need an ear though..." you gave him a smile, and left it at that. He smiled back at you, and you snuggled into your chair and opened your book as he did the same.

A few hours passed, before your stomach growled. He looked up from his book at you oddly, then went back to it. Your stomach growled again. Maybe you should get some food.

"are you making that noise?"

"What noise?"

"that weird gurgling noise." You laughed.
"Yeah. That's my stomach. I'm hungry."

"you think monsters are weird?" he remarked. You frowned.

"I'll have you know that the human gastrointestinal system is very complex and intricate!" you fussed. Your stomach growled again. "You wanna order some pizza?" A look of relief flooded over his face.

"yeah. that'd be great. i told papyrus i'd be here tonight, so he's fine on his own."

"Ahh, modern marvels. Once upon a time, I'd have to get up to do this - now I can do it all while being a lazy ass and never moving." you said, speed dialing the pizza joint down the street and placing your order. You guys were very well aquainted.

"a girl after my own heart." said Sans. You snickered.

"Sans, you'd fall in love with a sea slug."

"nah, they're too salty about life."

"OH MY--" you jumped to your feet. "IN MY OWN HOME NO LESS."

you crossed over to him and grabbed the pillow behind him, and hit him with it. Hard. He feigned hurt.

"you wound me! and here i am, a guest under your roof. when the duchy learns, there will be war. monsters everywhere will riot."

Suddenly, your first accidental joke came to mind.

"Well, I guess then they'll be sans a skeleton." you snarked at him, pushing the pillow down into him, shoving your weight into it as you laughed. His grin was ridiculous at this point, his eyes practically little orbs of fire. He yanked the pillow out from your grip, causing you to fall onto him, and the two of you became a tangle of laughter. He lightly boffed you in the face with the pillow and left it there.

"Smother me if you must, cruel monster, but I shall not allow the world to suffer your awful punnery. I perish for speaking truths, and only truths." you dramatically flopped your arms to indicate how incredibly dead you were. You heard him chuckling as the two of you laid there, you most gracefully with a pillow over your face. Gross, it smelled kind of musty, you really needed to wash it. You were going to comment on it, when you felt the smooth polished feel of his hand slide across your stomach, then a weight on it. You jolted up, seeing him with his head to your stomach, looking positively amused.

"Rude!" you said, swatting at him.

"it's making that noise again." he indicated. "sorry. i just..." he backed away, looking embarassed. You laughed.

"It's fine. You're lucky you're a skeleton, or I'd have to call the cops on you or something." you said, with a lop-sided smile. "Since you're invading my personal space, can I invade yours?"

Sans was taken aback. "what? w... what do you mean?"

"Oh jesus, I'm not asking you to take off your pants." you scoffed. "I just wanna see what's making you so... how do I put this..." you gestured with your hands in a circular motion.
"fat?"

"No! Full? You just fill out your shirt, and you're obviously a skeleton." You frowned for a second. "Hey man, if I'm getting too personal here, feel free to slap me with the shut-up pillow."

"is that what we're calling it now? i like it. nah, you're fine. here, look." he said, and he lifted up the green polo shirt he was wearing. Your eyes widened - even though every time you saw his head, or his hands, you brain registered that he wasn't like you, seeing just... the whole rib-cage was something different.

"Whoa." was all you said. Sans' brow furrowed.

"spooky, right?"

"No! It's awesome!" you enthused. "I mean, how do you... it looks like you have mass under here when you put the..." you grabbed his shirt, and pulled it back down. It looked like he had a stomach under there. You pulled the shirt back up like doves were going to fly out. "This is so cool!"

"heh. i'm glad you're entertained by my weirdness."

"It's so fascinating, you're basically... I mean, I know you're a skeleton Sans. But you're not. You're you. You're unique. Does that make sense?" you asked. You were babbling. This was fucking awesome. You were trying to remind yourself that this was your friend you were gaping at, and not some anatomical study, and were trying to remind yourself to be better with your words. Without thinking, you reached out and gently wrapped your fingers around one of his lower ribs, rubbing to feel the texture.

You were suddenly smacked in the face with the Shut-Up Pillow, surprising you so much that you fell backwards.

"shit! sorry. sorry! that's just.. it's..." Sans's face was an extremely bright blue. You slapped a hand over your mouth.

"Oh god, I'm so sorry! Did I hurt you? Fuck! I'm such an asshole. I'm sorry Sans. Fuck. Here." you rolled up your sleeve and gestured to your arm. "You can hit me. Or something. I dunno. Shit." Sans laughed, his face fading back to his normal colour.

"no, no. it's fine. it didn't hurt at all. it's just... really sensitive."

You both sat there in an awkward silence, when suddenly Sans started chuckling. You started to chuckle a little with him, and that cascaded into full blown laughter from the both of you. The whole thing was absolutely absurd.

"So, skeletons are ticklish. Good to know." you said, finally calming down from the laughter. Sans wavered.

"yeah, something like that." he said, giving you a sidelong glance. "i really don't recommend it." he added.

"Noted." you said. "Look at us, breaking down those human / monster barriers, ushering in an age of peace and understanding."

"more like stupidity, if you ask me." Sans snorted.

"No one asked you, jackass."
"everyone loves to listen to me, i tell great jokes." you pinched his arm.

"Shaddap." your stomach growled again. "Where the fuck is the pizza?" you whined.

"my turn." sans said unceremoniously, and flopped you onto your back. the next thing you knew, your shirt was over your head like his was, and you immediately pelted him in the head with the Shut-Up Pillow.

"DUDE. Ok. No." you immediately fixed your shirt.

"what?" he asked, rubbing his face. humans were confusing.

"Crash course lesson, friend. These..." you said, gesturing to your breasts, ",..are no-no spots. It's my good ol' private area, just for me."

"i thought it was for reproduction purposes?" sans asked, tilting his head. apparently he knew a little bit about human anatomy.

"Well, yeah. But in human society, it's taboo for someone to see them unless you're... look, just stay away from my fucking tits, ok?" you chuckled. "Stomach's cool though. Go nuts." you helped him out by lifting your shirt, but only a little for him.

Instantly, he was poking and prodding you, his fingers trying to figure you out. you felt like a science project. he didn't say anything, which made you feel a little awkward about it though. he just was running his hands over your stomach. when it gurgled again, he got extremely excited and pressed the flat of his palm to it.

"I forget the reason why it does that. It's super annoying." you offered.

"seems it." he said, pulling away. "it's like an angry little dog, begging for scraps."

"That's an... interesting way of putting it." you said, looking at your stomach. you pinched it a little. "Heh, I'm getting a little tubby, it's all that wine."

"i think you look amazing." sans said quietly. you looked up at him, not knowing what to say. "you know, for a human." he quickly added.

"Well, you don't look half bad for a bag of bones. So there you go." you giggled. the two of you smiled at each other, in that way that you were starting to. then the doorbell rang. you mentally grumbled, but so did your stomach. "Oh thank god, food time!"

"you have no idea how excited i am for pizza."

you quickly paid the pizza guy (you didn't ask for change, you wanted him gone) and you plopped down on the couch. "So are you super hungry or what?"

"i'm just... it's a change of pace." he said, not adding anything to it. you thought about it for a moment.

"Sans..."

"yeah?"

"Does... Papyrus only cook pasta?"

sans looked at his pizza, and sighed. and then took a really big bite out of it, savouring it.
"yeah."

"It's amazing pasta!" you said, trying to console him. "But... let's.. I'll see if I can expand his cooking retinue. Or at least have you over for dinner more often." you added. His face seemed to brighten.

"that'd be great." You gave him a lop-sided smile.

"What're friends for?" you said.

"what're friends for." he echoed.

The two of you polished off the pizza pretty easily, and then called it a night after a few more hours of reading. You gave Sans a hug before he left, and this time, he eased into it a little quicker than before. He still didn't hug you back. Eh, whatever, you thought.

That night, you had incredibly sexy dreams about David Beckham. You were about to go on a hot date, when his skin started melting off, and you couldn't stop screaming. You woke up in a cold sweat.
Thai'ing it Together

Chapter Summary

Everyone's messing up, it looks like.

Chapter Notes

Brace yourself for the angst train, choo choo~!

You had switched your schedule with Peter that Monday morning, so you could go with Papyrus to his "interview". It was a combination of things, one was that you could show Papyrus where it was, another was Papyrus was extremely nervous, and another is that you could have a shorter shift that day. Sans wasn't able to get time off from whatever his other job was (you still didn't know what it entailed) and was extremely relieved you were going with his brother to help him out. You thought he worried way too much about Papyrus sometimes - he didn't need the three of you.

Papyrus was already on the landing when you exited your apartment, dressed extremely appropriately for the interview. Honestly, had his face not been skeletal, he could pass for just an extremely lanky guy. Well, and those mittens. He was pacing nervously.

"Morning Papyrus!" you chirped at him, causing his head to swing around to you.

"GOOD MORNING!" he said, his voice excited but unsure. His face was doing weird things, like it wanted to smile, but it was too stressed out to do so.

"You ready to go? Hey, don't stress man, it'll be alright." you said, hugging your friend. He accepted the hug with a huge sigh of relief, practically melting into your arms.

"I REALLY HOPE SO. IT'S IMPORTANT FOR ME TO SECURE EMPLOYMENT!" he released you, then fidgeted a moment. "DO I LOOK APPROPRIATE?" You beamed at him. "Papyrus, you look downright handsome if I do say so myself!" you chuckled, elbowing him. You were hoping to calm his nerves. A very light orange crept onto his face, and you realized all the kitten pictures in the world wouldn't ever be as adorable as this.

"THANK YOU, YOU LOOK VERY NICE AS WELL." he gestured. You were wearing.. what, a t-shirt? Jeans? He was trying to be polite.

"Hah, thanks Papyrus. But today is all you buddy! So let's get going before you're late." His eyes widened at this.

"WE WOULDN'T WANT THAT!" he exclaimed, and practically clambered down the stairs. You put a hand over your face and just sighed into it, then followed behind him.

You didn't want to risk poor weather or being late, so you hailed a cab to the restaurant. You kept waving down taxis, but were getting frustrated that none were stopping for you. Lights were
suddenly blinking off as they approached the two of you. Screw this, used one of those rideshare apps and waited patiently as they showed up, with the stupid little purple halo on the top of the car. They pulled over to the side of the curb and rolled their window down. It was a middle aged man, wearing a nice button up shirt.

"_____?" they asked.

"That's us!" you said, thumbing to yourself and Papyrus. The driver looked at the two of you, then made a face.

"I only have room for one." they said. "Sorry."

"Your car fits four, dude."

"Not today it doesn't." he said pointedly. You suddenly bridged that gap between the curb and the window EXTREMELY fast.

"Got a problem with monsters?" you said, your voice filled to the brim with venom. Nuh uh. Not today. This wasn't going to happen.

"I can choose who my passengers are, I don't have to take you anywhere. Call someone else." he said, and started to roll his window up. And something inside you snapped, and you just lost your cool.

"I fuckin' called YOU shitlord!" you said, giving a hefty kick to his passenger door. His face looked absolutely shocked. Papyrus let out a startled "Nyeh!?" as you started screeching at the driver through the window. "Now let us in the goddamned car, or I swear to god I'll take your dumbassed fuzzy fucking halo and hang you on a streetlamp with it by your limp fucking DICK."

"UM, _____?"

"What!?" you said, spinning around in a fury. People were staring.

"WE... WE CAN JUST WALK." Papyrus said. He looked mortified. And suddenly, your righteous anger completely dissipated.

"You're right Papyrus. I'm.. shit, I'm sorry." You looked at the driver who was trying to desperately get back into the flow of traffic and flipped him off for good measure. "Let's go, his car probably smells like racism and regret anyway." you muttered, as the two of you headed off. Papyrus didn't look up as he walked, keeping his head down in an embarrassed fashion. You didn't know what to say, you just made a scene out of something that could have been completely avoided.

You walked a few blocks in silence, people making a path for you. You didn't know if it was because of Papyrus, or the murderous look on your face. Either way, shitty way to start the day. Finally, you piped up.

"I'm sorry Papyrus. That was really rude of me. And really rude to --"

"DON'T." Papyrus interrupted you, but kept walking.

"What?"

"DON'T APOLOGIZE. YOU MEAN WELL.." Papyrus looked at you and smiled. "YOU REMIND ME OF OUR FRIEND UNDYNE SOMETIMES, SHE IS ALSO VERY PASSIONATE ABOUT THINGS. I THINK THE TWO OF YOU WOULD GET ALONG
"I'm taking that as a good thing, I guess. Still..." you frowned. Papyrus stopped the two of you, putting an arm on your shoulder.

"LISTEN. OTHER THAN OUR GOOD FRIEND FRISK, YOU HAVE BEEN THE NICEST HUMAN WE HAVE EVER MET. WE HAVE HAD QUITE AN ADVENTURE ABOVE GROUND, AND PEOPLE HAVEN'T BEEN... THE MOST..." he thought for a moment, "PLEASANT BUNCH I'VE ENCOUNTERED. BUT YOU ACCEPTED US WITH OPEN ARMS FROM THE START, AND... AND..." Papyrus now was starting to shake a little, and suddenly you saw the little globs of tears forming around his eyes. No! No tears!

"Papyrus, hey! We can talk about this later!" you said, wanting him to be in a good mood, and make good impressions.

"NO! NYOO HOO!" he started sobbing, "YOU ARE JUST SO WONDERFUL, THANK YOU!" and he scooped you up into his arms with a gigantic, lung-crushing hug. You couldn't help but smile, and you smoothed your hand on the top of his skull.

"You too Papyrus, you too. Now c'mon, let's go get you a job, okay? We can celebrate and be mushy later." He sniffled and nodded, pulling away then flipped into a dramatic pose. God, this guy was all over the place.

"I SHALL NOT LET YOU DOWN! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, SHALL SECURE A JOB ON THIS GLORIOUS DAY!" he exclaimed, and took off at a more-than-brisk pace. You had to do a half jog to keep up with him.

The two of you arrived at the restaurant a few minutes late, which wasn't too bad. Will was in the back doing... Will things, so the hostess had to grab him anyway. Papyrus looked extremely confident initially, but as the minutes passed, you could tell he began to grow more nervous. You grabbed his hand and placed it in yours, squeezing it.

"You got this. Think of it this way - who knows pasta better than you?"

"NO ONE, OF COURSE."

"Exactly. So you got this in the bag. So whatever he offers you, think of it as a stepping stone on your way to becoming a world famous.. uh, pasta chef?" His face lit up at this.

"YES!" he shot up like lightning. You laughed quietly to yourself, as Will entered to the room. You felt a small flutter as you two locked eyes, and he smiled at you.

"Hey hot stuff." he said to you.

"Hey cool guy." you responded, in kind. You never used your 'pet names' if you will in front of Hannah - she took them the wrong way. Papyrus looked at the two of you, his eyes doing that narrowing thing like he was trying to solve a really hard puzzle.

"Hey again, Papyrus!" Will said, crossing to him and shaking his hand. Papyrus grinned.

"HELLO, WILL! HOW ARE YOU ON THIS FINE DAY?" he asked. Will shrugged.

"The usual. You ready for your interview?" he asked. Papyrus nodded so hard you thought his head was going to fall off. "Alright, let's go." You started to get up also, when Will placed a hand on your shoulder to keep you down. "Sorry, official HR business. Just him." he smirked. Papyrus looked at
you with a slight tinge of panic.

"Alright then, I'll just wait right here. Try not to have too much fun boys." you grinned at Papyrus and gave him the thumbs up. Papyrus gulped - ok, seems like maybe they did have tracheas. Will put an arm around Papyrus's shoulder and lead him off, chatting with him along the way.

Well, now you had time to kill. You figured you'd shoot Sans a quick text to set his mind at ease. You also wanted to see if Jackie wanted to go for a late dinner tonight, you knew you didn't want to cook when you got home.

y/s: Hey, just wanted to let you know Papyrus got to the interview and stuff. Will text when I know what's up.

–

y/j: Food tonight? Thai?

j: omg yes. Invite your skelebuddies!

y: They don't have to come, lol. They live across from me, I see a lot of them.

j: Yeah, but I don't!

y: Fine.

–

y/s: Also, Jackie wanted me to invite you guys out for Thai food tonight. Feel free to stay no if you're sick of me. ;P

You put your phone back into your pocket, figuring Sans was either sleeping, or working. Maybe even both. You idly glanced around, when you felt your phone buzz a few minutes later.

s: great. thanks so much

s: not familiar with thai food, but i'll try anything once. not sick of you yet, but i'll keep you updated

y: Gee, thanks.

s: i aim to please

You rolled your eyes. What a charmer, this guy. You kept your phone out this time, and browsed the internet for a while. Bless you, social media and all your methods of entertainment. A half hour had
already passed, and still no sign of Papyrus and Will. You didn't know if this was good, or if you should be concerned - but this also meant it wasn't a bullshit interview, apparently. You were sort of impressed with Will. Maybe you should invite him out for Thai food too?

y/j: Hey, can I invite Will too then?

j: UGH NO

j: He'll just be all creepy and shit.

j: Please tell me you didn't invite him already.

j: Did you already invite him?

y: Oh don't be a bitch, maybe we can rope him without Cruella. He's less creepy then.

J: You already invited him, you're the worst.

y: I didn't! But he's helping me out here, he's interviewing one of the "skelebuddies".

j: I GUESS

j: You're not allowed to drink anything

y: Yes MOM.

You loved Jackie, you really did - she was trying to look out for you. And she knew that you had been holding this horrible Olympic torch for Will through about 3 girlfriends now for whatever reason. What she didn't know, is that Will had confided in you that he was thinking about proposing to his ice queen girlfriend, Hannah. So that avenue was closed, no way, no how, no thanks.

But still, sometimes you wondered...

"_____!" came a cry to the left of you, causing you to jump in your seat. Papyrus marched up to you, looking extremely satisfied. "I HOPE YOU WERE NOT TOO BORED!"

"Well?" you asked, your eyes flitting back and forth between Will and Papyrus. Will grinned at you.

"I already had him sign the initial paperwork. I just need him to bring over his monster identification card, and we can get him officially started." He patted Papyrus on the back. "I have never seen someone dice carrots so goddamned fast."

"Soooo, not a porter?" you said, looking hopeful.

"Nah, he'd be wasted. We needed a prep cook. I'll just fudge his qualifications a little if anyone asks - it's not like we can verify his employment Underground with any real veracity, right?" Papyrus kind of shrugged, and so did you. "Exactly."

"You're my freaking hero." you said.

"I know, I know. I take checks." he said, chuckling. You gave him a big hug.
"So, Will - and Papyrus - Jackie and I are going for Thai tonight, and wanted to invite you guys to come along," you said. Please, please don't invite Hannah. Will looked at you with a smirk.

"Dinner with the dynamic duo? Wouldn't miss it for the world. What time?"

"Ehh, it's gonna be late. I don't get off work 'till 9 tonight, so it's gonna be at the noodle house off of Lambert since they serve until 2am. It's fine if you can't make it."

"That's the one with the really good hot sake, right?"

"Yeah."

"Oh yes. I'll be there." he said, clapping his hands together and rubbing them together with a sort of glee. "Alright Papyrus, you have my number - or heck, bring your card with you tonight to dinner, and I'll just make a copy of it tomorrow morning. Then I can give you your official schedule."

"THAT WOULD BE FANTASTIC!" Papyrus beamed. He was absolutely elated.

"Alright then! Well thanks for stopping by guys, but I actually have work to do, so I'll catch you two later." Will shook Papyrus's hand, and then gave you a tight hug. He whispered into your ear, "You're so screwed later. Sake boooooombs." He seperated from you and just grinned, then waved and walked off.

You were blushing like mad. Papyrus was looking at you again oddly. You immediately whipped out your phone. "Gotta text people. One sec."

y/s: Your brother got the job!! :D :D

—

y/j: DO NOT LET ME DRINK TONIGHT I REPEAT DO NOT LET ME DRINK TONIGHT

Work was well, work. Peter was an absolute chatterbox, and stuck around even though he didn't have to. He was so used to the evening shift, that he didn't know how to leave. "You'll probably screw up closing the store anyway" he said. Ouch, thanks for that vote of confidence, boss.

9pm hit, and you took off like a rocket. When did your life become so social? You generally went home and watched TV, or read a book, or just hung out with Jackie at most. You realized the introduction of the Skeleton Brothers was slowly getting you out of your cave, your comfort zone. You're not sure if you liked that or not, but you were accepting it.

The cold was absolutely biting, and you hailed a cab. Screw walking tonight, it was freezing. You told the driver where to go and decompressed in the back for a few minutes. Ok, let's review: no drinking tonight, no drinking, and no drinking. You weren't a freaking drunkard by any stretch of the imagination, but you felt like the impression you were leaving on your new friends wasn't the best...
The last thing you needed was another rendition of a Pollock painting in puke on the sidewalk again, especially in front of Sans. No, this was Papyrus's night, you figured, so you'd be on your best behaviour. You'd celebrate by eating a ton of Pad Kee Mao and staying the hell away from sake bombs.

The cab arrived, and you paid your fare, stepping out into the bitter cold. Why did you love fall again so much? You hurried inside, and Jackie was already there, with both of the Skeleton Brothers.

"Hey guys!" you said, plopping down next to Jackie, giving her a side hug. Sans half-waved, and Papyrus immediately stood up and went to your side, picking you up in another one of his deathly embraces.

"HELLO BEST FRIEND! I WAS SPEAKING HERE WITH YOUR BESTEST FRIEND AND TELLING HER ABOUT HOW WONDERFUL YOU ARE, AND HOW EMPLOYED I AM!" he shouted into your ear. You squirmed, wanting down, and wanting your hearing back.

"Yeah! That was pretty cool of Will." Jackie said, almost begrudgingly. Papyrus put you back down, and sat down again looking pleased as punch. You smoothed out your clothing and sat back down as well.

"It really was. But realistically," you said, motioning to Papyrus, "Will didn't do much. Papyrus has the talent, Will just had the job open." You didn't want Papyrus to feel like he got a pity job - Will actually sounded like he wanted to hire him, which was good.

"AND THANKS TO YOU, HE REALIZED MY IMMENSE TALENTS IN THE REALM OF COOKING!" Papyrus exclaimed. Sans flicked his eyes to you, as you finally looked at him.

"thanks." he said. You smiled at him and gave a little shrug, raising your brows.

"So did Jackie give you the rundown of the menu?" you asked. Sans and Papyrus nodded.

"THERE IS SO MUCH PASTA ON THIS MENU!"

"It's spicy though!" you said. "I remember you don't do spicy well." you said, looking pointedly at Sans. You didn't want someone else to try and give the poor guy a Heimlich.

"SANS EATS SPICY FOOD ALL THE-- OW! SANS, WHY ARE YOU DOING THAT?" Papyrus said, looking down at his legs. Sans was still smiling, but it looked incredibly forced.

"nah papyrus, you're thinking of someone else." he said, his head slowly turning towards Papyrus. Whoa, creepy. Papyrus snapped his jaw shut.

"OH YES, SOMEONE ELSE. MY BAD. IT WAS... THE OTHER... SKELETON... THAT I ONCE KNEW." Sans's head sunk down into his hands. Papyrus said. Jackie and you exchanged a look at one another. She coughed, then turned to face you, hoping to change the subject.

"So! What's new? Anything exciting?"

"Same ol', same ol'. You know me." you said.

"SHE ALMOST ASSAULTED A MAN IN MY DEFENSE TODAY!" Papyrus chimed in. Oh my god Papyrus, really? Sans's head shot up to look at you.

"Whoa, whoa. You make it sound like a big deal, Papyrus." you said, waving your hands, your eyes darting to Sans. "Some asshole was just being rude, so I called him a few names." you said.
"IF I RECALL, YOU THREATENED TO TIE UP HIS NETHER REGIONS WITH THE RIDICULOUS APPARATUS ON TOP OF HIS CAR."

"That too." Jackie just laughed.

"Yeah, that sounds like you." she said, massaging your shoulder like you were a boxing champ. "Wish I had seen it! Although I probably would have been shouting too."

"Probably. Hell, we could've tag teemed him. El Tigre and La Diabolica, pile driving his car into the ring." you laughed.

"he didn't try to hurt you guys, right?" Sans said, a little quieter than normal.

"No, of course not. He was just rude." you said. "You know, like old ladies and hellspawn rude." Sans heaved a sigh at that.

"ah, gotcha. well, screw that guy." he said, leaning back into the booth. "he prolly woulda got you guys lost anyway."

"PROBABLY!" Papyrus said, thinking on it. "PLUS THE WALK WAS VERY NICE THIS MORNING!"

You shrugged. "Anyway, work was meh, Peter wouldn't shut up all goddamned day, yadda yadda. And you heard about Papyrus straight from the source." you said with a smile. Papyrus nodded happily, as did Jackie. "So, what about you?"

"We-ell, you know that job promotion I've been whining about?" she asked.

"Of course."

"Nailed it." she responded.

"Oh HELL yes." you said, with a fist pump. "So what the hell was with your text earlier?" She looked at you, her lips pursed and she crossed her arms.

"Girl, you know why. Don't even start." You waved her off dismissively.

"Whatever. Are we gonna wait for Will before we order or what?"

"Nah, we don't have to." said Jackie, almost immediately. Sans raised a browbone.

"I WOULD LIKE TO, SINCE HE IS THE REASON OF MY GOOD DAY. PLUS I HAVE MY CARD WITH ME!" he said, smiling. Jackie sighed a little.

"Let's at least order drinks, then." Everyone at least agreed on that. You all placed your order (you got a normal iced tea, like a good child) and then chatted amongst yourselves as you waited for Will. He showed up about 10 minutes later, smashing himself in next to you with no warning.

"Hey!" he exclaimed, giving you a big side hug. "Hey h- _____! Jackie, Sand, Papyrus!" he said.

"It's Sans, moron." you said, whapping him. He looked at you, puzzled for a second.

"I'm sorry, what did I say?"

"sand." Sans said, shrugging. "s'fine."
"See? It's fine." Will said, grabbing a menu. "Did you guys already order?" he shook Papyrus's hand again, which Papyrus was extremely excited about.

"Not yet," said Jackie. "Where's Hannah?" Why? Why did she have to bring her up? Now he'll call her up or something and...

"She uh, she couldn't make it." Will said quickly. "No biggie. I was craving Thai all day anyway. And sake boooombs" You almost let out a sigh of relief, but caught yourself. Sans was drumming his fingers on the table, looking impatient for some reason. You looked at him, and his eyes flickered back and forth between you and his phone, until you got the idea. You pulled it out under the table.

**s: knock knock**

*y:* Too embarassed to say the joke out loud?

He didn't respond. You withheld your dramatic sign to prevent attention being drawn to yourself.

*y:* Who's there?

**s: avenue**

*y:* Avenue who?

**s: avenue known this guy long?**

Well that was a weird question. You couldn't decipher the type of smile Sans had on his face right now. Jackie noticed you texting and looked at you. You mouthed "fuck off".

*y:* Yeah, I'll fill you in later.

Sans shrugged, putting his phone away, looking appeased. You ribbed Will.

"Pick your damned food already, I'm freaking starving."

"Fine, fine! Jeez, you're so demanding."

The waitress came over, and the lot of you placed your order. You noted that Sans ordered something mildly spicy. You'd have to keep an eye on him, just in case. Will didn't even ease into the dinner, and ordered sake immediately - Jackie just eyed you with daggers, just *daring* you to even get mildly sloshed.

Will handed out a little cup to everyone, and the waitress came with glasses of beer for everyone as well. You guess this was happening. Did Papyrus even drink?

"This is in celebration of Papyrus joining our team - the first... uh..." he thought for a moment,
wanting to word this correctly, "The first extraordinarily talented monster in our restaurant. May your career with us be long, and happy!" He set up the shots for everyone - Sans and Papyrus just sort of stared at theirs.

"HOW DOES THIS WORK?" Papyrus asked. Sans looked at his, rubbing his hand on his skull.

"I'm guessing we drop it into the beer?" he said. Papyrus gasped.

"OH! THIS IS ALCOHOL? THIS IS EXCITING!" Papyrus enthused. Sans groaned a little.

"Yup, we all drop them in at the same time after I count to three and shout 'kanpai'!" Will exclaimed. "Ready?" He waited until everyone had their drinks prepped in front of them. "Ich... ni... san!"

"KANPAI!" everyone shouted - the brothers chimed in a few seconds late, and everyone dropped their shots in.

"HOW FANTASTIC!" Papyrus said, then realized everyone was drinking theirs - he followed suit. "HOW NOT FANTASTIC!"

"Not a fan?" you said, laughing a little, cleaning up the mess you had made. These were not neatest drinks.

"NOT AT ALL. BUT THANK YOU WILL, IT WAS VERY NICE OF YOU!" Papyrus said. He was still making a face that was kind of hilarious, and you and Jackie burst into giggles. Will stifled his laugh and looked over at you, then gently took your chin in between your fingers.

"Got some on you still." he said, wiping the side of your face with his finger. Your entire body temperature shot up what felt about a thousand degrees.

"Yeah, that's what napkins are for, idiot." Jackie said, smashing one in your face. You held it there for a second, waiting for what you figured was a full on blush to calm the hell down. What was going on? This was absolutely wrong! You suddenly felt like complete trash.

"Move your butt, I need to go to the bathroom." you said to Will.

"Oh yeah, sure." he said, scooting for you. You quickly got up.

"I'll go with you." said Jackie immediately. She exited the booth as well.

"What is it with girls and going to the bathroom in packs? Do they do that for you guys too?" Sans laughed a little.

"Looks like we're not all that different." he said. Will laughed. You and Jackie headed to the bathroom.

"What the fuck!" she practically hissed as you went inside the ladies room. "He is literally openly flirting with you right now!"

"Jackie, I KNOW!" you said, your face buried in your hands. "I don't know what to do."

"Don't know what to do?!" she practically shouted. You looked up at her in a panic, and she lowered her voice. "Don't know what to do? You fucking kick him in the FACE is what you do. _____. he has a GIRLFRIEND. God, he is such a sleezebag, he does this every time."

"What? He doesn't do anything, maybe he just..." you left it hanging.
"Sweetie, stop being so stupid." She placed a hand on your shoulder. "He knows you like him. He's always known. But you're backup Betty to him, and you have got to stop." You leaned against the wall, and the hand dryer went off, spooking you. Suddenly you laughed at the ridiculousness of it all. Having a heart to heart in a thai restaurant, with your neighbors a hundred feet away, who also happened to be skeletons... what the hell had happened to your life?

"Why did you pick tonight to ban me from drinking, you stupid slut?" you sniffled. You were trying your damndest not to cry, but your eyes were tearing up a little. Jackie gave you a big hug, smoothing your hair.

"Oh honey. It's for your own good. Listen. We're going to have a good night tonight, we're going to celebrate your friend getting hired - which is great! We're gonna eat a ton of noodles, and we're going to get those boys shitfaced."

You sniffed. "Wait, what?"

"It's a celebration, right? So SOMEONE has to get drunk." she held you out and smiled at you. "C'mon, haven't you wanted to see a skeleton drunk? I know I have."

"Is this why you invited them out? You're terrible."

"No, but I know Wacky Will is going to keep ordering those stupid fucking sake bombs all night, so we might as well make the most of it." You thought about it, then nodded.

"Alright."

"Go clean up your face, you look terrible, and then let's go back out there."

"I love you Jackie." you said, very honestly. She was the closest thing to a sister you'd ever had.

"I love you too, you big dummy." She waited patiently while you fixed your makeup, and the two of you went back out. However, she deftly maneuvered the two of you so that you went in first, and she was sitting next to Will. You could tell this was not the preferred arrangement by either party, but you were sitting across from Sans now. He looked at you, his brow arranged in a form of concern. You shrugged one shoulder with a tiny smile as if to say, "all good". However in front of all of you was another set of sake bombs. Oh god. What were you going to s--

"_____ threw up. So I'm cutting her off." Jackie said to Will. Will leaned over and looked at you, his face worried.

"Oh jeez, you alright? I'm sorry, do you need to go home? I can --"

"Nope! It's fine, I got this." Jackie interrupted him. "Also, I drove here so... I'm going to sit this one out." She took the two additional drinks and slid one to Sans, and the other to Will. She gave you a quick little sly smile. Your eyes looked up guiltily at Sans, but he was staring at Will.

"i'm game if you're game."

"You're on, little man." You and Jackie exchanged a look.

"DO I HAVE TO DRINK THIS?" whined Papyrus. Sans and Will looked at Papyrus and said in unison, "Yes."

"OK, BUT NO MORE FOR ME PLEASE." he said, and unceremoniously poured his shot into his drink. Sans and Will looked to one another - did their countdown, and drank. Oh ho ho. This was
going to be good.

By the time the food arrived, Sans and Will had consumed about 6 drinks each - which by anyone's standards, was a lot. Papyrus, on the other hand, had only the two and was completely plastered. He was hiccuping like crazy between sentences, and kept lazily looking around the restaurant. His volume control was getting a tad bit awful, though. Luckily the place only had a few other tables, otherwise you'd worry people would start getting mad.

Sans looked at his food and then his head looked up at you lazily - and he leaned in towards you. "psst. hey."

"What?"

"knock knock." Oh my god yes. Ok, you were ready for drunk Sans knock knock jokes.

"Who's there?"

"jusssttjin."

"Justin who?"

"juuuuustin time for dinner." he said, punctuating each word with a wobbling head and then jamming a fork into his food, extremely pleased with himself. You burst out laughing at his joke, it was so much funnier than usual. Will looked at Sans.

"A comedian, eh?" Will asked.

"you could say that." he replied, smirking. Papyrus groaned.

"DO NOT ENCOURAGE HIM. HIS JOKES ARE TERRIBLE." Papyrus was trying to eat his noodles with a spoon. It wasn't going well. Jackie had her phone out and was discreetly recording some of this.

"they make you smile, paps." Sans said, smacking Papyrus on the back.

"YES, AND I HATE IT." he replied, finally managing to get a huge wad of his noodles around the spoon and guiding it into his mouth.

"So how... s'how do you eat?" Will asked. "I know you had a funny answer this weekend Sand, but it can't just be all.. magic n'stuff. How 'bout a real explanation?"

"Sans." you corrected. Will snorted. You thought you heard him mumble 'whatever'.

"i didn't bring my textbook with me, didn't know i'd be schooling someone so thoroughly tonight." Sans responded, eating more of his food. Jackie almost choked on her food and guffawed, while you giggled behind your hand. Will looked positively livid, then regained his composure.

"Good one, shorty. I'll remember that one." he said. Sans suddenly shot him an incredibly dangerous look.

"it's pretty simple, i got a mouth y'see..." Sans suddenly tilted his head back, and then his teeth parted. For the first time in the entire month and a half you'd known him, his mouth had actually.. like.. OPENED. You thought he just absorbed stuff somehow, or something weird. "and i got teeth too, weird right?" Holy shit, did he have fangs? Kind of. He had two extremely pronounced canines, at least. It was kinda hot. Hot? Jesus christ, what? "and then the food goes in here, and the teeth
come together and..."

"Alright, alright, I get the idea.. sheeesh.." Will said, waving Sans off - but he looked a little rattled. Sans was smirking, but his teeth hadn't settled into that odd single file like they usually did - you could still see his canines. And he was looking directly at you. You felt a flood of warmth hit your body, and you immediately ensconced yourself in your noodles.

"This food is really fucking good." you said to no one in particular.

"Yeah." said Jackie. She might have been regretting her decision to get them drunk.

"I LOVE ALL OF YOU." said Papyrus, and he stuffed his face full of his food.

After making sure that Papyrus had indeed given his identification card to Will (apparently they did this while you were in the bathroom) you started to say your goodbyes. The boys were having trouble standing for the most part, so Jackie was arranging cabs for all of you. You went outside to get a breather, when you felt an arm slip around you from behind, causing you to startle. It wasn't the hand you expected, for some reason.

"A bummer y'threw up earlier." Will said sloppily in your ear. "Coulda been a fun night." You huffed, trying to keep your breathing even. This was fucked up, even for Will. You tried to turn your lust for this prick into anger.

"It was a fun night, Will. I had fun. Dunno why you had to try and pick a fight with Sans though." Will laughed.

"Oh jeez, the little shorty guy? Look hot stuff, I like the taller one plenty, but that shorter one..." he shook his head.

"He's great, Will. Seriously, get to know him."

"Greater than me?" he said, and he gave you a little squeeze. You practically hiccuped. You wanted to cry a little inside. Why was he doing this? This was so unfair to you.

"Who knows? Give him a few years, he might be." you said as nonchalantly as you possibly could. You were stiffening your body, trying to give him as many signs that you could that no, this wasn't OK. But at the same time, your body was slowly starting to betray you at the same time. How many nights had you fantasized about this?

"Pfft. Never. I know you know that." he said, grazing your ear slightly. You yelped a little, and began to turn. Enough was enough, you were about to sock this motherfuc--

"she looks uncomfortable." came a voice. You knew who it was, and this was the last thing you needed right now. You had this under control.

"Fuck off." was all Will said, about to turn to the voice.

"Will, as deputy of Drunktown, I am declaring you unfit for interaction with the public." you said, immediately trying to lighten the mood. It was one thing for you to punch Will. It was another for your friend who's brother just got hired to get into an altercation with his employer. "I'm sending you to the drunk tank. Inside. Now." You used your best mom tone.

"Whatever. You know I'm right, _____." He let go of you, and stalked back inside. What in the seven hells was going on? This was so fucking unlike Will that it was unbelievable. Were you in
some sort of Twilight Zone episode? You stared out into the street at the passing cars, praying one of them was your ride, when Sans came up and stood next to you.

"you alright?"

"I'm fine."

"you don't look alright."

"Like you fucking know me?" you shot back, furious with yourself, with Will - with everything. Sans was quiet for a moment.

"guess i don't."

You slowly buried your face in your hands. Sans headed back towards the restaurant.

You said it so quietly, that he almost didn't hear.

"Knock knock."

He didn't turn. "who's there?"

"Iowa."

"iowa who?"

"Iowa big explanation to someone who deserves it."

You heard him turn on the pavement, and you turned as well to face him. Your face looked so sad, so tired. All the years of being miserable felt like they were finally catching up in this one moment, and it was all unraveling in this one, simple, stupid knock knock joke. He had his trademark grin on his face, but there was something about it that was all wrong, and all it did was make your heart hurt.

"idaho who you're talking about."

And with that simple, equally stupid joke, he went back inside.

You walked home. You didn't care that it took you almost an hour.

You didn't care that your phone was blowing up. You had 15 missed calls, and even more texts.

And you definitely didn't care about the post-it note on your door. You didn't even read it, you threw it away.

Despite the drowning feeling you had, you couldn't muster up the ability to cry. So you slept.

And you dreamt of nothing.
You called in sick to work the next day, probably for the first time in the 8 months you had been working there. Peter asked if there was anything he could do for you, and you just grumbled into the phone that you would be alright. He said to give him a call on Thursday night to let him know if you needed Friday off as well. You rolled back over in your bed, drawing the covers up to your neck and nesting into them with a heavy sigh. The sky outside was a gloomy grey, which suited you just fine right now, you mused to yourself. How had last night gone to shit so fast?

Your mind was a complete jumble at the moment. Were you reading into things? Was Will actually coming onto you in the street? Did you just fuck up your friendship with Sans? Did Jackie think you were dead? You'd check your phone, but for some reason that task seemed incredibly daunting right now.

You stayed in bed all day Tuesday. You got up once or twice to go the bathroom, or pour yourself a bowl of cereal, but that's about it. It was just that kind of day. You heard your doorbell ring a few times, and you definitely heard your phone going off, but you had zero interest in communicating with anyone right now. You knew you were being an incredibly shitty friend to Jackie right now, but the last thing you needed was to pick the phone up and start a conversation with either Sans or Will, assuming either one of them was the one calling and texting you non-stop.

Wednesday afternoon rolled around, and you had decided to get out of your in-bed rut and go get some fresh air. You finally looked at your phone.

Ouch.

Most of the missed calls and texts were from Jackie, wondering if you were OK. You realized you sort of dipped without saying anything to her that night, and the texts from her went from frantic, to angry, to understanding. Papyrus had sent you quite a few texts as well, most of them asking why you didn't answer your door, if you were alright, and did you want spaghetti still. Will sent you a plethora of texts with concerned questions and half-assed apologies. Sans hadn't sent you anything. For some reason, that made your heart sink.

You were in the middle of brushing your teeth when you heard a knock on your door. Figuring it was Papyrus wanting to see if you were actually still alive, you opened it with your toothbrush jammed halfway in your mouth.

"Hey P-- oh."

Will was standing in your doorway, with a ridiculous bouquet of flowers.

"_____ Thank god. I've been calling you, and texting you - no one's been able to get a hold of you. I thought I'd stop by and..." he gestured to the flowers he was holding.

"Oh." was all you said again, doing a slow, single swipe of your teeth with your toothbrush, not really comprehending this.

"Can I come in?" he asked, his face scrunching up like his usual adorable puppy-dog self. Damnit.

"Yeah. Yeah! Come in, sorry. Yeah." You ushered him inside, and he came in, placing the flowers
on your table.

"Look, I need to talk to you..." Will began. You held a finger up to him.

"Lemme finish brushing my damn teeth, and then we can talk."

"I was hoping I could take you out for lunch." he said, quietly. Shit, was it already afternoon? You sighed.

"Yeah. Sure. Just... lemme finish, ok?" you frowned. He nodded, and leaned against the back of your sofa while he waited. You went back into the bathroom and spat into the sink, looking into the mirror as you rinsed your mouth out. You looked at yourself. What were you doing? Will was being a creep. You should be pissed at him!

Or, you rationalized, you should hear him out. Maybe he's stressed, maybe he's got a lot on his mind, maybe he broke up with Hannah. Your heart skipped a beat at that last one. Still, that didn't excuse his behaviour last night, it was really shitty. Forgiving his sidewalk antics, he was still kinda rude to Sans. You may be oblivious to some things, but you definitely were picking up on that.

You came out of the bathroom, and crossed your arms, looking at him in the living room. "So? Where we going?"

"You want greek?" he asked.

"You know I hate greek."

"Shit, I always forget that. Mexican?" You shrugged.

"Yeah, a burrito sounds awesome right now." You tossed your coat on and threw on some shoes, and looked at him. "You owe me like, 20 burritos."

"I owe you a swimming pool of burritos." he said, giving a sad smile. You nudged him in a friendly manner.

"C'mon, let's go asshat." The two of you left the apartment, and headed towards your favourite local mexican place, Lucha Libre. It wasn't far, so walking was a simple solution. The two of you walked in silence to the restaurant, and were quickly seated when you got there.

"Sooo..." you said, drawing out the o's to fill the gulf of silence between the two of you. He just looked at you, then drew in a breath.

"Alright. I'm just gonna say it outright. I am really, really sorry I got as trashed as I did." he said, looking guilty. Alright, not quite the apology you were looking for, but it was a start. "I... apparently said and did some things that were on the incredibly 'not cool' side of the tracks, and for that, I apologize."

"Thanks." you said. You sensed a 'but' in there somewhere.

"But," he started - ah, there it was - "I just wanted you to know I'm just... oh god, I'm freaking out _____." You blinked a few times in response, not knowing what to say. "Hannah she... I mean..."

"You didn't break up, did you?" you asked, your chest feeling tight.

"No! No no, no." he said quickly, "No, ______. Hannah is PREGNANT. I'm going to be a DAD." he said, laughing nervously, running his hand through his hair. You just stared at him.
"You. Hannah's... wait... what? Hannah's pregnant?" you said, trying to process this. "When did you find out?"

"Yesterday morning!" he said, throwing his hands up in the air. "Yesterday fucking morning. It's just... I mean... fuck."

"Yeah. Fuck." Your heart was sinking into your chest, causing you to feel like gravity had been increased all of a sudden. Your limbs felt extremely heavy.

"What do I do?" he said suddenly, leaning forward, his elbows propped on the table. Your face was extraordinarily confused looking.

"What do you mean, 'what do you do'? Do I look like a baby survival guide? Feed her ice cream and pickles? I have no idea man." you responded, your face rearranging itself into a blank slate. "Leah, or Anna would have a better idea than me - they actually have babies. Prolly should ask them." You mentioned your other friends who you all knew, however they lived just outside the city, so you didn't see them as much.

"No, I mean, what do I do about Hannah?" he said, his hands running through his hair again. Suddenly you thought to yourself - was he ready to bolt?

"William H. Laringer, if you leave that poor girl alone and pregnant, I will gut you like a fish." you said - and you actually meant it. Will balked at this.

"_____, you can't be SERIOUS." he said, wringing his hands. "I'm not going to abandon her! But I can't do a baby. Hell, I can hardly do HANNAH."

"Well shit Will, maybe you should have thought about that before riding bareback." you said, rolling your eyes. "You've been together what, a year? That's pretty good, that's marriageable."

"MARRIAGEABLE?" he said, incredulous. "God. Some help you are."

"I'm being realistic!" you said, slapping your hand down onto the table.

"You're being ridiculous!"

"Can't you see that you're the one being the moron here?" you snarked at him. His eyes shot up at you, and he grabbed your hand that was on the table.

"Can't you see that I want... that I.." he faltered in his sentence. Your heart was beating so goddamned fast that you thought it was going to jump out of your throat. He let your hand go.

"Forget it."

"No, what?" you said, almost too quickly, too eagerly. His brow quirked, and you thought you saw the faintest curve at the corner of his lips.

"No, nothing. I'll be right back, I'm going to order us our burritos." He stood up quickly, and went to go stand in line to get the food. Good lord, what was that? Did he almost... was that almost...

No! You reminded yourself he still had a fucking girlfriend who was pregnant. But still, you felt a tingle in your arms that gave you goosebumps when he took your hand that still lingered. You sighed, and looked at your phone. You should probably start texting people back, while you waited.
y/j: Hey. I'm alive. I'm really sorry for ducking out.
y: I'll call you later to tell you what happened. I just need alone time.
y: Love your pretty face.

—

y/p: Heya! Thanks for checking on me, I'm so sorry! I'm ok! I'm gonna skip on spaghetti night this week. I'll see you next week, maybe? :)
y: Hope your new job is going well!

You hovered over Sans' name for a moment, as you contemplated texting him, but decided against it. You had never felt more rejected in that one moment than the other night, and just thinking about it caused a crushing weight to come down on you all over again. This felt terrible, like your first fight (and thankfully only) you ever had with Jackie - but somehow more painful. You tried to rationalize it, you had only known the guy for a little under 2 months - so this was a little overkill, but he had become a part of your daily life almost. You figured it was because he and his brother were right across from you, and the two of you shared so much time together. He'll get other friends, you thought to yourself. He's a funny guy, sweet, real caring, a little weird (but who isn't?) and is great to chill with. If any human can do what you did, and just get over him being a skeleton, they'll realize he's fantastic company. You smiled a little, thinking about that.

"Didn't know burritos made you so happy." said Will, sitting back down at the table with your grub. You jolted out of your thoughts, and gave a stilted laugh, grabbing your burrito.

"They always make me happy. Burritos are literally the definition of happiness." you said, biting into yours. He just looked at you for a moment, then smiled.

"Look ______. I'm sorry. I'm just going through a rough time. You're really special to me and..." he said, pausing to take a huge chunk out of his burrito and taking what felt like an abysmally long time to chew it, "...I need you in my life. So I can't be fucking things up with us."

You stared at him and chewed. What did this mean exactly? You didn't say anything, you just kept chewing. And staring.

"I'll figure out this Hannah thing. I just wanted you to know why I was being an ass the other night. Still friends?" he asked. You sighed.

"Still friends. We're always friends, you neanderthal." You gulped your food down.

"And this stays between us." he said quickly. "No telling Jackie."

"Deal."

"And DEFINITELY don't bring it up to Hannah. She's stressed enough as it is."

"Saving the announcement as a surprise?" you asked. He shrugged.

"Let her tell people in her own time. You're the first person I've told."

You frowned. You were trying to figure out how this changed, or didn't change things. You figured it didn't change anything between you, but it at least explained why he was being so weird when you went out.
"I also wanted to say, I don't like that one friend of yours much." he added, sipping from his drink. You swallowed your food hard.

"Please don't tell me Papyrus, because he's a goddamned ray of sunshine." you said, your eyes pleading. Will's face relaxed a little and he chuckled.

"No, no. He's a good kid. His first day is today actually, he started this morning. I got him all set up, and told Larry to call me if there were any problems." Larry was the head chef in the kitchen, if you remembered correctly. Will complained about him a lot. "I'm taking a long lunch today, if you will." You heaved a relieved sigh, glad that Papyrus was secure in his job.

"So you're talking about Sans, then." you said, frowning. Will nodded, his mouth tightening at his name.

"Please tell me you're not close with the guy, ______." he said.

"We're pretty good friends," you sighed, not knowing if that was still true or not. "I mean, he lives right across from me. We hang out a lot. I wasn't joking when I said he was really cool."

"He's dangerous."

"Oh PLEASE. That's so... ignorant sounding." you retorted. "I know he's a skeleton and all, but so's his brother and --" Will grabbed your free hand from across the table. You noticed he had an ace bandage wrapped around it.

"NO. It's not because he's a monster. I'm being serious. I don't like the way he looks at you, and I don't like the way he talks to either of us and..." he trailed off for a second. "We talked a bit after you took off that night. It wasn't a good conversation." You groaned, because that was the complete opposite you wanted to happen.

"PLEASE tell me you guys didn't fight. Please?" you said, sounding concerned, making a point to eye his bandage. Will didn't make eye contact with you - that told you pretty much all you needed to know. "Ugh, fucking men. Get them together, feed them booze and suddenly they start whipping their dicks out."

"Yeah, well, I don't think dickless wonder would win that one." he quipped, starting to look frustrated. You looked at him, confused as if to say 'how do you know?'. "He's a skeleton." he added quickly. "Y'know. Lack of parts. But no, I cut myself in the kitchen this morning."

"Whatever Will. What did you guys say to each other?"

"That's between us. But as your actual friend, I'm going to tell you that he's a fuckhead. Just... for my sake, stay away from him?" he said, his tone almost pleading. You felt a weird tingle of deja vu in the back of your head for some reason, but you ignored it.

"I'll think about it. But I'll definitely take into consideration what you said, you haven't steered me wrong yet." you said, learning back into your seat. Will let out a huff of air.

"Thanks. I worry about you." he said, giving you a sweet smile. You smiled back at him, and laughed.

"I can take care of myself, I've managed so far." you said, rolling your eyes for dramatic effect. "But it's nice to know you got my back."

"Always do, always will." he said, polishing off his burrito.
The two of you chattered about mundane things in the meantime (mostly restaurant-related things) until your meal was finished. You felt much better now, and were actually glad that he had stopped by. Your stomach was done being in knots over the entire debacle. He walked you back to your apartment, his arm through yours like nothing happened, holding you close. You laughed at the same stupid shit, glad to be coming back to normalcy.

"Alright hot stuff," he said at your door step, "I gotta head back to work. Just remember what I said, alright?" he added, looking at your neighbor's door. You shrugged a little.

"Yeah, sure. I'll make sure the boogeyman don't git me." you said in a low voice, sticking your tongue out. Will pinched it, and you made a face.

"None of your sass, young lady!" You smacked his hand away.

"Blech! Ugh, that tasted gross. Go away." you said, half-shoving him. Will closed the gap between the two of you very suddenly, coming in very close to your face. He hovered there for a moment, making your heart skip a beat. Or two. This couldn't be healthy for your poor circulatory system. He then kissed you on the top of your head.

"Take care, hot stuff. See you later." he said, then headed down the stairs.

"Later, cool guy." you sighed.

You heard a few steps, then an awkward stepping noise, then a very curt, "Sans." come from Will. The response from Sans was just as clipped.

"will." Ah shit. You fumbled with your keys at the door, not really ready to handle Sans right now. But he had already hit the landing, and saw you at your door.

"hey." he said.

"Oh! Hey Sans." you said. You stopped fucking with your door. The two of you stood there. Say something, you idiot! you thought. The moment lingered on longer than it should have.

"well, see ya." Sans said, unlocking his door and unceremoniously going inside. His door closed quietly behind him, and you heard an odd scraping noise after it was shut. You slapped a hand over your face and sighed, unlocking your own door and going inside as well. This royally blew. You looked at your phone, having not checked it much while you were eating lunch with will.

j: I am SO MAD at you! But I'm glad you're ok.
j: I also hope to god you've stabbed Will 200 times in the chest
j: I have a shovel, I know how to bury bodies.

p: I AM GLAD YOU ARE ALRIGHT, I SHALL MAKE YOU AN EXTRA HELPING NEXT WEEK! I AM ON MY MANDATED BREAK RIGHT NOW, AND MY VERY FIRST DAY IS GOING WONDERFULLY!
p: I THINK THE CHEF WITH THE LARGE HAT DOES NOT LIKE ME MUCH, BUT I SHALL CHANGE THIS.
You laughed a little to yourself. Things may have changed with Sans, but Papyrus was still a sweetheart. You were relieved that whatever transpired between your two friends didn't fuck up Papyrus's chances - you knew that job was important to him.

You decided that you were going to de-stress tonight, and just read. You still had some leftover pizza (it was probably chancy to eat it, but you were going to risk it anyway - you were feeling lazier than usual) and were almost done with your horrible vampire novel. You whipped your phone out of habit to text Sans, and then paused. Well, that sucked. You put your phone down on the table outside, and changed into some comfy clothes, then headed back out onto the patio.

Weird, there was a crumpled up piece of paper on your chair. Was this the post-it note you threw away the other day? Looked like it. The night was a blur, so you figured you might have just tossed it anywhere. Opening it up, all you saw was a weird, triangular shape drawn extremely badly. The hell was this? Was the landlord being weirdly passive aggressive with geometrical post-its or something? You crumpled it back up and tossed it on the floor of your patio again, and pulled your book out. Whatever.

You read until evening, coming to the last chapter of your book. You grabbed your phone, and looked to see you had missed a few texts.

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j: Call me! I KNOW YOU HAD LUNCH WITH HIM
j: omg
j: Call me
j: I'm coming over
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Damnit! You checked the time on that last text. Thirty minutes ago - well shit, she'd probably be--

"OPEN UP WHOREBAG" came the shout from the street. She didn't even bother getting into your apartment unit or knocking - she just saw the lights on your patio. You groaned, and went to your door and unlocked it, then headed back onto your patio. You flopped into your comfortable chair with a blanket, and suddenly wished you had made tea - this was not going to be a short visit.

Your door opened, and practically slammed, and your best friend stalked onto the porch and sat down on the chair across from you, glaring at you. You looked incredibly sheepish right now, and you knew that she had every right to be annoyed with you. If she had pulled this, you'd be fuming too.

"Jackie, I --"

"Oh my GOD. Please tell me you at least SLAPPED him." she exhaled, looking to you with extreme hope in her eyes. You shook your head.

"No, Jackie. We made up." you said. She dramatically threw herself back into the chair, gripping at her hair.

"UGH! Are you serious!? I love you, but you're so fuckin' dumb!"

"Oh come off it! We had a good talk, and he told me what was going on with him! It's cool now!" you said, getting a little irritated.
"Do you even -- I just -- what is -- UGH!" Jackie said, shooting to her feet, then sitting back down. She was extremely agitated, which was unlike her. She was good with words, unlike yourself, so you sat there quietly for a moment while she just made frustrated noises. "Do you even know what happened afterwards?"

"No!" you said. "I mean, Will admitted that they exchanged words or whatever, and that it wasn't super awesome, but that's all I know."

"Hah! Exchanged words. Hilarious." Jackie said, snorting. Your eyebrows shot up. "_____, Will came back in after you took off. He went back outside to check on you or something, saw that you were gone, and lost his shit. Came back in, started shouting at Sans, and the two of them went outside and started yelling at each other. I didn't know if I needed to break it up, or call the goddamned police!" she said, her hand motioning becoming frantic with her storytelling. "I went outside to tell them to knock it off, and then Will fucking PUNCHED SANS."

Your face went pale. "He what?"

"Yeah. He punched Sans. Almost broke his stupid goddamned hand. And Sans just stood there and told some stupid joke or something, and Will went nuts, and was shouting shit about you and..." Jackie's voice faltered a little. "It was ugly. It was really ugly."

"What happened??" you asked, you wanted to know every detail. You wanted to know what Will was shouting about you, what had happened to Sans. You were starting to get pissed. You just had lunch with Will! He punched your friend! Why!?

"Listen, _____, I don't know all the details. I really don't. I just heard your name. But whatever he said, your bone buddy didn't like." Jackie said, her face draining of it's colour a little. "Will hit the ground like a sack of bricks, Sans didn't even touch him, he just pointed at the ground."

You stared. "Like, he told him to get down?"

"No, it didn't look like that. It was scary. It was really scary. I like Sans, _____, I really do. And Will is an asshole, and I fucking hate him. But I was scared for him. And I was terrified as to where you went. I was absolutely panicking." Jackie's eyes started watering up, and you began to feel absolutely terrible. "If it weren't for Papyrus, I have no clue what would have happened."

"Oh sweetie, shit, I'm so sorry. I was a selfish asshole." you said, crossing over to Jackie and hugging her. Jackie cried a little.

"I didn't tell Kyle, because I didn't want him to get mad. But I was crying all night, oh god. I mean, I told Kyle Will was a fucking jackass and you went AWOL, but still. Why didn't you text me back? What happened?"

You froze for a second. This was your best friend in the world. You told her pretty much everything. You think she even knew your social security number. But you made your mind up in that moment that what Will did wouldn't help matters, and you didn't want to have to have a reason to hide Hannah's pregnancy from her either. So you told a little white lie.

"Will and I had a disagreement. I was actually about to tell him off," you said, trying to stick to the truth as much as possible, "when Sans came outside. So I went Will back in so we wouldn't fight in front of him, and then Sans went back in also. I got really upset, and just went home."

Jackie peered at you, wiping her eyes. "That must've been one hell of a disagreement."
"Yeah. I'll tell you about it some other time. I don't want to relive it right now."

"That's fine. I'm just..." she breathed in heavily, then exhaled, "I'm glad you're ok. God, how do you stay out here so long, it's fucking freezing." she said, rubbing her arms. You laughed.

"Let's go inside. You just over here to yell at me, or you wanna stay for a bit?"

"Let's watch a movie, I'll text Kyle and let him know I'm staying longer."

"Ok. I'm sorry Jackie, I really am. You know how I get." you offered, trying to remind her of your terrible coping strategies.

"I know, you butt. And that's why I'm here, to remind you how actual human beings handle things." she took her phone out and started texting, then suddenly looked up. "Have you talked to Sans?"

"No." you said, suddenly quiet. She looked at you.

"You probably should." she replied.

"Yeah. Probably. He kinda got sucked up into our group drama. Poor guy." you sighed.

"Didn't know he was signing up for the 'Days of Our Lives' when he made friends with the humans, did he?" she giggled. "Just one big, never-ending whirlwind of drama, that's us."

You rolled your eyes, and went into the kitchen to microwave some pizza.

The next day you spent in an emotional confusion. You were happy you made up with Will, but furious he assaulted your friend. But that was so unlike him - why would he even do that in the first place? And as for Sans, what was this about Will just.. crumpling like a doll pretty much? Jackie explained the scene in detail during the movie, and it didn't sound like a pretty moment. Papyrus essentially stepped in between the two and grabbed his brother, pulling him away from the scene, then helped Will up, and then started a hugging spree on Jackie. It sounded like a hot mess, from your scientific estimates. You needed to speak with Sans, not just because of how that night ended, but to apologize for your friend's shitty behaviour. You're the one who introduced them, and now his brother was working for him and...

Oh god. And Will was at your house the other day when he came home, and... oh man. Yeah. You needed to take care of this. You took your phone out, not wanting to see if he was home, in person yet. You were a gigantic chicken.

y: Hey, you around today?

You bit your lip and stared at your phone, waiting for a response. It didn't come. You frowned a little, but then what were you expecting? He could be working, or showering, or eating a bagel slathered in ketchup or something. Then your phone buzzed, and you practically leapt at it.
s: yeah, got today off. what's up?
y: Do you want to meet up?

You figured that was better than saying, "We need to talk". You hoped he'd get the hint.

s: sure. where at? i'm running errands.
y: The Bean Machine?
s: sounds good. see you there.
y: When?
s: whenever you get there, just text me.

Weird, you thought. But you weren't going to argue with it. You got up, and put your coat on, looking outside to the sky. Looked like rain again. You grabbed your umbrella, this time. You would have just invited him over to your house, but thought that neutral grounds might be more comfortable. You laughed to yourself bitterly as you headed down the staircase - neutral grounds, jesus. This wasn't a break up. It had just started to sprinkle as you got to the coffee shop. You texted him immediately.

y: Here. What do you want?
s: be there in a minute. uh, just plain coffee.
y: kk

You ordered yourself a latte, and him a plain coffee. You grabbed a table that had just become vacant, and looked out the window, getting antsy as you waited for him to arrive. Your right leg started bouncing.

"waiting long?" came a voice, and Sans was there next to you - seemingly out of nowhere - causing you to jump a little in your seat.

"No! Oh jeez. I didn't even see you come in. Not at all. Here." you slid his coffee over to him, and he sat down across from you, taking it.

"thanks." he said, lifting it with a wink. You smiled, feeling a little relaxed.

"Look, I'm going to start this off with an apology right off the bat." you said, wanting to get this out of the way. "I hate beating about the bush, it's a waste of time." Sans browbone raised.

"apologize for what?" he said, sipping his coffee.

"For snapping at you the other night. I was a jerk. It was really rude of me, and you didn't deserve it. So, I'm sorry." you said. You meant it. "You don't have to accept it, but I wanted you to know that I at least was sorry."

"apology accepted." he said. "not that it was needed. you were right."
"I don't know you," he said, a little sigh coming from him. His usual smile seemed a little... dimmer, if you will. "but i'd like to," he added. He left it at that, hanging there.

"What do you mean?" you asked, confused. He leaned back, getting comfortable in his chair, pushing his sleeves up a little. You never really saw his arms before, his sleeves generally came to the wrist. You stared for a moment, then snapped your eyes back up, embarrassed.

"this is what i mean. listen. i know i'm different. a little weird, sometimes, sure." he chuckled. "but you dance around it sometimes like a ballerina. you don't have to."

"And here I thought I was trying to be polite." you said, taking a big gulp from your latte. You burned your tongue, but you didn't care.

"you are. but how are we gonna get to know each other better if we keep doin' a lindy hop when we should be doing a foxtrot?"

"My stars!" you said, slapping your hands to your face in mock surprise, "Are you asking me to prom?" Sans laughed.

"i'm trying to make a dancing analogy here." he said, rolling his eyes.

"It was a pretty good one. How do you know so much about swing dancing, anyway?" He shrugged.

"i read a lot." he said. You smirked.

"I can't see your lazy ass dancing, so that explains that." you said. You looked out the window for a moment, then sighed. "That's fair, though. I was just raised to be polite."

"with that mouth of yours?" he asked, both his brows raising. You groaned.

"Oh shut it! I'm a fuckin' lady." you said with a smirk, sipping your coffee, trying to avoid your burn spot. Sans grinned at this as well. "My mouth is amazing, it's the envy of women everywhere." Sans stared for a moment, then snorted.

"women everywhere, huh?"

"Yup. Don't you forget it." He shrugged. The two of you quietly laughed together. You looked down at your coffee. "Still, I'm sorry about what happened." Sans tried to wave you off.

"water under the bridge."

"Yeah well... Jackie filled me in on what happened after I left yesterday." you said, looking up. You saw Sans face darken, the lights in his eyes almost completely fading. You felt a chill run down your spine.

"oh yeah?" he said, his hand flexing around his coffee cup. "what'd she say?"

"I wanted to hear your side of the story first, to be honest." you said quickly. Sans was very quiet, and relaxed his grip on his drink.

"i'm not really one to talk poorly about other people." Sans said. His words came out very terse.

"Sans." you said. You reached across the table, and took his hand in a friendly gesture. He looked surprised. It felt smooth, like pebbles that had been worn from the ebb and flow of time in the ocean.
You didn't let go, and looked directly at him. "Didn't we just talk about not dancing around stuff? I know you were talking about ourselves, but this concerns us, I guess. This is my friend, who was being a fucktard to my other friend, and I know on his end it was indirectly because of me." Sans frowned, but left his hand in place. You slowly felt his fingers curl around the side of your hand in acceptance. It felt odd, but pleasant.

"he said some stuff he shouldn't have, is what it boils down to." is all he said. You sat there, waiting for more - he sighed. "i'm not gonna repeat what he said. but yeah. he threw his weight around, i threw my weight around, paps broke the fight up. everyone went home."

"Jackie said he punched you." you said, looking concerned. "I don't know whether to be concerned for you, or concerned for his hand."

"be concerned for his hand, it looked like it hurt." he said, chuckling a little.

"I figured. And then he just... fell down?" you asked, being vague on purpose. Sans stopped chuckling. He didn't answer you, and you withdrew your hand from his, taking a long, drawn out sip of your coffee.

"no, that wasn't it." he said. Again, you waited for more information. You could sense Sans was struggling with something. "jesus, here i am telling you not to dance around stuff, and here i am doing fuckin' tap dance myself." He took a huge swig of his coffee, and then looked at you with a sudden seriousness. "listen, can we get outta here? i can explain this better somewhere else." You felt nervous for some reason, but you nodded.

"Yeah, we can go back to my place. Or yours. Whichever."

"yours is fine. if you don't mind, that is."

"Of course not."

Sans got up with you, and the two of you headed towards the door. You began to head in the direction of your apartment, when he tugged on your coat.

"nah, this way. i know a shortcut." he said, but there was a bead of sweat on his forehead. He looked extremely uneasy. You tilted your head in a silent question, but went with it.

You yourself felt uneasy when he lead you down an unpopulated alleyway.

"You're uh, not going to murder me, are you?" you asked, your laughter becoming a tittering mess. He looked at you, shaking his head.

"no, no. listen, this is part of it. i'm being honest with you here."

"Here?" you gestured to the alleyway. It stank of garbage and piss. "I don't really want to talk here, if you don't mind."

"no, this is where i start being honest." he said. "just... take my hand, will you?" he said, extending a skeletal hand towards you. You hesitated for a moment. "trust me."

"Al-right.." you said, and you took his hand firmly, as if to make a point. His smile eased, and he lead you down the alleyway, when all of a sudden you felt a lurch in your stomach, and swift change in the ground beneath you, like you were on one of those moving escalators in an airport. The earth was moving way too fast for you, you thought as you took a few footsteps. And then you blinked. And then you were in front of your apartment.
"What. The. Fuck." you said, your mouth dropping open, looking at it. Sans looked at you, nervously chuckling.

"told you i knew a shortcut." he said. You spun around, looking behind you for the alleyway. It wasn't there, it was your normal street. You looked back at him, then up at the apartment, then back again.

"What the fuck?" you repeated. You walked a few feet into the street, and Sans had to nab you before a taxi narrowly hit you. You ran a hand through your hair, and you just laughed. "What the fuck!" you said again. Sans was looking at you with extreme concern now. You looked at him with wide eyes. "I mean... what! I just. Ok! How. How!" you looked around, bewildered, then shook your head. "Upstairs. Explaining."

The two of you headed upstairs, and you got your door opened in record time. You pointed to your couch. "Sit. Go. Explain." is all you said. He looked at you like he regretted everything. You didn't give him a choice, and sat down immediately, crossing your legs and facing him.

"so, uh..."

"HOLY SHIT. That was CRAZY. And awesome. But crazy! What the fuck!" you said, your hands flying into the air. He leaned back a little, surprised by your outburst of movements. You were talking extremely fast. "I mean, we were in the alley, and it smelled horrible, and then all of a sudden we're here, and that is like a what, 15 minute walk normally? And there's traffic and lights and you're like 'haha NOPE we're just gonna be home now motherfucker' and BOOM here we are and--"

You felt his hands gently placed on your arms, pulling them down from their overly animated gesturing. He held them there carefully, looking at you with his pinpricks of light burning intensely.

"alright there tiger, calm down. i probably should have eased you into that."

"Whoaaaamygod. So you can teleport?" you said, growing excited again.

"yeah, basically." he said casually. "among other things."

"SANS." you said, and you grabbed his shoulders. "Sans. Why didn't you tell me this before? That's AWESOME. You could have saved so much cab fare!" you suddenly gasped. "Oh my god, you split so many cabs with me, we could have saved so much money!" Sans started laughing.

"you find out i can teleport and that's the first thing you think of?"

"Well of course!" you said, offended. "I'm practical, can you blame me?" You let go of his shoulders, and scratched at your arm. "So does that mean Papyrus can teleport too?"

"what? no. no. every monster is different." Sans said. Your eyes lit up.

"So you guys all have what, like a secret power or something?" Sans rolled his eyes so hard that the lights almost disappeared.

"you're way too excited about this. kind of, yes. all monsters have some form of magic or another." he said, plainly. You stared.

"So this is legit magic? So when you said you digested food that one night with magic, you weren't joking." "kind of." he said. "it's long and complicated, and i'd be more than happy to explain it some other time, but i'm trying to get to the important stuff here." he said, raising a browbone. You snapped your
mouth shut, trying to calm yourself down. "so uh, basically i can do a few things with my magic other than just teleport." Your eyes were probably as big as saucers at this point.

"Show me."

"what am i, a trick pony?"

"Are you telling me nay? Because it sounds like it." you immediately quipped. Sans abruptly grinned.

"you asked for it." he said. You saw his left eye suddenly flare up with a blue glow, that intensified into a small flame. Spooky. Next thing you knew, you felt a crackling energy surround you, like when lightning hits far too close, causing all the hairs on your neck to stand up. You looked at him, a slightly scared look in your eyes, and he casually raised his hand a little bit, and you felt a sudden heaviness in your chest, as a faint blue glow surrounded you, and you lifted into the air - and you just stayed there.

"Waaaaaat!?" you exclaimed, looking at him, then at the couch just a foot below you. He flicked his hand lazily to the right, and you followed suit. You balled your hands up into fists and covered your mouth - this was too much to handle right now, you were absolutely shocked. Another deft movement of his hand, and you returned to the couch. His flaming eyesocket began to dim, as that intense feeling of static left the air, and his pupil returned to it's normal glowing orb. You ran a hand through your hair, and just stared at him, your mouth agape.

Sans was studying you as you sat there processing what just happened, trying to read your body language. You jumped to your knees on the couch and grabbed his shoulders again, leaning into him.

"THAT WAS AWESOME." you said with an amazing intensity. You saw a bead of sweat form on his skull. You decided to tone it down. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" you said, backing off. "Oh my god. Oh my god! I've never... that was just... wow!" you said. Your mind was reeling from that - and you thought the teleporting itself was amazing. Well, shit, it was amazing, but that feeling you just had from being put into the air and...

Oh. And then you remembered why Sans was telling you the story about his magic.

You composed yourself, and leaned back onto your feet. "Alright. I'm done freaking out. I'm guessing Will experienced that, but in the other direction." you said plainly. Sans looked extremely embarrassed, but nodded. You sighed, then rubbed the back of your neck.

"look..."

"Can you kill someone with that?" you asked outright. Sans blinked.

"i won't sugar coat it. i could. but i'd have to be really trying." he said, honestly. "but if you threw a man off a cliff, they'd die just the same."

"So what you did to him wouldn't have killed him, it was basically just holding him down, right?" you asked, hoping. Sans paused.

"it wouldn't have killed him, no. i'm not a murderer." was all he offered. You sighed with relief, taking what you could get. The two of you sat there for a moment, digesting what was said.

"Have you ever killed a man, though?" you asked out of nowhere, immediately regretting the
Sans face took on a blank look.

"no." he said. Again, relief. But there was something wrong about his answer. You decided not to press it. He let out an awkward chuckle. "jeez, we're called monsters, not murderers."

"Well I mean, you do have fucking magical powers. I'd probably chokeslam a bitch just for cutting me in line." you said, smirking. Sans laughed at this.

"and this is why you don't have powers. probably a good thing." he said. The two of you smiled at each other, and you felt yourself visibly relaxing.

"I'm glad we talked. I was being an idiot. I'll be honest with you Sans, I was worried I had fucked things up." you said, giving him a sheepish smile.

"didn't you get my note?" he asked.

"What note?" you questioned, confused.

"i put a note on your door that night, because i felt like i had messed up too." he said, suddenly looking very interested in some lint on his jacket. "then i saw your lights on your porch, so i tossed you another one. kinda stupid, i guess."

"Wait, that was you?" you asked. "The hell was it? Like a weird triangle thing?" Sans groaned, and shook his head.

"that was the best drawing i could muster of the state of idaho. i'm not a gifted artist."

You looked at him for a moment, then burst into laughter. He crossed his arms, looking perturbed, as you continued to laugh.

"Oh my god, that was IDAHO?" you said. "I thought the Illuminati was trying to give me mixed messages." you said sarcastically, grinning at him. He glared at you.

"i need the shut up pillow right now." he said obstinately. That just made you want to laugh more, so you tried to keep it back. It just made you snort, instead. Sans looked around at anything but you to try and break away from his embarassment, when he noticed the flowers on your table. "pretty." he said, his head nodding towards them. "where'd those come from?" You glanced to see what he was talking about, and inwardly cringed. No dancing.

"Will." you huffed. "His way of apology." Sans leaned back onto the couch, getting comfortable.

"someone DID tell me that they'd give me an explanation..." he said, raising a browbone. How did he do that? You'd have to ask him sometime.

"You want it NOW?" you griped.

"what better time than now?" he said, grinning. "c'mon, i just showed you how throughly magical i can be, it's only fair." You groaned.

"Fine, fine." you said, and you exhaled heavily. "I'd say I need a drink, but I think I'm done with alcohol for the rest of the year." Sans chuckled at that.

"probably a wise choice for both of us." he said.

"So, jesus, where do I start?" you said, plopping back onto one of your pillows, rearranging your body to face him. "I've known Will forever. Since the beginning of college. We lived in the same
dorm, and we pretty much immediately hit it off. And every since then, I've been chasing him like a lost puppy dog, trying to get good with him."

"what do you mean?" Sans asked.

"Oh, you know the old stories. Unrequited love, or something like that. I dunno. I've had a raging hard on for this guy ever since I met him, pretty much. But no matter what, we've never synched up relationship-wise. He's pretty much serial-dated, and the one time he was single for enough time for me to do anything, I was seeing someone." You laughed bitterly. "I even broke up with the guy, only to have Will saddle up with someone in the meantime. Sounds pathetic, I know." Sans frowned.

"nah. i know the feeling of caring about someone who's onto someone else."

"Yeah? Then you probably know how fucking frustrating it is when they're still in your life." you said, stretching a leg out, bumping into his. "Whoop, sorry."

"s'fine. get comfy."

"Fine. I will. My house, s'up." you said, and pointedly stretched both your legs out into his lap. He shrugged. You could feel his ridge of his bones under your legs, and while slightly uncomfortable at first, you got used to it quickly. "Anyway, the explanation part of it is, even though I recognize this - I kinda still fall for it I guess, in hopes something will change... Will likes having me around. I dunno. As backup."

"backup?" Sans asked, placing a hand on your leg to get himself comfortable as well.

"Yeah. So like, if things go south with his latest girlfriend, I'm the backup girlfriend."

"i thought you said you didn't date though?"

"We don't." you said curtly. "He comes to my house in the middle of the night, all weepy and mopey, and for maybe about a week I get to have the best sex of my life and --" you paused, as you felt Sans suddenly grip your leg. "If I'm getting a little too TMI here, tell me man." He looked at you, the lights in his eyes extremely dim, almost out.

"you're fine. continue." he said, relaxing his grip. "i think i know where this is going."

"Yeah. He tells me how great I am, how much he loves me, and how we're meant to be... then a week later he's moved onto his newest girlfriend. It's like some sort of weird, yearly orbital rotation. I should start marking this shit on my calander." You laughed, but there was no mirth.

"why do you stay friends with him?" Sans asked. You shrugged.

"I dunno. We've been friends for years. Other than this weird thing we got going on, as a friend, he's really cool." you said. "He's reliable in a crisis, he treats his friends like gold, he'll always honour a favour... he's not a complete ass. It's just as much my fault as it is his, really." Sans didn't say anything to that. "If I didn't chase him so much, maybe he'd chase me. Or maybe we'd stop chasing each other altogether."

"looked like he was chasing you the other night." Sans said, his voice sounding a little heated. You blinked.

"What exactly did you hear?" you asked.

"most of it." he said, not adding more. Your face flushed. "but you'd have to be an idiot not to pick
up on the body language. for *either* of you." Your brows shot up, not knowing how to react at the moment.

"Well, he's not in a break-up phase, the moon cycle isn't right." You said, trying to lighten the topic. "Plus... I really should stop this shit anyway. I've known it for a while, it's just getting worse. He's just messing with me lately." You laughed. "I dunno about you monsters, but us humans get extremely desperate." Sans patted your leg in a consoling manner.

"it happens to the best of us." he said. You didn't know if that meant monsters did too or not, but decided that might be a topic better suited for another time.

"Yeah well, that's what toy--" you paused. He looked at you, waiting for you to finish. Ok, Sans was a great friend, and you felt incredibly relaxed with him, but he wasn't Jackie. Calm your jokes. "--tal isolation is for."

"Don't recommend it, being a hermit makes you incredibly shellfish."

"I WILL get the Shut Up Pillow." you said, raising a brow.

"i feel like this is a challenge."

"Please no. I want to continue to like you." you whined, kicking at him a little with one of your legs. He laughed.

"Alright, alright. I'm gonna take off before I say something else *punny*." He started to get up, but you locked him down with your legs. "What?"

"I will ruin you." you said. He started to say something when you shifted, and came at him lightning quick - you remembered his ribs were overly sensitive (ticklish! he said, but too much when directly contacted) so you figured getting at him through his shirt would be safe. He yelped, causing you to reel back, scared you hurt him. You both stared at each other for a moment.

"Is that how you wanna play it?" he asked with a sly grin. You felt like you were getting in over your head.

"Pfft, bring it on." You wiggled your fingers and eyebrows, daring him to come at you. You saw his left eye flare a bright yellow, and suddenly he was behind you, his breath hot on your neck. Pinpricks ran through your skin, electric and tantalizing, as you tried to process what just happened. Oh, duh, an hour ago he teleported you to your freaking apartment.

"I think you made a mistake." he whispered, and then suddenly his hands were gripped into your side, tickling you like mad. You shrieked with laughter, trying to wrench away. You were not a graceful person by any stretch of the imagination, and you fought dirty - you practically elbowed him in the head, pushing it into the back of the couch and managed to get to his side through tears of laughter, finally getting him back. You felt him heaving as well with laughter, and the two of you become a gasping mess of stupidity.

"Ok! Ok! I yield! I'm gonna pee my pants!" you cried out, holding his wrist above your head in defeat. He was breathing heavy, a grin plastered across his face. "Mistakes were made! You reign champion. Oh my god. Never again." Sans laughed, bonking his forehead against yours and resting it there.

"Good, because I was getting tired. *bone-tired* in fact." he said, his grin turning into a shit-eating one.
You practically shrieked.

"I will END you!" you shouted, and shoved him back away from you, panting still from the exhaustion. The two of you looked at each other, then you just started giggling. Sans laughed. "I'll be right back, I seriously have to pee now." You said, rushing off to the bathroom. You were still giggling to yourself, and looked at yourself in the mirror. Today was a nice turn of events, you thought to yourself. You wiped the sweat off your forehead, and came back out. Sans was hanging out by the door.

"papyrus said you weren't coming over tomorrow for spaghetti night... that still true?" he asked, his voice sounding a little off kilter. You shook your head.

"That was me being a freaking idiot. Methinks we made up." you said, smiling at him. "We're kinda stupid like that, you and I."

"you're the only person i know who can get me to do that." he said gesturing to the couch, a light blue dusting his face.

"What, forcefully win a tickle fight through blatant cheating? Yeah, good on you asshat." you snarked, putting your hands on your hips. You stood there for a moment, then said, "Hey, honestly though. And this I mean. I'm handsy. I'm shitty with personal space, since we're being honest with each other. I don't want you to ever feel uncomfortable around me... so just tell me if I'm crossing a line." Sans chortled.

"shouldn't that be my line?" he asked. "you're fine. same goes for you. but let's cool it on those fights, they're tickling my funny bone."

"GET OUT.," you said, in mock anger.

"sheesh! sheesh! alright, alright, see you tomorrow." he said, rolling his eyes dramatically. He locked the door behind him as he left, and you just let out a contented sigh. You took out your phone, and texted Jackie.

y: Made up with Sans! Everyone's chill now. All is well. We had a really good talk.

You debated telling Jackie about his magic. You thought on some level, she already knew. But you wanted to ask Sans' permission first. It wasn't right for you to just go blabbing right off the bat.

j: Told you! I'm glad. He's sweet.

j: I still hate Will.

You suddenly got a text from Kyle.

k: he's trash. traaaaaaaaaaaash!
Ugh, those two. If anyone knew about your life, it was them. But you felt a little better letting Sans in on it, having that additional perspective. It just confirmed that yes, it was kinda messed up. And you really needed to move on. But it was so hard for you. You'd known Will for for long, and he was a handsome guy. And you weren't joking about the sex. Oh ho no, you weren't joking at all. But while you were waiting for him like some sort of stranded princess in a tower, he was out banging all the tavern wenches.

You sighed, and wrapped your evening up, and got ready for bed. As you pulled the covers up and nestled in, you quickly texted Peter that you'd be into work tomorrow. You felt like such a stupid drama queen! But at least everything was resolved, you thought to yourself. As you mentally recapped the day, you suddenly came to a realization. Sans's freaking face. He flushed blue, supposedly with spice? So was that a BLUSH earlier? You had been completely missing it, since you noticed Papyrus blushing orange - a colour somewhat close to a human's. You inwardly giggled at this fact, and smiled. Cute.

You drifted into a peaceful sleep, and you dreamt of sitting by a roaring fire. Comforting arms were wrapped around you, and an unfamiliar voice was saying unintelligible words, but they somehow made you feel incredibly loved. When you looked down to take the hands into yours, you realized they were skeletal.

Chapter End Notes

I couldn't leave the angst going for too long! Your comments were making me so sad! Also holy shit! 100 kudos? <3 <3 I feel so awesome right now! I didn't expect to be writing so much to this fanfic, but I am having an absolute BLAST writing it. Oh, should I be sleeping? Screw that, I'm up writing! Bahaha.

I adore you guys, thank you for all the feedback. :) It makes this entire process wonderful. It's nice to see people as invested as I am.
A few weeks had passed by, and everything had pretty much settled into a nice, normal rhythm. The tension between almost everyone had died down, and your usual routines had picked back up like nothing had happened. Human nature, you figured - the strong desire for things to remain the way they are. Spaghetti nights were still once a week, Sans was now coming over once or twice a week to read and have dinner with you (Papyrus actually worked pretty late at the restaurant getting prep work done sometimes for weekends) as well as honouring Sunday work lunches. You still got together with Jackie once a week for breakfast, and Will started hanging out with you more often as well. Your attitude towards Hannah shifted, however - you were extremely skittish around her now, instead of your usual flippant self. She was picking up on that, too.

Thanksgiving was rapidly approaching, and started to mentally make plans for the holiday. As a rule, everyone would go to Jackie and Kyle's for Thanksgiving - they had a pretty nice townhome, and were essentially the surrogate family for anyone who couldn't travel to see their own. You were thinking about flying to go see your family, but the ticket prices were absolutely astronomical. When you called your dad to talk to him about it, he said - in an incredibly timid voice - that he and your mother had already booked a trip out of the country for the holidays. Oh, well, good for them, you guess. Would have been nice to go to Bali with them, but you weren't going to argue. It was their anniversary, after all.

Jackie and you had been bouncing back and forth dinner plans, when a thought occurred to you. Do monsters celebrate Thanksgiving? Probably not. Considering it was an American-based holiday to begin with, the likelihood of it spreading to the Underground was not likely.

"So, we're inviting everyone, right?" you asked her, chewing on a pen cap. She nodded.

"Of course. I even invited shithead and Hannah." Jackie responded, flipping a page in her cookbook. She was still mildly pissed at Will. "Why?"

"I was thinking of inviting the skelebros." you said. Jackie had dubbed them this, and you thought it was much shorter, and cuter than 'skeleton brothers'. "I don't think they celebrate human holidays, but it'd be kinda neat, right?"

"You sure that's a good idea, with Will and Sans?" she said, her face scrunching up a bit. "Last time they were together, good times were not had."

"Yeah..." you said, frowning. "But this time, no sake bombs are involved. Plus, Will and Papyrus apparently get along great. If I hear about either of them from the other one more time I'm going to vomit rainbows, I swear to god."

"Mmm. Well, if they can play nice, then yeah. But if I get even a whiff of fighting, I'm kicking them both out." she said, raising a brow. You shrugged.

"That's fair. Hell, I'll help you. Oh man, what about frying a turkey this year?"

"Ew, no. That's disgusting. And time consuming. No."

"You're no fun."
"You're not the one cooking it!"

"And that's why I want it." you said, grinning. Jackie groaned.

"Go deep dry your head." she said, going back to her cook book.

"Thanksgiving?" asked Sans, spinning his spaghetti around his fork. "We heard about it a lot last year, people made a big deal about it. Why?"

"There were a lot of turkeys!" said Papyrus, spearing a meatball. "We're doing a Thanksgiving menu this week at work as well."

"It's a big human holiday around here," you said, taking a bite of your pasta. Papyrus's cooking was good before - it had taken leaps in bounds in the mere weeks he had been working in the kitchen. "People get together kind of like a family, if you will, and share food... kinda like our spaghetti nights I guess. Tons of food, sometimes we play games, that kinda stuff. Do you guys celebrate holidays at all?"

"Oh yes!" Papyrus exclaimed. "We celebrate Christmas of course, as well as our birthdays, and New Years! Sans found out about a holiday called 'April Fools' but he's the only one who celebrates it."

You were surprised about the Christmas holiday, given the religious connotations. "Christmas, really? That's cool, it's one of my favourite holidays, actually. I'm not huge into the 'Christ is born' stuff since I'm not religious, but I love the getting together spirit."

"The what is born?" Sans asked. Papyrus looked at you as well, confused.

"You know. Christmas? Christ? It's Christ's birthday?"

"Oh wow, he was born on the same day Santa delivers presents? How fortuitous!" You snerked.

"Yeah, lucky for him." you said, smiling. Sans rubbed the back of his neck a little.

"Some of our shared customs came from our eh, waterfall collection, if you will. Anything that fell down from you guys we'd get. Some stuff stuck, other stuff didn't. Christmas was a big deal." he said, hoping it would explain. You thought about this for a moment.

"So you're talking about books, or dvds or something?"

"VHS, cassette tapes... the older stuff." he said, laughing a little. "Papyrus watched a lot of really old Christmas specials. A lot."

"I particularly like the one about reindeer!" he said, waving his fork about. "Will we see reindeer this winter?"

"Uh.. not in the city bud. But I can take you to see one, maybe. I think there's some at the zoo."

"I would love to see some!" he said, smiling. You smiled as well.

"Of course! We'll make a day trip. I'll make sure though, don't want to let you down."

"Don't worry, any time spent with you is most pleasant." Papyrus said,
beaming. You giggled, and Sans let out an uneasy chuckle.

"Anyway, back to Thanksgiving - you guys wanna go? Jackie and Kyle have a big shindig every year, and everyone's invited. Besides, you'll get to have someone else cook for you for a change." you said, finishing your dinner off. "It's a lot of fun, I promise."

"everyone's invited?" Sans asked.

"Yeah, of course! What, you think Jackie wouldn't want you guys to not come?"

"s'not that." he said. He was quiet for a moment. "is will going to be there?"

"Probably."

"yeah. i'll go." he said, taking a long drink from his glass. Papyrus looked delighted.

"OH HOW FANTASTIC, WILL WAS JUST TELLING ME THE OTHER DAY THAT AFTER MY 90 DAYS THAT IT IS MOST CERTAIN THAT I'LL BE GETTING A RAISE! HE IS SUCH A NICE PERSON." he said. Sans sort of grumbled into his glass, and you nodded with a small smile.

"That's great Papyrus! I can't tell you how stoked I am that this is working out so well for you."

"I AM 'STOKED' AS WELL! THIS HAS BEEN THE BEST PLACE WE HAVE LIVED BY FAR, AND I LOVE THIS JOB! I DARE SAY I ALMOST LOVE IT MORE THAN BEING A ROYAL GUARD!" he said, flipping his scarf back with joy. You clapped your hands together with glee.

"Yeah! That's what I like to hear!" you said. You and Papyrus let out an absolutely ridiculous fist pump and cheer, and Sans rolled his eyes at the two of you.

"WHEN IS THIS THANKSGIVING?" Papyrus asked.

"Oh, it's next Thursday. I already know you work during the day - but the dinner is in the evening." you said to Papyrus. "Do you have it off Sans?"

"nope. gotta work. but it's a morning shift." he said.

"That sucks. Well, I have the day off, so nyah ha." you said, sticking out your tongue. "I'll get the party started for you guys."

"oh great, the one woman party train is coming through. hide all the booze." Sans said with a snicker. You grimaced.

"Hey! That's not fair! And... that's what I was bringing to the party." Sans started laughing. "Hey! It's not my fault I work at a freaking wine shop! You'll be proud to know this stuff has been aging in my apartment since I got it!"

"i'm sure all of it is absolutely de-vine."

You and Papyrus groaned simultaneously. This just made Sans grin even more. Papyrus looked at you. "YOU WOULD THINK THAT OUR DISTRESS WOULD MAKE HIM DESIST."

"Yeah, but he really decant." you said, reusing one of your puns. Papyrus looked at you like you had utterly betrayed him, and stood up, grabbing his empty plate and stormed into the kitchen. Sans started laughing.
"you know, you act like you hate my jokes, but you know you secretly love them."

"I secretly love *something*, but it's not your stupid assed jokes." you said, not really meaning anything by it. Sans froze at this, and you watched as his face started turning that light blue again. Oh! Oh! He was blushing! **Adorable.** You let him off the hook, however. "And that something is clearly all that shitty wine paraphernalia at work. Did you know I almost came home with coasters the other day? 'Step aside water, this is a job for wine'. Nothing like screeching 'alcoholic' like that kind of decor." Sans laughed nervously a little, then swallowed.

"yeah. one day you're gonna come home and i'll have just wallpapered your house in those posters."

"Ugh, no, please. Don't. I'll stuff you in a barrel and leave you to ferment."

"YOU CAN JUST PUT HIM IN HIS ROOM." said Papyrus from the kitchen. "THERE'S A LOT OF FERMENTATION GOING ON IN THERE." Sans slapped a bony hand over his face.

"Oh?" you said, the corner of your mouth curling into a smile. "Do tell."

"LAST I KNEW, HE HAD MANAGED TO RE-CREATE HIS SELF SUSTAINING TRASH TORNADO. I'D SAY IT WERE IMPRESSIVE IF IT WERE NOT SO AWFUL."

"THIS I have got to see." you said.

"no, no you don't." Sans replied, a bead of sweat forming on his skull. The two of you were staring each other down at this point.

"YOU SHOULD, I BELIEVE IT'S THE 8TH WONDER OF THE WORLD." said Papyrus, knowing full well he was instigating trouble. You slowly looked at Papyrus, then at Sans, then over Sans's shoulder. Sans was eyeing you.

"don't even think about it."

"Is that a challenge?"

"does it sound like one?"

Your muscles flexed, and you shot up from the table like a bolt. "Yes!" you shouted, and darted off towards his room. You heard him get up from the table - too slow, bone boy. You thought about taunting him, and just as you reached his door, he was suddenly in front of you. You stopped right in front of him, pressed up directly in front of him. You wanted in that room!

"Fucking cheater."

"what about it?" he said, chuckling. You pressed into him, trying to be intimidating. The top of his head came to about your eyes, and you were staring down at him. His back was against his door, and you were putting most of your weight into it. You became acutely aware of your breasts practically nestling under his chin, and your breathing quickened. His eyes seemed to slowly drink in the slow parting of your mouth, and then the unanticipated softness of your chest, and you watched his smile change - that single file of teeth shifted, and those canines slowly started to peek out, giving him an incredibly predatory look. His gaze settled back to look at you, the lights in his eyes blazing with something that made your legs quiver. Your mind was racing, trying to process what was happening - and so you did the only thing you could think of.

You twisted the door handle behind him, and toppled over him into his room.
"YES! Winner!" you exclaimed, trying to calm your body down. Sans groaned, grabbing your ankle weakly.

"no fair!" he said.

"Yes, fair Mr. 'I Teleported At the Dinner Table'" you said, shaking his hand off. You got up and looked around. His room was incredibly sparse, just simple furniture. No trash tornado, which sort of bugged you out. There was definitely a heavy smell of musk, for sure, and a huge pile of socks in the corner. All in all, it was an extremely boring room. "This is it? This is what you were nervous about?"

"it's kinda messy." he said.

"Oh please, my room looks like a hurricane of clothing went through it at all times." you grinned. "Unless... is there a dead hooker stuffed inbetween the mattress?"

"curses, you figured out my secret. time to murder you." You mock gasped as you lifted his mattress to check.

"TWO dead hookers. My my Sans, you've been busy. I didn't know you had it in you."

"what can i say, i'm a bonely guy." he said. You rolled your eyes, but still smiled.

"It's alright, we can keep this between us. The power of friendship, and all that." you said, with a little laugh.

"the power of friendship. i feel like we need decoder rings."

"That'd be awesome!" you said, sitting on the edge of his bed. "But they have to be those super huge, ridiculous ones you get in the cereal boxes."

"i'm up for it. it'll make our book club that much better." You chuckled at this.

"You know Sans, other than my bestie, you're the only other person who makes me laugh so much. Thanks." you said, out of the blue. He stood there, and the two of you once again shared your smile. You flopped back onto his bed.

"getting comfy?" he asked.

"No, this bed is fucking horrible." you said. You made a point to roll on it for a second. "Seriously, this isn't even a joke. How do you sleep on this thing?" He shrugged.

"i'm not picky." he said.

"Not picky? Oh come on, your couch is a dream in comparison to this thing. This is like a rock."

"the couch is a little more comfortable, i'll agree." he said. "just never really cared much about it."

"Good god Sans, maybe this is why you're so tired all the time. Have you even seen my bed? It's like a freaking DREAM. Next time you're over, hell - fuck it, come with me." You grabbed his arm, leading him out of the room.

"WHAT'S GOING ON?" asked Papyrus.

"I'm showing Sans how shitty his bed is. You wanna come with?" you asked Papyrus.
"OF COURSE!" he said. "I'LL BE OVER IN A MINUTE! I AM JUST FINISHING THE DISHES."

"this is stupid." Sans complained. "my bed is fine, i've had it for years." You shushed him and shoved him into your apartment, and into your bedroom. It's the first time he'd ever been in there, but you didn't give him time to process it - you just unceremoniously shoved him onto your bed. It was a mecca of goosedown and feathertop and joy - you watched as he sank into it.

"Well?"

"i was expecting a little more romance before we got to this stage, but i'll take what i can get." he said, smirking. You laughed, and plopped onto the bed next to him.

"Oh, shut your mouth. Seriously though, isn't this heaven?"

"yeah, it is." he said. You were sighing contentedly, and looked at him. He was studying you. You felt his hand brush against yours, his digits slowly lacing inbetween your fingers. You felt your heart skip a beat, that was new. You were about to turn to face him when -

"YOUR ROOM IS SO NICELY DECORATED!" stated Papyrus. Sans's hand quickly retracted, and both his arms went behind his head. "MAY I JOIN YOU TWO?" he asked.

"Of course, that's the whole point!" you said. "I'm guessing you guys might need new beds." Papyrus practically jumped onto the bed, jostling yourself and Sans, smushing the three of you together.

"THIS BED IS MOST COMFORTABLE! I AM IMPRESSED!" he said, sinking into it as well. "I NEVER KNEW THAT SLEEPING COULD BE THIS WONDERFUL!"

"I told you I was a big fan of sleeping."

"I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST LAZY!"

"Well, that too." you said, chuckling. "Anyway, now that you know the error of your ways, you gonna admit your bed is a piece of shit?" you said, looking at Sans. He let out a sigh of defeat.

"you make a good point. this is really freaking comfortable. i could just come over here and sleep instead." he said, eyeing you for a moment. You wondered if you were turning red, but laughed it off.

"Listen, I tell you to make yourself at home, but not that at home, jackass. This is MY bed, thanks."

"fair enough." he said. "would you help us go bed shopping? no idea what we're looking for."

"Of course!" you said. "With the holidays coming up, everything's gonna be on sale, so it's the perfect time. I'm glad I sat on your slab of slate in your room."

"me too." replied Sans, a little quieter than normal.

"AS AM I!" exclaimed Papyrus. "I AM EXCITED ABOUT NOT BEING AS STIFF IN THE MORNING!"

Sans had a feeling he'd still be stiff anyway. "yeah, it'll be great."

"Alright chumps, get outta my bed. I need to go over to Jackie's for a little bit before I go to sleep tonight." Sans and Papyrus got up, Papyrus extremely reluctantly. You gave them both hugs - Sans
had finally warmed up to them, and was actually hugging back. A little. You bid them both a
goodnight, and closed the door.

Oh my god. Oh my god. What was going on with you? Your entire body felt like it was on fire, and
you paced a little bit in your entryway. He was a fucking skeleton girl, calm the hell down. Your
mind was all over the place, a jumble of thoughts that lead everywhere and nowhere all at once. You
couldn't do this. You couldn't like Sans. You LIKED Sans, you didn't.. like Sans. He was an
amazing friend who you felt you could be vulnerable with, someone you could rely on, and someone
who looked at you today with such intensity that it made you want to be so badly violated it wasn't
even funny.
Jesus christ, where did that last thought come from? Ok, calm it. Calm down. We're moving on from
this. You needed to get laid, bad. You needed to go hit up the bar scene, and go get some stupid
broski or something, get a quick one night stand, and get this out of your system before you seriously
made an ass of yourself. You practically ripped your phone from your pocket, and texted Jackie.

y: Coming over. Be there soon.

You pulled your hair into a bun to get it off your neck, you felt far too hot right now. You threw
your coat over your arm, not even wanting to deal with it right now and exited into the blissfully cold
night. Jackie would be a wonderful distraction right now.
Your evening with Jackie went pretty smoothly - you mostly helped her deep clean some of her
house, as you discussed Thanksgiving some more. But you kept thinking back to those two brief
moments, and your body kept heating up. Jackie was mildly concerned, wondering why you kept
going outside to 'cool down', but you told her it was just from so much cleaning.

You settled into bed that night, and contemplated everything. You needed to get some action. Quick.
Before you went insane.

You had an incredibly disappointing dream about a kangaroo trying to teach you quantum physics.
He failed you, and you had to drop out of college. Your family disowned you.

Thanksgiving rolled around quickly, and you were pretty jazzed up about it. You had been a pie-
making fiend, cranking out pumpkin pies like nobody else's business. Everyone in your unit got one,
and Peter and his wife got two. Sans and Papyrus were impressed by your baking aptitude, but your
friends were used to your baking frenzy. Something about the holidays made you want to shove pies
into ovens. You had no idea why.

You had arranged to meet up with the skelebros after they got off of work, so that you could all ride
together to Jackie's. You'd meet up with Sans, and then walk to the restaurant to meet Papyrus - then
take a cab to Jackie's. It was a pretty solid plan. Papyrus had whipped together some sort of souffle
or something along those lines for the dinner, and you had an entire crate of wine you were bringing
with you.

You had put on a nice jewel red sweater that scooped off the shoulders, and a cute skirt. You put on
your favourite necklace - some weird good luck charm that your mom had got you in New Orleans
one year that was a gold-encrusted alligator tooth. Not super fancy, but you normally didn't wear a
ton of jewelry. You slipped on some flats, and headed out.
You met Sans at the Fresh n' Easy after he got off work, leaning casually against the wall. He came out, and spotted you.

"Hey, looking for a skeleton, 'bout yea tall. You seen anyone like that?" you said, holding a hand up.

"nope, sorry miss. no skeletons 'round these parts." he said, shrugging a shoulder.

"What a shame, I owed the guy a kiss." you said, giving a lop-sided smile.

"oh, well then shit. caught me red handed." he said, trodding over to you. Ever since the day you started feeling flustered over him, you had become uncontrollably flirty. You figured if he was uncomfortable with it, he'd tell you, or send signals that it wasn't ok - but he continued in his general Sans manner - jokes and puns, shrugs and laughs. Neither of you acted on any of the flirtations, but all you knew is sometimes you'd get ridiculously riled up over it. He seemed completely unaffected by all of it, however. You tweaked his work hat on his head.

"Ready to go?" you asked. He nodded, and you picked up your crate of wine and started walking.

"need a hand with that?"

"Nah, I got it."

"good, 'cause i don't wanna carry it." he said. You snorted.

"You're so fucking lazy."

"and this is news... how?" he asked. You bumped into him with your hip, knocking him a little off balance.

"Shut it. You looking forward to tonight?" you asked.

"of course." he responded. "i like your friends."

"They're your friends too, you know." you said, frowning. "Jackie and Kyle, anyway. Hannah is friends with herself, pretty much. Will is uh, well... Will."

"i'll be on my best behaviour, don't worry." he said. "i don't want to get voted off the island."

"Now THERE'S a dated reference. You'll be fine. Just don't set anyone on fire, and I'm sure you'll be the belle of the ball."

"you suck the fun out of every outing we've been to with all these rules and stipulations, you know." he said, chuckling.

"Yeah, yeah."

The two of you continued walking onward to the restaurant - the streets were markedly emptier than usual. People were wanting to be home with their families, it seemed. While you were happy to see your friends and get together with them, you felt a twinge of sadness that you couldn't see your parents. It had been over a year and a half since you had seen them - no one's fault really - and you were getting a little homesick. You missed a half step in your walking, and Sans picked up on it.

"y'alright?"

"Yeah, fine." you said, continuing onward, rolling your shoulders.
"got your dancing shoes on?" he asked. This had sort of become your code phrase when one of you picked up on the other hiding something. It didn't get into anything particularly heavy, but was for the little stuff mostly - things either one of you felt you didn't want to 'bother' someone with. You let out a sigh.

"I just miss my folks, that's all. I haven't seen them in a while. so I get a little homesick around the holidays." You sniffed. You felt his hand on your back give you a small rub, then fall away.

"i get you. i'm missing some people right now too." he said.

"Yeah?" you said, trying to take the focus off of yourself, "You got someone back home? Got a girl waiting for you on shore?" Sans made a 'pfft' noise.

"hah, no. nothing like that. actually, no one's left back home, if you will. everyone came above ground. we all lived in the same area for a while, kinda took over a neighborhood. we were there for a year or so, but then we decided to move on." Sans said, shaking his head a little.

"You miss them, though?" you asked, genuinely curious. He gave a small nod.

"i do. we've been talking with some of our friends, they're actually interested in moving out this way. they're probably gonna visit next year to scope the city out. papyrus and i have been trying to find more... monster-friendly climates, if you will." he sighed at this. You frowned, but you understood. "we didn't get as good of a reception elsewhere."

"I gathered that, Papyrus has talked about it before a bit. Sounds like your last set of neighbors were worse than mine." you said. He huffed.

"you don't know the half of it. graffiti, broken windows, it was bad. really bad." he said, and he swallowed hard. "sometimes it's hard. people screaming monster at you like it's a bad thing, and you really wanna show them that they're right." You nudged him so he looked at you, and you gave him a soft smile.

"They're not right, though. It's cliche sounding, I know, but who's the real monster in that situation? I'm sure you didn't use your magic on their dog or some shit, so they were basically being assholes. People don't like things that are different." He looked back down as you two continued walking on, about a block away from the restaurant.

"you didn't react like that." he said bluntly. You laughed a little.

"Sans, I'll be honest, you freaked me the fuck out." you admitted. "You guys are the first monsters I've actually interacted with. But when I saw you in my doorway, I practically had a panic attack."

"really? you seemed to handle it pretty well." he said, eyeing you.

"Yeah well.. I internalize. I'm used to your dumb face now, but you still surprise me every now and again." you added. He chuckled.

"you think you're surprised? i'm still getting used to humans. you're all.. squishy, and soft."

"Human meat sacks, that's us." you said with a laugh.

"that's not what i meant." You know, secretly inside each of us is a skeleton dying to get out." you snickered, rounding the corner. Sans missed a step, then guffawed. You waited at the door patiently, motioning for Sans to
open it for you, and he aquiesed. "Thank you, kind sir." you said, and stepped inside. The restaurant was bustling, people who didn't have family or friends tended to eat out today. You stood to the side, and waited for the hostess to recognize you.

"Hey _____! I'll go let Papyrus know you're here." she chirruped. You nodded your thanks, shifting the weight of the crate of wine onto one of your hips. Sans looked at you for a moment.

"you know, i can hold that for you if you want."

"And what, give up your street cred? Nah, I'm good." you said. Papyrus came out, looking extremely dapper.

"I HAD ALREADY CHANGED BEFORE YOU GOT HERE!" he exclaimed. "SANS, PLEASE TELL ME YOU'RE NOT WEARING THAT TO THE DINNER." Papyrus looked at his brother with a disapproving eye. Sans grabbed his green work polo shirt and stretched it out.

"what? this isn't formal enough?" he said with a lazy grin.

"NO!" Papyrus stated.

"s'why i brought a change of clothes." Sans said, gesturing to his backpack. You hadn't even noticed it. "got somewhere i can change?"

"YES, I'LL SHOW YOU. _____, DID YOU WANT TO PUT THAT DOWN? SANS IS NOT THE FASTEST AT CHANGING." You nodded.

"Yeah, that's fine. I'll be here." You sat down on an empty chair in the waiting room area, placing the crate next to you. You started browsing your social media, looking through the pictures. Looked like your parents were already in Bali - looked like the weather was absolutely gorgeous. Some of your friends had gone home as well for the holiday, and were posting family pictures. Cute. You waited a few minutes, and then Sans and Papyrus emerged from the back.

Huh. Sans actually looked pretty good. You were so used to seeing him in his work uniform, or his blue hoodie and shorts, that you didn't know he could possibly wear other clothing. He was wearing a nicely tailored grey button up shirt, complete with cufflinks, and a charcoal vest over it - along with matching charcoal pants. And... was he wearing dress shoes? Were they TIED? Were you dreaming? Papyrus you'd seen in a plethora of outfits at this point - he actually liked to dress pretty sharp when you went out - but never Sans.

"Wow." was all you said.

"that good, huh?" he said, fixing his cuffs. Papyrus was grinning.

"You clean up nice, that's for sure. I didn't even know you owned a nice outfit like this."

"THAT'S BECAUSE I INSISTED HE LOOK NICE ONCE IN A WHILE." Papyrus said. Sans shrugged.

"every day's casual day to me." he said. You smiled a little.

"Well, you look nice. Anyway, ready to go boys?"

"LET ME GET MY SOUFFLE! I WORKED VERY HARD ON IT!" he said, running off to the kitchen. Sans was fussing with his collar a bit.
"Y'know, dress like that more often, and you might find someone who'll jump your bones." you said with a smirk. Sans tugged his collar too much and coughed.

"is that all it takes? you women sure are easier than you make it out to be."

"I'm a sucker for a sharp dressed man." you chuckled. He finished fussing and looked at you.

"y'know, you don't look half bad yourself." he said, giving you a quick glance over. There was nothing particularly lewd about his action, but you still felt your heat rising. Calm it! You were going to a holiday party!

"Thanks, I try. Sometimes I even succeed."

"i'd say." he said. Papyrus came back from the kitchen.

"ALRIGHT! LET US GO TO KYLE AND JACKIE'S! I AM SO EXCITED!" he said, practically bouncing on his feet. The three of you headed out, and hailed a cab. It didn't take long, as they pretty much vultured around restaurants. You placed your wine in the trunk, as the three of you crammed into the back. Papyrus was being overly cautious with his souffle (understandably so, it looked lovely) as you gave the address to the driver.

It was about a 20 minute drive, and you had been cramped in the back with these two before. But that was before your libido was doing weird things to you. Now you were pressed against a cold door and a well-dressed skeleton who was for whatever reason making the back of your neck hot. The door felt like a welcome relief, and you found yourself gladly leaning into it. You suddenly felt your skirt lift a little.

"so what's the deal? never seen you in a skirt before. is this the special occasion skirt?" Sans asked teasingly. You slapped his hand down, your face turned a flaring beacon of red.

"Jesus Sans! Yeah, it is. Kinda like you're in your 'special occasion'... everything." you said, exhaling. You rolled the window down a little to get some cool air on you.

"warm?" he said, and you noticed he was giving you a mischievous grin.

"It's a little stuffy back here, if you hadn't noticed." you said with a glare. Papyrus was focusing on his souffle, and then turned.

"PLEASE DON'T ROLL THAT DOWN TOO MUCH, I DO NOT WANT IT TO RUIN THIS." he said, motioning to his creation. You reluctantly rolled your window back up. Sans chuckled, and thumbed the edge of your skirt's material between his index finger and thumb, his hand coming into contact with your thigh.

"so what's this material?" he asked innocently. You were holding your breath, so you let it out slowly as not to draw too much attention to it.

"I dunno, polyester?" you said as casually as possible. Was he really doing this with his brother sitting next to him? You decided to rise to the challenge. "What does it feel like to you? You some sort of tailoring expert?" You motioned for him to go ahead. You waited for him to chicken out.

"might be." he said, a browbone raising. The back of his hand slid under the edge of your skirt a little, pressing against your thigh more definitively as he took more material into his hand. His bones felt cool against your warm skin, almost a silky feel. He made a big show of 'feeling' the skirt itself. "definitely a cotton blend. very nice." he said, and then withdrew his hand, looking extremely pleased with himself. Your throat felt constricted, and your heart was beating at far too fast a rate at
the moment. If Papyrus wasn't in the back of the cab with the two of you, you'd probably do something you sincerely regretted right now, so you were glad his souffle holding butt was there.

When the cab got to Jackie and Kyle's, you exited with an amazing speed. Papyrus and Sans paid the cab driver, and you literally made as much distance as you could so you could, once again, calm your body down. What a mess.

Sans came up behind you, and tapped you on the shoulder. You turned a little quicker than expected. "you okay?" he asked, his face looking slightly concerned. He was thankfully holding the crate of wine you had forgotten.

"Hah. I'm fine. Trust me, I'm more than fine." you said, really not wanting him to press this one. His eyes searched yours for a moment, then he gave you an easy smile.

"alright. just checking."

"Yup." you said awkwardly. "Let's go crash this party." you said.

"I THOUGHT WE WERE INVITED?" Papyrus said, looking surprised.

"It's a figure of speech, Papyrus." you said with a laugh. "C'mon, this way."

Jackie and Kyle lived in an extremely nice part of town - in an extremely nice townhome. Jackie had been working as a realtor for a few years now, and had managed to snag herself a nice little slice of life through work relations. The price was still astronomical by your standards, but with her salary, she could manage. It was a very cute 2 story place, with a small deck that faced outward towards a shared garden area. The place was smattered with windows (which you loved) and Jackie's taste was definitely more 'modern' than yours. Everything was very clean, sort of like it was taken right out of a Pottery Barn magazine. You knocked twice, then entered.

"Hello? We're here!" you called out into the house. You heard music playing, and the sound of voices chattering. Looks like some other people had already shown up.

"Heya!" said Kyle, emerging from one of the rooms. "What's up cutie?" he said, giving you a kiss on the cheek and a hug. You returned in kind, and Kyle greeted Sans, and then he and Papyrus gave each other a ridiculous hug. "Buddy!"

"AMIGO!" You and Sans exchanged a look.

"they've been hanging out a lot." Sans said. You grinned. Kyle escorted you all into the kitchen, where everyone was milling about. They had a nice open layout, so the kitchen sort of became the hangout - as kitchens often do.

"Bestie!" Jackie shouted over some heads. You waved at her, and the two of you gave each other a big hug. "Glad you made it!"

"Duh, of course. Plus I brought goodies." you said, motioning to Sans. Sans held up the crate of wine. Her eyes turned as big as dinner plates.

"Oh YES! I LOVE you!" she said, pinching your side. "You know, this is my favourite job you've ever had, please keep it forever." You laughed.

"Only for you. Do you have somewhere Papyrus can put his souffle?"

"Of course! Papyrus, follow me." she said, motioning for Papyrus for follow her. Papyrus followed
suit, and Kyle was chattering behind him enthusiastically. The house was pretty full - most of the people you recognized, some you didn't. You were guessing Jackie briefed everyone about Sans and Papyrus, because the staring was kept to a minimum.

"nice place." Sans said, looking around.

"I know, right? Makes me feel like my place is a dump sometimes." you gave a little laugh. Sans shook his head.

"nah, your place is definitely you."

"Are you saying I'm a dump?"

"no! i'm saying it's cozy, homey. comfortable. y'know. don't make me use positive words to describe you."

"Pfft, and here I was hoping my house was sexy, ravishing, and irresistible." you said with a roll of your eyes. You saw Sans shoot a quick glance at you and then look back into the crowd of people.

"maybe the house isn't." he said shrugging, and chuckled. You smiled a little.

"Let me show you around before everyone shows up. Give you the grand tour, yeah?"

"i'd love that." he said. You put your arm through his, which definitely raised a few brows in the room, and you began showing him your best friend's home.

The house was decorated in a festive manner, reflecting fall. Jackie was ridiculously good at home decor, and while you were pretty good at picking out furniture and painting a wall or two, she went all out on this stuff. Sans seemed to be taking in all the little knick knacks and various things, and enjoyed your various stories you told of the shenanigans the two of you had gotten into with some of the photos that were on the walls.

Your tour ended on the balcony that lead to the shared garden, where (intelligently) no one was currently standing. It was bitter cold out, and you were starting to regret wearing a skirt. At least it was toasty inside, you figured. The garden was cute, lights had been strung up by all the neighbors towards the center gazebo, and various flora and fauna were well-maintained creating a nice, lush relaxation area. You and Jackie spent a lot of nice summers either on the balcony or in the garden itself, so you were extremely well-aquainted.

"s'really nice." Sans said, smiling. "i like the lights. reminds me of an area near my home, kinda." he said. You figured he was talking about the Underground. You would have loved to hear more, but you were freezing your ass off.

"Let's go back in, I'm cold as hell out here. My shoulders feel like popsicles." you said, rubbing one of them. He looked towards you, and then placed a hand on your shoulder, carefully rubbing at it.

"oh damn. yeah, you are cold." he said. His hand, though bone, felt incredibly warm. You were surprised by this.

"Your hand's warm." is what came out of your mouth. He laughed a little.

"i produce body heat. maaaagic." he said, wiggling his browbones and the fingers on your shoulders a little. You giggled.

"You're full of surprises. Still, let's go inside." you said. Sans removed his hand from your shoulder.
"Talk about surprises." came a voice. You turned your head to see who it was - oh. It was Will.

"Oh! Hey Will, what's up?" you said cheerfully. You crossed over to give him a hug. Sans didn't move. Will gave you a close hug, and it lingered a little longer than it should have. You could have sworn you felt a hand drifting lower than it should, and you pulled away quickly. The two men were staring at each other, unblinking. "Uh, nice to see you too? I'm going inside, I was just showing Sans around."

"Yeah." said Will. "Inside sounds good." He placed a hand on the small of your back, and escorted you inside. You turned your head to look at Sans, and he waved you off. Great, these two still hadn't gotten over whatever it was. Will leaned down to speak a little quieter to you. "I see you didn't take my stellar advice." he said.

"What, to stay away from my daaaangerous neighbor?" you chuffed. Will's lip curled a little. "Don't start, Will. We're going to have a nice Thanksgiving. Sans is fine. You two were both idiots, and you need to let it go."

"Yeah, well I don't like how he --"

"Motherfucker, I don't really give a rat's ass." you said, spinning to look at him. You were being a little louder than intended, but you were sick of this. You jabbed him in the chest with your index finger. "Go take care of your girlfriend and mind your own goddamned business right now, because I don't wanna hear this nonsense."

You regretted what you said, because Will looked genuinely hurt. "Yeah. Fine. Alright." he said, heading back into the kitchen. You sighed. You were trying to stand up for yourself here, but you didn't need to be mean to him about it. He was being... protective of you, you guessed. But he really didn't have a right to do that, did he?

You went into the kitchen after a minute, hoping Sans would come in soon, and found people surrounding Papyrus. You recognized most of the faces - a lot of them old college friends, some of them people from Jackie's work. A lot of people showed up for the dinner, you were kinda surprised. But Papyrus was doing something with a knife and vegetables, and people were watching with fascination.

"I WATCHED THIS ON THE YOUTUBES, SO I'VE BEEN DOING IT AT WORK EVERY NOW AND AGAIN!" he exclaimed, excited. He started carving flowers out of carrots, cucumbers - any vegetable Jackie and Kyle were basically feeding him. Everyone watched, very entertained, and you were pleased that he was breaking the ice so easily. Leave it to Papyrus to make everyone love him in about a minute flat. You leaned on the counter, watching Papyrus do his thing, when you felt a hard slap on your ass. You turned quickly.

"Hoshit! Anna!" you exclaimed, practically bounding into her arms. She practically lifted you off your feet - something you were used to with both her, and now Papyrus. Anna was one of your college friends who was now living outside the city. She was a stout woman, built like an ox, but had a face of a cherub. She was grinning from ear to ear.

"______, as I live and breathe! I haven't seen you since May!" she said, squeezing your arm. You tucked some hair behind your ear.

"Yeah, sorry. That was the baby shower. Jeez. When you popping?" you asked, rubbing her ridiculously pregnant stomach.

"Next month. James tells me I need to slow down, but you know me. I never did with the last one,
"Oh! Yeah! He's one of my new neighbors. Kinda fell into being friends - and he's working for Will. His brother's outside right now, getting some fresh air."

"You always brought the weirdest of us together." she said, affectionately ruffling your hair. You scoffed at this. "We have a monster who brings their kids into Dee's daycare. I won't lie, it's uh.. weird. It's a little jelly thing. But it draws the cutest pictures. And of course Dee's best friends with it." she said, pulling her phone out. There were a million pictures of what looked like her daughter Dee holding a handful of jello with a bow on it doing various activities.

"Is that it?" you asked, pointing to the jello. Anna nodded.

"Yup. Her name is Annabelle, her brother is Craig. They're a slime family." She shifted through some more pictures, and showed you. You smiled, and awwww'd at the appropriate times. Seeing these made you feel a little better about Sans and Papyrus for some reason. "Really nice. Dad's an investment banker right now. Haven't met the mom."

"Cute!" you said. "Hey, I'm gonna go check on Sans real quick, he's still outside. I'll be right back, ok?"

"My fat ass isn't going anywhere." Anna said, rubbing her belly. "I'll be here all night." You laughed, and headed back outside. You caught Will watching you out of the corner of your eye, but you ignored it.

"Hey!" you said, calling out to Sans. "You gotta be cold too, come back inside!"

"just.. gimme a minute." he said. He was oddly quiet, and he wasn't looking at you. You crossed the balcony over to him, and slid your hand up his back in a comforting manner.

"Hey pal, what's up? Don't let Will rustle your jimmies." you said, thinking maybe that's what the problem was. "Papyrus is in there giving a demonstration, and everyone's falling in love with him instead of you, so you gotta go catch up."

"heh." Sans gave a single laugh, but it sounded hollow. You leaned over the railing to look at his face, and the lights in his eyes were completely gone. It made him look absolutely terrifying. "just.. having a moment here." he said. You took a very small step back from him, but then retracted that step.

"Nice shoes. They made for dancing?" you asked softly. Sans sighed.

"this... this is something you don't wanna know." he said. He looked up at you, his eyes pleading. Your brows furrowed for a moment, but you nodded.

"I got you. Don't worry about it, ok? But seriously, let's go back in. Take your mind off whatever it is, ok?" You pulled Sans into a hug, which he at first seemed reluctant to accept, but then returned with an enthusiasm you usually didn't get from him.

"yeah. alright. i'mma knock this bullshit off. we're here to have a good time, right? there's a turkey to be eaten and all that jazz."

"Exactly. We'll be emo butts later." you said with a smile. You threaded your arm through his. "Shall
Dinner went off flawlessly. Jackie had prepared the most amazing turkey, as well as everyone bringing their own foods to the dinner. Papyrus's souffle was to die for, and you brought enough wine to cater a small restaurant, so everyone was pleased. Sans and Papyrus seemingly were thoroughly enjoying this human tradition, although Papyrus was definitely displeased with the lack of noodles.

Sans had definitely lightened up, and was cracking jokes and telling stories at the table - some you hadn't even heard before. A lot of them were really great work stories, but some of them had to do with the Underground. People asked a few questions (as they do) but nothing was uncomfortable. All in all, it was extremely enjoyable. Even Hannah was laughing, which was great.

You had gotten up to help Jackie and Kyle clear the table, the remainder of the guests chatting happily amongst themselves. You were carrying a stack of plates, when Hannah got up to help you. That was different - but you wouldn't argue. She followed you into the kitchen with some glasses and silverware.

"Jackie, you cooked enough, let me get started on this." you said, holding up the stack of plates.

"Just leave it for tomorrow!" she said. You shook your head.

"Woman, it won't take long. You'll be picking up bits and pieces all day tomorrow, I know how you are. Let me just wash the dishes, alright?"

"I'll help." said Hannah. Both of you stared at her.

"Yeah, Hannah'll help." you added. Jackie eyed you like you had been abducted by a bodysnatcher.

"Alright.." she said, and shoo'd Kyle out of the kitchen. You turned the kitchen faucet on, and began scrubbing one of the plates.

"Sooo... what's up?" you asked Hannah. Hannah leaned her back against the counter, and frowned a little.

"I just wanted to talk to you. You used to like Will, right?" Uh, awkward.

"Yeah, back in college. Why?" you asked, moving onto the next dish and handing her the wet one. She dried it, and you realized she actually was there to help as well. Well that was good. Hannah let out a loud sigh.

"I've been with him for almost over a year now, and I don't know. I just wanted to see if you were still interested in him or not." she said, bluntly. You blinked a few times.

"Uhh, that's sort of a random question. And it's irrelevant whether I am or not, considering he's with you. I respect that." you said. She smiled a little at this.

"It's good to hear that. Thanks. I won't lie, I worry sometimes." she said, taking another dish from you. "I just get really jealous sometimes, you know? And the two of you are best buddies, and it's hard to watch sometimes. So I just..." she heaved another sigh, "I just wanted to see if maybe we could start fresh. Holiday spirit, and all that."
You stopped washing the dishes and leaned against the sink to face her. "Good lord Hannah, of course I would. Listen, of all the people in the world, I respect the fuck out of boundaries here. Will and I are friendly, but if it ever bothers you, please tell me! I'll tone that shit down in a heartbeat." You were being honest. Hannah had only ever been a peripheral before - you had never really talked. Will liked to keep his girlfriends distant from you, and this was the first time you really had a conversation with one. "Besides, I know about the.. well, you know." you said, glancing down at her stomach, and back at her.

"The what?" said Hannah, her head tilting in question.

"Y'know. The pregnancy?" you said in a near whisper, in case anyone was nearby. Hannah's face looked incredulous.

"I'm not pregnant, who told you that?" Your face now looked as incredulous as hers.

"W-- you know what, nevermind. I think I heard wrong."

"No, who told you?" You turned back to the dishes.

"Will. He said you told him a few weeks ago you were pregnant. We had gone out for thai food, and he was acting weird - so I ... asked him what was up, and he said you told him you were pregnant."

"Ew, no. I don't want kids." she said, her face wrinkling up with disgust. But then she thought to herself for a moment. "Was that the night he had too much to drink with you guys? Because we had a huge fight that night."

Your face fell as she told you this. Ah. So that was it. He was preparing for an overnight stay.

"Yeah, I think so. He was probably trying to cover for you. You know. Men, can't think of anything decent." you said with a hollow laugh. Hannah laughed as well, but hers was sincere.

"Well that was sweet of him."

"Yeah. Real sweet." you said tersely, your hand gripping one of the wine glasses far too hard as you scrubbed at it.

"It worked out though," she said, drying the last plate. "He came home utterly smashed." She giggled in recollection. You couldn't recall when you had EVER heard Hannah giggle. "He professed his undying love for me. Kinda had to before I let him in the house, anyway."

The wine glass shattered in your hand, slicing your palm. "FUCK!" you shouted, wrenching your hand away. "FUCK! Fuck me! God damnit!" you cried.

"Oh shit! Oh god, are you okay!?" Hannah asked, rushing to your side to look at your hand. "That looks deep, oh crap. Hang on, let me get someo--"

"Is everything OK in here?" said Kyle, who had come running into the kitchen. He saw you standing there with a bloody hand, broken glass, and tears running down your face. "Ah, shit! I can't leave you alone for two seconds, can I?" he said, trying to make you laugh - but it wasn't working. You had already started to cry, and the floodgates had just opened up. You were crying not just because your hand hurt like hell, but because you were hurt. You were tired of being so badly lied to, and having your heart yanked around left and right. You were tired of finding things out second hand, and you were even more tired of being second place. But most of all, you were tired of chasing someone who clearly was just dangling a carrot in front of you for their own amusement. You felt like a tool. Hannah was keeping your hand under running water, not knowing what to do and just
hugging you as you just kept sobbing there in front of the kitchen sink.

Most of the people at the dinner table had come into the kitchen by this point to see what all the commotion was, and you still couldn't stop your stupid crying. You felt so stupid, crying in front of all these people, but you finally had let it go - they didn't know it wasn't just your hand that was making you bawl like a child. You felt a comforting hand on your back, and a gentle, skeletal hand took yours out from under the sink.

"let me see that real quick." Sans said, inspecting your wound. It looked bad. Really bad. Your grip had broken the glass directly, and your hand continued to squeeze shut, slicing it open from the base of your palm to your index finger. The bleeding wasn't stopping, though. "i think you probably need to see a doctor for this, this is really bad."

You sniffled through your tears and nodded. You didn't care, you just wanted the bleeding and the pain to stop now. "I'm such a klutz." you laughed through your tears. "It's ok though, I can't feel my fingers much."

"Yeah uh, get her to a hospital. That's not good." said Anna from across the counter. Hannah's eyes were filling with tears.

"I'm so sorry _____, I'm really sorry."

"This wasn't your fault!" you said, your voice warbling. "I said I was a klutz. Oh god it hurts though." Sans looked at Jackie and Kyle.

"can you tell me where the nearest ER is? i'll take her."

"No, we'll drive her!" Jackie said. "A cab will take forever to get here." Sans clenched his teeth in frustration, then eased his breathing.

"listen, don't worry about it. i can get her there way faster. just tell me where it is." His eyes looked up at Jackie's, darting back and forth with concern. His face was almost pleading for him. Jackie frowned, and pulled out her phone, showing him a quick google map address.

"Right here. Did you want me to call a--" Sans held up a hand.

"i got it. don't worry about it. you know i'll take care of her." he said. He and Jackie stared at each other for a brief moment, and then Jackie nodded her head.

"Yeah. You will. Text me when she's admitted, ok?" she said. Hannah was busy wrapping your hand with a dishtowel while you were processing all this. You were getting dizzy.

"Are you serious? Hannah, hurry it up, we'll take her to the ER." Will said, his voice heated. He looked pointedly at Jackie, but she wouldn't make eye contact with him.

You had stopped crying, but your face felt tight and uncomfortable from the tears drying on it. Sans looked at Papyrus.

"see you at home bro. have a good time here, ok?"

"DO YOU NOT WANT ME TO COME WITH YOU?" Papyrus asked, looking terrified of what was going on. He didn't seem to like the prospect of not going with you.

"nah, again, i got it. everyone have a good time. thanks for the wonderful dinner. i'll make sure she's ok." Sans started helping you out the door. Will was following after the two of you, Hannah and
Jackie in tow.

"Will..." Hannah said, reaching out to him. His face contorted into an ugly mask, and he shrugged her hand off. You had reached the door with Sans, and he was holding onto you tightly, which seemed to set Will off.

"You're really sending your best friend off with that *psychopath*?" Will practically snarled, looking at Sans. Sans didn't acknowledge what was transpiring what was going on behind the two of you. He instead was looking at you.

"hey. remember the alleyway? think you're up for it again?"

"A shortcut would be great right now." you said, trying to drown out whatever was going on.

"Oh calm the fuck DOWN Will, he's taking her to the HOSPITAL!" Jackie practically shrieked, furious. Will took a few steps towards the two of you, and Sans turned his head, his left eye flaring yellow, causing Will to retreat backwards.

"we'll talk later." he said simply. He opened the door, walked out with you, and closed it behind you.

"Like hell we will! She's coming with us!" Will said, flinging the door open.

But you were already gone.

"What the *hell*?" said Jackie, staring out the door. Hannah walked outside, looking to see if she could see either of you. Will growled at Jackie, and took Hannah's hand.

"You just sent our best friend off with a fucking *monster*, Jackie. You saw what he was capable of that night. And you think it's *safe* to leave _____ alone with him? I thought you were *friends*." He looked at Hannah, who looked like she was near tears. "C'mon Hannah, we're leaving."

"Fine. Get the fuck out. I didn't even fucking want you here anyway, you narcassistic jackhole." Jackie shot at him, her voice full of venom. She looked at Hannah, seemingly to say something extra, but decided against it. "Stop fucking up people's relationships." was all she said, and went back in, slamming the door.

It was that same sensation, of a ground moving too fast for you to keep up with. You felt like you were falling while walking, but didn't feel like you were going to trip, either. You blinked hard, wanting it to be over - and then it was. You were in front of the St. Mercy hospital.

"It's going to be a long night." you said, groaning.

Chapter End Notes

Oh man, this one was all over the place - I'm sorry! Speaking of dangling carrots, that's how I feel right now with some of these moments.

Worry not as well, you'll begin to see a little more monsters popping up methinks in the near future. Not as many obnoxious OCs - I promise!
Losing Control

Chapter Summary

Things escalate out of your control.

Chapter Notes


See the end of the chapter for more notes

The ER was fairly full that night, which would have surprised you, but you reasoned it was one of the busiest hospitals in the city - it likely didn't have a single slow night. Sans helped you check in with the nurse at the front, and the two of you sat down in the waiting room.

"sort of a backwards system you guys got here. got an emergency, please wait." he said, frowning. You chuckled, but it was pained. Sans had been sending out a flurry of texts since he got there, and was currently clacking away at one right now.

"If I had lost an arm or something, they'd see me right away. They have to base it on the actual emergency. I still got all my fingers." you said, wiggling them. Two of them were stiff, which was concerning Sans immensely. "Don't worry about it, they'll get around to me. Sorry though, I guess I kinda ruined Thanksgiving." Sans put his phone away, then wrapped an arm around you, letting you lean into him.

"nah, you didn't. i had a great time, other than you almost losing a hand and all." he said. You were surprised by his comforting gesture, but you were extremely glad for it, and you nuzzled your head onto his shoulder and sighed. He smelled like his usual self, that twinge of old books, a light rain and cedar, but he also smelled a little like...

"Is that cologne?" you asked, your nose bunching up a little, trying to identify it. Sans gave a nervous little laugh.

"yeah, it's papyrus's. he thought that uh... thought I could use it." he said.

"It's nice." you said, feeling comfortable. You were trying to figure out how someone so boney could manage to BE so comfortable. The two of you sat there in silence for a little while with your head resting on his shoulder, elevating your hand while you waited patiently. After about 20 minutes, a nurse came over and looked at Sans.

"Erm, excuse me sir, may I speak with you?" she asked. Sans looked at you, then back to her.

"sure. one sec ____." he said to you, you nodded, and leaned back in your chair. The nurse took Sans aside, and the two of them were speaking quietly - you watched his body language as he saw his shoulders rise defensively, but then lower again into a passive shrug, and then lots of nodding between the two of them. The nurse shot you a look, then went back to her station. Sans came over
"c'mon tiger, they got a room for us." he said. You got up, exhaling with relief.

"Thank goodness. This thing is gross." you said, looking at the dishtowel. It was absolutely sodden with blood. Sans cringed a little looking at it, and gently escorted you over to the nurses's station. They placed you in one of the normal rooms, and the two of you waited in there.

"So what was this, hurry up and wait?" you asked. Sans rubbed the back of his neck.

"ehh.. actually, i was scaring people in the waiting room." he said. You scowled.

"Are you serious?"

"hey, i can't be mad at it this time. i'm in a hospital, your version of the grim reaper is literally me. i wouldn't want me in a hospital ER either." he said. You pursed your lips at this, he had a point.

"At least you're better dressed. I don't think the robes would look that good on you." you said, giving him a small smile. He chuckled.

"yeah, but think about all that airflow. you could get a nice breeze through there on a hot day." he grinned at this. You snickered.

"Better than a short skirt on a cold day, like my dumb ass." you gestured to yourself. "I have no idea why I didn't wear tights with this thing."

You watched as Sans' eyes flickered down to your legs and back up at you, and if you blinked you would have missed the tiny blue speckling on his cheeks. As much as you would have loved to keep that train of thought going and torture the poor guy, your hand still hurt like a bitch, and you didn't want the doctor walking in on the two of you making awful bone-related puns in some sort of terrible attempt of seduction.

"yeah, speaking of which, you need a blanket?" he asked. You nodded, and he looked around the room - luckily, there was one right at the base of the table you were sitting on. He very carefully splayed it about your body and tucked it in behind you, so you felt incredibly snug.

"Thanks." you said, smiling at him. He shrugged, and smiled back at you. He took his phone out again, and began clacking away at it. "Texting Jackie?" you asked. He nodded.

"she was uh, surprised we got here so fast." he said, looking awkward.

"I can explain it to her, if you want. Or we can, if you feel uncomfortable." you offered. She was your best friend, after all. He gave a small sigh of relief.

"that'd be great, actually."

You waited in the room for about another hour or so before a doctor was finally able to see you. The laceration on your hand was as bad as previously thought, and they had to inject a local anesthetic to dig out some small glass pieces that had lodged themselves in the wound. Luckily, nothing was severed or too badly damaged, so you were able to walk away with some pretty ugly looking stitches, some intense painkillers, and strict instructions to come back if you noticed any signs of infection. They wrapped your hand with a bandage, and sent you on your way about 3 hours later. You were thankful that the painkillers that they gave you were kicking in, they were giving you a nice fuzzy feeling right now.
"you wanna take a cab, or you alright for another shortcut?" Sans asked. You gave him a lazy smile.

"Whatever. Shortcut's prolly better." you said, latching onto him with your good hand. He took in a deep breath and the two of you exited the hospital - again, the ground beneath you sped by at an abnormal pace, your feet feeling like they were having immense trouble keeping up, and then the landing of your apartment was jarringly in front of you. "You're absolutely magical, y'know that?"

"i try." he said, chuckling. He helped you into your house, and you went straight to your bed and laid down. "i'll check on you tomorrow, alright?" he said, tucking the covers in around you sweetly. You smiled up at him. "i'll lock the door behind me, don't worry."

"You always do." you said, wiggling into the bed to get comfortable. You didn't care that you were still in your clothes, you were just so damned tired at this point. Sans smiled at you, and turned the light off, turning to head out.

"night, tiger." he said.

"Hey Sans?" you called out to him. You saw him turn in the darkness, his glowing eyes illuminating a portion of his face. It was haunting, really.

"s'up?" You swallowed hard, but you really needed someone. Your hand may have stopped hurting, but the rest of you hadn't.

"Can you stay?"

You watched his eyes search in the blackness of your room, giving off that gentle glow that you had seen before. He turned, exiting your room, and you felt your chest constricting. You didn't know if it was the painkillers or what, but your eyes filled with tears unbidden. They silently streamed down your face, and you waited to hear your front door close before you let yourself actually go, but you couldn't help but let out a hiccupsing sob. You heard what sounded like a scraping of a chair in the kitchen, and then suddenly two tiny lights came back into your room quickly.

"are.. are you crying? oh jeez, is your hand ok?" Sans was standing on the other side of the bed, and you could see still that his face looked concerned.

"I can't even feel my hand right now. It's fine." you said, your voice dangerously quavering. "Sorry. I thought you had left."

"no. no, i was getting a chair." he said, his voice taking on a gentle tone.

"I'd rather you not sit." you said, your voice shaky. Your face was starting to scrunch up into your ugly crying face that you made. He quickly climbed onto the bed next to you, and cradled you in his arms

If you thought your crying at the party was hard, it was nothing compared to this. You were so emotionally overloaded, and you felt that Sans wouldn't judge you for some reason. You hated crying. You never cried. You watched sad movies with a dry eye, funerals with a stiff upper lip, break ups with a quick joke. Sans just ran his fingers through your hair, and wiped your tears from your face best he could, but he let you cry. He didn't 'shhh' you or try and get you to stop - somehow you knew he understood, and thankfully with his kindness, he let you cry yourself to sleep.

You dreamt of a warm lake, lapping at your sides, calming you. You felt peaceful, as you drifted in it's water.
You woke up the following morning feeling marginally embarrassed, but much better. Sans had held you all throughout the night, and had dozed off at some point with his arms wrapped around you. You looked at his poor shirt - your makeup was smeared all over it, poor guy. Getting mascara out of that was going to be a bitch. You were nestled in the crook of one of his arms, your head placed on his chest, as his other arm was wrapped around you. It was oddly intimate. You blinked lazily as you watched his chest rise and fall with slow breaths, and you wondered if he even had lungs - you didn't remember seeing any when he showed you his rib cage that one time. 'maaaagic' you figured he'd say. You pressed your ear against his chest a little to see if you could hear a heartbeat - nope, nothing. He was so odd, but there was something about him that was so comforting, so right. You couldn't put your finger on it.

When you realized it, your entire body stiffened like you had plunged into ice water. You were falling for him. You were falling for Sans. God damnit.

Sans began to stir with the sudden movement of your body, and you suddenly had no idea how to react to him. No, don't do this _____, don't do this. Everything was so perfect, don't ruin this wonderful moment with your abject stupidity. You were staring at the ceiling with wide eyes, trying to figure out how to talk to him now, like something had somehow changed.

"hey." Sans said sleepily, brushing some hair out of your eyes. "you awake?"

"Yeah." you said. Yeah I'm awake and I'm falling for a skeleton how are you this morning.

"feeling better?" he asked, giving your arm a gentle squeeze. Normally you'd smile at that, make a joke, smack him, something. Instead you went:

"Yeah."

"oh. good." he replied.

"My hand hurts. I think the painkillers worse off." you said, raising your hand to look at it. Not that you could see anything, it was bandaged pretty impressively. He shifted to look at it as well.

"should probably take more, then. y'know, like it says on the bottle?" he offered. You stared at him.

"Yeah. Probably should." and you just laid there. You didn't want to move, one reason because you now felt amazingly awkward, and secondly because you didn't want him to let go of you. Unfortunately, he didn't give you much of an option, as he slid his arm out from under you and reached across you to your nightstand, grabbing your bottle of pills.

"says take 2 for pain. i'll go grab you some water, ok?"

"Yeah, thanks." you said, and you threw an arm over your eyes. He looked at you quizzically, then headed into the kitchen to get you something to drink. Alright, this wasn't working. You needed to act like your normal self, or he'd figure out something was up. The easiest way to handle this was realistically. He was a skeleton. You were a human. He probably didn't even... do things the same way you did. And most likely, he probably wouldn't even see you the same way that you saw him.

But he was flirting with you in the cab last night, wasn't he? Urgh! This was so confusing! You let out a frustrated groan that thankfully Sans took for pain.

"sounds like you really need those." he said, handing you a glass of water. You sat up and thankfully took it, kicking your covers off and downed the pills. Sans was looking at you oddly, and you could...
have sworn you saw his trademark blue blush again.

"Yeah, I do. It stings like a motherfucker. Last time I offer to do dishes again." you snorted. Sans coughed and rubbed his neck, making a small gesture towards yourself. Oh. You slept in your clothes, fine. But your skirt had hitched up all the way to pretty much your mid-section, and it was just legs for days. You slapped a hand over your face then looked at him with a brow raised. "Yeah, they're lacy and pink. Wanna borrow them?" you said sarcastically, as you grabbed the covers again. His face was definitely blue now. Not even a light blue.

"don't think they'd fit." he said.

"Didn't say you'd need to wear them." you tossed out. You immediately regretted it, feeling far too forward. *Cool your fucking jets.*

"is this a human custom? underwear trade? i got some nice boxer briefs i can give you." he said with a smirk, knowing full well that it wasn't. You rolled your eyes.

"Hey, they'd be more comfortable than these."

"then why wear them?"

"Dress to impress?" you offered.

"oh?" he said, a browbone raising. "who're we impressing?" Your heart thumped.

"Myself, duh."

"i feel like this is something you do regularly and easily."

"Shut up!" you said, reaching out like you wanted to hit him. He laughed, and sat on the edge of the bed.

"seriously though... are you feeling better from last night? and i'm not talking about your hand." he said. His eyes were searching your face - you probably looked like a hot mess.

"Yeah... I'm actually feeling a lot better. Thank you. And I'm sorry."

"sorry?" he asked.

"Yeah. For dumping on you. And forcing you to stay. You didn't have to." you said, looking a little embarrassed. Sans scoffed at this.

"for starters, you didn't force me to do anything. i wanted to stay. second, i'm glad i did." he said, giving you a gentle smile. "you obviously needed company. i don't think jackie would've made it before the shit hit the fan."

"Probably not." you said, bunching one of your pillows behind you. "I'm just..."

"you don't have to tell me, if you don't want to." Sans interrupted. You looked at him suddenly.

"Do you have to go to work? Fuck! I didn't even think about that!" He started laughing.

"no, i don't work today - i just know that sometimes you feel obligated to share. i don't want you to feel like that."

"I don't feel *obligated* to share. I like sharing with you. You're not an ass about it." you paused.
"Well, a complete ass, anyway." he chuckled.

"Alright, well then, spill." he said, and put his legs back up on the bed and got comfortable. "It's just us girls here, right?" Your head thunked against your headboard and you looked up at the ceiling.

"I didn't tell you much about my conversation with Will that one night you guys got drunk, other than we made up," you said, recapping. "When I talked to him the next day, he told me he was acting the way he did because Hannah told him she was pregnant. So, me being me, I figured 'ok, he's having a freakout moment and being a bit creepy because his life is basically over' so I gave him a pass on it."

"That's... not really ok of him, but go on."

"No, I know, I'm just saying - it was my rationalization for his behaviour. Well, I'm talking to Hannah tonight, and I found out that no, she wasn't pregnant. They fought that morning. Remember how I told you he comes to my place all weepy and remorseful, and then shacks up with me?"

"Yup." Sans said. You could feel a shift in the air around him, but continued on anyway.

"Well, that was his gameplan, I'm guessing. He was hoping to get the both of us trashed, and then come back to my place and repeat the usual yearly cycle. Instead, I didn't get drunk, you showed up - which I think he's still pissed about - and to cover up he spun some yarn to make me forgive him for his shitty actions."

Sans wasn't saying anything - but the hairs on the back of your neck and arms were standing up. The air was positively crackling with energy right now, and it wasn't good feeling. You looked over at him, your eyes widening a bit, and you saw him gritting his teeth, his hands clenched into fists.

"_____, I wish... I wish I could tell you. I can't. But if you're making the call to cut him out of your life, I'm gonna honestly say I think it's the right one." Sans looked intense. You suddenly grabbed at his arm.

"Sans, what the fuck did he say to you?"

"I can't say. Don't ask, but he is not your friend." he practically hissed through his teeth. You frowned - you realized the two were pitting you against the other, although it's not like Will was giving you a reason to not take Sans's side.

"That's not really fair."

"_____, please. I can't, but I wouldn't say a damned thing if I didn't believe it. So please," he said, and he suddenly took your good hand into his - you were surprised by his sudden action. "Please, just... be careful, ok? I hate seeing you like this." He cupped your chin, something you weren't anticipating and looked at you with an expression you couldn't decipher, but desperately wanted to.

"I'll try. I promise." you said, lowing your chin into his hand a little. "It's just hard. You know how it is, I told you. Push and take, etc." "I know." he said quietly, and removed his hand. Your heart was thudding in your ears, but you were doing your best to ignore it. "How 'bout breakfast? My treat." he offered. You smiled.

"Yeah, that sounds great. Let me call Jackie and a few other people to let them know I'm ok and all that stuff, and then we'll take off. Have anything in mind?"

"All you." he said, looking at your hand, "You're the injured one here. Gotta spoil the infirm."
"It's not like I'm on my deathbed, it's just my freaking hand." Sans dramatically threw his arm up over his face.

"we almost lost you, it was touch and go for a minute! i've got to hand it to the doctor, he really really had a grip on the situation."

"Uuurrrgghh" you said, and buried your face in your pillow, but muffled your laughter. "Laughter isn't the best medicine, you're so awful!" You grabbed your phone off the nightstand and dialed Jackie. She almost immediately picked up.

"_____! How are you feeling? Are you okay?"

"Yeah yeah, I'm fine. Sans took good care of me."

"of course i did." he quipped.

"He's over there right now?" Jackie said.

"Yeah, why?"

"Did he stay the night?"

".....yeah." you said. Jackie clacked her tongue.

"You always had weird taste in men." she said. You dived your head over to the other side of the bed in case Sans could somehow hear.

"Shut up! It's fine. I'm fine. Everything's fine!"

"I can hear you turning red over the phone. Oh girl, you're such a goof. Sans has been texting me pretty much all night with updates, although I really need to know his magic trick to get you to the ER so fast."

"Yeeeah, we'll talk about that later." you said hurriedly. Sans was eyeing you, tapping his fingers against his own hand, making a soft clinking noise. "I wanna hear about the rest of your party and stuff, you wanna come over later?"

"I can't today sweetie, but I can tomorrow. Unless you need me, then I'll be over immediately." she said.

"No, I'm fine. I got this bag of bones bugging the shit out of me." you said, rolling your head to look at Sans. He grinned. "I'll see you tomorrow after I get off work?"

"Will you be okay to go into work?"

"It's just my hand! I'm not dying. Jesus."

"Fine, fine. See you after work. Love you."

"Love you too. Bye." with that, you hung up. Sans looked at you.

"so, breakfast?"

"Well, we're already dressed. Let's go."
You took Sans to a local place that specialized in soul food - giant, delicious portions with intense flavours and (as authentic as it could this many miles away from) New Orleans cuisine. He seemed to immensely enjoy it, and the two of you chattered about light-hearted stuff, not really wanting to talk about drama or anything particularly heavy after last night. As you were unattractively shoving a huge piece of butter pecan french toast into your mouth, you thought to yourself this is one of the reasons you adored Sans. He knew when to keep things light, or when to jump topics with you. He read your moods like they were written on you, and was able to keep up without you having to drop multiple hints. Occasionally he'd "not get it", but considering you were only friends for what - 3 months now? That was pretty impressive.

You were starting to not even notice the stares the two of you got anymore. At first, people staring at the two (or three, if Papyrus was with you) of you really bothered the hell out of you. But now, you were just used to it. It was almost like back when you had a weird hair colour. Sans felt so natural to you, that you didn't see the oddness to it anymore, so reactions to him were beyond you mostly. Sure, sometimes he'd surprise you with something new, but it was a learning process.

But how did you handle this? Did you basically just have a little crush on him? You were glancing about the restaurant as you were internally debating to yourself, trying not to look at him while you mulled it over. You liked Sans. A lot. You cared about him deeply. You even started to find yourself slowly becoming attracted to him, which you though was really fucking weird. But that was mostly because of his personality, right? I mean, even the Hunchback of Notre Dame found love, right? No, he didn't, he died alone and miserable in a graveyard, clinging to the corpse of Esmeralda. Ok, bad example. But Sans wasn't unattractive. Your head was starting to hurt, trying to rationalize it.

"this food is really good. how'd you find this place?" he said. You shrugged.

"The line's usually out the door. I'm guessing people are in a coma from last night from all the Thanksgiving food." you said. Your phone buzzed - you had a missed call from Hannah. Hannah? The fuck?

"something wrong?" he asked. Your face must've been telling.

"Hannah called me. That's uh... well, I mean, I guess I did sort of slice my hand off in front of her yesterday." you said. "I'll call her after breakfast."

"i can wait, that's fine." he said, gesturing for you to take off. You shook your head.

"Nah, I'll call her on the way back to the apartment. Thanks, though." You stuffed your mouth with another delicious bite. "Don't wah these to geh cohd." He chuckled.

"you're so delicate, you know that?" You gulped your bite down.

"What did I say? I'm a fuckin' lady." The two of you laughed an easy laugh, and enjoyed the remainder of your breakfast.

You got to your doorstep after breakfast, and stood there for a moment.

"Thanks Sans. For everything. Not just taking me to the ER, although that was a huge help, and way better than a car ride but..." you looked down at your feet, "Thanks for staying last night. I'm sorry I cried all over your shirt."
"anytime." he said, then looked thoughtful. "well, not anytime. i don't want you crying a bunch and
ruining all my clothes. but i'm always here for you, we make great dance partners."

You two exchanged your smile, and you bent over a little and kissed him on his cheek. It felt
different for sure, again smooth, like kissing a china plate with some imperfections. You watched that
deep blue creep up his face again, and smiled softly at him.

"Yeah. We do. I'll see you later." You went into your apartment and slowly closed the door,
watching him as you did so. He was standing there, semi-frozen with that goofy grin on his face, his
hand raised in a half-wave.

You smiled to yourself, feeling content. You decided you needed to take a shower though and rinse
off, because you felt pretty gross. You went into the bathroom and cleaned up, easing into the hot
water. Calling Hannah was your next priority, and then you were going to just take it easy so work
tomorrow wouldn't suck too bad.

Unfortunately, that wasn't on your cosmic to-do list, because your phone rang. It was Will. You
rolled your eyes and ignored it for the first time in your life, perturbed. You went about getting
dressed, and it rang again - Will. Ugh, was he really going to do this? You answered.

"What." you said, cross as humanly possible. The other end was silent, and you heard a heavy
breathing. Was he entering some sort of perverted stalker territory? Was he jacking off? "Hello?" you
said.

"Hey, _____. It's me. Look. I'm... fuck. You know I hate talking over the phone. Can we meet up?"

Your blood was boiling right now. Did you really want to do this? You paced in place for a moment
and then thought to yourself - yes. This was your moment to finally stand up to him, and call it quits.
If he really wanted to be your friend then either some changes needed to be made, or he needed to
walk right the fuck out of your life.

"Yeah. Fine. Whatever. Where at?"

"I'm at 7 Grand." he said, shakily.

"Jesus, already drinking?" you shot at him. It was 2pm, this was ridiculous.

"It's been a rough goddamned night, and a rough goddamned morning. Look. Are you coming or
not? I get it if you aren't." You heaved an incredibly heavy sigh.

"Yeah. I'm coming. Let me put on a coat and stuff. I'll be probably about 15-20 minutes. Will you
survive until then?"

"Yeah. Thanks." He hung up. You groaned, pulling at your hair with your hands until you winced in
pain, remembering your injury. You grabbed your coat, throwing it on and put on some shoes and
left, slamming your apartment door in a fury. This was it.

You were done! And you were riding a tidal wave of anger all the way to the lounge.

Well.

That was the plan, anyway. By the time you got there, you had cooled off considerably, but dammit!
You were still pissed off. You entered the speakeasy, and looked around. Will was in the corner, his
head down and his hand around a drink. He looked absolutely pathetic. You slid into the booth
across from him.
"Yo." you said. He looked up.

"Hey, thanks for coming." he said. Were those.. those tears in his eyes? Ah shit. You knew what was coming. "How're you feeling?"

"I've been better." you said curtly. *Hold onto that anger!* you told yourself. You felt like a Star Wars villain.

"I was freaking out last night. All I know is you got hurt, and next thing I know that monster is taking you away, and you vanish into the fucking night and.."

"You know a *monster* works for you, right?" you replied testily. Will scoffed.

"Papyrus isn't a monster. Yeah, his species is 'monster', but he's not.. look. That guy IS a monster. The ones our parents told us about as kids. You didn't listen to me when I told you politely, so now I'm bein' honest with you."

"Is this about your dumb fucking fight?" you asked, wanting to throw it in his face. Will's face accepted it, and in exchange lost all colour. You'd never seen that before.

"He can bring things out from nowhere. From like.. a void. I saw them. He was going to kill me. *He was going to kill me.*" Will laughed like one of you was crazy. "Who are you going to believe, me or him on this one?"

"If he was going to kill you, why didn't you press charges?" you asked. Will balked.

"How am I going to prove it? 'Hey Mr. Skeleton-Man, summon your giant fucking skull demons again please.'" he sneered. He was visibly shaken, and you were losing some of your anger at him. Jackie had said he slammed him down, but you don't remember any mention of demon summoning or otherwise. "I was scared last night, you just vanished off with him - I had no clue if he took you to the ER, or to murder you or whatever it is he does. I don't know. I was just... scared for you." You frowned.

"I'm sorry. I was fine though, he took good care of me. Didn't Jackie tell you when I got there? Sans was texting her."

"I uh.. I left after you did." he said quickly. You raised an eyebrow. "I was just concerned, ruined the mood." he said. You shrugged.

"Lacerations and whatnot tend to do that. Anyway, that's not why you called me here, so cut to the chase." you said, crossing your arms. He blinked, not used to you being this blunt with him.

"Hannah and I are done."

"Yeah? Surprise, I guess."

"What's that supposed to mean?" he said, looking upset.

"Will, I'm not a fucking idiot. I know she wasn't pregnant." Will's face became difficult to decipher for a moment, then he slapped a hand over his face, mumbling something. "What's that? Can't hear you over your stupidity."

"Look, I didn't know how to explain what I did that night. I really didn't." he said. Your arms crossed tighter across your chest in defiance. He wasn't making a good case. "I don't get it? I was done with her. I didn't know how to get out."
"And let me guess, I was looking like a good way out."

"Yes!" he said, then retracted. "No! I mean, I don't know. _____, I want to be with you more than anything, and I'm just too damned stupid to realize it. I'm sorry. Fuck." he said, taking another gulp of his whiskey. "I'm being an ass."

"Yeah, you kinda are." you said, but you were wavering.

"You want a drink?"

"No, but I need one. Get me a scotch." you said. He raised his brows.

"We're serious here, you never order a scotch un--"

"Order a goddamned scotch, Will." you snapped. He looked at you and saluted.

"Yes ma'am, right away ma'am." He got up and took off to the bar. You sunk your head into your hands. What were you doing? This wasn't right. You were supposed to be breaking a bottle and shivving him with it right now. But then again, he was trying to break up with Hannah back that one night and get together with you, and maybe this time...

No, no, no! You're an idiot! You hit yourself with your bad hand, and let out a little cry. God, was he really worth all this stress and turmoil? You thought about texting Sans, or Jackie - you needed a voice of reason here. Jackie knew this is what you did. You forgave too easily, and it constantly bit you in the ass. But this was different. You could finally move on and heal, and here you were, dragging your own stupid ass back down into the pit. And the worst part? You recognized it.

But some tiny part of you wanted to believe it. Believe there was some chance that Will and you could be a thing. For all his shitty stunts he had pulled, he was a good guy. People loved him. The only reason Jackie hated him was because of you, and before then she was probably one of his number one fans before she found out. You were so fucking frustrated, that when he brought the scotch back you practically downed it in a gulp.

"That's meant to be savoured, you know."

"Then I'll savour the next one." you snarked. He smirked.

"That's the ____ I know and love." he said. You sighed.

"Whatever, Will. So tell me what's going on."

"I got kicked out. Hannah kicked me out. We fought last night about some stupid shit, and she just lost her cool like she always does - and she literally threw me out on my ass into the street. I slept in my car last night, it was fucking freezing." he said, angrily. "Come back this morning? Locks are changed. My things are in the garbage. I didn't even know you could call a locksmith that goddamned early." he said, taking a huge swig of his drink. You downed the rest of your scotch.

"Another, please." you said. "And that's it." You mentally reminded yourself not to take any painkillers for the rest of the day.

"Of course." he said, getting up. You didn't want to handle him sober. Or did you just want an excuse? You felt like you were already fucking up. You needed a handle on this, and you took out your phone.
y/s: I'm already fucking up dude.

s: you ok? do i need to come over?

y: I'm not home. I'm out. I'm trying to cut it off finally. Taking your advice.

You didn't get a response. You sighed, maybe it wasn't a good idea to text him.

s: call me if you need me. i'll be there

s: i mean it

y: Thanks.

Your fingers drummed impatiently on the table as Will came back with your drink. True to your word, you sipped this one. You didn't want to kill yourself. Texting Sans helped you steel yourself a little better, you weren't feeling as flighty.

"As I was saying, Hannah kicked me out. All my crap is jammed in my car." he sighed. "D'you think I could stay with you?" You laughed bitterly.

"Of your hundreds of friends Will, you ask me?"

"Of course I'd ask you, hot stuff." he said, hoping to appeal to you. "I want to make this work. I'm not asking to move in, I just need somewhere to stay for a while. But god, I can't pass it up. I need you." he said, almost pleading. The alcohol was giving you a nice buzz. This normally would have made your heart leap out of your chest, run laps around the table, maybe even swim a marathon. But right now, you were enjoying him telling you this - like you held some sort of power over him. You gave a sly smile to him that he misinterpreted.

"Oh yeah? I take it you need me real badly." you practically purred. You could see his back visibly stiffen.

"I do." he said.

"Well, I got a real comfy couch for you at my place you can crash on." you said, drawing your finger around the rim of your glass. Oh, you'd let him stay. You were friends. But you wouldn't let him stay the way he wanted to. "Got a new one actually, don't know if you've really sat on it much. But I'll give you a few weeks if you want - no more than that, mmkay?"

He was looking at you strangely. "The couch?"

"Oh yeah. The couch. Real comfy. I'll get you all set up. Just try not to wake me up when you go to work, I know you get up stupid early." you said, sipping your scotch. His brain was trying to process this, and it was apparently difficult.

"Well, yeah. Thanks!" he said, smiling. "You're the best, y'know."

"I know." you said, smiling back.

"We can take off now, if you want." he offered. You looked at your drink.

"I want to savour this, jeez." He rolled his eyes and finished his drink, looking a bit impatient.
"I'll be right back, gonna pay my tab." He got up and went to the bar. You took your phone off.

y/s: Don't be mad.
y: He's crashing with me. But it's gonna be under my rules. And he ain't gettin' no hanky panky.
s: he's not gonna like that
y: Tough shit.
s: i really wouldn't let him stay with you, but you're a big girl
y: yOU calling me fat?
s: only if you want me to
y: please don't. Ever. lol.
s: your painkillers kicking in?
y: Something like that, why?

He didn't respond, so you shrugged and lazily put your phone in your pocket. You made Will wait until you had agonizingly finished your scotch, and didn't offer much conversation. You were going to show him who was in charge here, motherfucker. It wasn't one of your best ideas, but you were going to make him regret ever turning you down in the first place.

The two of you took off (him leaving his car parked in the 24 hour lot nearby, since you both were far too drunk to drive at this point) and walked to your apartment. Ok, maybe two glasses of scotch at 3 in the afternoon was a really, really stupid idea. You didn't feel your usual mirthy self, instead you just felt sick to your stomach and fuzzy. Will on the other hand, seemed to feel GREAT. You got inside your apartment, and you went into your room, grabbed a pillow off your bed and went to the couch. You haphazardly tossed it onto the couch and pointed.

"There y'go mate. Home sweet home." you grinned at him. Will looked at you like you were insane.

"You've got to be joking." he said. You laughed.

"No, I told you, I had a couch for you to crash on. I mean help yourself to the food in the fridge n'shit, but the couch is all yours." You smiled, glad your devious plan was working. It was, to a point.

"Oh _____, you were always such a kidder." he said in a thick voice, crossing to you. "Couch it is then." Before you knew it, he had shoved you onto the couch and his mouth was on your neck, your mouth, nipping at your ear.

"Fuck -- Will! Get off!" you exclaimed, feebly trying to push him off. Your brain was screaming at you to remove the offending parasite, while your body was reacting to his familiar touches. His hand came up crudely between your legs, his fingers digging into a thigh.

"I've missed this so much, so, so much.." he whispered into your ear, his breath heavy and stinking of whiskey. He missed this? Oh did he? His words turned your mounting lust into pure anger, and you went to grab him with your free hand, but unfortunately it was your injured one - which caused you to cry out. Whether he enjoyed it, or thought it was a cry of passion, it spurred him on, as he slipped a hand beneath your pants, his weight pressing onto you, pinning you down. You felt him grind against you, and he used his other hand to yank your shirt up, exposing you.

"WILL! STOP!" you shouted. He laughed, thinking you were just playing.
"Oh, stop!" he mimicked you. "Stop, stop, until you cry for more, right?" he said, and his head bent down to graze your breast. Suddenly, you shrieked at the top of your lungs.

"SANS!"

Will froze on top of you. You froze. You could have sworn time froze. And it happened so goddamned fast, you almost didn't register it. Will shot up like a bullet, and violently hit the ceiling with a sickening crack. You saw Sans in your doorway, his left eye a blazing inferno of blue, as he brought his left arm down with such force - and with it, Will came down onto your coffee table, breaking it in two. You shrieked again, as Will spurted up blood.

"Oh my god! SANS! What the fuck! Stop! Oh my god!" you were screaming in terror. Sans slammed the door behind him, and stalked over to Will, picking him up by the collar of his neck.

"He's fine. Just cut his lip on the table, that's all." The lights in his eyes were gone. "Go in the bedroom real quick." he said. You stared at him in horror, trying to make yourself small on the couch. "Please. Go. He'll be fine."

You listened. You sprang to your feet, and ran to your bedroom, but you left your door open.

"You listen here, pal." Sans said, his voice taking on a sinister tone that you'd never heard before. "You're gonna walk out this door, and we're gonna pretend this never happened. But if I ever see you come around here again, I'll make sure no one else ever does."

Sans practically threw Will out of your apartment at that point. You were crying hysterically, now for the second time in less than 24 hours. Sans came to you to comfort you, and you shrank back away from him.

"Hey... Fuck. I'm not gonna hurt you. Damnit. I'm sorry. I just... Shit." You stood there, shaking. He let out a hollow laugh. "Now you see why he thought I was so much of a monster, eh?"

Your head snapped up. You were scared. You were terrified of what just happened. But if he had run in, and punched Will in the face, wouldn't you be hailing him as your hero? "No." you said. "No. Fuck. Fuck!" You crashed into Sans and gave him a gigantic hug. "God, if it wasn't for you Sans... oh my god. That wasn't... that wasn't fucking right. I was trying to stand up for myself. I was trying to show him I wasn't interested this time around. Oh. God." The entire situation was unfolding in your brain, and it was disgusting. You had practically led him on though, didn't you? Was this your fault? Fuck! Fuck. You heard a pounding at your door, and a weak crying of your name. Sans's face flashed with anger, and he spun on his heels towards the door before you could say anything.

You know what?

No.

You marched towards Sans, shoving him out of your way, and Will looked at you with a split lip and cried. "______, I'm so sorry I---"

Your fist reared back, and you punched him in the face so hard you thought you broke your other hand. Will stumbled backwards and fell on his butt, completely dazed.

"NO! FUCK you! You don't GET to say sorry this time!" you screeched. Sans froze behind you, not wanting to interfere. "You have fucked, and fucked, and fucked with me, you have fucked me, and you have fucked with my life for far too long you shithead, and I am done with this." Neighbors started opening their doors, looking up the stairwell. "Get the fuck out of here before I call the
Will was crawling to his knees to get up, his head swinging around to regain composure from the punch. "What.. this is a mistake."

"If you really wanna know about mistakes, you should talk to your parents shithead." you snarled. "Now GO." You slammed the door as hard as you physically could, and one of your photos came off the wall, shattering as it hit the floor. You didn't care. You spun around to Sans.

"sooo... i'm wondering if you even needed me." he said, his browbones raised in a stunned expression.

"I needed you. I need you. God, I needed you." you said, your voice thick with sadness and exhaustion. That was all you had in you, but you weren't going to let someone else fight that battle for you.

You just stood there in your entry way, looking utterly defeated. Sans did something he rarely did then, and he crossed over to you and hugged you. This time you accepted the hug, almost reluctantly, but you eventually gave in, and rested your weight on him. You didn't need to cry - you were done crying. He parted from you, and held you by your shoulders.

"i know jackie can't come over tonight, so how about a pizza night? you, me, paps. we'll watch disney movies or something. and uh..." He looked at your living room. "tomorrow i'll buy you a new coffee table."

"You don't have to. Small price to pay for getting that leech off me." you said, shuddering to think about it. You were wondering very honestly if you should press charges.

"i want to. so i'm going to. and you're not gonna argue about it." he said, poking you in your noise. You smiled a little.

"You, pizza and Papyrus sounds amazing. But honestly, I just want to take a long nap right now."

Sans was quiet for a moment.

"come over to our place then. y'know. in case senor fuckhead comes back." You laughed a little.

"Yeah, ok." You went with Sans over to his apartment, locking your door behind you. He set up his couch for you, and you settled in comfortably. "Thanks." you said, smiling at him.

"of course. what're friends for?" he said.

"Friends." you echoed. Sans bent down, and did something a little odd - he placed his forehead to yours briefly, but there was something about it that seemed immensely intimate. You felt a glow on your cheeks, but didn't mind it for a change.

"sleep tight." he said, and left you to drift off.

You didn't sleep well. In fact, you woke up screaming. Papyrus is the one who shook your shoulder to see if you were okay. You had dreamt you were stuck in quicksand, and it was made of thousands of hands, prying at you inappropriately. You didn't want to convey that to him, so you made something up.

"I TOO AM SCARED OF LARGE PIGS." said Papyrus. "IT IS A SOLID THING TO BE SCARED OF, BUT DON'T WORRY. I WON'T SHARE YOUR FEAR." he said with a winking
smile. You gave Papyrus a hug, feeling better.

The three of you went back over to your place (as you were the one with a stable internet connection and Netflix) and watched Disney movies and ate pizza until you all passed out. You were comfortably snuggled in Papyrus's arms (and he snored, which you thought mildly hilarious) and you could have sworn you saw the soft glow of Sans's eyes staring at you in the dark, followed by a bright flash of one of his eyes.

You dreamt of little kittens laughing, and playing with spaghetti.

Chapter End Notes

Anyone who is familiar with Turians may or may not know what that head-booping is all about, but that is what my brain is going all on about.

Hope you all are happy, because pretty much DING DONG THE WILL IS DEAD (not literally but there you go).
Chapter Summary

Warning: usage of the word 'rape'

Whew, this took a while to get out. A little bit of angst, a LOT of fluff, and a bit of sexy flirting mixed in all over the place.
Also, Papyrus in bunny pjs.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Your ordeal with Will had been more daunting than you expected it to be. You became extremely jumpy - not because you were expecting another physical assault or unwelcome touch, but because you were dreading turning around and seeing him anywhere. When you came into work the following morning, Peter took one look at you and shook his head, saying you looked like you had been through hell. You didn't disagree. You finally had gotten a hold of Hannah, who had called you to tell you what transpired with Will the night they broke up - and the story was wildly different from her end. Your heart wrenched as she broke down crying on the other end of the receiver, recalling some of the cruel things her now ex-boyfriend had said to her in anger. You didn't tell her about what happened. But you did tell her you'd go out with her for coffee.

Jackie, on the other hand, was another matter. You had danced around the subject with her more elegantly than any world class performer, because you were more afraid of what she might do than Sans ever could. It wasn't until 2 weeks into December that she finally cornered you when you were out Christmas shopping that she finally dragged the truth out of you.

"Y'know," she said, sitting on a bench with her bags of purchased goodies next to her, "Santa doesn't like liars. Might get a lot of coal this year."

"Mmmeh." you replied, sitting next to her, kicking one of her bags out of the way with your foot. "Santa isn't real."

"Don't let Papyrus hear that." Jackie said with a laugh. "He's been talking with Kyle extensively about his excitement over Santa Claus visiting. Are you sure he's an adult?"

"Pretty sure." you said, tying the laces on your shoes that had come undone. "Otherwise we've been employing and feeding alcohol to a gigantic 10 year old."

"Is there a monster CPS?" Jackie wondered out loud.

"I dunno. If there isn't, there probably will be." you said. You watched the people scurrying about their business, primarily holiday shoppers.

"So." Jackie said, "When're you gonna tell me what happened? You and Sans have been avoiding the topic like the plague, and obviously Hannah is no good for information anymore." You frowned. "Well, she isn't! Papyrus says Will is going about business like usual when I've seen him, but they don't talk as much." You sucked in a breath.
"You really wanna know?"

"Yeah, I do."

"You want me to tell you the story? Here? In public?" You said, motioning around you. No one was going to pay attention to you, but you felt this was a more.. private conversation. However, Jackie had her mind made up.

"Yeah, because if I don't take this opportunity, you're gonna back out, and I'll have to wait another friggin' week. So spill." She was awaiting your usual drama, not knowing what actually happened.

"Jackie.." you said, fidgeting with a button on your coat. "I'm gonna preface this with whatever I tell you, it's already been taken care of. So I don't need you doing anything, ok?"

"Yeah, yeah. I won't call him or whatever. You're fine." she said, dismissing you. You frowned, but continued anyway.

"He uh... fuck. There's no polite way to put this. He broke up with Hannah, asked to crash at my place, and when I told him he was staying on the couch, he forced himself on me."

Jackie's face drained of all it's colour, and you saw her eyes slowly widening. "What?"

"Yeah. It wasn't good. He didn't get far though. Y'know. Sans." you said awkwardly. Jackie's mouth was hanging open, but her breathing was becoming short. "Came in, kinda did whatever he did to Will the same night they fought in front of you. Then I punched him. Told him to get the fuck out and never come back."

Jackie sat there for a minute, taking in what you said.

"Jackie, look, I'm sor--"

And then she slapped you. Hard. You held your face in shock, not processing what happened fast enough, as some people walking by stopped to stare at what was transpiring.

"You sat on that for TWO WEEKS!?" she yelled. Damnit, this is why you didn't want to tell her in public. You took your good hand and tried to calm her down, but she slapped that away. "I am your best fucking friend, and you didn't tell me!?" Her words were coming out in heaving sobs, broken and jagged. You felt terrible.

"Fuck, Jackie, I thought --"

"No! You didn't! You didn't THINK, did you?" she cried. People were staring. This was getting awkward. "____. I love you, you're my sister practically. Oh god, if I had come over that afternoon..." she trailed off. You immediately grabbed her shoulder and shook her.

"Whoa! Whoa, no! No. Look, this is why I didn't want to tell you right away. Jesus. Jackie. Can we not do this here?" you said, looking around at all the passerbys. Jackie's tear-stained eyes looked around, then she nodded.

"We're talking about this. Now. Let's go." The two of you walked in silence to her car, and got in, and then it was an explosion the second the doors shut. "Why would you keep this to yourself!? Did you call the police? Did you get him arrested?? Why is he still at the restaurant!? Please tell me you ripped his dick off." she was frantically speaking. You grabbed her flailing hands and calmed her down.
"Jackie. Shh. Stop. Listen. I needed to process this shit. I didn't want to hide anything from you, I fucking promise. I'd never hide anything from you. I just wasn't ready to talk about it. And he didn't rape me or anything, but he damn near tried." you muttered, getting angry thinking about it again.

"He was drunk - which is not an excuse, so don't think I'm giving him one - which didn't help. Either way, I'm done with him. I'm not filing charges, I don't need more bullshit in my life right now."

Jackie just stared at you. "All these years of this fucking mess, and this is how it ends. Good lord. I can't even fathom this shit."

"Yeah, neither can I." you said, sighing. "Ironically, Hannah was a huge help."

"Give Hannah a fucking medal then." Jackie said, throwing her hands up in the air. She leaned against her steering wheel, her face buried in the crook of her elbow. "Why didn't you tell me, _____? I don't get it. I just don't get it." You were silent a moment.

"I wanted to be done with it. I knew you'd be mad. I don't want to be be angry, or sad or.. anything anymore. I want to move on, you know?" you said, and gave a somber smile. "You're my best friend, if something like this happened to you I'd probably burn his restaurant down and dance a jig around his smoldering corpse, even if you told me you had gotten engaged."

"Yeah, you probably would." Jackie said, sighing heavily, turning her face back into her arms. "I'm sorry I slapped you, that was wrong."

"S'fine." you said, shrugging. "I kinda deserved that one, I won't argue. 2 weeks for us is a long time."

"Yeah, it is!" she said, her head coming back up. "Ugh. Still. Sorry. I love you. I'm sorry it even happened to you. This isn't about me, how the hell are you doing?"

"I love you too. I'm fine, actually. I'm still mad about it sometimes, but I haven't seen him - so that helps. I stopped walking Papyrus to work on my days off is about the only change I've really had to make..." you shrugged again. "I got a good support network. Sans knows about it, obviously - and Papyrus has just been cheerful as usual. You've been helping me, you just didn't know it." you smiled at her. "Christmas shopping, getting my mind off things... it's what I needed, not to stew on the past and be bitchy about shit."

"When did you become a grown up?" Jackie asked, giving a small laugh.

"Hell if I know." you said, laughing with her. "Either way, can we finish shopping? I still have to find presents."

"Yeah, of course. C'mere, goofball. I'm still sorry." Jackie reached across the seat and gave you a fierce hug. You held onto each other for a long moment, and then she smiled at you. "Who do you still have left, anyway?"

"Well, the important person's taken care of of course."

"Obviously you're referring to me."

"Duh. All I have left right now is Kyle, my mom and Sans."

"Oh! I know what you can get Kyle. He has NOT been shutting up about that Alton Brown cookbook since he and Papyrus started doing their 'cooking lessons' together." You laughed a little.

"You better watch out, I think I hear about Kyle more than spaghetti now on spaghetti nights at the
skelebro's house. You might be losing a boyfriend if you're not careful."

"He can take him, he's terrible at doing the dishes."

"Yeah, so am I." you said, waving your bad hand. It was actually healing pretty nicely, but it still smarted a little every now and again if you flexed it wrong. Jackie laughed.

"Right. Let's jump back into the fray." The two of you got out of the car, and headed back into the mall. "So your mom and Sans, do you know what you want to get either of them?" You thought about this a minute.

"Well, my mom I usually get her some jewelry from her favourite collection every year, kinda a tradition. I just have to see what they have this year. Although looks like I'll be freaking mailing it, they're going away again this year." you sighed. You were extremely displeased with this - two holidays in a row? This was unlike them.

"Jesus, they're turning into regular jetsetters in their old age. Where they going now?"

"Somewhere in Europe, I dunno. Skiing or some shit. I didn't really ask. I was a bit bitter after Bali."

"I bet." said Jackie, raising her eyebrows. The two of you giggled a little. "So what about Sans?"

"I actually have no idea. He likes uh, books, ketchup and sleeping. He's not a super material guy, if you will. And I am not buying him a goddamned joke book, if I hear another shitty joke I will fucking scream."

"Mmhmm." Jackie said, giving you a sidelong glance. "Maybe you should just wrap yourself up in paper and present yourself."

"Oh shut up!" you said. "We're not like that. Besides, he's a skeleton, remember?"

"A skeleton who's extremely into you." she said, ribbing you. You felt your face heat up a little, and you looked at her.

"What? No he's not! Ugh, Jackie, please don't. We're extremely good friends, that's all."

"Fool yourself if you want girl, but I'm calling it here and now." she said, entering the bookstore. "And I know you well enough to tell that you're into him - ahh ahh, and don't even try to tell me you don't like him." You grumbled a little.

"He sorta saved my ass a few times, it's hard not to." you said, your eyes skimming over the books. "Jackie, trust, I'm struggling with this one. I'm not joking when I say he's a skeleton. Makes things difficult, you know?" Jackie shrugged, heading over to the cookbook section.

"Can't know until you try, right?" she said, scanning for the book she was talking about.

"Are you seriously encouraging me to shack up with a monster?" you said in a near whisper. She shrugged.

"Why not? It's not like you've really had stellar choices in the past anyway." she said, very matter of factly. You were not expecting words of encouragement from her to go after Sans - you didn't know what you were expecting. "Aha! Here it is." She took the book from the shelf. "Here you go, for Kyle. Easy enough, right?"

"Yeah, pretty easy."
"And all you had to do is have your friend point you in the right direction." she said with a smirk. You rolled your eyes.

"Yes, oh wise master." you said, mock bowing to her. "Do you have any other words of wise wisdom for me today, or should I go finish my martial arts training?"

"You may go my child, pay for thine book and ask out thine skellingtons." You smacked her on the arm.

"Shut up you twat." you grimaced. She laughed. "I'll see you up at the front."

You purchased the book (a pretty hefty one, you were looking forward to some of the recipes that were in there!) and had them wrap it for you at the service counter. That just left your mom and Sans. Shopping for your mom was incredibly simple - there was a particular designer that she liked from one of the department stores - a little pricey, but you loved to get it for her every year. You picked out a set of earrings and a necklace for her fairly quickly and moved along.

"That was painless," said Jackie. "I was expecting that to take a lot longer." You shook your head.

"I know what she wants. Plus dad's been texting me pictures of it for like.. months."

"Oh, well that's handy. So now onto Sans."

"I have NO clue what I'm going to get him." you said, looking at the mall directory.

"Lingerie?" Jackie said with a smirk. You groaned.

"I swear to GOD I will beat you over the head with your boyfriend's book. I liked you more when you didn't know I had a crush on him." Jackie's face lit up.

"So you verbally admit it! Defeat!" she cried. You slapped a hand over your face, and continued to search the directory. "I'm gonna tease you so endlessly, you don't even KNOW."

"I hate you right now, with every fiber of my being," you said. You seriously had no clue what to get him. "I mean, I could get him a giftcard I guess to the bookstore..."

"That's so impersonal." Jackie said. "Nah, it's gotta be something good. I'd say you could make him something, but you suck at crafting."

"Understatement. Well, shit. I hang out with this guy pretty much three or four times a week, and I somehow don't know what to fucking buy him as a present. I feel kinda lame."

"Sweetie, you don't know what to buy me half the time." she said. You frowned, but nodded.

"Yeah, true. Maybe I could --" And then it hit you. You started slapping your hip in excitement. "Oh! Oh! Shit! I don't have to BUY him anything!"

"No?" said Jackie, looking at you - you were obviously onto something.

"No! I know exactly what I'm doing for him for Christmas."

When you told her, her face lit up like the Christmas tree in the window behind her. The two of you giggled with excitement. It was perfect.
This time of year was your absolute favourite. You enjoyed bundling up, wearing scarves - and since you didn't own a car, enjoyed the light freeze and snowfall. The crunching under your boots with a fresh snow made you positively giddy, especially considering it took the city less than 2 hours to turn it to a muddy brown mush. You became a conduit of boundless enthusiasm in everything you did, and the people around you noticed.

"I need to open a shop in Alaska and shove you there, I'd make a mint." said Peter said when he came in one evening to relieve you of your shift. "How's the hand?"

"Fine, actually." you said, moving your fingers around a bit, gripping at the air. "Doesn't hurt to pick stuff up anymore, and one of the stitches fell out - do you think they're supposed to do that? I never asked if they're supposed to do that."

"Probably." he said, his brow raising. "I hope, anyway. So, wanted to talk to you about the schedule here."

"Oh yeah?" you said, coming over to him as he pulled out the scheduling book. He plopped it down on the counter, and you looked at it with him.

"So, we've had a good year." he said, eyeing you. "I need you in all next week though."

"ALL week? As in, 7 days?" you groused. He nodded.

"Yeah. All week. And make that 10 days if you tack on starting today and tomorrow." he said, pointing to the week. "So basically Saturday through Monday." You sighed.

"And that's why I'm giving you two weeks off after that." he said.

"Wait, what?"

"Paid." You gawked for a moment. "Merry Christmas, _____."

"No fucking way! Are you serious Peter?"

"This is my serious face," he said, grinning from ear to ear. "Hey, don't think I'm just doing you a favour. I'm taking the wife and kids to Hawaii to get away from this cold hellhole. But you did a hell of a job here, and you're working your ass off. Have you seen our reviews since you started?" he said, pulling his phone out. "Look at this - 5 stars, 4 stars, 4 1/2, 5, 4 1/2... I don't know what kinda magic you're pulling with customers, but they love you." He massaged your right shoulder affectionately. "So you deserve it, kid." You were grinning too at this point.

"This is one of the best jobs I've had. Thanks Peter." you said, and you gave him a big hug. "Does this mean I get a raise too?"

"Don't push it." he said. You laughed.

"Fair, fair. Hawaii, huh? I wanna hear all about it tomorrow morning." you said, going to the back and grabbing your coat and umbrella.

"You in a hurry tonight? Plans per usual? You've gotten busy."

"I got a hot date tonight." you said with a wink. "Or you know, I'm just hanging out with my
neighbors, like usual." Peter grimaced a little.

"Well, have fun then." he said. "See you tomorrow kiddo." You practically skipped out of the store and headed outside. You took your phone out, and texted Papyrus.

y/p: Hey Papyrus! Just got off work, where am I meeting you two?

p: WE ARE IN FRONT OF THE VANS STORE, BUT I DO NOT SEE ANY VANS.
p: WILL THAT BE A PROBLEM?
y: No, I know where that is, I'll be there in about 5 minutes!

You laughed. Papyrus wasn't an idiot by any stretch of the imagination, but he was still adorably naive sometimes. You had promised them you'd help them do mattress shopping, but Papyrus also had wanted some help Christmas shopping as well. You were glad you were heading indoors again, as the weather had turned to icy rain pretty quickly. It didn't take you long to find them, Papyrus still in his chef's coat and pants, Sans in his comfortable blue hoodie, but also wearing black jeans (which was weird, he usually wore his shorts, but it was cold you figured). Some of the shoppers were giving them an incredibly wide berth, like they were trying to give them free hair shampoo samples or something.

"Heya guys!" you said, smiling from ear to ear. "Get any shopping accomplished?"

"YES, WE GOT SOME DONE! I HAVE ACQUIRED SOME COOKING INSTRUMENTS WHICH KYLIE EXPRESSED INTEREST IN, AND A NICE SHAVING KIT FOR WILL AS HE IS LOOKING VERY STUBBLY LATELY." Papyrus said. Sans and you exchanged a look at that last part - neither of you told Papyrus, not because you wanted to shelter him, but because you didn't want to complicate his work relationship. Sans said he'd talk to Papyrus in his own way to warn him that he wasn't as nice as a guy as he thought. Papyrus apparently still believed in him.

"Awesome! So that leaves who else for you?"

"JACKIE, APRIL, RAUL AND LARRY." he said, thinking about his mental checklist. You looked at Sans.

"What about you?"

"I already did my shopping." he said, his hands in his pockets. "amazon is a pretty awesome thing. you know you can shop right from your couch?"

"YOU'RE SO LAZY!" Papyrus said, sighing. "DID YOU WANT TO GET HOT COCOA STILL. ____?"

"Oh yeah, I'd love that!" you said, licking your lips. "I haven't had a proper mug of cocoa this entire season. C'mon, I'll treat you guys."

"TUT! YOU ARE ASSISTING US TODAY, SO I SHALL TREAT YOU!" Papyrus said, flicking his scarf behind him dramatically. You gave him a lop-sided smile.

"Can't argue with that. C'mon, it's this way."

The three of you went into the nearby coffee shop, and sat down. Papyrus stated he would stand in line, 'taking this brave action for his comrades' - which was brave, considering the line was out the door. The holidays were nuts.
"so how was work?" Sans asked, resting his elbows on the table in front of him.

"Oh! Dude, it was awesome! Get this, Peter gave me two weeks off starting next Monday." you said, taking your coat off.

"no shit?" said Sans. You noticed your cursing was starting to rub off on him - it made you feel a little bad. "that's great. you got any plans?"

"Sitting on my ass, relaxing." you said. "I was gonna go home and see my folks originally, but they're going to Europe or some crap. Honestly, the ticket prices are ridiculous right now, I didn't plan for it very well either way."

"i won't lie, sort of glad you're sticking around for christmas." he said, giving you a small smile.

"Pfft, of course. I already got Papyrus his gift - he's gonna LOVE it." you said, lowering your voice so he wouldn't hear. "Got him one of those super nice Kitchenaid appliances. Don't ask me what it does, Kyle helped me pick it out." Sans face lit up at this, he loved that you and his brother were friends. "And, you're gonna love your gift too." you said with a smirk.

"you got me something?" he said, sounding surprised. You scoffed.

"Of course I got you something, dumbass. What, I'm gonna get Papyrus something and be like, 'haha screw you Sans you get an empty box and disappointment for Christmas'?"

"disappointment, my favourite gift to get." he said, chuckling. You pushed his shoulder a little.

"You're NOT gonna be disappointed. And if you are, I'm going to stop talking to you for probably forever. So don't tell me if you are."

"noted." he said. "i guess it's only fair, already got you your gift anyway." He said this extremely casually. For some reason, this made your pulse quicken. You were just talking about giving him a gift, so why are you so surprised he got you one too? Calm down.

"Yeah?" you said, placing your elbow on the table and propping your chin in your hand. "Is it a monthly subscription to the ketchup club?"

"they have one of those?"

"I hope not."

"damn. well, no. but i think you'll like it. i hope you do, anyway." he said, his voice sounding a little unsure.

"As long as it's not a jewel encrusted whoopee cushion, I'll love it." you offered. He put on an expression of mock disappointment.

"shit, i hope they have a good return policy at the store." You both laughed. Papyrus returned with your cocoas, eyeing the two of you suspiciously.

"MORE BAD JOKES?" he asked, placing your drinks down. You grabbed yours and feigned hurt.


"she's got me pegged." he said, taking his drink. He sipped it. "pretty good."

"Alright Papyrus, where to first?" you asked, looking at him. He thought about it for a minute or
"April likes lots of jewelry, she wears so much of it! And Raoul has a new cat. Larry I wish to purchase him a very nice knife he has been talking about."

"Doesn't the restaurant provide your tools?"

"They do, but this is for him to take home, nyeh heh!" Papyrus said, grinning. "Larry says he can't stand me, but then gives me side lessons all the time. He yells a lot less during those times. He even makes jokes." he looked at Sans.

"Good ones."

"Alright, so jewelry, kitty stuff and a new knife. What about Jackie?"

"I'm perplexed at what to get her, she has many nice things." Papyrus said, frowning. You thought about it for a second, and then you clapped your hands together.

"Tea. Jackie loves it almost as much as me! There's a tea place here, I'll tell you all her favourite teas, and you can make her a little gift package." you said. Sans' head turned to you quickly for a moment, then resumed to looking out the window at the passing people.

"Fantastic! Let us depart on our mission to acquire said gifts!" Papyrus exclaimed, shooting to his feet. You shot up too, wrapped up in his enthusiasm. Sans lazily got up as you two waited, slurping at his cocoa.

"C'mon lazybones, let's get crackin'." you said, circling your wrist in a motion as if to say 'hurry up!'. "If we want to legit look at mattresses, we have to do it before every store in the mall closes down."

"Yeah, sure." Sans said, shuffling over to you. You pinched at his arm with a crooked smile, and then the three of you took back off into the stream of people. You hit up the pet store first - it was the easiest - and helped Papyrus pick out the appropriate cat supplies. Papyrus was overwhelmed, so you're glad you were with him.

"Why are there so many tiny clothes for them? Don't they have fur?" he said, exasperated. You chuckled.

"Some people like dressing their pets up. It's a thing." you said, shrugging. "But we're just getting a kitty care package, so don't -- no, Papyrus, that's for dogs." you said, as he picked up a rawhide.

"So a cat would not like this? How confusing. I think I need to see this cat for myself at some point." he said, looking extremely serious.

"I personally feel like I'd identify with cats." Sans said. "Looks like all they do is play and eat."

"And sleep. A lot. So yeah, cats are probably your spirit animal or something." you said, flipping over a bag of kitty chow to look at the ingredients. You rounded up the rest of the goods, and Papyrus took them up front to pay.

"Look at this little outfit," said Sans, holding up an absolutely ridiculous dress made for cats, complete with ruffles. "Don't you think it's purrfect?"

"You know, I was amazed that joke didn't come out of you earlier." you said, swiping the outfit from two.
his hands and putting it back. He chuckled.

"don't be *catty* about it."

"I swear, I'll put a muzzle on you."

"if it means i get to be your pet? sure." he said. You blinked. "then i can just eat, play and sleep all
day. quit my job, do nothing..." he said, closing an eye and looking to you.

"I'd put you out on the porch." you said, your eyes rolling. "You'd be an indoor-outdoor Sans."

"I FAIL TO SEE HOW ANYTHING CHANGES THEN." said Papyrus, coming up behind you.
"PRESENT FOR RAUL ACQUIRED! NEXT WOULD BE APRIL."

"That's easy. I don't know her personally, but I've seen what she wears. And I know just the store.
This-a-way guys."

You went into a jewelry store that specialized in more of a 'costume' jewelry, so to say. Still
extremely pretty, but not expensive nor a social faux pas for a co-worker to buy someone. You
helped Papyrus pick out a grip of pretty necklaces, with earrings to match. He was extremely excited
about this for whatever reason, and was babbling on about it all the way to the register.

"You know Papyrus, you've mentioned April a *lot* since you started working there. Methinks
someone might have a crush?" you said, testing the waters. Papyrus's face immediately lit up like an
orange glowstick.

"NOT AT ALL! BESIDES, SHE IS A HUMAN GIRL, I FEEL THAT WOULD NOT BE
PROPER." He said. For some reason, you felt a little heavier as he said this. You couldn't stop
yourself from giving a small glance at Sans, and you noticed his eyes were darting away from you as
you looked at him.

"I don't see why that's a problem, but to each their own." you said simply. "But if you like her
Papyrus, go for it! I'll be your wingwoman." Papyrus let out a small sigh.

"THERE IS SOMEONE ELSE I CARE FOR, BUT THEY'RE QUITE FAR AWAY."
he said. Sans grumbled a little at this. "I DO NOT THINK IT WAS MEANT TO BE."

"tough luck bro." Sans said, patting him on the shoulder. You sensed an odd wave of relief coming
from Sans as he said that. Papyrus paid for the jewelry, and then you headed back out of the store.

"NEXT IS LARRY AND HIS KNIFE."

"Actually, the tea store is right next door! Let's go there first." you said, heading over there. Sans
shot Papyrus a look, Papyrus gave him a shrug, and the three of you went inside. You immediately
felt at home, the various tea scents filling your lungs and the cute little tea sets everywhere. This store
would bankrupt you, if you spent too much time in there. "We can buy her these cute containers, and
fill it with tea." you said, pulling out tin containers from one of the display stands. "Did you want to
pick out the teas? Or I can just tell you what she likes."

"I THINK..." Papyrus was looking at Sans, who was looking unbearably impatient. "..IT WOULD
BE BEST IF YOU PICKED THEM OUT."

"Alrighty - how many you wanna get?" you said, looking at the pricing. Yikes, you forgot how
expensive it got here.
"FIVE WOULD BE GOOD!" he said, after a moment of consideration. Damn, Papyrus must be flush with cash right now, you thought.

"Alright, let's get an oolong, at least two good black teas, a chai and uh.. a rooibos." you said, listing off your friend's favourite tea types. You went over to the wall of teas with Papyrus, and managed to quickly select the flavours - Sans was looking around the store, picking stuff up and putting it back down. You got the teas, and then Papyrus turned to you.

"THIS JUST LEAVES LARRY! AND THIS TIME, I KNOW WHERE THE SHOP IS, NYEH HEH!" he said, heading to the exit.

"Sans! Yo, we're leaving." you said, waving at him. His head looked up and he nodded, heading over to you. "Just Larry's gift last, then we can shop for mattresses. How scandalous." You wiggled your fingers.

"sleeping is extremely scandalous." he said, rolling his head towards you in an exaggerated fashion. You shrugged.

"You can make it scandalous, it's all in the technique." you said with a wink, wondering where that came from. Sans froze for a moment, then continued on as if nothing happened. Papyrus was making a beeline to the culinary store.

"BEHOLD!" Papyrus said, his arms raised as if he had lead you to the promised land as you entered, "A CULINARIANS DELIGHT! TOOLS TO FURTHER THE TRADE, TO ENTICE THE MIND, TO STIR THE SOUL!" he said, his scarf somehow fluttering behind him. He looked near to tears, and he turned to you. "ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?"

"Absolutely beautiful." you said, trying not to giggle at his enthusiasm. He was a living cartoon character, and you loved him for it. You and Sans followed him over to the gourmet knife section, where there were hundreds of high quality knives on display - some ranging from "affordable" to "ridiculous". You had seen your parents with some of these, and you knew how nice they were, and how sharp they could be - you damn near sliced off your pinky one time cutting carrots in the kitchen.

"I'm sure Larry will think it's really knife of you to do this for him." you said, elbowing Papyrus. He groaned loudly, walking to the other display case and making quite the show of ignoring you. You looked at Sans. "Oh come on, it wasn't that bad, right?"

"heh. yeah. it was good." he said. His eyes were staring up at the knives, and you were watching the lights in his eyes growing dim. He didn't even chuckle at your awful joke.

"You okay?" you asked. He didn't answer, still looking at the knives. He slowly held out his hands, and turned them inwards as if inspecting his metacarpus. They were slightly trembling. "Hey. Sans. Sans?" You reached out to touch his shoulder, and as your hand came into contact with it, only his left eye flared to life for a brief instant - a vivid blue, bright and ghastly - and the glass display in front of you cracked. Papyrus and a few other customers whirled around, and Sans sucked in a gasp, beads of sweat forming on his head, his eyes completely fading into black nothingness.

"i need to get out of here." he said hurriedly. You didn't even ask, you just put your arm around his shoulders and escorted him out of the store, mouthing to Papyrus 'It's fine'. Papyrus looked worried, but decided you had it under control. Exiting the store and rounding the corner, hoping getting away from it would help him, you turned to face him, your hands on his shoulders, gently rubbing them.

"Hey. Hey, you okay? What happened?" you asked, your face etched with worry. The lights in his
eyes were still faded, and you stood there for a moment, waiting. He wasn't answering you, his hands balled into tight fists to the point you could hear his bones scraping against one another, his upper body vibrating from trying to control himself from shaking. You did the only thing you could think of, which is what he did for you to comfort you - and you gently placed your forehead against his, slowing your breathing. "It's alright Sans. We're not there anymore." you said.

You couldn't have known the implication of your words, but they calmed him. It was like watching two small trains come down a tunnel almost, the lights coming back into his eyes. He heaved a heavy sigh, his lids closing briefly. As he opened them, he raised a hand that gently brushed your face with the back of his hand.

"thanks. sorry." he said. You were too concerned about your friend to be embarrassed at the moment. You gripped the hand that touched you, pulling away from his head and looked at him.

"What was that? Some sort of.. magic flare up? We got to the display case, and you just went all.. weird. I don't know how to explain it." He frowned, letting go of your hand and stuffed both of his in his jacket pockets.

"yeah, something like that."

"You're wearing converses, Gene Kelly." you said, frowning. Sans shook his head, almost violently.

"not this time. not now. i can't." he looked up at you. Your mouth tightened, irritated. This was the second time he kept something from you - but there was a look in his eyes this time that looked frightened, haunted even. You heaved a sigh, and pulled him into a hug.

"It's fine, Sans. Don't worry about it. Look, we're out shopping. Fun times, right? Happy happy, fun fun fun. I'll crack bad jokes for the rest of the night, if it'll make you feel better." He chuckled, but it was subdued.

"it will, but it might make papyrus feel worse." You let go of him, and pulled back. He looked marginally better. "thanks. sorry. won't happen again." He said plainly.

"Better not, I have a lot of nice things in my house I don't want broken." you said. Sans groaned.

"fuck. i broke something?"

"It was the glass case. It cracked. Don't worry about it, they'll uh.. get a new one?" you offered. Sans shook his head.

"i'll be right back, i'm responsible for that." he said, walking back to the store. You trailed behind him, scared that your friend would have another... episode, or whatever it was that he had. Sans bumped directly into Papyrus.

"THERE YOU ARE! I GOT LARRY HIS GIFT! I ALSO PAID FOR THE MINOR DAMAGES. THEY WERE ACTUALLY RATHER NICE ABOUT IT. SANS..." Papyrus said, his tone shifting. He stooped down to look at his brother. "ARE YOU ALRIGHT? DO WE NEED TO GO HOME?"

"no, paps. i'm fine. i'll pay you back for the case." Papyrus laughed, pulling his brother into one of his crushing hugs.

"NO WORRIES, I'LL JUST COUNT IT AS YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT!" he said, laughing. Papyrus winked at you, as if to say, 'just kidding!'. You smiled.
"Alright, let's blow this popsicle stand and get you guys new beds." you said, trying to change the mood as well. Sans gave a tired smile and nodded.

"yeah, apparently i sleep on a rock. you realize that ever since you pointed it out, it's become unbearably uncomfortable."

"REALLY? I STILL SLEEP FINE." said Papyrus.

"bro, you have a spring that goes through your ribcage." Sans said, sighing. You looked at Sans in surprise. "i actually looked at his bed afterwards, didn't realize they had gotten that bad."

"AND IF I DO NOT MOVE, IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME."

"not the point."

"WELL, EITHER WAY, I AM STILL EXCITED ABOUT NEW BEDS!" he said enthusiastically, as you walked towards the store. You scratched the back of your head.

"Yeah, something about a new bed is pretty awesome. You kinda wanna do everything in it when you get it for like, the first week."

"WE CAN HAVE A SLUMBER PARTY!" enthused Papyrus. You laughed, but Sans almost tripped.

"Well, I get dibs on whichever bed's the most comfortable." you said. The three of you entered the mattress store, and Papyrus's eyes widened.

"THERE'S SO MANY BEDS HERE! Wowie!" he exclaimed. You looked at him for a moment.

"How did you get your current beds anyway?"

"ehhh.. from the uh..." Sans was stumbling over his words.

"FROM THE DUMP!" Papyrus said. You made a face. "MOST OF OUR THINGS CAME FROM THERE, WHATEVER DROPPED DOWN FROM ABOVE, WE WOULD FIX UP AND MAKE OURS! USUALLY BETTER!" No wonder Papyrus was impressed by the selection - they literally had throwaway mattresses in their house. You were shocked they hadn't picked up new ones since coming above ground, but if they hadn't known anything else, it made sense.

"Well, try 'em out." you said, motioning to them. "There's a bunch for you to lie on and --" Papyrus was already laying on the first one he saw.

"I LIKE THIS ONE."

"Papyrus, it's the first one you've laid on."

"AND I LIKE IT."

"You should probably try some more?" you said, looking to Sans for help. He shrugged. You groaned, turning to Sans. "You gonna do the same thing?"

"nah, i wanna find something that'll last me a while," he said. "got any recommendations?"

"I feel like you would like a pillow top. Or one of those fancy temperpedic beds that mold to your body. Those are kinda pricey I think though." His browbone raised.
"well, let's get to trying them out i guess." You shrugged. Papyrus was rolling around on his find like it was the most wonderful thing in the world, so the two of you looked around for a minute, coming to a pillow top.

"Here you go." you said, pointing to it.

"ladies first." he said, motioning. You shoved his shoulder a little.

"It's not my bed, Sans." you said, rolling your eyes. He gave you a sly smile.

"yeah? what about that sleepover though?" he said, and then plopped down onto the bed with a soft thud. You felt a tingle in your throat as he said that, and you flopped down next to him with as much grace.

"I dunno, Papyrus looks pretty much in love over there. He may have already won, if it's that comfortable." you said, smirking. Sans glanced over at him.

"i guess i'll just need to get your professional opinion, then." he said casually, stretching out. "this is actually pretty nice, though." Could hearts stop and go this fast? Was it healthy? Were you getting a full cardio workout with this guy lately?

"Nnn, it's comfortable, but not as comfortable as mine." you said. He thought about it for a second.

"true. onto the next?" he asked. You nodded, and he got up, extending a hand to help you up. You accepted, and he pulled you off the bed. You moved onto the next one, and you got onto it first.

"Aww yes, this one's nice." you said, sinking into it. "It's one of those foam memory ones I told you about." Sans laid next to you, also sinking in.

"s'nice. although a little weird." he said, shifting. You looked at him, and noticed he was squirming, trying to get comfortable.

"Not doing it for you?"

"it's kinda... well, it's sinking into the gaps." he said, with a little laugh. Oh yeah, duh, that would be a problem, wouldn't it? "i mean, i might get used to it."

"What's the point? You don't like it. We'll just look at the normal pillow tops for you. We can be bed buddies." you said, giving him a fist bump. He chuckled.

"we're just adding everything to our club repertoire, aren't we? book club, decoder rings, bed buddies... anything else while i'm thinking about it?"

"Pizza enthusiasts, sleep sommeliers, tea partiers, borderline alcoholics." you offered, giving him a sideways smile. You got up, and pulled him off the bed this time. "Can I put these on a resume? It's starting to sound impressive."

"go for it, i'll be a reference." he said, looking around at the other options. Papyrus had managed to try out another bed, but looked nowhere near as pleased.

"I'm gonna go check on Papyrus - you know what to look for. Be right back." you said, heading off to his brother. Sans watched you go with a soft smile, and then turned back to his task at hand. You flopped down next to Papyrus. "Well, whatcha think?"

"IT'S NOT AS WONDERFUL AS THE FIRST BED." he said, furrowing his brow. "YOU
"Alright, alright. Keep trying though, you want to find the right one!" you said, and you went to hop onto the bed. It was comfortable, sure, but it was far too firm for your tastes. You wanted to feel like you were moments away from being absorbed into quicksand when you went to bed, screw back support. You got back up, and headed over to Papyrus, who was on another bed at this point. "You like 'em firmer?"

"YES, I BELIEVE SO. YOUR BED WAS COMFORTABLE, BUT THAT ONE WAS FAR MORE COMFY." he said. You shrugged, different strokes for different folks.

"Not to my taste, but I've never been a fan of firm beds."

"DOES THIS MEAN YOU WON'T BE STAYING IN MY BED FOR THE SLUMBER PARTY?" he said, but his face and tone were sly. You stared at him.

"Are you serious about the slumber party?"

"THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS ALWAYS SERIOUS! WE JUST GOT A DVD PLAYER, WE CAN PLAY MONSTER MOVIES FOR YOU!" he said. Your interest was piqued - you had been wanting to see the movies and shows Papyrus talked about all the time.

"Alright... how about a Christmas Eve slumber party?" you offered. You didn't know if that was forward of you, but knew that they weren't making plans with anyone else. Papyrus sat up and looked positively giddy.

"YES! YES! WE CAN WAIT FOR SANTA TOGETHER!" he said, and practically flipped off the bed. "LET ME GO TELL MY BROTHER! SANS!" he cried, running across the store, scaring the salesperson. You waved the salesperson over to you, who came over timidly.

"H-hi. Can I help you?" she said nervously. She kept looking back at the two brothers, one of which was bouncing enthusiastically on the bed talking about Santa and sleepovers.

"Yeah, can you help those two? They're both looking for beds, dunno their price points." you said. "The tall one would like a firmer bed, and the shorter one needs a pillow top, or something like it."

The salesperson was biting her lip. Was she new? "U-uhm."

"First day on the job?" you offered, trying to be nice. "Don't worry, we're cool."

"No! No, I've been here for 2 years. I've just..." she learned in and whispered to you, "I've never seen a monster before. Is that rude?" she asked. You blinked. You constantly had to keep reminding yourself that this was not the norm with these two.

"They're just like us," you said, motioning to the boys. "They only look different. They sleep, eat, have jobs, yadda yadda. And they want new, comfy beds to sleep in. So can you help?"

"Are you a Monster Ambassador?" she asked. You laughed.

"No, they're just my neighbors. Look, it's cool. They're extremely friendly." You had taken the angry approach with people initially when they acted like this - but it was the holidays. You were going to try to beat people with kindness, instead. "I'll go up with you, yeah? No big deal."

"Y-yeah." she said, still sounding unsure. Poor girl, she was young, and this was probably her first job. You headed over to Sans and Papyrus, making sure the salesperson was following you, and you
"Hey guys, this is uh..." you looked at her name tag, "Sarah. Sarah's gonna help you find a bed way better than I can. You wanna tell her what you're looking for?"

"i'm in heaven." said Sans, who was fully sunk into the bed he was laying on. Papyrus got to his feet, and shook Sarah's hand enthusiastically.

"HELLO SARAH, I AM THE GREAT CHEF PAPYRUS! IF YOU ARE READY TO HEAR MY SPECIFICATIONS, I'LL GLADLY TELL YOU!"

"S-sure!" she said, a little surprised by his sudden movements, but was being friendly. Papyrus told her precisely what he wanted, and she in turn became enthusiastic about showing him his options. You're not sure if Papyrus had some sort of monster mind control, but he could pretty much worm his way into anyone's heart.

You settled onto a bed in the front while the brothers looked at various beds, and almost dozed off when you felt a hand tapping you.

"ready to go?" said Sans.

"You all done?" you asked, tilting your head to look at him.

"yup. they'll be delivered in a few days."

"Awesome. Anything else you guys wanna accomplish while we're here?"

Papyrus stood tall, stars in his eyes, and uttered a single word.

"SANTA."

For the first time since you were 10 years old, you sat on Santa's lap, and took a picture with him. You felt absolutely ridiculous, but Papyrus looked like he was on cloud nine. The Santa was leaning back, trying to avoid Papyrus's fanciful hand gestures, and his 'ho ho ho' came out a little garbled when Papyrus gave him his usual bone-crushing hug, but otherwise did a good job. Sans just sat there, looking almost like a ventriloquist dummy on his lap, his smile more forced than usual. As an early Christmas gift, you bought the pictures, and gave them to an incredibly eager Papyrus.

You were looking forward to Christmas this year, you felt like it was going to be an extremely good one.

Christmas Eve had come far too fast, you thought. You had barely begun to enjoy the holiday season - why was it always over so quick? You figured you were dealing with some Grade A bullshit at the beginning of it, which didn't help. You were having Christmas Eve with the skelebros - your friends were mostly off with family (Jackie was off seeing Kyle's mother, something she reluctantly did twice a year) so you were extremely glad to have them around, considering you didn't have the option to go home yourself this year. You probably would have eaten a pizza and cried into it or something, you thought glumly to yourself.

You were extremely excited about the gifts you had gotten everyone this year - you felt you really outdid yourself. You had been saving up, specifically for the holidays, and were able to spend a little extra cash to spoil the ones you loved. And now you had one less person to shop for, so that made it even easier - *a silver lining, right?* you thought.
Sans and Papyrus both had to work on Christmas Eve, which bummed you out a little, since you had had the time off. You took the time to watch a buttload of Christmas specials on TV, and wrap the last of your remaining presents. You had started to doze off through 'The Year Without Santa Claus' when you felt your phone buzz, startling you. It was Sans.

**s:** just got off work, heading home  
**s:** you ready for a slumber party spectacular?  
**y:** You bet. I'm bringing my slippers and everything.

You gathered the presents you got for the brothers - you had been extremely crafty with Sans' present, as it was a ridiculously huge box - slightly bigger than his brother's. You were extraordinarily pleased with yourself, and hoped he liked the gift as much as you did.

About 30 minutes later, Sans knocked on your door. You got up with your bag - presents and jammies inside, excited like a little kid again.

"Heya!" you said, almost too enthusiastically. Sans was smiling lazily at you, wearing the most ridiculous Christmas sweater you had ever seen in your entire life - it was a bulky red yarn, with bones stitched all over it with the words 'JOLLY GUY' in huge print.

You immediately giggle-snorted.

"hey, rude." he said, rubbing the back of his neck. "papyrus made this for me back home."

"It's cute. I like it."

"i'm sure. party time?" he said.

"Excellent." you responded. He didn't get the reference, but he smiled anyway. The two of you headed into the house, where it smelled positively DELICIOUS.

"paps has been cooking since this morning, before he left for work." he said. "something's been in the oven this whole time, glad the house didn't burn down. woulda been awkward."

"A bit," you said, peeking into the oven's window. It looked like some sort of dessert. "I'm impressed he makes things other than pasta at home."

"yeah, well, he has people teaching him new stuff." Sans said, sitting on the couch. "but it doesn't mean he doesn't try to turn it all into spaghetti at first chance." You laughed.

"Sounds like Papyrus."

You put your presents down in front of the tree they had gotten last week, mildly impressed with how nicely it was decorated. You noticed Papyrus had hung up the pictures you had taken at the mall the previous week as well.

"Papyrus looks so cute in this picture." you said, laughing a little. "You look pretty horrified."

"why don't you ever sit in my lap like that?" Sans asked, his tone impish. Your heart gave off a small patter, and you turned to look at him.
"What, like I'm mortified and surrounded like soccer moms wondering why a grown woman is sitting on Santa's lap?"

"exactly." said Sans, chuckling. You took a mental note of the time, and crossed over to Sans.

"Well, I can always recreate it, if that would make you feel better." you said, gesturing to Sans's lap. Sans balked at this a little.

"er, well, if uhh..." he said, but you were playing this off as goofy. You were going to get even with him for the cab incident. You didn't give him much option, and settled into his lap, just like in the picture.

"Like this, right? And I need to just sort of need to retract my head like I'm trying to hide in my own neck," as you did, becoming fairly unattractive. Sans laughed at this, and you did too, but as you did you made a point to shift in his lap a little. "Jesus Sans, you're all bones, it's hard to get comfortable." you said swinging your legs over to the side of him, moving almost lewdly against him, 'trying' to get 'comfortable'. You noticed he was breathing only through his nose, which made you grin sadistically.

"you uh, i don't think you sat on santa's lap like this." he said, and you noticed he swallowed hard.

"Oh, my bad. Sorry." you said, starting to flip your legs back to where they were - Sans hand suddenly grabbed at them, holding you in place.

"it's fine." he said, his face starting to creep with a bluish tinge. Your face was beginning to feel heat as well, as you weren't sure where you were taking this. You had expected him to laugh and let you go at this point. Your eyes looked towards the clock, and right on time...

"I AM HOME, DEAR BROTHER!" said Papyrus, practically slamming the door open as he did every day. Sans literally shot up from the couch, causing you to hit the floor suddenly.

"Fuck!" you exclaimed, rubbing your side.

"welcome home! i'll.. i'll be right back." he said, and he hurried into the bathroom, shutting the door. You heard an extremely definitive locking noise.

"WHAT WERE YOU TWO UP TO?" Papyrus asked, looking at you with a mischievous grin. Your face pretty much said everything it needed to, and Papyrus nodded to himself knowingly. "JUST ENJOYING EACH OTHER'S COMPANY IN A VERY PLATONIC MANNER, OBVIOUSLY." he said. Was that sarcasm? Was Papyrus just sarcastic? You didn't know what to think, but he cackled. "NYEH HEH! HAVE YOU SMELLED THE DELICIOUS DESSERT I AM MAKING?" he said, heading into the kitchen. You composed yourself, and followed him in.

"I peeked through the window, but I wasn't sure what it was. It smells absolutely amazing! What is it?" you said, grateful for the subject change. Papyrus smiled, pulling out a cookbook and showing you the recipe.

"THIS IS A BREAD PUDDING, WITH AN AMARETTO SAUCE! IT WILL PAIR NICELY WITH THE WINE YOU LIKE SO MUCH." he said. You blinked, Papyrus blinked, and then he slapped a hand to his mouth. "YOU KNOW, THE NORMAL WINE, THE ONE THAT YOU DRINK. ALL THE TIME. THE INEXPENSIVE ONE." You feigned ignorance.

"I was just shocked to hear you call it 'wine' instead of 'grape juice'. When did this happen?"

"LARRY SAID I NEEDED TO STOP OFFERING COMPLIMENTARY GRAPE JUICE TO CUSTOMERS. IT SOUNDED CHILDISH." You couldn't stop yourself from laughing, and
Papyrus grumbled.

"He has a point, but grape juice technically is what wine is. We just like to sound fancy when we drink it." you said, trying to make him feel better. He perked up a bit.

"WILL YOU HELP ME IN THE KITCHEN? I BROUGHT HOME SOME THINGS FROM WORK, BUT NEED TO MAKE A SALAD."

"Yeah, of course!" you said, rolling your sleeves up. "What do you need me to do?"

Papyrus gave you a variety of instructions, many of which he had to repeat as he was giving them to you in the fashion he was used to - aka being barked orders. Sans finally came out of the bathroom and went right past the two of you to the living room as you were chopping vegetables.

"ARE YOU GOING TO HELP, LAZYBONES?"

"nah, you guys got it under control. want me to put on the christmas special paps?"

"IN A MINUTE, I WANT TO BE ABLE TO WATCH IT!" he said, suddenly excited. Oh! You were excited too, was this the monster movie he was talking about? You finished up with your task and washed your hands, leaning against the counter, waiting for Papyrus to finish. And he did, in record time, and practically dashed to the living room. He smashed against the far end of the couch, and waited for Sans to put in the DVD.

You plopped inbetween the two of them, and were leaning forward, extremely excited.

20 minutes later, you were not so excited.

This was awful.

Papyrus was reciting the lines by heart, which seemed to be some sort of terrible knock off of a Charlie Brown's Christmas, however every single part was played by the same metal robot wearing different outfits. The robot was just a rectangle, with an incredibly jarring voice, and he jetted around the poorly constructed sets with what looked like a unicycle.

Sans had fallen asleep, which seemed like the appropriate MO, and Papyrus was just super into it. You wanted to get away from the movie, so you got up.

"Gonna make a phone call real quick Papyrus."

"WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO PAUSE IT?" he asked. You waved him off.

"No, go ahead! I can always watch it.. another time," you said. He nodded, and you went out onto their patio. It was freezing ass cold outside, but you did actually want to make a phone call. You pulled out your cell, and dialed your dad's number.

He picked up after a few rings. "Hey sunshine! How's city life?" he asked, as he always did.

"Good, dad. How's Europe treating you?" you asked.

"Oh _____, next year, we have got to bring you over here. Your mom is in love, and is talking about moving to probably 8 different towns that we've been to. Your dad's going bankrupt as we speak." he laughed.

"Where are you now?" you asked, not really sure what their itinerary was.
"Currently we're in Norway, cold as hell up here, but they have top notch hospitality." he stated. "You'd love it here. Have you been getting my pictures?"

"No," you said, "Where you been sending them to?"

"Your email, not your phone. Good god, the roaming rates are ridiculous."

"I'll make sure to check them!" you said. "I'm excited to see them."

"Please do!" he said. "Your mom's asleep, it's actually 4am here right now."

"Oh shit! I'm sorry dad! I didn't mean to wake up you." you said, getting ready to hang up the phone. You could almost hear him smile through the phone.

"Don't worry princess. I saw it was you. Merry Christmas. Miss you."

"Miss you too dad. Merry Christmas. Tell mom for me, ok?"

"I will. Love you, take care of yourself."

"I always do. Love you dad. Go back to sleep!" you said.

"I will! Check your email." he said, and the two of you said goodbye and hung up. Whoops, you probably should have checked to see what time it was over there.

You headed back in, and Sans was looking at you, then heaved a huge sigh, looking back at the Christmas special. He didn't look particularly pleased. You sat back down next to him and nudged him covertly.

"What is this crap?" you asked, under your breath. Sans sighed again.

"mettaton. underground's biggest star." he said, leaning his elbow into the arm of the couch, resting his cheek in his hand. "underground's only star." he added.

"Oh god. Oh god. I'm so, so sorry." you said, gripping his leg. He chuckled.

"me too." The two of you simultaneously looked at Papyrus, who was soaking up Mettaton's end of the movie speech, where Linus would normally talk about the spirit of Christmas. It was almost physically painful. You exchanged a look and a silent laugh, and suffered through the rest of it together.

You never removed your hand though. And he definitely noticed that.

After the special was over, Papyrus ushered the two of you into the dining room where you ate one of the most delicious meals you think you had ever had. You were absolutely dumbfounded at how far his cooking skills had come - you were beginning to wonder if you had discovered some sort of secret cooking prodigy. Maybe sign a book deal, get a cooking show, retire rich... Papyrus seemed pretty pleased with how much you were enjoying his food. Sans was on the other side of the table, ruining pretty much everything with ketchup. You had learned to ignore it, mostly. But when he dumped ketchup on that beautiful, soft fluffy pudding, you almost went at him with your fork.

After dinner (and the brothers vehemently telling you that under no circumstances were you allowed to wash dishes) Papyrus got extremely excited about something.

"SANS, I BELIEVE IT IS TIME!" he said. Sans looked at Papyrus and shrugged with a smile. You looked at Papyrus.
"Time for what?"

"TIME FOR THE SLUMBER PARTY TO BEGIN!" he said enthusiastically. "WE CAN ALL GO CHANGE, AND THEN MAKE POPCORN AND WATCH MORE CHRISTMAS SPECIALS!"

"Let's uh, let's watch some human Christmas specials!" you offered. Sans nodded so hard you thought his head was going to fall off.

"WELL... THAT'S FINE, WE CAN WATCH BOTH!" he offered. You shrugged, figuring it was only fair. You grabbed your bag to go change, and Papyrus placed a gloved hand over yours. "ACTUALLY, BEFORE WE DO THAT, I HAVE A PRESENT FOR YOU!"

"What? Christmas is tomorrow, that's when we're supposed to open them Papyrus." you said, giggling. Papyrus shook his head.

"NO, THIS IS AN EARLY GIFT FROM ME! IT JUST HAPPENED TO BE PERFECT FOR TONIGHT!" he said excitedly. "PLEASE GO OPEN IT?" His eyes pleaded. You sighed and put a very big show of sitting in front of the tree.

"Alright Papyrus, which one is it?"

"THIS ONE!" he said, dumping a small wrapped package into your hands. Well, it wasn't spaghetti, so that was good. You began tearing open the paper, and all you saw was a black woolen.. blanket? "TAKE IT OUT!" Papyrus was saying, his excitement mounting.

You fluffed the blanket out to take a better look at it, when you realized it was a onesie. It was a goddamned skeleton onesie. And it was cute as fuck. You couldn't contain your laughter.

"Oh my god, this is fantastic!" you said.

"NOW YOU CAN BE ONE OF US!" Papyrus said gleefully. Sans was chuckling, looking at it.

"Ugh, this is so cute! I'm gonna go put it on right now." you said, jumping to your feet. You gave Papyrus your own brand of bone-crushing hug. "I love it, thank you!"

"YOU'RE WELCOME ____! IT IS THE LEAST I CAN DO." he said, and his smile was sweet. You ran off to the bathroom, excited like a little kid. It was definitely a warm, fleece onesie - so you figured your pyjamas would be overkill. You looked at the hood and giggled - it kinda looked like Sans a little. You stripped down to just your underwear and stepped into the onesie, it was super cozy. Hah, now you were a skeleton, wearing a human skin, wearing a skeleton.

You came out of the bathroom triumphantly, hands on your hips, and imitated Papyrus's laugh as best you could. "Nyah hah hah! I am now one of you!" you exclaimed, throwing your hood up. Papyrus had switched into a pair of light blue pyjamas with little pink bunnies all over them, and looked positively delighted.

"NYEH HEH HEH!" he laughed, also putting his hands on his hips.

"Nyah hah hah!" you echoed.

The two of you continued this ridiculous "nyeh heh/ nyah hahing until Sans came out, wearing an oversized t-shirt that said 'Cool Dude' and flannel bottoms - and hilarious to you, fuzzy pink slippers.

"What do you think?" you said, spinning for him. He chuckled.
"kinda big, isn't it?"

"It's supposed to be! It's like a wearable blanket. Augh, this is so cool!" You skipped to Papyrus and hugged him again. "You rock, thanks!"

"ANYTHING FOR MY FAVOURITE HUMAN!" he said, mussing your hair affectionately. You did a few karate poses in front of the mirror in the dining room, admiring yourself while Papyrus went to go make some popcorn.

"really dig that, don't you?" Sans said with a grin.

"Oh yeah, I love it!"

"not gonna get too hot, are ya?" he asked. You looked at Papyrus to make sure he wasn't looking, then looked at Sans slyly.

"Let you in on a secret." you said. His browbone raised, interested. You popped the top button of the onesie, slowly peeling it back - showing a whole lot of skin, and just the tops of your breasts. Sans gulped. You grinned, and re-buttoned the top again.

"You're not supposed to wear anything with these." You bounced back from him, spreading your arms out. "Can't tell though, right?"

Sans face was a furious blue. "you're killin' me."

"Tut tut, I thought you were already a skeleton?" you said, practically cackling. You were enjoying this game, and you definitely felt like you were the winner right now. Papyrus rounded the corner with the popcorn.

"READY FOR SOME CHRISTMAS SPECIALS?" he said, holding a gigantic bowl. You weren't sure how much of it you were going to eat, considering how stuffed you were, but you smiled and gave a thumbs up.

"Ready!" you said, and trotted over to the couch. The three of you set up in your usual positions, and Papyrus put in the DVD - you had brought some in your bag just in case, and you started with the Grinch. Papyrus loved it, of course. Sans chuckled appropriately here and there, but he seemed preoccupied. You were throughly enjoying popcorn, the company of what had become two of your best friends, and one of the nicer Christmas Eves you'd had in a while.

After a period of time, everyone on the couch had shifted to get comfortable. Papyrus was splayed out, and you were currently leaning up against Sans, his arm resting on the back of the couch behind you. You had managed to make it through three human Christmas specials, and one Mettaton movie (god help you all) and were currently in the middle of Rudolph when you noticed a gentle snoring coming from the taller skeleton to your left.

"Psst, Sans. I think Papyrus fell asleep." you said. Sans looked away from the TV for a moment to his brother.

"looks like it." he said. He was quiet, but you could feel his breathing change for some reason. He transferred his body weight, and moved you with him so you could lean into him more. You felt peaceful in this moment, watching Herbie desperately want to become a dentist when you felt a hand on your stomach. He had moved his right arm to wrap around you - to get comfortable, you told yourself. "so..." he started, and left it hanging there, unable to finish.

"So...?" you asked, leaning your head back and looked up at him. You don't think you had ever seen
anyone blush as much as this guy, but then again, his was definitely more noticeable.

"...are you really not wearing anything under that?" he asked, both his smile and voice tense. You felt your chest constrict.

"Nope. Nada. Well, other than that lacy number you wanted to borrow from before." you said teasingly, hoping to get his imagination stirring a little. It worked, because you felt his breath take, and then hold for a beat too long. "Is it a problem?"

"no, no problem at all." he said, as he toyed with the fabric near his hand. You immediately felt a tingling between your legs, this was reminding you of the cab ride.

"Guess the material." you almost whispered, your breath running out as you said the end of your sentence. You saw him grin, and his hand slipped inbetween the gap of your buttons, skimming the surface of your stomach. Again, he made a big show of trying to figure out the fabric.

"feels like wool, definitely not cotton.." he said softly. His hand began to slowly wander upwards, lightly brushing the base of your breasts before stopping, as he pulled it out. "fleece. definitely fleece."

Oh, that shithead. Your chest was heaving right now, you wanted to badly to be touched by him, but both the combination of his brother being right there, and the still uncertain feeling of him toying with you prevented you from outright jumping him. You didn't know what stage you two were in right now - were you actively coming onto each other now? Was he just playing with you? Was he legit interested? You were definitely fucking with him, but it was mostly because at this point you wanted to badly to be fucked by him that it was ridiculous. Your inhibitions about him being a skeleton were slowly melting away into your pure attraction towards him.

"What about you?" you said, feeling emboldened, but mostly frustrated.

"what about me?" he said. You slipped a hand under his shirt before he could protest, purposely coming into contact with his lower ribs - the ticklish ones, he said. But you remembered something about a week or so ago, that his face had turned his deep blue the first time you touched him when you were goofing around on the patio. You thought back then you were hurting him, but now you thought you knew better. You made it a point to draw the soft skin on the back of your hand across it, and you felt his entire body shudder. Interesting. You pretended to feel the fabric.

"Feels like boring ol' cotton, but I could be wrong. Might be a cotton blend, as I believe you said before." Sans was looking down at you, his eyes flaring with a sudden intensity. He grinned, but it wasn't his usual grin - his mouth parted, showing off those wicked looking canines.

"might be. might not be. you sure you want to find out?"

You heaved a dramatic sigh, and withdrew your hand, but not before flipping it and tracing your fingertips across every bone they could touch. You saw his eyes flicker, in slight confusion, perhaps frustration. You were both riling up each other, but neither of you knew what the end game was. You felt him exhale, hot and heavy with your touch, which made you shudder a little, and you completely removed your hand from his shirt.

"Maybe... maybe not. But it's Christmas Eve, and uh... Papyrus is right there." you said, hoping that would give you an out. You were so confused. Your body wanted this so, so badly - but you kept putting stops on it. It was like being on a surfboard, and coming to the crest of a really good wave, only to have it be phenomenally shitty when it actually came down. You could feel Sans flexing and tensing beneath you, and finally he breathed.
"yeah. it's getting late anyway." he said, and removed himself from your tangle. Your entire body was covered in a sweat - ok, you lied, it could get hot in that thing. "we're going over to jackie's for breakfast tomorrow, right?"

"Yeah, 11am. We don't have to be early risers."

"either way, should probably head off to bed." he said, shaking Papyrus. "hey, papyrus. get up buddy, we're going to bed."

"DID SANTA COME YET?" he asked groggily.

"not yet." Sans chuckled. "you gotta be in bed."

"WHO'S _____ SLEEPING WITH?" Papyrus said, rubbing his eyes. It was so innocent. You felt your entire body heat up all over again.

"I can just sleep on the couch, it's fine. I'm already dressed for the occasion." you said, motioning to your onesie.

"NONSENSE, THIS WAS THE POINT OF THE SLEEPOVER. YOU TOLD ME YOU DIDN'T LIKE FIRM BEDS, HOWEVER." Fuck, he remembered. "YOU CAN STAY WITH SANS."

"i uh, i can sleep on the couch." Sans said. You fidgeted. Papyrus looked at the both of you, then let out a huge sigh.

"CAN'T EITHER OF YOU DO ANYTHING RIGHT? CHRISTMAS EVE SLEEPOVER, GET INTO BED!" he said with a sudden energy, and literally began shoving Sans, and dragging you to the bedroom. You didn't know how you felt about this, but it was extremely comical to say the least. "_____." he said, grasping your shoulders. "HAVE A GOOD NIGHT." Did Papyrus just wink at you? Was that a wink? WHAT.

He shut the door on you before you could process, and then you and Sans were just standing there in his room. You both looked incredibly sheepish. You looked at his bed - at least he had upgraded from a twin to a queen, thank god.

"We can wait 'till Papyrus falls asleep, if you want, then I can go out there and sleep." you offered, shrugging. Sans sighed.

"shaddap, just c'mere." he said, laying on the bed and motioning for you to come over to him. "just a friendly sleepover, right?"

"Yeah, sure. Friendly sleepover." you said. Oh god, but you wanted it to be so much more right now. You slipped under the covers with him, and then gave a little laugh. "Hey, it's not the first time we've slept together, right?" He blinked a few times, then chuckled.

"yeah, i almost forgot about that. so this is just old news." he said, smirking. You grinned.

"Old news is better than no news. Or something like that, right?" He shrugged as best he could on his side. "This bed is stupid comfortable though. Like, maybe more comfortable than mine."

"oh yeah? so i'm the leader of the bed buddies club then."

"I proclaim it so." you said, as you mock crowned him. You both chuckled. The light from outside was hitting his face gently, illuminating it. How did you get here? How did you get into a bed with a
skeleton, much less a skeleton that you were falling for? What about this grisly visage did you find so wonderful?

Sans was smiling at you lazily, his eyes taking on that soft, gentle glow that they occasionally did when he looked at you. You wondered if it meant something. Instinctively, you reached your hand up to his face and lightly cupped it. You watched them flicker, like embers springing to life at your touch. He placed his skeletal hand on top of yours, wrapping his fingers around it. Your heart was in your throat, but this wasn't a moment of lust. You felt something right now. Your entire body felt like it was in a warm, gentle river. He took your hand, and placed it to his teeth - in his fashion of what you figured was a kiss. You smiled, and in that moment you knew.

"goodnight, _____."

"Goodnight, Sans."

You fell asleep, your hands intertwined on the space of the pillows between you. You dreamt of absolutely nothing but Sans.

You woke up in the morning to Papyrus excitedly knocking on your door. He finally gave up and burst in, startling a groggy you and Sans.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!" he shouted, "GET UP! SANTA'S BEEN HERE!" He turned heel and ran back out into the living room. You rubbed your eyes and looked at Sans with a sleepy smile.

"Santa was able to sneak out last night?"

"sans-ta is extremely cunning." he said with a grin. The two of you shared a smile, and almost reluctantly got out of bed to come face to face with a overly excited Papyrus.

"LOOK! LOOK! THERE'S SO MUCH HERE!" he said, and your face looked absolutely shocked. The tree, which just had a handful of presents under it the previous night, was now absolutely littered with gifts. You shot a look to Sans, who just shrugged with an incredibly happy smile. 'Sans-ta' was right.

You sat on the floor next to Papyrus, cross-legged and watched as he tore into some of his gifts. A lot of it was weird knick-knacks and things that he seemed to gasp over (each one more gasp-ier than the last) until finally all this little bits and pieces from Santa were opened. Papyrus dug out another one and handed it to you.

"THIS IS FROM SANTA! I'M GLAD THAT HE KNEW YOU WERE AT OUR HOUSE, THAT'S MOST FORTUNATE!" he said gladly. You looked surprised, and opened up the little gift box.

Inside were the shitty wine coasters you sold in your shop. Your giggles bubbled into full on laughter, and Sans laughed with you. Papyrus looked confused, and held up the coasters.

"OH, OF COURSE YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY. THEY'RE FULL OF TERRIBLE PUNS. ONLY YOU TWO WOULD LAUGH AT THESE." he said, handing it back to you. You giggled.

"Ah, I love it. Thanks Santa, you're the best, wherever you are." you said to the ceiling. "Well, onto the normal presents!" you said, super excited. Papyrus looked a little glum.

"YOU ARE UNFORTUNATELY WEARING MY PRESENT, I HAVE NOTHING ELSE FOR
YOU THIS MORNING.” he said sadly. You reached over and gave Papyrus a huge hug, and a kiss on the cheek.

"Pfft, I love it! And I’m glad you gave it to me last night,” you said, Sans suddenly coughing behind you, "It was extremely comfortable. Plus now I totally look like I’m one of you guys.” You held up your arms, mimicking a monster claw badly. Papyrus smiled.

"I AM GLAD."

"Alright alright, now open your gift!” you said, extremely excited. Papyrus looked at the huge box, and started tearing open the package. As he peeled away the paper, he let out the loudest gasp of the morning.

"HUMAN. FRIEND. _____. YOU DID NOT!"

"Yeah I did."

"NO!"

"Yeah!"

Papyrus cradled his new Kitchenaid appliance in his arms like it was a baby, his eyes becoming watery. "THIS IS THE BEST PRESENT I HAVE EVER RECEIVED FROM ANYONE OTHER THAN SANTA OR SANS.” he said. Oh jeez, wait ‘till he got Kyle's present then, you thought.

"I won't lie, I'm not familiar with all it's features, but I know it's super handy in the kitchen."

"I WILL HAVE TO SHOW YOU ON SPAGHETTI NIGHT!” he exclaimed, his voice coming to an all time high. "OH, OH I AM SO EXCITED! OH AND SANS, YOUR PRESENT IS EVEN LARGER! WOWIE, WHAT COULD IT BE?” he said, handing it to him, surprised at how light it was. Sans took it, also surprised at the weight.

It was a large giftbox, with a pop off top. You watched as he opened it, and looked inside. There was nothing. He frowned. "hey, i know we joked about my favourite thing being disappointment, but uh..."

"Look closer!” you said excitedly. He eyed you, then peered into the box. You knew he had found it when he reached his hand inside, and started to peel up the bottom. You had taped a piece of black paper to the base of the giftbox, and underneath was...

"...a galaxy?” he said, not quite understanding. He stared at it, then looked at the lid of the box. On it, were taped two tickets you had printed out. He gingerly removed them, and read them.

"Two tickets to the... planetarium?” he said, his face slowly transforming into a genuine grin.

"Yeah! And it's a special night showing, so it's the longer performance, and then you get to go outside onto the water, when they turn the lights off.” you said. You were hoping he would like it, considering how much he had talked about the stars and space during your patio hangouts. Sans looked at you like he could melt into a puddle at any given moment. His voice came so softly you almost didn't hear it.

"thank you. so much. this is... amazing.” he said.

"Of course.” you said, smiling. You two shared a quiet moment, as Papyrus read over the
"DON'T FORGET YOUR GIFT, _____!" Papyrus said, handing you the one from Sans. It was incredibly heavy, and there was another one on top of it. You looked at Sans, and he shrugged.

You carefully opened the first present, and let out an audible gasp. Inside was a beautiful handcarved mahogany laquer box, and inside it was fitted with little tins to hold all your favourite teas. There were 10 teas in all, and you knew what the flavours were, but he had added additional labels underneath them with his own terrible puns. You couldn't wait to have a cup of 'what'chai doin' tea'.

"Oh Sans, this is beautiful! Oh, I love it!" you said, running your hands over the box. He sat next to you, watching you open and close the box, inspecting all the tins.

"there's another gift, ya know." he said, motioning to the other box. You were still amazed by the first one, and took the second one - much heavier than the first. You looked at him as if to say 'really?' and started opening it.

And good god, you again were floored. Inside was the beautiful bone china tea set you had been wanting for years. You and Sans passed it multiple times when walking through the city, and every time you commented on it. It was a deep ruby red, with gold scrolling on it, delicate handles and perfect cups that fit your hands like gloves. You wanted to cry, you just stared at tea set, then him.

"Sans, this... this thing cost a fortune. How could you..? I.. I'm just..." you laughed, it was a teary laugh, but a happy one. "Well now I feel like a cheapskate." you said, wiping your eyes. Sans smiled.

"well, merry christmas then, cheapskate." he said. You just laughed, and fell into him with a hug. He hugged you back.

"Merry Christmas, bonehead." you said, and you gave him a kiss directly on his teeth. You could feel that his reaction was surprised, but you didn't care. Sans looked at Papyrus, embarrassed, as Papyrus was silently giving Sans a thumbs up behind your back.

You separated from Sans, and stared at your gifts for a moment. If someone told you that 4 months ago you'd have two skeletons move in across from you, and you'd be spending Christmas with them, you'd have checked them into a psychiatric ward. But here you were, sitting in their living room, wearing a onesie that looked like them, sharing in their joy.

And you realized you were feeling the happiest you had been in a long time. You pulled both Sans and Papyrus into a silent hug, which confused them initially, and then you kissed them both on the top of their heads.

"Of every apartment in this big assed city, you move across from mine. And I'm really, really fucking glad you did." you said. Papyrus started doing a little 'nyoo hoo', getting caught up in the moment, and Sans was just beaming next to you. Suddenly Papyrus burst into tears.

"YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TERRIBLE IT WAS BEFORE, _____." he said, wiping his eyes with his sleeve. Your eyes widened, surprised at how the conversation took a turn. "EVERYWHERE WE MOVED, IT WAS ABSOLUTELY TERRIBLE. SO MUCH HATRED, SO MANY RUDE PEOPLE. OUR NEIGHBORS WOULD REPORT US FOR CRIMES WE NEVER EVEN COMMITTED." he sobbed. You looked at Sans, and his smile had almost faded. You placed a hand on Papyrus's shoulder.

"Hey, obviously not everywhere's like that. You guys are doing great here! Look how many friends
you've made. And hell, we went holiday shopping last week, and not a single old person damned us
or ran in terror. That's progress!" you said, trying to cheer him up. Papyrus looked at you and
sniffled.
"IT'S THANKS TO YOU." he said.
"Nah, it's thanks to yourselves. You guys obviously charmed the pants off of me, and continued on
your warpath of friendship all the way through." you said, giving a crooked smile. "You're the ones
who initiated our actual friendship, so don't give me all the credit."
"AND SO HUMBLE TOO! IS THERE NO END TO YOUR WONDERFULNESS?" You
laughed, and stood up, and offered both of them a hand to get up.
"I'm short on wonderfulness, but remind me to call you if I'm ever feeling bad about myself." They
both took a turn getting up, and you patted Papyrus on the back. "C'mon, let's get dressed and head
to Jackie's for breakfast."
"OH! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE KYLE!" Papyrus said, his mood shifting immediately. He raced into
his bedroom, slamming his door behind him to get ready. You smiled at Sans. He was giving you an
odd look, but he shook his head to himself and his face regained it's easy composure.
"thanks." Sans said simply. You rolled your shoulders and gave a large shrug.
"I meant it, it's not like I was lying to him. You guys are obviously capable of making friends on
your own, I just happened to be one of them. I'm just glad that you moved finally to a more
acceptable location, sounds like you lived in some serious shitholes before."
"you have no idea." he said, sighing a little. You patted him on the shoulder as you went to collect
your bag.
"Well, you're here now, so no use dwelling on it, right? So fuck 'em, let's have an awesome
Christmas together." You stooped to pick up your gifts, your face breaking out into a smile again as
you looked at them. "I'm going to go get dressed real quick for breakfast." Sans gave you a lopsided
smile.
"alright, see you in a few minutes." You exited their apartment and quickly entered yours, carefully
placing them on your -- wait, what was that? You almost dropped your gifts, and turned on your
heels.
"SA-- oh my god, what?" Sans was already leaning in your doorway, looking at you with his usual
lazy grin.
"looks like santa was really good to you this year." he said. "that or i still owed you one." Your old
coffee table, broken after the altercation with Will, was replaced with a ridiculously ornate one that
you had been lusting over in a magazine with Jackie a few weeks earlier. "can't take all the credit for
this though, jackie pointed me in the right direction."
You weren't a crier. You weren't! But your eyes started welling up with tears, not because you were
sad, but because you were so damned happy. "I don't get it, why are you doing this?" you asked,
gesturing to all the wonderful things he got you. You knew they weren't cheap. Hell, it would have
taken you months to save up for that coffee table on your salary. He stayed in your doorway, still
smiling.
"why wouldn't i? i care about you." he said. You stood there, your heart beating at what felt like a
thousand beats per second. You needed to say something, anything right now, to convey how you


"Thanks." you mumbled, behind a fleece sleeve while wiping your eyes. *Idiot!* You watched Sans's face, and noticed his eyes took on that gentle glow again as he looked at you. Why was this so hard for you to just say something?

"go ahead and get dressed, before we're late. you'll have plenty of time to admire your table later." he said, turning and closing the door behind him. You crossed the short distance, leaning your body into the door and resting your forehead against it, saying what you should have been able to say mere seconds ago.

"I care about you too, Sans. More than care."

You could have sworn you heard the sound of a footstep, but when you looked out the peephole, there was no one there. You sighed, and got dressed. You needed to figure this shit out, your heart was going to burst soon, you felt.

Christmas day with Jackie and Kyle was marvelous. Papyrus and Kyle cried all over each other when they opened each other's gifts - some sort of absolutely ridiculous looking cooking contraptions ('Ok, maybe I do have to worry', said Jackie) that were top of the line or something, you just knew you saw them on those cooking competition shows. Jackie was positively thrilled with her gift from Papyrus, and then Sans gave them their gift. It was a gift from the both of you, and it was a weekend getaway to Napa Valley. Jackie and Kyle pretty much flipped their lids, and the two of you were showered in kisses and hugs.

Jackie had gotten you a gorgeous new peacoat, and a cute scarf to go with it. Kyle had procured you a new tablet (likely from work, but you weren't about to complain) along with some extremely nice headphones (not from work). When the boys were in the kitchen, playing with their kitchen appliances, you pulled Jackie into another room.

"Oh my GOD Jackie, how could you let Sans buy that table?!” you said, still a little shocked. Jackie's eyes widened, and she nodded with you.

"I know! I know. He approached me, because he wanted to replace it - I tried to show him some other options, but he just kept saying," she lowered her voice, trying to imitate him best she could, "'what does she REALLY want'. So I showed him, and tried to move on, but he was kinda fixated on it. Plus I already knew about the tea set." she said, her tone excited.

"Oh my god, the tea set! And the tea box! Jackie, I feel like a schlub, I just got him tickets to the planetarium!"

"Hey, he's obviously got cash, let him spoil you."

"But we're just friends Jackie." you said, exasperated. Something in your tone betrayed you, because she looked at you oddly.

"How was the sleepover?" she said, out of nowhere. Your face immediately felt warm. "Ah hah! I knew it!" She started whispering, "So? What's the deal? Does he, you know..."

"We didn't do anything!" you said, hitting her in the arm. "I mean, we flirted, I guess. Hooboy, we flirted. At least I flirted. Yeah, I was definitely flirting." You raked a hand through your hair. "Fuck, I guess it's officially more official than before now, huh?"

"Girl, you're the only one in denial here. Even Kyle is saying stuff about it now. And lord knows
he's oblivious to pretty much everything." she said with a grin.

"Ugh. That's pretty bad. I mean, maybe I should just... ask him out for drinks or something for just the two of us maybe..."

"Oooh! A proper date!" she said excitedly. You groaned.

"I guess. I guess."

"Why are you having such a hard time with this?" she asked, looking at you.

"I.. I don't know. How aren't you? Jackie, I'm not trying to sound like a godawful person here, but we're taking inter-species relationships. Let's say sure, we do go on a date. And yeah, we are attracted to each other. Then what? What if he lacks the parts..."

"..straaap ooooon." Jackie said, her voice lilting. You rolled your eyes and continued.

"...or has some sort of weird monster ritual where he eats me after mating, and it's not like they've legalized human and monster marriages and..."

"Whoa, whoa. Whoa. Hey. You're getting really far ahead of yourself here." Jackie said, patting you on the shoulder. "Stop over-analyzing it. Ask yourself this, instead: If you don't go for it, will you spend the rest of your life regretting that?"

You thought about it for a moment. "Yeah."

"Well then there you go! Simple as that. Merry Christmas. Enjoy the moment you're in now, instead of dreading the future that may never happen." she said, smiling. You huffed a sigh.

"Why are you so much smarter than me when it comes to this stuff?" she shrugged.

"I watch a lot of talk shows in my down time." You both laughed, and you hugged her.

"Thanks bestie. You're always good for a talk."

"Of course, you know it. Now let's go make sure the boys didn't burn the kitchen down."

Luckily, they hadn't. They were playing with some sort of machine that sucked the air out of bags? You weren't sure, but it was supposed to make meat extremely tender. Kyle was talking about this new cooking show he had seen, and Papyrus was jumping in every now and again with his own brand of enthusiasm. Sans was sitting back and watching the two, cracking wise at their expense when required. You and Jackie grinned at each other, and joined the group.

All in all, it was one of the best Christmases you'd ever had.

When you slept that night, you dreamt of being in a big home, and everyone you had ever loved was in it - past and present. And in the center of the foyer to greet you as you entered, was Sans.

Chapter End Notes

WHOO! This chapter was a doozy for me to write! And I re-wrote most of it at one point, having this go in a *completely* different direction initially. I ain't gonna lie
though, brace yourself for some hardcore skelesmooching, because it's coming up. If you don't like naughtiness, you may want to go elsewhere, ye wanderers.

Love your comments, they are my lifeforce for this fic. :D

Next chapter should be up a little faster than this one, as I pretty much have half of it written already - I had to take a huge chunk of it out of this one.
New Years was rapidly approaching, and you were extremely excited. New Years was one of those times where you could let your hair down and just be a little crazier than usual - or so you told yourself, anyway. The city was generally bursting with wild energy, and the streets were awash with people looking to have a good time, and you adored getting swept up in that at least once a year. You and a group of friends had scoped out a club that you had wanted to go to, and Kyle, though a friend of a friend, who knew that one friend that knew another friend... managed to snag you all a VIP booth at a pretty swanky club on New Years, right in the Union Square. That's where pretty much the brunt of the activity was going on, and since the club was top floor, you would be able to watch the fireworks that went off on the bay. All in all, it was shaping up to be a pretty rad end of year extravaganza.

The usual crew was invited to the shindig, your bestie and Kyle, Hannah, Anna and James, Allison and Eric, and various other people you kept in contact with. Will apparently somehow got onto the list, having been friends with... a friend? But he likely wouldn't show. You didn't really give a shit, you just hoped for his sake he wouldn't try to interact with you.

While you had invited the skelebros out to events before, this was slightly different. This was going to be a nightclub. There were going to be thousands of people out on the streets. People were going to be crazy and nutty, and you were mildly concerned for their safety. You met up with Sans after he got off work one afternoon to grab coffee, and talk to him about it.

"Heya Sans." you said, waving to him as you approached him. He was leaning against the wall, playing around on his phone. His head turned up and saw you, and he smiled. Jackie commented the previous day on how she finally saw how he smiled, other than the usual grin he seemed to always wear - you had been seeing it since you had met him, almost. He waved back, and hopped over to you.

"heya. you look like you have a latte on your mind." he said.

"I do." you chuckled, meaning exactly both. "C'mon." The two of you headed down the block, stopping at a crosswalk. "How was work for you today?"
"slow. christmas frenzy is over, so people are recovering their bank accounts, i think. i'm just waiting for that new years alcohol rush." he said, stepping into the street as the light turned.

"Yeah. You ever do anything for New Years before?" you asked, hopping to make it onto the curb. Sans shrugged.

"not me, no. papyrus and some of the other monsters would get together and watch movies and stuff mostly." he said, turning the corner. He opened the door to the coffee shop for you, and you bowed with a flourish.

"Thank you, kind sir." you said, stepping inside. "Even above ground?"

"yeah, i mean i know undyne went out and partied all the time, but no one's really gonna mess with her." he said, chuckling. "i won't lie, i think most of us were too timid about it. mob frenzy is uh... not a fun thing to witness." You frowned, waiting in line.

"Yeah, I get that." you said. Maybe this wasn't a good idea. Last thing you wanted was for Sans or Papyrus to get insulted, or worse, hurt in a throng of people. You got up to the register and ordered your latte, and Sans his coffee. The two of you hovered around the espresso bar, waiting for it. "So I'm guessing New Years a no-go for you then." He shrugged.

"didn't plan on anything, if that's what you're asking. i know papyrus mentioned something about wanting to see fireworks, but we can do that from our rooftop if we want. kinda." he said. Your coffees came out, and you both took them and sat down. "why do you ask?"

"Well, I actually wanted to invite the two of you out for New Years." you said, but you had a slight frown on your face. "But it's not really sounding like it's the best of plans. A big group of us are going to the Voodoo Lounge for New Years, they got us one of those fancy schmancy VIP booths. It's uh... have you ever been to a dance club?"

"nope." he said, shrugging. "we didn't have those. i know what they are, though. the internet's a pretty vast place. so lots of lights, lots of loud bass, lots of people, lots of awkward dancing."

"Yeah, that's pretty much it. Lots of drinking too, but that comes with New Years. But you're part of the Borderline Alcoholics club, so you should be fine with that." you said, chuckling. Sans thought about it for a moment.

"i won't lie, it's not really my scene. but hey, i'm up for something new for new years, eh?" he said, with a twinge of a smile. "can't promise i'll dance."

"Fair enough." you said. "To be honest, it's not really my scene either, but it's just once a year I can kinda get all amped up, y'know? For a few hours go out, have drinks, dance my ass off, go home with someo--" you caught yourself mid-word, but Sans picked up on it. He sipped his coffee as he raised a browbone at you. You coughed. "Go home and pass out, you know."

"well this is all new to me, so i guess you'll have to show me the ropes." he said. Your face lit up.

"Does this mean you're going?" you said, excited. He laughed a little.

"yeah, yeah. i'm going. might as well get the full city experience, right?" he said, leaning back in his chair. "papyrus would probably have a pretty good time, he actually likes to dance quite a bit. maybe not to the music they play there, but he likes dancing."

"I see him shaking his groove thang in the kitchen when he cooks." you said, smirking. "But on a serious note, I am worried about you guys being safe. I mean, it's all good and fun to talk about
partying and stuff but..." Sans held up a hand to you.

"hey. don't sweat it. magic, remember?" he said. You grimaced. "i'm talking about teleporting, not rearranging the dance floor."

"Fair enough. You know, I've never really bugged you much about that." you said, taking a gulp from your latte.

"yeah? what do you want to know?" he said, leaning back forward.

"Well I mean... how does it even work? Can you teleport anywhere you want? Like mid-air and stuff? Or in the world?" Sans scratched the back of his head.

"eh, not quite like that. try to think of it like... a doorway, if you will. to me, i see an open door, a possibility. all i do is open that door, and it leads me to where i need to go. but it can't lead me to somewhere that's closed to me... does that make sense?"

"Kind of?" you said. "Like.. restricted areas?"

"yes and no. if it's somewhere i've been, yeah, i can go there whenever i want to. i do have limitations though. i can cross this city in a flash." he said, snapping his fingers for emphasis - a feat that still surprised you considering it was literally just bone, "but give me something a little further away, and then i start to have to go opening more doors."

"So could you say, open enough doors to travel across the world?"

"i might, but it'd probably kill me." he said plainly. Your eyes widened. "y'see, each time i open a door, i'm using my magic. everytime i -- hey, do you wanna get a hot dog?" You blinked at the abrupt change in subject.

"Uhh, sure?"

"sorry, i'm just starving, didn't get lunch earlier."

"Oh jeez, of course. You want to go in front of the plaza again?"

"yeah." he said, getting up, finishing his coffee off. You were still sipping at yours. The two of you exited, and he continued what he was talking about without skipping a beat.

"so, everytime i teleport, or utilize a soul's gravity or anything else, i'm expending magic. and i dunno how it is for the other monsters, but papyrus and i are a little more magic dependant than the others." he said. You sipped at your latte, fascinated by this.

"Is there a reason for that?"

"look at me," he said, pulling the neck of his shirt out so you could see his vertabrae, "i'm a walking skeleton. how do you think i'm held together?"

"Magic?"

"bingo. you asked a long while ago, i never answered you, now that i think about it." He patted his stomach. "it's just magic. you have flesh, tendons, cartilage - i have magic that makes all of this twist and go." You could tell he was dumbing this down for you, but you were glad you were getting an explanation for it. You almost wondered why you waited so long to ask.

"You realize that's super fucking fascinating." you said bluntly. He chuckled.
"yeah well, you humans are pretty fascinating to me. the way i work seems pretty simple, but human anatomy? complex as hell. the vasculatory system alone is just.. phenomenal." he said, almost excited. You gave a small smile, glad to know that he found you at least interesting. "i mean, your entire skin is a living, breathing organ. your body reacts visibly to outside stimuli. it's amazing."

"And here I just thought you thought I was pretty." you said, smirking at him.

"hey, that doesn't hurt." he said, stepping up to the hot dog stand. "you want one?"

"No thanks, I ate earlier." He ordered his hot dog, getting (of course) extra ketchup. The two of you sat on a bench, looking towards the plaza as he ate his hotdog.

"anyway, opening all these... doorways, if you will, is absolutely exhausting. taking another person with me? even more tiring. i don't mind taking shortcuts every now and again, though. but it's why i don't mind walking sometimes, or cabbing it. definitely prefer cabbing it, but for some godawful reason you always want to walk everywhere."

"It's cheaper!" you said, "Plus it's good for me. You might not have to worry about your weight buddy, but I do." You poked at him. "Since you're being a fountain of information here, how about you explain that too? You're hungry, scarfing down a hot dog.. but have no stomach? And don't wiggle your fingers and say magic because so help me god, I will slap you."

Sans looked at you wide-eyed, and slowly put his hands down, which he had already got into prime wiggling position. "eh, well.. it kinda is. but since we're getting technical here - both papyrus and i still need to eat. everything we eat converts into energy, which i guess is utilized for our magic as well. if i don't sleep and eat, i ain't using shit."

"So basically you should be a massive mega battery, because that's all you pretty much do." you said, grinning. He rolled his eyes.

"yeah, and i'm proud of it. what of it?" he said, wiping some ketchup off his face. You kicked your legs out, stretching them.

"Anything you wanna know about how we work?" you asked. "Since we're on the topic. Man, we topic hop a lot, don't we?" He chuckled.

"we do. and nothing i can think of... like i said, the internet is a vast place, has lots of good information." As he said this, he quickly looked away from you - but you caught that slight blue hit his face, then fade just as fast.

"As long as you aren't just using it for memes, because please don't use that as a milestone of human history." Sans laughed a little.

"fair enough." he said, polishing off the rest of his hot dog. The two of you watched the people pass by, occasionally shooting you a glance, but nothing much else.

"So, just to confirm, you're coming to New Years?"

"definitely." he said. You grinned.

"Awesome. It's gonna be a blast, I promise. And I'll somehow worm you into dancing."

"fat chance." Sans said. "too much effort. i'll watch though, and live through you vicariously."

"But I thought we made such good dance partners?" you said with a crooked smile. He shook his
"Yeah, we do. Although it looks like we're pretty much done dancing around stuff at this point." He said. *That's what you think.*

"So uh... what're you doing tomorrow night?" you asked.

"Nothing much, why?" he asked.

"Well first, I should ask, do you have the day after next off?"

"Lemme see real quick." He took his phone out, presumably checking his calendar. "Yeah, I work tomorrow afternoon, but got the following day off... why?" You quirked a brow at him.

"Want to go for drinks?"

"Oh god, only if you promise not to get Papyrus that drunk again. I mean, as much as I love to hear him sing for hours, it doesn't do wonders for a headache." He said with a groan. You kicked at the cement beneath you a little.

"Actually, I meant just us." You said, not making eye contact with him.

"Oh." He replied. Your anxiety started building up almost immediately.

"I mean, it doesn't have to be just us, I thought maybe it would nice to--"

"Yeah, no, that'd be great." He said, smiling at you. "Get away from all the riff raff. Get in some serious girl talk."

"Exactly. Glad we're on the same page here." You said, nudging him. Sans chuckled.

"Why're you asking if I have the following day off?"

"We don't really have a good track record with drinking." You said very matter of factly. "Remember, we're in a club?"

"Ah yes. That club. Well, as a proud member of the borderline alcoholics, I say we hold our first meeting tomorrow then most definitely." You laughed a little.

"Awesome." You leaned back on the bench, looking up at the sky. "Weather looks nice today."

"Sure does." He responded. "Did you wanna do anything else?"

"Nah." You said. "Normally I'd just walk around and look at shops n'shit, you know me." Sans stood up, brushing himself off. He extended a hand to you.

"Let's do that then. C'mon." You took his hand and got up, and the two of you spend the afternoon lazily walking around the plaza, eventually heading back home before it got too late.

The following day, you were a bundle of nerves. You had essentially asked Sans out on a date, but neither of you were really acknowledging that it was a date. So was it just friendly drinks? You weren't sure, but you were wound so tightly that you felt like you would spring at any second. You had been texting Jackie furiously all day, and she was telling you essentially:
j: Calm your tits.

That didn't help.

You had changed your outfit probably 6 times at this point, and finally decided you didn't want to seem like you were *trying*. But you wanted to be cute. Flirty. You had no idea what he might be attracted to in the first place, but you hoped it would be something akin to a human male, so you put on a low cut black scoop top, and these ridiculously cute purple plaid skinny jeans. You had wanted to wear heels, but you were already slightly taller than him to begin with, so you opted for flats.

You were still internally struggling with your feelings. You cared immensely about Sans. But did you want to pursue this avenue? What if trying to tie in human feelings screwed everything up? What if this wasn't how monsters operated? You should have asked him the other day when he was discussing how his magic and body basically worked. You gave yourself an awful laugh when you thought about pulling his pants down just to see more skeleton, and him going 'what the fuck did you expect'?

What *did* you expect?

Augh, it was all so confusing. You checked the time for the 200th time, noticing it was getting close to time for him to get off work. You decided you really needed to grab a coffee first - you had told him you guys would meet there, maybe so it would seem less date-ish. You grabbed your coat and practically flew down the stairs, and went into the nearest coffee shop. You drank your latte (did you really need caffeine in your system? Probably not.) and waited. Then your phone buzzed.

s: heya
s: just got off work
y/s: We still on for tonight?
s: yeah. where's this place again?
y: 3rd and Market. It's called the Rose and Crown.

Tonight, it was just you and Sans. Your stomach was doing weird flips and your heart did an odd flutter every now and again when you thought about it. You guys went out all the time for lunch, or to run an errand if one of you needed something for company - but this time was different. To you, anyway. No Jackie, no asshole Will, no drama, just two friends going out and having a good time.

Two friends, one of which who was starting to develop a crush on the other, but pfft, that didn't count, right? You felt like a schoolgirl. Your phone buzzed, and you almost had it slip out of your hands.

s: oh yeah, i've passed that before
s: i'll meet you there?
y: Yeah, save us a seat if you get there first?
s: will do
You hustled out of the coffee shop, walking fast. You had to slow down your pace, because the cold air was burning your lungs. You wrapped your scarf around your face a little better, and started mentally preparing yourself. It was friendly drinks. You guys hung out a billion times together by yourself. Sure, you may have asked him out with the intention of maybe getting a little friendlier, but going in with that motive was a recipe for disaster. You'd fall all over yourself and... yeah. So just be natural, right? Your usual, charming -- oh shit, you had almost tripped over a curb as you were giving yourself your speech.

The Rose and Crown was a small step up from O'Henry's, in that it was a slightly classier joint. They had live music on the weekends (jazz on this one, as you recalled) but food stopped earlier, the drinks quite a bit pricier, but they had one hell of a heavy hand. But the atmosphere was pleasing, and you were going there to get away from some bad memories anyway.

You arrived outside, handing your ID to the bouncer and headed inside. The place was packed. You scanned the crowd, looking for Sans - and you spotted him. Unfortunately he wasn't able to get you a table, but he did manage to get you guys seats at the bar. It looked like he was able to find time to change before he got there, wearing his normal blue hoodie, but this time a black undershirt and again black jeans. You slid into the seat next to him and tapped him on the shoulder, as he was looking elsewhere.

"Sorry sir, is this seat taken?" he turned and grinned.

"i was reserving it for a pretty lady." he said. You started to get off it.

"Oh, well sorry! My bad, I'll be on my way then." you fake pouted.

"did I say pretty? i meant gorgeous." he said casually, motioning for you to take your seat. Your heartbeat quickened again, and you sat down. Was he flirting with you? Was this flirting? Was this friendship? You didn't know anymore.

"Well shit, you're easy to impress." you said, smiling at him. He laughed.

"yeah, kinda. dig the pants." he said, gesturing to them. You spun once real quick before sitting down.

"You like? Jackie thinks they look ridiculous, I think they're adorable."

"one of you is right." he replied.

"Which one?"

"i think you can figure it out." he said, smirking. You rolled your eyes at him.

"Whatever. How was your day today?"

"fine. was looking forward to tonight, kept my mind off of restocking the cereal aisle for the 200th time."

"Sounds positively riveting." you said.

"anyway, what're you drinking tonight?" You thought about this for a second. How did you want this night to go? And then you decided.

"Surprise me."
"you sure about that?" Sans said, shooting you a sly smile. You raised a brow and shot one back. "I can handle whatever you dish out, pal. Except --" Sans had already flagged over the bartender.

"two shots of tequila, please." he said, giving you a sidelong glance. "the partida."

"Except tequila. I was going to say tequila." The bartender went to grab your shots. "Uh, tequila might not be a good idea."

"doesn't make you sick, does it?" he said. His voice sounded like he knew something. You were searching his face, as if it would give an answer.

"No.. it just, uh.." you rubbed the back of your neck, "Clothes have a tendency to disappear, with tequila. It's not safe for anyone in a mile radius of me."

"mmm." Sans said, his fingers drumming on the wood of the bar. "well, you don't have to drink it. not that missing clothing would be a problem." He was giving you a smile that was a little different than normal, one that you couldn't identify. You gave a nervous laugh, and took your phone out.

"No, I'll drink it. I'm just warning you what you might be getting into. Choose your drinks wisely." you said.

y/j: HAVE YOU BEEN TALKING TO SANS
j: What?
y: I told YOU we were going out for drinks. What did you tell HIM?
j: Have fun tonight! Love you! <3
j: DON'T OVERTHINK IT JUST HAVE FUN
j: Send me snapchats!

You inwardly groaned. Was your friend playing fucking matchmaker? Jackie, bless her soul, was trying to help, but this was just going to make things worse. You were fine possibly easing into something with Sans, maybe seeing if he was even remotely into you - but turning you into a raging ball of hormones with booze was not the safest bet.

But then again, if Sans and Jackie were talking, does that mean Sans was interested? Or was she just throwing things at him, hoping? Did she tell him that you just liked that drink, and he was trying to be nice? Or did he actually...

"don't worry about it." Sans said suddenly, as he sat with two shots in front of him. Your brows furrowed as you looked at him, and you grabbed the shot.

"Nope. This is a really nice tequila, I ain't letting you have all of it. Nice try, though." You held up your phone. "Mind if I take some snapchats tonight?"

"s'fine. go nuts." You made Sans hold up his shotglass, and you took a picture of him and sent it to Jackie, with the text "FUCK YOOOOOOOU" across it.

"Alright.." you said. "Down the hatch, eh?" You and Sans both took your shots. It burned, but it was a good burn. Sometimes you wondered if the city was turning you into a burgeoning alcoholic. Before you moved here, you drank maybe once every 3-4 months. Now it felt like every weekend it's all you did.
"you wanna pick the next one?" he said, spinning his glass on the bar with a finger. You looked at him.

"Nah, I'll leave you in charge tonight. I'm usually calling the shots, right?" you said with a smirk. "Maybe you can be in charge for once." Sans chuckled, but it was throaty.

"sounds good to me." His grin at you shifted just briefly, and you watched as that single file of teeth lifted to show his canines again. You're not sure how he did that, but it made you breathe a little quicker. You became increasingly aware that you were wearing a scoop top, and you felt like your skinny jeans had become too tight. He tipped the empty shot glass over and leaned back a little on his stool. "i'll take care of us tonight then."

"Thanks." you said, swallowing hard. You smiled to cover it up. "So anyway.. uh, do you get any time off from work for New Years?" you asked, desperately wanting to talk about something.

"huh? oh, yeah. i somehow managed to get new years day off, but i work new years eve. morning shift, kinda sucks. papyrus works new years eve too, which he is not happy about." he said. "and don't worry, we're still going out new years eve. we both got the day after off though. you wanna do anything?"

"Yeah!" you said, "I was actually thinking about taking a snow day. You know, going and fucking around in the snow." Sans smiled at this.

"not really my thing, but papyrus would love that. he misses it a lot, you know? snowed all the time where we lived. hence our last name, i guess."

"Really? Snowdin? Wait. Your last name is a fucking pun?" Sans looked at you like the happiest skeleton on earth. You made a big show of groaning. "You're AWFUL, you know that?"

"well, we could have chosen a last name. none of the monsters had last names when they left. so either we were assigned them based on where we lived, or we could choose one. papyrus liked it, and of course i did." He signaled the bartender over, and talked to him enthusiastically for a second - you couldn't hear what he was saying.

"What'd you order?"

"you'll see. not tequila, don't worry." he said. A part of you was a little bummed, but you figured it was safer that way. "although that'll be later." he added with a smirk. "anyway, some monsters opted not to take a last name, had to apparently go through all kinds of legal channels. too much of a hassle. so sans snowdin it was."

"I like it. It has a nice ring to it." you said, smiling. "Better than 'Sans Mountaintop' or 'Sans Underground' or something."

"i'd say we had better names than that down there, but we really didn't." he said, chuckling. "our king was kinda lousy at naming stuff. did you know - get this - the hotlands were hot?"

"What? That's crazy! Next you'll be telling me there's water in a waterfall." you said, laughing. Sans looked at you for a second.

"actually -- yeah. that's the name of another one of our areas."

"You're kidding me."

"nope."
"Wow, he really was lousy at naming stuff. Did he just point at a city and go 'this is now named House' because it's the first thing he saw?"

"i wouldn't put it past him." he said, stifling a laugh. The bartender slid your drinks over, and Sans handed yours to you. "anyway, here you go. this is a classic."

"Classic what?" you smelled it. It smelt like someone had dumped in cleaning supplies, it was strong.

"classic monster drink. it's a doozy." he said, grinning. You shrugged, figuring what the hell.

"Alright, bottoms up I guess!" you said, taking a huge swig. The first gulp hit your nostrils with a strong burn, causing you to cough, but the taste actually wasn't too bad. You wiped your mouth.

"Good god, what's in it?"

"can't say, it's a secret." he said with a wink. You eyed your drink suspiciously, and shrugged. It didn't taste bad, but it definitely was one you needed to take slowly. Sans was already halfway through his. "so what's this snapchat thing?"

"Oh, it's a dumb app for your phone where you send people pictures - but they don't last. Kinda like a 'in the moment' thing. I think people originally used it for sexting." you said with a laugh. Sans raised a browbone.

"sexting? do i want to know?"

"Ehh, I'll explain that one later. But basically you take a picture, and send it to someone on your friend's list, and it only lasts for a few seconds, then it vanishes. Poof! Forever. It's just a fun way of sharing a moment without clogging your phone up with photos or videos." Sans looked at you. "Oh, gimme your phone, I'll show you."

Sans handed you his phone, and you went through and downloaded the app.

"What do you want your username to be?"

"i dunno, sans?"

"It's.. oddly taken."

"just think of one, then." You lazily put in 'sanstheskeleton' - because hey, creativity. Of course, it wasn't taken.

"Alright. So I'm gonna add you as a friend, and I'll put Jackie and Kyle in here - because you know them, might as well, right? And I'll show you how it works." You took a picture of yourself on your phone, and sent it to him. His notification went off, and he looked.

"ah. oh wait, it's gone." he said. "how do i pull it back up?"

"You don't, it's gone once you view it. I mean, you can take a screenshot I guess, but that's technically cheating, and it tells the person if you did. Oh, and you hold down for video." Sans was already screwing around with it, and he was filming you.

"heh, say hi."

"Uh, hi!"

"ok, so now i can send it to the people on my list? this one's you, right?"
"Yeah, and the other two are Jackie and Kyle. You can choose to send it to one of us, or some or all or whatever. You're technologically smart, you'll figure it out." Sans shrugged, and pocketed his phone.

"yeah, it's pretty cool. oh wait, it's going off already."

"Ehh, yeah, Jackie is kinda a snapchat whore." you said. "You might wanna turn notifications off." Your phone went off as well. You checked it - it was a picture of Jackie and Kyle giving you a thumbs up, and then one of Jackie waving hi.

"cool, i got a picture of her waving hi." he said. "this is neat, i like it. i'll have to tell my friends about it, assuming they don't already know about it."

"Oh yeah, your friends from back home? You said they were coming out soon, right?"

"yeah, undyne and alphys. undyne and papyrus go way back, alphys and i are pretty good buds." he said with a shrug. "we've been keeping in touch with them, told them that it's pretty good out here. apparently they're having some shit luck in their town." You frowned.

"That sucks. Are they skeletons, like you guys?"

"nah, as far as i know paps and i are it. here, i'll show you a picture." Out came the phone again, and he scrolled through some pictures - and then handed it to you. "the one on the left is undyne, the one on the right is alphys." You tried not to gawk - seeing a skeleton was enough to take in, but Undyne was a living swamp fish-woman with flaming red hair, and Alphys was a... dinosaur? Lizard?

"Cool." you said. "You guys definitely have a lot of different species down there, huh?" Sans nodded. "Remind me to ask you about monster reproduction someday." Sans practically choked on his drink as you said this. "You ok there, pal?"

"yeah, fine." he said, wiping his mouth with his sleeve. His face was a light blue. You giggled.

"You're cute." you said out of the blue. "I'll keep you."

"wow, thanks, what an honour." he said, trying to be sarcastic. But he was smiling.

The two of you continued your night, sharing various stories and having a general good time. The jazz band was surprisingly good, and Sans seemed to enjoy it quite a bit. Considering your last few outings with booze, this one was going extremely well, and you were happy for it - and you figured it may have had something to do with the company. Sans continued to order drinks throughout the night, sneaking in a tequila shot here and there, but was carefully spacing everything out so neither of you got trashed. But you were definitely drunk. Not bad-drunk, but that "everything is wonderful, I need to hug everyone, why is it so hot in here clothes are terrible" kind of drunk.

But more importantly, Sans was letting loose. His usually guarded demeanor when he was out was slipping away, and he was chatting with people around him casually. You smiled, not caring that he wasn't talking to you at the moment - he had apparently made friends with the couple next to him. The positive environment and alcohol made people accepting of him being a skeleton apparently, which pleased you greatly. But you heard people say that they recognized him from the Fast n' Fresh, or they'd seen him walking on the street - and so some people were just randomly introducing themselves to him, emboldened by the beer in their system. You had never been so thrilled. You had experienced people be blatantly rude to you guys in public before, even thrown a full soda at some guy's passing car as he yelled something out at the two of you as he said something hateful - but this? This was amazing. You wondered if it was the holiday spirit at work, bringing people together. Sans
was busy showing people how marvelous Snapchat was, and was sending his massive list of three
snapchats by the dozens.

He was taking a selfie for kicks, when he noticed behind him you drinking your drink, looking up at
the rows of bottles on the shelf. You looked happy, serene even. You had tucked your hair behind
one ear, and your skin was flush from the alcohol in your system, giving you a rosy complexion. He
took a picture, sent it to two people on his list, and turned to face you.

"Sorry about that, got carried away."

"You kidding me? I'm having a great time." you said with a sincere smile. You placed your hand on
top of his, sliding it slowly to his wrist and leaving it there. "I always have a great time with you."

"Same. Y'know, I've never really met anyone quite like you." he said, his voice growing a little
quieter. It was hard to hear him in all the din around you - so you leaned in to hear him better.

"Like me? What do you mean?" you said, "Someone who curses like a sailor, has horrible fashion
sense and eats like a human trash compactor?" You squeezed his wrist and gave a laugh.

"No, not at all. I actually know quite a few people with those qualities." he said with a chuckle. His
hand flipped, suddenly gently gripping onto your wrist. "No, you're you. Unique. Amazing. Beautiful." he
breathed, and suddenly the space between you seemed non-existant. Your heart felt like it was in
your throat once again, your chest tightening. His other hand raised to brush your arm, and it sent
shivers down your spine. His face came in close, and all you could see were the pinpricks of light,
sitting in hollow sockets. This might have scared you once, but now it's something you thought you
would be happy looking into forever. His eyes closed, and his forehead gently touched against yours
- you smiled, and closed your eyes as well, taking in the moment.

You stayed like that for a minute, and then slowly parted, the two of you searching each others eyes
for a second. You both had your respective blushes, one red, one blue, speckled across your faces.

"What a pair we make." you said, laughing a little.

"Tell me about it. Some crazy mismatched socks going on here."

"Just how I like 'em." you said, swirling your glass of... whatever it was you had in there. You took a
swig. It was strong. You liked it.

"So, what's that sexting thing you were talking about earlier?" he said, sipping his drink innocently.
You glanced at him.

"It's when uh.. well. Hrm." you started, trying to figure out how to explain it. Sans laughed.

"You're cute when you're flustered, y'know that?" he said, the tables turning. You narrowed your
eyes at him.

"One sec." you said. You turned in your seat away from him, smashed your boobs together and
placed a finger to your lip suggestively, and took a picture. And then you sent it to him. He was
trying to see what you were doing, when his phone buzzed.

"Did you just text me? It says it's from you."

"Open it." you said, smirking. He did, and you relished in watching his face dust with blue again.

"Oh."
"Sexting 101." you said with a laugh. "It's eh, basically two people riling each other up via phone. That's tame, though. Pictures and texts can get pretty naughty, if you know what I'm sayin'." He swallowed hard.

"yeah." He not so discreetly saved the picture you sent. You giggled.

"Geez Sans, if you wanted pictures, you just had to ask." you said, the alcohol in your system definitely emboldening you.

"oh really?" he said, his browbone raising. "so what you're sayin' is.. i just have to ask nicely.. and i get what i want?" You began slowly learning in towards him, your lips coming close in towards wherever his ears should have been. You had no idea how he heard. You didn't care.

"I'd prefer it if you just told me, personally. I'm a little straightforward like that." Your fingertips trailed down his back, and you felt him go rigid. "Sometimes I like being told what to do."

"do you now?" he said, his voice turning into a low growl. You immediately felt a heat pooling in the pit of your stomach when you heard that. Your mind raced, almost panicking. You were good at playing this game, but was there going to be a winner?

"Yeah. I'll be right back. One second. Ladies room." you said, and you excused yourself. You went into a stall and put the lid down, sitting on the toilet, fanning yourself. Alright hormones, calm it a little. You might be getting brave, but maybe too brave. Your phone buzzed.

s: don't think i got a handle on this whole 'sexting' thing
s: mind giving me another example?

Oh FUCK. That was it. That was a come on. You could deny everything else from here to the moon, but there was zero denying those two texts and their meaning. You felt a warmth between your legs, and you toyed with the idea of sending another picture -- but no. You were in a bathroom right now, let's be a little classier. You went to the sink, composed yourself a little and headed back out. You headed back to Sans and sat next to him, fully intending to continue down this path when suddenly --

"Gross." said a voice to your right. Your head turned to see some girls looking at the two of you. "Seriously? In the open? Fucking disgusting."

Sans surprised you by not saying anything - he instead turned and faced the bar, putting elbows up onto it and sinking his head onto his arms. Why wasn't he saying anything? One of the guys in the group piped up.

"Can't get a guy, princess? Gotta fuck a monster?" he said, laughing. It sounded like a pig being butchered to you. Some of the people who made friends with Sans earlier were shooting them dirty looks, but they didn't say anything. Why weren't they saying anything? Say something! The girl sneered. "Piss off." you said, your emotions turning almost immediately into anger. "Mind your own goddamned business."

"We're trying to." shot one of the girls, "But you're ruining the atmosphere here. This is a nice place, don't stink it up with your monster loving antics." She sneered. Fine. You were a monster lover, then.
"Oh, what a shame. Well, I guess I'll just go home then with my monster here," you said, grabbing Sans' arm off the bar counter, surprising him. "And then I'll fuck his goddamned brains out. You know, the brains none of you basic ass bitches have. And maybe when Mr. Peadick over there," you said, gesturing to the guy who was with them, "fails to satisfy you for the 800th time, you'll go, 'man, I wonder if that girl who's fucking that skeleton is satisfied.' And let me tell you. Yeah. I am. Every. Single. Night."

Sans's face was the deepest blue you had ever seen it, but you didn't even care. "uh."

"C'mon Sans, we're GOING. And we're going to go fuck like rabbits, and these assholes can't do anything about it." you said, yanking him off his stool and storming off. The girls looked flabbergasted, not knowing how to respond. The guy on the other hand was just grinning, as if to say 'ok, that's kinda kinky, I can dig it'.

You were too heated to throw your coat on, and exited into the freezing cold, relishing how it was cooling you down. You rounded the side of the building, pressing your back against the wall. Sans hurried to catch up to you, still trying to recover from the scene. "what the hell was that??"

"Shit, I'm sorry Sans. They were being so fucking rude and I just... god, I hope you didn't embarrass you." You looked at him in a boozy haze, hoping you didn't fuck everything up. Suddenly, his hand was next to your head on the wall, and he was leaning into you, inches away from your face.

"i hope you meant what you said." he said with a grin, his eyes flashing dangerously. Your held your breath for a second. And then you smirked, trailing your fingers up his back.

"Every word." you said, exhaling noisily. Sans's head immediately went for your neck, his teeth grazing it as his words came out hot on your skin.

"you sure about that?" he asked, and you felt a nibble at your ear.

"God. Yes." you moaned slightly, slowly dragging your right leg up his side. He pressed into you, and you acutely felt how rigid and sharp he could be - but then suddenly you felt a hardness against you that was different, new. Oh. Oh yes. Without thinking about it, your hand shot down and gripped at this exciting discovery. Sans groaned as your fingers slid down the outline of his length.

"uh, maybe we should go. not here. out of here. somewhere not here." Sans said, and you nodded, your head nuzzling into his neck.

"Cab. Get us a cab." you said, as your tongue experimentally licked at his neck. It was a little chalky, but not unpleasant. It tasted mildly of charcoal and salt, but something else you couldn't identify. As you did this, his left hand dug into your ass, pushing himself up against you in response.

"uh, maybe we should go. not here. out of here. somewhere not here." Sans said, and you nodded, your head nuzzling into his neck.

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"yes. a cab. getting us a cab." He threw up his hood, pulling himself away from you and hailed a cab in record time. Your body was positively on fire right now, and you got into the car with utmost haste. The driver looked at the two of you, and you hurriedly gave the address. It was no sooner than the car took off than you felt a hand sliding onto your thigh, causing you to take a sharp intake of breath. You held in a whimper that wanted to escape, and your eyes darted from his face, to the now suddenly apparent bulge in his pants. Jesus christ, you had wasted so much time! His hand moved closer towards your center, and you knew he could feel your heat - it was practically rippling off of you. You looked up front to make sure the driver wasn't looking, and you took your own hand, crossing his leg like it was a spider, then traced the delicious shape his pants were making with your fingertips. Sans shuddered under your touch, and you began breathing a little harder than you meant to. The ride seemed excruciatingly slow as you both slowly dragged your fingers across one another, almost daring the other to make it worse.
The cab *finally* got to your place. "It'll be $22.60" he said. You slapped two twenties in his hand.

"Keep the change, thanks, bye!" you said, as you exited the cab with lightning speed. The ground spun as you exited the car, and you realized that you were still ridiculously drunk. Sans was there though, grabbing your arm to make sure you didn't lose your balance. You grinned at him, and the two of you laughed like teenagers, making your way up the stairs.

"My place." you said, fumbling with your keys. "Definitely my place." The door swung open, and you tumbled onto the ground by accident. You didn't even care, he could take you in the *doorway* at this point. You just knew you needed him. *Badly.* You laughed from the floor, thinking it all very funny.

Sans's expression had changed, though. He helped you up, wobbly himself, and you began kissing at his jawline. His breathing was heavy, but restrained. You could tell he was struggling with something.

"What's wrong?" you asked, backing off of him.

"this." he said, gesturing to the two of you. Your eyes widened in horror, and you took a step back. You suddenly felt sick. He watched your body language shift and blinked. "no! no no. no. not what i meant. what i meant was.. jeez.." he said, smacking a hand to his head, clearly frustrated. "god. you don't get it. _____, i want this. i want this *so bad.*" he said.

"Then why don't you come get it?" you said, trying to sound confident, but the wind had been knocked out of your sails. Sans cupped your cheek gently.

"I will. eventually. if you want. but not when we're like this. i don't want y'to wake up in bed with a skeleton and a head fulla regrets, y'know?" he said sloppily. Your cheeks started to burn. Were you being rejected?

"Yeah. Regrets." you said coldly. Sans blinked. This was not what he had meant, and he was having trouble articulating it. "Thanks for seeing me home, it was fun."

"____, hey..." Sans said, but you were turning away. You didn't want him to see the hate scrawled across your face.

"Think you left your card back at the bar. Let me know if they charged you extra gratuity - they do that sometimes. I'll pay you back." you said, your voice clipped. Sans reached out to grab your shoulder, but before he could, you spoke up. "Good NIGHT Sans."

His hand fell away. "goodnight, ____." He left behind you silently, but you still heard the door lock behind you.

And then you screamed in frustration. You kicked a chair, hurting your foot and stumbled, the world tilting way too much for you.

And then you puked. Everywhere. Oh god, maybe it was a good thing Sans left. You barely managed to get to the bathroom to clean yourself up, and you slept on the rug in there.

You dreamt of a biker gang chasing you in the desert. Jackie was throwing explosives at them made out of kitchen appliances. Suddenly a giant door opened out of nowhere, throwing you all into the frozen tundra. A penguin crowned you empress of their kind.
You woke up the next morning reeking of regurgitated hamburger and a lot of mixed drinks. You grabbed your head, groaning. Good god, it was going to be one of those kinds of hangovers. You stumbled into the shower and rinsed off whatever was sticking to you, cursing your life. You’d never drink again, you were done. You’d take yourself off the Borderline Alcoholics buddy list.

Your head shot up all of a sudden. Sans. Fuck. You were a drunken bitch to him last night. You raked conditioner through your hair, groaning. He was trying to be a gentleman, and you took it for flat-out rejection. It might have been, you surmised, but either way he tried to do it kindly. You needed to have a talk with him, and your head was already hurting from the hangover, thinking about profusely apologizing hurt even more. You got out of the shower, wrapping a towel around you and immediately went to your phone. You had a LOT of text messages.

j: So how was last night?
j: I’m guessing by your silence it was good. I WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT!

--

p: COULD YOU PLEASE COME OVER WHEN YOU ARE FREE? I WISH TO SPEAK WITH YOU.

--

s: i’m sorry
s: i’m really sorry
s: i’m a real fuckup

Your heart broke at those last three texts. You immediately went to texting everyone back.

y/j: I’ll tell you about it later. Could have gone better.
y: I need to cut back on my drinking. Not joking.

--

y/p: Yeah, I can come over in 10 minutes, just drying my hair.

--

y/s: You are NOT a fuck up. I’ll talk to you in a little bit, ok?
y: I was a total bitch last night. This isn’t on you.

You dried off, throwing on some comfortable clothes and tossed your hair into a messy bun. Crossing over to the skelebros house, you rapped on the door with your knuckles sharply. You waited a minute, and Papyrus answered the door.

"GOOD MORNING _____. YOU DON’T LOOK SO WELL."

"I've had better nights." you said, giving a glum smile. Papyrus sighed.
"COME IN, LET US TALK." You went inside, wondering what on earth Papyrus had to talk to you about. You were guessing it had something to do with Sans. He sat with you on the couch, and then turned to you, his face stern. "_____, I NEED TO ASK YOU SOMETHING."

"Yeah? What's up?" you said, trying not to allow your face to look bewildered.

"WHAT ARE YOUR INTENTIONS WITH MY BROTHER?" he asked. You blinked twice. He waited, his expression not changing. You had never seen Papyrus so serious.

"Intentions?"

"YES. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS. SO WHAT ARE THEY?" You looked at him, and stammered for a moment.

"Papyrus, I... I don't know. What do you want me to say?" You said, raking your hand through your hair. Papyrus frowned.

"I WANT YOU TO TELL ME THAT YOU AREN'T GOING TO HURT HIM." You looked surprised.

"No! No, not at all. Papyrus, I don't know what I'm doing. Your brother... I care about him. A lot. But I just don't know what I'm doing." you admitted, your frustration spilling out. "I mean, look at us! I don't mean to sound like the world's biggest asshole, but hey! I'm a human. He's a monster. It's not exactly status quo."

"YOU'RE CORRECT IN THAT, IT'S NOT STATUS QUO." he said, watching you as you deflated. "IS THAT WHAT BOTHERS YOU? THAT HE'S A MONSTER?"

"What? No! It doesn't bother me. I don't know how it works. Him being a monster is the furthest thing from my mind when I'm with him. I just see him. Sans. And so I act like he's one of us, a human. And that's where I get confused. Is that the right thing to do? I don't know!"

Papyrus's face took on a softer look, it was no longer so stern.

"MAYBE YOU SHOULD NOT WORRY ABOUT IT. SANS IS HAPPIEST WHEN HE IS WITH YOU, AND YOU SEEM HAPPY WHEN YOU'RE WITH HIM. ISN'T THAT ENOUGH?" he asked. You sighed, your head sinking into your hands.

"Yeah, maybe you're right. I just get too wrapped up in it. He makes me incredibly happy." you said, smiling up at him. Suddenly, Papyrus's face was inches away from your face, a scowl carved into it.

"SO EXPLAIN TO ME WHY YOU MADE SANS SAD LAST NIGHT THEN." he said, his voice practically dripping with venom. A chill ran down your spine, you had never seen Papyrus like this, ever.

"S-sad? Oh god, Papyrus, it was all a stupid misunderstanding. I was going to apologize to him after I talked to you, I feel terrible for what happened. None of it was his fault, he was trying to be nice, and my dumb drunk ass didn't recognize it."

"MAYBE YOU BOTH SHOULD STOP DRINKING YOUR RIDICULOUS FERMENTED SPIRITS." he said, his tone still low. "IT SEEMS TO BRING YOU NOTHING BUT ANGUISH."

"I'm not going to argue with you." you said. "I'm laying off for a while. A long while."
"THAT'S A GOOD PLAN." he said, lifting a browbone. He moved away from you, his arms crossed. "IF YOU WISH TO APOLOGIZE TO SANS, I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS. HE WAS GONE THIS MORNING."

"Gone? What do you mean gone?"

"GONE AS IN I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS." Papyrus repeated, looking irritated. This was a side you'd never seen of him. "I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU WOULD SIMPLY FIND HIM AND EXPRESS YOUR FEELINGS SO HE'LL COME HOME."

"Yeah, I will. I'm sorry Papyrus. I really am. I'm such an ass."

"I'D SAY I AGREE, BUT THAT WOULD BE A LIE." Papyrus said, his anger slowly dissipating. "_____, YOU ARE IMPORTANT TO ME AS WELL. NOT IN THE SAME WAY, BUT IN THE MANNER OF THE POWER OF FRIENDSHIP. PLEASE..." he said, and he suddenly hugged you. "PLEASE BE KIND TO MY BROTHER."

"Oh Papyrus..." you said, hugging him back. "Papyrus, of course I will. I'd never intentionally hurt Sans. Ever. I'm sorry that it got so bad you felt you even needed to talk to me."

"WELL... IT'S WHAT BROTHERS DO." he said, rubbing his arm. "NOW GO FIND HIM, AND WE CAN HAVE SPAGHETTI WHEN HE COMES BACK!" The volume returned to his voice. You gave a weak smile.

"Sure thing. I'll give him a call."

"THANK YOU! PLEASE LET ME KNOW IF HE'S ALRIGHT." You hugged Papyrus in way of apology again, and headed out the door. You went back into your house, and grabbed your phone off the charger. You dialed up Sans. He picked up almost immediately.

"hey." he said.

"Hey!" you said. "Where you at?"

"out. why, what's up?"

"Hey, look. I just wanted to talk. Can we meet up? Or can you come over? Whichever, I just want to talk to you."

"i'll come over. i'll be there in a minute." He hung up. You frowned, until you heard a tapping on your door. You opened it quickly.

"hey." he said. "took a shortcut."

"Oh Sans." you said, and you pulled him into a hug. You didn't care if he wanted it, you needed to give him one. "I'm so fucking sorry. I'm so, so goddamned sorry." He leaned into your hug, and heaved a sigh.

"i thought..."

"Shut up. Don't worry about it. You were doing the right thing. You were being a good person. You were being an amazing friend." You squeezed him a little tighter as you said this. "Sans, I was drunk off my ass. I took that whole thing just.. all kinds of wrong. I treated you badly, and I'm sorry." The two of you separated, and he stood in your doorway, looking a little awkward. "Look, do you want to come in?"
"nah, i'm actually fighting off a pretty nasty hangover." he said, rubbing his skull. "but thanks. and thanks for talking to me." He started to turn, when you grabbed the hood of his jacket.

"Sans. Wait a sec. Look." you said, fidgeting. He stopped, waiting patiently. Now or never. "I care about you. A lot. And I'm gonna stop dancing around that. I'm terrified of fucking up whatever it is we have going on. Having you around is more important than whatever it is I want to do." Sans stood there for a moment, and nodded at you.

"you know i feel the same way, right?"

"Well then shit, we're just stupid as all get out, aren't we?" you said, giving a small laugh.

"pretty much." he said, chuckling. The two of you stood there awkwardly.

"We'll figure it out. But in the meantime..." you kissed the top of his skull. "...why don't you go sleep off that hangover? Gotta be ready for tomorrow, yeah?" He smiled at you.

"yeah, looking forward to it." he said.

"And I am NOT drinking." you said, your eyes wide. "I had to clean up so much puke last night."

"and suddenly, i have zero regrets about going home alone last night." he said. You looked embarrassed. "kinda."

"I've had better moments. Anyway, you go take some aspirin and lay down or something, and feel better alright?" you gave him a playful shove off your doorway.

"alright alright. see you tomorrow. what time, by the way?"

"We're getting picked up around 7pm for dinner, so make sure you're ready to go by then. And dress nice!"

"ugh, fine." he said, rolling his eyes. You smiled.

"Later, Sans."

"later." He turned and went into his apartment.

You shut the door, and you felt a little lighter. Even though you admitting that to Sans didn't go as you planned it - you had imagined more cherry blossoms floating in the wind, violins playing in the background, crowds cheering - it was like a weight had been lifted. You were on the same page now, at least. Both of you had absolutely no clue what you were doing, and seemingly were struggling with that. That was something you could work with. It was relieving to know that he felt the same way, however.

This eliminated a lot of doubt that had been plaguing you, and there was zero denying that there was a level attraction between the two of you. It was a good feeling, and you wondered why you didn't just talk to him sooner. Because it would have been too easy, duh. You rolled your eyes at yourself, and went to go watch some TV. You were already planning tomorrow night's outfit mentally, and were already excited about going out. Your phone buzzed, and you checked it.

**p: THANK YOU, SANS IS HUMMING A TUNE RIGHT NOW!**
p: HE IS IN A MUCH BETTER MOOD. I'M GLAD YOU FIXED THINGS. I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO TOMORROW!
y: Me too! We'll have a ton of fun. Make sure your brother dresses appropriately!
p: I WILL, WORRY NOT! I HAVE EXCELLENT FASHION SENSE.
y: Much better than his fashion Sans.
p: PLEASE DO NOT TELL BAD JOKES THROUGH THE PHONE, I KNOW HOW TO BLOCK NUMBERS.

You laughed. Poor, poor Papyrus. Your phone buzzed again, suddenly.

s: really? you told paps to dress me?
s: who do i tell to dress you?
y: I'm capable of dressing myself, dork. You're questionably fashionable.
s: well whatever you wear, make sure it's easy to take off

Whoa. Holy shit. You felt a wave of heat run it's course through you from your head to your toes. Ok, maybe that talk went better than you expected.

y: Oh yeah? Why's that?
s: reasons
y: They better be good ones.
s: i'll make them good ones, don't worry
s: ;)

Did he just send you a fucking WINKING text? Oh, this motherfucker picked up on this shit quick. You fanned yourself with your hand, wondering how far you should take it. You resolved yourself, just one more text...

y: How about a repeat of the onesie?
s: you're gonna wear the onesie out?
y: No, I'm not going to wear anything underneath.

You didn't get a text back right away, and you smirked. You could see his dumb blue face right now, glad you had given him that mental image. You went into your bedroom, opening your closet - time to change up the wardrobe plan. While you would have loved to be brave enough to go commando, you weren't that naughty. But your work was already done, the mental image was already in his head, so you were going to give him quite the visual to work with. You usually went all out for New Years anyway, so no one would turn a head at it. Your phone buzzed again.
s: you have no clue what you do to me, do you?
y: I have some idea. See you tomorrow. :)

You snickered, and set your phone down. You took some time, planning out your outfit - and yes. You felt like this was going to be hot as hell, and you grinned. You could not wait for tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

So this wound up being shorter than I intended it on being, and I had to delete entire segments and move a bunch of shit around... good lord. ANYWAY. While I just wanted them to snap into a slim jim after the bar, I felt that Sans would be the kind of person to not take advantage of the reader while they're drunk - even if it was consensual. Just in case. So don't hate me for teasing, because I teased my damn self!
Let's just be honest guys.
Next chapter is gonna be a hot, hot mess. Baby's first smut. BUT IT'S FINALLY HAPPENING.
BRACE YOURSELVES.
Chapter Summary

SMUT. PURE SMUT.

Chapter Notes

This is literally the first and only smut I've ever written, so be kind! D:

edit: OMG, someone gave me fanart???? from the previous chapter, AUGH I LOVE IT.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was the night of New Years Eve, and you were extremely amped up. Jackie had come over to your house early to get ready with you (Kyle was meeting the two of you there) and you recapped the events of the previous two days. And as best friends, you of course spared no details.

"So wait," she said, putting the 800th bobby pin in her hair, "You definitely FELT something, right?"

"Oh, it felt like a dick. And uh, a big one too." you said, your face tinting red. God damnit, you were trying to apply blush right now, this wasn't helping.

"How does that even work? Is he normal from the pants down or something? Oh god.. I just envisioned him with this gigantic flopping human dong." You couldn't help but crack up.

"That's awful! No, I've seen his legs before - he wears those shorts all the time, remember? And I've sat in his lap before..."

"You've sat in his lap before? You sly dog, you didn't tell me about that." she said, putting a little bit of hairspray into her hair. "Maybe it's..." she snorted a giggle. "Maaaaagic?"

"Fuck me, that's the running gag of my life right now. Probably! It probably is. He has a gigantic magical dick, and it's going to shoot rainbows out at me. Or lasers." you said, finishing applying your blush. "It even sings showtunes."

"That's a snapchat I can do without." Jackie said, bumping you over with her hip so she could get some counter space. "Although... oh! Oh! I didn't tell you about his snapchat! Shit, one second!"

Jackie ran out of the bathroom to rifle through her purse. You turned, interested.

"Wait, please don't tell me he sent you a picture of laser dicks or something."

"No! No, look..." she said, pulling her phone out and opening up her gallery. "Since you two aren't being sissies about this anymore, I'm totally showing you this." She held it up, and she had been a horrible cheat, and screenshotsed a snapchat he sent. It was one of you at the bar, looking up at something, smiling at nothing. He had written "she's so beautiful" over it. You slapped a hand to
your face, and felt yourself blushing grinning and blushing like mad. "I got this at 1 in the morning and I wanted to puke rainbows."

"Oh my god," you said, snatching it out her hands. You stared at the phone, and you couldn't stop smiling. "We're so stupid. We're so, so stupid Jackie."

"I told you. Do you ever listen to me? No. You could have had this solved like, a month or two ago."

"Shut up!" you said, giving her her phone back, and heading back into the bathroom to finish your makeup. "A month or two ago I was still having adjustments to the fact that he's just made of bones and magical juju."

"Girl, I saw your outfit. You're making a whole different kind of adjustment now."

"Oh, it's gonna be a fun night tonight." you said, and you thrusted your hips lewdly. Jackie laughed. "I hope, anyway."

"Please. He can hardly keep his eyes off you, and now that he knows he can put his hands on that? You're fucked."

"Aaaand that's the plan." you said, carefully applying your eyeliner. Jackie giggled.

"I'm gonna be watching you to make sure you don't chicken out on this."

"That's creepy as fuck." you said, fucking up the wing tip. You wiped it clean and started again. "Am I going to be making out with him in a corner, and you're just hiding there in a bush, rubbing your hands together watching us going 'yessss, yessss'?"

"Yup."

"Ugh." you said, rolling your eyes. "No, what you can do is keep an eye out for that fucking trashknuckle that got invited."

"Who, Will?" she replied, as she finished fixing her hair. "I'll set him on fire if he gets near you."

"I like it, it's a good plan. Totally legal. I still can't believe Eric invited him."

"He didn't know. You're the one who didn't want to tell anyone." You shrugged at this.

"Well.. yeah. I might hate his guts right now, but I don't want to ruin his life."

"You're a bigger person than me. I'd be slashing his tires or something right now if I were you."

"Who says I haven't?" you said, grinning. She looked at you to make sure you were joking, then chuckled.

"You'd have sent me pictures."

"Yeah, I would have." you responded, finishing your makeup. "Alright, time to put on the dress. Hurry up, we have 20 minutes." You went into the bedroom and stripped down, grabbing your ensemble. "Jackie, lace, see-through, or string?"


"Alright, fair enough. Let's put this puppy on." You practically painted on your black dress, it was
ridiculously skin-tight. But the kicker about it was the design on it - it had an almost shamefully low V cut to the neck, that extended to the back - which then opened up into a skeletal pattern on the backside of the dress in a white delicate lace. The pattern resembled a vertebrae, albeit with lacing holding it onto the open portions of the dress. For an extra bit, you put on thigh highs that complimented the lace pattern quite nicely. All in all, you felt like a total sex bomb wearing this thing. You came out of the bedroom, and Jackie whistled low.

"Damn girl. You'll be lucky if we make it to the club." she said. "That dress is short as fuck though."

"Yeah, I'll probably be doing the club girl dance all night." you said, imitating the shimmying of pulling the dress down to cover yourself. "Totally worth it, though. I saw your dress though, so you can't judge."

"Hey, I already hooked me a man! I just keep him interested." she said, smirking. Jackie's dress was almost as provocative as yours, her top more of a scoop cut across her chest, with quarter-sleeves. It was short, but not as short as yours. But she was wearing her spiked heels with it, and you knew that drove Kyle wild.

"And you do a damned fine job with it, bestie." you said, already wiggling to keep the dress in place. You went into the bathroom as she went into your bedroom to change, and you applied your lipstick. Alright, you were going to do this. You were going to look hot as hell, and you were going to have fun, and you were going to finally do this. You started getting excited, your stomach tying itself into little knots. You kept repeating to yourself mentally just to be yourself, not some sort of desperate tryhard... although your outfit kind of already did that for you.

Jackie came out, doing a sexy little wiggle for you. "Ta da!" she said. "What do you think?"

"I think if Kyle doesn't propose to you soon, I will." you said, grinning. Jackie laughed. The two of you sat on the couch and chatted idly, and about 5 minutes 'till 7 there was a knock on your door. Your eyes lit up, and Jackie gave you a sly smile, nodding to you to get the door. You walked to the door, took a breath, and opened it.

"Well, hell-oooooo Papyrus." you said, correcting your stance. Papyrus stood in front of you, looking dapper as all get out. He had on an incredibly handsome tweed suit in a light grey, complete with a red tie at his throat. You grinned. "You look amazing!" you said. Papyrus looked at you, and his face started turning orange. Well, that was both good and bad.

"YOU LOOK... GOOD AS WELL." He said. "ARE YOU LADIES READY FOR A NIGHT OF CAROUSING?"

"Hell yeah!" said Jackie from behind you. "Where's Sans at?"


"Probably. Well, tell him to hurry his butt up." Papyrus nodded, poking his head into his doorframe and yelling.

"SANS! HURRY UP! OUR RIDE SHALL BE HERE AT ANY MOMENT!" Papyrus looked at Jackie, and bowed to her with an unusual grace, then extended his arm to her. "SHALL WE?"

"Oh Great Papyrus, of course!" she said, giggling and taking his arm, then looked at you. "We'll see you two downstairs." You shrugged with a smile, and the two of them headed down the staircase,
chatting excitedly about the restaurant you were going to.

You were leaning against the wall outside your landing, waiting, when he opened the door.

"he-- whoa. hey." he said, his eyes taking you in. You grinned.

"Hey there. Damn, you clean up nice." you said. You weren't lying, he wasn't wearing a full suit like Papyrus, but instead opted for a gorgeous blue button up shirt with a charcoal blazer, and matching dress pants. His shoes were thankfully tied. He was still looking at you, his eyes flickering up and down your body. You smirked. "Hey buddy, eyes are up here."

"huh? oh. yeah. sorry. you look... amazing. really amazing." he said. You could tell his brain was running at top speed right now, trying to figure out if your texts last night were still applicable.

"Thanks. Ready to go? Ride should be here." you said. He nodded, his jaw seemingly wired shut. You headed down the stairs first, and as he saw the back of your dress you heard a sharp intake of breath. Perfect. You shot him a look over your shoulder, and continued downstairs.

"you're killin' me..." he mumbled, following after you.

Jackie and Papyrus were on the curb, waiting for the ride to show up. Eric was coming in a limo to pick everyone up in, because 'it was simpler' he said. Personally, you thought he was a bit of a show off, but you had only ridden in a limo once, so you were a little excited. After a few minutes of standing around, Sans being awkwardly quiet, the limo finally showed up, and the four of you piled in. You apparently were the last stop, as everyone else was already inside. Everyone greeted each other warmly, and polite introductions of Sans and Papyrus were made.

You felt an arm slip around your back, and you realized it was Sans. You smiled, and leaned into him a little. Jackie started whapping Papyrus's leg, trying to covertly nod towards you two (she wasn't that good at it) and Papyrus had a huge grin on his face.

Two of the guests in the limo you weren't super familiar with stared at the two of you sort of rudely, but you ignored it.

The ride to the restaurant was ridiculously short, however you figured it was a good way to round everyone up. You all got out, and headed inside. Luckily, one of you (you weren't sure who) made reservations almost 3 weeks prior, so you didn't even have to wait. You were seated at your table, and Jackie was looking around.

"Kyle's running late, ugh. Traffic, of course."

"Why did that idiot drive?" you said, frowning.

"He didn't, he took a cab! But you know how it is." she said with a shrug. You nodded.

Everyone chatted before ordering, catching up on the day to day and whatnot. You overheard Allison talking about the VIP booth you guys were getting, and you were getting extremely excited about it. Dance clubs were great, but it sucked when you wanted to finally sit down. Now you guys had your own space you could retreat to for the evening, when needed. You had a feeling you'd have to pry Sans out of it for most of the night, to get his lazy ass dancing.

Kyle finally showed up, 20 minutes later right as appetizers were arriving. His mouth practically dropped when he saw Jackie, and had you switch chairs so he could sit next to her. This put you next to Papyrus, and across from Sans, who was trying desperately not to look at you.
You felt your purse buzzing, and you realized you were getting a text. You opened it up and looked at it, and blinked.

s: that dress isn't fair

You made a show of putting your phone back into your purse and zipping it shut, and then you leaned onto your elbows, propping your chin in your hands, giving Sans far too nice of a view of the front side of your dress. You raised a single eyebrow, and the corners of your lips turned up as you watched a small beat of sweat form on his skull. Alright, so it seemed he was definitely interested in the same bits human males were.

You wondered how lewd you could be at a dinner table full of people, but decided not to test the waters. As hot and bothered as you were slowly getting yourself, you didn't want to make your friends suffer through that for the entire night, much less while they were trying to eat. You gave him a wink, which he just smiled tersely at.

Papyrus and Kyle chatted enthusiastically though the meal, critiquing the food excessively ('You could cook better!' - 'I KNOW, BUT THEY DID WELL!') while Jackie caught up with Allison and Eric. You were at the end of the table, just wondering how long it could possibly take for everyone to eat, you wanted to get out of there and into the club - all this sitting was killing you at the minute.

Finally, everyone had finished, and began their short trek to the club. As everyone exited, you felt a smooth hand on the small of your back.

"S'up." you said to Sans, smiling at him. He was looking at you, and his face seemed strained.

"you're playing a mean game tonight, aren't you?" he asked, his tone low, almost gravelly. That was new.

"You aren't having fun?" you asked, adding a little pout to your lip. "I can stop, if you want."

"nah, i'm just warning you now. i'm a sore loser." he said. You felt his hand drifting lower, and you quirked a brow at him.

"Sounds like you should try winning then. Just a thought. Can you hold my purse real quick?" you said, handing it to him. He held it, and you made a small show of adjusting your thigh high - which he had not, until that very moment, realized that's all they were. You watched his breathing pick up slightly, and then took your purse. "Thanks, you're a peach."

"game on." he said, seemingly shrugging it off, but you could tell he was sweating on the inside. His face took his usual lazy grin. "shall we?"

"Let's." you said, and you placed your arm through his, and you followed after the rest of the group.

The club was packed, as to be expected. The Voodoo Lounge was a decent-sized club, with two stories on the top floor of one of the nicer hotels in the city. The interior was draped in rich fabrics, mostly purple and reds, and the lighting was the exact setting of 'low' without making it impossible to see. Your group made their way to their VIP seating, and surveyed the area.

"I am SO ready to get dancing." said Jackie, looking at you with excitement. Although you were
having a blast teasing Sans, you admittedly were looking forward to dancing as well.

"I figure the plan is to all hang out for a little bit, and then split up like we usually do?" you said, looking to the other people in your party. Jackie shrugged.

"Yeah, probably. Just watch for the stragglers, per usual."

"Not me this year!" said Kyle enthusiastically. Last year, Jackie hadn't been able to make it out, and Kyle had to practically crawl his way out from the party you all went to. He managed to lose his house key, and you had to have him stay with you for the night.

"No, good job Kyle! Not you!" you said, patting him on the head like a dog. He rolled his eyes a little, but smiled still. Sans and Papyrus were in the corner, discussing something that looked fairly serious, so you decided to leave it alone.

"So I know you said no drinking tonight, but that's sacrilegious. You have to at least have a martini with me." Jackie said, nudging you in the shoulder.

"Yeah, one or two's fine, tops. I plan on staying pretty much sober tonight." you said. You didn't want another repeat of before. You watched Sans's eyes flit towards you in the near-darkness, and you suddenly felt very exposed. In an odd way, you liked it.

"Fair enough. Alright, you ready to hit the dance floor friend?" she said, getting up and straightening out her dress.

"Fuck yeah, let's go! You coming Kyle?" Kyle shook his head.

"No, I'm gonna stay up here for a little bit. I'll watch though." He gave a saucy wink to Jackie. "Trust me, I'll watch." Jackie gave him a sweet smile, and you made fake gagging noises - you grabbed her wrist and dragged her with you.

The music was what you needed at the moment, and you and Jackie absolutely were tearing it up on the floor. Every now and again you'd feel this heavy feeling, like you were being watched - which you knew you were. But it felt strange, predatory. You'd glance up, and see two shining lights peering down at you from where the VIP lounge was.

After a little while, the two of you tired out and went back up to where the boys were hanging out, Jackie collapsing next to Kyle - which very quickly turned into a makeout fest. You rolled your eyes, and went over to sit with Papyrus and Sans.

"hey." Sans said, grinning at you. "you're quite the dancer."

"Thanks, you noticed?" you said, smiling at him. "I mean, other than verbally." He chuckled.

"yeah, couldn't miss it. don't think anyone really could." he said, and you felt his hand slide onto your leg in the dim, almost experimentally. You wanted that hand other places, and almost shifted yourself to make it a tad inappropriate, but looked around you. Too many people still. You'd have to wait.

"You sure you don't want to get out on the dance floor with me?" you asked. He sighed.

"really, i'm not much of a dancer."

"Have you seen the guys here? Guys don't really dance much."
"I BEG TO DIFFER!" said Papyrus. "I ADORE DANCING!"

"I know you like dancing, Papyrus," you said, then motioned to the dance floor. "You're probably the best one down there." Papyrus's cheeks glowed.

"THANK YOU! I'M GLAD YOU NOTICED MY DANCING SKILLS."

"I'm going to go grab a drink." you said, "Do either of you want anything?"

"I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE A APPLETINI!" said Papyrus, causing you to blink a few times in surprise. He looked a little ashamed. "WE SERVE THEM AT WORK, THEY'RE VERY GOOD."

"Alright, one appletini. Sans?"

"I'll come with you." he said. You shrugged. As you got up, you made sure that you bent just a little too far, your skirt hitching a little too high right in Sans's poor face. You heard almost a choking noise, and he got to his feet extremely quick. As the two of you were heading towards the staircase, you suddenly felt Sans pushing you towards an empty VIP area that hadn't been occupied yet. You looked at him, a little confused, when suddenly you were roughly pushed up against the wall the second you were out of sight, hands crawling up your sides.

"you..." he said, drawing his words out, "are being an extremely naughty girl."

"Is that a problem?" you said, trying to keep your breathing even as his hands gripped onto your hips. They rolled over towards your backside, and you distinctly felt his fingertips dig into your flesh.

"might be. didn't know you had it in you," he said, and you could see that row of teeth showing again, his canines becoming prominent. "is this normal human behaviour, hmm?" You shifted, wrapping your arms around his neck.

"No, not really. I've just... wanted this for a while." you exhaled, being a little more honest than you intended. You heard - no, felt a rumble come from him that sounded more animalistic than anything.

"i cannot wait to figure you out.." he said, as one of your legs started to slowly wrap around his. You watched his eyes shoot down, your dress practically up to waterline at this point. Your point of wearing just a g-string (though immensely uncomfortable) was proving to be exactly what you wanted visually. As far as Sans was concerned, there was nothing on under that dress right now. You felt his hand, smooth and hard, slide towards your lifted leg, slowly working it's way up from the knee - then to the thigh, and towards your center. You weren't sure at what part of him you could get to, everything was behind buttons and cursed zippers right now, so you went for what you could, an exposed neck. You pulled him in towards you, and lightly nipped at it, and you felt him shudder against you slightly. Again, you took the tip of your tongue, and dragged it up the side of it, getting that odd taste of charcoal and salt, and something else. He practically slammed up against you so hard that you gasped. His eyes were burning with a fire you hadn't seen before.

"Sans.." you breathed, dizzy not from the sudden force, but from the intoxication of arousal. Suddenly, you noticed a faint blue glow from his left eye - what was he doing? His teeth parted, and a softly glowing blue tongue slipped out from between them. That was... different. You didn't have much time to process it, as he pressed flush up against you, and imitated what you did to his neck, although far more vulgar. You felt yourself growing wet, and you let out a small whine. He slowly pulled back, looking at you in the eyes, and then like that - the light went out. The tongue vanished, and he stepped back from you, breathing heavily.
"let's get those drinks," he said. What? Oh god, no, why did he stop? Why did it stop? He was watching the confusion in your face with no hidden delight. Oh, that fucker.

"Sans, I swear to god..."

"what, you can't take what you dish out?" he said, and his grin became incredibly impish. You pulled your dress down, fixing yourself.

"You're gonna regret that. Ooh, you're gonna regret that." you said, exiting the empty VIP room. You were incredibly glad no one decided to make good on their reservations in that minute.

The two of you made your way to the bar, your mind a flurry of activity. It was only 9pm, you couldn't leave before midnight, could you? Was there somewhere you could go? You'd go in a back alley right now, for all you cared. A bathroom. A car. Anywhere. But with how wet you were growing, your g-string was now feeling like a terrible idea. As you waited at the bar for your drinks, you shifted, your legs rubbing together and making everything that much worse. Sans was behind you, looking around at the activity around all of you, and you decided to try and get a little revenge. You slowly backed up into him, and as the crowd was surged around you, he didn't have much of anywhere to retreat to. You felt his right hand come up to your hip, as if he was trying to stabilize you - aw, cute. You rewarded him with a lascivious swivel of your hips upwards against him, again feeling the distinct feeling of pelvic bones. You frowned a little, not feeling what you wanted to. You could hear Sans make a small groan, followed by a cough to cover his sound. The music was too loud for anyone to really notice, but you were paying close attention. Sans was pressed up against you from behind, seemingly to lean across to grab a cocktail napkin with a grin. You were able to flag down the bartender, and right as you were ordering the appletini, you felt the distinct feeling suddenly up against your backside. Oh. There it was. You finished ordering your drinks, and turned your head to look at Sans - who looked mildly mortified.

"So, having fun so far?" you asked, your brows wiggling a little. Sans let out a small breath.

"loads." he responded, and grinned. "remind me why we danced around this for so long?"

"Hey, night's not over yet. Watch this be absolutely terrible." you said with a chuckle. "Watch there be something about human anatomy that horrifies you." You couldn't tell in this low light, but you felt like he was blushing.

"no, i'm pretty sure i like all of it." he murmured. You tilted your head in question for a moment, when your drinks came. You paid, and handed Sans his, and took the other two, and you both headed back to the group.

When you got back up, Papyrus was tapping his foot and swaying in his seat a little, and you handed him his drink. "OOOH! THANK YOU _____! I SHALL ENJOY THIS, AND THEN WOULD YOU LIKE TO DANCE WITH ME?"

"Of course!" you said, sipping yours. Sans was swirling his glass around, as he usually did, but he was unmistakably staring at you in the low light. His eyes made it hard to hide that fact, they stood out like sore thumbs. You wondered how well he saw in the dark with those things. Allison shifted over to the three of you.

"Hey! _____! So these are your neighbors, right?" she said, giving you a side hug.

"Yeah, this is Sans and Papyrus." you said, gesturing to them. Allison gave a little wave, and the brothers waved back. "So what's up? What's new?"
"Same ol', same ol'. Although this happened on Christmas..." she said, holding out her hand. On it was a ridiculously large diamond ring.

"NO WAY. Congratulations!" you said, giving her a big hug. The two of you caught up with one another, as everyone finished up their drinks. "Anyway, Papyrus and I were heading to the dance floor again, you wanna come with?"

"Sure, let me grab Eric." You looked at Sans.

"You sure you don't wanna come with?" you said. He shook his head.

"nah, i'm fine." You shrugged.

"Suit yourself. C'mon Papyrus, let's go boogie!"

"YES! PLEASE BOOGIE WITH THE SKELETON!" he said, and jumped to his feet. You waited for Allison and Eric, and the four of you headed down to the dance floor. Papyrus immediately let loose, surprising you with some pretty smooth dance moves.

"Where did you learn how to dance like that?" you asked over the music.

"YOUTUBES!" he said, grinning. You laughed, of course. Papyrus grabbed you and spun you, and you giggled, having a blast. Allison and Eric were watching the two of you with a weird look on their faces, but continued dancing.

"The music's actually good!" you shouted over to Allison. She nodded. The four of you kept dancing, and you were definitely working up one hell of a sweat. You occasionally glanced up, and saw Sans looking down at you, Jackie sitting next to him. You decided to be a little more provocative in your dancing, and began moving your hips a little more, dragging your hands on your body a bit more...

And up behind you came the usual partygoer. A guy, not all that unattractive, pressed up against you.

"Hey!" he said, moving in rhythm to the beat with you. "I like your dancing."

"Thanks!" you said, for the first time not wanting someone else's attention. You kept moving, but shifted away from him a little - not that you had a ton of room. He didn't take the hint, and went to grind against you, and you rolled your eyes. You heard him make a weird sputtering noise behind you, and you turned to see what was wrong - and Sans was there.

"sorry, felt like dancing finally." he said, his eyes casually dismissing the guy who came up behind you as if he were a mere insect. The guy seemed frozen in place, not really moving. You could have sworn you saw the faintest hint of blue, and the guy coughed, and then quickly made his way through the crowd to leave.

You looked at Sans - did he just...? You decided not to ask, and took his hand. "Good to see you finally out here." you said, pulling him close to you. He grinned, but his fangs were prominent, causing you to take a deep breath through your nose. He slid his hands around your sides, one on your back, the other dangerously low, and slowly rocked to the rhythm of the music with you.

"yeah, well, changed my mind." he said simply, his eyes looking hungrily at you. You brought your mouth in close to his skull.

"So what else can you do with that pretty blue magic of yours?" you breathed, thinking of his
tongue. You saw his smile curl into something a little more wicked.

"i'd show you, but i don't want to scare all these poor people." he said. "but i have a feeling you have front row tickets tonight anyway."

"Hey, I've been waiting in line for those for a while, I've earned them."

"true." he said, his hand gripping your ass suddenly with a vicious squeeze. You let out a little gasp, and his face looked positively fiendish, and he let go. When did he get so good at this? Then you started wondering if you were the first human he's been interested in.

"You seem to know exactly what to do with me here... mind if I ask how?" you said, not wanting to tease the information out. You saw him blink, and you definitely saw him blush.

"I uh..." he started, faltering.

"You uhh... you what? Don't tell me I'm not the first, I'll only be mildly jealous." you said, smirking. You were lying, you'd be ridiculously jealous - but why say it? He shook his head a little.

"...I've been uh, watching a lot of videos." he said, almost a little too quiet for you to hear him. Your eyes widened, and you had to hold back a loud laugh.

"Oh my god, you've been watching porn?" You said, unable to contain your smile. He looked absolutely shamed for a second, and then he looked at you.

"hey, not my fault. you've been flashing me signs, if you will, and i thought it might be... well, helpful." he said. "some of them were... informative."

"Mmm, well I hope you thought of me when you watched them." you said, giggling. He suddenly yanked you close, his hot breath on your ear.

"i thought of you every time i came." he said, and you felt a tingle of pleasure shoot down your spine. Oh christ, how long had the two of you been denying each other? You let out a soft moan at his words, and you felt his entire body flex and then try to relax. "let's get off the dance floor."

"Yes. Let's." you said. You tapped Papyrus, who was busy grooving and motioned to yourself and Sans, then pointed up to where you had all been sitting. He nodded, and then shot you a wink. Sans lead you to the lounge area by the hand, and the two of you sat down - no one was there for a change. Sans suddenly looked awkward, leaning back and giving a chuckle.

"you're dangerous in close proximity." he said. You were practically panting, he was yo-yoing you up and down all night. Was he meaning to do this now?

"Oh-ho no. You don't get to tell me that down there, and not follow it up." you said, your fingers tip-toeing up his arm. He looked at you, and then he smirked.

"what about you?"

"What about me?"

"you know..." he said, trailing off.

"Oh, you mean you're wondering if I thought of you when I got myself off at night?" you said, licking your lips. His eyes followed the movement, and you gave him a devilish look. "The answer you're looking for is yes."
"fuck." he groaned, and he looked at his watch. "it's 11. do we have to stay until midnight?"

"It's more fun this way." you said. You were pretty sure the second he touched you, you were going to unravel at this point anyway. You were so tightly wound right now, that your body was just begging to be touched, given any sort of release. "Besides, no one's here right now..." you said, feeling extremely bold all of a sudden.

"...and?" he responded, a browbone raising. You didn't give him much time to think about it, you flipped a leg over him and straddled him as he sat. This wasn't too obscene, it was something people saw at clubs all the goddamned time, and right now no one was around anyway. He sucked in a hard breath, his eyes looking unsure. "uh, hey."

"No one's going to give a shit about two people making out, Sans." you said, just needing some sort of physical stimuli from him right now. You pushed back from him for a second, searching his eyes. "Unless I'm making you uncomfortable."

"fuck no." he said, his hands suddenly on your hips. You could feel him shifting under you, and you gave a little sigh, and leaned back into him. "just.. not used to this. there's people. and.. you. and uh..." He kept switching back and forth, being unusually aggressive, and then incredibly unsure of himself. You decided to test something, and carefully unbuttoned just his top button of his collar. "er, what are you..?"

"Shh." you said, and you bent your head down, and breathed on his neck. He was still, and then you began planting light kisses on his clavicle that was slightly exposed. You then did what you did before, dragging your tongue across it, and you felt his hands dig into you, his hips moving up into you. You ground down onto him a little as you continued to nibble gently, not sure of how sensitive he was, enjoying the hard friction you felt under his pants. While him being out of bone wasn't the most comfortable sensation you'd experienced, it wasn't unpleasant either. When you looked back up at him, his eyes had changed - they were again lit with the ferocity you had seen earlier. He was breathing hard, and you surmised that he was coming onto you primarily out of some sort of instinct. Hell, you were flustered about just flirting with him before, and now you were practically mounted on top of him. Hormones were a hell of a thing.

You smirked at him, enjoying how frustrated he was getting - it was only fair, right? You were staring at his teeth, still separated and showing off his monstrous fangs. Was it wrong that they turned you on? You shifted, and your eyes widened when you felt that growing hardness beneath you, directly between your legs. Sure, it was constricted behind his pants, but it was still there.

"Enjoying yourself?" you said, as you experimentally rocked your hips in a small wave. You watched his eyes roll, and he suddenly was at your neck and shoulder in a frenzy, his eye lit dimly with that cyan glow, nipping and tongue dragging out across it.

"you realize i can feel it, don't you?" he practically growled into your neck, sending the vibrations all the way down your body. You let out a small whine.

"Feel what?" you said, rocking your body again for emphasis. His teeth dragged across your skin, causing you to shudder.

"i feel your heat, i feel how wet you are right now.. fuck, i can smell your scent." he groaned, his voice husky. "we're not going to make it to midnight if you keep this up." You sucked in a breath.

"God, right now I'm okay with that." you said, and you continued to move your hips - and he suddenly held you down, stilling you.
"we're making it to midnight. doing it right. but if you keep that up, i'm taking you right now." You couldn't help but let out a little moan at the thought, which caused him to involuntarily buck up against you. Your eyes widened, and he gave you an embarrassed grin. You reluctantly got off his lap, and crossed your legs. Tightly. The two of you sat there for a moment.

"So.. you can smell my 'scent', huh?" you said, looking at him. He put a hand to his face, looking embarrassed again.

"i'm a monster, whaddaya want from me? you're practically oozing sex right now." he said, huffing. It was your turn to look embarrassed.

"Sorry, I've been coming on kinda strong tonight, huh?"

"you think?" he said, his breathing starting to return to normal. "not that i'm complaining."

"I'm starting to wonder if you're ok, though." you said, looking at him with a face full of mock concern. He looked at you, confused. "You haven't made a single shitty pun all night."

"give me time, i've been distracted." he said. "i'll make sure to time it so it happens at the worst time."

"Please, no." you said, laughing a little. "God no. Anyway... what were you and Papyrus talking about earlier?"

"i uh, asked him to stay with a friend." he said.

"Pretty confident about tonight, hmm?" you said, teasingly. He raised a browbone at you.

"please, like i have a reason not to be? do i need to rewind to about 30 seconds ago?" You both laughed at this.

"So we're going back to your place then." you said, smirking. You were extremely glad he had gotten that new bed now.

"my room doesn't share a wall with anything." he said simply. You flushed at this.

"Alright, I'm going to go to the ladies room real quick, I'll be right back." you said, trying to slow your own breathing down. He shrugged a little, and you got up and headed over towards the bathrooms. On the way there, you ran into Jackie.

"Bathroom break?" she said. You let out an exasperated breath.

"Oh my god yes."

"Oooh! You are RED, in! In!" she said, practically shoving you in there. The two of you went about your business, and then she leaned against the wall as you fixed some of your makeup in the mirror.

"Alright, so I lost track of you after Kyle and I practically went to go make a child, how's it been going? By the looks of you, pretty goddamned well."

"More than well," you said, laughing the words. "We're ready to just leave right now."

"Why don't you?" she asked, raising a brow. You shrugged.

"Tradition? Also, I think we're having some sort of sick, twisted fun teasing each other. This has been a long time coming. apparently." you said, and suddenly you thought of what he had told you earlier. You envisioned him touching himself.. somehow.. over you, and your entire body felt electric.
"Let's make it worse then." Jackie said, with a smirk. You looked at her with a frown. She was wagging her phone in her hand.

"Oh Jackie, NO."

"Oh Jackie, YES." she said, giggling. "Give me your phone!"

"No!" you said, and she was already grabbing for your purse. "Stop it, you slut!" She nabbed it out of your hand, and whipped it out.

"Go, into the big stall. Go, go!" she said, ushering you into it. You groaned, and stomped into it, slouching in the corner. "C'mon, look sexy or something."

"In a bathroom?" you said, motioning around you.

"There's a zoom function on a camera for a reason. Zoom zoom, bitch! Now come on!" You sighed, and tried to pose sexily. You felt awkward as fuck. "Ugh, no. Put your.. fuck it, just go all out. Show some tit!"

"Are you telling me to flash you?"

"Like I haven't seen them before?"

"You're terrible." you said. "Just give me that, I'll take them myself." You snatched the phone out of her hand, and she grinned - was this what she had wanted?

"I'll be waiting outside! If you don't take three, you're not really trying!" she said with a laugh. Skank. You stood there with your phone, wondering what the hell you were going to do. You sighed, and thought about it. And then it hit you. Fuck pictures. You fired up snapchat, and decided to give him a small taste of what that stupid app was originally utilized for most likely.

You began thinking about him, late at night in his room, watching human porn - trying to figure out how you worked. While not the best representation of human intercourse, you thought, it was at least rudimentary. And more importantly, he got off thinking about you. This caused the blood in your ears to thunder, and you turned the camera onto yourself after feeling bold enough to slip your breasts out of your dress for a brief second, and sent a 10 second clip of your hand trailing up your body to your breasts, and giving them a hard squeeze with a little moan. You had no idea if the sound came through over the loud bass of the club, but you didn't care. That wasn't for him.

The second video you were getting into this a little, and did the same thing, but with your hand trailing downward and inbetween your legs, coming up sharply right as it ended. Holy SHIT you were soaked. Lastly, you send a cute winking picture of yourself, with the text "11:45! Almost there!" to him. That's what you get for making you wait, ass.

You exited the bathroom stall and went outside, and Jackie was practically running up to you.

"Oh my god, whatever the fuck you sent him, he looked like he just got shot with a BULLET."

"You watched him??" you asked, your face feeling heat again. She just laughed.

"I told him I was looking for you, and asked if you texted him. You must've just sent him those, because oh my GOD." she said, squealing. "I'll leave you two alone."

"No, don't. That's a terrible idea." you said, chuckling. "We'll get banned from the club. Hang out, I don't want to miss the countdown with you anyway."
"You're just trying to torture him, aren't you?"

"That too." She grinned.

"Wait here, I'll go grab Kyle, and we'll walk back together like we ran into each other." she said, hurrying off. You leaned against a wall, fanning yourself with your hand. You have never been so brave, where was all this confidence coming from? Jackie was definitely giving you a boost, but you realized - you were done hanging over that jackass, Will. He had eroded your confidence over the years, and finally you had someone who was interested in you, and wasn't dangling their interest over you like a fucking carrot.

Jackie came back with Kyle in tow, and the three of you headed back. Sans was sitting there, his posture stiff. "Hey Sans!" Kyle said with a wave.

"hey." Sans said, giving a weak smile. He shot you a look that sent a chill down your spine. You sat next to him, and he leaned into you close. "you."

"Me?"

"you. you're..." he said, unable to form a sentence. You were absolutely delighted.

"Awesome? Amazing? Pretty darned cool?" You turned to look at him, but the look on his face was heated.

"you're going to pay for that." he said, his voice vibrating your very being. You shivered, and your lips curled into a smile.

"Worth the price. I do remember someone saying they needed a better understanding of how that whole thing worked..." His eyes flickered.

"Mmm." was all he said. Jackie crossed over and sat next to you.

"We got 10 minutes to midnight! Also, Papyrus asked us if he could hang out with us tonight.." she said with a grin. "Of course I said yes." She took her hands in yours, as if to say, 'I sacrifice my night of fun for you. Use it well.'

You nodded. "That's awesome! I'm sure him and Kyle will have the best of sleepovers."

"Are you kidding? We already have breakfast planned out." he said with a huge grin. You smiled.

"Of course you two nerds do, you guys are ridiculous." you said, chuckling. You felt Sans put his arm around your shoulder, and you leaned into him with a small smile.

"So you two an item now or what?" said Kyle bluntly. You and Sans looked at each other, eyes wide. You both simultaneously shrugged. "I'll take that as a yes."

"Finally." said Jackie, giggling. You rolled your eyes. Sans squeezed your shoulder a little, chuckling.

"i won't lie, i'm ok with being an item if you are." he said to you.

"Only an item, though. So I'll be like, 'here's my item Sans.'" you said, and motioned pulling something out of a pocket. He groaned at your incredibly lame joke.

"you're an ass, you know that?"
"Takes one to know one."

"mature." he looked at Jackie, "so just to make sure, there's no plans or anything after midnight, right?"

"Huh? No, usually everyone just parties and everyone sort of tapers off, why?"

"no reason, just have a feeling we might be calling a night early," he said, shooting you a wicked grin. You felt your chest constrict again. Kyle was looking at his watch.

"Two minutes, guys!" he said, as some of your group started making it back up to the lounge area. Papyrus had finally left the dance floor, coming up to the top as well.

"THIS PLACE IS SO FANTASTIC!" he cried, collapsing next to you. "I HAD MANY HUMAN FEMALES TELL ME THAT I HAD JAGGED MOVES."

"You mean moves like Jagger?" Kyle offered. Papyrus nodded.

"YES, THAT ONE! WHAT'S A JAGGER?" You all laughed, and Papyrus looked perplexed.

"I'll show you on the way home, Papyrus," Kyle said. "He's a singer. It's also a song. It'll make sense."

"ALRIGHT, IF YOU SAY SO." he said, shrugging. Everyone suddenly was getting up, and the crowd below was surging towards the giant clock that was against the main wall.

"30 seconds guys!" Jackie said, getting up and pulling Kyle with her. You got up as well, and offered a hand to Sans.

"C'mon!" you said.

"i'm good." he said, shrugging.

"It's tradition to kiss the person you're supposed to be with for the next year at midnight." you said. He got up almost immediately.

"well, if it's tradition," he said, and he slipped hand around you, walking to the railing to watch the clock count down. The two of you watched as the big numbers went down, and you felt a swelling excitement in the pit of your stomach. While sure, you guys were coming onto each other like horny teenagers all night, you were sailing into unexplored territories together. This wasn't just a physical interest, you had liked Sans prior to that for far more than that. Hell, the physical part was literally brand new. As the clock hit 15 seconds, Sans slowly turned you to him. "you sure you wanna spend the next year with a clown with me?"

"There's not a doubt in my mind." you said, smiling sincerely at him. He smiled back, and in the hustle and noise that was going around you, you shared your moment.

"3... 2... 1!" everyone cried. "Happy New Years!" as the club roared with excitement.

Sans didn't hesitate. He wrapped his arms around you, drawing you close. You didn't even care to figure out the logistics of how he was going to kiss you, you just wanted him near you. He placed his forehead to yours, but then his teeth to your lips. You kissed them with a sudden fervor that you hadn't felt before. You knew he didn't have lips, but you felt a sensation like you were kissing lips - wisps of magic, tingling your mouth. You dug your fingers into his back and drew him in, relishing the moment. When you parted, you could have sworn you saw stars.
"happy new years." he said, his voice low.

"Happy New Years." you replied. The crowd below was going absolutely nuts, as it usually did - confetti was flying around all over the place. You looked up and laughed, swatting at some of it. A small piece fell down directly between your breasts, and you mindlessly went to go get it and froze, your fingers pressed firmly against your own flesh - Sans was watching the movement with great interest. "Why don't you get that for me?" you said, smirking.

His eyes shot up at you, and he pulled you in close. "hope you took my advice from last night." he said. You let out a small gasp, and you watched his eye flare up, bright and yellow. He turned with you, taking a few steps, and the next thing you knew, you were in his apartment. You looked at him with surprise. "you wanted to leave, didn't you?"

"Oh god, yes." you said, practically breathless at this point. The lights weren't on in his home, and all you saw were the two lights glowing in the darkness, and they were looking at you with a greed that made you quiver slightly. You took a step back, and bumped into what you figured was the dining room table. You didn't have much time to process this, before you felt smooth hands running up and down your sides, exploring. You panted, leaning back a little, allowing his hands to traverse your body. You hooked him towards you with your right leg, pulling him into you, while propping your elbows behind you on the table. He responded with a quiet grunt, and ground himself into you as his hands traveled upwards, finally touching your breasts. You let out a soft moan, and you felt his body stiffen slightly as you did that.

"make that sound for me again..." he said, burying his head in your neck, a low rumble coming from him. You let out a throaty laugh.

"You have to earn those." you said, trying to tease him a little. You felt his hand yank the top of your dress aside, exposing one of your breasts. His hand trailed up it, and brushed over the top of your nipple slightly, rewarding him with the tiniest of moans.

"don't think i didn't hear that earlier.." he said, his breathing becoming slightly erratic. You started to squirm a little underneath him.

"Sans... mind taking this to the bedroom?" you asked, wanting to get off the table, and out of the blackness of the room. He muttered something and pulled away from you, his eyes flicking up and down your body depravedly. You lead the way, fumbling a little in the darkness, and opened his door. His room was the same as it was before, boring and bare with his sock pile, but his bed was actually made. You flipped on the lights so you could see, and turned to crack a joke, when he came up on you with a speed that surprised you. Before you knew it, he was on top of you, panting heavily. You squeezed your legs together, trying to contain your excitement.

"god.. i want to take my time.. i don't know if i can.." he said, his eyes taking you in hungrily. You didn't give a flying fuck right now.

"Sans..." you whispered, grabbing his collar and pulling him down close to your face, ",,...I want you to show me how much of a monster you can be tonight." Sans facial expression changed, like he was struggling heavy with something, but it eased into something almost terrifying - feral.

"that dress. off. now." he said, his words clipped. You sensed an urgency, and shakily reached for the zipper on the side, slowly dragging it down. His eyes watched the entire process, and you looked at him.

"I sort of need to get up to get out of it." you said, not wanting him to get off of you a little. He grumbled, and rolled off you, watching as you stood and slinked out of your dress. You stood there
in nothing but your panties, which admittedly were close to nothing anyway. His gaze drank you in. You turned red, feeling embarrassed. But your breath hitched when he took off his jacket, tossing it in the corner and began unbutton his shirt. At least you were going to be on even playing grounds, you figured. You crawled back onto the bed with him, and looked at his body, an amazing marvel of magic and bone.

You didn't get much time to examine, because he was immediately back on top of you again, pinning your hands down to the bed. You gasped, and gave him a shameless grin, squirming against his restraint. His eye flashed with that now-familiar cyan, and his tongue came out between his teeth again, and your breathing picked up.

"i have been waiting for this..." he said, his head coming in close to your neck - a spot he had learned quickly was incredibly sensitive. His tongue flickered out, tasting you and you shivered against him. One of his hands released your wrist, and you let out a small sigh as his tongue continued its downward journey. This allowed you to reach for anything you could grasp, which was a small bone in his back, which you gently grasped between your index and middle finger, and began to rub a little. His response was almost immediate, his free hand digging into your leg and accidentally ripping your thigh highs - you didn't give a shit. It dragged up towards your thigh, and you started breathing harder as he got closer to your slit.

"Sans.. please.. please," you begged, wanting to be touched. Needing to be touched. Please was the magic word apparently, as his tongue encircled your breast as a single smooth finger pushed aside the wisp of fabric you called underwear, and slipped between your folds. You gasped, pushing up into his hand and he growled into your breast, holding your other arm down with more weight. His finger was exploring tentatively at first, grazing your clit, causing you to arch against him. His administrations on your breast briefly stopped, as he looked at your face to watch your reactions to his handiwork. He did it again, causing another arch - you were already on fire, so the tiniest touch was like an explosion going off. He smirked, and without any warning, plunged a finger into your dripping sex. You cried out in pleasure, as he slowly worked his finger in and out of you, and the only two things on your mind was getting off, and having him fuck you senseless. You let go of him, and snaked your hand down between your legs, rubbing your clit as you made eye contact with him.

"fuck." he growled, slipping in another finger, and you whimpered. You were so close...! You let out a loud moan, and that set him off, and his tongue lapped at your nipple.

That's all you needed, and you practically shrieked out his name, your hips rocking into his hand as you felt an electric tingle shoot from your toes to your head, causing your legs to shake. You collapsed on the bed, your body no longer tense, withdrawing your hand from between your legs and looked at him. He took your cue, sliding his own fingers out, causing you to shiver a little.

"I really, really hope you're about to wreck me." you rasped. It was probably both the right and wrong thing to say, as his pants unbuttoned in a flash, and out slipped both the oddest and most exotic thing you'd ever seen. In his skeletal hand was a ridiculously girthy glowing blue cock, similar in hue and luminescence to his tongue. You licked your lips unconsciously, and he crawled on top of you.

"i'm only gonna ask once." he said, his breathing labored, "you sure you want this?"

"I have never been so fucking sure of anything in my life." you crooned. He let out a soft moan at this, and you felt the tip of his cock press at your entrance. You shivered and whined, wiggling against it. Why wasn't it in yet? You needed it in, now. Was he teasing you? Now was not the time. You looked at him, and you could watch him having another struggle of some sort.

"i'll show you how much of a monster i am tonight like you asked, then." he groaned, and then slid in full hilt. You let out a gasp, delighted at both the feeling of being filled, and the delicious sensation
of his cock. You couldn't wrap your head around it, it felt right, but there was texture, a sensation that wasn't flesh. But it didn't matter, because he started slamming into you with a viciousness that you weren't expecting. You cried out, bone slamming painfully into flesh as he dug his hands into your hips. He was moaning your name, and you couldn't grasp enough sheets to hold onto as you moaned his in return. His face was twisted into something you had never seen before, something animalistic. He had been hunting his prey all night, and he was finally claiming it.

"f-fuck... i'm gonna..." he huffed, and your eyes shot open. You didn't think about this. How did this work? You didn't want to kill his orgasm, so you shoved him off you and immediately grabbed his shaft, pumping it and wrapped your lips around the tip. "oh.. FUCK." he said, his eyes going wide, and he shot directly into your mouth, hot and sticky. You swallowed it, noticing it oddly had no taste, just texture. He had collapsed onto his back, and his cock was still at attention, twitching in the final throes of his orgasm. You licked at it, and he shuddered.

"You're a pretty good monster." you said, with a smirk.

"oh, that was round one." he said with a strained laugh. Your stomach flipped.

"Round one?" you asked, looking at him. He looked down at you, a wicked smile on his face.

"don't know much about monsters, do you?" he asked, his fingers running through your hair. Shit, what had you gotten into? "and here you are, walking into the den of one."

"I feel pretty confident about my monster handling skills." you said, crawling up to him and laying next to him. You noticed he never actually took his pants off, and frowned. "Can I at least nap before round two?" Sans chuckled.

"of course. but you might get woken up with a surprise."

"Oh, I love surprises." you said. He slipped his arm under you, so you could rest on top of it. Initially uncomfortable, you quickly got used to it. "You're my favourite surprise so far."

"heh. and you mine." The two of you wrapped your arms around one another, and listened to the sounds of celebration outside on the streets. You slowly started to drift off to sleep.

You didn't have time to dream.

Chapter End Notes

Part of me wanted to give them a very loving sexy times, but after all that sexual build up, no way, no how. Sexy loving times will be another day, another chapter - but tonight it was just the hot n' dirty.
FINALLY.

Hopefully I did a good job.
*MAY OR MAY NOT BE NERVOUS*
You awoke the next morning, sunlight streaming in through the window into your eyes. You scrunched up your face, your mind slightly hazy from the night's events. Did you have a dream about what happened? Was any of that actually real?

You rolled over to your left, only to be confronted with the extremely tangible skeleton who was currently dozing peacefully next to you. His arm was hooked underneath your head, and you had apparently nestled into the crook of his arm with a pillow for comfort in the middle of the night. A quick assessment of your situation indicated that yes, you had indeed managed to bone the skeleton, if you will, and you were currently engaged in massive cuddle mode.

At least it wasn't a one night stand, right? Maybe. You weren't sure still. Your legs felt a tingling soreness from the previous night still, and you let out a little groan as you shifted to get comfortable. Now what? You laid there in an uncertain stillness, not sure if you were allowed to enjoy this moment or not. Sans let out a deep breath, and you slightly marveled at how he even did that in the first place. Your eyes drifted from the edge of your pillow to his ribcage, inspecting it closer. He definitely didn't have lungs, but he was clearly breathing. His chest rose and fell in a steady rhythm, and you watched with an odd fascination as you realized that his explanation from a few days prior was fairly spot on. He was a being comprised of bone and magic, true - but it was magic that held him together for certain. If you squinted, with the light hitting him just right, you could see what looked like almost a river running through his body, tiny rivulets of aether binding together to create an invisible sinew of form. You were certain that if you traced them throughout his body, it would create tendons, muscle, maybe even flesh. Was this why his bones were so sensitive to touch?

Out of a moment's curiosity, you reached out towards the top of his ribcage to touch not the bone, but the translucent stream binding him together. You tentatively touched your fingertips out towards it, and you felt an odd sensation on your hand. Almost like a gust of wind gently battering at it from both sides as you wiggled your fingers. Sans stirred slightly, and you decided not to mess with it too much, but you were absolutely fascinated. You pulled your hand back carefully as not to wake him,
and looked up at the ceiling in contemplation. So how did you handle this now? Did you leave? Write a thank you note? Stay wrapped in his arms? Try dating a skeleton? Fuck, you were so confused. Everything felt so goddamned right mere hours ago, and now you felt just as lost and confused as before.

Your stomach rumbled, and you realized that you should probably eat. Well, you could probably get a better handle on the situation with an honest conversation and a stomach full of food, so you quietly slipped out of his arms and out of the bed, pulling on your hastily discarded clothing. You exited his room and went into the kitchen, and decided that you'd start the new year off right - with some non-cardboard based pancakes.

Luckily you were familiar with their kitchen at this point, having months of spaghetti nights under your belt now. You took out the pancake mix (hey, you were awesome, but not awesome enough to make it from scratch) and were extremely glad to see eggs and milk in the fridge. You were generally impressed with how well stocked Papyrus kept it, but since he got the job at the restaurant, his own kitchen tended to mirror his workplace. You took out the mixing bowl and griddle, and got to work on putting the ingredients together. You were cracking eggs into the bowl when you heard a muffled noise come from Sans's bedroom, followed by a loud "fuck!"

You were rounding the corner of the counter when Sans slammed his door open, his breathing uneven and his hand clutching his head.

"Hey! Are you okay?" you said, crossing over to him. His head snapped up, and his eyes widened in surprise.

"oh... you're... you're still here." he said, his hand dropping away. You fidgeted momentarily - were you supposed to have left?

"Uh, yeah. I was making breakfast. Thought it'd be a nice thing to do." you responded, not knowing what to do with yourself. Sans answered that question for you by crossing to you and suddenly embracing you. You returned his gesture, your hands resting carefully on his smooth bones. You felt him give you a little squeeze.

"sorry. i woke up and you were gone. i thought maybe..." he trailed off, and let go of you. You frowned.

"You thought I took off? Hell no, I want goddamned food." you said, trying to lighten the mood. "You think you can just fuck'n'chuck me buddy? You got another thing coming, I got a two pancake clause in my contract." Sans visibly relaxed, chuckling a little.

"two pancakes? that's it? and i don't even have to make them? damn, what a deal i got."

"Yeah, well, I didn't read the fine print." you said with a laugh, and went back into the kitchen. You went back to mixing the eggs as Sans leaned into the counter, watching you.

"so..." he started, obviously trying to put his thoughts together. You kept stirring, looking at him with a brow raised.

"..soooo?"

"...so... fuck, i'm no good at this______, where do we go from here?" he said, seemingly frustrated. You sighed, and poured the batter onto the griddle.

"I dunno man. Where do you want to go? I mean, honestly. What do you want out of this?" you said, trying not to let your heart escape out of your throat.
"if you think i wanted last night to be a one time thing, you're wrong." he said suddenly, his tone serious. You looked up from the pancake slowly cooking on the griddle and looked to him. "i didn't get that vibe from you, but feel free to tell me otherwise."

"jesus, no sans. Last night was..." you couldn't help yourself from blushing, "...absolutely amazing. But it's also been a long time coming, I think."

"pun intended?" he said, his browbone raising. You both chuckled.

"sure. Look, true to our dance style, I don't know how to go about this. I don't know if you have monster dating ettiquite, or issues with how anything works - hell, I didn't really even know if we were going to be... well, you know... compatible if you will." sans chuckled a little.

"monster dating ettiquite? you been reading papyrus's ridiculous dating manuals? no, there's no handbook or anything. i'm assuming it's just like you humans. you know, except the blood sacrifice."

You flipped the pancake off the griddle by accident. You had to scrape it off the counter as sans laughed. "that one's yours." you said grumbling.

"c'mon, it was a little funny." sans said, grabbing plates. You sighed, finishing making the pancakes, and putting them on the plates. The two of you sat down at the table, and you doused your pancake in maple syrup.

"I'm just happy with how things are. I love being with you. I don't want any of that to change, you know?" you said, taking a bite. sans nodded across the table at you. "and good lord, if that's how sex is, then please - yes. More please." sans blushed immediately, and laughed awkwardly.

"yeah? so wait, is this what you call friendzoning? friends with benefits?" he asked, his face looking a little odd. you shook your head.

"nah, not unless that's what you're aiming for." you responded. In the back of your mind, you knew that you wanted something more than casual - there was something about sans that seemed right. Despite his monsterous appearance, everything about him felt like it clicked into place with you. "i'll be honest, I'm hoping that's not the case, but I won't argue." sans let out what sounded like a small sigh of relief.

"no. i'd.. i'd like to try something a little more serious than that. y'know, the good ol' dating routine?" he said, eating a pancake piece. you noticed he hadn't dumped ketchup on it.

"fine with me. this is a very businesslike transaction. I'm glad we had this meeting." you said, laughing a little. he gave you a lazy smile.

"we don't do anything the easy way, do we?"

"doesn't seem like it. so now what? announce it to the world? put it up on facebook? banners? ooh! how about one of those stupid planes that write in the sky?"

"heh, 'girl dates skeleton'?"

"nah, something flashy. like, 'girl gets verta-bae.'" you responded, grinning. he grinned, leaning his cheek into his hand to look at you.

"god i adore you. y'know that?"

"hey, I spent some time thinking of that one!" you said, waving your fork at him. "I think all your
punning is rubbing off on me. It's awful." Sans smirked.

"speaking of rubbing off..." he said, and you suddenly felt extremely exposed. His smile turned almost lecherous. "we fell asleep pretty early, never did hit round two."

"No. No we did not." you responded, swallowing a huge chunk of your pancakes. You had been bold last night, as you had been on a mission. Now you were in the normal day-to-day, and you were feeling considerably less confident. Sans leaned back a little, his hands folding across his ribs in a pleasant manner. Your cheeks were absolutely burning, and you quickly grabbed your plate and went into the kitchen to clean it. "Maybe we uh, maybe we can fix that. At some point."

"some point?" he said, and you realized he was behind you. This guy moved fast, when he wanted to. You froze, your hands under the running water and you felt his hands placed carefully on your sides, toying with the thin fabric. "i know you're not a morning person..." he added, and you knew damn well neither was he. You turned the water off, trying to steady your breathing - oh ho, you wanted this, but you didn't want to come off as desperate.

"Not at all, usually enjoy my morning coffee, you know the drill." you said with a tiny smirk. You slowly turned to him, his hands still placed at your sides. His face looked confused, you could tell he wasn't getting the answers he wanted. "I can't help it, I like something a little hot, y'know?" You punctuated the word 'hot' with a hand running up to your own chest, and giving a quick, rough squeeze for a fraction of a second, biting your lower lip. You watched his confusion melt away into a hungry look.

"oh, i'll give you something--" he started, and his phone started ringing on the counter. He let out an extremely exasperated groan, as you recognized his brother's ringtone. "damnit, one sec." He picked up his phone and answered it. "hey paps, what's up?"

You wanted so badly to tease him while he was on the phone, but you weren't sure if you should while he was talking to his brother. Figuring he'd signal that it wasn't okay, your hand gently caressed the back of his spine. He practically jolted, and his eyes looked at you in surprise. Your mouth was curled into such a cruel looking smile that sweat started to bead on his skull.

"yeah, you're in a cab right now? yeah but how lo-oooong?" he said as you dragged your tongue along the small bone above his scapula. He was gritting his teeth now, and you were absolutely delighted. "n-no bro, i'm fine. how long 'till you're home?" His eyes were practically searing into you at this point. Your arms wrapped around him and your hands slide down the front side of him to his pants, which regrettably were still on. But they were giving you a lovely outline of his growing length, to which you traced gently. He was breathing hard through his nose, and just the fact that he was hard from this was driving you absolutely wild. Your hand began to slowly grip around it more and rub up and down a little... "five minutes? five minutes. ok. i'll see you in five minutes. gotta go." Sans let out a noisy breath, hanging up the phone. You let out an almost sinister giggle, and were greeted with being pushed up against the counter, his skeletal hands practically tearing your dress up around your middle.

"Shit, Sans! He said five minutes!" you said, both thrilled and terrified of the prospect of him taking you in the kitchen.

"yep." Sans simply replied, and you suddenly realized one of his hands was gone, and you heard a distinct zipping noise. Oh god, was he really going to do this? You let out a soft moan as his fingers traced over your ass, then slid between your legs. His fingers pushed your pathetic string of fabric aside and skimmed your folds, then pulled his hand back with a throaty chuckle. "i think someone's a little more than ready for me right now..." You let out another small moan in agreeance, and pushed up against you. Again, you felt the odd sensation of his cock pressing against your entrance - not
quite flesh, but something else. He slowly sank his tip in, breathing hard, and you whined, your hips wiggling against him.

"Sans..." you panted, trying to get him to fill you once again. Each time your hips pushed back, you could feel him retreat a little, and you were slowly going crazy.

"you said it yourself," he said, his words hitched on his breath, "we only have five minutes."

"What?" you almost cried, and he suddenly gave you two swift pumps and withdrew completely, taking a step back from you. You practically saw stars, and turned to see him looking at you with a ravenous hunger, his alien-looking blue cock standing at full attention. "Are you fucking kidding me?" You watched as he stuffed his erection back into his pants, looking extremely uncomfortable.

"it'll make tonight so much better, won't it?" he said with a wink. Your mouth dropped open, and you were about to fall off.

"You smug sonuvabitch, if you don't fuck me right now I swear to god I --" you growled, but you didn't get to finish, as you heard the sound of keys jingling in the door. Sans quickly retreated to his room, leaving you in the kitchen, and you pulled your dress down and tried to fix yourself as fast as humanly possible. The door swung open, and Papyrus entered, looking extremely happy.

"GOOD MORNING YOU TWO! HAPPY NEW YEAR!" he exclaimed, and shut the door behind him. He looked at you, as you tried to become invisible in the kitchen - it wasn't working. "I HAD A FANTASTIC NIGHT LAST NIGHT - I ASSUME YOU DID AS WELL FRIEND?"

"Yeah!" you said, laughing a little awkwardly. "Last night was a blast, I danced until my legs were about to fall off."

"PFFFT. AS IF I WERE TALKING ABOUT OUR GROUP OUTING." he said, taking his jacket off and placing it on the coat rack. You stared - Papyrus was an innocent sunshine baby, was he referencing what you thought he was? "AS MUCH AS I ENJOY SLUMBER PARTIES WITH KYLE, I FEEL YOU MIGHT ENJOY SLUMBER PARTIES WITH SANS FAR MORE." Yep. He was referencing that all right. You were turning beet red.

"Yeah. Yeah, we had a uh, great time. Fantastic time, even. So... thanks." you said, absolutely humiliated. It was one thing to be caught by a friend, it was another to be called out by your new... boyfriend's...? brother. Papyrus crossed to you and patted you on the shoulder.

"NOT A PROBLEM! YOUR FRIEND PAPYRUS IS ALWAYS HERE FOR YOU IN TIMES OF NEED!" he said, and looked at the dishes in the kitchen. "DID YOU MAKE BREAKFAST ALREADY?"

"I made pancakes for us, thought it would be the nice thing to do. I didn't realize you'd be home so early." Where was Sans? He left you high and dry out here. Well, not dry.

"I made pancakes for us, thought it would be the nice thing to do. I didn't realize you'd be home so early." Where was Sans? He left you high and dry out here. Well, not dry.

"NO WORRIES, I ALREADY CONSUMED MY MORNING MEAL - I WAS GOING TO OFFER A ROBUST BREAKFAST, BUT YOU'VE ALREADY EATEN! WERE WE STILL GOING TO GO TO THE SNOW TODAY?" he asked. Oh shit! You had been too hyped up about New Years Eve that you had forgotten about that.

"Yeah! Yeah, I just woke up and ate, I gotta get dressed and stuff but I'll book the rental and stuff..." you said, rubbing the back of your neck. You looked towards Sans' room, wondering if he was
either to embarrassed, or too stiff to deal with this right now.

"Lemme let Sans know real quick, and go ahead and get ready. Dress warm!"

"OF COURSE!" Papyrus responded, giving you a one armed hug as he passed you and headed into his room to change. You went over to Sans's room, and knocked on the door.

"....yeah?"

"Hey, it's me. Can I come in?" you said meekly, and Sans opened the door for you. You entered, and he shut it behind you. "So I totally forgot we were having a snow day today, so you might wanna get dressed - I'm going home real quick and doing just that."

"you mean that isn't snow appropriate?" he said, gesturing to your dress. You rolled your eyes.

"Har dee har harr. You're a riot. Just get dressed you butt, I'll see you in fifteen?"

"sure. and let's be chill today, i don't think i can handle any more morning escapades." he said with a chuckle. You narrowed your eyes, thinking it mighty unfair he even said that after the stunt he pulled in the kitchen. You slowly started to slide your dress up a little, just below your groin.

"You mean you don't want any more of this?" you said teasingly. He blinked, and you could tell he was restraining himself. "You sure? I mean, we have fifteen whole minutes now." You noticed his back straightening, and his pants starting to constrict again.

You grinned, then pulled your dress down all the way and turned to the door to leave.

"is that how it's gonna be today? i can't take two days straight of this." he said, groaning. You giggled a little.

"I think we're plenty riled up for the day, I'll just say I'm looking forward to tonight." You smiled, but it was a sweet smile. He returned in kind, and you crossed to him, planting a kiss on his head. "Let's have a fun time today." He visibly relaxed, and caressed your arm.

"yeah. go get dressed then, see you in a few." he said, and gave your arm a squeeze before you left. You walked out of his room, Papyrus humming a tune that sounded oddly familiar as you left and went back to your house to change.

You were able to rent a car with some ease - you were concerned (as it was New Years Day) that businesses would be closed, but it turned out travel never sleeps. The three of you took the metro to the rental station, and went to grab the car. As you approached it, Papyrus grew increasingly excited.

"WILL IT BE A CONVERTIBLE?" he said, his hands coming up to his face in excitement. He currently looked like a tall marshmallow with a bright red scarf. You looked confused.

"What? No, it's gonna be a four door somethingoranother. I dunno, something with heaters. Why would you want a convertible in the middle of winter?"

"SO I CAN FEEL THE COOL BREEZE THROUGH MY HAIR!" he said, mimicking tossing his imaginary hair back. Sans chuckled a little, and you looked even more confused. "BUT IT'S FINE, THIS TINY SEDAN WILL DO."
You all got into the not-convertible, Papyrus in the front and Sans in the back and began your journey. The city got remnants of snow, but it was mostly disgusting by the time it hit the ground due to traffic and various city-goings. You were driving them about an hour and a half north of where you all lived, to an old campground area that was generally primed for sledding and other fun activities this time of year. You hadn’t been there in years, so you were pretty excited yourself.

“So how long has it been since you guys have messed around in the snow?” you asked, turning the heater up - Papyrus had the window down despite your protesting.

“SINCE WE LEFT THE UNDERGROUND!” Papyrus said.

“How long has that been?”

“A FEW YEARS! SOMETIMES I MISS IT, BUT MOSTLY BECAUSE I GOT TO SEE EVERYONE ALL THE TIME. I GET TO SEE NEW PEOPLE NOW THOUGH, SO I GUESS IT’S ALRIGHT!” he responded, playing with the window.

“this is the first place we’ve really made friends.” Sans chimed in. You blinked a few times in surprise.

“You serious? I can’t fathom how the two of you didn’t make friends prior to this. Like, at all. Especially you, Papyrus.” you said, pinching his arm in a friendly manner.

“IT DIDN’T HELP THAT WE KEPT MOVING!” he said, pinching you back. You heard Sans let out a noisy breath in the back.

“Oh yeah? How many times have you moved?”

“SIX!” Papyrus said, but he sounded a little glum about it. “WE HAVE TO MOVE EVERY TIME SANS--” Sans suddenly kicked the back of Papyrus’s chair. “...ER, EVERY TIME SANS AND I DECIDE IT’S TIME TO GO.”

“Well that sucks ass. I’m not a huge fan of moving a ton, I’ve been living here since I got out of college. I mean, I’ve swapped apartments I think twice, but that’s it.” you said, checking your GPS. “So are you guys gonna randomly up and vanish on me then?”

“I HOPE NOT!” Papyrus responded, but he sounded unsure.

“’s not the plan.” Sans chimed in. “kinda like this place, has a nice view.” You both chuckled a little. You fiddled with the radio for a minute, then glanced to Papyrus.

“Hey Papyrus, can you pick a station for us on the radio? I’d like to listen to some tunes, it’s about an hour more to go.”

“CERTAINLY!” he said, going to work on the little touch screen radio that the car came with. “ALTHOUGH I’D LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT THEY MISPELLED ’SERIOUS’. WHAT A FOLLY!” You looked confused for a moment, then started giggling.

“How terrible.”

“i guess they don’t take their radio that sirius.” Sans piped up, and Papyrus groaned.

“HOW LOUD DOES THIS GO? WILL IT DROWN HIM OUT?” Papyrus was furiously mashing buttons.
"Pretty loud Papyrus I don't think--" You suddenly swerved as Moonlight Sonata filled the car at full blast, almost deafening you. "SHIT! Turn that down!"

"I'M SORRY! HANG ON, I'LL FIX THIS!" Papyrus said, screwing with the radio more. He wasn't turning it down though, he was just flipping stations. Flock of Seagulls filled the car, telling you to run, run so far away - and you smashed the off button.

"Ok. No radio. I can't hear anymore anyway."

"I'M SORRY." Papyrus said, his voice quivering. Sans was cracking up in the back, or so you thought. You could see his shoulders heaving with laughter, but you sure as hell couldn't hear it.

"It's ok, we'll listen to something on the way back. I'll uh, I'll be in charge of the radio." Papyrus nodded, making his window go up and down again. "Anyway, so what do you guys wanna do first when we get there? They have sledding areas, we can build a snowman, skiing and snowboarding - although I'm kinda not up for that personally - but you guys can do it!"

"BUILD A SNOWMAN!" Papyrus said immediately. Sans shrugged.

"i'm up for whatever."

"That's extremely non-committal. You not looking forward to anything in particular?"

"nah, just gonna enjoy the day with you two." he said, and settled into his seat a little more, throwing his hood up over his head. "wake me up when we're there, would ya?" You let out a grunt of disapproval.

"Not gonna entertain us with any stories?" you asked, but got no response. "How the hell does he fall asleep so fast?"

"PURE LAZINESS." Papyrus responded. "I THINK ALL HIS BAD JOKES WEAR HIM OUT OTHERWISE."

"This is entirely possible. I know they wear me out, and I've only had to put up with them recently. You're probably downright exhausted from them."

"LUCKILY I AM EVER VIGILANT AGAINST HIS HORRIBLE HUMOUR, THOUGH LATELY HE HASN'T BEEN MAKING AS MANY JOKES."

"Oh?" you quirked a brow at this.

"YES, HE USED TO MAKE JOKES ALL THE TIME, BUT HE SEEMS TO BE MAKING THEM LESS. I'LL CHALK THAT UP AS A VICTORY FOR THE GREAT PAPYRUS!" he said, rolling his window all the way up.

"Sounds pretty solid to me, I applaud you on your triumph on the battlefield." you responded. You wondered if he wasn't as happy, if he wasn't making as many jokes - but even you noticed he was cracking far less puns than he used to. You made a mental note to keep track of that sort of thing.

"THANK YOU FOR TAKING US TO THE SNOW TODAY! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS SINCE SANS MENTIONED IT. I REALLY HAVE MISSED IT, DESPITE HOW COLD IT IS."

"Yeah! Definitely, I love me a good snow day." you replied. "We're gonna have a blast!"
"INDEED." Papyrus said, and rolled window back down again. You suppressed a groan, and kept your eyes on the road.

The area was absolutely packed when you got there. Luckily the campgrounds converted in the wintertime to accommodate wintertime activities, so there was freshly plowed streets and parking. It took you a short while to find a spot to park in, and you and Papyrus got out of the car, shaking Sans to wake him up. He groggily got out, and surveyed the area.

"heh, nice. sure is different seeing snow with the sun out."

"You didn't see snow with the - oh yeah, underground." You corrected yourself quickly. Sans shrugged.

The area was heavily forested, like the usual camping area with pines and oaks, and other various evergreens. Everything smelled absolutely lovely, and the snow was still pretty fresh so it still had that perfect crisp look to it. There were hundreds of kids with their families everywhere, and some of them were starting to stare at Papyrus. Ah shit, you didn't really think of that.

"CAN WE BUILD A SNOWMAN FIRST? PLEASE?" Papyrus begged, eyeing the children in a small clearing with what looked like a formidable army of snowmen being created. You let out a nervous laugh and scanned the area.

"Sure, might wanna get our own area, or you'll embarrass these kids with what sounds like your superior snowman building skills." you said, hoping he'd take the suggestion.

"NONSENSE! IF THEIR SNOWMEN ARE INFERIOR, I THE GREAT PAPYRUS WOULD BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO INSTRUCT THEM IN THE FINER ART OF SNOW SCULPTING!" he responded, and before you could object began marching over to the clearing of kids. You slapped a hand to your cheek, and looked at Sans, who again just shrugged.

"he's gotta learn the hard way." was all he said. You frowned, that seemed a little harsh. Your head jerked around when you heard the high pitch scream of a little girl, and Papyrus was backing away slowly, trying to shush her. Parents were rushing in, and ushering their kids away. Sans seemed to sink into his own jacket, his expression disappearing into the fluff of his hood. Frustrated, you dashed over to Papyrus and did the only thing you could think of.

You scooped up a handful of snow, and chucked it at him. It pelted him right in the back, and he turned around, surprised.

"Oh ho! I challenge you, the Great Papyrus, to a snowball fight!" you said, posing dramatically. The kids who were looking at Papyrus with terror looked at you like you were some sort of hero.

"NYEH HEH HEH!" Papyrus responded, slowly forming a snowball into his hands. He looked absolutely ridiculous, in a giant fluffy white snow jacket and his scarf billowing behind him, just two spindly legs in ski pants and a red knit hat on top. He posed just as dramatically, if not more so, and pointed at you. "IF IT IS A SNOWBALL WAR YOU WISH, THEN PREPARE TO loose!"

"Hah!" you said, throwing a hand to your head, "As if I'd ever lose to someone like you! Hey kid!" you said, pointing to a child who was watching intensely, "Who's side do you wanna be on?"
"Uh... yours?" he said meekly. You nodded, motioning for him to come over to you. The kid stepped over to you, and started making a snowball.

"And now you're outnumbered!" you said, throwing your head back and doing your best super villain laugh. Suddenly a little girl pushed through her parents and glared at you.

"That's not fair!" she shouted.

"I don't play fair!" you responded, and Papyrus gasped.

"HOW VILE OF YOU! FAIRNESS IS MY MIDDLE NAME! I SHALL WIN THROUGH VALOR ALONE THEN!" he said, and threw a snowball at you, missing by a fairly wide arc.

"Pfft! Not with aim like that. Really, can no one best me and... hey kid, what's your name?"

"Steven." the little boy responded.

"Me and Steven! We'll take ALL of you on." you said, sweeping your pointing hand across the field. You were trying to make this as dramatic as possible. The kids who were scared were starting to look at what was going on, and the parents seemed a little less cautious. As you turned to look at Papyrus, you suddenly got a face full of stinging ice. You brushed the snow from your eyes, shocked that Papyrus had done that - and then you realized he hadn't thrown it.

It was the little girl. And she was standing next to Papyrus, looking absolutely fierce.

"We'll defeat you!" she cried out, tugging on Papyrus's jacket. He looked down at her and smiled sweetly, and she smiled back. You couldn't stop yourself from grinning. Papyrus looked towards what looked like the little girl's father, as if to ask if it was ok, and he nodded. Papyrus immediately lifted the girl onto his shoulders as she let out a gasp and a giggle, and then struck another pose.

"COMBINED, ME AND... WHAT IS YOUR NAME SMALL GIRL?"

"Jessie."

"ME AND JESSIE ARE ABSOLUTELY UNSTOPPABLE! PREPARE YOURSELVES!" he shouted, and stooped over, making two giant fistfuls of snowballs and handed them to Jessie. She immediately began throwing them as he made them for her, and she had surprisingly good aim. Another one hit you, and Steven began tossing snowballs at them as well, pelting Papyrus in the arm.

Kids began coming out of the woodwork, joining in your snowball war. But your devious plan had mostly worked - most of the kids were on Papyrus's team and were absolutely decimating you with snowballs. You had to draw your own hood up to prevent getting smacked in the face too many times. Papyrus was squealing with delight, giving pep rallies to the kids and encouraging them to build a snow barricade in which they actually listened, and soon there was a full on blockade against you. After a while, you began to grow extremely tired, despite Papyrus's boundless energy, and dropped to your knees.

"I surrender! The Great Papyrus and his ragtag league of snowball warriors have defeated me! I tap out!" you shouted. At this point, most of the kids on your team had joined his anyway. Steven looked disappointed, and quickly switched sides.

"NYEH HEH HEH! ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE GREAT PAPYRUS!" he shouted, and the kids all cheered with him in excitement. One of the children hugged him, and the next thing you knew there was a dogpile on top of him. "DO NOT NOOGIE THE SKELETON!" you heard him cry beneath the pile of kids. The parents were laughing mostly, and filming it with their phones. You
jogged over to where Sans was standing, out of breath - and he was looking at you with amazement clearly scrawled on his face.

"Some help woulda been good, y'know." you huffed, collapsing on a nearby rock that was mostly dry. You saw him frown, and he sat next to you.

"you seemed to have it under control." he responded. You gave him a side glance.

"You weren't even gonna help him. I gotta say, that's kinda shitty."

"what did you want me to do, add another skeleton to the mix?" he responded, his tone a little clipped. "that'd be great."

"I dunno Sans. Anything would have been better than nothing." you said. "Just watching him stand there and take that...

Something about your words had Sans on his feet, his face dark - the lights in his eyes had completely gone out.

"you insinuating i like watching that?"

"The fuck? No. You're usually crazy protective of him."

"yeah, well. i'm not all that great sometimes." he said, his face turning almost into a scowl. Yikes, what had you said that was so wrong?

"Hey, hey. I didn't mean anything serious by it. I just meant... jesus Sans, I just meant maybe you need to stop assuming the worst from everyone, y'know?" You saw his face slowly start to fade back into his usual grin, although there was no mirth behind it.

"yeah, prolly. sorry. just seen a lot of bad shit go down." he said, and sat back next to you. You wrapped an arm around him and pulled him into a sideways hug.

"Well, screw all that, ain't happening on my watch buddy. So you can quit your moping, and join in the fun." You said, and gave him a little squeeze. His face formed into a softer smile, and it was genuine.

"yeah, that sounds good. sorry about that, i really appreciate what you did. that was sweet of you."

"It's what any respectable person would do, although they'd probably do it with less flourish." you said with a chuckle. "I get what you're saying though, if you ran over to help him, I guess the parents would have freaked out even more. I'm sorry, I guess I just don't see you that way."

Sans took your hand, and pressed it to his teeth in a manner of a kiss. You blushed a little at this. "it's sort of obvious you don't, but we won't get into that." he said with a grin.

"Yeah, definitely not with hundreds of tiny children running around please." you groaned. He laughed, and got up, helping you up as well. "Shall we go join the masses? I think they've been warmed up to the idea of skeletons in the snow."

"sounds good." he said, and let go of your hand. You frowned a little, the two of you started walking towards the mass of kids who were swarming around Papyrus. As you headed that way, you snaked your hand into his, which surprised him - he looked up at you with a puzzled face. "er, do you want people to..." he said, not finishing.
"What, to know I'm with a skeleton? I sort of drove here with two of 'em." you said with a laugh. "Besides, what if I just really wanted to hold your hand after all this time?" You were mildly regretting it, as his hand was extremely smooth and cold.

"you just had to ask y'know, i woulda held your hand at any point." he said with a grin.

"Oh yeah? How long've you been wanting to do that?" you asked, giving a small laugh. He suddenly looked extremely awkward.

"...feels like forever, honestly."

"Damn you're adorable. I'd pinch your cheeks if I could find something to pinch." you said, nudging him with your shoulder. He chuckled, and the two of you walked to his brother, hand in hand. Kids were signaling to Papyrus you were returning, and he turned around - two children dangling from of his arms, and Jessie once again on his shoulders.

"AH! YOU FOUND MY LAZY BROTHER, IS HE HERE TO JOIN US?" he asked, and then noticed you were holding hands. His face suddenly glowed a soft orange, and his chest seemed to swell with happiness. "FELLOW SNOW ENTHUSIASTS! THIS IS MY BROTHER SANS! HE IS NOT AS SKILLED AS I AM IN THE ART OF SNOW SCULPTING, HOWEVER HE IS VERY... GOOD... AT JOKES."

"ice to meetcha." Sans said. The younger kids burst into giggles, the older ones looked extremely unamused. One kid piped up from behind the snow barricade.

"Hey! Why didn't the snowman go to the ball?"

"why?" Sans asked, but you had a feeling he knew the answer.

"Because he had snowbody to go with!" the kid replied, and started shrieking with laughter at their own joke. Sans laughed as well, and Papyrus groaned.

"I SHALL BE MAKING MY SNOW EFFIGY OVER HERE," he said, pointing a mere five feet away, "HOPEFULLY OUT OF EAR SHOT."

"But Mr. Papyrus!" a small boy said, "You don't have ears!"

"I DO, YOU JUST CAN'T SEE THEM! I OBVIOUSLY HEAR YOU, DO I NOT?" An enlightened "oooooh!" rippled through the group of kids.

"obviously, you want to hear eary one of my jokes." Sans said, and even you groaned at that one - it was not one of his best. Kids started flocking to Sans, the new interesting thing to talk to.

"Hey Mr. Sans! Why was six afraid of seven?"

"i dunno, why?" he asked, putting his hands into his pockets casually. You slipped away from him to let the kids crowd him a little better, smiling.

"'cuz seven ate nine!"

"hah! good one. what do elves learn in school?"

"What?"

"the elf-abet."
You busied yourself with Papyrus building a snowman, as jokes weren't really your forte, but Sans and a small group of kids exchanged absolutely ridiculous jokes for well over an hour. Papyrus built a remarkably muscular version of himself flexing (how it held up was beyond you, it was ridiculously top-heavy) and the kids were all making their own snowmen with help of yourself and Papyrus.

After a while, you began to get extremely cold, and suggested cocoa to warm up. Sans and Papyrus agreed to the disappointment of the children, and the lot of you got some extremely enthusiastic hugs before you headed over to the lodge. Some of the parents waved as well, and thanked you for playing with their kids.

Papyrus was enthusing over the amount of fun he had, as the three of you collapsed into large comfortable chairs inside with your cocoa. You grinned, glad that you had stepped in - the afternoon had shaped up to be an absolute blast. Sans was looking towards you lazily, but his eyes had that soft glow that they did sometimes, and you wondered if that was a look of affection.

"THIS HAS BEEN SUCH A GREAT TIME, WE SHOULD COME UP HERE MORE OFTEN!" Papyrus mused. You chuckled, sipping your cocoa.

"It'd be fine, except having to rent a car every time. That's the only annoying part. But we can come back up here before the snow melts." you offered. Papyrus nodded enthusiastically.

"this is my favourite part right here." Sans said, looking comfortable nestled in his chair.

"OF COURSE IT IS." Papyrus huffed, and you shrugged.

"I kinda like it too." you said, holding up your mug a little. "I mean, great friends, warm fire, comfy ass chairs, what else could I want?"

"SPEAKING OF FRIENDS," Papyrus said, leering at you, "I FEEL LIKE YOU TWO ARE MORE THAN FRIENDS NOW." Sans almost choked on his cocoa, and you could only blush at that. Papyrus looked back and forth between the two of you as neither of you said anything. "WELL?" Sans looked at you as if to ask if it was ok, and you nodded.

"we decided uh, we would give that whole dating thing a whirl." Sans said a little quietly. Papyrus shot up to his feet, and picked Sans up with a sudden energy that surprised the both of you and spun him in a circle, hugging him close.

"OH SANS! I AM SO HAPPY TO HEAR THIS! OH! OH! YOU TOO ____! THIS REALLY IS A FANTASTIC NEW YEAR!" he nearly cried, putting Sans down after one final squeeze, then grabbed you from your chair and hugged you as well. You couldn't help but laugh, glad that you got the brotherly approval. "AND I MUST SAY, IT'S ABOUT TIME!"

"What? Oh please, not you too." you grumbled.

"YOUR FRIEND PAPYRUS IS EXTREMELY OBSERVANT, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW. THE TWO OF YOU HAVE BEEN SWEET ON EACH OTHER FOR QUITE SOME TIME." he said, looking pleased with himself. Sans slapped a hand over his face, making a distinct clacking noise.

"bro, please." he said from beneath his hand, his face growing a vivid blue. You were a complimentary red, and Papyrus was laughing at the both of you.

"DO NOT BE SHY! IT IS A WONDERFUL THING. LEAVE IT TO SANS TO FALL FOR A HUMAN OF COURSE, HE NEVER DID ANYTHING PROPERLY." Papyrus said, and Sans
shot him a look that made Papyrus almost swallow his words. You shrugged it off, knowing Papyrus didn't mean anything by it.

"Well, neither do I, so there you go." you said easily, sipping your cocoa again and smiling. Sans smiled at you, and Papyrus was grinning like a total goof.

"CLEARLY A PERFECT MATCH. HAVE YOU TOLD ANYONE ELSE?" he asked, his phone suddenly out.

"no, we just sorta figured it out this morning." Sans said, eyeing Papyrus's phone suspiciously.

"Uh, Papyrus, what are you doing?"

"TELLING MY BESTEST FRIENDS!" Papyrus responded, and Sans officially shot cocoa out of his mouth. You stood up, going to find a napkin for the sudden hot chocolate explosion when your phone, and Sans's phone went off almost simultaneously.

"paps. you didn't." Sans said. You looked at your phone, and saw a text from Jackie that just said 'FINALLY!!!! :) :)'

"It's just Jackie and Kyle, Sans." you said, showing your phone. Sans looked relieved, then looked at his phone, and while he was already white, you could have sworn you saw him go a shade lighter.

"and undyne." he said, gulping.

"OF COURSE I'D TELL UNDYNE! WHILE I DO LOVE MY HUMAN FRIENDS, UNDYNE IS MY BESTEST FRIEND IN THE WHOLE WORLD!" Papyrus said happily. You had heard Papyrus talk about Undyne before in your conversations, and you recalled Sans showing you a picture of her prior. She was the fish woman, you thought - the one Sans mentioned was coming out with Alpha? Alphonse? in a few weeks. Papyrus spoke extremely highly of her, but Sans would always dance around the topic of old friends.

"Well uh, that's good, right?" you asked. Sans was looking at his phone, and it was consistently buzzing - assumedly with a chain of texts. He was furiously texting as well. You looked to Papyrus helplessly for an answer. "Right?"

"I DON'T SEE WHY NOT!" he said, still beaming. Sans looked up, and he appeared absolutely drained.

"hey papyrus, did you wanna mess around in the snow any more? it's gonna be getting dark real soon." he said, looking out the window. Papyrus suddenly looked outside and let out a tiny gasp.

"OH YES! I WOULD LIKE TO GO BACK OUTSIDE! LET'S GO!"

"i'm gonna stay in here where it's warm if you don't mind." Sans said, and gave you a sharp look. You took the hint.

"Uh, I'm gonna finish warming up I think Papyrus, you wanna get a head start?" you asked. Papyrus nodded.

"OF COURSE! I'LL SEE YOU LAZYBONES IN A FEW!" he said, and bounded outside. The second he was outside, Sans let out a loud groan.

"damnit! of all the people, undyne?"
"What's wrong with that?" you asked, coming over to him, motioning for him to scoot - the chair was big enough to fit the both of you if you squashed together. He obliged, showing you his phone.

"this. this is wrong with it."

u: WHAT!?
u: You have a GIRLFRIEND!?
u: I AM GONNA SING THIS FROM THE ROOFTOPS!
s: please don't
u: Don't be shy! THIS IS AWESOME!!!
s: no seriously we just started dating this morning
u: SCREW YOU! I totally just told Alphys. Do you have a picture??????
u: She's saying something about otps, I have no idea what that means???
s: undyne seriously, please don't tell anyone else. this is still really new
u: LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU!!!!
u: NEEEEEEEEERD

You were chuckling, and he still looked mortified. You handed his phone back to him. "I really don't see anything wrong with this, she sounds excited."

"you don't know undyne. excited is... an understatement with her." he said, sighing and putting his phone back into his pocket. "i just hope she doesn't tell everyone, i don't need phone calls."

"Wait, so am I your first girlfriend or something?"

"ehh..." Sans rubbed the back of his neck, and looked positively mortified. You let out a small gasp, and put a hand over your mouth.

"Are you serious!? Wait, but how did you..." you said, and your mouth snapped shut. How the hell was he so good at flirting? Hell, at fucking?! He raised a browbone and looked at you.

"how did i what?" he asked. You gave him an awkward smile.

"Uh.. how did you, you know. Get so good. At the things. All the things." you said, trying to be as vague as possible. You felt his arm slip around you, and he gave you a roguish grin.

"i have my secrets. i told you, i did some research." he said, chuckling. "but beyond that, can i do my hand wiggle and say 'magic'? because i feel like i haven't done that recently enough." You smacked him on the shoulder.

"You're such a butt. Yeah, it was definitely magic, I'll tell you that much." you said with a crooked smile. You felt his hand gently scratch at you, and you let out a relaxed sigh. "I wasn't your first though, was I?"

"nah. first human, yeah. but first? nah. i'll say this, our anatomy was definitely more compatible." You blinked a few times.

"Wow, I really didn't think about that. I mean, that sucks, but it makes me feel a little better. I've never been the one into 'deflowering the virgin' and all that jazz."
"kinda creepy when you put it that way." Sans said with a short laugh. "obviously i know your history so..."

"Yeah, no secrets there. Although it's not like I'm a sexpot or anything. And I've definitely never boned a skeleton." you said, without even meaning to make the joke. Sans's face lit up and he laughed.

"you have no idea how much i wanted to make that joke, but it didn't seem appropriate."

"Well, there's your green light. It means go." you said, nuzzling into him a little. He smiled.

"well, i guess it's official then. both our best friends know about us, so might as well not keep it hidden i guess." Sans said. You shrugged.

"I didn't want to hide it, but I know it's mildly awkward. There's no denying it, as much as I want to. It's not that I find fault in any of this, but both of us are realistic - we know how other people are."

"yeah..." he said, looking a little glum. You hooked your finger under his chin to look at you.

"And they better get used to this hot chick making out with this sexy skeleton, 'cause they're gonna see it a lot." you said with a grin, and planted a kiss on his teeth. You felt him stiffen a little, then melt into your kiss, return it in kind with that small wisp of magic that gave you tingles and the odd sensation of lips kissing you back.

"i'm not sure what i did to deserve you, but i'm glad i did it." he said, his eyes glowing with that gentle dimness. Your hand smoothed over the side of his face, cupping his cheek.

"Me too. Weirdest romance ever, maybe they'll write a book about it." you said with a giggle. He snorted at that.

"or a tabloid. 'local woman in love with living skeleton! elvis found alive in egyptian tomb! bat boy strikes again!'"

"At least two of those are true!" you mock exclaimed, and the two of you started laughing. "Should we go join Papyrus?"

"nah. he's probably swarmed with kids right now. plus i kinda like this seat a lot right now." Sans said, pulling you a little closer to him. You let out a happy sigh, leaning into him.

"I'm glad we finally got over our difference, because right now, i'm probably the happiest i've been in a long while." you said with a small smile. Sans rested his head on your shoulder.

"i think i'm the happiest i've ever been." he said extremely quietly. You felt your heart swell in your chest at that, and kissed the top of his skull.

"i'll make sure to keep it that way." you said, meaning it. The two of you sat by the crackling fire, looking outside the window to see Papyrus flinging snow at children and vice versa. All in all, it was an extremely successful snow day.

For drive back, Papyrus was in the backseat, passed out from all the activity from the day. It always cracked you up that he snored for some reason, and you had some music softly playing to keep you
alert on the drive back. Sans was being surprisingly quiet, mostly staring out the window as the sun was going down. You didn't mind the silence, and the two of you had overlapped your hands on one another's on the center console. Every now and again one of you would give the other's hand a small squeeze, and smile, but otherwise didn't say anything.

You let Papyrus doze in the car for a few minutes before you returned it, and you all rode the metro back, walking your way back home. As you made it up to your apartment landing, you began unlocking your door, and you heard the brothers muttering something behind you. You heard Papyrus let out a gasp, and he looked at you, his face a bright orange.

"WELL! THANK YOU FOR THE FUN TODAY! I HOPE YOU HAVE A. A.. I HOPE YOU HAVE A GOOD NIGHT I SHALL BE GOING NOW GOOD NIGHT BYE SANS BYE _____!" he said, going into his house and almost slamming his door. Sans looked at you sheepishly, a light blue tinting his face and he shrugged.

"What on earth did you tell him?"

"that uh, we were having a solo slumber party." he said with an embarassed chuckle. You grinned at him. "i mean, i know we discussed it earlier and all, but if you wanna just go home i totally get it..."

"Sans."

"what?"

"Shut up and get in my house." you said, rolling your eyes and opening your door. You found it hilarious how he could be so confident and assertive one minute, and then this adorable bumbling mess another - but then figured the same applied to you occasionally. Sans laughed a little, and followed in after you, shutting the door behind the two of you.

While part of you wanted nothing more than to jump him there and then, you wanted to take your time that evening. You had the fast paced adreneline rush of the previous night still in your head, but you wanted to just enjoy his company this evening. You decided to make this evident as soon as possible.

"Did you want tea? I've been dying to try some of these cute teas you got me." you said with a smile. He grinned at that, and plopped onto the couch.

"of course. could you make me a cup of 'it's been oolong'?"

"Definitely." you said, throwing the kettle on. You took out the gorgeous teacups that he had gotten you, and sat next to him as the kettle boiled. You let out a loud, happy sigh. "Today was pretty great, it was a lot of fun."

"yeah." he said, his arm positioning itself behind you. "so what's the plan for tonight?"

"Well, I'd like to take a hot shower to warm up," you said, and you watched his face shift. You giggled a little. "I'd say feel free to join, but my shower is TINY, and I hate sharing hot water."

"that's fair. although i feel like i could use a shower too."

"Ok, so honestly? You take showers and all that?" you said. He looked at you like you had slapped him.

"what, do you think i just stew in my own filth?"
"No! I mean.. I dunno! You're just so... sensitive. I can't see you really, y'know, scrubbing the nooks and crannies. Plus doesn't *maaaaaaagic* keep you clean?" Sans snorted.

"i wish. nah. i'm sensitive when uh, you touch me. or if i touch myself in some areas it's a little sensitive. but i gotta clean off all the dirt n' grime of the city just like you."

"Explains why you always smell so good." you mused. He looked at you for a second.

"i smell good?"

"Yeah, you've always smelled good. You have a really uhm.. how do I put this without sounding creepy - a pleasing 'scent' if you will."

"huh." he said. "that's good to know. i was worried i'd smell bad or something. i never know with humans."

"Not at all. Well, I'm glad your immaculately groomed. Ten out of ten for hygiene. On the plus side, you never have to shave." Sans rubbed his chin at this.

"this has been a woe of mine since i first saw a beard. i'd always wanted one."

"No offense, but you'd look absolutely ridiculous with a beard."

"so would you."

"And that's why I shave my face every morning." you responded. Sans blinked a few times in surprise, and you laughed. "I'm joking, numbskull. Anyway, shower, comfies, then maybe a movie?"

"i won't lie, i'm really worried we won't make it to those other stages if you take a shower first." he said with a silly grin. You let out a mock sigh.

"My door DOES have a lock on it."

"your new boyfriend *can* teleport."

"You wouldn't!"

"try me." he said, wiggling his browbones. You both laughed. "nah, if you wanna just go rinse off that does sound like a great idea, i can go back to my place and do it at the same time and we can just meet back in our.. what did you say, 'comfies'?"

"Yeah. That works. Thanks. I just wanna decompress for a little bit if you don't mind." you said. Mentally, you did. Your body on the other hand, was signalling that it was go time, and you needed to be violently riding him right now. And whether you realized it or not, he was subtly picking up on that. He got up, and you politely walked him to the door - as he opened it, he turned to you, and slipped an arm around you, pulling you close to him. Your heart beat quickened, and you felt your body temperature shooting up.

"think of me in the shower, would ya? because i'll be thinking of you." he said with a wicked grin, and you let out an involuntary shiver against him. Two could play this game.

"Give me a number." you said. He looked confused for a moment.

"huh? 2." You bent your head down to where his ear should be, and whispered in as seductive a tone as you could muster.
"I'll think of you at least twice, then. I'll aim for three." His back stiffened, and he pressed up against you a bit more, and you could feel his hardness.

"you sure you don't want me to join you?" he breathed as his fingers began slowly sinking into your back. You smirked.

"Oh, I do, but it's so much more fun this way." you said, and kissed the side of his face. "See you in a little bit. I'll leave the door unlocked for you." You regretfully parted from him, and stood in the doorway as he quickly went into his home, almost slamming his door. You inwardly cackled, and went off to take your own shower.

You turned the water up as hot as you could muster, and you thought about Sans. You thought about Sans three full times. You always were an overachiever.

Quickly getting out of the shower, you felt much better. You felt clean, relaxed, warm. You toweled off and headed into the bedroom - and while it was fun to think of dressing up in something sexy and cute, you really felt like comfortable and lazy was more the right mood tonight for whatever reason. You grabbed an oversized long sleeved shirt with a picture of a cat riding a pizza in space on it, and some flannel pyjama bottoms. And you wondered why you could never snag a man?

You flipped the kettle back on, as the water had since cooled and prepared the tea bags. Right as the tea finished steeping, you heard your door open and Sans came in - and your clothing choice felt extremely appropriate. He was wearing a baggy shirt that had a kitten hugging a taco that said 'Let's Taco 'Bout It' and what looked like matching flannel pants. You burst into laughter.

"Did you plan this or something? Do I have to worry about you going through my clothing?" you said, gesturing to your pyjamas. He looked at you and suddenly laughed as well.

"i was going to ask you the same thing. apparently we're cats with food afficiandos on top of everything. who knew?"

"Uh, excuse me, my cat's in space." you said, stretching your shirt out. He gave you a lop-sided smile.

"a clear winner. your top is obviously out of this world."

"Ugh, remind me why I fantasize about you again?" you said, jumping topics, innocently stirring his tea. You saw him straighten.

"so uh, hit that magic number?" he asked, not too smoothly.

"And then I went the extra mile." you said with an impish smile. You saw that blue flush creeping over his face, but his teeth were doing that weird parting thing that they sometimes did.

"i hope this movie is really good." he said, a sudden blue tongue running over his canines. You gulped.

"Me too." you responded. You handed him his tea, and the two of you sat on the couch and queued up the movie.
It was not a good movie. It was the opposite of a good movie. Whatever asshole decided to let Adam Sandler make another movie should be strung up and shot, you thought to yourself. Sans was enjoying the special effects, and you had to constantly explain the horrible 80's pop culture references that were littered throughout the flick. He knew some of them, admittedly through what had fallen down into the underground - but the entire concept of a video game seemed to enthral him. You had to pause the movie for a full 10 minutes to explain to him how they worked, and the basis behind it all.

After the movie, he wanted to continue discussing video games. It was definitely a topic you were interested in, so you had no problem with this. You showed him your various consoles you had picked up over the years, and pointed as well at your computer, and explained the games you had on them.

A while later, he started to grow quiet. Sad, almost.

"so you're saying they're kinda like... interactive books, if you will."

"Basically. People used to rag on kids who played video games, but now they're a multi million dollar industry. Kinda neat, really. Beautiful graphics, storytelling, all that stuff."

"do you have a favourite game?"

"Pfft, do I? I have too many. I love so many of them, usually the roleplaying games. The ones that tell a really good story."

"yeah? so what happens when you finish 'em?"

"Finish them? I dunno, I save and exit the game?"

"then what?"

"What do you mean, 'then what'? I put it on a shelf? Sometimes I replay it?"

"so you make them go through it all over again?" he said. You blinked a few times.

"Well.. yeah, I guess I never really thought of it that way. They're just pixels on a screen dude. It's like re-reading your favourite book, you don't want to let those characters go, y'know?"

"but you have to sometimes." he said. You frowned, trying to understand where he was coming from. You thought you explained games well enough that he understood that none of it was real.

"Sans, the person experiencing it all is you, the player. The characters in the game, they don't feel anything."

"no?" he said, and his voice was terse. You started rewinding everything in your mind, trying to figure out how to salvage this evening before it turned into something awful.

"I mean, theoretically. If you want to get into the entire discussion of 'alternate universes' - which by the way, I think is kinda awesome - they could be living on some plane of existence, and continue on after us, the players put the game away. But then you'd have to factor in how many millions of copies are sold, and how many times people have lived that story with them and...

"but they could be real, yeah?"

"Well yeah. Hell, we could be video game characters for all I know. Like the Sims or something. I
have a hunger bar hiding somewhere that tells me I'm hungry all the time apparently, it's glitched." you said, chuckling. Sans chuckled a little, but it wasn't as happy sounding as it normally was. "Look, what's eating you?"

"nothing." he said. You knew better.

"Sans. You know this move better."

"nah, it's just i'm thinking about it too much. makes me sad, y'know? the idea that someone's life could stop and start at someone else's whim. finally get that happy end you were talking about with all the secret items and stuff, and then some fucking prick just resets it all and starts over." he responded, his voice cracking slightly. Your face became etched with worry.

"Yeah, that is sad. But hey, we're not video game characters, so we're fine!" you said with a smile. He looked at you, and you could tell there was something he was hiding, something haunting him. And while you wanted badly to know, you knew sometimes it was best to let someone tell you in their own time. "Even if we were, we're happy now, right? Soak up that happiness time! My friend told me once, 'Enjoy the moment you're in now, instead of dreading the future that may never happen.'" You didn't mention that the particular quote had to do with dating Sans, but it sounded fairly profoundly right now.

Sans's face slowly turned into a soft smile, and he leaned up against you. "yeah, you're right. thanks. i was overanalyzing it, sorry about that. i tend to get wrapped up in things, y'know?"

"Kinda. You keep quiet about yourself, but I respect that. You can always talk to me about whatever though. I mean shit, who else you gonna talk to?" you said with a chuckle. He followed suit, and his hand found yours, gripping it.

"thanks."

"Anytime." you said with a smile, and gave him a quick kiss. He turned his head, and brought his mouth up to yours, surprising you with that magical kiss he seemed to manage. You let out a pleasant sigh, running your hand up his forearm, following the ridges and divots that had worn their way into his aged bones. You felt two extremely sharp canines biting into the flesh, but not breaking it, and it made you shudder slightly.

"Must say," you said between breaths, "I like it when you're hard, so we're even, right?" Sans chuckled, a low rumble coming from him.

"you have no idea how hard you get me, ____." he whispered into your ear, and he gently leaned you back, so you were still facing him, but he could look at you better. Your face was flush with arousal, and your lips parted slightly, trying not to breathe too heavily. His hands slowly trailed from your knees all the way up to your stomach, then around your breasts, one settling on your right and the other finding it's way into the tangle of your hair, his face following behind, kissing it's way up your center and coming to a stop at your chin.

"Sans..." you huffed, but you didn't really have anything to say. You just were so pleased to be
saying his name even remotely in this context, and he seemed just as pleased to be hearing it as such. His body was pressing up against yours, and you felt his ribs sharply for a moment, but they gave way to an odd comfort. Letting a small moan escape you as his hand fully encompassed your breast and gently squeezed, you opened your legs slightly, allowing his body more access to yours. He was breathing heavily, and that odd blue tongue slipped from between sharp teeth and dragged up against your neck, seemingly taking it's time from the tip of your collarbone to the base of your ear. You couldn't stop yourself from rocking your hips into him slightly, and you felt his back stiffening again as it did, and he suddenly pulled back from you. "Something wrong?"

"no. no, nothing's wrong," he said, and with a unexpectedly deft movement, scooped you up into his arms. "just giving us a change of scenery." he said, and carried you into the bedroom. Well, this was a first - but you definitely weren't going to argue. He placed you on your bed, and you couldn't help but let out a massive giggle. "what?"

"That was very romantic, if you don't mind me saying."

"i try." he said, and crawled onto the bed with you. You felt his hands tugging at your shirt, to which you gladly removed with haste. You didn't even wait for him to get to your pants, they just felt so ridiculously sweltering suddenly, and he sat up and stared.

"What?" you said, feeling a little shy suddenly. You were generally fairly confident, but he was quite literally staring at you.

"i didn't get to... didn't really get to see this last night. enjoy it if you will. good god. you're absolutely mesmerizing," he said, his eyes taking on that ember blaze. You felt a full body flush, you'd never had anyone be so complimentary like this in bed before.

"Same goes for you, I'd really like to see you." you said. You could see his smile falter a little.

"i'm just a bag of bones, really." he said. You sat up, and you cupped his face with your hand.

"Sans. I'm attracted to you. All of you. Don't hide the handsomeness that's you from me, that's not fair." you said softly, remembering how the magic weaved through his body. "You're an absolute marvel, and it'd be a fucking shame to hide that away."

It was his turn to look shy, as he took his ridiculous taco cat shirt off and tossed it to the side. The two of you sat opposite one another on the bed, you completely exposed, and him at least halfway there. You put your hand gently on his upper ribcage, and gave it a soft stroke, eliciting a shiver and a moan from him.

"god.. how do you do that? it feels so good." he said, his shyness slowly melting away. You grinned, and wiggled the fingers on your other hand.

"I've got magic fingers." you said, and couldn't stop yourself from giggling. He chuckled, and watched as you tiptoed your fingers around his bones, both fascinated and still aroused. If you focused hard enough, you could see the wavering strands of magic that held him together, fleshing him out in a web-thin veil. You touched it with the back of your hand, and barely noticed him tracing the outline of your neck down to your own collarbone.

"i just... god, i'm just so happy." he said, and he leaned into you, his face nuzzling into your neck. You smiled, and you shifted your weight, pulling him to lie down with you.

"You know what would make me happier? If you lost the pants." you said with a grin. He laughed a little and rolled his eyes, slouching them off and throwing them across the room to make a point.
"happy? now you have a medical skeleton lying in bed with you." he said, pinching your bare stomach for effect.

"I have my incredibly sexy boyfriend lying in bed with me." you said, and to make your point you pushed your weight into him, your chest pressing into his and you began to nibble on his clavicle. The feeling of his ribs pressing into your breasts was both different and oddly delightful, as you could mildly detect that warm air sensation of his magic brushing against them.

He apparently liked it as well, as you couldn't help but notice a literal cock forming out of nowhere. You kept the laughter in to yourself - the last thing you needed to laugh at was his dick - but it was something akin to a lightsaber slowly turning on visually. You'd never be able to watch Star Wars again. You continued to nibble, occasionally wetting it with your tongue and moving to the adjoining bones in the area. You made a mental note to learn what half of these bones actually were at some point.

Sans brought a hand around and gripped at your ass, pulling you even closer into him. You wrapped a leg around his side, placing his leg between yours. You suddenly realized an odd benefit to him being made of mere bone - his leg coming up slid delightfully against your aching slit perfectly, and you experimentally moved against it a little. He let out a small groan, and you knew it wasn't from pleasure, but from arousal. You ceased your attention on his clavicle, and your hands found themselves being less careful, stroking what you thought was his sternum and going in to kiss him. This apparently was some sort of magic button as his hips bucked a little, opening his mouth to produce that odd tongue, and you didn't give him much choice as you took it into your mouth.

You could tell by his response that this was a new experience, but he settled into it like he was an old pro. You ground your body against his, your hands exploring his ribcage, his sternum, anything you could possibly grip - and his hands were almost painfully digging into any bit of flesh they could find. You let out a little cry when one of his hands found your sensitive nipples and pinched, and without another word you were flipped onto your back, his attention now on these wonderful noise makers.

His tongue darted out, immediately taking a nipple into his mouth and gently nibbled on it while his other hand was twisting, pinching, teasing. You let out a gasp, as his hand and mouth expertly worked your swollen nubs, and you began to slowly move your hand down between your legs. You felt him swat it away with his free hand.

"nope." he said, taking a brief moment to break away from you, "you already had three earlier. you get three more by me, thanks." Your eyes were probably as wide as dinner plates, as he chuckled at your expression, and went back to flicking the tip of your nipple with his tongue.

"Sans, if you don't touch me, I'm going to explode." you whined. Your nerves were on fire, he was touching you in all the right places. You could feel him grin against your breast, and you felt his hand take an agonizingly long time crawling down between your legs. As he toyed with his hand around your abdomen, you made your point by gripping his cock which made suck in his breath suddenly. "I'll settle for this." you purred, and began slowly moving your hand up and down his shaft, your thumb dragging the small bead of pre-cum down the head. He let out a loud moan, burying his face into your chest as you worked him, his hands temporarily forgetting they had something to do. The flesh that didn't feel like flesh was cool in your hand, but hot at the same time. It definitely had an almost glassy feel, without being too foreign - smooth, like his bones, but with a softer feel to it. You had no idea how to describe it, but it felt right enough, and it felt perfect in your hand right now. He started slowly thrusting his hips in rhythm with your hand, and you let out a soft moan at the entire situation. You began pumping him harder when he suddenly gripped your wrist, hard.
"nnn-n y-you're gonna make me... not yet. nice try though." he said, his breathing ragged. You licked your lips and gave him a devilish smile, fully intending on exploring the finer points of his cock with your mouth, when he pushed you back onto your back again, and his hand came up between your legs. You sucked in a breath as he parted your folds, dragging his fingers up to your clit and rubbed gingerly.

"Oh FUCK." you whimpered, even his minor touch setting your body ablaze. You had been too pent up, and you were ready for release already. He grinned, sensing this, and leaned back down like the previous night, taking a nipple into his mouth and bit, rubbing your clit a little harder. That's all it took, as a blissful shockwave rippled through your body, causing you to cry his name out, your legs shaking in the intensity of it all as your body tensed. The sensation left you as suddenly as it came on, causing you to relax and your legs to sprawl out onto the bed in a happy mess.

"one." he said, and you felt him pull away from your slack hand, his body repositioning itself. You felt him trace his hands down your stomach, your thighs, your legs. You let out a happy hum, as his touches felt like smooth silk on your skin at the moment. What you didn't expect was your legs to be suddenly parted, as well as your folds once again as Sans was now face to face with your entrance.

"F-fuck! Sans, what? What're you..?" you could barely take it in, still coming down from the high of your orgasm. Sans was tracing your mound with an errant finger, and without any warning slipped it inside of you, causing you to arch your back with a pleasured gasp. You waited for the feeling of his fingers moving in and out, and instead you saw him give you a grin, and those beautiful, sharp canines parting to let his tongue slide out...

...and down between your legs. You let out a small cry, your body pulling away from him without meaning to, and his response was to grip into your hips, pulling you towards him instead. His mouth practically dove into you, his tongue lapping at your clit, his fingers now working at your core with a furious need. You were panting heavily, feeling the heat rise in your belly and between your legs at a frantic pace, and you knew you weren't going to last long a second time either. You moaned his name, your hands reaching out to grip something, anything, one squeezing a pillow and another finding the smooth top of his head - regrettably lacking hair to grip. You settled for digging your nails into it, which seemed to egg him on, and you felt him literally growl into you. And that's what did it, and you were set off in that moment, another powerful orgasm ripping through you, stronger than the last one. You could have sworn he was cheating, using magic, something. But you were bucking your hips into his face as you came, and he was clearly loving every minute of it.

He didn't wait for you to calm down, he was on top of you in a flash. The feel of his bones pressing into you felt amazing for whatever reason, even though your brain was telling you rationally there should be some level of discomfort. Sans began nipping at your neck, murmuring unintelligble words into your ear as his cock began sliding against your soaking entrance.

"God, I adore you." you whispered, your hands running over his spinal column, tracing his bones all the way to the back of his scalpula. "Please. Sans, please."

You could tell he wanted to take you like he had the night before, but instead slid into you slowly, his body shivering slightly as he entered. You moaned into his neck, your lips pressing into it as he began slowly began thrusting into you at a steady pace. He held himself up above you, and was watching you, his eyes giving off that soft glow as you had seen before.

"i... i adore you too." he said between breaths, sweat beginning to form on him. You wrapped your legs around him, enveloping him as much as you possibly could. His pace began to quicken, and you delighted in the sensation of his pelvic bone rubbing up against your thighs, despite the friction. He began to thrust harder, hitting your sweet spot that almost no man ever could hit, no matter how hard they tried. You let out a sharp cry, causing him to stop for a half second when you gripped his arm
with an intensity that surprised even you.

"Do not. Fucking. Stop." you said between gritted teeth. He groaned, and began slamming into you at those words, causing your moans to become near shrieks of pleasure. Again, the sound and feel of bone slapping into flesh was delicious, and positively sinful. You felt that unfamiliar build up, something far greater than you were used to when your eyes shot open. "Oh. Oh god. Sans. Fuck. Sans." you stuttered, and he rammed into you full hilt - and you felt a bolt of electricity shoot through you, shattering your nerve endings. Your entire body jerked into his, your legs tightening around him like a vice as he watched your face with rapt attention, his eyes full of carnal lust.

"f-fuck.." he huffed, and before you could say or do anything, he let out a gutteral moan that sent chills down your spine, and you felt him shoot into you. You couldn't help but inhale sharply as you felt that sudden tingle of magic shooting through you, pooling into your core. Sans practically collapsed on top of you, and you laid there a moment, a sweaty tangled mess. You had a million questions shooting through your head right now, but you didn't want to ruin the afterglow, so you instead gently kissed his cheek. He smiled at you, running his hand through your hair.

"heh. told ya, three." You grinned.

"You did. That's not fair, you only got one."

"i technically got two, i just got one earlier." he said, his eyes starting to close lazily. You blinked.

"Wait, you came earlier?"

"yeah, i told you i'd think of you in the shower, didn't i?" he said, chuckling.

"That uh... that's impressive." you said, your hand stroking his arm. He let out a soft rumble at your touch, like some sort of giant jungle cat.

"is it? give me an hour, we can go again." he said with a laugh. Wait, was he kidding?

"Haha, very funny." you said, trying to position yourself to get comfortable. He took the hint, and rolled off of you, grabbing one of your pillows and placing it on his shoulder so you could lay on him.

"i'm not joking." he said. "why, do human males only get one a day or something?"

"Uh, some of them do." you said, wondering what you had gotten yourself into. "It's exhausting. I mean, sometimes they can go again, but not for a long while."

"well, we'll see where we're at in an hour, hmm?" he said with a grin. You could feel your legs starting to tremble a little at that, you might be overstimulated.

"Let's just sleep for now, yeah? Sleeping sounds amazing."

"i always knew i liked you for a reason." he said, chuckling. You nestled into him comfortably as he played with your hair, and you drifted off into the best sleep you had had in years.

You dreamt of a giant field, and Sans and Papyrus were having a picnic, and all you felt was an overwhelming sense of love in your heart.
I AM SO SORRY THIS CHAPTER TOOK SO LONG. I will post some of it on tumblr as to why, I don't want to bore everyone with the long details here. However, I should be getting chapters back up with some regularity now, so I'm looking forward to it! :) Your comments have made me so happy, they really drive me to continue writing this little piece of fluff and love. (and now smut)

So thank you! <3 I hope you enjoy this chapter.
You awoke the following morning, wrapped up in both the comfort of your fluffy sheets and the solid grip of Sans. He hadn't been joking about the whole "one hour" thing, and the two of you were apparently on some sort of mission to make up for lost time. Shifting a little to get comfortable, you gently stroked his arm that was wrapped around you and let out a contented sigh. How did you get here? While one half of you was happy, pleased even with the situation - the other half was still trying to process the fact that you were not only sleeping with, but were now dating a skeleton. You told yourself that rationally, everyone has skeletons INSIDE them, right? So you were doing that whole 'beauty is skin deep' thing that everyone talked about being so important in life. That's what you could say, anyway. It wasn't that you were concerned with your choices - no. Sans felt right to you. Your concern was how the rest of the world would perceive it.

And where were you going to go with this? Was this a relationship that could really last?

Why were you tormenting yourself with these questions? You inwardly groaned, trying to remind yourself to just go with the flow. You constantly overanalyzed situations, and where did that generally get you? If you hadn't thought about it too much before, you and Sans might have been able to start this whole thing way sooner. Your fingers traced the length of his arm, trying to remember all the little nicks and divots that were in there. It was a strange feeling, as the texture on his bones would vary. Areas you figured were constantly exposed or in use were smooth, like a fine china - whereas his ribs had a slightly courser feeling to it, more bumps and ridges. You had been extremely thorough in your exploration of his body last night, and were fascinated by how everything moved so smoothly and perfectly. What fascinated you most, was the moment blankets drew up over him, the same shape that took under his clothing formed. Physically, he looked like a person in your bed with little skeletal bits sticking out. You were chalking this up to "maaagic" again, but that explanation was getting tired and overused, you felt.

Sans stirred slightly, and you snuggled back up against him a little more. Despite whatever form he created under the covers, he was still primarily bone, and it took some adjusting to get into a comfortable spot. You turned slightly to look at his face, only to see him lazily looking at you.

"morning." he said, his voice laced heavily with sleep.

"Morning." you replied, and gave him a peck on the teeth. He smiled, and drew you in closer to him. You took a moment and breathed in heavily, enjoying the scent of cedar and old books, and still that unidentifiable additional smell that always made you feel cozy inside. "Sleep well?"

"better than i have in years." he said with a small chuckle. You booped the top hollow of his nose with your finger.

"Likewise, although I swear it feels like we didn't do much sleeping."
"hey, it's eleven, we slept in pretty decently i'd say." he said, booping your nose back. You smiled and fake bit at his finger. "whoa, calm down there tiger."

"Hah. Y'know, I gotta say you seem to know what you're doing." you said with chuckle. Sans's smile seemed to falter for a moment, but he picked it back up.

"told ya, i did a lot of research."

"So you were basically expecting to get laid." you said, mock insulted.

"heh. well, you weren't exactly telling me no. in fact i remember a lot of 'yes's in there." 

"Oh, shut it. You're so obnoxious sometimes."

"to be fair, you seemed to know your way around me pretty well." he said with a snicker. You rolled your eyes.

"Dude, it's like every part of you is sensitive. It wasn't hard. I mean," you made your point by lightly stroking his sternum and he let out a low rumble of contentment. "There you go."

"that's not fair," he said, "that's a really sensitive spot." He looked mildly annoyed, and pinched at your nipple, eliciting a squeak from you.

"Hey!"

"same idea." he said with a grin, and rolled onto his back. You let out a short laugh and flipped over onto your belly, and rested your elbows on the bed, placing your chin in your hands.

"So, I gotta ask you an honest question." you said, not sure how to tactfully broach it.

"shoot."

"So, uh, we're compatible, but not compatible, right?" you said, making a slight wincing face. He blinked a few times, propping the pillow behind his head up so he could look at you better.

"what do you mean?" he said, looking confused.

"Look, uh, normally I don't let anyone 'go for a ride' if you will without some sort of protection.." you said, feeling a little embarrassed you hadn't even broached the topic on New Years honestly. "And uh, you sort of let loose inside me last night so..." you left it there, hanging.

"you lost me." he said, his fingers tapping on his ribcage. "protection?"

"You know. Protection. Preventing pregnancy? All that?" you offered, feeling extremely awkward. Suddenly, Sans started laughing, and you turned a bright red.

"no! no no no. listen, we might be compatible in the anatomy department, but we're two entirely different species. i'll ask you an honest question, even though it might be gross. if you and a dog mated, would you have puppies?"

"What? Ew, no!"

"exactly." he said with a little snicker. "from everything i understand, our physiology doesn't mesh like that. besides, that's not how monsters procreate anyway. but i'm sorry if i scared you."

"Well, I'm safe in my own right, but I was just making sure, y'know? I don't want to be like.. uh,
some sort of monster human experimental surrogate thing for science somewhere."

"nah, you're fine. still, i didn't even think to ask you. i thought it was standard." he said, and you saw his face turn blue. you grinned.

"so what kind of videos were you watching exactly?"

"i don't wanna talk about it." he grumbled. you giggled and tickled the side of his ribcage a little, making him laugh. "hey!"

"you're such a dork." you said with a smile. "so how do monsters procreate?"

"it's a uh, complicated process. lots of soul magic involved." he said, and you groaned, pulling a pillow up underneath you and putting your face in it.

"magic magic magic. i mean, i get it, but it's like being a little kid again. i don't understand it, it must be magic!" you whined. sans chuckled, ruffling your hair a little.

"it's kinda how it works to some extent. i mean, i could prolly explain it better, but let's just go with 'magic' for now. it's too early in the morning to get into the science behind it."

"so could a human and a monster procreate via a monster method?" you asked suddenly. sans's face flushed. "i'm just curious, i remember hearing a lot of mumbo-jumbo about humans having magic or some shit back when you guys all surfaced."

"it's not mumbo-jumbo, actually." he said, his hand idly scratching at your head. it felt good.

"humans have a ridiculous reservoir of magical power, but pretty much none of them have access to it."

"you serious? so could i be flinging people around and stuff?" you asked, your eyes lighting up. he made a clicking noise with his mouth.

"i remember you saying you'd 'chokeslam a bitch' for cutting you in line, so i seriously hope not." he said, looking at you with mock disapproval. you had the good sense to look sheepish.

"humans used to be mages, y'know. powerful ones."

"ok, so i've heard this story maybe twice since 'the emergence', but before that? never. school never taught us about mages or magic or whatever. and a monster war? nope. nothing. you can check our history books, ain't shit on it."

"it's true. but the victors generally write history, and they obviously didn't want us to be remembered..." he said, his voice growing quiet. "but hey, we showed 'em."

"true! and i'm glad they did." you said, leaning over to give him a peck on the cheek. he smiled.

"but you didn't answer my question, is it possible for humans and monsters?"

"y'know, never really thought about it. i know through your physiology, it's impossible. but if you share a similar magic..." he said, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "i'm sure somewhere down the line someone will try - and then we'll know for sure."

"well what about your soul?" you said curiously, poking at his shoulder. he sputtered a little. "i'm not asking you to fuckin' procreate with me you idiot, i'm just asking about your soul magic. what is it?"

"that's uh.. that's sort of private." he said, looking embarrassed. you let out a little gasp and slapped a
"hand over your mouth."

"Fuck me, I'm sorry. Am I being rude?"

"don't worry about it." he said, and chuckled a little. "just so you don't commit a major monster faux pas, asking about souls is a very uh, intimate thing. you're basically asking something that's only shared between life mates."

"Oh! So monsters mate for life?"

"generally." he said, shrugging a little. "sometimes they can break a bond, but from what i understand it's not a particularly fun process. our queen went through that for a while."

"That's sweet." you said with a smile. "Not the queen suffering, but mating for life. Although obviously you guys are okay with the whole dating process."

"heh, yeah."

"Wait, wait. So if you guys don't procreate with..." you gestured to his groin area, "..then why have sex?"

"Why do humans have sex outside of procreation?" he asked in turn. You scoffed.

"Sans, its different, don't be difficult. Yeah, it's fun as hell, but our anatomy is literally built for it specifically FOR having children. If monsters can't even have kids via sex, then what's the point of having the parts?" Sans shrugged.

"fun? i didn't ask. although i'll be honest, not every monsters reproduces the same way, and not every monster has the same... parts."

"Oh ho ho! Do I sense a story behind this?" you said, sitting up in the bed facing him, drawing a blanket over you to cover yourself. He chuckled nervously.

"i'd rather not. i have some really funny ones, this one wasn't so funny to me." You smirked.

"Well, it worked out for me in the end. I'd be brokenhearted if you had your very own verta-bae." you said, your hand rubbing his leg. Sans chuckled at your bad joke.

"i didn't, i'd just be ever so bonely without you."

"That's a bummer. Tibia honest, I'd be pretty bonely without you too." you replied. Sans's face stretched into a ridiculous grin.

"you know, you're getting pretty good at these puns. maybe i need to brush up on mine." You cringed.

"You might want to, I seem to be sweeping away the competition." you said, inwardly cringing at your own pun. He let out an honest laugh.

"c'mere you, you amazing creature." he said, pulling you down to him. You acquiesced, fidgeting a bit until you found a comfortable position resting against him. "do we have to get out of bed today?"

"I'm okay with being lazy. I have to go back to work tomorrow. Speaking of which, what's your schedule look like?"

"eh, they got me working all over the place. we got some new people, so they're shifting the
schedule around a bunch.
"Well, don't forget we have those tickets to the planetarium, they expire at the end of the month." you said, your hand smoothing over his chest. He let out an extremely contented sigh.

"i didn't, don't worry. not this week, maybe the next?" he offered. You nodded, and he wrapped his other arm around you. He was surprisingly warm.

"Whenever. Just say the word." You thought for a minute. "So, how often are we gonna have these slumber parties?"

"whenever. just say the word." he echoed with a small chuckle. You rolled your eyes.

"I'm just sayin'. I could get used to this." you said, your leg wrapping around his. He buried his face in your hair.

"mmmmmm." is all he said. The two of you silently agreed that lazing about was the best decision for the day.

The following day, you went into work, extremely upbeat and enthusiastic. Peter was there to greet you, looking considerably tanner and just as happy as you.

"Hey kid!" he said, giving you a brief hug as you came in. "How did the holidays treat you?"

"Amazing," you said with a grin. "I can't thank you enough for those two weeks. Seriously. I had the time of my life."

"Heh, of course. Don't get used to it though, that trip wiped me out." he said with a small laugh. "The family had a great time though, so it was worth it."

"Yeah!" you said, grabbing your apron and tossing it on. "I wanna hear all about Hawaii! I've never been, how was the weather? Was it nice and warm?"

"You don't even know the half of it. Weather was gorgeous. None of this crap." he said, waving to the outside. It was currently freezing, and it had given way to a light snow earlier that morning. "Every night we listened to some guitar by the beach, drank these weird little coconut based drinks, the kids played in the water until it was pretty much dark... then shipped them off to the room where they played games or whatever it is kids do these days. It was amazing."

"That sounds fantastic! I need to go on a trip somewhere at some point, the most I've done for the past few years is see my family. Not super exciting."

"At least you got family, eh? Cherish that." he said. Oh, right. You forgot Peter's parents weren't around anymore.

"I do, trust. Mom and dad were in Europe though, so I just stayed here."

"You didn't even go anywhere?" he said, scribbling on his clipboard taking the usual inventory.

"No! I did. I mean, it was all local, but I went somewhere!" you said defensively, beginning your till count. "I had Christmas with my neighbors.."
"The monsters?" Peter asked, his brow raised. You nodded.

"Yeah. They apparently celebrate Christmas too. Dude, I got crazy spoiled. Hung out with my bestie on Christmas day, and then New Years of course we all partied." you said, trying not to think too much about New Years - you were at work. "Then I took my neighbors to Oxen Falls for a snow day. It was a blast!" Peter let out a huff.

"Sounds like a good time. You hang with your neighbors a bunch?" he asked. You frowned.

"Yeah, I do. Why, that a problem?"

"No." he grumbled, but you could sense something was wrong. You decided not to press it, not wanting to get into an argument - you were in a good mood.

"Good! Anyway, what's going on this year for our suppliers?"

Peter filled you in on the gameplan for the next few months - you had a few clients who had contacted Peter in hopes of selling their wine at the shop. Apparently Peter was in Hawaii for a chunk of the two weeks, but spent a good few days doing some extensive wine tasting. Some of it he told you was absolutely horrid, clearly an amateur setup, or homebrew. But a few panned out to be extremely good, so you'd be on your best to try and sell all the bottles that you were getting shipped. To be fair, it wasn't many.

After catching you up to speed, Peter threw on his coat and waved to you on his way out. "See you tonight, kid."

"See ya Peter! Stay warm." you said, and he took off. You settled back into your regular routine, and immediately set to cleaning up the shop. You were amazed at how much dust could accumulate in a mere 2 weeks time.

Work went by fairly uneventfully, which you weren't too surprised at. You didn't work the beginning of the year here, however most businesses had a slow period at the first of the year when everyone was recouping from their crazy spending during the holidays. You wondered how private businesses like Peter's stayed afloat during these times. Lots of saving, you guessed. Out of boredom, you decided to fire off some texts.

y/j: Hey! I miss you. You wanna grab dinner tonight?

j: Yes! Can Kyle come?

y: Only if he wants to hear stories about boning skeletons.

j: OH MY GOD one sec.

You laughed to yourself, and sent out another text.

y/s: Knock knock.
s: who's there?
y: Juno.

s: juno who?
y: Juno you're a cutie, right?

Hah! You were proud of that one. Your phone buzzed as Jackie got back to you.

j: Ok, so I texted Kyle and I can't even, so I'm gonna forward this to you omg lol

j: FWD: [HotCakes] omgwtfyes I demand to know about skeleboning how the fuck does this even work Jackie what have we done. WHAT HAVE WE DONE. I'm so fucking proud. We did it! Champions!

j: FWD: [HotCakes] So yeah that means yes. yes. I'll hear gross sex stories if it means i get to hear how her and Skeletor got it on.

j: I think he's down for it. Italian for dinner?

y: 1.) His name is HotCakes in your phone? rofl
   2.) Italian sounds great
   3.) He doesn't look like Skeletor!

j: lol see you after work. Busalacchi's?

y: Yep!

You were trying to contain your laughter, when you saw Sans had responded to you. You checked your texts.

s: knock knock

y: Who's there?

s: olive


y: Olive who?
Why were you so nervous? There's no way he'd give you a declaration of love over a text. Also, too fast. Way too fast. Still, you stared at your phone, irritated you weren't getting an immediate response. Two minutes later, it buzzed and you opened your text immediately.

s: olive it when you're punny

Oh damn. Whew. Crisis averted. You sent back the most neutral thing you could think of.

y: lol

BRILLIANT. Master of romance, you were. You let out a heavy sigh, and decided youtube might be a safer avenue of entertainment for the rest of your shift. Suddenly a thought struck you - you pulled up your browser, and googled 'skeletons'. Ok, that gave you a lot of weird results, you tried again - 'skeleton anatomy'. Ah! There you go. You found a detailed chart explaining what all the bones in the skeletal system were. Looking at the picture, you noticed that there were some definite differences between Sans's skeletal structure and a human skeleton. His bones seemed thicker, for certain - although you didn't know if people could have varied bone structure. It looked like research was in order.

You killed the rest of your shift's time by trying to learn about the skeletal system. To be honest, you hadn't learned much other than 'these are a lot of very confusing terms'. But now you knew his hands were called 'phalanges', not 'hand bones', and that the ribcage was more complicated in terms than you realized. This is why you sold wine, and weren't a freaking surgeon. You sort of sidetracked when you were learning about the cushioning between the vertebrae when Peter came in.

"Heyo Peter!" you said cheerfully, waving to him. He was covered in sleet.

"Hey! It's fucking freezing out there. I don't recommend walking anywhere." he said, unwrapping his scarf from his face. You frowned, not really wanting to spend money on a cab.

"That blows. I'm going to dinner with Jackie.. I'll just call a cab." you replied, pulling the cab number from your contacts list. "Not much happened today, won't lie. It's been boring as hell."

"Not surprised, last year was pretty bad. January always sucks for me. Don't stress about it, it'll pick up."

"What's our deadline for selling that new stuff though?" you asked. He shrugged.

"March. But that's also how long we'll be getting shipments for. So pray they're small."

"Ugh. Alright." you said, taking your apron off and putting in the back, then grabbing your coat. "You okay for me to go?"

"Yeah, but I'd wait inside until the cab's here."

"Duh, I haven't even called them yet." you said, hitting the dial button. You asked for a cab, and
luckily one of them was only a few minutes away. "You gonna close up shop early tonight?"

"Probably, we'll see how it goes. If it doesn't pick up in the next hour or two, I'll call it a night." he said, sighing. The two of you chatted about your days, not really getting into anything meaty when the cab showed up.

"Alright, I'm out. Have a good night!" you said, giving him a cheerful hug. He smiled at you and waved you off.

"Yeah yeah, you too. Night kid." he said, and you went out into the cold - he wasn't joking, it was fucking freezing. You hurried into the cab, and gave him the restaurant's address and took off.

y: Hey! On my way. Did you make reservations? I forgot to.

j: I got you girl, no stress! See you in a few.

Bless Jackie, she always thought of everything. You got to Busalacchi's, tipping the cab driver heavily for not killing you, and went inside. You spotted Jackie and Kyle, and sat down at their table, taking your coat off.

"Holy SHIT it's cold out tonight!" you said, rubbing your arms. Kyle nodded.

"There's a storm coming in, it's supposed to last the rest of the week. Brace yourself for worse weather." he said. You groaned.

"I don't mind it at home, but walking in it is gonna suck ass. Also hey you two." you said, air kissing across the table. Jackie returned yours.

"So is this a story that we should hear before, or after dinner?" she asked, diving right in. You shrugged.

"Aren't you more interested in us dating than us getting it on?" you asked, exasperated. Jackie nodded, but Kyle was shaking his head.

"No way! I wanna hear about the dirty deed." he said, gripping his knife for whatever reason. He pointed it at you, "You're making history!"

"Oh please. I doubt this is the first human slash monster liaison that's happened. They've been around for a few years now, you think some weirdo hasn't abducted a tentacle monster somewhere?"

"Gross. Probably." Jackie said with a laugh. "Oh man, talk about some weird porn to stumble across."

"My god, I really want to google that later." you said. Kyle held his hand up.

"Don't. All you get is weird shit with pterodactyls." he said confidently. Both you and Jackie looked at him, mildly horrified. "What? I was curious!"

"Curious?" Jackie asked.

"Pterodactyls?" You asked.
"Yeah, curious! And yeah, really bad makeup and masks and shit. I'd recommend watching it if you were drunk and bored." he responded. You and Jackie rolled your eyes simultaneously, and shrugged it off.

"Kyle, you're a freaking weirdo sometimes." you said, chuckling. "Anyway, there were no pterodactyls involved, sorry to disappoint you Kyle." Kyle feigned his discouragement.

"Well, look over the menu real quick, and then I want to hear about it. All of it. Dating, boning, all that jazz." Jackie said.

"Of course. Jackie gets what Jackie wants." you said, grabbing a menu, looking over it. After a few minutes of idle chatter, a waiter came and took you order, and Jackie looked ready to pounce.

"Ok! Spill."

"Fine! Fine. One, we're dating."

"Is this pre-bone or post-bone?" Jackie asked. You huffed a sigh.

"Post. And can we not call it boning?" you asked. Kyle frowned.

"But it's so perfect! And accurate!" he complained. Groaning, you continued on.

"So, New Years we went back to his place and uh, yeah. I mean, you know why Papyrus stayed with you - which, by the way, how was that?"

"Stop changing the subject!" Jackie said, glaring at you.

"Jesus, what is this, an interrogation? We went back to his place, and we had sex. It was amazing. What else do you want from me?"

"Did he have a laser dick that sang showtunes?" Jackie asked with a grin. Kyle looked a her with surprise on his face, and you couldn't help but laugh.

"No, but that would have been pretty amazing. But he does have a dick. So uh, we're good in that realm!" you said, sipping your water. You felt this might have been easier without Kyle there, but he looked like a kid hearing about something amazing.

"No way, so he does have a dick? But he's a skeleton. Where does it go? What does it look like?" he asked excitedly. Jackie gave him a sidelong glance, a brow raising.

"I don't know the specifics? But it's there, it's just... MAGIC." you said, wiggling your fingers with a stupid grin. "He has a magic dick. And girl, I'm not kidding. It's literally a magical dick. And before you say something snarky, Kyle, there's no tentacles or weird shit going on in that department either. It's like screwing a normal dude who's just... super thin."

"Well, that's kinda disappointing." Kyle said. Jackie whacked him on the shoulder.

"What are you expecting?"

"I dunno, a little more goat sacrifice? That awkward moment where you pulled his pants down and there was nothing? A literal bone instead of a wang?" he replied. You couldn't help but laugh.

"Pretty much all those scenarios already ran through my head, trust me. Especially the 'nothing there' one. I mean, Jackie knows I sort of solved that one before New Years but..."
"What!?” Kyle said, looking at Jackie. "You didn't tell me that!"

"Kyle, please. I don't tell you everything. Girl code," she said, sighing like it was in a rulebook somewhere. Kyle almost pouted.

"Fine. Leave me out of the loop, whatever. It's not like I was doing work on my end." he said. You looked at him, confused.

"What do you mean?" you asked.

"Papyrus asked me about you." he said, chuckling. "It seems like everyone knew you two were going to hook up before you did. I gave him an incredibly impressive reference for you."

"Aw, Kyle! That was sweet. How much of it was filthy lies?" you asked, laughing.

"Probably ninety percent of it." he said, smirking. "Kidding. Nah, I told him the truth. _____, you're a catch, and both of us really like Sans so..." he shrugged. You looked at the two of them and felt a twinge of joy in your heart.

"I love you guys, you're amazing. I mean, I never thought you'd try and hook me up with a skeleton out of desperation, but you're still pretty amazing." you said, beaming.

"Love you too bestie. I always know what's best for you, don't I?" she said, beaming back. Kyle chuckled.

"You're my little sister, I gotta take care of you. Screen those potential boyfriends. Plus, it's way better than FuckLord, Master of Fuckery." he said, his tone shifting a little at the end of his sentence. "I swear to god..." he started, and you saw Jackie kick him under the table. Jackie may not tell him everything, but it was apparent she told him about that. "Anyway, that chapter of your life is over, time to move onto a new one, right?"

"Right!" you said, and started to say something else when the food arrived. Food was far more important than whatever it was you were going to say, so the three of you were contended to scarf down your meal in relative quietness. The three of you chatted about what you did on New Years Day, and Kyle was absolutely thrilled that Papyrus had a good time. You all had a fantastic time, as you generally did, and parted ways at the end of dinner, making plans to see Jackie on Tuesday.

You got home, and immediately hopped into the shower to warm up. It was definitely a reading sort of night with the weather blustering outside, and you gave Sans a quick text when you got out.

y/s: Book club tonight?

s: sounds good. i'll be over in 10

You settled into your pyjamas, both of them flannel for warmth. You may have kicked the heater on,
but it still was cold as fuck in your house. You unlocked your door, grabbed a blanket and nested into your couch with your book. You had shamefully picked up the sequel to your vampire mystery chronicle, and were actually immensely enjoying it. You had gotten only a few paragraphs in, when Sans knocked then entered.

"Hey handsome, how was your day?" you said, smiling up at him. He smiled back at you a little, and collapsed onto the couch in a heap.

"shit." he huffed, settling his back to get comfortable into the side of the couch with some pillows. "it was a real shit day." You frowned, stretching your legs out so they could come into contact with his.

"What happened? You wanna talk about it?"

"just some freakin' guy. being an ass. y'know, the usual hellspawn bullshit." he said, but you could sense the heat behind his words.

"What'd he say? I'll punch a motherfucker." you said, putting your book down and raising your fists. "You know I will."

"heh. i know. nah, he's a co-worker. would be awkward." he said, sighing. You lowered your fists.

"Whoa, wait, a co-worker? You realize that's racism, right? You can report him to HR or something." you offered. He looked down, picking at the fringe at the end of your blanket.

"not worth it."

"Well what the hell did he say?"

"said, not worth it." he grumbled. You sighed, kicking at him a little and giving him an impatient look. He rolled his eyes at you, "fine. you texted me during a short break, so i was responding. he saw me, asked who i was texting - guy's fine normally, so i said 'my girlfriend'." He looked at you, and you felt a weird little swell of pride in your chest at hearing that. Hah! His girlfriend.

"What's so bad about that?"

"well, he asked to see a picture, so i showed him. he wasn't thrilled i was dating a human. said some shit i didn't appreciate."

"Oh Sans. Don't let it bother you. That's something we're going to have to put up with." you said, heaving another sigh. "We're lucky, though. This city's been pretty active on cracking down on that shit."

"i know." he replied, seemingly sinking into the couch more. "it's why we moved here. we heard about a lot of the monster protection laws they were fighting for, so thought it'd be better than some of the other places we'd been to before."

"You ever read about human history?" you asked, curious. He shrugged.

"some if it, why?"

"Not to remotely compare, but humans have been sort of shitty in dealing with change. You should look up the Civil Rights movement, or something along those lines. Fuck, look up the Civil War. People are massive assholes. Diversity scares some of us." you said, frowning. "And that was just over something as stupidly simple as skin colour. You're an entirely different species." You knew it wasn't comforting, but you wanted him to know that this wasn't a new behaviour for people.
"you forget, we had a war. we know about that, even if you don't." he said, shrugging. You blinked, having already forgotten about that.

"You have any literature on that?" you asked.

"i'm sure alphys does, i didn't bring any with me." he replied. "why, you wanna read about it?"

"Well, yeah. I'd like to understand your history - sorry, our history. So if you ever get a chance, I'd love to check it out." you offered, smiling. His face seemed to relax, and he gave you a genuine smile back.

"of course. if only all humans were like you, and some of your friends. seriously."

"I'd agree, but then I might be out of a boyfriend." you said, snickering.

"highly unlikely. i'm a skell of a guy to deal with." he responded, and you groaned. "plus you're the only one i want." he added. You felt your heart flutter a little, and you gave him a lop-sided smile.

"Oh yeah? So you didn't check out any other hot ladies this whole time?" you asked, half-kidding.

"not really. i mean, i can tell you if a girl is pretty, but none of them were attractive to me. but you..." he said, and you watched him intake a gulp of air. "you're absolutely beautiful." You felt yourself flush at the compliment, and you rubbed his leg with your foot a little.

"You aren't too bad yourself, handsome." you replied. "Glad you find me physically attractive."

"more than you know." he said, chuckling. "we should probably get to reading before this carries on too far." You snickered.

"Good thinking. Anything new for you tonight?" you asked, motioning to his book. He held it up.

"some philosophy book i picked up. it looked interesting." he said. You tilted your head.

"Do you ever read fiction?" you asked.

"fiction? not really." he responded. "i like learning about stuff. makes me hard to beat in a trivia game." You chuckled.

"Fair enough. I'll remember that if we're ever on a game show. Non-fiction kinda bores me, hence my neverending interest in detective vampires."

"you picked up another one?" he said, laughing. "after how badly you trashed the last one?"

"Hey! It was pretty compelling." you said, looking a little guilty. "Plus the Vampire King is written really well. He's crazy sexy. Hey, do monsters have v--"

"no." Sans said, bringing his book up to his face. You snickered.

"You're such a dork." you said, and you nestled the blanket so it would cover his legs as well, and the two of you read well into the night. Occasionally, as you did, one of you would pipe up with a particularly good point of your book - Sans was discussing his book a little more than usual, explaining some of the things he was reading to you. You enjoyed his explanations - while you could tell he simplified things for you occasionally, he never treated you like you were an idiot. On the other hand, you gave him an intricate explanation of the dubious Vampire War that was going on in your book, and how it might change the course of the world. The two of you chuckled, and enjoyed each other's company, and warmth.
It was getting close to midnight, and you stretched. "I'm getting tired, I think I'm gonna call it here." you said, putting your book down. Sans looked at you, dog-earring the page he was on. You could tell he wanted to say something, as his fingers drummed on the spine of his book. "What's up?"

"nothing, going to bed?" he asked. You looked at him for a moment, then smiled.

"Yeah. You wanna stay over?" you replied. His fingers stopped drumming on the spine of his book.

"of course." he said with a grin. "kinda missed you the last night." You gave a small smile, and nodded.

"Same. I'm gonna go brush my teeth." you said, getting up. He watched you as you crossed into the bathroom, and got up as well.

"i'll uh, see you in the bedroom?" he said, and he sounded extremely unsure of himself. You rolled your eyes at him.

"Yes Sans. Very good Sans. I'll see you in the room made for sleeping Sans." you said with a smirk, and grabbed your toothbrush, putting on the paste and jamming it into your mouth. He chuckled a little, and went into the bedroom as you brushed your teeth. You looked at yourself in the mirror, and thought about how true that statement was. You had missed Sans in your bed, it was like he was old boyfriend. You wondered what it was about him that made you so damned comfortable, so content. You hadn't had anyone sleeping in your bed with you for years, and after a mere two nights together, you noticed the lack of warm next to you when you slept. You thought for sure sharing your bed would make you grumpy as hell instead, as you normally enjoyed sprawling out like you were Queen of the Mattress. You finished brushing your teeth and headed into the bedroom, and he was sitting on the edge of the bed, simply waiting. You smiled a little - he was adorable. He could be fierce sometimes, like an intense flame, but other times he was so simple and sweet. You got onto what you decided would be your side of the bed, and motioned for him to join you. Luckily he was in sweats and a t-shirt, so it was as close to pyjamas as you could get without him having to change. He gladly obliged, climbing into the fluff of your comforters, and turning to face you.

"You didn't have to wait, y'know." you said, your hand seeking out his. They found each other, intertwining together, and you enjoyed the smooth feel of his bones against your skin. (Phalanges! you told yourself)

"i didn't want to presume. i mean, i know you invited me over, but... y'know."

"Sans, the first thing I did in your room was roll around on your bed and tell you how shitty it was." you offered. He laughed a little.

"touche. but you're a tad ballsier than i am."

"Oh? Am I?" you asked, your brow raising. He chuckled.

"please, you know you are."

"Shall we recount all the flirting you did with me before all this?" you asked, sticking your tongue out at him.

"anytime, i have a long list of your flirtations." he said, tapping his skull. "don't think i didn't notice."

"So I gotta ask, when did you start to like me? Y'know. More than a friend." you asked, curious. You saw his eyes cast down, as if he was remembering something unpleasant.
"i feel like i've known forever. but honestly, i knew for sure probably a little before thanksgiving. what about you?"

"Thanksgiving." you said plainly. "That night when you held me..." you trailed off a little. "When I was busy being an emotional wreck. I woke up the next morning and realized I'd fallen for your stupid face." He smiled at that.

"ah, love this girl talk. late night confessions."

"Hey, you're my dancing partner - we dance together. Dance through the music, not around it, right?"

"heh, yeah."

"So when you bought that ridiculous wine when we barely knew each other, that wasn't you going 'woo! Sexy human alert!'?" you asked, chuckling a little. He laughed at this.

"nah, i was just genuinely impressed with how nice you were being. plus anyone who's nice to papyrus is good in my book." he said, his hand squeezing yours a little. "the fact that i wandered into your actual shop was a complete accident. i had no clue you worked there."

"Suuuuure." you said, smirking. His eyes shot open a little wider.

"no, serious! had no clue. and the wine wasn't priced that bad, i've burned through whiskey more expensive than that before." he said, but there wasn't a trace of joy behind it. You decided not to pry. "if you had said you loved some shitty five dollar wine, i woulda bought that. it's your fault you're so damned expensive."

"Don't wine about it." you replied. He laughed.

"back to wine puns, eh? you're not grape at them."

"Oh please! That was terrible!" you said, your foot kicking at him a little. He responded by pinning your leg down with his, and he placed his head against yours. His arms wrapped around you, and you wrapped yours around him in return, holding your head where it was for a moment. You both closed your eyes, and merely held each other, enjoying the closeness and gentle touch of one another. Your hand came up to his skull, and gently smoothed over the back of it, trailing down to his neck and down his spine - he let out a happy sigh, and you shifted so you could nestle into him with your pillow, and the two of you drifted into a blissful sleep.

You dreamt of a giant snail, moving it's way across a bridge. You felt a sense of urgency, wanting to cross faster, but you had to cross with your new snail friend. He never made it.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry the chapter is so short, but I really wanted to get it out! I'm hoping to get back to my regular updates. Also, come bug me on the tumblrs! http://inthesequietmoments.tumblr.com/

Much <3
February was passing by at what felt like a snail's pace for whatever reason. The week stretches on, and you were desperately looking forward to each weekend that ticked by. It may have just been because business had been abysmally slow, you weren't 100% sure. Regardless, things had been going smoothly with Sans - you kept your usual schedule as you always did, Spaghetti Nights, Sunday lunches and random book club meetings. The only change was in the evenings, one of you would text the other occasionally, and stay the night at the other's house. I took exactly one overnight stay at Sans's to find out your tomfoolery was not a good idea when Papyrus was around, as you suddenly heard 90's music being blasted from his bedroom at 11pm, causing neighbors to start beating on the ceiling and walls. He may have been up for hooking the two of you up, but he certainly didn't want to hear it.

It was your Wednesday off when you got a panicked call from Sans at far too early in the morning for you to deal with things.

"s'up." you mumbled into the phone, wiping some sleep from your eyes.

"hey! hey. uh, hey. i need your help today." he said, his voice hitting a higher pitch than you had heard it hit before.

"s'up." you repeated, still too tired to process what might be going on.

"so, remember those friends i told you 'bout coming into town?"

"Yeah, Undyne and Alphred or whatever." you replied.

"alphys. well yeah, they're coming into town. today. as in, their flight's coming in in about 40 minutes."

"No shit?" you said, flopping over onto your back. "Do you know how to get to the airport?"

"i'm sure i could figure it out, but papyrus is working and.. look, could you come with me?" You looked at the time on your phone.

"Dude, it's 7:30. When did I wrong you so?"

"heh, i'll make it up to you, i promise. i just could use the company."

"Ugh, fine. Give me like.. fifteen minutes. I need to make a halfway decent impression on these people, I've never met them before." you said, grumpily flinging your legs over the bed.

"you don't have to--"
"Shut your cake hole, I'll see you in fifteen minutes. I'll unlock the door for you." you snapped, and hung up. Sans knew you were not a morning person (nor was he) so your acerbic behaviour could be forgiven. You stumbled into the bathroom and quickly got ready, applying an appropriate amount of makeup to 'meet' people, and put on an outfit of a cute baggy grey sweater with a giant white heart on it and black leggings, paired with some boots. You threw your hair up into a quick bun, and exited your room, and Sans was already in your kitchen, grabbing a protein bar from your cupboard.

"Hungry?" you asked.

"this is for you, i know you'll forget." he said with a smirk. You rolled your eyes, and nabbed it from his hands, stuffing it into your purse. "ready to go?"

"As ready as I'll ever be. You owe me at least three coffees today."

"s'fair. let's go then." he said.

"Why don't you just shortcut?" you asked. Sans chuckled.

"i haven't been to the airport, remember?"

"Oh yeah. I forgot that's how it works. Aw shit, this means you'll be the best courier service ever after this!" you enthused, and he groaned.

"i am not your magical taxi." he said, elbowing you in the side lightly. You snickered, opening the door and stepping out.

"You're my magical something." you replied, locking the door as he exited. "Well, we'll just walk to the metro and take it straight to the airport then. It's about a 20 minute ride."

"serious? that's pretty easy." he responded. "i thought it'd be more bus rides n'crap."

"Nah. They want tourists to come in. What better way than to have their main transportation dump you right into the city?" you skipped a few steps as you always did on the way down your stairs, and exited out into the morning air. You slipped your arm through Sans's and held him close, ignoring the stray glances it got you on the streets. "So what's got you so nervous, handsome?"

"ugh. i'm not nervous." he responded. You raised a brow at him, but didn't say anything. He sighed. "i'm just... anxious? i don't know the word i'm looking for. i haven't seen either of them in a few years. they're both extremely chill, and if all goes to plan, they might move here. but..." he trailed off a little.

"But?" you egged him on, hoping he wouldn't switch topics, as he tended to.

"..but i kinda like how things are going, i guess. life's uh, more colourful with them around, i guess?"

"You calling me boring?"

"no! i'm saying, things get hectic with them around. mostly undyne. plus undyne likes to invite everyone over, so then a lot of people come into town and uh..." he stopped again, and this time you felt you shouldn't press him.

"I never pegged you as anti-social, you're a pretty friendly guy, Sans." you said, giving his arm a little squeeze. He shook his head.
"s'not that. not that at all." he heaved a heavy sigh. "just reminds me of the underground, y'know?"

"I get you." you replied, and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. His face tinted with a slight blue that faded quickly. "Bittersweet memories, I'm guessing. You love the people, don't miss what was going on."

"kinda, yeah." he said slowly. "i just like to try and forget that shit sometimes. life's better now." You smiled a little.

"I'm glad. Not that it sucked before, but that it's going good for you now." The two of you reached the metro station and headed down into it, buying your passes. "Should probably buy them passes too to save time."

"yep, already ahead of you." he said, holding two extra passes. The two of you waited patiently for your train to arrive, and boarded when it did, sitting towards the back end of it.

"Well, you always have Papyrus - and you definitely have me." you said, your fingers lacing through his. You were starting to get used to the odd feeling of bone grasping onto flesh when you held hands. "And if it gets too overwhelming, you can always come over to my place. You know my door's always open for you."

"heh. thanks." he said, giving a small smile. He leaned into you, and let out what you thought was a contented sigh. "i'm just getting myself worked up. i'm always expecting worst case scenarios, y'know?"

"I'm the same, so don't stress. I do the exact same thing you do, but when someone else does it, I'm like 'oh no! It'll be okay!'. It's easier to project your worries when you've seen shit go south."

"yeah. well, as long as i got you i guess i shouldn't have to worry." he said with a chuckle.

"I'm not going anywhere." you replied. He squeezed your hand at that, and the two of you rode the rest of the way to the airport in relative silence.

You could tell Sans's anxiety was beginning to ramp back up as you approached the airport, as his leg started to bounce a little more and more as it came into view. It started with a slow tapping of the ball of his foot as he first saw it from the window, but as you got closer it turned into a full-on jitter. Finally, you rested a hand on his leg as if to say 'stop', but just gave him a gentle kiss on his temple. He seemed to calm down, and as you exited the train and entered the airport, an entirely different air seemed to overcome him.

Sans was relaxed as hell. Like, almost too relaxed. The two of you stood by the gate, waiting for his friends to show up, and it was about 20 minutes later you saw a very tall woman, dressed like she was ready to head into Fargo with a scarf around her face waving wildly at you, with a shorter looking woman with a polka-dotted headscarf and large sunglasses on wearing an oversized peacoat walking towards you. Sans slipped his arm away from you, and put his hands into his pockets, resting easy. You shrugged, taking a cue from him and leaned against the wall near him, letting him greet what you figured were his friends.

You didn't have to guess, as Undyne came up to him with an almost literal bone-crushing hug that put Papyrus to shame, literally lifting him off of his feet, yanking her scarf away from her mouth.

"HEY! NERD! What's up!?" she practically shouted in his ear, plopping him down with a thud. "Where's your brother?" Sans shrugged.

"working."
"And you're not? What a lazybones!" she said, laughing. The smaller woman approached Sans timidly, looking like she wanted to hug him, but just stood there instead.

"H-hey Sans. You look good."

"thanks alphys. same." he said with an easy smile. "how was your flight?"

"UGH. So I've flown maybe twice, right?" Undyne said with a generous roll of the eyes, "Well, I was a little more than excited I guess you could say, and those assholes wouldn't let me look out the window!"

"We uh, we got an aisle and middle seat. S-she was in the aisle." Alphys offered. You chuckled at the mental image, and Undyne's vision shot to you almost immediately.

"Can I help you?" she practically growled. You froze, unsure of what to say. Sans looked at the two of you, and casually waved at you.

"that's ______."

"Oh ho ho! This is the girlfriend?" she sneered, and closed in on you quicker than you anticipated. She hovered over you, looking extremely menacing somehow in a snowcap and jacket, and only one eye showing. You gulped as she appraised you silently for a minute, then you remembered - yeah. You were the girlfriend.

"Yeah, the name's _____." you said, sticking out your hand. "Nice to finally meet you, Undyne, right? Papyrus won't stop talking about you."

"Hah!" Undyne said, shaking your hand enthusiastically, holding onto it for a moment too long. You felt her squeeze your hand like she was trying to hurt you, so you squeezed back. The two of you locked eyes, as if you were in a silent duel.

"N-nice to meet you too." Alphys said from next to you, and you yanked your hand from Undyne and politely shook Alphys's hand. Undyne put her hands on her hips, and gave a momentary frown.

"Nice to meet you as well, Alphys?" you said. She nodded, and you watched her blush a little behind her huge sunglasses. Her handshake was weak and floppy, like a dead fish.

Sans just stood there, watching the three of you interact, looking extremely laid back about the whole thing.

"So, let's get our luggage, then go to your digs so we can unload, then you can show us around!" Undyne said, patting Sans on the back with a few hearty slaps. Alphys trotted behind her, and Sans again shrugged.

"sure thing, let's get going." he said, turning to lead them to the baggage area. You very plainly slipped up next to him, and wormed your arm around his, which was not providing you much give. You felt an almost odd reluctance for him to be walking arm in arm with you, which put you off for a moment, but you ignored it. You knew he was anxious earlier. As you got to the luggage area, Undyne practically smashed you and Alphys together towards.

"You two stay here! Sans and I can handle the heavy stuff. RIGHT, Sans?" she said behind a gritted smile. Sans also had what seemed like a forced smile on his face.

"sure thing, i'm used to carrying baggage around with me." You chuckled, and Sans seemed to actually smile just a little. The two of them walked away from you, and you heard
Undyne hiss the word 'human!?' before they were out of earshot. You heaved a heavy sigh. Alphys fidgeted next to you for a moment, then piped up.

"Don't worry about it. She uh, she just worries about her f-friends, you know?" she offered. You looked down at the tiny woman, who you knew was a lizard.. thing under all that clothing. "N-not that anything is wrong with humans! I m-mean, humans are great and all, it's j-just, you know--"

"Hey! No problem. No offense taken." you said with a kind smile. In the back of your mind you were raging, how fucking dare she. But you had to take into consideration that it's not like they had an easy time out the gate, and she's probably dealt with some assholeish humans at this point. Alphys let out a breath that she had been holding at your words.

"O-oh! Good. She's harmless, really." she said, then seemed to think better of it. "W-well, not really. B-but she's a good person!" You chuckled a little.

"So are you two good friends or what?" you asked. Alphys slapped a hand over where her mouth would be had she not been wrapped up, and you heard a tiny gasp come out of her. You looked at her, surprised.

"D-did Sans not tell you? Oh. Oh uh.. uhhhh..." she said, and her body language read as extremely nervous. In the distance, you saw Undyne picking up a massive piece of luggage, and slamming it down like it was an enemy wrestler. "We're uh... she's my uhh... she's my girlfriend?"

"Oh!" you said, and you giggled a little, not being able to imagine a more odd couple than yourself and Sans, but here it was. "That's awesome! How long have you two been dating?" Alphys looked at you like she was absolutely shocked, then recovered fairly quickly.

"W-well! We confessed our f-feelings right before the barrier fell, so it's been roughly four years, eight months and thirteen days." she said with a proud confidence. You grinned at that.

"Way cool." you responded.

"How long have you and Sans been d-dating?" Alphys asked, her voice timid. You laughed a little.

"We don't hold your record. Just a few weeks. New Years day is when we realized dating should probably be a good idea." you said, smiling at her. Alphys let out a small giggle.

"That's when Papyrus texted us! Oh! Oh how funny!" she said, spinning a piece of her scarf inbetween her gloved hands. "Undyne w-wanted to tell everyone, but Sans threatened her."

"Oh yeah?" you said, and you saw Undyne lift up what you surmised was the last piece of luggage, as they were heading towards you - Sans was literally attached to one of them, as she decided to pick up that one as well with him still trying to carry it. He just went with it.

"You punks ready to go?" Undyne said, looking like an overloaded sherpa. You and Alphys nodded simultaneously, and the four of you headed towards the metro, Sans riding on top of the luggage - he finally had to get down when he couldn't fit through one of the doors. He handed Undyne and Alphys their passes, and you all boarded the train.

"UGH." Undyne said, stretching out on the train. "There's no room on those flying tin cans, I swear. It's awful. Alphys had plenty of room, but still. And we had to wear this shit on the plane, it was hot as hell."

"I-it wasn't that bad." Alphys said, but she wasn't wearing as heavy a getup as Undyne was. Undyne frowned.
"Are you kidding? It SUCKED. But whatever, we have plenty of room now. So what's your place like, bonehead?" Undyne asked, keeping one of her bags from falling over. Sans shrugged.

"the outside has really grown on me, you could say it's even stucco." he said. You all collectively groaned.

"Sans, why do you do this to us? We're your friends." you said, rubbing your temples. He laughed a little.

"because i'm a bone-a-fied numbskull." Undyne let out an even louder groan, and you chuckled a little at that one.

"You're lucky I like you so much." you said, and you gave him a small peck on the cheek. He flushed a bright blue, and Alphys giggled - Undyne watched you warily. He sat there stiffly, and chuckled nervously, rubbing the back of his neck, making a clacking noise.

"yeah, well, i got all the luck apparently." he said, then immediately shut up. You frowned, but were trying your best not to take his actions personally. "so how long you two in town for?"

"As long as it takes." Undyne said, looking out the window as it passed into darkness as you entered a tunnel. "Though realistically? Probably like a week or two. Just wanna get a feel for the city, you know? See if it's good enough or not. Our town's turned to total shit, let me tell you." Alphys looked extremely uncomfortable.

"W-we... we can't go outside much anymore." she said quietly. You grimaced, but didn't say anything. "S-so a change of pace is good!"

"yeah, it's been pretty nice here. things turned out way better than i imagined." Sans said, and you caught him glancing at you with a soft smile. You smiled back, and leaned into him a little, and this time he didn't feel like plywood.

"So is there anything in particular you guys wanna see?" you asked, hoping to get to know them a little on the way home. Undyne crossed her arms, leaning back, chewing on her lip in thought. Alphys shot up.

"Museums! If you have any. But you do! I looked it up. S-so, if we could see museums?" she said, her voice waiving. You chuckled a little.

"Yeah, of course! We have a ton of them. Sans mentioned you were a big science nut, we have the Museum of Natural Sciences, the Academy of Sciences, a giant exploratorium..." Alphys was kicking her little feet with excitement, and started tugging on Undyne's sleeve.

"Yeah yeah, we'll go, we'll go." Undyne said with a grumble. "So you offering to take us?" She looked pointedly at you.

"Sure." you said, shrugging. "It'll have to be on one of my days off, but I love that kinda stuff." Undyne huffed a little, then nodded to Alphys, who practically squealed with delight. Alphys chattered excitedly to Undyne about the things she wanted to see while she was in town while Undyne listened, and you and Sans exchanged a few glances, but were mostly silent. You pulled out your protein bar and begrudgingly ate it, as you were starving.

As you got to your respective homes, Sans let Undyne and Alphys into the house first and you unlocked your door with the full intention of going back to sleep. His eyes looked towards you, as if to ask you to come in, and you shook your head.
"I need to go back to sleep." you said, and he frowned. A part of you had your feelings slightly hurt by his behaviour, but you weren't going to hold it against him. You just needed to sleep, un-grumpify.

"i'll be inside in a second guys." he said to Undyne and Alphys.

"Ooh, saying goodbye to your giiiiirlfriend." Undyne said in a mocking tone from inside. You and Sans both rolled your eyes, and he motioned to your house, silently asking if he could come inside - you nodded, and you both stepped in.

"What's up?" you asked, taking off your coat and throwing it on the couch. Sans was immediately up against you, his teeth nipping at your neck, his breath hot against your skin, hands crawling up under your sweater and digging into your flesh.

"just saying goodbye to my girlfriend," he said, punctuating the word with a sharp nip to your shoulder. You gave an involuntary shudder, and lightly trailed your fingers down his vertebrae.

"didn't want you to think i forgot about you."

"Definitely don't think that now." you breathed out, sorely tempted to make this situation worse - but he did have two friends from out of town over. "I'll see you later tonight?" He heaved an incredibly heavy sigh, and seemingly regrettably parted from you slowly.

"yeah. i might need to just de-stress tonight, to be honest. although once paps gets home, this'll be easier."

"Well, I'll make sure I'm available, and I'll have a big mug of tea ready for you." you said with a smile. Sans shook his head.

"make it whiskey." he said. You laughed, but his face was serious.

"Oh. I can do that."

"thanks. i'll see you later, tiger." he said, and touched his forehead to yours for a brief moment, then left your house. You closed the door, feeling like your sweater was far too hot at the moment. You slumped back into your bed, and passed out fairly quickly.

You dreamt of wading through an endless ocean, and you desperately needed to get air, but never could. Somehow, you weren't drowning, but felt like at any minute you might.

You had woken up later that afternoon, and actually gone down to the liquor store to pick up the whiskey Sans had requested. The weather had warmed slightly, finally letting up on the stinging rains and snow that had been pelting the city for the past few weeks. You stepped outside, and began your trek just a few blocks down - it wasn't that far.

You had purchased a rather nice whiskey - pricey, but nothing outrageous when you bumped into someone. You grabbed your bag, trying not to drop it and spurted out an "I'm sorry!" immediately.

"No problem, hot stuff." came the reply. It was as if ice ran through your veins, and your head jerked up to see Will, who was just about to enter the store. There was no mirth, no sarcasm behind his words - it was a simple greeting, harmless. But you still felt yourself bristle at the sight of him.
"Will." you replied, spitting his name as if it were a grievous insult. He gave a sad smile, and nodded towards you, his hands in his pockets.

"You look good. I mean, healthy. Happy." he said. He was obviously trying to be polite. You eyed him - he looked absolutely haggard. His eyes were sunken in, he had a 6'oclock shadow, which was extremely unlike him, and his hair was unkempt. His clothes, normally nicely pressed, were wrinkled, a stain on his jacket. You frowned.

"You look like shit." you said honestly. Your words were both out of concern, and the want to hurt him. His eyes searched your face briefly, and he shrugged.

"I've been better. Hey, look. I know I don't deserve it but.. I'd like to talk to you sometime. Maybe take you out for lunch. Somewhere extremely public. Apologize for the fucking mess I made." he said. He looked like a puppy that had been kicked and dragged through the mud right now. You felt yourself wavering a little.

"Will, what you did was..." you started, your voice heated - you started again, lowering your volume. "..what you did was absolutely heinous. I don't really know if I want to talk to you right now."

"No! I know! I get it. Look. I'm the fucking scum of the earth. But... just... call me sometime, if you want to. Only if you want to. I just.." he was raking his hand through his hair, gripping it at the end. "..I need to make it up to you, you know?"

"You don't. Just leave me alone, ok?"

"Alright." he said, putting his hands up in a surrendering gesture, and taking a few steps back. "Just be safe, alright?"

"Yeah, sure." you said, as you hurried by him. You'd be safer with him as far away from you as possible, you felt. You heard the door chime as he went inside, and you stormed away back home. You couldn't help but feel the sting of tears forming on your eyes, getting furious that he made you feel like that. He looked awful! You had never seen him look so terrible in your entire life. Was he homeless? Was he still staying in his car? You knew hadn't gone back to Hannah, so he definitely wasn't there. Was he even eating properly?

No. you told yourself. This isn't your concern.

But what if it was? That entire mess could have been just a series of stupid misunderstandings. Or was it? Fuck, you were just a mess. You thought to yourself that you'd join Sans if he drank tonight, not like anything shitty could come from it. You needed a stiff drink anyway. You practically slammed your door when you got home, thunking the whiskey bottle down on the counter and letting out a tired groan. Life used to be simpler, you thought to yourself; you never really had a ton of drama circling you. But then again, you never really questioned too much, and let things roll off your back with a simple ease. While that was all well and good, letting everything go wasn't always healthy. Sometimes, maybe holding onto the anger for a little while was worth it. You wondered how Sans was handling Undyne and Alphys, and you were mildly tempted to go over and see, but decided to give them time alone. If they were staying two weeks, or hell, even moving into town, then you'd have plenty of time to get to know them. No need to rush it.

Since the weather had warmed slightly, you decided to go out onto your porch and read for a bit. You flipped your lights on and grabbed your book and a blanket, and curled up to read. It wasn't long before you got a text from Sans.
s: having a book session without me? jealous
y: lol! When you coming over you creeper?

s: soon. setting them up so they can go to sleep when they want, then coming over

s: please tell me you got whiskey
y: I got enough for both of us, trust.

You snuggled back into your blanket, flipping to the chapter you left on - a rather good one about the heroine finally meeting the Vampire King's father, an ancient vampire who had forsaken the company of others. You had just gotten to a really juicy part when you heard your knob jiggle a little, and you realize you hadn't unlocked the door. You bounced to your feet, going to it and opening it and there stood your skeletal boyfriend, looking extremely tuckered out in a blue sweatshirt and jeans, with a tired smile slapped on his face.

"Hey handsome, c'mon in. Sorry, forgot to leave it unlocked for you."

"no problem. didn't interrupt a good part of your book, did i?" he asked.

"Kinda, but I think I'll recover." you said, giving him a quick kiss on the teeth. He smiled at you, his face brightening a bit. "So how was today?"

"listen, i'm in low spirits if you catch my drift." he said with a chuckle. You immediately rounded the corner into your kitchen, and produced the bottle of whiskey for him. He took it from your hands, his phalanges clinking on it musically. "ah, haven't had this one. i'm looking forward to giving it a shot."
You rolled your eyes, getting two glasses out of your cabinets for the two of you.

"Ice?"

"please." You put ice in the glasses, and he poured you both some whiskey. You were never a huge fan of the drink, but you weren't drinking it for the taste tonight. "so what's the occasion for you?"

"I'll tell you when I'm less sober." you said into your glass, not wanting to start the evening off on a sour note. You were still a swirl of emotional turmoil over running into Will, and you knew how Sans felt about him. You didn't even know if you should bring it up in the first place. "What about you?" Sans let out an extremely heavy sigh.

"same. but i can at least tell you about my day, for the most part." he said, and the two of you went to go sit on the porch. Sans took what looked like a large gulp from his drink, and leaned back into his chair. "i'll just spit it out. undyne is thrilled i'm dating. less thrilled you're human." Your lip started to curl a little, but you kept your mouth shut.

"but she's willing to, as she put it, 'give you a try'. so just... brace yourself."

"Yeah? Great. Looking forward to it." you said, rolling your eyes. Sans sighed.

"she's a good person. i wouldn't put up with her shit if she wasn't. plus she's papyrus's best friend, so there's that. alphys doesn't care either way, and argued in your favour today but..." he shrugged a little. "anyway, i just gave them a small tour of the neighborhood. showed them some shops. they stayed in disguise though, so i'm not sure how the general public is gonna respond."

"I'm not sure either." you said with a small frown. "People are still adjusting to you two walking on the streets, and the pictures you showed me, those two are rather... striking? That's the word I'd
"probably use."

"stand out like a sore thumb? yeah."

"You could put it that way."

"have no problem with it. call it as it is. anyway, they seem to dig the place so far, but they haven't
seen much - went for noodles, alphys insisted. she wants to go to japantown really badly i guess,
both of them do, i figured that might be more up your alley."

"Sure, I can show them the sights. You should come with, though!"

"well, i have a wonky schedule this week, but i know papyrus is taking time off. so you guys can
figure it out from there, yeah?" he said hopefully, taking another gulp from his glass. You watched
him, knowing there was more to this story, because that didn't seem that bad.

"Yeah, no problem. It'll have to be in the evenings, but I'm fine with it. So what did you wanna do
tonight?"

"something simple. watch a bad movie?"

"What, you didn't get enough last time we watched a bad movie? No more Adam Sandler, please." you said, laughing. He nodded in agreement.

"i can go grab one of those stupid cartoons alphys brought with her." Sans said. You raised a brow at
this.

"Cartoons?"

"yeah, uh, anime she said."

"Oh! Hey, some anime is kinda cool. Depends on what she's watching." Sans shrugged.

"i'll be right back, i'll go grab some." You watched him stand up and exit your porch door, but he
never left your house. You felt the crackle of energy surge through the air, and he was simply gone. Did he just teleport to his house? The one a few feet away? You drank the rest of your whiskey, giving zero craps about taste at the moment and went inside to go pour yourself another glass. About fifteen minutes passed before you felt that odd sensation that raised the hairs on your arms again, when you looked up from your chair and saw him in your patio doorway holding some DVDs.
"back, sorry. alphys wanted to talk about them sort of extensively."

"Did you seriously just use your magic to go to your house?" you said, your eyebrows raising. He
looked at you, then across to his porch, and back at you.

"yeah, guess i did." he said with an uneasy chuckle. You gave him an extremely pointed look, and
took another sip from your glass. "see you refilled while i was gone."

"Well, you were gone a while. Anyway, pop one in, I'll refill your glass and we'll get this show on
the road."

"sounds good." he said. You got up, grabbing his glass and refilling it for him, then heading back
onto the couch. You plopped down next to him as he fiddled with the remote to the DVD player for
a moment, and got the video showing. You handed him his whiskey, then thought better of it, getting
better of it, grabbing the entire bottle from the kitchen and bringing it over. He looked at you with a
smirk. "that how tonight's gonna go down?"
"How're we gonna tell each other non-sober stories if we're still sober?" you asked, knowing full well that you were already feeling the effects of the drink. Whiskey tended to do that to you, both fortunately and unfortunately. Sans swished his drink around in his glass, and without a word hammered the entire glass back, and filled his glass back up. You raised your brows at this, and he looked at you as he poured.

"what?"

"You weren't kidding when you told me you used to down whiskey before." you said, mildly impressed. He shrugged, but his smile faltered.

"yeah well, you get numb to the taste sometimes." he said, pressing play on the movie. You snuggled into him, giving him a light kiss on his cheek and started watching.

Well. That was a mistake. It didn't take long until you realized Alphys had either mistakenly given you one of her hentais, or Sans had intentionally grabbed one from her. The two of you were watching some elfen priestess get plowed by a purple tentacle monster, and you were beginning to feel uncomfortable. Sans, on the other hand, seemed completely unaffected by it, chuckling at what felt like the absolute worst moments. You were starting to sip on your third glass, and you felt extremely talkative - as booze tended to make you.

"So, what's been eating you today?" you asked, as another monster tentacle monster saddled up to the poor priestess. Sans shrugged.

"y'know," he said, his words sounding a little sluggish - he had been downing his glasses far faster than you. You weren't counting, but you knew it was a higher count, "i used t'know a guy like that." He pointed to the yellow tentacle monster. "was more like.. an octopus i guess."

"Really? Was he out molesting women?" Sans snorted at that.

"hardly. he didn't talk to people much, nice guy though. onionsan. would listen to my jokes whenever i passed through." he said with a small chuckle. Jesus christ, was that a WEREWOLF? What the fuck was Alphys into? I mean, monsters you guessed but... damn.

"Bet you my day was worse." you said, hoping to bait him. His mouth twitched at the side a little, and his head slowly turned to you. Bingo, you caught him.

"doubt it."

"Try me."

"y'see, i like undyne and alphys." Sans said flatly. "they're great people. love 'em to death. but with them, come more monsters." he said, and his face was darkening as he said this. You were confused, weren't more monsters a good thing? "and with more monsters, usually comes that... fuckin'..." he slapped a hand to his head and gripped it, seemingly frustrated. You reached your hand out tenderly to him, and he smacked it away, surprising you. "...you don't get it. we just do it all again, and again, and that fuckin' brat just makes everyone start from scratch."

"Sans, I don't get it. What're you talking about?" you said, wishing now that maybe you at least hadn't drank as much. You wanted to be able to properly comfort him right now, but your eyes were watery from him slapping your hand away - you were swallowing down that emotion to wrap it instead with concern for Sans. He looked up at you, and you could see his eyesockets filling with something. Were those tears?

"do you know how hard it is? i keep seeing you, keep feelin' this way, and it's just poof! gone!" he
laughed joylessly, burying his head in his hands so you couldn't see his face. "i've tried though, y'know? seen it all go the other way, kept a distance, hell, didn't even move here - did it help? no, made everything worse." You didn't say anything - none of this made a lick of sense to you, but he obviously needed to get it off his chest. You did however, place a hand on his back and slowly rubbed it. "fourth time's a charm though, right? that's my guess anyway. we supposedly never make it past this fuckin' year anyway."

"You planning on breaking up with me after our year contract?" you said, trying to grasp onto the only part of the conversation you thought you could understand. Sans let out an almost agonizing sound, and you realized he was crying. You let out a gasp and wrapped your arms around him immediately, drawing him into you, trying to placate him with kisses. He leaned into you, letting out a jagged sigh.

"imagine for a sec, just an infinite space, stretching out in front of you. somewhere, deep inside of you, y'know the answers to what's about to come, but you don't know it 'till you're there. that's me. that's my life right fuckin' now." he said with a derisive laugh. "a conversation you had with someone suddenly turns into four, sometimes five, and you gotta figure out which one's the right one to pick in that split goddamn second. there's no flowchart, y'know? there's nothin'. sometimes i..." his voice began to crack, "sometimes i just don't want to come out of my room. just stay inside. let the world pass by a few times. wait until it stops spinning around, and around..." The air began to grow thick, and you felt the crackle of his magic filling the room. You didn't know whether to be scared for him or for your belongings.

"Sans..." you started, but he cut you off.

"no, you don't get it. you probably never will. it's fine. don't worry 'bout it. shit, i don't want you to get it. y'know, maybe it's something i did, right?"

"What?"

"think about it. you humans got a story, right? prometheus. he pulled one too many tricks, and winds up getting fixed over for it. torn apart by birds or somethin', only to be fresh as a daisy in the morning, to relive it all over again." he said, and his face looking emotionless. "that's me. i tried to give fire to man. and now i'm getting fixed for it."

"Sans, I don't get half of what you're saying. But if you're likening yourself to Prometheus, you're forgetting the most important part of that entire story." you said, mentally pleading you got your mythology right as you tentatively smoothed your hand over his back, his magic shocking your fingers. You almost drew them away, but refused out of stubbornness.

"yeah? what's that?" he said, almost sneering.

"Pandora opened that box like an idiot, but she released man's greatest gift, hope. Prometheus inadvertently gave humanity hope. " you responded. Sans suddenly wracked a sob, then leaned against you.

"fuck." he said, his magical energy dissipating. "i didn't even..." His head sunk into his hands, and he stillled. You had no idea what the fuck just happened, or what the hell he was talking about, but it was clear he was dealing with something beyond your comprehension. You made a mental note that you hoped you would remember to discuss this in the morning, when you were both perhaps slightly less emotional. But you were glad, glad that he was getting this out at least.

"That's what you got me for, right?" you said, trying to lighten the mood. "I can be the brains of this outfit. You clearly got the looks." Sans snorted.
"right."

"Hey, don't be a sourpuss." you said, and you softly kissed the side of his skull. "If worse comes to worse, I'll find you a centaur and we'll sacrifice him to get you outta those adamantium chains or whatever, alright?"

"adamantite."

"Oh yeah, I'm thinking of Wolverine. Still, hard as fuck to break." Sans couldn't help but chuckle.

"why do you make this so hard?"

"What, breaking up with--" Sans didn't let you finish.

"i thought the most amazing thing about being above ground was the sunrise. then i met you." he sighed, his breathing slowing, starting to become more even. Your heart began to flutter at hearing this, your face glowing. "i never want to lose you."

"You won't, Sans. Don't worry about it, OK?" you said, giving him a little squeeze.

"i've never told you this before. maybe that's good."

"I know you haven't. But it's good to be honest." you offered. Sans was quiet, and he wiped his face with his sleeves and turned to you.

"you want honesty?" he said, looking to you with a face you hadn't really seen before. You bit your lip. Did you?

"Yes."

"the underground was a living nightmare." he said simply. "and no one else can remember it but me. it's great. after a while, you start to wonder if you're certifiably insane." Sans chuckled a little, but again there was no mirth.

"What do you mean, 'no one can remember it'?" you asked, wondering if your new boyfriend was actually crazy.

"undyne, alphys, even papyrus? they remember the good events. the nice ones, the ones that got us out, y'know? you get from a to z, but you forget the whole alphabet inbetween." he said, and his speech started to become almost erratic. "it wasn't a straight line, there were fuckin' zigzags everywhere, sometimes they'd get a hotcat, sometimes they'd get a nice cream, sometimes they'd fuckin' kill everyone."

"Alright, Sans. You're making no sense, and you're kinda freaking me out." you said, frowning. He wasn't slowing down in his speech, his sad demeanor unraveling into an almost manic one.

"no, i mean and then occasionally they'd go in for a hug, and it'd be fine because then it'd be all over, but then it'd be the birds again ______, the birds, over and over, rippin' out my fucking spleen or some shit. imagine it. you wake up, and it's fine, it's the day of, and you gotta write a fuckin' crossword puzzle for the 800th time it feels like. it's not been much up here but down there..." he said quickly, his hands darting about in front of him as he spoke. ".down there it feels like a goddamned eternity because it probably has been. and i kept fuckin’ track let me tell you. thank god for that fuckin' journal. but after a while. after a while. just... after a while." he repeated, slowly running out of steam. "how can anyone expect to deal with that?"
"Sans. Hey. I'm not on the same page as you."

"you're not." he said, but his voice was laced with disdain. It wasn't directed towards you, but you still felt hurt.

"I'm sorry."

He sighed.

"sorry, sorry. i'm just... i can't explain. not well enough. even i don't remember it well. fuck. look." he gripped your hands in his suddenly, and there was an intensity behind his eyes that you hadn't seen before, something that told you that his words were important. "i'm going to tell you all 'bout this. but just... not now. but i want you to know this time. it just... just needs to be the right time. but you deserve to know. and it's imperative to me that y'know." You nodded, noticing his grip was almost painful, but he relaxed it and let out a huff of air. "needless to say, i'm stressed th' fuck out, but it's about shit that may or may not happen per usual, so maybe i should just take your advice."

"Sans..." you said, and you carefully wiped a single tear away from his face. He looked surprised, as if he didn't realize it had been lingering there. "You can tell me whatever you want, take your time with it, okay? I want to know you, the real you. I can tell that..." you took your hand and caressed the back of his cheek with it, "...that you are hiding a lot of hurt behind this smile sometimes. You never have to hide from me. But I'll never force you to tell me a damned thing if you're not ready. I care about you, deeply. I just want you to be happy. Actually happy."

Sans just looked at you, his eyes wide for a moment. You watched a series of emotions flit across his face, until finally he settled on one that looked like he was about to cry - except that soft glow was in his eyes, the one that looked like embers catching a slow fire.

"i... i care about you too. so very, very much." he said, and pulled you to him, pressing his forehead against yours. You smiled a little, and held your head there for a moment, turning your face up to give him a loving kiss that he returned with his twinge of magic. You let out a little sigh, and learned into him. You looked at the TV, and awkwardly the tentacle monsters had turned into giant avian birds going to town on some other elf thing, and you wondered if you should just turn it off. You grabbed the remote, and Sans let out a small chuckle. "aw, just when it was getting good."

"You seriously like this?" you asked, surprised. Sans shrugged.

"s'not that horrible shit you made me watch last time." he said, and you laughed a little.

"Touche."

"so, enough of my nonsensical angst and bullshit. what was so bad about your day?" he asked, his arm wrapping around you. Your body stiffened for a moment then relaxed, but he definitely noticed.

"that bad, eh?"

"I ran into Will." you said, hoping that's all you needed to say. You felt his breath hold for a moment.

"yeah? how'd that go?" he asked, his voice dropping.

"Fine. He looks fucking awful." you said, feeling guilty for some reason.

"good." Sans said with a sneer.

"Asked me to go to lunch with him, to apologize I guess." you said quietly. Sans's head snapped towards you, and his face looked absolutely terrifying.
"I seriously hope you're not considering his proposal. It's up to you, but I don't really recommend it." he practically growled.

"Look, what if.." you started, and you felt Sans tense up, his grip on you becoming stiff. His arm slipped away from you, and you felt like you fucked up.

"What if? What if? What if I hadn't come in? What if you had become the shell of the person you are today, what if..." he started, his voice getting louder and angrier, something you really hadn't heard before. He sucked in a deep breath, and seemingly calmed himself down. "You wanna know what he said to me that night?" You turned to him, your face eager.

"Yes! Fuckin' finally! I do!"

"You left. He blamed me. No big deal there. But then he decided to taunt me. Said he saw how I was lookin' at you. I denied it, of course. And then he told me how even though all you ever were, and all you'd ever be was a sloppy fuckin' second, you'd pick him over me any day of the week." he said behind a grimace. "Proceeded to tell me how he was gonna fuck you that night. And how he was gonna ditch your ass, and you'd beg him for more anyway. Had you wrapped around his finger, and no fuckin' monster could pretend to compete."

Your mouth dropped open, and your eyes began filling with tears despite not wanting to. Fucking whiskey. "Are you serious?" you whispered. He looked at you, his eyes filled with hatred at the memory.

"I joke a lot, but not right now. Then he used some very descriptive language that I'm not ever gonna fuckin' repeat to describe what he was gonna do to you, and threatened to fire paps if I ever told you or anyone else."

"So... so what did you do?"

"I asked him if he was an undertaker."

"What? An undertaker, why?"

"Because he made a grave mistake." Sans replied, and his face shifted into a small smile. You suddenly groaned, unbelieving that he cracked a joke at such a shitty time.

"Sans, are you fucking kidding me?" you asked, wiping your eyes. Sans chuckled a little and shook his head.

"Nah, you know the rest though. He punched me, I dunked him, paps broke it up. Nice little gettogether."

"You sat on that for all this time?" you said, your emotions welling back up. "You knew what he said, and... fuck, he threatened Papyrus?"

"...yeah. I dunno if he'd make good on it t'be honest, apparently Papyrus and Will are good buds. I think he was just tryin' to tick me off." Sans said, taking a swig from his glass of whiskey. You sniffled, and Sans looked at you suddenly. "Er, you alright?"

"No!" you cried out. "No, I'm NOT okay!" And you burst into tears, with Sans panicking at the sight.

"Shit! Shit! I'm sorry, I'm sorry!"
"N-no! S'not - not you! Fucking WILL!" you cried even harder at his name. "I was feeling BAD for him and he said that about me!?" you bawled, dramatically throwing yourself back onto the couch, pulling a pillow onto your face and crying into it. Sans was trying to shush you, rubbing at your legs and arms. You kicked at him like a child, you may not have had spooky magic, but you could still flail around.

"h-hey! hey, i didn't tell y'that to make you cry! shit!" he said, trying to wrench the pillow away from your face. It turned into a struggle of you desperately wanting to keep the pillow on your face, and him wanting to get it away from you. He finally won out, and he saw your face, puffy and miserable. "oh jeez, you're a mess."

"SUGOOOOOOOOOOO!" the TV cried out, as what looked like a far too young girl climaxed messily everywhere, weird monster jizz flying all over the screen. The two of you looked at it for a moment, and then started laughing uncontrollably.

"For fucks sake, what the hell is this anime anyway? Sekushina Erufu Hime! Shok...ushu no tame no jikan?" Sans started laughing even harder.

"oh my god, maybe i should read these titles before i put them in."

"What does it even say?"

"i think it's something like, sexy elf princess! here come tentacles! or something along those lines."

"OH MY GOD." you said, giggle-snorting. "Wait, wait. Read the rest of them. What else did you grab? Please read them."

"uhh... we got... ranma 1/2, mew mew kissy cutie, super samurai ribbon squad and ... oh christ... bondage elves."

"I can't even right now. We have GOT to watch that last one."

"what, haven't gotten enough of uh..." he motioned to the TV, the credits finally rolling. "this quality production?"

"Listen. I'm nice and boozy. We had our serious talk. I don't wanna think about it. The long and short of it is this," you said, and you pulled him down on top of you, not caring about your tear-stained face, "I'm going nowhere. We're here now. We've gotten rid of the shitty people in my life, let's get rid of the shitty people in yours, start fresh." Sans buried his face in your neck, and exhaled into it.

"yeah. start fresh. our own start, though. no one else's."

"Exactly. You an' me." you said, kissing the side of his skull lovingly. "We got this, champ."

"heh. i'm so glad i found you." he murmured, and you felt his fingers tangling through your hair. It felt soothing, comforting, familiar.

"Now let's watch some shitty anime and laugh about it. And afterwards, if we haven't passed out, we shall commit massive amounts of depravity."

"fair enough. you're gonna wanna talk about this in the morning, aren't you?" he said, grabbing Mew Mew Kissy Cutie. You rolled your eyes.

"I'm glad you're smart enough to figure that one out on your own." you said chuckling a little,
"you're dangerous when you drink, y'know that?" he said, putting the DVD in.

"I'll make it worth your time later." you said with a smirk. He raised his browbones.

"can you make it worth my time now?" he asked, his grin growing a bit.

"Sans, with the kind of depravity I want right now, I feel like I might throw up with that much moving around." you said. You saw the gears in his head turning, as he was trying to figure out what that meant. Suddenly it clicked.

"would that even.. i mean, is that..? would that be comfortable?"

"We'll find out later." you said, pushing play on the DVD. Sans sunk into the couch, his gaze glazed over as the anime popped up onto the screen. You could tell he was thinking about something else now, which you half-expected. You, on the other hand, sort of got into the weird anime that Alphys had. It was really cute! It had the right touch of humour, a bit of romance, and an overpowering theme of friendship. You could hear Sans grumbling every time you pressed "next episode", and you were slowly devouring the entire DVD set.

You had finished the entire first season, and were absolutely in love with this show. You looked over to Sans to see if he brought a second one, but he had fallen asleep on the couch. Ah well. Debauchery could probably wait another night, and it was probably better as such. You didn't want to wake him up, so you grabbed one of your heavier blankets, turning the lights off in your house, and covered the two of you with the blanket. You curled up against him, and fell asleep after a time.

You dreamt of a world that didn't know who Sans or Papyrus was. You were frantic, as your family tried to explain to you that they never existed. You ran out crying as your mother turned into a goat, bleating after you to to take a jacket.

You woke up the following morning to the comforting feeling of Sans playing with your hair. Sunlight was streaming in from the window that lead out to your porch, and you figured it was still mid-morning. You opened your eyes, looking up at him.

"Morning." you said sleepily. He looked down at you and smiled.

"morning tiger. sleep well?"

"Pretty good. I thank magic that you're somehow comfortable." you said, giving a laugh with a yawn. "What about you?"

"that cartoon knocked me out. that or the drink. but i needed a good sleep, anyway." he said. His fingers continued to massage your scalp, and you gave a lazy grin.

"Seems like it. You feeling okay today?" you asked. You remembered last night was a little crazy. Possibly literally. Sans was dealing with something mentally, and you weren't sure you were
properly equipped to help him, but you needed to at least understand it better.

"yeah, actually. much better. i uh..." he let out a small sigh. "i'm sorry i dumped on you."

"Christ Sans, how many times have I dumped on you?" you said, laughing a little. "You've been the only one at my pity parties, and you've even shown up with cake, so don't even begin to say sorry you dork."

"heh. i'm sor--" he began, catching himself, "- i'm just not used to talking about myself, i guess."

"It's a little more than clear. I mean, you talk about yourself to me when I ask, but not about your past. It's obviously hovering over you pretty bad." you said, frowning a little. You reached up and rubbed at his free arm. "You always got me, bud."

"i know. it's just uh... it's complicated."

"I figure." you replied. "Hence, you always got me. There's no time limit. Talk to me when you need to. Today, tomorrow, years from now, whatever. Just talking to someone helps, y'know?"

"yeah. i know. i used to talk to someone all the time, actually." he said with a small laugh. "he never remembered, though."

"Dementia?"

"something like that." he responded, looking a little sad. "made a damned good burger though."

"Mmm." you said, snuggling into him. "Why don't you tell me some good memories?" you offered, your hand rubbing small circles over his sweatshirt. He shrugged.

"well, sometimes, paps and i would---"

"HEY! YOU AWAKE IN THERE?" came a yell from outside, accompanied by a loud banging. It was unmistakably Undyne's voice, and Sans let out a groan. You followed suit, upset that your moment was ruined.

"Yeah, we are now!" you shouted back.

"GOOD! We're hungry! We wanna get breakfast!" she shouted, but for some reason she was still banging on the door. You buried your face in Sans's sweatshirt. He sighed a little, and then tilted your face up towards his.

"hey. start fresh, right? we got this." he said with a wink. You smiled. "go get dressed, i'll distract 'em until you're ready."

"Roger that. Thanks." you said, and you placed your forehead to his, wrapping your arms around him. He looked a little surprised, knowing you normally liked kissing him - but he seemed extremely pleased. You couldn't help but part it with a quick peck to the teeth, and bounded off to the bedroom.

"heh." he said simply, and got up opening the door to the apartment. Undyne and Alphys were outside, waiting for him.

"We're starving, we have no idea how to cook half the shit that's in your house." Undyne whined. Alphys was behind her, looking nervous.

"W-we didn't wake you, did we?" she asked.
"nah." he said, as you were a flurry of activity behind him, getting dressed. "just had woken up. seems like she really liked mew mew kissy cutie, by the by." Alphys beamed with excitement.

"OH! Did she really!? It's such a good anime! A-and there's so many subtle undertones, I wonder if she got them all, I'm sure she really liked it because of the way that the main character decides that once she has had enough of---"

"BREAKFAST." Undyne interrupted. "Then we can nerd out. Is she ready yet?"

"undyne, it hasn't even been a full minute."

"57 seconds too long!" she said, hands on her hips. "Let's get a move on!" Sans rolled his eyes, and you came rushing up behind him. You just threw on another sweater, changed into jeans and slapped on some shoes. Your hair was tossed into a ponytail, and screw makeup.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm here. Food?" you said, trying not to appear out of breath. Undyne eyed you, and then looked at Alphys.

"What did you want for breakfast, sweetie?" she practically cooed. That was sort of cute.

"W-waffles?"

"I know just the place." you said, grinning. Sans looked at you with a smile.

"lead on then, tour guide." he said, and you went down the stairs, your ragtag group of monsters following behind you. It was definitely a weird feeling.

And if you had known how the day was going to go, it would have definitely been even weirder.

Chapter End Notes

So I re-wrote half this thing, because originally I ended it with GLORIOUS SMUT, but I felt that I wanted to expand on Sans a little more instead. I thought it was way better that way (even though it uh, kind of wound up shorter, lel)

I would rather focus an entire chapter on Undyne and Alphys than smashing it into this chapter, hence it being not quite as long as the others. But prepare for UNDYNE SUPLEXING ACTION! YEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS! (she may or may not be my favourite character next to Papyrus)

Also, I did want to say - as I've noticed some people mentioning that my chars seem to be alcoholics (and that bothers me! :c) that while I discuss drinking in my chapters often, if you look at the timespans in which these characters are drinking, it's weeks apart. So while I might mention it as a social thing, or a plot contrivance, please don't think they're ACTUAL borderline alcoholics.

except maybe sans
he might have
poor guy

ANYWAY. LOVE YOU GUYS YOUR COMMENTS FILL MY SOUL WITH JOY.
checkoutmytumblr: http://inthesequietmoments.tumblr.com/
The three of you stood in front of the Waffle Haus, amidst a growing crowd of onlookers. Undyne and Alphys had dressed normally, just in coats and pants - as you do - however they stood out sore thumbs. On a grey palette of the cityscape, Undyne's flaming red hair paired with her blue-greenish skin, and Alphys's undeniably yellow head and tail, they were making a visual ruckus.

However, you weren't letting this deter you. You went inside, and got a table for four. As you made your way to your table, the clatter and din of the restaurant got a little quieter. You could see Undyne's hands balling into fists, and Alphys was beginning to form a thin sheen of sweat. Sans on the other hand, had his hands in his pockets and was mostly ignoring the stares. You all sat down, and the waiter handed you your menus and scurried off.

"I thought you said people were cool about monsters here." Undyne growled a little, eyeing Sans. Sans shrugged.

"you're new. they got used to me and papyrus." he offered. "give it some time, we got a lot of stares when we first got here." Sans casually flipped open the menu, glancing at it. You gave a weak smile in a pathetic attempt to apologize to Undyne and she snorted, and she grabbed her menu, opening it.

"W-wow! T-there's nothing but waffles on the menu!" Alphys exclaimed. You nodded, and Undyne gave a little smile that you were positive you weren't meant to see.

"Hey, you said you wanted waffles, so waffles you get!" you responded happily. Alphys poured over the menu, and you stared at the menu as if it were going to give you the universe's secrets. You knew what you were going to order, but you didn't want to put your menu down first for some reason. Luckily, Sans gave you an out by putting his down and leaning back in his chair to get comfortable.

"so how'd you two sleep last night?" he asked.

"You need a new inflatable mattress." Undyne huffed, still looking over her options. "We woke up this morning with it pretty much deflated."

"i could sense there was an air about you this morning." he quipped, and Undyne grumbled. You giggled just a little at this, and Sans smiled at you a bit.

"So what did you nerds get up to last night? You just watch anime all night?" Undyne asked. You both nodded simultaneously. Alphys almost slammed her menu down.

"S-Sans told me you liked Mew Mew Kissy Cutie!" she near shouted, causing the tables near you to go quiet. She slapped her hands over her mouth, and took a moment to compose herself. "Isn't it great??" she asked, her volume much lower this time. You perked up, leaning your elbows onto the
"Oh my god, it was adorable! I had no idea what I was getting into, I LOVED it. And that final confrontation with--" You and Alphys launched into a lengthy discussion about the show while Undyne and Sans watched the two of you. After about 10 minutes, the waiter came back over, and nervously took your orders.

"Anyway, so if you're thinking about moving here, you gotta think about the job market." you said thoughtfully, switching the subject. "What do you guys do?"

"I already have a gig secured if I move pretty much anywhere." Undyne said, grinning. You looked at her, surprised. Alphys was beaming proudly.

"Yeah? What's that?" you asked, looking intrigued. You imagined her carrying boxes upon boxes of goods with her everywhere, especially after seeing what she could do after the airport.

"Well, when I came to the surface, it was kinda hard, ya know? But you guys have this rad culture! You ever hear of luchadores?"

"Yeah, the Mexican wrestlers in those awesome masks?" you said, your face lighting up with excitement. Was she really saying what you thought she was?

"You're looking at one! I'm a rudo they say, you're talking to the infamous Serpiente Azul!" Undyne beamed, sticking a thumb at herself. "It's great, I get to fight a buncha sissies, wear a badass mask, and everyone thinks I'm just in full body paint!" She started laughing.

"S-she travels a lot, but it helps us out a lot. Things a-are expensive up here." Alphys chimed in. You were laughing, and you held up a hand to high five Undyne without thinking, and she unexpectedly high fived you.

"That is the coolest fucking thing I have ever heard. Do you have any footage of your matches or anything?"

"Hell yeah!!" Undyne said, whipping her phone out. "Check this shit out! I have a Youtube account!" She went to her page - whoa, she had a lot of subscribers. She pulled up a short clip of her taunting someone in Spanish, and then launching herself off of the ropes and slamming into them. The crowd was cheering and booing wildly. Her costume was absolutely wild, a skintight tank-suit with what looked like featherish scales, and a mask that pretty much emulated her face almost. You had no idea how her hair fit under the mask.

"That was AWESOME." you said, replaying the video. Undyne was beaming with pride, and she looked at Sans with a happy smile. Sans shrugged and smiled back. "Dude, please tell me you're having a match somewhere here near the city? I so want to see this, I've never been to one."

"Yeah? Hah! There's nothing here, but there's gonna be a tour setting up in about two months, I'll let you know!" she said, putting her phone away. You scooted back in your chair, feeling almost starstruck. She was grinning from ear to ear, which was both endearing and mildly unsettling given her terrifying row of wickedly sharp shark teeth.

"What about you Alphys? Are you some sort of masked hero that I need to be aware of?" you asked, grinning. Alphys looked embarrassed.

"N-no. I'm just a boring ol' scientist." she said, looking glum. Sans frowned at that, as did you.

"Boring? That's cool too! What sort of science do you specialize in?" you asked, unfolding your
napkin and putting it in your lap. Alphys was biting what looked like her bottom lip.

"G-genetics. I g-guess. Like uh, genetic engineering." she said, but she looked ashamed of her profession.

"Damn, that sounds impressive as all get out! Seriously! I can barely do math, much less something like that. Did they have universities underground?"

"N-no. I'm uh... mostly self taught." she replied, twirling her fork on the table. "B-but I also used to be the royal scientist! I'm just working at a c-call center right now. It's not going well." You gave a small frown, but you figured her shyness just speaking might have something to do with it. You shrugged.

"Maybe you could intern somewhere, there's plenty of universities. They're all about diversity, and if they turn you down, you could always sue the shit out of them." you offered, laughing a little. Undyne shot you a large grin, and Sans chuckled. Alphys still looked unsure.

"I-I don't know about that..." she said, but left it at that. Undyne placed her hand on her back, and gave it a comforting little rub.

"Don't sweat it, cuteasaurus. Anyway, rent's cheaper here anyway somehow. Go figure, right? Anywhere's better than where we are right now." You looked to Sans, curious if he had anything to offer, but he was unusually quiet. You were about to comment on it, when the waiter showed up with your food, placing it down in front of you and hurrying off again as if you were a table of lepers. Undyne grumbled a little, and started shoveling food into her mouth at an aggressive pace.

"So did you guys wanna do anything today?" you asked, figuring hey - it was your day off anyway. Why not? Alphys perked up a little, giving a small stab to her waffles after drenching them in blueberry syrup. Sans looked at you, surprised.

"I work today, gotta go in by one." he said, mid-bite. You shrugged a shoulder.

"S'fine. I can play tour guide today, if that's okay with them." you said, making direct eye contact with Undyne. She stared back at you, feeling the challenge being issued.

"Of course it's fine!" she said, laughing a little too loud. "We're gonna have SO MUCH FUN today, you'll be pissed you had to work!" she said, stuffing her mouth with another huge wad of waffles. Alphys gave a little laugh, delicately nibbling at her food.

"Yeah! It's gonna be a blast!" you responded, taking a huge bite out of your food as well.

"An absolute RIOT!" Undyne said, her hand gripping her orange juice with force.

"An event to die for!" you said, grabbing your water, taking a swig with gusto.

"SO MUCH FUN IT'LL HURT." Undyne shouted, chugging her entire glass and slamming it onto the table, nearly breaking it. You both were holding onto your drink glasses with a claw-like grip, and Sans and Alphys were staring at you like you were both insane. Sans gently placed his hand over your arm, and you immediately relaxed, looking to him.

"Uh, yeah. Sorry you have to go to work." you said sheepishly, looking at the people staring at your table. "What time is Papyrus off tonight?"

"six." he said, giving your arm a little squeeze before withdrawing it. "he's cooking tonight, you wanna eat with them? i won't be home in time for dinner."
"Uhh.." you looked at the two women sitting across from you, and Undyne was practically glowering at you, and Alphys was waiting for your answer, looking like she was hoping for a 'yes', "Yeah, that sounds great."

"A-awesome!" Alphys said, taking a tiny sip from her glass.

"Yeah, great." Undyne said, finishing off the remnants of her breakfast. You noticed the irritation in her voice, but decided to ignore it. The four of you finished your breakfast in relative peace, and in a gesture of goodwill, you paid for everyone's meal. Undyne did her best to look incredibly unimpressed, but she still said thank you. One point for you.

You and Sans exchanged a quick kiss before he took off for work, ignoring Undyne's gagging noises in the background and you were then left with Undyne and Alphys. While you have had great ideas in the past, you were beginning to rapidly think that this may have not been one of them. You turned to the two monsters, and put on your biggest smile possible.

"So! What would you two like to do today?" you asked. Undyne was looking at you oddly, and her eye narrowed slightly - Alphys was the one to chime in first.

"W-we talked about museums, remember? On the train? Can we do that?" she asked timidly. You gave a lop-sided smile to that.

"Yeah, sure! I can take you to the Academy of Sciences, they have a little bit of everything there, it's freaking awesome." You raised your hand to hail a cab, and Undyne snorted, whispering something to Alphys behind you. You ignored it, successfully flagging down a taxi - you politely opened the door for them, and Alphys hopped in, and Undyne just stood there.

"Are you getting in?" she asked. You looked at her oddly.

"I was opening the door for you. You know, being nice?" you said.

"Look, I don't need you to freaking suck up to me." she said in a low tone, walking to the door. "And I definitely don't need you opening any god damned doors for me." She got into the cab, practically slamming the door, shocking the hell out of you. What the fuck? You walked around to the other side, getting in the front.

"Academy of Science, please." you said, but your words were clipped. The driver didn't say anything, and started driving. Alphys was pawing at Undyne in the back, and Undyne was talking to her in a syrupy voice, telling her everything was fine. This broad was hot and cold, wasn't she?

The drive only took about 10 minutes, and the three of you got out of the cab after you paid the driver. You were going to offer to pay their entry fee, but were still extremely sour about what Undyne said, and went up to the ticket window.

"One, please." you said. The cashier went to ring you up, and you paused for a moment. You know what? No! Fuck this! "Sorry, I mean three please." you amended. The cashier looked at you oddly for a moment. "And don't let the two behind me buy tickets, these are for them." You got the three tickets, and stood aside looking into your purse as if you were searching for something, allowing Undyne and Alphys to approach the ticket booth. The cashier informed them that you had purchased their tickets for them, and Alphys let out a small chirp when she found out, Undyne shooting you an intense glower. You merely shrugged, motioning for them to follow you to the entrance. The three of you entered, and Alphys let out a delighted gasp and rushed to the center console that had the map to
the museum. You glanced over at Undyne, who's face briefly had turned into one of pure love as she watched her tiny girlfriend excitedly figure out where they were going first. The second she thought you were looking, it shifted back into her intense gaze. You were going to say something snarky when you thought better of it - you wanted this giant fish woman to like you.

"C-can we go to the evolution exhibit first?" Alphys stuttered, coming back to both you and Undyne. Undyne stooped over to her and flashed a huge smile.

"Of course! Wherever you wanna go!" she said, giving a quick peck to the top of Alphys's head. Alphys giggled, and scurried off to the exhibit's direction, with you and Undyne following suit. The two of you walked silently next to each other, occasionally glancing at the other. So is this what it felt like on their end? You knew Undyne's problem with you had to do with the mere fact that you were human, and that bothered you. Sure, life would be a hell of a lot easier if Sans was human - but then he wouldn't be Sans anymore. Alphys had rushed into the exhibit and was reading the first placard that had a load of information on it. You had read it plenty, and didn't feel the need to read it again. Undyne, on the other hand, hung back and stood with you. As Alphys hurried off to the next one, oblivious of anything around her, Undyne shifted uncomfortably onto her other leg, gazing about. You chewed your bottom lip for a second, and started to say something when Undyne beat you to it.

"So what's your deal?" she asked, without looking at you. You frowned and turned to her.

"What do you mean, 'what's my deal'? We're at the museum, that a problem?" you spat, feeling immediately defensive. Undyne snorted.

"Can't get a date with someone, so you pick a monster?" she said acidly, "Or is he just a flavour of the month for you?" Your face turned bright red, but from anger. You literally bit down on your tongue, and took a breath.

"I don't know what you mean." you said, trying not to start a fight, her words echoing in your mind like that asshat from the bar. Undyne spun to you, her face scrunching up like she smelled something horrible.

"Please. Humans and monsters don't mix. Don't think that you're gonna get some sort of prize or award for doing this. And if you hurt him..." she said, her voice coming to a low rumble, "... it's gonna spell trouble for you." You were glaring up at her, and your right eye twitched. You inhaled sharply, then thought, fuck it.

"Cool, so you're into racism? Stay in your town then. But don't fucking get it in your head that I'm using Sans, not for a second." you said, getting up into her space. You jabbed a finger against her chest, "He's not a flavour of the month, he's the best fucking guy I know, and I lo--" your anger faded for a second as you corrected yourself, "-- like the hell out of him. So don't become a goddamned problem for me." You were livid, you didn't expect this from a monster. From one of his friends! You'd experienced awkward stares, people whispering, whatever. But for someone to doubt your intentions made your entire body heat with rage. You and Undyne locked eyes for a moment as she searched yours, and she looked down at your hands - they were balled into fists. Suddenly, she had a huge grin on her face.

"That's what I like to hear!" she said, her tone becoming jovial. You shook your head for a moment to try and register what just happened. She slapped you on the shoulder heartily, "Listen, not all of you humans are assholes I guess. I work with a buncha rad ones. But I gotta look out for my bonebro, y'know?" What was this, some sort of test? You weren't cool with this.

"Yeah, well, he does a fine job looking out for himself. And I got his back, so you really don't need
to worry." you practically hissed. Her grin just became bigger somehow, her rows of shark teeth looking both comical and terrifying.

"Hah! That lazy ass can barely keep both his eyes open. But I can tell you give a shit, and that's what matters. I mean, I'll still kill ya if you hurt him, but I got a feeling you won't." she said with a guffaw, and went over to Alphys, leaving you standing there. You must've looked like a codfish, your mouth gaped open. Well, that was a tonal shift there. Still, you were furious inside. You had heard stupid shit about him dating you - not the other way around. You whipped your phone out, texting Jackie to try and cool down.

y/j: Jesus, this woman is a fucking nightmare.

j: What's up?

y: I'll have to tell you in person later, but basically she's TESTING my ass to see if I'm good enough for Sans or some shit.

j: lol, sweets, I did the same thing to Sans.

You blinked a few times.

y: What?

j: Hey, it's a best friend's job to filter out shitty boyfriends.

j: Hey! Invite her out tonight with us! Girl's night, you, me, Sam, Anna, and this mystery chick.

y: I doubt she dances. I doubt she likes humans even.

y: Might be a shit idea.

j: She's still a girl, right?

j: GIRL NIGHT. It'll make everything alright.

You sighed. Jackie made a decent point. You figured you'd extend an invite to Alphys as well, but had a feeling she wouldn't want to be in a club or anything of that sort. You meandered over Undyne and Alphys, as Alphys was excitedly chattering about the exhibits on display. Undyne was just smiling and nodding, something you figured she may do a lot. So far, Alphys was sweet and extremely cute, but her girlfriend was a whole different story. Alphys turned to you happily.

"T-this is great! Our town doesn't have a m-museum. Well, a good one. There's so much to do here!" she said, her arms raising excitedly. "H-how much time do we have here?" You shrugged a little.

"Museum closes at 5, but we should leave a little earlier to make it back in time for when Papyrus gets home. He likes people around when he cooks dinner."
"I taught him, y'know!" Undyne said, smiling. "Looks like he's moved on from inedible glitter spaghetti to some good stuff!"

"Glitter spaghetti?" you asked. Undyne made a face, remembering it.

"Yeah, it was gross. But he was still trying!" she said, and looked down to Alphys who was checking her watch.

"S-so we have a few hours!" she said, and looked between the two of you. "Uhm, is it okay if I go ahead of you guys?" Undyne chuckled.

"Sure thing sweetheart, do whatever makes you happy." she said. Alphys practically squealed and took off with a surprising haste. You looked at Undyne and fidgeted for a moment, then spoke up.

"So, question for you. Do you drink at all?"

"HAH! Do I drink? Is this seriously a question?" she said with a laugh. "You guys have a phrase up here, 'drinks like a fish'." Her rows of shark teeth were back grinning at you. You chuckled a little at this.

"Myself and some friends are going out this evening for drinks and dancing, and I wanted to extend the invitation to you guys." you said, trying your best to act like you guys had been getting along this entire time. Undyne seemed to think about it for a second.

"Yeah! Sure! I can tell you now that Alphys isn't gonna wanna go. But I'm totally down!"

"Great!" you said, trying to make your smile as sincere as possible. "We'll have dinner with Papyrus, and then we can take off from there." There was a pause, and then Undyne was frowning a bit.

"Is the club monster friendly?"

"Honestly? I don't know. We'll find out. But if they aren't, we'll go somewhere else after burning it to the ground." you said jokingly. Undyne's face lit up, and that terrifying grin was back.

"I like it! I can see why Sansy likes you." she said with a snicker. The two of you smiled at each other briefly, and then went to follow after Alphys.

Papyrus and Undyne clearly were best friends, you surmised. You watched their interactions as Papyrus was cooking, and it reminded you heavily of yourself and Jackie. Papyrus was showing Undyne all the new tricks he had picked up at work, most of which seemingly impressed her. While her style of cooking seemed to be a little more... vigorous, she seemed to be restraining herself from slamming things around. Papyrus made (of course) spaghetti for dinner, but with an extremely delicious meat sauce that he didn't make that often. While you were enjoying dinner with the three monsters, you were greatly missing Sans who was generally present. You had dinner alone with Papyrus before, sure, but you were slightly overwhelmed with his friends and wanted that little bit of comfort at the moment.

Undyne finished her meal first, as if she was racing the lot of you and shot up from the table.
"Alright, I'm ready to go!" she said, rolling up her sleeves. You looked up at her, spaghetti dangling from your mouth.

"OH? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" Papyrus asked, excited.

"Sorry buddy, girls night out!" she said, whapping him on the back a few times with a laugh. Papyrus let out a small whine. "Don't worry, Alphys is gonna hang out with you!"

"MOST FANTASTIC!" Papyrus said, his sad demeanor vanishing. "ALPHYS, DO YOU WISH TO WATCH SOME OF YOUR ANIME?" Alphys's face lit up, and she dropped her fork onto her plate with a loud clatter.

"D-do I? Y-yes! I'll go grab my DVDs now!" she exclaimed, running into the living room to rifle through her things. Undyne chuckled and looked down at you, as you slowly slurped a noodle up into your mouth.

"Hurry up slowpoke, it's almost nine!" she said, grinning at you. You wiped your mouth and looked at your plate of food - it was half unfinished.

"Yeah, but we still need to get ready and stuff." you said, hoping that would give you time.

"Get ready? Pfft, we look fine!" she said. You frowned.

"I wanna put on a dress or something, I like being cute when I go out!"

"Oooh! We getting fancy? I think I have a dress or something like it." she said. "Go get your dress on, and I'll see you in a few minutes then."

"Alright!" you responded. Undyne went off into the living room as well to collect her things, and you mashed a huge forkful of spaghetti into your mouth. You coughed a little, swallowing it down with some water.

"PLEASE DO NOT CHOKE." Papyrus said, frowning. You chuckled a little and nodded, taking a smaller bite and calling it quits. "I HOPE YOU LADIES HAVE FUN TONIGHT! MAKE GOOD DECISIONS!"

"No worries, I'm not drinking a thing tonight." you said, holding your hand up. "Scout's honour."

"GOOD! I WOULD RECOMMEND YOU KEEP UNDYNE AWAY FROM THE ALCOHOL AS WELL, AS UM, SHE TENDS TO THROW THINGS THAT SHOULDN'T BE THROWN."

"Noted. Thanks for letting me know." you said.

"OF COURSE! ANYTHING FOR MY GOOD FRIEND!" Papyrus said, beaming. You picked your plate up and brought it over to the sink and rinsed it off, then headed over to your apartment. You wanted to look cute tonight, you hadn't gone out for just a girl's night in a while. You settled on a slightly racy number that was barely longer than the dress you wore out for New Years, in a beautiful jewel toned blue. You grinned to yourself for a second as you put it on, and had a thought - oh, what a devious thought. You went into the bathroom and fixed your hair and makeup, looking pretty damned hot if you did say so yourself, and then went back into the bedroom.

You sent Sans a cute snapchat picture of your face, smiling with a "I missed you today!" to him. He'd be getting off work in about an hour or so, so you were hoping he'd check these then.

You then took another picture of yourself, full body this time - with the caption "Going out tonight
You followed it up with another shot of yourself, your dress hiked up around your waist and no panties on, one hand between your legs - with the caption "Hope you're coming over tonight. ;)") You felt extremely naughty sending these out - sexting really wasn't your style, but you knew this was something new to Sans and really enjoyed flustering him for some reason.

You slipped on some panties (you weren't that bad!) and giggled to yourself, and slipped on a pair of high heels - you weren't going out with Sans tonight, so you felt you could be taller without a problem. You went outside, and Undyne was already on the landing waiting for you. She was dressed in a surprisingly sexy little number, a strapless black top with a black mini-skirt to match, and some high heeled wedges. Her hair was parted to the side, and tumbling over with some added curl. Even her eyepatch had a little rhinestone on it. You grinned.

"Damn girl, you clean up nice." you said, chuckling. She grinned back, looking you up and down.

"You're not so bad yourself! Hey, just because I like slamming dudes onto their faces doesn't mean I don't like to be cute sometimes, y'know?" she said, shrugging a shoulder. You nodded in agreement.

"More power to you. Anyway, let's get going, we're gonna get a cab to take us. My friends are already there, you ready to have a good time?"

"Hell yeah!!" she said, pumping a fist, and then going down the stairs quickly ahead of you. You laughed a little, and followed behind. It took you a few minutes, but you were able to finally hail a cab when you got to the bottom, and you got in and told the driver the address. You noticed he couldn't stop staring at Undyne, but you kept chattering to her in hopes she wouldn't notice. She seemingly didn't, and you both arrived at your destination, and you tipped the driver well for not saying anything rude at least.

The club was a place called Ozone, just a standard dance club that you and Jackie liked to go to. Her and Anna and Sam were already inside, and apparently had secured you guys a spot by the bar. You handed the bouncer your ID and he checked you, then did a double take when he saw Undyne. She gruffly handed him her ID as well, and he looked at it, mildly nonplussed.

"It's not hard to figure it out, y'know." she said, grumbling. He looked up and down from the ID a few times, then handed it back to her, stamping both of your hands. He motioned for you two to go inside. Undyne let out a loud sigh, and you hooked your arm through hers like she was an old friend - she looked down at you (she still towered over you, she wore heels as well) surprised.

"If you have a good time, and don't focus on that shit, no one's gonna bother you. So fuck it, yeah?" you said, escorting her over to your friends. She gave a smile, softer than the ones before, and nodded at you.

"Yeah." she responded, surprisingly quiet. Jackie was already waving to you, and you bounced over to her with Undyne in tow, and gave her a huge hug.

"Bestie!" you said happily, and she planted a kiss on your cheek.

"Hey bestie!" she responded, returning the kiss. You smiled and hugged Anna and Sam, then stepped back and held a hand out to signal to Undyne.

"Guys, this is Undyne! She's one of Sans and Papyrus's best friends, and is thinking about moving to the city." you said. Sam was grinning from ear to ear, and Jackie gave Undyne a hug which caused Undyne to stiffen - something Jackie didn't care about apparently. Anna was casually drinking some water, trying not to move around too much.
"Heya! I'm Jackie, I'm ______'s best friend. Glad you came out tonight, any friend of ______ and Sans is a friend of mine." she said confidently, standing back. Undyne stared down at Jackie, almost intimidatingly, then grinned.

"Nice to meetcha! And you are?" she said, turning to Anna.

"Anna, long time friend of these two troublemakers." she said, thumbing at both yourself and Jackie. The two of you giggled a little, and Undyne gave Anna a gentle hug, surprisingly. You smiled, glad this was going well.

"I'm Sam," Sam said, and Undyne gave her instead a crushing hug. You were glad that Undyne could differentiate between pregnant and non-pregnant humans.

"Awesome! So, I'm long overdue for some drinking and dancing." Undyne said, flipping her long hair over her shoulder. It was clear she was itching to get onto the dance floor ASAP, so you looked at the two other ladies.

"You guys ready to get dancing?" you asked.

"Hell yeah!" Jackie said.

"Please, yes." Anna responded, looking mock desperate. You laughed a little, and bowed to the floor.

"Ladies," you said, and the four of them went out into the crowd, and you followed behind. For the next hour or so, the five of you bumped and grinded to the various songs, having a general blast. Undyne was seemingly having the time of her life, spinning you around occasionally and putting on some genuinely impressive dance moves. Sam was flirting with pretty much any guy who entered your general vicinity, something you usually would join her in - and could tell she was lamenting her loss of a partner in crime. Anna tapped out early, while she wanted to dance, she was still ridiculously pregnant and couldn't hang with the lot of you for super long. Jackie went to go sit with her after long.

You and Undyne were laughing about some joke Sam had told when you felt your phone buzz. You looked at it, and it was a snapchat from Sans. Hey, he was finally sending them back! You opened it and were greeted with his face giving you a sweet wink, with a "miss you too!" across it. You grinned, and then it went to the next picture automatically. It was him grinning in an almost sinister manner, his one eye flared up, clearly licking his sharp fangs with his ridiculous magical tongue - "you're playing dirty" it said. You swallowed hard, coming to an absolute standstill on the floor with Undyne staring at you without you realizing it, and it went to the next one.

There was Sans's girthy blue cock in a still picture, at full attention with him looking down in what seemed like darkness - "two can play this game remember". You let out a gasp and almost dropped your phone, scrambling to hide the damning evidence. Undyne looked at you with an incredibly smug look suddenly, then gave you an incredibly hard nudge.

"You being a dirty girl?" she asked, with a joyful laugh. Your face told her everything she needed to know, it was bright red. "Oh god, are you two...? HAH! You are!" she said, slapping her leg with a guffaw. "No way! Oh man, good for lazybones!"

"I mean, I guess it's..." you started, not knowing what to say. You were absolutely mortified. Undyne just gave you a toothy grin.

"You crack me up. You're not all that bad, although I gotta question your taste in men." she said, still
laughing. Her eye darted down to your phone. "Looks like bonehead sent you another sexy message, you might wanna look at it somewhere a little more private." she said with a sly smile. Your face could not possibly turn redder, you thought.

"Yeah. Thanks." you said, and you rushed off to the bathroom as fast as you could, Undyne's laughter trailing behind you. You practically slammed into the door, quickly entering a vacant stall. You were half embarrassed, half aroused at this point. You greedily unlocked your phone and opened up the app again, to see Sans had sent another snapchat. You opened it, and were greeted with a video of his phalanges wrapped carefully around his cock, quickly pumping it up and down with a lusty groan emanating from your speakers. You let out a small cry, slapping a hand over your mouth - glad that the bass of the club was likely louder than the noises coming from you or the phone. Oh god, that wasn't fair! That wasn't fair at all! You refused to be outdone, and popped your breasts out of the top of your dress, and shot a video of you licking the tip of your finger, then tracing it around your nipple with a soft sigh. You added "You wanna go?" to it and sent it.

You were rearranging yourself when another snap came through. You made sure to turn the volume down enough that someone else couldn't hear it, and played it. Sans was furiously working himself, moaning your name. God dammit! Why were these only ten seconds? Your mind raced as you tried to figure out what to send him. You felt a little gross being in a bathroom, but the other half of you really didn't care at this point. You lifted your dress and lowered your panties, and sent an even shorter recording of your finger slipping down to your folds, then disappearing between them.

It felt like it was instant that you got a response, and it was just a blurry video that you couldn't make out, but you heard a gravelly demand in a low tone that simply said "more." that sent shivers down your spine. Hah, you had him - kind of. You also wanted more, but he didn't need to know that. You instead sent a video of yourself tracing your finger around your mound, coming dangerously close then trailing away - with the text "Why should I give more?"

A minute passed, and your phone rang. It was Sans. You were confused but exhilarated at the same time and answered almost breathless.

"Hey." you said, and you heard him panting into the phone, clearly still hard at work.

"just calling to tell you. you better be ready when you get home." he said, his breath hard after each sentence.

"Oh?" you asked teasingly, "Ready for what?"

"i'm gonna fuck you senseless the second you come through that door." he moaned, causing you to let out a tiny moan of your own in response. You wanted to go home right now, shit. Instead, you poked the beast.

"What if I stay out tonight, or go home with Jackie, hmm?" you said, unconsciously licking your lips. Sans let out a throaty growl at this.

"i'll find you. you're not getting out of this. i'll fuck you in an alley if i have to." he rumbled, and you felt an electric tingle flow from the top of your head to your toes. Jesus christ, he'd never been this aggressive before, but you liked it quite a bit.

"I feel like this is a challenge now." you purred into the receiver. "I might take you up on it."

"you do not. want to test. me." he groaned, his breathing getting faster. God damnit, you were getting ridiculously turned on right now, but you weren't about to have phone sex in a club bathroom - especially when both your friends were outside as well as the one you were trying to impress. The
need to touch yourself was getting overkill as you heard him breathing obscenely into his end, and
you figured you needed to end the call sooner than later.

"Oh? Like you're even a blip on my radar of threats, handsome." you said with a small snicker.
"We'll see how senseless you could possibly get me when I get home." Your challenge was issued
forth, and it was a little safer. You heard his breath hitch for a second, and then you heard that
animalistic growl you had only heard once before.

"you're fucked." was all he said, and the call ended. Holy shit. You were fanning yourself with your
free hand, trying to calm down, your entire body temperature was set to an uncomfortable 200
degrees it felt like. You had no idea what seemed like innocent... okay, not-so-innocent little
snapchats would fuel this sort of response. The fact that it was you that turned him on that badly
turned you on even more, and you pulled your panties back up and exited the stall, washing your
hands and wetting a paper towel and carefully dabbing your face. You looked at yourself in the
mirror - your face had at least calmed down, but your heart was beating at a mile a minute. You took
a deep breath, tucking your phone away and exited the bathroom, heading over to your friends who
had since left the dance floor. Undyne was waving wildly at you, and your friends looked at you like
they knew something juicy.

"Hey guys! Done dancing?" you asked. They were all grinning at you, and you looked at them,
searching one face to the next. "What?"

"So. It's blue, huh?" Sam said, and did a double take. Your hand slapped to your face in
embarrassment, and Undyne started howling with laughter next to Jackie. Anna almost choked on
her water she decided to sip at a bad time.

"Fuck! God dammit, did you seriously -- I mean, I thought -- fuck!" you sputtered, looking like a kid
with their hand caught in the cookie jar.

"I mean, I already knew" Jackie said, like she was some proud insider of knowledge, "But the rest of
the gals were pretty surprised."

"You didn't tell them, did you?" you asked Jackie, your eyes wide. Undyne was still laughing,
slapping her leg.

"No! No, Undyne apparently saw uh, a snapchat you got. I was just nice enough to verify it."
Undyne did an exaggerated roll of her eye.

"I mean, I don't know much about human male anatomy, they could have blue dicks!" she said with
a chuckle. You still had your hand up to your face, you could feel the heat coming off of it.

"Oh come off it, ______. You guys are so gross together, everyone figured you were banging...
somehow. We just didn't know the logistics." Anna added. Sam started laughing.

"Damnit. I mean. Yeah. Fuck." you groaned. "Well, now you know. Wooo." you said, giving an
unenthusiastic jazz hands. Sam leaned in, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

"So, seriously! Spill! I gotta know, what's it like fucking a skeleton? Is it... spooky?" she said
jokingly. You frowned a little.

"No, it's not spooky. It's not anything weird, really." you said, not wanting to get into it at the
moment. You didn't want to be reminded of what was waiting for you at home. "I don't see him as a
skeleton anymore, I guess? He's just... Sans? I don't know how to explain it." You were staring off in
thought, and didn't notice Undyne looking at you with a small smile of approval. "But the sex is
fucking amazing." you threw on there, and the girls laughed.

"Ew, that's more than I ever wanted to know about him." Undyne said, laughing a little. "It's like hearing how good your brother is in the sack." Suddenly, you smirked. This was her fault anyway!

"You know he has a magic tongue, right?" you said, with a small grin.

"Wait, wha?" Undyne said, her lip curling a little in confusion.

"Yeah. It's a long, blue magical tongue. And let me tell you, the things it can do..." you said, motioning lewdly with your tongue between two of your fingers. The other girls were laughing their asses off, and Undyne looked absolutely revolted.

"Ugh! Gross! Don't tell me that stuff!" she exclaimed. You punched her arm, and slid up to her.

"Oh man, and his dick is about yea long and this wide!" you said, holding your hands out in an exaggerated fashion. She put her hands over her webbed ears, and started singing something horribly offkey. You started laughing, and soon she joined in.

"Ngggh, you got me. Fair's fair, I guess. Heh." she said, and she gave you an affectionate rub on the shoulder. "You aren't half bad, half pint."

"Neither are you, rudo." you said with a chuckle. She grinned at that.

"You gotta come over this week so I can show you all my best matches!" she said excitedly. "Y'know. If you're into that sort of thing."

"Of course!" you said, getting jazzed up. "That sounds awesome, I'd love to. I'll swing by after work one night if you guys aren't out and about."

"Sweet! Bring your friends if you want!" she said, gesturing to the other three. Sam was talking with a guy off to the side, however Jackie heard and thumbs upped - Anna nodded and smiled. You were immensely happy Jackie suggested this, you had been so frustrated earlier in the day, but you could understand the apprehension between the two of you. And Jackie made a valid point; friends always put new boyfriends and girlfriends through the wringer. You couldn't fault Undyne for it. Without thinking about it or saying anything, you gave Undyne a quick hug.

"Hey! Uh, heh! Thanks." she said, and awkwardly hugged back. "Anyway, I'm sure you wanna get back to your bone boy - or he wants you to get to him, anyway..." she said with a toothy grin. You rolled your eyes.

"He can wait." you said, even though your body was screaming otherwise. Plus you were genuinely curious if he would be asleep when you got home, and if you could call him on his bluff. Jackie laughed a little at this.

"Back to the dance floor then?" she said, and you nodded. Sam had vanished into the crowd with her mystery man, something you had all expected anyway. The four of you went and danced well into the night, laughing and occasionally making a horrible joke about blue dicks.

"Alright Undyne, I'll catch you later this week." you said with a smile, on your stoop. "And if Sans is asleep in there, please let him stay asleep. I hate waking him up." The two of you laughed a little.
"He sleeps like a rock anyway, waking him up is short of a miracle. Hey! Thanks for tonight, I had a good time. Sorry I gave you shit earlier, I just..." she paused a moment.

"Don't worry about it. Water under the bridge." you offered. Her face perked up at this.

"I like that phrase. I'll have to steal it."

"Steal away. Anyway, g'night." you said, unlocking your door.

"Night, nerd." she said, and entered the apartment, the door shutting behind her. You had barely opened your door when you felt that electric crackle in the air, and the hairs on your arms raised. Wait, was that --

"have a good night tonight?" Sans said behind you, causing you to jump a little. "thinking you could come home and go to sleep?" You turned to face him, and immediately your face was heated without meaning to.

"I figured you fell asleep by now, y'know, after earlier and all.." you offered weakly, knowing some part of you wanted to be caught sneaking into your house - and you felt like he knew this as well. He made a sound like he was clicking his tongue and shook his head.

"oh babe, you should know by now that's not how monsters work. not how monsters work at all."

Sans was grinning, slowly backing you into the apartment. Your heart was racing, and you wondered what kind of trouble you got yourself into.

"What if I say no?" you asked, intending to be teasing. His expression faltered.

"do you not want..?" he asked, and you could see you had partially deflated him. You quickly pressed up against him, the door still wide open.

"Oh god, I want it. I'm just fucking with you." you said with a laugh. Sans grabbed him to you roughly, yanking your dress up practically to your ribs and slid his hand to your ass, gripping it roughly. "Whoa! We're still in the doorway!"

"yeah? that a problem?" he said, his left eye taking on his eerie blue glow, his tongue appearing between his teeth. You shivered a little at seeing it, and you trailed your fingers down his back. You could feel his hardness against your bare legs through his shorts.

"Heh, I dare you to take me wherever you think you can get away with it." you said with a grin. "I think I remember someone saying they were bold enough for an alleyway tonight, I don't think a doorway would be too much."

Without warning, you felt that lurch in your stomach and the feeling of movement without moving, and you were on your patio. Sans took your dress and roughly removed it over your head, and in some weird movement managed to remove your panties as well. Somehow he had managed to turn on the space heater outside, but it was still cold. "don't worry." he said, drinking you in with his eyes, "i'll warm you up."

"F-fuck Sans! You're not messing around!" you said with surprise. He spun you around without another word, and bent you over the patio railing - you quickly covered your breasts with your arms.

"What the--!" You didn't have much time to complain, because he slid his shorts down, and was prodding at your entrance with his cock.

"i take challenges seriously, just so you know." he said with a lusty growl, and slid into you agonizingly slow, making your entire body shudder with pleasure. "ffffuck. been ready for me for a
while, haven't you? god damn. you're too fucking much." he said, and began to slowly move his hips, moving in and out of you. You moaned, the cold rail pressing into your body reminding you of exactly what you were doing. You'd be damned if it wasn't a little hot, but you were terrified you'd be seen - you were only three floors up for christ's sake.

"S-Sans, can you please... someone might see me." you moaned softly, wiggling against him in some sort of way of pleading. Instead, he slammed against you, hard, causing you to cry out.

"tsk, maybe you should try being a little quieter." he said, picking his pace up. You stifled a cry as he began hitting your sweet spot, and pushed back against him in protest. After a minute, he realized there was no way you could keep yourself quiet enough for this, so he removed you from the railing - which you looked at him gratefully for, excited to go inside - but instead he pushed you down to the rug on the floor on your knees, one of his hands gripping into your hair. Oh god, what the hell was going on? This was so rougher than you were used to, but it was so fucking hot.

"God! Sans!" you cried out. You didn't care who heard at this point. No one could see you. For some reason, this emboldened him, and he began slamming into you, his cock slapping wetly into your sopping wet core. He was getting it, that magical spot, the one you convinced yourself never existed, and god damn did it feel amazing - every time he withdrew and rammed back into you you'd let out a delightful shriek of pleasure. His fingers were digging painfully into your hip, and his hand was pulling your hair so you couldn't bury your face into your arms to muffle your cries. Finally, the build up was too much, and your legs began to quiver as you came, a wave of electric shock shooting through you like a lightning rod of pleasure.

"f-fuck." Sans huffed, but he wasn't stopping. You let out a mewl of pleasure, trying to signal to him that you had come, you were good - but as you looked back at him, his grin was hungry, sinister.

"Sans.. Sans.. I.. please." you moaned as he continued to pump into you. He let out a chuckle, and shifted your body so that you were now instead in his lap, facing away from him. You weakly leaned into him, but could still feel him inside you. He let out a low rumble, reminding you again of a purring jungle cat, and you felt him begin to shift under you, slowly moving himself once again in and out.

"oh kitten, don't you remember? i'm gonna fuck you senseless." he growled into your ear. You felt a shiver run down your spine, and his pace began to pick up just a little, bouncing you on his lap as you braced yourself against him. It wasn't the most comfortable, but you were growing used to it quickly. "you remember that day you teased me on the couch? sitting in my lap like this? you know how bad i wanted to do this then?" he said, thrusting hard to make his point. You let out a squeak, and he laughed a little. "i have a feeling you woulda let me if the timing hadn't been so bad that day..."

"God, yes." you near whispered, leaning your head back into him. "God yes. I wish you had. So many times I wish you had just fucked me."

"oh?" he said, his tongue coming out between his teeth, tracing the length of your neck. "do tell."

"The taxi. The bar. At work. At that stupid sleepover. The movies. The first time I saw those dumb fangs of yours." you said, trying to remember them all. Suddenly, you felt him buck into you, and bite down on your neck. The feeling of his fang breaking the flesh slightly caused you to clamp down on him, making him pump at you faster. You moaned his name, trying to grip onto any part of him you possibly could, but he gripped your hands and held them with one hand behind your back. His rhythm was steady, slowly increasing as you felt that now familiar build up inside and you began uttering his name repeatedly. By his breathing, you could tell he was holding back from coming himself, and you were hoping he'd go over the edge himself, you were going crazy. He pulled down
on your arms with a hard thrust and you yelped as you came a second time, your sweat slicked body collapsing against his. He was lapping at your neck where you figured the bite was, and you felt a throbbing pain, not unpleasant there. It was too much, you were too sensitive almost. But he wasn't stopping, he was relentless, and kept that same quick pace without stopping. You kept crying out, his name becoming a fevered prayer on your lips as he joined you in revered chorus, adding your name to your hymn. You could tell he was getting close, and you began to move against him, wanting him to come so, so bad, and your cries became pleading, begging.

"god, _____, I.. I..." Sans said, but he didn't finish his sentence, instead climaxing inside you with a loud groan, burying his face into your neck as you simultaneously came around his cock, milking it of everything it had. Sans collapsed backwards with you in his arms, and you laid there in his arms for some time, the sounds of the street and passing cars filling your head with a pleasant buzz. You slowly withdrew him from yourself and rolled off him to get more comfortable, as much as you loved being near him, lying on him wasn't the best solution. He was breathing hard, his breath visible in the cold air. You didn't notice the chill, you were still overheated from the exertion.

"You weren't kidding, were you." you managed, looking at him. He chuckled a little.

"not at all. damn, tiger. you bring the worst out in me. i've never been like this." he said, looking a little embarrassed. You giggled a little.

"No? I like it. Although I've never been the way I've been with you so.. two for two I guess." you said, kissing one of his upper ribs gently. He exhaled noisily.

"so basically we're just two massive sluts for one another is what you're tryin' to say." he said. You laughed at this.

"I'm ok with this. My sex life was pretty dead for a while, to be honest."

"i know the feeling."

"I also have the feeling it's not going to be particularly dead anymore, is it?" you said, poking the ridge of his nose. He grinned lazily.

"you should give me a week of letting me have my way with you. you'd get sick of me real fast."

"Oh? I might have to take you up on that one. But I don't think I'd ever get sick of you." you said with a smile. He looked at you, his eyes giving that gentle ember glow.

"i hope not. i'll never get sick of you."

"Good. Can we go to bed now?" you asked, your eyes pleading. "I have work tomorrow."

"you waving the white flag?" You sat up and waved your underwear - it was red, but it was the best you could do.

"I surrender! Bed, please!" you said, giggling. He smiled, and stood up, then extended a hand to you.

"c'mon tiger, let's go."

The two of you went to sleep, and you slept better than you had in months you felt. You dreamt of a gigantic crab fighting you with a knife over a slice of pizza. Sans came in and poured coffee all over
it, then took you ice skating.

Chapter End Notes

I had a lot of trouble with this chapter for some reason! I LOVE UNDYNE LIKE WHOA - so I was having a huge problem with writing her. Like huge. But I needed to hammer the rest of this out, and somehow halfway through smut happened, and I was like "well shit, we're committed to it now" - and it felt good mang.

So enjoy, you filthy sinners!

Chapter 1 Fanart!
Smoothie Fanart!!

Thank you for all the questions and fanart, I LOVE THIS STUFF SO MUCH! :D Come say hi to me, talk to me on my tumblr! I live off your comments. Chapters should be forthcoming this week with more frequency! LOve you guys.
A week had passed since Undyne and Alphys had come into town, and they seemed to be taking to the town rather well. Undyne had warmed up to you considerably, and even dropped by your work one afternoon to "just talk" with you for a bit. You were immensely glad Peter wasn't around, as you had a feeling he wouldn't have taken kindly to a fish woman standing in his shop. You both talked about nothing in particular, but she enthused about how much more friendly the city seemed to be, despite a few choice encounters she had. Regardless, it was overall far more welcoming than the town they were currently living in. It sounded like they were getting sold on moving there.

You wanted to ask Undyne about the weird garbled things Sans said that one drunken night, but decided against it. You didn't really know what he was talking about, but on the same note, he mentioned Undyne didn't either. You figured prying would just cause problems in this situation, so you kept your mouth shut, despite the burning need to know what was tormenting your poor boyfriend. Still, there didn't seem to be any problems that arose from them being in town or otherwise, so you were hoping the problems he was thinking about were just in his head.

You were, however, extremely excited - as you were going to use your planetarium tickets that tonight. Sans had managed to get the evening free and the following day off, and you lined it up with your weekend, so it was absolutely perfect. There was concern that the tickets were going to expire before the end of the month was up, so you were extremely glad that you had found the time to get to use them before they were no longer good. You had the entire evening planned out: a re-do at the thai restaurant, hit up the gelato shop (he had never had gelato before!) and then cab it to the planetarium. You'd wing it from there, but you were still excited.

Even though you'd have loved to dress a little sexily, you told Sans to dress warm - it was close to the waterfront, and it got cold as hell over there. Last thing you needed was to be completely numb from the waist down. Not that you felt like you weren't already - he had been extremely aggressive the last two times you had sex. To be fair, you had egged him on, and every bit of you loved it, but your bits needed time to recover from the last excursion.

You were getting ready when you heard a knock on your door.

"Come in!" you shouted over your music, and Sans entered. He entered the bathroom behind you, sliding his skeletal arms around you from behind, giving you a kiss on the shoulder. "Hey handsome." you said with a smile.

"hey tiger." he replied, lazily smiling back. "you smell good."

"Yeah? I got a new perfume, glad you like it. I'll just be a few minutes, you can go have a seat or keep me company, whichever whatever." you said, rubbing at his hand before going back to administering your makeup. He hopped up onto your counter backwards, sitting on it, his legs
dangling a little from the edge.

"don't mind keeping you company. what're you listening to, by the way? kinda like it."

"it's electric-swing. jackie got me into it about a year or two ago. some French thing, i dunno. but it's upbeat, gets me in a good mood, y'know?" you replied, applying some eyeshadow. sans was tapping his foot to the beat of the music.

"yeah, it's catchy. kinda makes you wanna dance to it. French, huh?" he said.

"yup." you said, putting on the finishing touches. you got out your lipliner - dressing warm didn't mean you didn't have to look good. "you excited for tonight? i know i am."

"yeah, been looking forward to this since you gave me the tickets." he said with a soft smile. "heh. at the time, i was trying to figure out if this was a sign you really liked me or not."

"Oh, i did. i was so stoked to give you those tickets. you're a hard guy to shop for." sans blinked a few times at that.

"really? me? couldn't just bought me a book or some ketchup or somethin'." he said. you paused, putting your hand on your hip and looking at him, exasperated.

"Please sans. Those are the two things i specifically said i wouldn't get you. i wanted to get you something different. besides, your gifts were.. amazing." you said, smiling at the memory. he grinned.

"i loved mine. glad you liked yours. i was trying to impress you, you know." he said, his face turning a light shade of blue.

"Colour me impressed." you said with a gentle smile, poking the ridge of his nose with your finger. you began putting on your lipstick, when you noticed him staring at you. "What?"

"huh? eh, nothin'." he said, rubbing the back of his neck, his fingers clacking against his vertebrae. you nudged him with your elbow and giggled a little, and finished putting your lipstick on.

"Ready to get going? we'll have to cab it."

"of course. do i get to make out with you in the back of the cab this time?" he asked, his browbones wiggling. you laughed, rolling your eyes dramatically.

"How about on the way back home? i'm totally down for that." you offered.

"nah, it's my day, right? i wanna make out with you on the way there." he said, smirking. his smirk was playful though, and you relented.

"Fiiine, fine fine. Let's get going you putz." you said, whapping him on the arm as he gave a silent arm pump and 'yes!', exiting the bathroom and grabbing your purse and coat. "Got your coat?"

"yep. let's blow this joint." he said, putting on his coat - it was a different one. blue, like he preferred, but it had a fur-lined hood. it was actually rather cute on him. you took his hand in yours and headed down the stairs and into the street, and took a few minutes to hail a cab. as you entered the cab and gave the address, you felt sans place his hand on your thigh.

"Oh jeez, you goof." you said as the cab took off. he snickered, and buried his face in your neck, causing you to giggle. thankfully he was on the less sensitive side, and was gently nibbling at it.
You were mock pushing at him, going 'stooooooop' as if that would do anything, and he was nibbling at any exposed piece of skin he could see, causing you to laugh and turn red when you thought the driver was watching. You began planting kisses all over his skull, and he snickered a few times - and then you went in for his exposed neck, giving a small lick to his lower vertebrae when he stiffened and his hand gripped at you lewdly, causing you to sharply intake a breath against him.
"We're in a cab!" you hissed.

"you started it!" he said back, chuckling, backing off with a grin. You were hot and flustered, so you leaned into him and kissed him on the teeth, to which he returned with his usual wisp of magic - except his eye flared up dimly and his tongue came lolling out between his teeth. You took that as a sign, and pulled him to you, and started a proper makeout session as he requested in the back of the cab, likely to the disappointment of the driver, and didn't stop until you got to the restaurant.

You got out of the cab, straightening your top as Sans paid the driver, tipping him heavily for putting up with your shenanigans. Sans gave you a pat on the butt and you giggled, and the two of you walked up to the Thai restaurant. Sans paused outside it for a moment, taking in a breath and you gave him a squeeze.

"Fresh start, right?" you said with a soft smile. He returned a smile in kind, and you walked in arm in arm. The hostess recognized you (you came there way too often) and gave an extremely leery look at Sans, and seated you. She handed you your menus and walked off, leaving you time to go over your options.

"so what're you getting this time?" Sans asked. You shrugged a shoulder.

"Same thing as last time. What can I say? I know what I like." you responded, still eyeing the menu as if you'd choose something else today. You never did.

"yeah? so you just kinda figure out what you want, go for it and stick with it?"

"Basically. Can't fix a good thing, right?" Sans chuckled at this.

"so the day you order something else on the menu is the day i gotta worry you're sick of me, huh?" he said jokingly. You rolled your eyes.

"Watch out, that pumpkin curry and the waiter is looking mighty tempting." you said with a smirk. You both laughed a little at this, and he went back to looking at the menu. "So, feel free to order something spicy this time if you want. Since, you know, you were totally hiding the fact that your face turns into a blueberry when you're blushing by pretending things were 'too spicy'." You looked at him accusingly. His face turned that usual hue of blue, and you giggled.

"shaddap. i think i will, though. i do love spicy food." he said.

"Oh yeah? I never knew that about you." you said, putting your menu down. He was glancing over his still, and you fiddled with your phone for a moment while he continued to figure out what he wanted. When it really boiled down to it, you didn't really know much about Sans. Sure, you knew who he was as a person, and you gleaned a good chunk of his likes and dislikes over the last five months or so, but a lot of him was still an enigma. Hopefully dating him would allow you to dig a little deeper into what he was all about, without all of that awkward shyness getting in the way. Still, you felt a tad hesitant to get into anything particularly meaty with him - you could tell he was hiding a lot of hurt. And that was fair, so were you.

"yen ta fo noodles look pretty good. you ever have them?" Sans asked. You looked up at him from your phone.
"No, but Jackie swears by pretty much everything on the menu. Only thing she didn't care for was the duck, I think."

"Noted. What was wrong with it? Was it a little too fowl?" Sans grinned. You giggled a bit.

"You're the worst, you know that?"

"Yeah, but you love it." Sans said, propping his elbows up on the table.

"I do." You said with a soft smile, and your could feel your face heating a little. Sans studied you for a second, and then stared at his water glass intently. The waiter thankfully came over to break up the awkwardness and took your order. You spun your fork on the table as the two of you sat in silence for a moment, and you thought to yourself briefly. "So you know it's a show, right? We won't be able to see actual stars - the city's too congested." Sans gave a little sigh, but he was smiling.

"Yeah, I looked it up. But I'll be able to see 'em all in front of me, as if I was there. That's enough for now." He said.

"We could go camping," you offered, "There's no light pollution up there." Sans perked up at this.

"Would this be a uh, you and me thing? Or an everyone thing?" He asked, his tone a little odd. You looked at him quizzically.

"Generally you go camping with a bunch of friends, but we could always go, just the two of us. Why?" Sans's left eye began to shine with his blue hue, and his tongue snaked out between his teeth with an evil grin. You kicked him under the table. "Jesus Sans! You're worse than me!" He started laughing, and rested his chin in his hand with an easy smile.

"You're so easy to get riled up, you know that? It's adorable."

"Me? Do I need to remind someone of last week?" You said, your face turning beet red at the memory. His face complimented yours however, and you both snickered. "You know, I won't lie. I wasn't expecting you to be so uh... rough I guess. You know. In bed." You laughed a little. Sans blinked a few times.

"Oh? I'm sorry, I uh... didn't mean to get carried away. Shit, is it a problem?" He asked, sitting up straight. Your eyes widened for a second in surprise and then your features softened.

"No! No, no. I mean, it's just you're such a laid back guy. I was expecting well... mellow sex I guess? I'm not complaining, don't get me wrong." You started spinning your fork again, probably nervousness. You hoped you weren't inadvertently insulting him.

"The uhm..." Sans looked around a few times, and leaned in towards you, "the videos I watched, to help. Educational only. There was nothing mellow about it. I figured that's what human women liked, right?" You stared at him for a moment, and then you leaned back and started howling with laughter. Sans looked at you, absolutely mortified, his face turning a deep blue. You wiped some tears away from your eyes, looked at him again looking embarrassed and started another round of laughter. "Jesus, you don't have to make a scene out of it."

"Oh man, I just... oh god, I'm sorry. It's just too fucking precious. Oh Sans, you're the best." You said, taking his hand from across the table. "No, no. Don't use those videos as an educational reference. Jesus Christ, I'm surprised you haven't tried to choke me out or something ridiculous. Hah. God knows what you watched. Hey! You should show me some time."

"I'd rather not..." He mumbled. You grinned.
"Oh don't be shy Sans, no secrets here. I'll let you in on my stash, we'll be even."

"you have a stash?"

"Please. I was single for years. A girl's gotta take care of herself. Anyway, to answer your question: yes. I do happen to like it rough, something I didn't really realize until I uh, was with you. But you can be gentler, you know. There's a term we have up here, it's called 'making love'. It's softer, sweeter. Y'know, are we really having this discussion in a restaurant?"

"no one's paying attention, and it's holding my attention, so that's a bonus." Sans said with a snicker. You rolled your eyes.

"I won't lie, I thought you were going off of some like.. monster instinct or something. You're so sweet, and then all of a sudden you're growling.." you visibly shuddered thinking of it, you liked it when he made that sound - he noticed you doing that, ".. and licking and biting and... you mean to tell me you got that all from the videos?"

"what? no. i mean, i just see you sometimes and i wanna just uh..." Sans moved his hands around in front of him to try and explain, but it wasn't helping. "fuck. i dunno. let's just say i've never felt it before. you make me feel weird." He paused. "good weird. shit, i'm not explaining this well. but long story short, i'm not getting my moves from a porno." You smirked.

"Well that's good. I like what you do, to put it simply. So keep it up. But I'll show you something a little nicer sometime. Assuming we can keep our excitement levels down. And lord knows I'm excited for food yes for food!" you said as the waiter showed up out of nowhere, placing your plates in front of you.

You and Sans began eating your food, enjoying it thoroughly, glad the waiter hadn't heard exactly what you were talking about. You waited until Sans took a few bites until you asked, "So, do you like it?"

"huh? oh, yeah. this is delicious." he said, slurping up a noodle. You smiled to yourself, stabbing at your own food, and taking another bite as well. "didn't get to enjoy it as much last time, was dealing with that asshat." Sans frowned as he said this, as did you.

"Yeah.. actually, I gotta ask, because I was curious. You seemed to pick up on Will right away - hell, you texted me, if I recall correctly." you said, looking at Sans pointedly. "What was up with that?"

Sans froze mid-bite, staring at you wide eyed. He quickly stuffed his food into his mouth, and took a long time to chew, then swallowed hard.

"eh, just a feeling." he said with a shrug. You frowned again, sensing there was more to it.

"We going dancing tonight?"

"fuck." Sans said suddenly, looking down into his plate, then looked back up at you, the bones of his hand gripping his fork unusually tight. "just call it intuition, yeah? i seriously just felt like i knew something was up with him. a monster thing, maybe. i dunno." he mumbled, and lanced another bite, shoving it into his mouth. You looked at him, and shrugged it off.

"Fair enough, I guess." you said, but you knew he wasn't telling you the full truth. It bothered you that he was doing this, but you felt like it was something more serious. Sometimes, even though you wanted to know, you understood the need for privacy in some things. You chewed in silence, mulling it over a bit. Was it fair that he hid things from you? You felt you were honest when he asked you questions, but then again, he never really hit you with anything particularly hard. Maybe
you were prying too much into his personal life, or his past. You had plenty of time to get to know him, so why rush things? It's not like you had a clock with some sort of looming countdown, ready to end everything for the two of you. Grabbing your glass of water, you swigged down a gulp and looked at him as he noticeably didn't make eye contact with you while he ate. What was it about that question that made him so uncomfortable? He didn't know Will prior to all this, did he? He couldn't have, Will would have mentioned it long before. And there's no way he had been stalking you, so you scratched that thought out immediately. Did Will just give off a creepy vibe that night right away or what? You shrugged it off mentally, and cleared your throat, trying to take the mood back to a happier place.

"Anyway! I still can't believe you've been up here this long and you've never had gelato." you said, bringing it back to food. Food was a safe subject. Sans finished chewing and looked at you.

"wha? am i expected to eat everything the second i get up here? have you sampled every cuisine in the world in your twenty someodd years living above ground?"

"Well, no but--"

"well no but." he said, mocking you with a chuckle. You rolled your eyes at this, and waved your fork at him.

"Hey, gelato is different! It's divine! You're gonna love it!" you said. He smiled at you.

"i'm sure i will." he replied. The two of you finished your plates in a comfortable silence, enjoying the food and each other's company. When you finished, you reached for the bill and Sans snatched it away from you. "ah ah! you can get dessert if you really want to. i'm treating us to dinner." he said.

"Ugh! This is supposed to be your night!" you said, trying to reach for the bill. He placed his hand over yours, and looked at you.

"it's our night." he corrected. The two of you met eyes, and you both had a small flush creep up onto your faces. How you still could feel these butterflies and dizzy stomach flips when he was the same person you shared a bed with at night was beyond you.

"Fair enough." you said, relenting. He grinned and slapped cash down on the table.

"shall we go?"

"Don't you need change?" you asked.

"nah, we're good. shall we?" he said standing, and holding out his arm. You smiled, standing up and looping your arm through his. You exited the restaurant with him, leaning into him happily, enjoying his warmth. You headed a few blocks down to the gelato shop, chatting about nothing in particular along the way. As you entered the gelato shop, a man by the door said a slur at the two of you - something which you both tactfully ignored. You were getting good at it, it was easier than getting furious about it.

Walking up to the counter, Sans paused in front of the decent-sized selection and stared for a moment.

"Do you have a favourite flavour or anything? I mean, just in general for sweets? Like fruits or chocolates or whatever?" you asked, curious.

"actually," he said, tapping on the glass with his bony finger, "i really like pistachios. i'm surprised it's a dessert flavour." You tilted your head slightly and made a 'huh' noise to yourself. "what? you
"think i just liked ketchup flavoured everything?" he asked with a chuckle.

"Heh, kinda. I mean, everything we eat you put ketchup on it. I assumed you were just... drowning out the taste or something."

"i can't help it if you don't understand the complexities of it. one day you'll understand." he said, patting you on the back as if you were some poor woe-begotten soul. "what're you getting?"

"Tiramisu!" you said, pressing your hands up against the glass like an excited kid. "It's one of my favourite desserts. If I could swim in a pool full of tiramisu I'd die happy."

"you'd probably die, you'd suffocate in it." he said simply.

"Like I said, I'd die happy." you repeated. Sans chortled, and went up to the register to order. The kid behind the counter was staring at Sans, terrified. You came up behind him, and looked at the kid, then Sans, then back to the kid. "Hey, can we order?"

"H-huh? Oh, yeah. Uh, what would you like?" they asked, stammering. You could see that they were uncomfortable. Don't get mad, don't get mad you told yourself, your boyfriend is a living, walking skeleton.

"Can we get medium cones? One pistachio and one tiramisu?" you asked, motioning to the display case. The kid continued staring at Sans for a moment. "Yo, hey. Over here. Two medium cones?"

"I'm so sorry! Yes! Of course!" they said, hurrying behind the glass display, grabbing the spatula and putting the gelato into the cones. They handed it to you both, and stood there for a moment. Finally, Sans spoke up.

"how much?" he asked. Even he was beginning to look mildly irritated at this point.

"Err! It's uh..." the kid took a minute to ring you both up. "Six dollars. Is that okay?" Sans fished into his wallet.

"i dunno, is that okay?" he asked with a chuckle, handing them the money. The kid froze after taking it.

"Yes? Is it?"

"yeah. it is. thanks for the gelato." Sans said, turning on his heel and giving a lazy wave. You followed suit, and you could hear the kid heaving a huge sigh of a relief. Sans looked to you. "hey. breathe." You blinked and realized you had been holding your breath, and exhaled sharply.

"Sorry. They were really trying not to be rude." you offered, staring at your gelato as you sat down outside. Sans shrugged.

"i know, s'why i didn't say anything. i get gelato stares when i go out." he said with a wink, and you groaned. You saw his left eye flare up, and his tongue suddenly appeared - you felt your loins tingle a bit at this, as that usually meant... he was... licking his gelato. "problem?"

"Nope, not at all." you said, licking at your gelato as well. He was smirking - fucker knew exactly what you were thinking.

"you know, i do use my tongue for things other than you." he said, taking a horribly slow lick of his cone. You watched him, and suddenly wished you were the cone. He was watching you intently, and you decided to do the same thing. Suddenly, you realized something. You might have been
licking and nibbling his bones, sure, but you hadn't licked or nibbled his --

"Yeah so how do you like your gelato mine is pretty good do you like yours I think mine is really delicious." you blabbed out without taking a breath. Sans paused, and continued his horrible torture.

"pretty good. pistachio flavour actually comes out really well. glad you like yours." he said innocently, and flashed a canine at you. You were smiling, but you wanted to tell him fuck the planetarium, and fuck you instead. You stared at him for a moment, when you felt the wet drip of your gelato plop down onto your chest. Without thinking about it, you licked your finger and scooped it up, sucking it off the tip and looked back to Sans who was now looking at you very intensely. Oh. Oh!

"Sorry, did you want to do that?" you asked with a smirk, waving your cone at him a little. You took a long lick of yours, and he grumbled to himself. You wondered if the two of you had some sort of problem, because you both enjoyed teasing each other way too much. You carefully shook your cone as stealthily as possible until another small drip fell down onto your chest again, and you let out a little 'oops!' noise. Sans's eyes immediately snapped to you, and you looked down. "Damnit, I'm being such a klutz today." You made a big show of wiping it off, going under the top of your shirt a little to make a point, and sucking your finger a little longer than you probably should have. Sans had a small bead of sweat trickle down his skull. You let out a throaty laugh, and he groaned.

"s’not fair." He muttered under his breath.

"Oh, and your damned… sexy.. licking, whatever, is?"

"how the hell else am i supposed to eat it?" he asked, looking exasperated – as if he wasn’t just trying to fluster you.

“I dunno, just.. not. not sexily!” you said, waving your cone to the side as you talked, and both of you watched as the tasty treat went flying from your hand and landed on the sidewalk with a dramatic plop. “Augh, my tiramisu!” you shouted, and you both stared at it for a moment, then burst into laughter.

After the two of you had calmed down, he handed his cone to you. “here, i’m sure it tiramisu’s you but you can try mine in the meantime.” You chuckled and waved your hands at him to turn him down.

“No, no. That’s yours. It’s ok, I should cut back on the sweets anyway.”

“i’m just offering to share, i don’t wanna give you the whole thing.” He said, chuckling. You rolled your eyes, and took the cone and took a lick. It wasn’t too bad, but you really did want that tiramisu that was currently melting on the curb.

“Pretty good.” You said, and took your fill, handing it back to him. The two of you shared it back and forth, which was oddly intimate to you for some reason. When you got to the base of the cone, he handed it to you again.

“all you.” He said. “little bit of extra sweet for my sweetness.” Sans winked at you, and you took it with a tiny blush. He could be cute when he wanted to.

“Thanks.” You mumbled, and polished off the cone with record speed. As the two of you smiled at one another, a man walked by and spat at your feet.

“Trash.” He said as he passed without stopping, “Monster fucker.” Sans shot to his feet, and you quickly grabbed his sleeve, pulling him back down.
“Hey! Hey. Not worth it. He probably masturbates to horse porn in his mother’s basement.” You offered. “Go fuck yourself!” You shouted after the guy, however, flipping him the bird.

“so why do you get to do that, but i don’t get to do anything?” Sans said, looking frustrated. You shook your head a little.

“Because I’m just yelling at him.”

“yeah? what’d you think I was gonna do?” he said, looking at you. Your face fell at this.

“I mean, I dunno. You got up awful fast, I just thought –“

“what, thought i was gonna dunk him or something?”

“Ugh, Sans. Please. Listen, you might be a monster, but you’re still a guy. No offense, but guys are universally stupid.” You said, giving him a raised brow. “Get all up in his space, be all Mr. Tough Guy, I dunno. You’re not stupid enough to fling magic around, you never have.” Sans visibly relaxed, and then his shoulders hunched.

“shit, sorry.” He said quietly. “you’re better than that.”

“Yeah, I know.” You said with a lopsided smile. “Hey, c’mere. This monster fucker wants to give you a kiss.” Sans chuckled and leaned across the table and let you give him a kiss on the cheek.

“That’s better. We should get going soon if we wanna make it to the show on time.” You said.

“right. is it far from here?”

“We’ll have to cab it, it’s not walking distance for sure.” You responded. You got up, and hailed the two of you a cab, and you both headed off to the planetarium.

The two of you arrive at the planetarium luckily with time to spare. Sans, seemingly feeling a little self-conscious about the various events that had happened earlier in the evening had thrown his hood up on his jacket to avoid drawing too much attention to himself. While part of you thought it was a good idea, the other part of you was upset that it even had to happen in the first place. As you handed your tickets to the person at the entrance, you wondered to yourself – was this what your life was going to be like? If you stayed with Sans for the long term, you’d have to get used to this sort of thing. While not particularly acceptable, it was also unrealistic to expect otherwise. People had been struggling with just the concept of race for decades, and now you’re throwing an entire species into the mix. And worst of all, none of them were 100% the same. You saw talk show after talk show discussing the surge of monsters, how they looked, their anatomy, etc etc with people throwing their hands up and going ‘wow, what a mystery!’. Experts weighing in from all around the globe.

But hilariously, none of them thought to actually stop and talk to a monster themselves, you didn’t think. Sans nudged you with his elbow.

“something on your mind?” he asked.

“Sorry, just spacing out.” You said with a small smile, and he chuckled.

“i’m not sure you want to go down that avenue with me, i’m an astronomy nerd. i have way too many space puns up my sleeve.”
“Oh yeah? I bet they’re out of this world.” You responded. Sans actually groaned at your pun. “What? That was good!”

“it was too easy! you need to make sure you take time to planet.” You started laughing earnestly, and he grinned.

“Oh jeez, that’s actually one of my favourite jokes my dad tells. ‘How do astronauts throw a party? They planet.’ It’s always made me laugh.”

“heh. seems like your dad has good taste in jokes.”

“He can.” You said with a smile, walking to your seats. The two of you sat down, and waited. You noticed Sans’s leg was doing that jittery thing it occasionally did when he was nervous about something. What could he possibly be nervous about? “So I gotta ask, did you get to see the stars much since you’ve been above ground? I mean, I know the city isn’t the only place you’ve lived.” He looked at you for a moment, thinking to himself.

“i’ve seen some, yeah. we lived in a smaller city before, but there was still a good deal of light pollution. the first city we moved to was horrible, never even saw a dot in the sky. i thought about moving somewhere more reclusive, but we were eh, advised against it.”

“You were? Why?”

“no support system at the time, i guess. also, small towns don’t do well with change, if you know what i mean.” He said with a shrug. You nodded.

“Sucks.” You responded, not really having anything to add.

“yup.”

“Well, I’m glad you wound up in my neck of the woods.” You said, hooking your arm through his so they both were resting on the armrest. He smiled at you, and leaned his head against you a little.

“yeah, same.” He said, and the two of you sat there in peaceful silence, waiting for the show to start.

You hadn’t been to a planetarium show since you were a kid, so you didn’t really remember exactly what was involved. You remember being (mostly) pretty bored until the stars showed up, and then thinking it was extremely pretty. You just knew it would show Sans what he wanted to see the most, and that was all you needed to know.

And boy, did it. As the lights dimmed, and the people quieted down, the projector suddenly splashed the galaxy onto the dome above you, making it look like you could reach out above you and touch the cosmos. You heard Sans let out a little gasp, and you could see he was legitimately grinning. The show immediately launched into the various history of philosophers and scientists, discussing Galileo and his telescope, Aristotle and his heliocentric theory… Sans seemed absolutely enthralled by all of this. Occasionally he would grip your arm in excitement for a moment, then slowly release it every time new information passed through. Charts and pictures flowed across the dome in a beautiful visual presentation – touching on the current technology possessed by earth and space exploration in general. You forgot how educational the entire thing was, and while you were concerned temporarily that Sans would initially be bored, he was loving every minute of it, and it was worn directly on his face.

His eyes darted in the darkness, as the stars exploded above you in a diorama of the universe. Discussing the various planets in the solar system, as well as the discovery of planets orbiting stars in other galaxies, his mouth slowly started to open as if in awe. How long was he underground? The
constellations were shown in full view, and his fingers laced inbetween yours, and you couldn’t help but feel your heart surge. The presentation was ended by a beautiful view of the earth rotating on a background of stars.

You sat there for a while, as people cleared out, and he was still staring up, as if the dome was going to continue to tell him things.

“Hey. Sans. The show’s over.” You said. His eyes seemed to snap back into focus, and he looked at you.

“That was… amazing.” He said, and his grin was wider than you had seen it before. “That was absolutely amazing. Damn! I mean, I’ve read all those books, but seeing it like this was… wow.” He said, his hand gripping yours. You were smiling, excited he liked it so much.

“Well, merry late Christmas.” You said, moving his hood aside and planting a kiss on the side of his skull. Sans smiled softly, and cupped your chin in his hand.

“You’re amazing too, y’know that?” he said.

“I try.” You said, smirking. He chuckled.

“You succeed.” He responded, placing his forehead to yours. You rested yours against his for a moment, smiling.

“Well, as much as I’d love to be a super romantic hero, but I don’t have anything planned for the rest of the night… I was figuring we could walk on the waterfront if it wasn’t too cold.” You offered.

“I’d like that.” He said, and stood, offering you a hand. You gladly took it, and he helped you out of your seat. The two of you exited the planetarium and entered the cool night breeze, hand in hand. You reached the water’s edge, and stood there together, looking up to the sky.

“Y’know…” you started, “This wasn’t what I expected.”

“Huh?” he said, looking at you. You kept staring up at the sky.

“Just life, I guess. Before you came along, I had been following a routine really. I did the same thing week after week, I mostly shelled up in my apartment… Jackie noticed that I’ve been getting out way more than I had been for the past two years.” You laughed a little. “Been enjoying showing you and Papyrus around the city. A lot. It’s been great.”

“Heh. yeah.” he said, his hand squeezing yours. You returned the squeeze.

“But… I didn’t expect this.” You continued, not really sure what you were saying. What were you saying? “I mean, your friend gave you shit for dating a human, right? And I got shit for dating a monster. What’re we doing?” Sans gave an easy shrug.

“Being difficult?” he offered. You laughed a little.

“Sounds about right. I dunno. I’ve never been the rebel, or someone who’s stood against or for something. I like going with the flow, making sure everything’s easy and everyone’s happy. And here I am, dating a monster.”

“You make it sound like a bad thing.” You could hear a small amount of hurt in his voice. You didn’t take your eyes off the sky.
“It’s not. But other people think it is. It bothers me. What’re your friends going to think of me?” you asked.

don’t really give a shit.” He said. You finally turned to him, and his eyes were searching your face in the dark. “I’d hope you wouldn’t either.”

“I give a shit because I care. Because I don’t want to see you hurt.” You said, frowning. You slid his hood off his head. “Because people don’t see you how I see you.”

“if they did, you might be beating them off with a broom.” He offered, chuckling. You rolled your eyes a little.

“You’re such an ass.”

“listen, tiger. don’t worry about me. the thing is, for every shitty person I’ve encountered here, there’s been twenty good ones in their place. that’s a pretty good ratio. and more importantly, you’re good to me. you’re not about to hurt me – i hope anyway – so what’s the concern?”

“I dunno, I just…”

“paps and I have been doing this shitshow on our own for years. this is the first place we’ve felt really welcome. If one guy spits at me or gives me shit for being me, it’s worth it just to live in this city. i don’t know how to express to you how much better it is here.” He said, and he heaved a sigh. “with you.” You smiled a little.

“Sorry Sans. I didn’t mean to bring the mood down, I just got sorta introspective there. We usually go to local dives, and everyone’s used to you now, so when I see new reactions…”

“I getcha. no worries, alright?”

“I just… I just care about you a lot, Sans.”

“i know.” He said, squeezing your hand again, and you squeezed back this time. You smiled at him as he looked at you, his eyes taking on the gentle ember glow, and they suddenly reminded you of the distant stars above you. He wrapped his arm around you, pulling you in close, and the two of you continued to look skyward, relishing each other’s company. As far as you were concerned, this moment could last forever. You realized that despite your churning concerns, you were ultimately happy – and that’s all that really mattered, right?

“I remember being a kid and looking up at the sky, and feeling like I was so small, so insignificant.” You said, your eyes trying to find a familiar star pattern. “And then I realized as I got older that it didn’t matter. I was part of something larger, something grander at work. I might be a tiny speck of dust, floating in our universe, but I’m still part of it.”

“i…” Sans began, and then faltered. You waited, not wanting to press it. “..we didn’t have a sky. but there was a place, black as pitch. there was a mineral deposit that would pick up light, speckled in the roof of the caverns.” He let out a small sigh. “they’d twinkle, because the water would bounce light off of them, and i’d spend hours there, pretending it was the night sky. i had read about it so many times in books, and all i had ever wanted to see was something stretching out above me, infinitely. to know that there was more to life than what we were trapped in. that place made me feel… i dunno.” He stopped, rubbing the back of his head. “sounds stupid, i’m sure.”

“Sounds beautiful.” You said, looking at him. He stared at you for a moment, as if to wait for you to crack a joke, or reveal that you were being sarcastic – but he realized you were being genuine.
“yeah. it really was.” He said, and he placed his forehead against yours again. You rested yours against his for a minute, your eyes closed. “maybe i can show you someday.”

“I’d like that.” You said, and you wrapped your arms around him in an embrace. “You wanna get going?”

“home?” he asked.

“Yeah.” You responded.

“shortcut?” he asked, with a little smirk. You raised a brow.

“Only if you want to. It’d save us some cab fare.”

“pfft. ‘if I want to’.” He said, and he moved you back a step and you felt your stomach lurch, your footing feeling unstable as if it was being rushed underneath you. You let out an almost drunken laugh, still not used to the feeling of his magic taking you anywhere. The two of you stood in your living room, and he reached behind him to flip the lights on.

“That’s so amazing. You really gotta know that, Sans.” You said, booping him on the ridge of his nose with your finger. He grinned a little.

“i’m so used to it, i really don’t think much of it anymore.” He said, giving a casual shrug. “i’m glad it impresses you though. it has to impress someone.”

“Are you kidding? Everyone would be impressed by that! Shit, you could probably go on TV and impress the world with that, land some sort of deal…” you said, giggling a little.

“… and wind up in a science lab somewhere, being studied by the government because i can teleport. no thanks.” He said, but he was still smiling a little – more because of your enthusiasm than anything else.

“Oh.” You responded, your mirth falling away. “I didn’t even think of that.” And then it suddenly dawned on you – everyone knew monsters held magic, but most monsters held that secret to their breasts as if it were a carefully guarded treasure. And now you understood why. Sans showing you even that one day, in a moment of honesty between the two of you, that he could teleport was the biggest show of trust that the two of you had at that point. Sure, dating and sex was one thing, but allowing you to know that he could willingly whisk anywhere in the world was basically admitting a vulnerability. People wouldn’t react well if they knew that this skeleton, no matter how jovial and beloved by you, could basically poof into their homes if he had ever entered them at any given point in time. Locks meant nothing to him if he’d been there. Hell, he could teleport into closed businesses technically, you surmised. And you knew that was exactly what the public would think.

Sans had taken a huge step of faith with you in telling you what he could do, and you hadn’t even realized it at the time.

“Oh Sans…” you said, suddenly cupping his face with sadness etched into yours, “…I’m sorry, I didn’t even know.”

“huh?” he asked, obviously not following your train of thought, his eyes wide. He looked into your eyes for a moment, and then his features softened. “ah. you found me out, did you?”

“I had no clue.” You said honestly. “I was so blown away by how amazing your magic was that I didn’t have time to think about the consequences of you even showing it to me. I could have reacted badly or told everyone or.. or..” you were still processing it. “Jesus Sans. You just laughed and then
showed me even more. I can’t imagine what that even took you.” Sans was looking at you, two tender flames kindled in the distance of a vast swirling darkness, warmth emanating from somewhere deep inside. It was something that seemed so simple, but in retrospect, it really wasn’t. You felt your heart beating against your chest, as you let your hand fall away.

“you made it easy.” he said quietly. “you’ve never given me a reason to distrust you. for once, i feel like i can be honest with someone.” Sans looked up at the ceiling for a moment, as if he could still see the stars. “there’s no judgement, no strings. i can be, well… me. you’ve given me something i’ve never really had before.”

“What about Papyrus?” you asked, looking at him. He still stared upwards, as if willing your ceiling to show him the universe.

“i love paps. he’s my best friend and brother. but i can’t.” he said, his voice faltering as he finally looked back down at you. “he’s already been through so much. and sometimes, y’know…” He looked down now, the carpet becoming immensely interesting, “…you just wanna be the older brother. don’t wanna burden him with my crap.”

“Oh, Sans. You numbskull.” You said, and you pulled him into a tight hug. “You’re not a burden on anyone. Definitely not on me. And you mean the world to your brother, it’s blatantly obvious. I’m sorry you feel that way.” You could feel Sans heave a large, silent sigh against you.

“thanks. you’re the best dancing partner i coulda ever asked for.” He said pulling back with a small smile. The two of you stared at each other with looks of love on your face, though neither one of you would ever admit it, and quietly placed your heads against one another’s in silent acceptance. Sans gently ran his fingers through your hair, causing a small sigh to escape your lips in contentment.

“i…” he began, but he didn’t finish. You looked at him, waiting to see if there was more, but after a moment bridged the gap between the two of you with a kiss on his teeth. You began peppering his face with kisses, and he started to let out a throaty chuckle, maneuvering you over to the bedroom as you continued to assault him with pecks to his cheeks.

The two of you collapsed onto your bed with a soft plop, and you giggled as he braced himself over top of you, staring down at you. He brushed your hair out of your eyes, as if to get a better look at your face.

“you’re so beautiful, you know that? you really are.” He said, with complete admiration. You smiled with a small blush, still not used to such blunt kindness. “i still find it a wonder i somehow snagged you.”

“And I you.” you responded, tracing your hand down his chest and to his waist. Sans snorted a bit derisively.

“please. it’s no mystery.” He said, his body pressing into yours. “i’m a monstrous skeleton who no one in their right mind should be attracted to.” He punctuated this with careful nips to your neckline, his knee coming up between your legs. You let out a soft sigh, giving him access to your neck as you began fumbling with his jacket.

“Shut the fuck up Sans.” You said, finally getting him out of it. He gave out a little laugh as his eye lit up, his tongue slowly sliding from between his teeth as he drew it up from your collarbone to your jawline. You purred your pleasure to him, tugging at the base of his shirt greedily. You felt his canines tracing your neck, causing you to shiver, and you began to become more insistent at your tugging. You wanted it off. Sans rolled his eyes a little, and leaned back, removing his shirt for you – you smiled up at him.
“still don’t know why you want to see all this.” He said said, gesturing to himself. You didn’t give him time to contemplate it much longer or self-depreciate, as you pulled him back to you and began to gently stroke his spine with one hand, your other delicately brushing his ribs with the soft flesh of your other. Sans let out a visible shudder, burying his head into your neck, breathing hard.

“Because it’s you.” you whispered, and continued to lovingly stroke at his body, your hands finding the bumps and ridges you were slowly becoming accustomed to. Sans’s breathing became heavy, and he reached up to grab your breast, for a second roughly, then giving way to a softer touch. You carefully kissed along his clavicle, occasionally nibbling but not going too far – you didn’t want to drive him crazy. Your hands began to drift lower and lower, resting on the crest of his hip bones (you wish you could remember what they were called) as you thumbed at them with intent.

Sans let out a little groan, and shifted off of you, carefully pulling your shirt over your head. His fingers, cool on your skin, traced down the center of your chest and to your belly, sliding to your sides and behind you as he unclasped your bra. Casually tossing it aside, the two of you grinned at one another as he immediately went to his favourite noise makers, drawing a tongue across one slowly, his other hand deftly pinching and pulling the other as you squirmed a little beneath him. You pressed your chest up into his wanting hands and mouth, and wrapped one of your legs around him, slowly grinding yourself against him. With every roll of your hips, he let out a small growl of approval, sending a vibration through your chest that went straight between your legs.

You felt a hand begin to slowly to slide down to your pants, and you had already made your mind up earlier about how you wanted this to go. Instead, you pushed up at his ribcage, gently removing him from you. He looked confused for a moment, as you rolled him onto his back.

“Shh.” You said, putting a finger to your lips, and began unbuttoning his jeans. His face still looked confused, as you pulled his pants down, seeing that delicious bulge underneath his boxers. You slid a hand over it, your fingers crooking over it in a V shape and he let out a happy moan, and you continued upwards to the top of his boxers, pulling them down to expose him. You wondered when you’d become accustomed to seeing a faintly glowing blue cock, but you figured you had plenty of time to adjust to such things. You finished removing his offending garments, tossing them on the floor, and then carefully removed your pants and underwear as well. Sans was watching you the entire time, both perplexed and interested. You situated yourself between his legs, and slowly bent over him, and he prepared for you to crawl over to him or on top of him…

…and instead you bent your head down to his pelvic bone, licking the ridge of it carefully while wrapping your hand around his cock. You felt his entire body jolt as you did this, like he had been struck by something. Oh, you had touched him pretty much everywhere by this point, but you certainly hadn’t tasted everywhere. These bones were far rougher, probably from the lack of exposure you figured, and your tongue traced the tip of it as your hand slowly worked up and down his shaft.

“f-fuck!” Sans cried out, surprising you with how loudly he said it. You smirked, and continued your exploration of his pelvic bone. You stayed at what you remembered was some sort of crest, and then worked your way down towards the front to what you surmised was the pubic bone, and gave it a sloppy kiss as his legs stiffened beneath you. You looked up at him with a positively impish gleam in your eye, and all he could stutter was “w…what?”

You dragged your tongue from the base of his pubic bone, and all the way up onto his cock, causing him to dig his hands into your sheets suddenly. As you reached the tip, you looked upwards at him, and he was watching you with a fiery intensity in his eyes, boring a hole into what felt like your very core, and you wrapped your mouth around his member and plunged.
“jesusfuckingchrist!” Sans shouted, bucking his hips upwards, almost making you gag. You held his hips down to control him a little, slowly pulling your mouth back up and off of him, and you looked at him with wide eyes – concerned. “fuck! please! whatever it was you wanted to do, don’t stop.”

“Heh.” you responded, “Glad to see you like it.” You replied, your tongue flicking out and carefully lapping at his tip.

“you fucking kidding me? this is… fuck!” he moaned, trying to keep himself as still as possible. You gave a husky laugh, carefully dragging a nail across his hipbone crest. “christ, kitten.”

“I remember someone licking at the gelato earlier something like… this?” you said, and began languidly dragging your tongue from the shaft to the head, carefully circling the head with each lick, and ending it with a suck. Sans was panting heavily, and you were wondering if teasing him was the best of ideas right now, as his teeth were parted but gritted as his faced was screwed up in a mix of lust and concentration. His hands gripped into the sheets so tight, you thought they might rip. Instead, you decided to end his suffering and committed fully, taking him into your mouth completely – your head bobbing up and down at a slow pace as he watched with rapt attention. His cries were sharp and sincere, and he began moving his hips to meet your mouth a little until it became full on thrusting – you could tell he was close. Without any warning, you withdrew him from your mouth, and climbed over him, hovering on top of him.

“Tonight’s about you, remember?” you said with a smile, but it was sweet. You lowered your face to his, kissing him with as much intensity as you could muster, feeling his tongue sliding into your mouth. His arms wrapped around you, and you slowly lowered yourself onto him, feeling him twitching against your entrance. He let out a sharp inhale as he slid in slowly, and you began to feel mixed feelings about your decision – this could be great, but it could also be painful as fuck.

“just.. just give it a second.” He said, holding you to him. You acutely felt his bones pressing into you, and he was slowly moving himself in and out of you, but the sharp ridges seemed to be less… sharp. Soft, like there was mass around them almost. You didn’t care how, you figured it was fucking ‘magic’ or whatever, but it was making you being on top of him considerably more comfortable. You vaguely remembered the other night on the patio, but put it aside as you began moving yourself against him, your body shifting slightly as you gradually shifted yourself onto him until he was fully filling you. You let out a moan at the sensation, and began to move in rhythm with him, your hands interlacing with one another’s as you bent down to place your forehead against his. Your hips rolled sensually, sending wave after wave of pleasure through both of you, and one of his hands freed itself from your grasp, sliding it’s way lovingly over the curves of your body, resting at your hip. As you continued to move, his free hand found it’s way between your legs, and began tentatively exploring – you shifted your body to give him a little bit better access, and it didn’t take much time for him to find your sensitive nub. You cried his name out as he rubbed at it, you quickening your pace as he met your every rise and fall. His fingers began to hastening in their attention as he felt your legs beginning to quiver.

With a sudden gasp, and a shout of pure bliss, you clamped down on him as you came, continuing to move your hips as he began to thrust into you with an apparent need. Your hair tumbled into his face as you bent your head down, his pelvic bone coming up sharply against your thighs. Sans began to let out a low growl, and grabbed your hips with both hands, giving one final thrust to the hilt as he came, crying out your name, then murmuring it over and over again in what seemed like bliss. You collapsed on top of him, exhausted and contented, moving your hair out of the way. You slowly slid off of him and into the crook of his arm, and slowly traced his sternum with your finger. As you looked at his chest and your hand, you saw what looked like the faintest flash of white appear beneath his ribs. As fast as it appeared, it vanished. Weird, some more magical mumbo jumbo?
“Mmm, what was that?’ you asked lazily, your hand continuing to draw patterns over his bones. He was letting out a soft rumble, like a purr as you did it.

“what was what?’ he asked happily, drawing you close to him.

“Thought I saw a light or something in your chest.” You said, giving the side of his cheek a small kiss. You felt Sans go rigid for a second, then immediately relax.

“dunno.” He said, almost too quickly. “musta seen the same stars i saw… heh.”

“Yeah.” you replied, giving him a smile.

“so… what uh… what was that?” he asked, and made a motion to his now vanished member. You giggled a little and couldn’t help but blush.

“A blowjob. I’m guessing you’ve never had one.” You said, then looked thoughtful for a moment. “I probably should have asked you, I’m sorry.” Sans chuckled.

“definitely never had one, and definitely glad it was a surprise. i’m guessing that’s a human thing?”

“Decidedly so.”

“can’t say i won’t argue with it. that uh… that was amazing. is that a special occasion thing?”

“Decidedly not.” You said with a wink. He laughed a little.

“thank god, because i’d openly weep if i only got that once a year i think. or a lifetime. jesus. so is this what you meant by ‘taking it slow’ earlier?’ he asked, running a hand through your hair as you yawned.

“Yeah, I mean, I love what we’ve been doing, don’t get me wrong… but this is nice too sometimes.” You replied, grabbing your pillow so you could get a little more comfortable. You figured you’d ask him about the magical logistics of his body tomorrow when you were more alert, as your body was beginning to wind down.

“yeah. it was nice. really nice.” he said, seemingly to himself. Your eyes had already closed, and you could feel what felt like a peck at the top of your head. “sleep well, kitten.”

You dozed off quickly, wrapped in your skeletal lover’s arms – and you dreamt of a spiraling staircase that lead into an endless abyss. You knew at the bottom was Sans, but you couldn’t get to him. Right when you thought you had caught up to him, two flashes of light descended upon you with no warning, causing you to jolt up from your sleep, screaming.

Chapter End Notes

AUGH! Thanks everyone for all the love and support you showed me while I was doing this chapter! I started hosting little chat parties while I wrote, and they were immensely helpful in helping me shape some of my ideas for future content! :D

If you ever wanna stop in and say hi, ask a question, or join the chat - you can go to the tumblr! http://inthesequietmoments.tumblr.com/
Chapter 1 fanart! :D
Chapter 4 fanart!! <3

I LOVE YOU GUYS SO MUCH you make all of this such an enjoyable process. Writing is already a process of love, but you make it so much more. Thank you.
January’s chill began to wear off as it made way for February. The snow on the ground began to melt into an displeasing slush, and the light snows made way for bitter rains. This was the time of year you generally tried to stay inside more than not, and you were genuinely enjoying being wrapped up in your apartment in a blanket, drinking tea and reading, or watching TV instead of braving the weather. Your friends would ask you to go out this time of year, and you would respond generally with a polite, ‘no thanks’.

It didn’t help that Valentine’s Day was around the corner, and you had routinely been single for every single one. It’s not that you hadn’t had boyfriends in the past, but breakups had been masterfully timed around major holidays it seemed, or you had been just about bouncing between them – so the holiday never managed to fall into your favour. In the end, it just made you one of those bitter, irritating people who grumbled when you saw the pastel pinks and hearts showing up everywhere the moment January faded and likened VD to venereal diseases in hopes that no one would mistake your bad attempt at humour for actual seething bitterness.

This year was different though. This year, you actually had a boyfriend. But one who likely had no clue about the holiday (through no fault of his own). And more importantly, after so many years of you being pissed off this time of month, did you even want to celebrate it? Even you didn’t know, but if it passed and all you got was a handshake, you weren’t about to cry about it.

But, still. Maybe some flowers would be nice. Or something.

Sans and you both worked that day, as it fell on a Monday, so you figured realistically that nothing would come of it. As far as you were concerned, you weren’t going to say anything about it, and just let it pass. Maybe – just maybe – if you were together next year, you’d mention it in passing then. On the flipside, Kyle had been texting you like mad that entire week, as he was planning a huge romantic getaway for Jackie, and wanted to surprise her with it. As her Official Best Friend, he was running everything by you before he cemented anything just to be sure. It’s not that he didn’t know, but Kyle was sometimes a paranoid wreck, and wanted everything to go perfectly when it came to Jackie.

What you didn’t expect, was for Papyrus to come knocking at your door after work one evening with his own plans.

“Hey Papyrus!” you said as you opened your door. “What’s going on?”

“HELLO FRIEND! MAY I COME IN?” he asked, and you stepped aside to answer him. He came in, still in his chef’s whites, and plopped down on your couch with a bag in hand. “MANY THANKS!” You went over to where he was sitting and sat next to him, crossing your legs underneath yourself.

“How was work?” you asked, eyeing the bag. He perked up for a moment.

“IT WAS RATHER GOOD! WE HAVE A BUSY WEEKEND COMING UP AND ARE FULLY BOOKED! AND BETWEEN YOU AND I…” he said, and leaned into you as if to tell you a secret – albeit very loudly, “…LARRY WISHES TO PROMOTE ME! HOWEVER, I NEED TO GO TO CULINARY SCHOOL FIRST. HE IS TRYING TO TALK THE
COMPANY INTO PAYING FOR IT!" Papyrus began kicking his legs in excitement, and you slapped your hands over your mouth.

“Holy shit! Papyrus! That’s amazing! When will you find out!? Have you told Sans?? Wow!” you exclaimed, grabbing his hands. He kicked over one of your fake plants by accident with his kicking and then suddenly looked at you.

“PLEASE DO NOT TELL SANS.” He said, looking at you with a semi-serious face.


“I’LL TELL HIM, WORRY NOT. BUT IT WOULD REQUIRE FOR ME TO TRAVEL AWAY FOR A SHORT WHILE. SANS TENDS TO… WORRY A LOT.” Papyrus sighed heavily as he said this, and you rubbed your arm a little awkwardly. You knew Sans was protective of his brother and vice versa, but you weren’t sure of their dynamic when it came to this sort of thing. “I’D RATHER GET AN ANSWER REGARDING PAYMENT BEFORE I SPEAK WITH HIM ABOUT IT. BUT I WISHED TO TELL YOU, SINCE YOU WERE SO KIND IN GETTING ME THE JOB!”

“Oh Papyrus. Hey, scout’s honour, I won’t tell him.” You said, putting your hand up. Papyrus slumped against the back of the couch with relief, and began to open his bag. Out from it he pulled a slim laptop, and placed it in his lap, opening it. “So what else did you come over for?”

“I.. ERM…” he said, and you noticed his face was glowing a light orange. “YOU SEE, I’M HAVING SOME PROBLEMS WITH A PROGRAM, AND THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE OF ASSISTANCE.” His fingers were drumming against the top of the laptop in a seemingly nervous pattern. “I AM UNFAMILIAR WITH SOME OF THESE CHATTING PROGRAMS, AND I WISH TO UTILIZE THEM. I’M TRYING TO REACH A… NYEEEEH… FRIEND OF MINE.” You gave a lopsided grin, and leaned in towards him.

“Oh? Is this a special friend of yours, Papyrus?” you asked, giggling a little. His face turned an even brighter orange and you put a hand to your chest. “My stars! Papyrus, what have you been holding back from me?”

“NYEH HEH.. HEH HEH… WELL, IT IS NOTHING MUCH, JUST A VERY GOOD FRIEND WHO I erm, CARE VERY GREATLY FOR!” he said, fiddling with one of the buttons on his chef’s jacket. You beamed at the cuteness of it all, and scooted next to him.

“Well, which program is it you’re trying to use to talk to this very good friend of yours?” you asked, looking at this laptop, which he had turned on. His desktop was a cluttered mess, and the background was set to a plate of spaghetti. Oh Papyrus, never change.

“THE SKY RELATED ONE. SKY PING?” he said, looking for the icon on his desktop.. He found it and double clicked it, launching Skype. “AH YES! CLOSE ENOUGH! I WAS TOLD BY RAUL I COULD UTILIZE THIS TO SPEAK WITH MY VERY GOOD FRIEND LONG DISTANCE! WE HAVE BEEN USING OUR CELLPHONES, HOWEVER THIS DOES NOT USE MY MINUTES, PLUS WE CAN SEE ONE ANOTHER!”

“That’s pretty much the program in a nutshell.” You said, looking at it. “So what do you need help with?”

“I DON’T KNOW HOW TO MAKE IT WORK. I PUT IN HIS NAME, AND HUNDREDS OF NAMES SHOW UP! I AM NOT SURE WHAT TO DO.” He said, frowning.
“May I see?” you asked, motioning to the laptop. He nodded, and you took it from him, placing it into your lap. “Who’s the person you’re trying to add?”

“IT’S UH… ERM…”

“Oh, just spit it out Papyrus.” You said, rolling your eyes.

“METTATON! IT’S.. IT’S METTATON.” He said, looking extremely embarrassed. You stared at him for a moment.


“Alright, so if I put in Mettaton..” you said, doing just that – and hundreds of names started popping up in your contacts to add list. “Oh jeez. I see why it’s difficult to find him. Did you use his email address?”

“HIS WHAT?”

“His e-mail address. You know, like mettaton at yahoo dot com or something.”

“I… I DID NOT THINK OF THAT.” Papyrus said. “ONE MOMENT.” He took his phone out of his pocket and began texting rapidly. You sat there for a moment, realizing he didn’t have any other contacts in his list – it looked like he may have downloaded the program just to speak with Mettaton. You clicked through the various names, wondering if you could sort him out from the hundreds of people listed when Papyrus chimed in. “AH! HERE, IT IS THEFABULOUSMETTATON AT GMAIL!”

“Perfect! Let’s see.” You said, putting in the email – the names filtered out, and you were left with just the one contact. “This look like him?” you asked, pointing to the contact picture. It was an unassuming picture of what looked like a LiteBrite. Papyrus began nodding excitedly, motioning for you to click it. Within seconds of adding him, you already had a message pop up from him, and a video call request.

“OH! WHAT DO I DO? WHAT DO I DO?” Papyrus asked, twisting his hands. You looked at the top of his laptop – it looked like he had a webcam built in.

“Well, you wanted to talk to him, right?”

“YES! OF COURSE!” Papyrus practically shouted. You grinned and clicked the ‘accept’ button, moving the laptop screen so it faced Papyrus instead. You watched as Papyrus’s face lit up and you heard through the speakers:

“Darling!”

“METTATON!” Papyrus yelled, “OH! CAN YOU HEAR ME ALRIGHT?”
“Yes darling, you’re coming in rather loud. Oh, I’m glad you figured out how to work your laptop!” came the voice. It was strangely suave, but robotic - like if Microsoft Sam got a sexy upgrade, almost.

“OH! I’M SORRY!” Papyrus said, his voice lowering. “ACTUALLY, I HAD HELP FROM MY NEIGHBOR AND MY NEW BEST FRIEND. SAY HELLO!” Papyrus swung the laptop around so it faced you, and you awkwardly waved. Mettaton was sitting at a desk, and was – well – a box. With lights. You didn’t know if he was looking at you, or looking even at all.

“Hello!” you said, smiling as sincerely as you could. “Papyrus almost had figured it out, he just didn’t know how to find you in the sea of you fans.” The robot seemingly vibrated as it laughed.

“Ohoho! Yes, I’ve grown quite popular since we’ve come up top! Thank you for helping my darling Papy with this, you’re an absolute peach.” He said, and you think he winked at you.

“Anytime, Papyrus is a doll.” You said, smiling at Papyrus who was blushing madly. You waved goodbye and spun the laptop back to Papyrus. “Here you go Papyrus. You can talk here if you want, or just carry it back to your place – the wifi should keep you connected either way.”

“DO YOU MIND IF I STAY HERE?” Papyrus asked, and his face looked oddly pleading. You shrugged.

“Sure. Do you want tea?”

“DO YOU HAVE MILK?”

“You said, forgetting Papyrus wasn’t a huge fan of tea. You went into your kitchen and nabbed a glass from your cabinet as well as a mug, filling a glass for him and placing your mug next to the kettle. Papyrus was already excitedly chatting with Mettaton, and you’d be damned if it wasn’t the cutest thing to see him gushing. You put the glass of milk next to him, and he barely even registered that you were there. You padded back into the kitchen, watching him in the background and waiting for your water to boil. You didn’t want to listen in on his conversation, as enticing as it may be, just because you didn’t even know Papyrus had someone he was interested in. Then a thought occurred to you: did Sans?

You allowed your tea to steep, and added your sugar and milk, then headed onto the patio with your book. You motioned to Papyrus who looked at you for a moment, and you politely closed the door behind you so he could have his privacy. Your book was already sitting there waiting for you, having been unread for what felt like too long. You flipped your lights on and curled up into your chair and opened it to the chapter you left on – three rival vampire clans had at this point come together to fight a group of supernatural vampire hunters, who were utilizing unknown gifts to wipe them out. It was an extremely good part of the book… but you kept looking at the rug beneath you and remembering just a week or two ago being shoved roughly onto it and…

Your phone buzzed, and you looked at it. It was Sans.

s: hey tiger, what’re you up to this evening?

y: Not much, just reading. Do you wanna book club tonight?

s: working late tonight, gonna have to skip out
s: you wanna stay over tonight?

y: Sure! You working late, or LATE late?

s: late. tell paps to have dinner without me

y: np, will do :)

You began to thumb in the response that you had been carefully avoiding when you caught yourself, and quickly deleted it. Nope, no thanks. You peeked into your living room, and Papyrus was still happily chatting away with his robotic paramour, so you decided to go back to reading in the meantime.

About two hours passed before you looked up to see that Papyrus had fallen asleep on the couch. The Skype call had ended, you weren’t sure when, but he was sitting up in a dead sleep. Poor guy, you thought. You flipped your lights off and went back inside, and went over to him, gently rubbing his shoulder.

“Hey, Papyrus? Papyrus. Wake up?” you said, trying to rouse him from his slumber. Papyrus grumbled a little, then slowly opened his eyes.

“HMM? OH NO! I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP!” he exclaimed, looking at his laptop in horror. “OH CRIPES, I HOPE HE’S NOT UPSET WITH ME!! HOW RUDE OF ME!” Papyrus was looking to see if the video was still on, which it wasn’t. You looked to his Skype log, and saw messages from Mettaton on there.

“He sent you an IM right here.” you said, pointing to his log. “He understands, don’t worry about it hon.”

“Oh good. I was concerned he may have thought I wasn’t interested. I was just very tired after work.” Papyrus said, wiping his brow. He closed his laptop, and looked to you. “Thank you for helping me friend, I greatly appreciate you.”

“No problem Papyrus.” You said, smiling. “Although I didn’t really know you had a boyfriend all this time.”

“B-BOYFRIEND?” Papyrus stammered, holding his laptop up against him like a shield. “I – I don’t know what you’re… well! I erm.”

“Yes, this is true. But… I mean I don’t know if he’s my boyfriend.”

“Are you dating?” you asked.

“Long distance, yes.” He replied. You made a motion with your hands as if to say, ‘well?’. Papyrus let out a loud, aggravated sigh. “Well fine, yes, I suppose he is my boyfriend.”

“That’s adorable! How come you or Sans never mentioned it before?” you asked, sitting on the armrest of your couch. Papyrus sat up straight at the mention of Sans’s name.
“SANS… SANS DOES NOT APPROVE. SO I WOULD RATHER LIKE TO KEEP THIS ON THE ‘LOW-DOWN’ IF YOU DON’T MIND.” Papyrus said conspiratorially. You frowned, wondering why Sans wouldn’t approve – and then frowned inwardly because you didn’t like keeping secrets from Sans – but nodded.

“I won’t say anything about it. But if he asks Papyrus, I kinda don’t wanna lie to him.”

“JUST TELL HIM A BAD JOKE! HE LOVES BAD JOKES!” Papyrus offered. You chuckled a little.

“That he does. Speaking of Sans, he’s gonna be late home from work, so you’re on your own for dinner tonight.” You thought to yourself for a moment. “You’re obviously tired… you wanna order some Chinese food?”

“OH YES, I LOVE THEIR NOODLES!” Papyrus said enthusiastically. You grinned a bit, and grabbed his empty milk glass and your mug.

“Alright, I’ll see you over at your place in about thirty minutes? I wanna take a shower and stuff real quick, I can place the order for later.”

“THAT SOUNDS MOST FANTASTIC!” Papyrus said, getting up and sliding his laptop back into his bag. “A SHOWER SOUNDS INCREDIBLY WONDERFUL RIGHT NOW.” You just realized you never really thought about either skeleton showering – Sans flat out told you he did, but visualizing it was still hard for some reason.

“Cool! See you in thirty then.” You said, and gave him a wink. Papyrus beamed at you, and left your apartment, shutting the door behind him. How did a skeleton soap up anyway? Could they even get a lather? Did they use soap? Was it just shampoo? Maybe they just used really hot water? You figured these were questions you needed to bombard poor Sans with tonight, if he wasn’t too tired.

You went over to the Skelebros house after you had showered, feeling considerably better and relaxed. Your food order would be there any minute, and you and Papyrus were chatting idly over nothing, waiting for the food to arrive. He had swapped out of his chef’s attire and was wearing a baggy shirt that said “COOL GUY” on it with some sweatpants, and smelled faintly of lemons. You noticed that while Sans filled his clothing out, Papyrus seemed to be on the much slimmer side. You were curious as to how the bodies worked, when the doorbell rang.

“I’LL GET IT!” Papyrus said, jumping up from his seat. You leaned back in your chair as Papyrus got the food (you had already sneakily paid online, and you could hear the confusion as he tried to pay) and waited as he brought it over to you. “YOU REALIZE THAT I SHALL BE HIDING MONEY SOMEWHERE UPON YOUR PERSON BEFORE YOU LEAVE, YES?”

“Shaddap Papyrus, just enjoy the food.” You said, prying open a container of beef chow mein. He chuckled a little, and grabbed some plates for the both of you, and the two of you chowed down. After eating your fill, you helped re-package the leftovers so Sans could eat when he got home, and you both collapsed on the couch in a semi-food coma. You stretched your legs out over him to get comfortable, and then looked at him lazily.

“So. Spill. Tell me aaaall about Mettaton.” You said. He snapped his head to look at you, and seemed nervous. You rolled your eyes slightly. “You can’t get out of it Papyrus, how long you been together? I gotta know!”

“WELL, YOU SEE IT ERM, WELL…” Papyrus stumbled over his words, then heaved a sigh. “WE’VE BEEN DATING IF YOU WILL FOR 2 YEARS.”
“Whoa! How didn’t I know? Or Sans? Does anyone know?”

“No. Well, yes. Toriel knows, as well as Undyne and Alphys. And Asgore. Frisk knows too I think. And maybe Grillby? But he doesn’t talk much. I also believe I told Kyle one night when we were having wheat juice. But no one else knows.” Papyrus said, and you stifled a laugh.

“So why hide it from Sans?” you asked, “You’re both adults. I think he can handle the truth.”

“Sans does not approve of him. He doesn’t seem to care for his mannerisms, that much I know, but I also think he dislikes him as a whole. He’s never been particularly fond of him, even when I was in charge of his fanclub underground.”

“You were in charge of his fanclub?” you asked, smirking.

“Oh yes! That is how we met! I’ve been his biggest fan since he went on air! And then when we went above ground we finally met. We became very good friends, and I helped him set up his tour! After that, we stayed in touch after moving, and continued to talk on the phone quite a bit and well…” Papyrus began blushing furiously and smacked his hands up to his face. You giggled a little.

“That sounds amazing, honestly. And cute as hell! Oh Papyrus, I’m so happy for you.” you said, your smile stretching from what felt like ear to ear. You didn’t want to even bother to inquire how a skeleton and a robot could make it work, but you decided that some questions were best left unanswered.

“I am as well! But I am incredibly glad that you’re happy too.” He said, and he squeezed your legs affectionately. “Maybe you can help me with my Valentine’s Day plans!” Ah, so monsters did know about Valentine’s Day.

“Eh, I’m not the best person for that sort of advice, but I can try!” you said. “Did you guys celebrate Valentine’s Day underground?”

“Not at all! Mettaton told me about it last year after the previous year he was mad at me for not celebrating it! So now I make sure to do something nice for him on that particular day.” He said, scratching at his chin. “I would make him a romantic dinner, but he cannot eat it, nor can he be here to eat it.”

“Does he… like… flowers?” you asked, squeaking the last part in question.

“He does! I can get him those. But I feel like I should get him something extra.”

“I don’t know him super well, or I’d be tossing out advice. Most of my things are all food related.” You said, giving a laugh.

“You would be a fantastic Valentine!” Papyrus said. His hand dropped away and he looked at you curiously. “Are you my brother’s ‘Valentine’ this year?” You shrugged.

“Dunno, we haven’t asked each other anything. I’ve never really celebrated it before.” You responded, feeling that bitterness sinking in. Even though you had a boyfriend now, the previous
years still stung with their loneliness.

“THAT’S A SHAME! I DON’T UNDERSTAND WHY AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY LIKE YOURSELF WOULDN’T CELEBRATE IT EVERY YEAR. PERHAPS I SHALL SPEAK TO MY BROTHER! NYEH HEH!”

“No! No, don’t worry about it Papyrus. If he wants to do something, let him do it on his own. I’m really kinda… meh on the whole thing, you know?”

“I SUPPOSE.” He said, frowning slightly. “LET ME KNOW IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND, MY BROTHER IS HOPELESS IN THE REALM OF ROMANCE.” You chuckled, wondering sometimes how well they really knew each other when it came to their private lives.

“Of course, Papyrus. Tell you what, in honour of your boyfriend, why don’t we watch one of his awful-lllyyyyy good movies until Sans shows up?” you suggested, barely catching your slip up. Papyrus nodded happily, and you removed your legs from him and he got up and picked out a movie. Oh boy, Mettaton in Wonderland. This one wasn’t as awful, you figured. You scratched the back of your neck as you realized something.

“Hey, where’s Undyne and Alphys?” you asked, noticing a severe lack of yelling and anime.

“THEY WENT TO VISIT SOME FRIENDS!” Papyrus said, putting the DVD into the player. “IT IS AN OVERNIGHT TRIP APPARENTLY, AND IS RELATED TO UNDYNE’S BUSINESS OF THROWING HUMANS AROUND.”

“Oh, nice!” you said, looking at the time on your phone. You wondered when Sans would be coming home, it was already close to ten. You settled into the couch, getting comfortable. “Alright, let’s get this movie started!”

Out of self-preservation, it didn’t take you that long to fall asleep. Papyrus may have been in Mettaton’s fanclub, but you most certainly were not – and you were out like a light about a half hour in.

You woke up to a dimly lit room, and a blanket wrapped around you. Sleeping against you was Sans, still in his Fast n’ Fresh uniform, breathing softly. You wiggled your phone from out of your pocket, and you saw it was 1:45am. You weren’t sure how long Sans had been home, but he had curled himself up on the couch where Papyrus had originally been. As his body shifted a little at your movement, you reached your hand out to smooth against his skull, tenderly tracing his outline in the shadows. He began to stir, and you saw a small bit of light emanating from his eyes as they slowly opened.

“Hey.” You said with a soft smile.

“hey.” He responded sleepily.

“Let’s go to bed, yeah?” you offered, and Sans nodded – instead wrapping his arms around you best he could and snuggling into you more. You began to protest, but decided against it, and positioned yourself underneath him more comfortably. You placed your arms around him as well as he nuzzled his head into your chest, and drifted back to sleep.
Despite your best attempts to ignore the holiday, you couldn’t. Your work was abuzz with people buying loads of fine wines as gifts and methods of impressing their significant others – the shop was ridiculously busy. Peter actually had to come in that weekend and help out early, because you got absolutely swamped that Saturday. On the plus side, you were selling the wine that you had gotten from the local vineyard, and Peter looked pleased as punch despite how tired he was.

Monday evening had fallen, and Sans still hadn’t said anything to you. Part of you was a little upset, but you realized how unfairly irrational that was considering you didn’t say a peep to him about it. You heaved a heavy sigh as Peter came in to relieve you of your shift, and you didn’t bounce up like you usually did to get out the door.

“Hey kid, what’s eating you?” he asked as he grabbed his apron from the back. You shrugged.

“Nothing really, I just really hate this holiday.” You muttered. Peter gave you a comforting pat on the back.

“So do I, but that’s because jewelry is expensive.” He said with a chuckle. You rolled your eyes.

“How long you been married anyway?” you asked, turning to sit on the counter. Peter looked upwards as he began to count in his head.

“Mmm.. about 22 years? Feels like both forever and like it was just yesterday.” He said with a small smile. You grinned at this.

“That’s sweet.” You said, beginning to untie your apron.

“Heh, I suppose. Why d’you hate this holiday anyway?” he asked. “You got a boyfriend now, don’t you?”

You froze. You hadn’t told Peter you were dating, much less Sans. You felt a small bead of sweat trickle down your back, and you laughed nervously.

“Boyfriend? What? Who said I had a boyfriend?” you replied, but you were never the best at lying. Peter crossed his arms, side-eyeing you.

“_____, please. You’ve had a spring in your step since the new year. You’re giddy when you come in, in the mornings – which you never are, and have had your head in the clouds all last month. Don’t be shy, who’s the lucky guy?” he asked, nudging you a little with his elbow. You bit your bottom lip. Your brain was screaming at you to keep it to yourself, some part of you had a feeling that Peter was not the biggest fan of monsters.

“Just… some guy.” You said, looking down and kicking your legs a little. Peter huffed, and shrugged.

“Hey, as long as you’re happy.” He said, clapping a hand to your shoulder. You looked up at him with a weak smile. “And if he breaks your heart, I’ll break his legs.” You both laughed a little at this.

“Thanks, Peter. I don’t think he will, he’s a pretty good guy.” You offered, not really wanting to say too much. Peter had become your city-dad, if you will. He checked in on you when you didn’t feel good, he offered advice when you needed it, bought you food a few times when you were down on your luck. Part of you felt bad withholding the information from him, but you also didn’t want him to start giving you shit for your dating decisions.
“I figure you’d have good taste. You have decent taste in wine, so it stands you’d have decent taste in men.” Peter said with a chuckle. “Well, hopefully he has something nice planned for you tonight.”

“Doubt it.” you said, hopping off the counter, removing your apron from over your head. “Like I said, I’m not big on it. No biggie.” You went into the back to hang up your apron, and heard the sound of the bell ringing from the front door. Thank god you didn’t have to deal with the customer, you wanted to go home, take a bubble bath and maybe binge watch some Netflix. You were grabbing your purse when you heard an incredibly icy ‘hello’ come from Peter. You peeked your head around the corner to see Sans standing there in the store.

“Oh! Hey! Sans!” you exclaimed, throwing your jacket on with haste. Peter was staring at Sans with an impassive face, and Sans was throwing his usual lazy grin at him. “What’re you doing here?”

“you didn’t get my texts?” he asked, looking at you. You frowned, and pulled your phone out of your pocket. Ah shit, five missed messages.

“Well, I did, I just didn’t check them for some reason. Shit, I’m sorry. What’s up?” You crossed over to him and went to kiss him but stopped yourself quickly – instead, you fixed his collar on his jacket. Sans looked at you, confused for a moment, and then his eyes flickered to Peter and back to you.

“nothin’, just wanted to see if you wanted company walking home.” Sans dug his hands deeper into his pockets, and you could sense they were balling into fists. “how’s your day going mr. dupont?”

“Well, I did, I just didn’t check them for some reason. Shit, I’m sorry. What’s up?” You crossed over to him and went to kiss him but stopped yourself quickly – instead, you fixed his collar on his jacket. Sans looked at you, confused for a moment, and then his eyes flickered to Peter and back to you.

“Good.” Peter responded. “Nice of you to walk her home.” Sans shrugged.

“hey, what’re neighbors for?” he said, emphasizing neighbors as subtly as he could. Peter visibly relaxed at this. You wanted to get out of there quickly, the awkwardness was extremely uncomfortable.

“Alrighty, well I’ll see you tomorrow Peter.” You said, giving a wave.

“Tell me all about your hot date with your boyfriend tomorrow!” Peter said, looking pointedly at Sans. Sans didn’t change his facial expression, and you hurriedly walked out the front door waving Peter off as you exited, Sans trailing behind. As soon as you thought you were far away enough, you stopped and turned to face Sans.

“Shit! I’m sorry Sans.” You said, feeling embarrassed. Sans shrugged a little.

“It’s fine. normally i mighta said something, but he’s your boss. not about to get you in trouble.” He gave you a little nudge. “what’s this about a hot date?”

“Oh!” You gave him a quick kiss on the side of his skull, then shrugged a shoulder, continuing to walk. “Peter sort of figured out I was dating someone.”

“Yeah? how’s that?”

“I’m… happy.” You said simply. You felt Sans’s hand find yours, and he squeezed it a little. You smiled. “But he assumed I was going out tonight, since it’s Valentine’s Day and shit. Not that we are! I didn’t even say anything about it.”

“That’s what happens when you don’t check your texts.” Sans said with a chuckle.

“Wuh?” you said, looking at him.

“I mean, it’s not a ‘hot date’ as you put it, but i wanted to take you out tonight. you still up for it?” he
asked, looking to you. You felt a small blush creep onto your face, mostly from embarrassment.

“Yeah, of course. I didn’t even know you knew about V-day.” You mumbled.

“how could i not? i work at a grocery store. the entire place is decked out with pink hearts and shit.” He said with a chuckle. You slapped a hand to your forehead, you hadn’t even thought of that!

“anyway, the plan is a little weird though… requires a lotta travelling. you up for it?”

“Travelling? I have to be at work tomorrow morning.” You said with a frown. Sans gave you a little wink, and thumbed behind him.

“i know a shortcut.” He said. You made an ‘oooh’ sound, and felt a little stupid. “it’s a lot farther than you’re used to though. we don’t have to if you’re not up for it…”

“No! No, I’m up for anything you wanna do.” You said. You took his hand and put it to your lips, giving it a little kiss. “I’ll go anywhere you do.”

Sans froze for a moment as you did this, and you watched as his features softened. The lights in his eyes dimmed slowly, like stars on the horizon as dawn approached. He let out a heavy exhale through his nose.

“to the ends of the earth, eh?” he said with an easy laugh.

“I wouldn’t go that far, numbskull.” You said, nudging him a little.

“how about back to my place to pick up the grub real quick, and then onto our destination?” he asked. You nodded, growing a little excited. You had never been taken on a surprise date before! Much less on Valentine’s Day, obviously.

“So we’re not going out to dinner, that’s a good choice.” You said as you walked onward with him, watching the sun setting behind the buildings. “Today’s a horrible day for reservations.”

“heh. i asked papyrus to whip us up something.” Sans said. “not spaghetti.” He quickly added. You both laughed a little, and you hooked your arm through his, pulling him closer as you walked. You felt a small surge of happiness that he so easily fell into you now, instead of the hard resistance that you used to feel. Walking side by side with him was natural, comfortable. You squeezed at his arm, smiling to yourself – you were always surprised about how much you cared for this odd, skeletal man.

You reached your apartment landing, and he gave you a swift poke.

“be right back, i’ll just be a sec.” he said, and disappeared into his house. He emerged a few minutes later with a backpack, and what looked like two bottles of beer.

“Oooh, going fancy on me, are you?” you asked, tapping your fingernail against the bottle. He chuckled.

“it’s the uh, stout i first got you. the one you liked so much.” he said, his face speckling blue. You inhaled sharply, surprised he even remembered. He grinned, and closed the door behind him, and placed his hands on either side of you. You suddenly felt like a huge ass – you hadn’t done anything for him. You were hoping this entire holiday would just blow over, and here Sans had planned a dinner, and gotten you those beers, and was taking you somewhere and…

“Hey, Sans…” you started, but he shushed you.
“this is gonna be a longer trip, alright? i need you to focus on me, don’t look away, alright? only because you’ll probably throw up everywhere.” He said, chuckling. You grimaced.

“I’ve already thrown up in front of you enough for a lifetime, I’ll do my best not to look around. Besides, you’re easy on the eyes.” You said, trying to joke. His face looked a little more serious than usual, so you were beginning to grow nervous.

“Alright. Hold on, ok?” he said, gripping your hand tightly. He began to lead you down the stairs, and you felt that familiar lurch in your stomach, except this time it was like you were aboard a ship at sea, and it was tossing you violently about. The stairs became almost like a slide, and you were terrified that you were going to lose your footing. Despite the fact that you had only taken two steps, you had the sensation of falling eternally, and you looked up from the back of Sans’s head to look in front of him briefly to see where you were going. That was a mistake. The visual impact was too much for you to handle all at once, and it was like being hit by a train of information. Your head swam, and you felt your stomach desperately trying to remove the remnants of lunch, and you fought fiercely to keep it down. You took one more step at Sans’s insistence, and suddenly it ended as soon as it began – you stood in an unfamiliar place, dark and cold. You stumbled, falling up against a wall.

“shit! You okay?” he asked, coming to your side to help steady you. You nodded, relishing how cool the wall felt against you.

“Yeah. I looked up, sorry. Don’t worry. Not gonna puke. Jesus.” You shook your head a few times trying to clear it, and then looked around you. “Where are we?”

“somewhere private, no one’s getting reservations here.” Sans said, looking at you with concern. You stood away from the wall and dusted yourself off, and smiled at him.

“It’s cool, I’m good.” The area was extremely dimly lit, with a strange aqua hue. It almost looked like you were in a cavern of some sort. The walls were worn by what looked like the passage of time, and you looked at Sans, confused.

“c’mon, this way.” He said, taking your hand again. You gripped it, and followed behind him. Sans lead you down a dark corridor, and you could smell wet sediment. You were absolutely puzzled as to where he was taking you, and wanted to ask, but he seemed to be walking at a quick pace. He suddenly turned to you, and paused. “um. this is gonna sound dumb, but can you close your eyes?” You giggled.

“Sans, you’re being adorable right now. Of course I can. As long as you’re not leading me to a murder hole or something.”

“damnit, my plans have been ruined.” He said, chuckling. You closed your eyes, and you felt a whiff of air in front of your face – you guessed he was waving his hand in front of you to make sure they were closed. You stifled a laugh, and carefully walked forward as he guided you forward. This was definitely the weirdest thing you had ever done, but you were loving it so far.

After about a minute, you came to a stop. You felt his hand fall away, and you crossed your arms in front of yourself.

“Can I open my eyes yet?”

“yeah, go ahead.” He said. As you opened your eyes, you let out an audible gasp. You were standing on what looked like a small cliffside that had a waterfall emptying into a pool below, with water that was an otherworldly shade of cyan. Small, blue flowers dotted the otherwise rocky landscape – but what was so beautiful was what was above you. In the ceiling above, and partially
the walls around, were tiny fragments of what looked like gems. As the water moved through the
cavern, the stones sparkled and twinkled like thousands of stars lit in a night sky. You couldn’t help
but feel tears forming at the corners of your eyes – this was the place Sans had spoken of at the
planetarium. These were his stars.

You looked at him, your mouth agape, not really knowing what to say. He was looking at you, his
eyes piercing your very being in the dim light.

“what do you think?” he asked quietly.

“Sans… it’s beautiful.” You said, looking back up. You couldn’t believe how gorgeous it was, the
false stars shimmering and fading with a sharp incandescence. You felt Sans come up next to you,
and you felt his hand once again find yours. You squeezed it tightly, and smiled lovingly at him.
“Are we…? Are we seriously underground?”

“yeah. we’re back where i’m from.” He said with a little smile. “you’ve shared so much with me, so i
wanted to share something back.”

“God Sans, I can’t believe… I mean, this is amazing. You didn’t have to do something like this. Are
you okay? You didn’t hurt yourself doing this, did you?” you asked, concerned. Sans blinked a few
times, then let out a little laugh.

“nah, i’m fine. this isn’t too much of a distance, i promise. c’mon, i’ll show you my favourite spot.”
He said, and picked up his backpack and began walking off. You hurried after him, trying not to
leave your mouth open too much as you looked around. You were absolutely flabbergasted, the
water seemed to give off a phosphorescent glow which provided the light for the area. You
wondered if it was irradiated, or toxic – except it looked so cool and inviting. You almost stumbled
over a rock as you weren’t paying attention, and caught your balance quickly before you could
faceplant into the ground. Sans looked behind him to make sure you were okay, and you gave him a
silent thumbs up.

You reached his favourite spot after a 5 minute trek, and removed his backpack from his shoulders,
and pulled out a large blanket from the inside. You put a hand to your chest –
are you serious? –
he
was seriously romancing you here. You felt like an even bigger ass. He sat down on it, and patted
next to him as he began to pull out the meal Papyrus had prepared for the two of you.

You sat down next to Sans, excited, and watched as he pulled out…two hotdogs. You inwardly
groaned, but couldn’t stop yourself from laughing.

“What?” Sans asked, also pulling out a bottle of ketchup. “hey, papyrus actually made these himself.
they’re gourmet i’ll have you know.” He said, placing one in a bun and handing it to you. You rolled
your eyes a little, and took it from him.

“The one time you’ll get me to put ketchup on something, huh?” you said, reaching for it. He
chuckled and handed it to you as well, and you put a good deal on there and handed it back to him.
“You sneaky bastard. Although this would go super good with that beer.”

“yup.” He said, popping open your beer as well and placing it down next to you. You looked at his
setup, the surroundings, then him. You could not possibly have felt more loved at that moment than
you did then.

“Shit Sans. I’m sorry, I didn’t do anything for you. I thought this holiday would blow by, and I’d go
’haha, oh, that silly holiday. Humans are weird, am I right?’ and you’d go ‘yeah, derr, humans.’”
“one, i don’t sound like that,” he said, waving his bottle at you, “and two, you did something for me.”

“What?”

“you make me happy. every day. and that’s a gift no one can top.” He said, smiling at you. You blushed a little, then smirked.

“Well shit, if it’s that easy, then I can cross off your birthday and Christmas.” You said. He raised his brows in surprise.

“whoa now, hey, let’s not get ahead of ourselves.” He said, shaking his head with a laugh. “i mean, this is just some holiday card thing right?”

“Yeah, basically.” You said, kicking your foot out a little. “I’ve never really celebrated it before.”

“no?” Sans asked, taking a chug from his bottle. “i find that surprising. i’d have assumed one of your boyfriends would have spoiled the shit out of you by this point.” You let out a mildly bitter laugh.

“Nah. I’ve been single every single Valentine’s Day. It’s like a curse or something.” You said, leaning back onto your arms. “Even if I had been dating a guy, we’d break up right around January or something. Sometimes we’d even get back together by March!” You took a large bite out of your hotdog and chewed for a moment. “Hey, this is really good!”

“told ya.” Sans said, already eating his. He was looking at you thoughtfully. “well, their loss. so i guess i get to hold the record for first valentine’s date?”

“Yeah, I guess you do.” You said, looking upwards at the twinkling above you. “I can’t argue with that. Hey, I’m still sorry about earlier, I should have said something to Peter.”

“don’t worry about it, tiger.” Sans said with a wink. You frowned, and he took another swig of his beer. “look, like i said: if it was someone else, i would have had no problem saying something. and you’ve made it abundantly clear you don’t either. but i’m not about to put your job on the line because of our fling here.”

Your eyes widened, but then went back to normal quickly after the word ‘fling’. Was that all this was to him? Shit, you didn’t even know where you were heading with this. You polished off your hotdog, took another sip of your beer and laid back on the blanket. You felt like every time you got closer to Sans, you immediately began rationally pushing back. You put an arm behind your head to get comfortable as you watched the stones sparkle with the light dancing off of them. Well, fuck. You might as well get the Valentine’s Day curse out of the way, right?

“Fling, eh?” you asked, but in a non-accusatory manner.

“wha?” Sans said, his mouth full of hotdog. He was looking at you, confused.

“I’m just verifying what you said, that’s all. We’re just a fling?” You tried to keep your words as positive as possible. You weren’t trying to start a fight, you were trying to get clarification.

“what? jesus, no. fuck, i didn’t mean it that way. chalk it up to bad wording.” He said, rubbing the bridge of his nose. You chuckled a little, and he looked at you. “you don’t think this is just a fling, right?”

“I certainly hope not! I know I’ve asked what we’re doing a hundred times…”
“yeah, it’s kinda getting annoying.” Sans said with a smirk. You rolled your eyes. “but i get it. listen…” He finished his hotdog off and scooted next to you, laying down on his side to face you. “…we’re two people, dating. we both got feelings, dreams, desires. if i was flesh and blood, what would you be thinking right now?”

“I dunno, ‘man this guy is hot’ – although I think that anyway.”

“no, seriously. work with me here. what would be on your mind?”

“Nothing, I guess. We just started dating.” you said, frowning. Sans gave a shrug best he could on his side.

“exactly. so there you go. a wise woman once told me to stop worrying and enjoy the moment you’re in now, instead of dreading the future that may never happen.”

“Man, she sounds really smart.” You said, giving a sharp laugh. Sans reached over and poked you in the stomach.

“shaddap. honestly, we have our differences, sure. but when it boils down to the bare bones, are we really that different?”

“Not really, I suppose.” You said, musing on it. “I mean, humans have cultural things that we abide by, like marriage and families and stuff and…” your face went beet red just thinking about it. “Not that I’m assuming that’s the direction we’re heading in, but society demands a bunch of bullshit. It’s just ingrained into our heads, I guess.”

“heh. you know monsters have the same thing too, right?” he asked, looking at you. Your eyes snapped up to him.

“Seriously? I had no clue.”

“yeah. obviously we go about it a little differently, but it sounds like we’re all pretty similar.” He rolled over onto his back, staring up at the ceiling. “maybe that’s why we got sealed up. we reminded them too much of themselves.” You frowned, looking up as well.

“So you wanna settle down someday and have a family?” you asked, merely curious.

“er, well, i-i haven’t really thought about it.” he stuttered. “paps has been all the family i’ve needed all these years. i just kinda get on day to day.”

“What about your parents?” you asked. Sans fell quiet, and didn’t say anything. You both laid there in silence, and you wondered if you touched upon a bad subject. You were about to change topics when Sans spoke up.

“dunno. unfortunately i’ll never know either.” he said bluntly. “such is life.”

“I’m sorry Sans, I didn’t know.” You offered, feeling terrible. You were a great date, you told yourself.

“hey, i never said anything about it, how would you know? don’t worry about it. listen i just…” he paused, seemingly choosing his words carefully. “…i just wannna spend as much time as i can with you, y’know? before…” he cut himself short. “before, you know, you get tired of me.”

“Hah, I don’t think I’ll ever get tired of you.” you said, rolling over onto your stomach to look at him. “Give it some time. I’m sure you’ll wear on me.” You began idly playing with the zipper on his
jacket. “I mean, a magical, teleporting skeleton boyfriend is boring as fuck, don’t you think?”

“sounds awful.” He said, grinning lazily at you. You snickered, and scooched yourself closer to him so you could rest up against him. He moved his arm aside so you could nestle in the crook of it, and you placed your head on his chest. You were glad his jacket was so fluffy, because you were surprisingly comfortable at the moment.

“I know, right? And you have a what, a whiny alcoholic girlfriend with a penchant for overthinking and bad decisions? Sounds like you totally won out on this one here.”

“that’s my fetish.” Sans said with a snort, and you couldn’t help but laugh. He gave you a little squeeze, and you snuggled into him more. You both looked upwards, and you let out a happy sigh.

“This is gorgeous Sans. I can’t believe you brought me here, seriously. I thought you hated it down here.”

“i do.” He said. You looked to him, confused. “but… this was my one happiness. i wanted to share that with you. y’know.” You saw his face tint with a shade of blue, and you smiled a little.

“Well, thanks. This is the best date I’ve been on, holiday or not.” You kissed the side of his cheek, and nestled back onto his chest. “I feel like I should start bursting out into the King and I right now.”

“huh?”

“Bad joke. There’s a musical number in it, called ‘Getting to Know You’.”

“heh. well, that’s what we’re doing. i’m enjoying it so far.”

“Yes, me too.”

The two of you stared upwards into the cavern’s desperate attempt to be a night sky, and enjoyed each other’s warmth. You shared your affection through your silence, and in that quiet moment, you felt a peace in your heart that calmed the stirring in your soul that had been tormenting you for years.

After you and Sans had spent most of the evening in the underground, he decided you should go back home. You were perfectly content to stay there a little longer, you were enjoying just laying there and looking at the various stones, and listening to what stories he managed to actually get out – but he insisted. This time, you resolved, you would not look up when he teleported you back home.

He had taken you right where you had left off, on the apartment landing. You felt a little wobbly again from the surge of magic and movement, but you felt like you were getting used to it. Maybe? Kind of? Your stomach flipped – no, maybe not. Sans steadied you, and you thankfully grabbed onto him.

“Thanks. Sorry, still not used to that.”

“don’t expect you to be.” He said, letting go of you carefully. “all good?” You gave him a thumbs up.

“You wanna stay the night tonight?” you asked. Sans was grinning wider than before.

“of course.” He said. “all that work and i gotta go home alone? that’s cold.” You dug your keys out of your purse and unlocked your door, heading into the apartment. You looked towards your porch,
and groaned.

“Fuck, I left the lights on all night.” You said, throwing your purse on the couch.

“oh yeah?” Sans said, his tone jovial. “Prolly should turn them off.” You grumbled and crossed over, pushing the blinds back to get to the porch to flip the switch off and then slapped a hand over your mouth.

Your entire patio had been decked out with flowers. It was an almost garish display, with various arrangements littering the entirety of the deck. Little stuffed animals were shoved in some of them, mylar balloons in others – overall, you didn’t know if you had walked onto your porch, a florist’s shop, or a funeral. You spun around to look at Sans, who was looking mighty pleased with himself. The expression on your face caused him to drop his mirthful appearance.

“What the hell?” you said, unbelieving of what you were seeing. This clearly was not the response he was going for, but you couldn’t articulate what you were feeling particularly well.

“it uh, well, i mean, i wasn’t sure you’d like the picnic, and i kept seeing advertisements about flowers at work so… i mean…” Sans motioned to the patio, causing you to stare at him, to the patio, and back to him. You didn’t say anything, you were still stunned, so he kept talking. “…and well, i didn’t know your favourite flower, so i figured i could try all of them. and then the gals at work said stuffed animals were really popular, and then uh… well, uhm…” you could see sweat beginning to bead on his skull.

“Jesus fucking Christ Sans, how much did this all cost?!” you exclaimed, finally able to say something. You wanted to say ‘thank you Sans!’ but for some reason that wasn’t what came out.

“whuh? uh, i mean, i got a work discount. and some of it is, i mean shit, i won’t lie, marked down? so uhm… fuck.” You were back out on the patio, inspecting the various arrangements, looking at how absolutely ridiculous it was. And then you started laughing. Sans peeked his head out from between the door and the living room to look at you, and you couldn’t stop your laughing. You moved a basket of flowers off your lounger so you could sit down because your stomach was beginning to hurt from your laughter. Sans was standing in front of you, looking positively awkward as fuck and you still couldn’t cease your hyena’s howl. Years of being lonely on this day, feeling ignored, and it takes a clueless skeleton to literally catch you up on years of getting nothing. Finally you calmed down, and Sans was fidgeting nervously.

“Oh Sans, Sans! Oh my god, this is so fucking sweet of you!” you exclaimed, finally able to say something. You wanted to say ‘thank you Sans!’ but for some reason that wasn’t what came out.

“That this would impress you.” he muttered, looking positively mortified. You giggled again, wrapping your arms around him.

“I’m impressed, handsome. But shit, this is… fuck! This is kinda hilarious. I wouldn’t take advice from your coworkers anymore.” He wasn’t giving into your hug, and you nuzzled your face into his neck. “Sans, you could give me a pet rock and I’d love it. You don’t have to buy my affection.”

“I know, but i wanted to get this right.” he said quietly, sighing a little. “i didn’t want you to ask me if i had gotten you flowers, and i told you i hadn’t botany.” You chuckled.

“Hey. I love it. And I love –“ you paused. Nope. “—what you did tonight. I’ll remember this forever, trust me. In a good way.” You kissed at his vertebrae, hoping to distract him from his embarrassment, and he sat up straight. That seemed to work.
“heh. i’m glad. i seriously thought i fucked up there.” He leaned in towards you, and nipped at your neck a little, then pulled back. “but i thought we should end the night on a specific note.”

“Oh yeah?” you said, waggling your eyebrows. He rolled his eyes, grinning.

“yeah.” Sans reached over and grabbed your book, handing it to you. “book club?”

Your face lit up, and you grinned. “You know me too well, handsome.”

“i should hope so, kitten.” He said with a small smile, and got up. “maybe i should uh, clear some of these out.” He said, gesturing to the flowers. You laughed and nodded.

“Yeah, let’s put them around the house so we can actually have somewhere to sit. Then I’ll put the tea on, sound good?”

“sounds perfect.”

Sans helped you relocate the mess of flowers around the house – which made your house incredibly fragrant. You made a mental note to try and pawn as many of these flowers off on people as humanly possible, because you were worried your allergies might kick in. You kicked the kettle on, and then settled into your pyjamas. Sans grinned as you came out onto the patio, holding your mugs of tea, and you settled into your chair, and he into his. As you raised your book for a moment, you paused.

“Hey.” You said, and motioned to him. “Get over here.”

“don’t have to tell me twice.” He said with a lopsided grin, and he sat behind you. After a bit of re-positioning and some pillow adjustments, you had comfortably nestled up against him in his arms so you could both read together. You spent the remainder of the evening in each other’s company, with the twinkling of your own set of stars bright above you on your patio ceiling.

That night you dreamt of sailing through the sky, the stars emitting a tender glow that was warm and inviting. Space felt cold, but you floated from star to star, dotting across the sky until you came to the source of warmth that you had been seeking in your life, and you lovingly sank into it’s ashen arms as it embraced you, and lit you aflame.

Chapter End Notes

Pure, unadulterated fluff for your enjoyment. <3 <3 <3
Chapter updates might go a little slow again, only because work is starting up once more! Oh vacation, I hardly knew ye!

I'd absolutely love to thank the following people for their help and company while writing my chapters: Anubis, Mr. Funnybone, Teddy, Roccy, Cpt. Ladypants and zaniel (and a few others who's names I don't remember, I'm so sorry! D:)

The writing process has been a blast with people to yak about Undertale with, so thank you. <3

Don't expect a ton of fluff chapters from here on out though... OH NOES.
"Did he know you were allergic?" Jackie asked, handing you the box of Benedryl you had asked for. You blew into a tissue, your eyes puffy and watering, and you shook your head.

"No," you responded, sniffing up the remnants of snot that had been pouring out of your face unattractively for the last day or so. "And he shall never know." Jackie patted you consolingly on the head.

"You poor thing. Did you throw them all away?" she asked, scanning your apartment for the offending flowers. You again shook your head.

"No, they were gifts!" you wailed miserably. You had consolidated them out onto the patio, but it didn't matter. One of them was slowly killing you.

"Ugh, you colossal moron, they're gifts of death. I'll get rid of them, you can blame me." Jackie said, getting up and stalking over to the patio. She opened the door and just stared for a moment. You had sent her pictures, and described it over the phone of course, but the sheer volume of botanical ridiculousness that was sitting on your porch was something that had to be seen in person. Jackie laughed a little to herself and picked up the bigger, more ornate ones with what you described as a 'buttload of chrysanthemums' in a neat little basket. She smirked at you. "Do you think people would complain if we started raining flowers down on them from up here?"

"Don't! I'll get in - " you paused to sneeze. " - I'll get in trouble!" you groaned, and she made the motion as if she was going to throw it over. You slammed back into your couch in defeat, and she snorted at your response.

"It would have been so much easier. Do you still have the garbage bags under the sink?" she asked.

"Yeah, they're in the little box thing." you responded, blowing your nose into a tissue. Jackie went into your kitchen and rummaged around for a moment, and came back with a handful of trash bags. She gave you a pitiful look, and went onto the porch to start cleaning up the flowers. You thanked every god above and below and inbetween for Jackie, because when you had tried to do what she was currently doing, you were assaulted by both guilt and pollen. Between crippling waves of feeling horrible about throwing away the beautiful (but ostentatious) flowers, and being able to even get near some of them without going into a violent sneezing fit, you decided that you needed a third party intervention.

"I don't know if this is adorable or pathetic." she said, putting a slightly wilting arrangement into one of the bags. "I'm going to go with adorable, mostly because I like him so much."
"I think it's adorable." you said from the living room, taking the Benedryl out of its little pill pouch. "I have no idea how monsters romance each other, so I'm guessing he had no clue how humans did it either. He's trying at least, right?" You popped the pink tablets of relief into your mouth and downed them with water.

"I think it's adorable how you look right now." she said with a laugh, shoving more flowers in. "The crusty eyes are definitely an attractive feature. Very you."

"Extremely vogue, if I do say so myself." you sniffed. "Look, what was I gonna tell him? 'Hey thanks for the gifts but this one is literally destroying my sinuses please remove it from my sight.'?"

"I would've." Jackie said simply, filling one trash bag and fluffing open another. "You don't want him to get you more flowers, do you?"

"I wouldn't mind, they just gotta be the right ones." you responded, blowing your nose again. "He completely forgot about the chocolates too, and they all melted inside the boxes because they were next to the space heater." Jackie paused and you heard laughter coming from the porch again. "I opened them the next day after work and it was like horrible chocolate bricks. *Those* I had no problems tossing."

"Go figure. Can't toss the murder-flowers, but can toss the delicious chocolate. Sometimes I wonder if you have a fuse loose." Jackie said, filling the second bag. You were inwardly groaning, you hoped it wouldn't fill three bags. Unfortunately, it did. "Alright friend, I'm gonna take these down to the dumpster. I gotta head back to the office though, you gonna be alright?"

"Yeah, I'll be fine. Oh! That reminds me, did you get a call from Undyne or Alphys?" you asked.

"Yes! Undyne, she's the one who went out with us that one night, right? She gave me a call, said you recommended me. Thanks." Jackie said with a wink. "It's actually been fairly challenging. They want a very specific set of things, but trying to find a uh... pro-monster neighborhood has proven difficult." She was quiet a moment, clearly thinking to herself. "It's something I've never had to really work around before. It'll be interesting."

"Thanks bestie. Love your face." you said, sinking into your couch. Oblivion couldn't come fast enough.

"Of course. Text me if you need anything else. Are you gonna hide from Sans all day?" she asked. You shrugged.

"I'm probably going to pass out, you know how allergy medication is. If he can't reach me because I'm sleeping, I think he'll understand."

"Yeah, probably." she said, hoisting the trash out of your apartment. "Alright, catch you later!"

"Later." you waved, and she shut the door behind her. You drew your blanket up to your neck and sank into your couch cushions, flipping on the TV. You hadn't had a good Netflix binge in a while and wanted to put something on you had watched a thousand times before so you could zone out. You idly scrolled through the shows until you finally landed on Doctor Who - the right amount of timey wimey stuff that would help you sleep, most likely.

You queued up the reboot series, and started it up. You were only two episodes in when the medication hit you like a ton of bricks, and you fell into a dreamless sleep.
Like clockwork, Sans texted you after he got off of work to see what you were up to. And just like you thought, you slept right through it. Luckily for you, he didn’t press to come over or check on you, and you woke up groggily and looked around. Your house, now less full of toxic spores, looked almost empty. In the background, David Tennant was flailing around pointing his sonic screwdriver at things. You wondered what you were going to tell Sans when you picked your phone up to see what you had missed during your mini-coma.

Just a few texts from Jackie, talking about a co-worker that drove her insane at the office, two from your mom who wanted you to come see her, and then one from Sans asking if you wanted company tonight. You bit your bottom lip, wondering if he would be offended at the removal of the flowers so quickly after getting them, but at the same time you felt an immense relief in your nasal passages. You texted him back with a lazy ‘sure’ and got up and stumbled into the kitchen, starting the kettle. You heard a jiggling at your door handle, and realized you had forgotten to unlock it again, and silently willed it to open itself from the kitchen. No such luck. You grumbled and shambled over to the front door and opened it, Sans looking at you with the usual smile on his face.

“hey tiger, how’re you – oh man, you look like shit.” he said, his face turning into an expression of concern. You let out a decidedly unsexy snort, and then mussed your hair over your face, doing a horrible vogue pose.

“What? I look amazing darling. I don’t know what you’re talking about.” You said, stepping aside to let him in. He came inside, and looked at you and quickly around the apartment.

“you sick?” he asked, and you could tell he was itching to ask about the flowers, but didn’t want to be rude.

“Allergies.” You said simply. “To uh, some of the flowers.” You picked at an imaginary piece of skin on your index finger, and he let out a heavy sigh.

“shit, i didn’t know, i’m sorry. if i had known, i wouldn’t have—“ he started, and you clapped a hand over his mouth.

“Sans, shh. Half the time I forget I have allergies until they hit me. I’m just sad I had to get rid of the flowers.” You said, and you couldn’t help but let out another loud sniffle. Sans seemed to sag a little, then removed your hand from his mouth.

“alright, lesson learned. i should probably talk to you about things you like or actually want, i guess.”

“Diamonds.” You flat-panned. “Big ol’ rocks.” Sans blinked a few times.

“uh?”

“Diamonds.” You repeated. You could see him looking moderately confused, and you gave him a small push before heading into the kitchen. “I’m joking, numbskull. Tea?” Sans visibly relaxed, and padded over to your sofa and sat down.

“yeah, please. can i have some chai?”

“Which one, ‘What’chai Doing’ or ‘Chai Can’t Believe It’s Not Better’?” you asked, looking at his little tea collection he gave you. You were trying to polish those off before you touched any of your other teas.

“hmm… ‘what’chai doing’ if you don’t mind. really like that one.” He said.

“I can tell, I’m almost out of it!” you said with a small giggle. You could hear the clunk of Sans’s
feet resting up on your coffee table.

“i’ll have to get you some more then.” He said, and you rolled your eyes as you got the mugs out.

“Sans, I have so much tea, let me finish what I have at least.” You replied, filling the mugs with the hot water from the kettle, and placing the tea inside. You stood at the counter, staring at the water a little sleepily still – the fog hadn’t quite lifted from your head.

“you watching something?” Sans asked, and you peeked your head around the corner. David Tennant was still running around on your screen.

“Oh, yeah! Just some Doctor Who. We can watch something else if you want.” You offered, learning your side against the wall.

“nah, this looks fine. what’s it about?” he asked, and you scratched the back of your head.

“Uh, it’s… complicated. But I guess the easiest way to sum it up, is it’s about a time traveler who’s an alien – and he uh, picks humans as companions to take on his adventures. It’s all sciency and stuff.”

“sciency?” Sans asked, but you heard the lilt in his voice when he got excited about something.

“Yeah! I mean, I think a lot of it is made up, but it comes off as sciency. I dunno. We can watch some if you’re up for it.”

“sure.” he said, and patted next to him on the couch. You chuckled.

“The tea is still steeping, calm down.” you said, and he got up from the couch. He came over to you, and pressed his teeth to your cheek.

“you watching something?” you asked, and he swatted your butt to shoo you out of the kitchen.

“out!” You couldn’t help but giggle a little, and plopped down onto the couch. You blew your nose into a tissue, not really caring if it was gross or not, and Sans emerged from the kitchen a few minutes later with your teas. He looked at your pile of discarded Kleenex in front of you and frowned.

“you humans sure do produce a lot of various…” he paused, thinking for the right word, “secretions.” You let out a laugh, and smacked his shoulder.

“Yeah, you produce your own special brand of ‘secretions’ I must say.” You snickered a little. You could see embarrassment flit across his face, and you leaned into him. “Not complaining. Easiest cleanup ever.” Sans shrugged a little.

“being made entirely out of magic has it’s perks, i guess.” You took your remote and went back to the first episode of the series.

“I was wondering how there was never a uh…” now it was your turn to look for a word, but you couldn’t find a good one. “A mess. You know.”

“heh, i only know because of my extensive ‘research’ if you will. like i explained before, magic is energy based so it essentially burns off. it’s not doing anything, so it just…” he opened his hands wide “poof! vanishes.”

“Wait. Wait. So you’re saying you’re literally shooting me up with magic?” you said, your face in a
state of disbelief. “Is that dangerous? Am I gonna become some sort of magical conduit? I’ve seen Ghostbusters. This ends badly.”

“were you listening?” he said, and rapped on the top of your head with his knuckles. “it burns off. goes away. it literally has nothing to do and nowhere to go.”

“Yeah, but I remember you saying humans could use magic before and –”

“—and my magic has no effect on that. listen, if it did, there’d be a lot of supercharged socks in my bedroom.” He said without thinking, and slapped a hand over his face the second it came out. You leaned back to look at him, and then burst into laughter.

“Oh my GOD Sans!” you said between fits of laughter, and he groaned. “Oh god, that visual…” You started laughing again, envisioning glowing blue socks flying around his room in some sort of horrible version of the Sorcerer’s Apprentice. You began to calm down, when you realized – he did sort of have a sock pile in the bedroom.

“having fun laughing at my misery over there?” he groused. You snickered, then kicked at him with your foot a little.

“Is that why there’s a giant pile of socks in your bedroom?” you asked. Sans blinked, and his face lit up a furious blue. “HAH! I knew it! Oh my – this is too much. Oh Sans, you adorable little thing.” You reached over for him, and he stubbornly pulled away, making generally unhappy sounds.

“hey, i’ve been frustrated for a while, okay?” he muttered under his breath. That didn’t help your giggle fit, which started all over again. His head looked up and he stared at you directly, his intentions to turn these tables. “sorry, i thought about you a lot.” Your laughter stopped almost immediately.

“Oh?” you asked, feeling slightly sheepish for laughing so much, but the vision still was too good. “Do tell.”

“well…” he said, his fingers slowly trailing up your arm, causing you to get little goosebumps. “i do know that one of my favourite words to say is your name..” he said, and his body moved a little closer to yours. You could feel your temperature spiking, and your breathing picked up. “…and i like to imagine one of your favourites is mine…”

“Yes, yes it is.” You said quietly, leaning into him fully. You didn’t care that you were in an oversized t-shirt and kitten pyjama bottoms at the moment, or that you could barely breathe through your nose.

“good to know.” he said with an impish smile. You saw his teeth do that parting thing they did, where they slid into exposing his canines, and all you could think about was jumping him. You leaned in close, trying to be sexy as possible –

And then you sneezed into his face. Directly.

“Fuck! I’m sorry!” you said, trying to wipe off the snot that peppered his face with your hands, instead of intelligently grabbing a kleenex. Sans was sitting there with his eyes wide open, flabbergasted.

“what did i say earlier about secretions?” he asked, grabbing a tissue and wiping his face off. You kept muttering sorry, and then he laughed. “hey, that one was my fault. let’s take it easy tonight, yeah?” he suggested. You nodded glumly.
“Yeah, there’s still residual pollen in here. I’m gonna be sneezing for a while.” You grumbled, and sunk into the couch.

“you know you can always stay at our place.” he offered. You smiled at him, and shrugged a little.

“I know. I just don’t like to impose.” You said, taking a sip from your tea.

“you’re never imposing, don’t get that idea.” He responded, his browbone raising. You gave a small smile and shrugged again.

“I know, it’s just how I am. I can’t help myself. But if it gets bad, I’ll come over. Sound like a plan?” you asked.

“why don’t you just stay tonight? give your sinuses a break.” He replied, rubbing your leg a little. “you know my bed is more comfortable than yours now. plus now you can stare awkwardly at my sock pile, wondering what sort of horrible secrets lie in it.”

“Magical kinds.” You said with a smirk. “Yeah, sure. I’ll stay over. I just figure we wind up… you know. For Papyrus’s sake.”

“don’t think that’ll be happening tonight.” he said, handing you a tissue as you felt a little bit of snot trailing down your nose. “listen, let’s go back to my place, and we can watch whatever you wanna watch on my tablet.”

“You have a tablet?” you asked, looking at him with a bit of surprise.

“i’m a monster, not a luddite.” He said with a roll of his eyes.

“Shut up, even I don’t have a tablet.” You said, your brows furrowing. “They’re pricey sometimes.” Sans shrugged.

“came with our phone plan. anyway – yes? no? you wanna try my idea?”

“Sure.” you said, chugging the remainder of your tea. “Let me get my clothes for work tomorrow so I can just roll out of bed.”

“you’re so classy.” He said, chuckling.

“That’s me!” you said cheerfully, getting up and heading into your bedroom. You threw some of your stuff into your satchel haphazardly, and came back out. “Alright, let’s go. Lead the way, I’m afraid I’ll get lost.”

“it’s a long and treacherous journey, are you sure you’re okay to undertake it?” he asked, getting to his feet. You laughed a little.

“With an amazing guide by my side like yourself, I think I’ll somehow make it.” you said with a lop-sided smile. The two of you headed over to his place, where Papyrus was sitting on the couch with his laptop open. As you headed in, he immediately slammed it shut. Well, you knew who he was talking to.

“hey paps.” Sans said, taking his hoodie off and hanging it on the coat rack by the door. You gave a little wave.

“HELLO SANS, HELLO FRIEND! I WAS JUST LOOKING AT… CULINARY BASED RECIPES… FOR… COOKING. YES, COOKING.”
“cool.” Sans said, and went over to the kitchen. “hey, have you seen my tablet?”

“YES, I PLACED IT BACK IN YOUR BEDROOM ON YOUR DESK, ON THE CHARGER. IT HAD NO BATTERY REMAINING ON IT.” Papyrus said, and you could heard his jaw clicking. “IT DOES NOT BELONG ON TOP OF THE TOASTER.”

“sorry, was making breakfast.” Sans offered, and Papyrus grumbled. “thanks bro.”

“OF COURSE. YOU TWO HAVE A LOVELY EVENING, I SHALL BE DOING COOKING RESEARCH. IN MY BEDROOM.” You and Papyrus exchanged a look, and you giggled a little. Sans looked at you, confused.

“I hope you have a ton of fun finding new recipes.” You said, trying to restrain your giggling. Papyrus widened his eyes, then stood up quickly, shooting you a grin.

“I SHALL. GOOD NIGHT!” he said, and vanished into his bedroom. You looked at Sans and shrugged, and went into his bedroom before he could ask any questions.

“Ahah! Here’s your tablet.” You said, picking it up off his desk. Next to it was a red, leather bound book. No, not quite a book – there was no title. A journal maybe? The wear and tear on it was extremely noticeable. “What’s this? Oooh, is this your diary?” you said, motioning to pick it up as he entered the room.

Sans crossed over to you in a flash. His hand was gripping your wrist with an almost scary ferocity.

“work stuff.” He said, practically yanking it out of your grip. “private.” He was looking at you like you had stumbled upon his treasure trove, and were trying to steal it. You looked at his hand that was still gripping your wrist. “sorry.” He released your wrist, and you rubbed at it a little.

“No problem. I wouldn’t have grabbed it if I had known it was important.” You replied casually. Ok, now you had a burning desire to know what was in that thing. But you’d respect his privacy. For now. You watched as he put it in one of his dresser drawers, and sat on his bed, stretching his legs out. Now you were curious, and were inspecting his desk. “What’s this?” you asked, picking up a complicated looking drawing.

“Oh, something alphys and I are working on. she’s actually coming back out next week to help me with it.”

“Machinery? Didn’t know you had the know-how.” You said, trying to figure which side was the right side up. Sans stood up, and walked over to you, and took the drawing out of your hand.

“This way.” he said. You looked at it, it made a little more sense now.

“What’re these, runes? Or something?” you asked, looking at the scrawling along the sides. Sans nodded.

“something like that. we can’t help being magical in our science, i guess.” he said with a small laugh. “they’re not runes you’re used to, like uh…” he thought for a moment, “nordic runes. they’re specific to us. but this one here…” he said, pointing to a circular one, with small lines drawn through it, “is related to accelerating cooling for example.”

“That’s awesome!” you said, and put it down, worried you might ruin it somehow. “What’re you guys building?” Sans looked at you, and let out a heavy sigh. He motioned with his head to the bed, and you took his hint, and crawled into it, pushing the covers back for him. He followed suit, his tablet in hand.
“so remember when i took you to waterfall?” he asked. you nodded. “well, unfortunately the underground isn’t doing so well. there’s a building in there, a machine if you will. called the core. after everyone came topside, no one was left to keep it running, and to keep the hotlands in check. so, it started to overheat.” he gave another heavy sigh, and sank back into his pillow.

“I’m at least knowledgable enough to know that overheating machinery is bad. So what happens if it gets too hot?”

“it’ll explode.” he said, itching at his face. you didn’t realize he could get itchy. “which is bad, not just for the underground, which’ll be gone if it does, but the seismic activity could be potentially catastrophic.”

“Shit.” you said, not really knowing how to respond.

“Yeah. so we’re working on a way to keep the core from overheating. i might be sparse when alphys comes into town.”

“That’s fine.” you said, giving him a kiss on the cheek. “You gotta save the world and all that, I think I can part with you for a little bit.” sans stroked at your arm lazily.

“Thanks. anyway, you wanna watch your show?” he asked, waving the tablet in his other hand. you nodded. “where did you leave off?”

“Pfft, start from the beginning.”

“why?”

“We gotta catch you up. Trust, I don’t mind watching the episodes over again. I love this show.” you said with a smile. he put the show into his search bar, and it popped up. “This one.” you said, tapping the screen.

“Alright.” he said, and you looked at his face as the intro started up with the TARDIS flying around, and the weird space music. he looked severely unimpressed. you frowned, and moved your pillow so you could snuggle into him and watch more comfortably. you sniffled a little, and he began running his fingers through your hair.

Before you knew it, you had fallen asleep.

You dreamt of exploring space with sans, and papyrus was dressed for some reason as rose. sans kept pouring ketchup on everything – food, people, aliens – and shouting “fantastic!”

You had awoken the following morning to the sounds of doctor who still playing in the background. you figured sans had fallen asleep with his tablet still running, and rolled over to see that nope – he was still up, and thoroughly enthralled by the show.

“Did you even sleep?” you asked, your voice heavy. sans looked at the tablet, then you, then the clock on his nightstand.

“Shit.”

“I’m taking that as a no.” you said with a tired chuckle, tracing his arm bones with your fingers lightly. he gave off a little shudder. “When do you work today?”
“not ‘till 2.” He said, putting the tablet aside.

“So you can still get some sleep at least.” You offered. He rolled a little to look at you.

“not that tired.” He said, watching your hand move. You looked at the clock – you had woken up almost an hour before you had needed to.

“I can fix that.” you said with a smirk, one brow raising. His eyes blinked a few times.

“heh, we’re at my place, remember?” he said in a hushed tone. “you’re not the best at keeping yourself quiet.” You raised both your brows, and gave him a positively evil grin.

“I know I’m not.” you said, and you pushed him onto his back. “But you’re pretty good at it.” He looked at you confused, and you lifted his shirt up. To make a point, you slowly drew your fingers across his lower ribs and he let out a pleasant shudder.

“i reiterate, you’re not that good at being quiet.” He said, and you could see the expression on his face changing – he had that hungry look on it, the one that made you let out a low purr. You climbed on top of him, straddling his legs. You bent your head down, and dragged your tongue obscenely across his clavicle. Immediately his hands gripped at your ass, and you let out a small giggle. “c’mon, what’re you doing?”

“Being quiet, unlike someone I know.” you breathed against his skull, and slowly kissed alongside his jawline. You could feel him growing hard beneath you, and you carefully moved yourself over his groin, and began to slowly grind into it. He let out a low groan, his hands squeezing you roughly. Your hips rolled into his, and noticed he started to move his hips back against yours. Perfect. You continued to lightly trace your fingers along his ribcage, when you decided to kick it into a higher gear. You gave him a little wink, and shimmied his pants down just enough, exposing him. You were growing accustomed to seeing his bizarre looking blue cock at this point, but it still filled you with a ridiculous amount of excitement. You sat up and rolled back, removing your pyjama pants and panties in a single deft movement.

“kitten, what’re you doing…” he asked, his breath hard. You held a finger up to his mouth.

“Shh.” You said, positioning yourself above him again. You were trying to steady your breathing, as you didn’t want to let him know how dangerously close you were to riding him, regardless of noise complaints. Lowering yourself down onto him, you let him press against your entrance and held it there, hearing a little whine come from him. Sliding back, you felt him slip against your folds instead of your entrance, and you began to move against him. The sensation of him sliding across your skin was delightful, the odd glassy feeling causing you to move back and forth a little more than you had intended to. Shit, you didn’t know if you could keep yourself from outright fucking him if you kept this up. Reaching through to his back, you carefully grabbed his spine, and began sliding your closed fist up and down it. His back arched, and he let out his pleased rumble, and his hands began to wander upwards towards your breasts.

Immediately, you grabbed both his hands and pushed them down by either side of his head. He looked at you, confused.

“I don’t keep quiet, remember?” you said, and allowed your tongue to travel the expanse of his neck. You could feel his arms fighting against yours, and you held him down without too much effort. You continued to slide against his length, getting it slick with your wetness. You grinned against his bones as he struggled, trying to slide himself into you with each movement you made. “Nuh uh. I’m gonna let go of your hands, and I want you to keep them there, okay?” you said. He looked at you and growled – literally. He was looking extremely pissed off, and you were toying with him. “Stop
bitching, just keep them there.” You sat on top of him, motionless, until he agreed. “Anyway, as I was saying…” you said, and slowly began sliding yourself down his body, until your face greeted his pelvic bone. “You keep quiet far, far better than I do.”

And with that, you wrapped your hand around his cock, and began unmercifully pumping at it as you licked at the crest of his pelvic bone. He sucked in a gasp, and you watched with delight as his hands dug into the sheets. You purred against him, your tongue exploring every nook and cranny it could find. You waited until you saw his foot give a little kick – something you picked up on as him getting a bit too much into it, and you stopped. You heard him gasping for breath, and you laughed inwardly, realizing he had been holding it.

Your tongue slowly crossed over, and did an agonizingly slow lick from the base of his shaft to the tip of his head. You could feel him restraining himself beneath you, and you plunged your mouth over it, taking his entire length in as far as you could. You began bobbing your head up and down, your tongue working expertly alongside your movements as he let out quiet grunts of pleasure. You had intended for your hands to move slowly along his body, but instead you began desperately clinging to anything you could find, your nails digging into him. This was something he apparently liked, as he began thrusting his hips into your mouth, and you greedily accepted. His hands found his way to your hair, and gripped it roughly, and he began helping you move along, bucking into your face faster. Thanking every saint above for the fact that you could breathe through your nose, you went along with him.

“f-fuck. fuck.” he said, his voice growing a little louder than he probably wanted it to. “fuck!” he cried, and you felt his body began to shiver. You dug your nails in, and pushed him down as far as he could go and worked your tongue into a frenzy. He groaned your name in ecstasy, and he gave one final violent thrust as you felt him shoot into your mouth and down your throat – hot, sticky, tasteless.

Sans was gasping for breath practically, his hand fumbling in your hair as if he was trying to pet it but was too exhausted to do so. You grinned to yourself, slowly removing him from your mouth, trying to savour the taste – but there really wasn’t much of one. You crawled beside him, snuggling against him, giving him a kiss on the cheek.

“give… give me an hour.” He said between heavy breaths. You laughed.

“I’m going to work in an hour. That was for you.” you said, your fingers lazily tracing his ribcage through his shirt. “Besides, I’m a loudmouth, remember? Go to sleep, stupid.”

“mmm.” Was all he said, and he rolled over onto his side, his arm wrapping around you and pulling you close. You looked at the clock – that had taken significantly less time than you expected. You could snooze for a little extra time, you figured. You snuggled back into him, and listened to his breathing even out until you figured he fell asleep. Your eyes fluttered a little, and you drifted back off to sleep as well.

Your alarm went off sooner than you had wanted it to, and your slumbering skeleton grumbled at the sound of your phone alerting you to wake up. You carefully removed his arm from yourself, and carefully climbed out of bed. Luckily you didn’t wake him up, and you started digging through your things to get dressed. His dresser was only a few feet away, and you eyed it – extremely tempted to look through his journal. But at the same time, his reaction last night was serious, and his grip had actually hurt you a little. You sighed, and pulled your pants on, figuring not only was he entitled to his privacy, but you weren’t brave enough to try and rifle through that drawer anyway.

You wondered if you should just leave your things at his house, and paused for a moment. He wouldn’t mind, would he? I mean, you literally lived across the way, and it would give you an
excuse to see him later. You folded your pyjamas and put them on top of his dresser, and took headed out.

Damn. You hadn’t thought out your plan particularly well, because you were horny as hell. Your jeans felt extremely tight and constricting. Chafey. You didn’t even think ‘chafey’ was a word, but you were making it one today, because every step was an aching reminder that you were so close to what you wanted, but you didn’t take it.

Damnit, Papyrus.

You got to work a lot faster than you intended to, and waited outside the door for Peter. At least it was still chilly out, that was helping you quite a bit. You tapped your phone grumpily as you leaned against the door frame, hoping he would show up soon. About ten minutes later, you saw him round the corner.

“Hey! You’re here early.” He remarked, coming up to you and giving you a pat on the shoulder. “What’s the occasion?”

“Got a lot of sleep.” You said, wiping at your nose. “Allergies. Been taking the good shit since yesterday.”

“Aw, jeez. That’s no good.” He remarked, and unlocked the door so you both could enter. You went inside, pleased to have things to distract you that were thankfully not Sans-related. You went into the back and dropped off your lunch in the mini-fridge, grabbing your apron and went back up to the front. Peter came back from the manager’s office and handed you your money for your till. “Didn’t even know you had allergies, to be honest.”

“I normally don’t.” you said, zipping open your pouch and beginning your till count. “But I had a lot of flowers in my house that unfortunately triggered it.”

“Oh? They from the new boyfriend?” he asked with a grin. You gave an awkward smile and nodded.

“Yeah, he didn’t know though. Lesson learned, am I right?”

“Heh, yeah. But hey, at least he’s a good enough guy to get you flowers, right?” he said. You nodded again. “Sounds like you had a good Valentine’s Day for a change then.”

“Yeah! It was great, actually. Took me on very romantic date.” You said, trying to keep it vague.

“Does your boyfriend mind you hanging around with your neighbors so much?” Peter asked, as he flipped through some paperwork. You inwardly groaned.

“Not at all. He’s actually best friends with one of them, so close you could even consider them brothers.” You said tersely. “I think he likes them quite a bit.” Peter made a clucking noise with his tongue, shaking his head at his papers, but didn’t add anything to that.

“Well, whatever. Anyway, shipment is coming in about two days, and I’m looking at possibly changing distributors if it’s late… again.” He said, grumbling loudly. You noticed he had been having some problems with getting stock in on time, which was hardly acceptable. “I might be running behind today, gotta meet with some vendors to boot.” You shrugged a little.

“I think I can manage to hold the fort down.” you said, tying the back of your apron in a bow. “Speaking of which, you gonna hire anyone else anytime soon?”
“Wasn’t planning on it, why?” he asked, his voice curious.

“I kinda wanna visit the folks sometime soon, and that’s not really a day trip.” You said, hoping he’d get the idea. He let out a little snort of laughter.

“I’ll just pull the wife in. She’ll love it.” he said sarcastically. “Just let me know two weeks in advance, alright? Need to plan for that sort of thing.”

“So I can have it off?” you asked, hopeful.

“Depends on the dates, but we might be able to manage something.” You clapped your hands together with excitement.

“Awesome, thank you!” you said, giving him a quick hug. He chuckled a little, half-shoving you off. You tied your apron on, and took your phone out after you finished your morning count. You texted your mom immediately.

y/m: Hey mom! <3

y: I can come visit, I just need 2 weeks notice! When do you want me to come out?

m: that’s great!!

m: let me talk to your dad real quick.

m: how about Easter?

y: Let me clear it with my boss, but yeah! I miss your ham.

m: lol I’d hope you miss your mom more than her ham. but okay! Lolol

Your mom threw in a ton of emojis as she always did – you never really got into that, but she got to a point where she’d sometimes communicate exclusively through them. You turned to Peter, hoping to get a quick clearance on the dates.

“So uh, can I take Easter off?” you asked. He faced you, looking mildly surprised.

“You already know when you need off? That was quick.”

“My mom’s in another timezone, it’s easy to get a response from her in the morning.” You said, shrugging a shoulder. “Well?” Peter rubbed his chin in thought.

“When is it this year?” he asked, nodding towards your phone. You got the hint, and opened up your calendar.

“Looks like the beginning of April. So? Yes? Can I? Please?” Peter rubbed the back of his neck and gave a nod.

“Yeah, that’s way more than 2 weeks notice. Plus we don’t have plans, so it should work. Kids are getting too old for the Easter Bunny anyway.”

“Thanks!” you said, excited. You went to text your mom and saw she had already messaged you.
m: and bring your new boyfriend! your bff let it slip that you have one.

m: can’t believe you didn’t tell your mother!

Shit.

y: Sorry mom! It’s just recent we started dating. I dunno if he’ll want to visit, he might have plans.

m: _______, it’s February. I doubt it.

y: WE just made plans!

m: yes but we’re very efficient.

“You gonna work today?” Peter asked, looking up from his clipboard. You looked at him, embarrassed.

“Sorry, my mom’s texting me.” you said, sliding your phone into your pocket. You could feel it buzzing, knowing she was still sending you messages. Shitfuckdamn.

“S’fine. Alright, I’m gonna take off here in a minute. You need anything before I go?”

“Nah. I’m good. I’ll see you at 5?”

“Yeah, see you at 5.” He said, wrapped up in his thoughts. He headed out, giving a half wave as he exited. You immediately whipped your phone out.

m: seriously sweetie. it’s important to me. i would like to meet him.

m: are you there?

m: don’t ignore me!

And then, a message from your dad.

d/y: I have been informed by your mother that you’re dating someone. Please bring him when you visit so she’ll shut up.

d: Love you.
You groaned. Why did she tell your dad too? Damnit!

y/m: I’M AT WORK LOVE YOU

y/d: I make no promises, you can hold fast Commander. Love you too.

You put your phone away, grumbling to yourself. Your friends were accepting of Sans and Papyrus, but your parents? Your parents were an entirely different ballgame. You knew exactly how your mother felt about monsters, and it was not pleasant. Your dad, while indifferent, would likely not be thrilled. Fuck! You had been worried about strangers on the street and all that bullshit, but you never took into consideration your parents.

And good god, you had just started dating Sans. Did you really want to subject him to your family after 4 months? You let out a heavy sigh, and figured well shit – it’ll technically be 7 months you’d known him by that point. You felt like drinking, heavily. And here you were, in the middle of a wine shop, unable to partake in the delicious numbing alcohol that surrounded you while you were working. You gritted your teeth, and figured you’d just work, and deal with it all later.

The day was surprisingly busy, which pleased you. Everything was passing by pretty quickly, and you looked up at the clock to see it was actually time for your lunch. You were walking up to the door to put up the “Be Back!” sign, when you saw a familiar bony face. Sans waved to you from across the street, and did a little half jog over.

“Hey!” you exclaimed, opening up the door for him.

“hey.” He said, giving you a peck to the cheek best he could. “thought i’d join you for lunch today.”

“Did you text me? I missed it. Also, it’s Tuesday?” you said, frowning a little. He shrugged.

“i have an hour before work, figured i’d join ya.” He said, but something seemed off. You let him in, locking the door behind you and flipping the sign.

“Well, it’s a nice surprise.” you said, smiling a little. “I just have some leftover pizza I was gonna heat up.”

“yeah?” he said, his voice going a pitch too high. Was he nervous about something? “sounds delicious.”

“Gourmet, almost. C’mon to the back.” you said, motioning him to follow you. He was looking around, mostly at the ceiling. Weird. You got to the back, and he scanned the room like he had never seen it before. “You okay?”

“yeah, fine. was just making sure.” he said, and then stared at you directly.

“Making sure what?” you asked, and he crossed to you quickly, pinning you up against one of the wine racks.

“making sure there wasn’t a camera somewhere.” He said, breathing up against your ear. You couldn’t help but shiver.
“Sans...” you began, but he waved his finger at you.

“ah ah ah.” he said, his bony hand coming up between your legs. “good god, i have to pay you back for this morning...” he said, trailing off. You squirmed a little, and he began rubbing at you through your clothing. Oh jeez, you wanted this, but you were at work! You weren’t sure if you could do this. “i told you to wait an hour, now you’re gonna—“

“My parents want to meet you!” you blurted out, completely shattering the moment. He pulled back from you, studying your face.

“what?”

“My parents!” You said, trying to control your breathing. “They wanna meet you! At Easter. For a visit. Out of town.” Sans stood there for a moment, obviously trying to comprehend what just happened. “You don’t have to. I mean, you know.”

You watched a series of emotions flit across his face – confusion, arousal, defeat. He withdraw his hands from you and crossed them.

“your parents.”

“Yeah.”

“they wanna meet me?”

“Well, they wanna meet my boyfriend. I sorta didn’t tell them about you. Or that you’re a monster. I guess.”

“how’d they find out then?” Sans asked, looking irritated. You couldn’t tell if it was because you interrupted his plans, or because you were telling people about the two of you.

“Jackie, apparently. She talks to my mom as much as I do, I think to make sure reassure her I’m not dead. I’m kinda bad at picking up the phone sometimes.” You said, hoping that would explain it. Sans let out a small sigh, and rubbed at his skull, his hand making a scraping noise as it brushed across it.

“if you think it’s a good idea, i’m fine with it.” he finally said with a simple shrug. He sat down at the break table, resting his elbows up on it and propping his face in his hands. “i’d be kinda a jerk if i said no.”

“You can say no, you know. It’s been two months dude, I won’t be upset.” You said, and grabbed your pizza from the fridge. Sans let out a snort.

“let me think about it. how much time do i have?” he asked.

“We weren’t planning on a visit until April, around Easter.” You said, popping the pizza in the microwave. “I’ll probably buy tickets in a couple of weeks here.”

“where do your folks live?” Sans asked, his browbones raising a little.

“Colorado. Ever been there?”

“can’t say that i have.” He responded, rubbing at his chin. “well, get back to me on it, i guess.” He was tapping his foot incessantly. You pulled your pizza out after it heated and sat down across from him, his foot still tapping.
“What?” you asked, a mouth full of pizza and motioning to his foot. He glanced down at it and back to you. “You irritated with something?”

“i come to you on your lunch break with wicked intentions, and you bring up your parents.” He responded, his voice thick with annoyance. “i don’t know if that’s a human thing or what, but i’m guessing not.”

“Youh made me neruhvus!” you responded, your mouth full of pizza. “I work here!”

“s’fair.” He said, and then chuckled. “you just kinda left me in a tizzy this morning. wanted to get back at you.”

“You know, you’re allowed to get off without me getting off as well.” you said, rolling your eyes. Sans watched your face for a moment, as if there was a punchline coming. “I’m serious. Consider impromptu blowjobs a one way street.”

“Well that’s hardly fair.” He replied, sinking his chin back into his hands. “What about what i want?”

“We can’t all be winners.” You said with a grin. He let out a small laugh, and you giggled. “Y’know, if I had known we’d be fucking like rabbits, I’d have admitted I liked you a lot sooner.” You smirked, and took a huge bite out of your pizza. Sans froze for a moment, then relaxed.

“heh. yeah. rabbits. well, i can’t help it when i have an attractive woman at my disposal. would you prefer i tone it down?” Sans looked at you, his face sincere.

“What? No. To be honest I uh…” you blushed a little, scratching the tip of your nose. “I kinda like it. A lot. I’ve always been the one instigating or pursuing. And no one’s been particularly…” you took a moment, trying to think of the right word. “… forward?”

“forward?”

“Well. You know. When you practically threaten me. It’s a good threaten. I guess? I mean…” you fumbled for your thoughts for a moment. “I mean, you know I’m cool with it, and uh..”

“You like me playing the monster.” He said, cutting you off. You looked at him, biting your lip. Did you just insult him?

“kinda.” You offered, shrugging and making yourself as small as you could. Sans laughed.

“hey, it’s fine. i’ll let you in on a secret.” He said, and leaned in towards you, his voice low. “i am a monster. and i definitely love playing the part with you.” He leaned back, looking very proud of himself for his comment. And why not? Your heart was racing at just his words.

“Well. Good. Yes. Anyway.” You stuttered, shoving the rest of the pizza in your mouth. His shoulders were shaking with a quiet chuckle.

“You’re adorable, you know that? you’re a pizza work.” He said with a grin. You groaned, but laughed still.

“I left myself open for that one. Don’t you have work to get to or something?” Sans shrugged.

“meh, not for a little bit. you in a hurry to get rid of me?” he asked with a lopsided grin. You smacked at his arm.

“Shut up. So, uh, I’m guessing there’s no cameras back here?” you said. He grinned even more.
“nope. which, on a safety level is pretty damned awful. but for me, it’s pretty good.” He said, shrugging a little. You chuckled.

“Maybe when I don’t feel like I’m going to get caught in the act, we can uh, explore that avenue.” You offered, and his browbone twitched.

“noted and filed.” He said, and leaned back in his chair. “anyway, alphys is coming back into town tomorrow, so i’m not gonna be around much. gonna be long nights, yadda yadda.”

“Oh yeah? How long you gonna be?” you asked. He tapped the table as he thought about it.

“at least a week. papyrus already knows about it.”

“I’ll take good care of him.” You said, smiling. He smiled back, and he reached out to rub your hand with his. It was cool, smooth. You were slowly getting used to his touch, instead of being physically jarred by it every time he came into contact with you.

“thanks. i know he can take care of himself, but he gets lonely sometimes.”

“Pfft, he has Kyle. And Raul. And shit, Larry.” You chuckled. “I think he’s fine, but I can’t say no to spaghetti nights. Especially when he’s making eggplant parm with it this week.”

“i’m jealous. i’ll probably be eating protein bars and drinking shitty energy drinks.” Sans said, giving a joyless chuckle.

“I can always bring you actual edible food, you know.” you offered, tossing your paper plate in the nearby trash. Sans shook his head, frowning a little.

“we’re gonna be a ways away, we gotta work mostly underground. so you can’t really visit, y’know?”

“Oh.” You said. You thought for a second. “So I know humans don’t know you teleport, but what about the other monsters? Do you all know each other’s magic and stuff?”

“no.” Sans said, itching at his arm. “only a select few know i can teleport around. makes life less complicated.”

“But everyone has magic, right?”

“yeah, but not everyone uses it openly. think of it like a hidden talent, i guess. i can do more than teleport and switch gravity anyway.”

“Oh yeah? That’s cool – what can you do?” you said, then retracted. “I mean, if you want to tell me.” Sans gave you a comforting smile.

“nah, this isn’t a big deal. papyrus and i can both do this.” Sans held his hand palm up, and from it spurted a short, thick bone. You let out an audible gasp, and your eyes widened in surprise. “kinda makes sense, being skeletons and all, right?” The bone floated there above his palm, and you refrained from touching it – although you really wanted to. He watched your eyes for a moment, then snatched it from above his hand. “here, take a look.” He handed it to you, and you gingerly took it from his hands.

“Whoa.” You said, and you examined it, fascinated. “So you can make these whenever?”

“yeah, basically. they’re easy to do.” He said, shrugging. “it’s like uh… i just think about it i guess.
the energy expenditure is extremely low.”

“Oh, so this uses your magic? So if I wanted you to recreate the Iron Throne out of bones, it’d be too much?” Sans started laughing, getting the reference.

“nah, that’d be pretty easy actually. every monster is equipped with a method to defend themselves., this is mine and paps. any additional magic that manifests is random.”

“Thanks Professor Sans.” You said, clicking your tongue. “You know, you’re cute when you’re all sciency or explainy.” Sans laughed, his face dusting a quick blue.

“sorry, i’m used to people understanding this. i won’t lie, i enjoy telling someone else about it.”

“Well shit, I can’t conjure magical bones or teleport myself to France like some people in this room. It’s pretty goddamned awesome.” You said, snickering. You were holding the bone out to see it’s weight, when it vanished. “The hell?” Sans started chuckling.

“i can also make them disappear. neat, huh?”

“It beats balloon animals.” You said, still looking at your empty hands. You looked up at him. “Please tell me no one uses balloon animals.”

“not that i know of. but i don’t know everything.” He said with a shrug. You sat there for a moment staring at nothing as you thought, then spoke up.

“I can touch my nose with my tongue.” You said.

“huh?”

“Look!” You stuck your tongue out, barely touching the tip. Sans was staring at you like you were crazy. “Hey, we’re sharing our talents, right? I can also do this!” You patted your head and rubbed your stomach at the same time. Sans stared for another moment then started laughing. “It’s not fair, humans are boring in comparison. Half our stories and movies are about normal boring humans gaining fantastic magical powers.”

“this crap is normal for me, though.” Sans said, shrugging. “i think it’s cute you find it so amazing, to be honest. everyone underground can manifest some sort of magic.”

“Can all of them conjure dicks?” you asked, smirking. Sans’s head snapped back straight, and he flushed a bright shade of blue.

“w-well, no. and i don’t just ‘conjure’ a dick, if you must know.” he said, grumbling. You leaned in forward, folding your hands under your chin, looking extremely interested.

“Do tell!” you said, grinning. Sans was looking around the room like he needed an escape.

“don’t you have to go back to work?” he asked. You looked at the clock.

“Ah shit, I do. God damnit, you wily bastard. I demand an answer for this when you come home.”

Sans and you looked at one another for a moment, quietly realizing what you had essentially said. You began turning red, but a slow smile was spreading across Sans’s face.

“yeah, i’ll try and explain then. assuming i remember.” He said, winking. He stood up from the table, and straightened his jacket. “off to the salt mines.”
“Good luck. Remember to run if you hear the canary singing. Or Mrs. Crumplebottom’s screeching.” You said, and Sans laughed at that.

“truly good survival advice. i’ll see you later, tiger.” You stood up, and crossed to him, and gave him a kiss on the cheek. He smiled a little, and nuzzled against your own cheek with his. “have a good one.”

“Later handsome.” You said, and were about to ask if he was coming over tonight, but you think you already knew the answer. You smiled to yourself as he exited the shop, and went back to work with a happy hum.

Sans never did explain to you about his magical conjuring dick that night, but you definitely got to see a lot of it. As you drifted off to sleep, you dreamt of a city made of bones, with Sans conducting a silent symphony, creating the buildings as he saw fit. You wandered, marveling at the various structures until you came into large courtyard, and in the center was something so horrific, so devoid of warmth that your literally could not comprehend it. You awoke with a jolt, a cold sweat covering your body. Next to you lay a gently sleeping skeleton, and you wondered for a moment if the abomination was something he made.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is going to be a little fluffy, with some GLIMMERS OF PLOT in there. We’re slowly working that in, I promise!

In the meantime, enjoy that filthy, delicious sinning. Sorry if the end feels weak, but I’ve been sitting on this for way too long!

Also, take a looksie at all this awesome fanart! Do keep in mind some of it (now! :D) is NSFW. Kinda like this fic. Oooooh snap!

Also: HOLY FUCKING SHIT SO MANY KUDOS! And 10k hits on this thing? What's wrong with you people!? I LOVE YOU. <3
Sans hadn’t been kidding about it being a week or so that he’d be gone. You enjoyed the eggplant parm that Papyrus had made, but the meal still felt… empty without Sans there. You tried to hit Jackie up for some company, but she was bogged down with work – not to mention the side project of getting Undyne and Alphys a home in the city. You tried to settle into your old routines – endlessly browsing the internet, and watching a crapton of Netflix; but no matter what you did, you kept finding your mind drifting to Sans.

Worse, was your texts were going unanswered. You figured it made sense - he was likely however many miles underground, however far away. You doubted cell phone towers were a thing in the Underground. You went to bed feeling cold and alone, something you never thought you’d experience. Sans had only been a part of your life for a short while, but he felt like a solid part of it regardless. Chalking it up to the ‘honeymoon phase’ you decided to distract yourself from all the mopey bullshit with a brisk walk one evening. You hadn’t had a steak in a while, and it was $5 steak night down at Flamingo’s.

The weather had gone from a frigid air to a tolerable cold thankfully. A light sweater was all you felt you needed as you headed out, and began your walk. You remembered doing this before, going for late night strolls – your neighborhood was thankfully fairly safe, but you also had no qualms carrying a giant thing of mace with you just in case. And $5 steak night turned out to be just as satisfying as it sounded – it was $5. It was a steak. These things are both compatible and not compatible at the same time, but either way you walked away feeling full and happy.

Deciding that you weren’t ready to go home yet, you instead went to Vin’s – you hadn’t been there in a while. A drink sounded good, and you missed Jason. You popped in, and were greeted by an enthusiastic Jason, right on key.

“Hey! How’ve you been stranger?” he asked as you saddled up to the bar.

“Pretty good!” you said, sliding onto your stool. “What’s new?”

“Same ol’ same ol.” He said, cleaning a glass. “Same shit, different day. Where you been? I haven’t seen you and Wonder Woman for a while. I thought maybe you had moved, or died. Or moved and died.”

“Busy.” You said, grabbing the menu from the table. “Why am I even looking at this? You know what I like.”

“One Lemon Drop coming up.” he said, and went off to mix your drink. You drummed your fingers against the wooden counter, and took your phone out.
y/j: Hey bestie! <3

y: I’m at Vin’s, you free?

j: L No, sorry babe. I’m out with Kyle right now. You wanna meet up on Tuesday?

y: Yeah! Sounds good. Been kinda lonesome. No bestie, no boyfriend.

j: Pull out Tropic Thunder, you won’t miss him for long.

y: LOLOL FUCK YOU

j: Love you! See you Tuesday :P Say hi to Jason for me if he’s there!

You gave a small frown, you had been hoping to see Jackie. Not that Jason wasn’t a good filler for the evening, but it was hard to have ‘girl talk’ with him. You sent Sans another text – it wouldn’t seem needy, would it? You had five unanswered texts, but you figured he was either reading them and couldn’t get back to you, or really had zero coverage.

y/s: Having a drink right now. Missing my skelebuddy.

You looked up and your drink was there in front of you. You went to reach into your purse to give Jason your card when he held his hand up.

“Nah, it’s from your friend over there.” He said, thumbing over to your left. You turned your head and saw him sitting there: Will. Your eyes immediately narrowed, and you practically hissed.

“Hey.” He said weakly, his smile looking like it was about to crumble. He motioned to the seat next to you. “May I?”

You most certainly cannot, you thought to yourself. Instead you said:

“Yeah, sure. Whatever.” Will smiled a little more, and slid onto the seat next to you. You looked begrudgingly at your drink, and gripped it like a weapon at the stem. “Thanks for the drink.”

“Of course. How have you been?” he asked politely. Your mind was swimming with responses, none of them kind. You gave him a quick glance, and saw he still looked like absolute shit. Did he look worse? He actually looked worse.

“Fine, I guess. You still look pretty awful.” you said, sipping from your drink. Will placed his elbows onto the counter, and leaned his head into his hands.

“Look, shit. I’m gonna get it out now, because I don’t know when you’ll ever talk to me again. But…” he started, his tone wavering, “…I don’t ever expect you to forgive me.” You snorted in response, so he continued. “Fuck, I don’t forgive me. What I did was absolutely reprehensible.” He raked his hand through his hair, and finally looked at you. His face was thinner, you thought. Gaunt, would be the appropriate adjective. “I just want you to know that I never would have… not in a
million years. Fuck.”

“Seemed like that’s where it was going.” You replied, turning your head to look away from him and take another sip of your drink. He looked terrible, and looking at him wasn’t helping you steel your resolve against him. It wasn’t because you still held a torch for him, but regardless, you had been friends for so many years.

“I swear to god, it wasn’t. Listen to me. I –” he exclaimed, and reached out to put a hand on you. You recoiled from him, like his touch was pure poison. His hand stopped, and his fingers curled into his palm in defeat as he put his arm back down. “I never wanted to hurt you. I never wanted you to ever feel like this about me. I was drunk, I didn’t –“

“Let me stop you right there.” You said, still looking straight ahead of yourself. “Drunken isn’t an excuse. It really isn’t. And both you and I are smart enough to know that.” He fell silent, and didn’t say anything for a few moments.

“No, it’s not. But you have to believe me, I would have understood the situation better if I was sober. I really would have.”

“Whatever, Will.” you grumbled, not wanting to hear much more. Will sat again in silence, and you finally spoke up. “If you didn’t want to hurt me, why did you say such… horrible shit?” you asked. You bit back the sting of tears that were threatening to flood your eyes, and turned to face him.

“What do you mean, horrible shit?” he asked.

“What, sloppy seconds? You can discard me whenever you want or some shit? C’mon Will, own up to that crap.” you said, your voice laced with venom.

“I never fucking said that!” Will exclaimed, throwing his hands in the air. “Who the fuck told you THAT?”

“It doesn’t matter.” You replied. He looked absolutely livid.

“No, I want to know. I’ll own up to the shit I did, but I never said you were sloppy goddamned seconds. I never said a fucking unkind word about you.” He was looking almost manic, and you backed yourself away a little. Will could get excited about things, but you rarely saw him angry about things.

“Fine. Sans. Thai restaurant ring a bell? I’m glad you think you can just use me and toss me aside, I guess that’s always been your M.O.”

“The fuck? Are you trying to tell me that dipshit little skeleton told you that?” he said, and he started laughing – but it was a joyless one. “And you’d believe his ass over me? Your friend of how many years now?”

“That’s irrelevant, Will. My friend of 8 years tried to goddamn rape me.” you almost shouted.

Jason’s head snapped towards the two of you, and you reluctantly lowered your voice. Will seemed to shrink back into himself, and he let out a heavy sigh.

“I told you, I’d never do that. Ever. Not in a million years. I would have stopped, I would have –“

“No! Just shut the fuck up!” you cried, slamming your drink down. “I don’t want to hear it.”

“That monstrous little asshole is filling your head with lies, and I know you’re smarter than that to
believe him. We were fine before he entered the goddamned picture, and you know it. I warned you, I told you he was dangerous!”

“Hey, is everything okay?” Jason asked, walking up to the two of you.

“It’s fine. Thanks for the drink Jason, it was delicious as usual.” You said, finishing your drink off. “Unfortunately I’m just not feeling the atmosphere tonight. Have a good one.” You put your purse over your shoulder and stormed out. You had made it to the end of the block when you heard your name being shouted, and you whipped around to see Will running after you. He stopped right in front of you, out of breath.

“Seriously? What more do you want from me? You’re so freaking lucky that I—“

“__, I LOVE you.” Will exclaimed, his face contorted into one of absolute torment. You stared at him, speechless. Those were the words you wanted to hear for so long, your heart skipped a beat even though you willed it not to. You stood in silence, looking at him – he resembled a broken man, and in the end, you had absolutely nothing to give him back.

“I’m sorry.” was all you said, with a sad smile. He stared at you, looking like there was more to be said – but there wasn’t. You turned on your heel, and continued walking home. You heard what you thought might have been a sob, but it was too late.

You had moved on.

Texting Sans “I talked to Will” probably wasn’t one of your smarter moves. The lack of response confirmed to you that he definitely had no coverage. You literally had left it at that, and about five days later you heard a furious knocking on your door. You got up, trying to make yourself look presentable and answered it.

It was Sans.

“Hey!” you said excitedly, genuinely thrilled to see your skeletal boyfriend. You opened your arms and embraced him, giving him small kisses on his head. “You officially back?” Sans didn’t return the embrace like you expected, his body tense.

“yeah, hey, you alright?” he asked, and you pulled back to look at his face. His eyes were searching yours.

“Yeah, I’m fine – why?” you asked.

“i got a text from you, then I didn’t hear anything else, and it just… i got concerned.” He said, rubbing the back of his neck a little. You thought for a moment, then groaned.

“Sorry, about Will?”

“yeah.”

“No, it’s fine. He uh…” you paused for a moment. You didn’t want to disclose his admission of love. Even though you wanted to be honest with Sans, you didn’t think that it would help. But more
importantly, despite all the shit you went through with Will, you still cared enough not to completely destroy him as a person. “…he tried to apologize to me. Bought me a drink, tried to explain stuff.” Sans’s smiled etched into a deep frown.

“you went out for drinks with him?” he asked. You held your hands up and shook your head.

“No! No, no, no. I went to Vin’s, and he just happened to be there. Good god, I wouldn’t willingly meet up with that asshat.” Sans let out a small sigh of relief.

“good. i was worried. it’s just –“ he started, but you cut him off, your mind racing.

“So uh, question. What you said before, about what Will told you that one night at the Thai place.. that was true, right?”

You don’t think you had ever seen Sans look so offended. “yeah? why, do you think i’d lie to you?” The two of you stood in your doorway, and you groaned.

“Listen, I haven’t seen you in a week and a half. Can you come in? Can I just cuddle you before we have some sort of deep conversation? I missed the shit out of you.” you pleaded. Sans frowned, but gave a small nod.

“yeah, that’s fine. i’ve missed you too.” He said, coming into your apartment. You gave a small smile, and motioned towards the kitchen.

“tea?” you asked. He shook his head

“no, just laying down with you right now sounds like all i need.” He said. You walked around to the couch and he followed, laying down and pulling you to him.

“I wanna hear all about your week.” You said, giving him a kiss on his cheek. “Did you save the world and all that?” Sans let out another sigh.

“kinda. alphys and i were able to come up with a temporary solution,” he said, his face nuzzling into your neck, “but i don’t think it’s gonna last long. looking at just the structural damage done to it i.. this is gonna be one hell of a project.” You slowly began stroking his arm, listening to his words.

“You poor thing. How did you fix it in the meantime?” you asked.

“maaaaagic.” He responded, and gave a half-assed jazz hands.

“No seriously, I’m curious!”

“really?” he asked, his head turning to look at you. You nodded. “well, for starters we had to repair a shitload of stuff. alphys is great at creating things, but mechanical repair, not so much. luckily she’s got me.” he said, jabbing a thumb into his chest. “she basically worked on that blueprint you saw, and i got to go around fixing a majority of the crap that either started to melt, overheated, or just flat out stopped working.”

“Good god, that sounds tiresome.” You said, rubbing at his shoulders. There was nothing to massage, but you knew he generally enjoyed your touch. A happy murmur came from him as you did it, and you gave off a little smile.

“it was. i gotta say, i’m always impressed with her creativity. she was able to keep the primary machine from overheating – the one that regulates the building’s entire temperature. that was the main focus. but now we gotta figure out how to cool down the hotlands.”
“Not to sound obvious, but isn’t the point of somewhere called Hotlands to be hot?” you asked.

“normally, yeah. it’s fine. we used to have a machine that produced ice, and had someone to chuck it into the wa—” Sans paused. He suddenly slapped a hand over his face. “fuck me, are you serious?”

“What?” you asked, your hands stopping their work. He was letting out a huge groan, and you tilted your head to look at him better. “What’s wrong?” He suddenly let out a laugh, and broke into a huge grin.

“you ever work so hard at something that you just make it more complicated? alphys and i were so fixated on making some big ass complicated solution, that we forgot how goddamned simple it was before.” He said, his laughter ringing out. “i mean, fixing the core itself is a pain in the ass, and that part is obviously harder – but just saying all that out loud… we can just turn the stupid assed machine back on and build a freaking robot to chuck the ice in.” His laughter continued, then finally died down.

“Sounds like I’m on my way to becoming a scientist.” You said, chuckling. He pinched your side, causing you to giggle.

“i can’t have you be smarter than me, it’s all i got going for me.” he said, continuing to pinch you more so you couldn’t help but start laughing. He looked at you, and his grin melted into a gentle smile. “i really missed you, y’know.”

“I missed you too.” You said, giving him a kiss on the cheek. “Won’t lie, I was surprised how much I did. I’ve been living on my own for a while, but you’re over here all the damned time and you won’t leave.”

“heh, wormed my way into your heart, your pants and your house. i feel like i deserve a trophy.”

“Surprise! The trophy is me!” you said, opening your palms in fake excitement.

“does this make you my trophy wife?” he asked with a smirk. You felt your ears heating, but chuckled instead.

“Dahling,” you responded in a terrible posh accent, “I’ll love you as long as you’re rich.”

“well, i’m fucked.” He said, and wrapped his arms around you and squeezed. You snuggled into him, resting your head onto his chest. You couldn’t get over how comfortable he felt – he was just bones, but it felt like you were laying on an actual person. There was an itching desire to know why that was, but at the moment, you just wanted to enjoy his presence. Even though you weren’t tired, your eyes began to flutter; you felt a comfort in just being near him. You felt his hands running through your hair, and you realized that weird empty feeling you had for the past few days was gone.

“Do you work tomorrow?” you asked. He let out a grunt.

“been working all damn week. and they put me on extra days this week. but to answer your question, yeah.” he responded. You blinked a few times.

“You’ve been working all week?” you asked. He nodded.

“yeah, i’d just come up for my shift then go back.”

“And you didn’t come see me?” you groused. He opened his mouth as if to say something, then snapped it shut. You waited, and he finally spoke up.
“i uh, was burning the candle on both ends. no offense, but you’re a little distracting.” He said sheepishly. You grumbled your discontent, and he gave you a squeeze. “aw c’mon, don’t be like that. next time the underground is threatened with obliteration, i’ll hang out with you instead.”

“You better.” You said, and you both chuckled a little. “Have you slept at all?”

“not really.” He said, and you pushed yourself up to look directly at him.

“Ugh, let’s get you to bed then!” you said, and began to get up. He pulled you back down to him.

“i just got home, and i finally get to see you.” he whined, “can we just hang out?”

“I’m pulling rank. March your ass to bed. Whichever one, I’ll go with you.”

“but it’s only seven.”

“Bitch, I said get your ass to bed!” you exclaimed, rolling over him and off the couch. You stood up, and held your hand out – which he begrudgingly took. Getting up, he dragged himself to your bed and slinked into it.

“you’re lucky i’m so tired.” He grumbled, nestling into the covers. “i’d either give you a hard time about this, or a good time.” You laughed.

“We have plenty of time for that later. But since you gotta work tomorrow, I’d rather you be well rested. What do you want for breakfast?”

“you feeding me too?” he asked.

“No, I’m just asking for scientific research. Yeah, I’m feeding you, numbskull.” You said, rolling your eyes. You took your top off and threw on your pyjama top, and you could feel his eyes crawling over you as you changed. He had been gone for a week and a half, and you had not only missed his company, but you had missed the now-regular sex. Would it be asking too much for a quickie?

“dunno, whatever you got.” He said, as you took your pants off. You restrained from smirking at his expression – both exhausted and aroused. Instead of putting on your flannel bottoms like you usually did, you simply crawled into bed with him.

“I can arrange that.” you said, and snuggled in close to him. He let out a happy rumble as you came into contact with him, and you unconsciously licked your lips. You were about to start teasing him when you looked at his face. He had officially passed out already. Good lord, he wasn’t joking about not sleeping.

You planted a kiss on his forehead, nestled into his body, and laid there for a while. Sleep didn’t come quick – you weren’t tired. But you felt happy just cuddling with him, knowing that the only place he had to go to was work. Your last thought before you finally fell asleep was wondering if he had already seen Papyrus.

You dreamt of legions of weird looking robots chucking ice into your apartment, until it all melted, and you near drowned.
Sans and Papyrus were fairly familiar with human customs at this point, but just because they were aware of them didn’t mean they partook in them. You were walking with them to the coffee shop after work one evening when you filled them in on the latest upcoming holiday – St. Patrick’s.

“NYEHHH… I’M NOT SO SURE” Papyrus muttered, “YOU KNOW MY FEELINGS ON SPIRITS.”

“I know, I know. But everyone’s gonna be drinking, and it’s just one big party! C’mon Papyrus, it’ll be fun.” You said, and you hooked your arm through his. “I haven’t seen you drunk since last year!”

“THIS IS A THING THAT I AM FINE WITH.” He said, escorting you around a puddle. “I KNOW YOU AND MY BROTHER HAVE A TERRIBLE TRACK RECORD.”

“hey now.” Sans said with a grumble, “we’ve drank together and had a great time before.”

“LA LA LA I CAN’T HEAR YOU.” Papyrus said, trying to cover his ears and slightly lifting you off your feet, causing you to stumble. He helped you regain your balance, and you all continued onwards.

“C’mon Papyrus. We’ll get a driver and everything. And we’ll stick together, and there will be zero drama, I promise! It’ll be a good, happy group of people.”

“NYEHHHHH….” He continued to hem and haw, seemingly considering it.

“it’d be cool if you went, paps.” Sans said, trailing behind the two of you. “she already talked me into it. plus kyle’s gonna be there.”

“I KNOW.” Papyrus huffed as you rounded the corner. He was about to cross the street when you pulled him back with your hooked arm as a taxi whizzed by.

“Careful! These guys are real assholes.” You said, shooting daggers at the taxi with your eyes. Sans let out a sigh of relief. Papyrus gave your arm a squeeze.

“THANK YOU FRIEND!” he enthused, and looked both ways very noticeably before crossing.

Sans went ahead of the two of you, opening the door for you.

“Oh, well thank you kind sir!” you said, giggling. The three of you entered, and quickly staked out a place to sit. “Hey Papyrus, can you get me a vanilla latte?”

“OF COURSE!” he replied. You handed your cash to him, and he spun on his heel, heading to the register. You could have ordered the coffee yourself, but this was all part of your master plan – while Sans was casual, he wasn’t as outgoing as Papyrus. Papyrus on the other hand had an odd innate ability to make friends in his wake, a swath of friendly destruction wherever he went. You had been slowly moving your ‘territory’ if you will further and further out, trying to get people used to seeing the skelebros. While the places you were regulars at no longer treated you like lepers or ghosts, you still had the occasional uncomfortable encounter when you ventures out of your ‘safe zone’. Papyrus seemed to be the perfect balm to the problem, and you made a habit of suggesting he speak to everyone.

What was better, was it seemed to be working. Papyrus, though frightening at first to look at, was too full of happy energy to be terrified of. While you didn’t divulge your plan with Sans, he seemed to have figured it out regardless.
“So you think he’ll go?” you asked Sans, who was already nestling into his chair like it was an old friend.

“yeah, he’ll go. he’ll whine about drinking, but he’ll have a good time.”

“Yeah! I’m excited!” you said happily, clapping your hands together. “He drank at New Years and had a really good time.”

“so did we, if i recall.” Sans said with a smirk. You bit your bottom lip and broke out into a shy smile. You felt his foot nudge you under the table. “what, embarrassed?”

“Sans, c’mon. We’re in public.” You mumbled. His browbone raised, and he leaned in to say something when Papyrus returned and plopped down in the seat next to you.

“DID YOU KNOW YOU COULD BECOME A REWARDS MEMBER HERE?” he said, holding out a silver card in front of your face. “I CAN’T WAIT TO START REAPING THE REWARDS OF YOUR CAFFIENE OBSESSION!” You let out a laugh, and Sans seemed to sink into his chair even more as you watched his face dust a light blue. Someone was having naughty thoughts, apparently. You decided to be an absolute ass, and took your phone out.

y/s: Sorry, you were about to say something?

“Well, we definitely drink plenty of coffee. I have a feeling you’ll be getting more free coffee, or at least a hat sometime soon.” You said, looking at the card. Sans felt his phone buzz, and reached into his pocket for his phone.

“ACTUALLY, THE CASHIER GAVE ME THIS HANDY PAMPHLET!” he said, and pulled it out of his coat pocket, unfolding it so you could see. “IT APPEARS THERE ARE TIERS. WE MUST ACHIEVE THE TOP TIER AND BE THE GREATEST COFFEE DRINKERS HERE!” You felt your phone vibrate in your pocket, and pulled it out.

s: was just wondering how long it would take us to get home.

y: Why, you in a hurry?

s: well...

“OH MY GOD, COULD PLEASE NOT FLIRT WHEN I’M IN THE VICINITY?” Papyrus griped. You and Sans looked up from your phones with faces of pure embarrassment. “I’M GLAD YOU’RE VERY MUCH IN LOVE, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS.” Sans slowly put his phone back into his jacket pocket, his face an almost blueberry colour. You tried to laugh it off, putting your phone face down on the table.

“You caught us Papyrus. We’ll try and behave around you in the future.” You said, patting his arm in an awkward fashion. Papyrus nodded in contentment. “In fact, you probably should go with us to the St. Patrick’s party to make sure we’re being appropriate.” Papyrus rubbed his chin in thought.
“I DID NOT EVEN THINK OF THAT. YOU TWO WOULD BE ABSOLUTELY OUT OF CONTROL.” He said, glancing between both you and Sans. “NYEHHHHH… AND YOU SAID KYLE WAS GOING?”

“Of course! And he’s super looking forward to you beeeeing theeeere.” You lilted. Papyrus let out an overly dramatic sigh.

“FINE. FOR THE SAKE OF ALL OUR FRIENDSHIPS, I SHALL ATTEND THE PARTY.” He declared, placing his hand on your shoulder in an act of solidarity. “PLUS, SOMEONE HAS TO MAKE SURE YOU TWO BEHAVE.”

If it were possible for Sans to sink into the chair any further, he’d literally be part of it.

“We will! We will. Hey, we’ve been extremely well behaved at every party we’ve been to so far, right Sans?” you said, your eyes widening at the last bit. Sans nodded enthusiastically.

“yeah. definitely.” He said a bit too quick. Papyrus eyed the both of you for a moment.

“THEN I SEE NO HARM IN COMING ALONG. YOU’RE QUITE LUCKY TO HAVE SUCH A WONDERFUL FRIEND AND BROTHER LIKE MYSELF.” He said, tucking his rewards card in his coat pocket, along with the brochure. “SO WHAT DO YOU DO FOR YOUR HOLIDAY RITUALS?”

“Well,” you started, knowing this would sound a bit bizarre, “You have to wear green. If you don’t, people get to pinch you. Don’t ask, because I don’t know.” you said, as Papyrus began to open his mouth to ask a question about it. He snapped his jaw shut, and waited for you to continue. “Uh, people drink green beer, they sing Irish songs, and everyone claims to be ‘part Irish’ somewhere in their family even if they’ve lived in southern Texas for eight generations.”

“so they’re saying ‘irish i was someone else’?” Sans said, causing you and Papyrus to roll your eyes simultaneously. “c’mon, that was a good one. you guys are killing me here.”

“And even though you’re not a fan of people drinking, the entire holiday is kinda about getting drunk. So if you want to sit out, I totally get it. Or you could be everyone’s caretaker for the night.” As you said this, Papyrus’s face lit up with excitement.

“YES! I’VE BEEN LOOKING UP ON HOW TO HELP HUMANS WITH THEIR HANGOVERS AND PREVENT ABRUPT REGURGITATION!” he said, slamming his hands down onto the table with enthusiasm. You grabbed your coffee, making sure it didn’t fall – Sans, on the other hand, wasn’t so lucky, and got a side doused with steaming hot coffee.

“fuck!” he shouted, leaping up and fanning his shirt out from himself. Papyrus jumped up as well, looking horrified. You looked confused.

“ARE YOU OKAY BROTHER? I’M SO SORRY! I DIDN’T MEAN FOR MY ENTHUSIASM TO ENDANGER YOU! OH NO, PERHAPS I WON’T BE SO GOOD A CARETAKER!” he cried, grabbing a handful of napkins and trying to dab Sans gently. Sans swatted his hand away.

“it’s fine. i’m fine bro. really.” He said, but you could see him give a small wince as he straightened. Papyrus’s face was etched with concern.

“BROTHER, THAT COFFEE WAS EXTREMELY HOT. ARE YOU –“

“hey, it’s fine. i’m gonna go to the bathroom and wash it off real quick, alright? you two chat.” He said, and walked to the restroom at a quick pace. You and Papyrus watched him leave, and Papyrus
sat back down unhappily.

“Is he okay? I mean, he doesn’t have any skin, so he can’t feel it, right?” you asked. Papyrus shot you a look.

“JUST BECAUSE WE’RE MADE OF BONES DOESN’T MEAN WE CAN’T FEEL.” He said. “I’LL HAVE YOU KNOW THEY ARE QUITE SENSITIVE.” You were quiet for a moment, then your face turned bright red, thinking about your sexual shenanigans with Sans. Papyrus saw your blushing, and sighed. “WORRY NOT, IT IS A SIMPLE MISTAKE. I AM SURPRISED SANS HAS NOT TOLD YOU BEFORE.”

“He kinda… hinted at it.” you said, frowning. Papyrus held his arm up, rolling up his sleeve. You never saw his arms much, you realized – generally he wore sweaters, or long sleeved undershirts all the time. His bones were far slimmer than Sans’s, and surprisingly scuffed.

“WELL ALLOW ME TO EDUCATE YOU!” he said, extending his arm towards you. “AS YOU CAN SEE, I HAVE A FEW KITCHEN ERRORS ON THIS ARM. UNFORTUNATELY, THE ROAD TO PERFECTION IS FRAUGHT WITH PERIL.” He pointed to his arm, as there were small nicks and bits seemingly taken out of it. You looked at it, intrigued. “THIS ONE HERE BLED FOR TWO DAYS!” he exclaimed.

“Bled?” you asked quizzically. He nodded.

“YES, EVEN THOUGH WE HAVE A BONEY INTERIOR, WE STILL HAVE A MAGIC EXTERIOR. THINK OF IT LIKE A DELICIOUS PASTRY! YOU CUT THE DELICATE FLAKY OUTER SHELL AND THEN YOU HAVE A WONDERFUL JAM FILLED CENTER. “ he said. You had no idea where he was going with this, but you nodded anyway. “SO IF YOU CUT THE SHELL, THEN THE JAM SPILLS OUT!”

“Papyrus. You lost me.”

“we bleed magic.” Sans’s voice came from behind you. You and Papyrus perked up, turning to look at him. Sans unceremoniously slumped into the chair again across from the both of you. “we don’t have blood like you guys. why you turnin’ this into a lesson paps?”

“THE HUMAN SEEMED CONFUSED, AND I WISHED TO EDUCATE HER.” Papyrus responded, frowning. “I WANTED HER TO BE AWARE HOW SENSITIVE YOUR BONES WERE.”

If Sans had been drinking something, he would have spat it out at that moment. Instead, he looked away quickly, trying to hide his face. “yeah, i think she gets the idea.”

“Are you okay?” you asked. He nodded, but you saw him also give a small nod to you to the side. Did he want you to check your phone? You grabbed it, and looked at it quickly.

s: don’t say anything to papyrus, yeah? i need some asprin or something, this hurts like a bitch.

You frowned, and nodded, making a subtle motion to your purse. Sans let out a relieved sigh. You rifled through your purse, looking for the asprin and stealthily took it out.

“Well, since you’re not hogging the bathroom anymore, I’ll be right back.” you said, and went over to Sans and gave him a peck on the cheek. You slipped the pills into his hand as you passed by him,
and went into the bathroom – you felt like a borderline drug dealer. Why didn’t he want Papyrus to know he was hurt? He babied him too much, you felt.

You stood there in the bathroom awkwardly for a minute. You didn’t actually have to pee, so you looked at yourself in the mirror, and fussed with your hair for a moment or two. You let out a heavy sigh and then exited. Why couldn’t Sans just tell Papyrus it hurt?

“You guys ready to go?” you asked, and Sans gave a shrug, and Papyrus nodded. The three of you exited, and you took note of Sans giving your hand a small squeeze before trailing behind as you and Papyrus chatted excitedly again about the upcoming holiday.

St. Patrick’s Day was on your mind the entire week, and it seemed to drag on towards it. What was nice however, was the amount of time Sans had been spending with you. Normally, his work had him working all hours of the day, random days of the week – and lately he had been able to stop by for lunch almost regularly. You enjoyed the change of pace, and when you asked about it, he shrugged and said they had hired more people. He didn’t seem particularly concerned, so you dropped it.

Jackie had called you, to see if you wanted to adhere to your usual St. Patrick’s tradition. The two of you had liked to dress up the same for years now for some stupid reason or another that neither of you could remember. It started with matching tops, which turned into coordinating jewelry, which turned into wearing the same damned thing. Last year you both wore ridiculously fuzzy green hats with white crop tops and suspenders, and a green shamrock fanny pack for snacks (yours was filled with booze) for the road. There was nothing fashionable about it, so when she said she’d buy the outfits for the both of you, you readily agreed.

You had all decided to go to O’Henry’s – not only was it an Irish pub, but the regulars and staff were used to Sans and Papyrus at this point. They had delicious fish and chips, and Papyrus had made friends with the chef there one evening, so you knew it would be a relatively safe place to party with your monsters. Jackie was coming over with your outfits, and the lot of you were walking there from your place around 7pm or so. Papyrus and you had gone shopping for appropriate St. Patrick’s attire, so he and Sans would not get “thoroughly pinched”.

The music was blaring, and you were already putting on your makeup when you heard your doorbell rang. You opened your door, and there stood Jackie, looking overly excited.

“Hey bestie!” you said, giving her a hug and a kiss on the cheek. “What’s up buttercup?”

“Nothing! So…” she said, coming into your house and plopping her bag down on your couch, “You’re either gonna love me, or hate me.”

“Shit. What did you do?” you asked, your brows furrowing.

“Oh wait! Wait, hear me out. I didn’t do anything. It’s what we’re going to do.” She said. You sighed, and headed back into the bathroom.

“Just wait! Wait, hear me out. I didn’t do anything. It’s what we’re going to do.” She said. You sighed, and headed back into the bathroom.

“Let me finish my damn makeup!” you shouted from the sink, putting your eyeliner on. “Jesus, you’re here for ten seconds and you’re already starting trouble.”

“That’s me!” you heard her pipe from the living room. You finished dolling up and you came back out, putting a hand on your hip and motioned to her.
“Well?”

“Okay, okay.” She said. She fished into her bag, and pulled up a skirt. Was that a skirt, or a dishrag?

“Jackie, no.” you mumbled.

“Jackie, YES!” she squealed.

“Jesus Christ, look at this thing!” you said, snatching it out of her hands. “I don’t know whether to wear it or try and use it as a shoelace. Where the fuck did you even find this?”

“The Bluewave store!” she enthused. You slapped a hand over your face.

“Jackie, that store is literally for strippers. Like, all of their clothes are costumes for stage.”

“I know! Isn’t it great?” she said, and threw a black piece of cloth at you. You stretched it out to look at it, and saw it was thong underwear with a skeleton hand on the front and the back. Your face began to heat up. “Saw that, knew you’d love it. Or at least Sans would.” She said with a snicker. “And to be absolutely ridiculous, they had a matching bra.” She threw that at you with a complete lack of grace, and it landed on your head as you stared at the strip of cloth she called a skirt, and the underwear, still trying to register it.

“Jackie. You know I’m down for dressing a little less… conservative once in a blue moon, but this is kinda ridiculous.”

“Skank, you have a boyfriend finally. You have no idea how excited I am to slut it up for our guys.” she said, pulling more things out of the bag. “Do you think this shirt is too much? It says ‘Fuck Me in the Ass, I’m Irish.’”

“JACKIE OH MY GOD—“

“I’m joking! I’m joking.” She said, laughing. You groaned, sitting in the chair. “I didn’t know though, fishnets, or no fishnets?”

“I dunno, you seem to be going for easy fucking access with this.” You said, chuckling. “I’m assuming this is the night of no shame?”

“No shaaaaame!” she shouted, pumping her fist. Jackie always loved a holiday she could party at. “Shame is for the weeeeeek!” she shouted again, in a deeper, manly voice.

“So no fishnets then. What’s the top?”

“It’s your generic ‘Kiss Me I’m Pretending I’m Irish’. But they are lo-oow cut.” She said with a grin. You flopped onto the table dramatically. “We’re gonna get so laid tonight.”

“We’re gonna get arrested.”

“We’re gonna have fun!”

“We’re gonna get exorcised by a priest.”

“Stop bitching and put it on. And definitely put on the skelegarments.” She giggled, tossing the shirt at you as well. You let out another dramatic sigh and went into the bedroom with the clothes, and began putting them on.

For starters, it was all ridiculously snug. You wore club skirts and dresses before, short enough to do
the ‘club girl dance’ where you pulled your dress down all night, but with this skirt? There was no point. If a light breeze from two thousand leagues away passed by your apartment three days ago, your skirt would probably fly up. And the fact that Jackie was encouraging you to wear a thong made you severely call into effect the sanity of your best friend. The bra, on the other hand, was kinda cute. It was a push-up, which made your boobs look positively amazing, and two inlaid skeletal hands looked like they were cupping your breasts when you wore it. You smirked to yourself, and whipped out your phone.

“Let the games begin.” You snickered, and took a quick shot of yourself in the new pieces, just in a cute pose. You put the text ‘looks like I’ll have your hands all over me tonight ;’)’ on it and sent the text off to Sans. You wanted him to remember this one, this was too cute for Snapchat.

The top was generously low. Almost too low, with the push-up. And the skirt? Was it even a skirt? Was someone out there in the fashion world allowed to utilize the word ‘skirt’ for this? It was green and plaid, and far too short for the human body. But you threw it on, and did a few practice squats in it.

You could definitely, DEFINITELY not bend over without flashing everyone the goods. You were going to be standing all night, it looked like. Thoughtfully, you grabbed a black cardigan from your closet – you could always put this over your lap if you all got a booth. You had zero problem being twins with Jackie, and riling Sans up all night, but you didn’t want to be on the cover of some tabloid magazine somewhere.

When you came out of the bedroom, Jackie was already in the getup. Holy shit – did you look half this hot?

“Damn girl, I like what I see.” You said, motioning to her. She laughed, and winked at you.

“Likewise, sexy lady. Who’s pursing it?”

“Make one of the boys carry our shit.” you said, shrugging. She nodded. “Did you already text Kyle?”

“Yep. He’s on his way.” she said, and went to sit down. It didn’t work too well, and she mashed the fabric between her legs to try and remain decent. “This is gonna be an interesting night.”

“Feeling less brave?” you asked. You heard your phone buzz, and went to grab it.

“Kinda. I mean, I knew they were short, but I didn’t know they were THIS short.”

“You already committed.” You said, chuckling. You looked at your texts.

s: jfc

s: are you fucking kidding me.

s: this is how we’re starting tonight?

You laughed out loud at his reaction, and Jackie looked at you with interest. “Take a look, seems like your choice of undergarments is a big hit.” You said, tossing her the phone. She looked and let out a loud guffaw.
“I told you! Look at me, regular match-maker.” She grinned. She handed your phone back to you, and you slipped it into the top of your bra. “If Kyle doesn’t finally propose to me after tonight, I feel like giving up.”

“Yeah, it’s been what – four years? What’s that jackass waiting for?” you asked. Jackie shrugged. She was about to launch into it, when there was a knock on the door.

“Come in!” you said. The door swung open, and Papyrus stood there looking extremely excited. He had a large shirt with a shamrock on it, nicely fitting black jeans, green socks (awkwardly rolled over his pants, you’d have to fix that for him) and a little backpack.

“ARE YOU LADIES READY TO PARTY SAFELY?” he asked excitedly. Jackie let out a ‘woo!’ and Papyrus joined in. You looked behind him.

“Where’s Sans?” you asked.

“HE’S STILL IN THE HOUSE. HE WAS READY TO GO WHEN HE VANISHED SUDDENLY. I’M SURE HE’LL BE HERE IN JUST A MOMENT.” He said.


“I AM GLAD YOU ASKED! AS OUR BESTEST FRIEND HERE SUGGESTED I WATCH OVER PEOPLE TODAY AT THE PARTY, AS THEY WILL BE IN VARIOUS STATES OF INEBRIATION, I DECIDED TO COME PREPARED!” he said, whipping his backpack around and opening it. You inwardly giggled, because of course leave it to Papyrus to take you seriously. “I HAVE BROUGHT GLUCOSE TABLETS IN CASE ANYONE HAS ISSUES WITH THEIR INSULIN, SNACKS FOR YOUR WEAK HUMAN STOMACHS SUCH AS CUCUMBERS, GRAPES AND SOME BREAD – ALL GOOD FOR HYDRATION! EXCEPT THE BREAD, I ENJOY BREAD.” Jackie was snickering, and Papyrus was still digging in his bag. “SOME ASPRIN FOR HEADACHES, PEDIALYTE FOR HYDRATION PURPOSES, AND PICKLES FOR EMERGENCY ELECTROLYTES!”

“Oh my god Papyrus, that’s perfect.” You said with a laugh. He beamed with absolute delight and turned to you to say something, when he finally noticed what you were wearing. His face turned the brightest shade of orange you had seen yet.

“I’M SO SORRY, DO YOU WANT ME TO COME BACK WHEN YOU TWO ARE DRESSED?” he asked, his voice embarrassed. Jackie was laughing, but her face was red.

“We uh, we are dressed Papyrus. Haha.. happy St. Patrick’s day!” you said, suddenly not feeling as confident. Papyrus averted his eyes, looking at a painting on your wall.

“HUMANS HAVE VERY ODD CUSTOMS.” He said to himself, then thought on it a moment. “IS THIS FOR SAFETY? BECAUSE I READ ABOUT HOW THE HUMAN BODY FLUSHES WHEN OVERLY INTOXICATED.”

“Yes!” you said, clinging to whatever you could. “Yes. This is so you could keep track, because Jackie and I plan on drinking a lot.” You said, hoping he’d buy it. Papyrus turned and grinned.

“WOWIE! I’M SO GLAD YOU THINK OF SAFETY FIRST!” he exclaimed. “WELL DO NOT WORRY, I TOOK A CPR CLASS AS WELL JUST IN CASE, SO YOU’RE IN GOOD HANDS TONIGHT!”

“But… you don’t have lips.” Jackie said, her face perplexed.
“LIPS ARE MERELY AN ADDITIONAL TOOL IN THE REALM OF SAFETY. THE GREAT PAPYRUS CAN HANDLE ANY SITUATION.” He said, his chest puffing out. You clapped a hand on his shoulder.

“That you can, Papyrus! This is why you are clearly the best at pretty much everything.”

“NYEH, INDEED!” he said. You heard a noise at the door, and Sans came in. “GREETINGS BROTHER!”

“Hey bro, you ladies ready to—“ he started, and then damn near choked when he saw the both of you.


“y-yeah?” he asked, his voice going an octave higher than it should have. Jackie looked between the both of you, and had the biggest shit-eating grin you’d seen her have in a while.

“Yeah, he should be here in the next minute or so.” She said. “I’m gonna go the bathroom real quick.” And with that, she vanished into your bathroom. Sans was taking you in, and you watched as his eyes widened and he quickly sat down. Did he just –

“well looking forward to tonight this’ll be fun, yep.” He said, far too fast. You stifled your laugh as best you could, and Papyrus looked at you with a big smile.

“YES! IT SHALL BE GREAT FUN. AND YOU TWO ARE ALLOWED TO DRINK, AS I SHALL BE WATCHING OVER YOU TONIGHT!” he said. “I CAME FULLY PREPARED, AS YOU KNOW SANS.”

“Speaking of which!” you said, and you motioned to his pants, “Mind if I fix your socks? You don’t have to actually show that they’re green. It’s just so people don’t razz you for not wearing green stuff.”

“OF COURSE! THANK YOU FOR YOUR FASHION ADVICE!” he said. You walked over to him, and bent down to roll his pant legs up and over the socks. As you did, you heard a muffled noise from behind you, almost like a choking noise. The feeling of a strong breeze in your breezeless apartment reminded you of what you were wearing. You turned bright red, and quickly fixed Papyrus’s other sock and straightened up, tugging your skirt down. When you turned to face Sans, he was sitting straight up, his hands folded in his lap, and he seemed to be close to panting. You were about to say something when Kyle came into the apartment.

“Hey guys!” he said happily, and he and Papyrus immediately hugged. He waved to you and Sans, and Sans shot you a pointed look.

“i need to talk to you. privately. now.” he said, and stormed into your bedroom. You looked confused, throwing your hands up to Papyrus and Kyle as if to say ‘huh?’ and followed suit. You heard Kyle mutter to Papyrus, ‘trouble in paradise?’

You shut the door behind you, and Sans grabbed you by your middle, pulling you up close against him. Oh. Oh. His hands came to the hem of your skirt, and toyed with it.

“mind if i guess the fabric?” he breathed, hot into your ear. You couldn’t help but let out a little shiver.

“Go for it.” you said, letting him nuzzle his face into your neck. His hands didn’t even bother with
the skirt, they went for the top of your panties, then going in from the side. You let out a gasp. “Sans!” you hissed, “everyone is outside, waiting for us.”

“polyester.” He said, ignoring you. “useless.” His cool fingers brushed against your slit, and he pressed into you, pushing you into the bed. Your body ached for more, and you signaled it by pressing up into his hand. He withdrew his fingers and cupped your sex over your pathetic excuse for panties. He let out a low rumble as he lowered his body down onto yours, his slowly removing his hand and coming up to your breasts as he slowly began to grind his pelvis into you. He might have been wearing jeans, per usual, but you could feel he was rock hard underneath them. Your clothing provided zero resistance, and you let out the tiniest moan as he continued to rock his hips.

“that’s what i like to hear.” He mumbled as you hooked a leg around him. Slowly, you weren’t caring that there were people outside your door. The friction of his restrained cock rubbing pretty much directly against you was driving you insane, and all you wanted was him inside you right goddamned now. Your hands shot up under his shirt, immediately gripping his spine with zero care and sliding your smooth palm up and down it. “ff-fuck!” he gasped. “this is gonna be… this is a bad idea.” He groaned, burying his face in your breasts. You began rolling your hips into him needily, when suddenly your door swung open and Jackie stood there looking at her phone.

“Hey, c’mon idiots, we gotta go to the –” she started, then looked up. All three of you froze, and Jackie stood there for what seemed like a fucking eternity. “WELL.”

“WELL.” you echoed. Suddenly you saw Papyrus’s head pop up behind her, and his eyes widened to the size of dinner plates.

“GREAT GOOGLY MOOGLY, CAN’T WE LEAVE YOU TWO ALONE FOR FIVE SECONDS?!” he cried. Sans jumped off you so fast he crashed to the ground, hitting his head against your dresser, and you rolled off the bed, thumping to it ungracefully.

“He was uh, he was checking my… uh…”

“HE WAS CHECKING SOMETHING.” Papyrus said, his eyes narrowing. “YOUR SHENNANIGANS CAN WAIT FOR LATER, WE HAVE A PARTY TO ATTEND!” You could hear Kyle howling with laughter in the living room.

“Yeah, whatever.” You said, shooting daggers at Jackie. Jackie looked thoroughly embarrassed – she was so used to opening your door unannounced that it didn’t even register what could be going on. Sans, on the other hand, looked like he was about to teleport to the center of the earth and never come back. Jackie mercifully closed the door as the two of you scrambled to get back up with some shred of dignity. “This is a good start to the evening.”

“heh. you can say that again.” He said, glancing at you. His look was still incredibly hungry, but you could tell he was trying to put a lid on it. “hey, do me a favour tonight would ya?”

“What’s that?”

“don’t bend over in front of anyone. at all.” He asked, but it sounded more like pleading. You tapped a finger to your lips.

“Well. you can bend over in front of me all night. it’ll bring new meaning to the phrase ‘bottoms up’ for me.” he said, and you giggled.
“Alright. Game faces on. We’re very serious adults with very serious things to do, and in no way will we behave inappropriately whatsoever.” You said, and opened the door.

“scouts honour.” Sans said, crossing his heart behind you. You idly wondered if he even had the semblance of a heart somewhere in his magicked body.

“Good to see you, skeezeball.” Kyle said with a smirk from the living room. You glowered at him, and motioned to Jackie, and he shrugged. “That’s all mine tonight, don’t got a single problem with it.”

“Ready to go?” Jackie asked, looking at everyone. There was mutual nodding all around. “Alright, let’s get our asses to the pub!”

The walk to the pub was mildly uneventful, other than you giving in and tying your cardigan around your waist to make yourself feel like you weren’t going to be arrested for indecency on the street. Everyone was chatting amongst themselves, and discussed everyone who was going to be at the pub that evening. The usual large crowd of friends, and even though no one said it, you knew there was a good chance Will would be there as well. It was inevitable, you all ran in the same social circle.

The pub was absolutely packed with activity. Your group had left early enough that you didn’t have to wait for the eventual line that would form at the door, and you breezed on in and were pleasantly surprised to see some of your friends already sitting at a booth. Normally you all took up two of them, but you were going to try to cram it all into one tonight.

As you scooted into the booth, you saw Sans and Jackie exchanging some odd looks. What was with those two? They’ve done that before, you realized. Jackie sat directly to your left, Sans to your right, and Kyle and Papyrus next to Jackie. One of Kyle’s friends from work, Ben, immediately bought a large pitcher of beer and began pouring drinks for everyone.

“C’mon Papyrus, it’s tradition!” Kyle whined. Papyrus was looking extremely stoic in the face of alcohol, but this was his bestest best friend asking. Papyrus glumly grabbed the beer and took a swig.

“ACTUALLY, THIS ISN’T TOO UNPLEASANT.” He said, taking another swig. You grinned at Kyle, who was cheering. You and Jackie, regardless of your company, routinely got absolutely shitfaced on St. Patrick’s. Nothing short of a hospital trip would stop you either, and this was also one of those weird traditions that began that no one could explain how or when it did. You remembered you completely forgot to warn Sans about it.

“Hey,” you said, as Jackie began smacking her glass into the table to encourage you to chug with her. “Just so you know, you might have to carry me out tonight. Or call a cab. Or a stretcher.”

“oh?” he asked, taking a large gulp from his beer. “why’s that?”

“This is our idiot holiday, as we like to say. Damn the consequences, all that jazz. Jackie and I have been doing it for years, and now it’s sort of… expected?”

“expected?” Sans asked, his browbone raised.

“Yeah. I don’t… just go along with it.” you mumbled. He chuckled, and gave your leg a reassuring squeeze.
“don’t stress. we’re here to have fun, right? let loose, i ain’t gonna judge you.” he said, winking at you. You felt a little easier, for some reason you were concerned with what he thought of you – despite the fact that you both tended to drink together anyway. He’d seen you pretty bad, but this was an intentional bad. Something very different. You looked away from Sans to see Papyrus chugging his beer, with Kyle and a few of the other guys slapping the table in rhythm chanting ‘chug! Chug!’. Ah, what a great day, bringing out the secret inner frat boy in pretty much everyone. It was a step away from wearing muscle shirts and calling everyone ‘bruh’ while talking about gains.

Jackie lifted her glass to you, “C’mon!” she said cheerfully.

“Two?” you asked.

“Two.” She replied. Kyle swiped the pitcher over to the both of you, and waited patiently.

“Go!” she said gleefully, and the two of you began trying to drink your beer down faster than the other. All eyes had turned to you two, as this had become the usual spectacle of the year, and began cheering for whoever they wanted to win. You slammed your drink down first, and Kyle quickly poured your second drink – right as you lifted it to your lips, Jackie was refilling hers. You had this! Papyrus was watching, both entranced and fighting the urge to shove pickles down your throat for safety purposes, and Sans stared, his usual grin faltering in disbelief. Right as you were about to put your drink down, Jackie slammed hers down so hard you thought the glass was going to break and shouted triumphantly. The group followed suit, and you slumped back into your seat.

“hey, you did pretty good.” Sans said, smirking. You groaned.

“Not good enough. Now I’m screwed.” You said, looking upset. Sans was clearly confused.

“She’s gotta do shots now!” Jackie said, and waved over one of the waitresses. “Let’s see…” she seemingly thought about it, and then she shot you the most evil look you had possibly ever seen in the history of your friendship. “Three shots of tequila please. Whatever’s cheapest. Lime and salt, yeah?” The waitress nodded, and took off. Fuck. “Happy St. Patrick’s Day Sans.” She said with the smuggest voice possible. Sans was looking at your best friend in absolute wonder, like she was a saint herself, and gave off a positively lecherous grin.

“thanks, wouldn’t be the same without you.” he responded slyly. You felt his hand slide onto your leg, it felt good, comforting. That is, until it slid a little higher than it should have. You sucked in a breath, and gave him a cautionary look. He winked saucily at you and removed his hand and held them both up as if to say ‘alright, alright’.

The waitress brought your shots back, and Jackie put two in front of you and one in front of her. The unspoken rule was, loser does double shots for an hour – and they couldn’t say no. If anyone else threw this rule at you, you’d tell them to go suck a fat one, but you knew Jackie would do her damnedest to get you smashed, but not puking.

Jackie and you took your shots like champions – it really was a shitty tequila.

“DO EITHER OF YOU LADIES REQUIRE A SNACK?” Papyrus asked, digging through his backpack. You shook your head – the room was already beginning to get that general tilting feeling.

“Nah, I’m good Papyrus, thanks.” you said. Jackie giggled.

“Do you have a sandwich?” she asked, causing you to roll your eyes. Papyrus suddenly looked crestfallen.

“NO, BUT I DO HAVE BREAD!” he offered. Jackie nodded her head.
“Can I have a slice, pleeease?” she lilted, and you chuckled, knowing she was already on her way to Drunktown USA. You leaned to Sans to say something about it when you felt like gravity was a lot heavier than gravity should be, or something like that. You leaned into him, giggling.

“is this how it is every year?” he asked, his arm wrapping around your shoulders. Kyle shook his head, laughing.

“Nah, normally it’s worse.” He offered, reaching to Papyrus’s outstretched offer of bread. He handed it to Jackie who graciously scarfed it down within seconds. While you and Sans dating wasn’t really new news in your social circle, people weren’t quite used to seeing the two of you cozy with one another. You learned into Sans, taking in his warmth and comforting smell, and noticed one of Kyle’s friends staring a little rudely. You mentally shrugged it off as best you could.

“So Jackie,” you started, “tell me about the new corner office.” Jackie rolled her eyes so hard, you could practically hear them rattling.

“My corner desk in that horrendous open layout is pretty nice, I won’t lie. I mean, it’s the same desk everyone else has, but it’s in the corner. And I have windows now! So I can pretend freedom is within my grasp.” She said, her hands talking with her. You chuckled a little.

“So perks? No extra bagel in the morning? No coffee bitch?”

“We’ve always had a coffee bitch.” She said, but frowned. “And no, I don’t get an extra bagel. I should ask about that. I love bagels. Honey, do you think I should inquire about bagel privileges?”

“I think you’re corrupt with power already, you don’t need an extra bagel or poppyseed muffin. It’ll just go to your head.” Kyle said, chuckling. “Or your thighs.”

“Kyle!” you shouted, throwing a napkin at him in mock anger. Kyle laughed, ducking. Jackie slouched in her seat.

“Yeah, I’ve put on weight since the holidays.” She said glumly, “Probably shouldn’t try to be the Queen of Carbs.”

“Everyone puts on weight during the holidays. It’s like a rule or something.” you said, and everyone at the table nodded in agreement – except Sans. Your friend Eric piped up suddenly.

“Can you put on weight Sans?” he asked. Normally you’d get defensive, but it was a legit question. Sans shrugged.

“maybe. too much milk, too much calcium. makes strong bones and fat skeletons.” He said, but you could tell by his tone that he was bullshitting. You snorted, and Papyrus rubbed at his chin in thought, and Eric made an ‘ooooh’ noise.

“That makes sense!” Eric said, nodding sagely. You patted Sans’s stomach with the back of your hand with a smirk and he shot you a smug look.

All of you chattered amongst yourself, enjoying in the good cheer surrounding you – a trivia game started up and you started smacking Sans on the shoulder, excited.

“Oh! Oh! You’re good at this!” you said as Jackie slid another shot of lord knows what in front of you. You downed it without even blinking an eye, and continued thwapping Sans. “You know all the stuff!”

“do i?” he asked, but you could see his smile faltering.
“Of course you do. You know everything.” You said, nuzzling your face into his neck. He chuckled a little, and Papyrus suddenly slapped a piece of yellow paper down in front of the two of you.

“INFRACTION!” he cried. “BE ON YOUR BEST BEHAVIOUR YOU TWO!” The entire table burst out laughing, while you looked immensely embarrassed.

“Oh c’mon Papyrus, we’re not that bad!” you said, but Papyrus was eyeing you suspiciously.

“I KNOW HOW THIS STARTS, YOU GET WITH THE CUTE FLIRTING AND THEN IT’S ABSOLUTELY RIDICULOUS. SOMEONE HAS TO BE IN CHARGE HERE!” You raised your hands in defeat, but Sans definitely lowered his hands in defiance. You felt his cool digits sliding up your thigh, and you sat up amazingly straight.

“You’re right Papyrus. We’re absolutely ridiculous.” You said, hoping to appease both skeletons at the table. Sans’s hand kept moving upwards, and you felt your skirt bunching far too high up on your leg. “It’s a good thing that we’re completely appropriate at all times, right Sans?” you said, your voice almost cracking. Sans managed to somehow look lazy, but his hand was anything but as it slowly moved towards its goal.

“yup. at all times. won’t catch us up to any sort of shenanigans.” He said, and as he did, you felt a finger press very definitively against your slit. Oh god Sans, not right now. This is awkward as fuck. But hot as hell.

“Hey! I think I’m going to go get everyone more drinks!” you said, pushing at Sans to get out of the booth. “Same as last time? Yeah? Good! Be right back.” you said, and practically bowled over him to get out. You quickly headed to the bar, your breathing rapid as your head began swimming with absolutely impure thoughts. You were leaning up against the packed bar, trying to get the attention of the already swamped bartender when you felt Sans sneak up behind you. This was going to be trouble.

“why in such a hurry, tiger?” he asked, his breath hot on your neck. You practically felt yourself growing wet at just his voice and let out a small groan.

“Sans Snowdin, I’m like twenty drinks in and bad things are going to happen if you continue down this path.” You said, trying to be threatening. He responded by squeezing your ass, and nipping at your shoulder lightly.

“s’ta promise?” he growled, and you felt yourself involuntarily shiver. The room felt too hot, or you did – you weren’t sure. But you felt an overwhelming urge to lose what little clothes you had to cool down suddenly. You flipped around to face him and looked at him – his cheeks were an extremely light blue. Was that from drinking? Without warning, your hand deftly lowered and went straight for his length, hoping to god it was there. Oh, and it was. Sans’s demeanor changed, his posture shooting up straight while you grinned sadistically.

“Yeah. It’s a promise.” you said. Did he want aggressive tonight? Because you could be aggressive as fuck. You had enough booze coursing through your system to legally declare yourself a brewery at this point. He swallowed hard as you continued to more-than-boldly rub at him as the throngs of people crushed the two of you together. “And I keep my promises.”

You watched as his eyes searched your face, and a series of emotions practically flew across his. Oh ho, he liked being in charge, did he? You licked your lips suggestively as you slid your hand up across his erection and to his chest and slipped your finger into the crook of his shirt collar.
“You know what I think?” you said, your face inches from his. He was breathing hard, and you noticed a few people were staring at you – but you didn’t care. You could feel him rumbling slightly, his bones vibrating slightly against you almost.

“What?” he said, his voice almost nervous sounding.

“I think we should order our drinks.” You said, and let go of his shirt, flipping back around and raising up to the bar so you were showing ample cleavage. You needed their attention, and you needed it now. Like clockwork, the younger guy (who’s name you always forgot) with the sad beard came to you immediately.

“What can I get you?” he asked over the noise, and you placed your drink order. You looked behind you, and you could see Sans looking incredibly tense, and confused.

“Mind helping me carry these back to the table?” you said sweetly, as you rounded up the drinks you ordered. If there was something between a death glare and open lust, Sans was shooting that look at you with laser accuracy. You immediately slammed one back, making eye contact with him, then grabbed the drinks that you could. “Thanks, you’re a peach.” You heard him grumble something under his breath, and head back to the others.

“Bringer of drinks!” Jackie cried happily as you returned, and you carefully distributed the drinks you had. “Hero of my night!” Sans came up behind you, placing the remaining drinks down as well, and you slid in next to Jackie, grinning.

Sans, on the other hand, looked mildly miserable.

“DID YOUR TIME OUT HELP YOU COLLECT YOURSELVES?” Papyrus asked, looking at the two of you.

“Yes! Thanks Papyrus.” You said, and shot him the sweetest smile possible. He nodded with approval.

“VERY GOOD! IT SEEMS MY GUIDANCE IS WORKING.”

“Definitely.” You chimed in, and slipped your hand behind Sans’s back, around his waist almost. “I’m allowed to be close to him though, right?”

“OF COURSE, YOU’RE DATING! I’M MERELY TRYING TO PREVENT AN INCIDENT, NOT YOUR ROMANCE!” he said, and ribbed Kyle for some encouragement. Kyle, absolutely plastered, just started nodding his head.

“Yes, yes. What Papyrus said.” Kyle affirmed, not really following the conversation. Papyrus let out a boisterous laugh, and you laughed as well, but slid your hand into the side of Sans’s pants. Oh, your poor skeletal boyfriend, what a shame that all these bits were so sensitive. Your fingers slowly rubbed at the top of his hip bone (you figured it was, anyway) and you felt his leg kick a little under the table. You laughed cruelly to yourself.

“dunno, we might need another time out.” Sans said, his words clipped. You smirked.

“What? I’m on my best behaviour!” you said innocently, as you dragged a nail over a ridge. You felt him shudder, and his hand suddenly was almost painfully gripping into your thigh. Jackie shot a glance at the two of you, and leaned into you, causing Sans to remove his hand quickly.

“You.” she said, booping you on the nose, her words slurring. “You’re being naughty. I can tell.”
“Pfft, me?” you said, laughing. “I’m as pure as fresh snow.”

“Pleeeease.” Jackie said, honking your boob lewdly before laughing loudly to herself. “Sans. Saaans. Sanssss. Let me tell you something.” she said, and she leaned across you to Sans, who leaned in to her to hear her wise words.

“yeah?” he said, and you moved your hand back a bit, coming into contact with his spine. You could almost hear his teeth gnashing in frustration.

“This girl, she’s trouble.” Jackie said conspiratorially, even though you were literally hosting Jackie in your lap practically. “Don’t let the good girl schtick work. She’s a dirty girl.”

“Jackie!” you said, hitting her with your free hand.

“she doesn’t seem that dirty.” Sans said, laughing a little.

“Oh?” you asked, and your fingers wrapped around his spine and slowly stroked the inside of it. Sans let out a gasp, which he tried poorly to mask with a cough and Jackie started cackling like mad.

“i think we need some fresh air.” Sans said, standing up suddenly, your hand falling to the side. “c’mon tiger.”

“Fresh air sounds pretty good.” You said, and stood with him. You were going to mess this poor boy up tonight. “We’ll be right back.”

“Don’t have too much fun!” Kyle shouted as the two of you walked off. You were heading to the patio, when Sans grabbed your hand and pulled you another direction. You looked at him confused for a moment, but went with it. The two of you walked to the men’s restroom, and he let go of your hand.

“hang on a sec, i’ll be right back.” he said.

“Yeah, no problem. Probably should go to the bathroom soon too.” You said as he went inside. You wondered for a second if skeletons could even pee, when he popped back out. “Done already?”

“hardly.” He said, and grabbed you by your midsection, pulling you into the bathroom. You began to protest when he put a finger over your lips, and practically shoved you into an empty stall. “just had to make sure no one was in here.”

“Sans.” You hissed, not really knowing what to think of the situation you were in, but his hands were already roaming your overly heated body.

“yes?” he asked, his eye’s blue hue jumping to life as his tongue crept out from between his wicked looking canines. His hands bunched your skirt up around your waist, and you felt a little cramped.

“This isn’t the most convenient place to…” you started, and he grabbed your hand, guiding it down to his cock. Oh god, it was already rock hard – and that was enough to make you stop complaining. When the hell had he unzipped his pants?

“don’t really give a fuck right now.” he said, and unceremoniously lifted you, your back up against the cold tile wall. You let out a gasp, and without another word, he guided himself to your entrance and slid in with an extremely pleased groan.

“Jesus Christ, Sans..” you moaned as quietly as possible. He was lucky you were ready for him, you thought to yourself drunkenly. But when weren’t you ready for this boney bastard?
“i know you’re not that good at being quiet, but fuck it.” he said, and began slowly sliding in and out, holding your weight as if it was the easiest thing in the world. You were terrified to move too much, you didn’t want to fall – but you so desperately wanted to touch him. Your clit throbbed almost painfully as he moved agonizingly slow, watching you intensely as you let out small cries of pleasure. You bit your lip, trying to stifle the noises that were coming from you, and he buried his face in your neck. “no. i wanna hear it.”

You let out a loud moan, wrapping your legs around him finally in an odd sense of defeat. This was happening. And good lord, you wanted it to happen. You wanted it so, so badly. Your hips began to roll a little, as best you could between a wall and a hard place if you will, and he let out a grunt of satisfaction.

“touch yourself.” He said, no, practically commanded. You gripped onto him with your one hand for dear life, and then trailed your hand down between your bodies, desperately seeking to please both him and yourself. Your fingers barely brushed your clit, and it was like a shot firing off between your legs and you rocked against him, almost causing him to lose his balance. You rubbed furiously, your eyes locking with his as he continued his slow pace, until you finally built yourself to a climax, burying your face into his shoulder and crying out – fat lot of good it did, the sound was barely muffled. You clamped down around him, and he let out a rumble of pleasure. “fuck! there it is.”

You were extremely glad you were against a wall and not a stall, because there’s no way in hell it would have kept up with Sans’s now frantic pace as he fucked you with a wild abandon. Your attempts at being quiet were quickly forgotten as he bounced you up and down on his cock, and he flicked his tongue across your breasts, trying to find any piece of skin he could get to. You heard the door to the men’s bathroom open, and you tried to silence yourself, but it just wasn’t happening. You could only hope the music and various noise from the bar would help mask the noises, but you knew that wasn’t a reality.

Sans, on the other hand, really didn’t care, as his pace got almost more aggressive. You heard footsteps, some shuffling and you whimpered, ready to be arrested at any second by some sort of sex-cop. You heard a flush, water running for a second, and then:

“Right on man, plow her good!” came a male voice, and then the door once again opened and closed, and the two of you were alone again.

“Oh god, Sans…” you started, but he wouldn’t let you finish. His teeth came down almost viciously on your breast, sucking at the skin as he gave two final hard thrusts, and you felt his entire body shudder as he came into you, moaning your name into your flesh. You panted, wiping sweat from your forehead as he held you there for a moment, his weight pinning you against the wall. You were immensely grateful for how cool it was right now. He held you up somehow for what felt like a goddamned eternity, and then slowly withdrew from you, letting you touch the ground. Your legs were wobbly, your thighs slick with your combined efforts and you slumped backwards against the wall. “Jesus Christ. Jesus fucking Christ. I just… I can’t. Did we just have sex in a bathroom?”

“mmhmm.” He said, his tongue lapping at your neck in an oddly affectionate manner. If anyone else did that, you’d find it creepy – but for some reason with him, it felt… loving. You weakly pushed against him.

“Is this normal for you?” you asked, the room spinning a little. “I mean, sex in public? What else are you gonna spring on me?” Sans looked at you, his expression changing from love and lust, to sudden embarrassment.

“What? no, it’s not normal! i mean, it’s not weird, is it? i just… you were… it was…” he kept trying to explain, and was failing spectacularly. You giggled a little, and pulled him to you, giving him
kisses on his face.

“Shut up. You’re fuckin’ amazing. This is amazing. Oh my god that was amazing. I just gotta know, do I have to be scared of bathrooms as well as patios now?” Sans smirked at this, then chuckled a little.

“at the rate we’re going, i’d be scared of everything at this point.” He said, and nipped at your neck teasingly. You let out an exaggerated sigh and smiled, suddenly feeling extremely tired.

“You know, we’re going to have to leave the bathroom.” You said. Sans was quiet for a moment.

“shit. yeah. i didn’t think that far ahead.”

“Yeah. How about uh, I go first, and then you can follow after.” You offered. He nodded, laughing in an embarrassed fashion.

“sounds good.” He said, and placed his forehead to yours lovingly. Sometimes, you were sad he didn’t have lips, because you liked kissing him. But his version of kissing made you glow with happiness. You smoothed your hand over the back of his skull, and then smiled at him.

“See you in a few minutes, handsome.”

“see ya, kitten.” He said, and you awkwardly shuffled out of the bathroom. You washed your hands, because you had manners god damnit, and then meekly exited the bathroom. Immediately you felt eyes on you, and you felt mildly ashamed. You walked back to the table, and scooted next to Jackie, who shot you an extremely knowing glance.

“What?” you asked, and she rolled her eyes at you in response. You couldn’t help but glance back to the bathroom, where you finally saw Sans emerge after a minute or two. The response was uncanny – you were expecting shock, maybe disgust – but instead one of the guys walked up to Sans, clapped a hand to his shoulder, and then…

Did they just fucking bro-fist?

You watched in disbelief as he talked to them for a few minutes, then extremely unabashedly walked back to your table, plopping next to you with the biggest shit-eating grin.

“nice neighborhood.” He said simply, and you let out a loud groan, sinking your head into your hands.

The rest of the evening proceeded extremely well. While you felt sated, Sans on the other hand didn’t seem to be. Whether it was the alcohol, the encouragement from the random guys at the bar who somehow were in “the know” now, or the fucking moon cycle, he could not keep his hands off of you. You kept smacking wandering hands as they crept in places they definitely didn’t belong. You looked towards Papyrus for help, who had become absolutely useless as Kyle had snuck him a drink under the guise of “iced tea”. Right now he and Papyrus were playing darts, and both of them seemed incredibly impressed by Papyrus’s aim.

After a while, Sans began to grow quiet – which was unlike him at social events. You nudged him as he swirled his drink, staring into it.
“What’s eating you?” you asked. Sans’s smile flipped, and he was frowning. It was just the two of you, Eric, and Kyle’s friend at the table at the moment. The other two were engaged in conversation, so you leaned into Sans, giving him a kiss on the cheek. “C’mon, spill.”

He paused swirling his drink, and he looked at you for a moment, studying your face. Putting his glass down, you saw him almost physically shrink in his seat.

“i got fired.” He said quietly.

“What?!” you exclaimed, almost shooting up. “What the fuck happened?!”

“doesn’t matter. but i screwed up. so, they fired me.” he said. His fingers were digging into the table, and you could see little scratch marks forming underneath. “was my fault.”

“What, are you going to be okay financially? Do you need a loan or something? Do –“ you started, and he held his hand up.

“no. s’fine. gonna look for something else, but we’re fine, don’t worry ‘bout it.” he said, and he sucked in a breath. “but i just… i got fired.” He repeated. “i didn’t see it coming.”

“We never do,” you said, trying to reassure him, rubbing at his shoulder as best you could, “It happens to the best of us.”

“no,” he said slowly, his head raising to look at you. “no, it doesn’t happen to me. i always see it coming.” His voice was quavering slightly. It was almost like he was trying to reassure himself. “but this time i! didn’t. something’s different.”

“Shit, I’m sorry.” you said, giving him a kiss to the side of his head. He leaned into you a little.

“seeing less and less. knowing less and less. is that a good thing?” he asked, but you knew he wasn’t really asking you.

“You can’t know everything, handsome.” You replied.

“i… just don’t know how to fuckin’ feel about it, you know?” he said. You were beginning to have flashbacks to whiskey night. “everything’s changing. it’s all wrong.”

“I’m sorry.” was all you could offer. He shook is head.

“no, not all wrong. fuck. no, you’re right. you’re right. shit. i’m sorry, i’m rambling.”

“S’ok.” You said with a shrug and a smile. “Hey, do you wanna get out of here soon?”

Sans was quiet, and was watching you for a moment, as if waiting for something. He looked back at his glass, then to you, and pushed his glass away from himself. “yeah. actually, that sounds good.”

“Mmkay, I’ll tell everyone we’re taking off. I’ll see if I can drag Papyrus away from Kyle.” You said, and excused yourself. Sans sat there, looking surprisingly small at the table as you glanced at him, and you began to worry. You politely excused yourself from the celebrations (it was almost closing time anyway) and managed to get Papyrus to come with you.

As you were walking back to your apartment, Papyrus weaving in and out between people you passed wishing them the “MERRIEST OF PATRICK´S”, Sans stopped you for a brief moment.

“hey,” he said, rubbing his hand against the back of his neck, the bone against bone clacking musically. “if you’ll still have me, i’ll go with you.”
“What?” you said, confused.

“you know. to see your parents for easter. if you want.”

“Of course!” you said, surprised. “I think I’ll double check when we’re both sober if this is what the plan is.”

“heh. no need, but if you wanna.” He said, and he roped his arm through yours, pulling you gently to his side. You let out a sigh and the two of you walked in relative silence the remainder home.

That night you dreamt of being trapped in your high school, naked. You couldn’t find Sans, who for some reason had your clothes, and kept hiding to avoid all the people you knew in your desperate attempt to find clothing. As you rounded the corner, you were named homecoming queen, and everyone seemed to accept that you were butt naked. You waved awkwardly, when a jet crashed into the gymnasium and everyone screamed until you woke up in a cold sweat.

Chapter End Notes

TL;DR - you bone ur skeleton in the bathroom

ANYWAY YEAH HI GUYS I'M BACK!???

Work has been crazy, and I'm sorry for the delay! BUT! It's been good, as the story got majorly reworked in my noggin, and we're starting to get to some extremely meaty things. Omnomnom, meat!

So enjoy the smut, 'cuz you ain't getting any for a while. buahaha

COME HANG OUT WITH ME ON TUMBLR:
http://inthesequietmoments.tumblr.com/
OR MAYBE ON DISCORD: https://discord.gg/xBZCUmS

And thank you to the amazing people who keep me company and sane while I write <3
“It’ll be fine.” you said to Sans, who’s leg was bouncing nervously as he sat by the window. You weren’t sure if he was paying attention to you or not, as his face was turned to watch the outside, seeing people scurrying about to get the plane ready for takeoff. “I fly all the time, remember?”

“yeah, i know.” he mumbled, and heaved a loud sigh, slowly sinking into his seat as best he could. “i just don’t understand how this huge thing flies without magic. it’s pretty awesome, don’t get me wrong, but still…”

“I know. And hey, it’ll be fine.” you said, and you kissed him on the cheek. Sans gave you a weak smile, and pulled the drawstrings on his hood a little tighter. While normally you wouldn’t want him to hide, people generally had bad omens about being on planes – and you had both agreed to try and keep him as inconspicuous as possible. You took his gloved hand, and held it in yours. It felt off to you, you had become so accustomed to the smooth feel of his fingers without even realizing it. His fingers slowly curled around your own, and you leaned into him. It was a short flight, just a few hours. The bouncing leg wasn’t doing you any good to help calm your own nerves; flying was fine, your parents were an entirely different matter.

You barely registered the person sitting next to you, and you reached forward for something to distract you. You grabbed the tacky in-flight mall magazine and opened it, perusing what weird and useless things they had in it now. You chuckled to yourself, pointing out the ‘automatic dog washer’ that came with seven different attachments, all looking more sinister than the last. Sans snorted, and started reading the various dumb products that were in it with you. The two of you laughed together quietly over some of the items until the jet engines started, and you felt Sans’s grip on your hand tighten. You looked up at him, and his face had fear flit across it, before you saw him try to visibly relax.

“heh, sorry. i’ll be fine.” he said, and he relaxed his grip on your hand. You frowned, and hooked your arm through his, re-weaving your fingers through his own.

“You better not let anything happen to you. Promise.”

“Of course you will be. I’m here.” you said, giving him a dumb smile. “I won’t let anything happen to you. Promise.”

“That’s my line.” He said, chuckling. You squeezed his hand in reassurance as the engines continued, the plane began to move down the tarmac. His attention turned back to the window, watching as the plane slowly moved. “the rain doesn’t affect the flight, does it?”

“Nah, this is a light shower. A storm is bad for takeoff, but I think that’s about it.” you said. You knew weird information about lightning hitting planes, but you didn’t think adding to his nervousness about flying would really help him out much. “I think the worst of it is that our luggage
“yeah.” he said, observing the people scurrying below. The plane began to accelerate, and you leaned back in your chair for takeoff. He mimicked you, his head looking straight ahead. “y’know, we could always shortcut back.”

“I already paid for the tickets!” you said, and the plane left the ground. Sans couldn’t stop himself, his hand gripping yours almost painfully as you ascended into the sky. “Hey, look out the window.”

His hand slowly released itself from it’s vice-like grasp, and you heard a small noise of wonder emit from him. Sans may have been above ground for a few years, but this was the closest he’d ever been to the sky. His attention was glued to the window for quite a while, and you smiled, noticing his leg had stopped bouncing. Leaning back into your chair, you let out a small sigh – now you just had to survive Easter.

“You’ve told me about your parents before, but you’ve been avoiding talking about them since this trip came up.” he said without looking at you. “i know you warned me about your mom but…”

“I’m just…” you started, scratching your nose, “I’m scared. Does that sound stupid?”

“scared?”

“I want them to like you. It’s not every day I bring home a boyfriend, y’know?”

“not every day you bring home a monster.” He said, his voice undecipherable. You released his hand and whacked him on the chest, surprising him and causing him to look at you.

“Shut up, idiot. You’re more than that, and you know that. Jesus.” you said, your eyes widening then narrowing. Ever since you had mentioned your mom’s disinclination towards monsters as a whole, he had become extremely mopey. He suggested you talk to them and tell them before you showed up, and you had vehemently refused – why should it matter? He was your boyfriend. You cared about him. You…

“Sorry.” he said, rubbing his head through his hood. “i’m probably freaking out over nothing, like usual.”

“We probably both are.” You said, trying to laugh to lighten the mood. “We’re a couple of worry-warts, seriously. Watch, it’ll be great, we’ll eat a buttload of ham, and everyone’ll get along fine.”

“heh, yeah.” he said, but he didn’t sound convinced. You looked around for a moment, then smirked.

“Y’know, when the drink cart comes around, they do serve booze.” You offered. Sans looked down at his lap for a moment, then shook his head.

“nah, i’m good.” He said simply.

“Can’t blame me for trying.” You responded, and sighed. “Hey, I’m gonna try to get some shut eye before we get in, is that okay with you?”

“yeah, that’s fine.” he said.

“Wake me if you need anything, okay? And definitely wake me if the in flight food is better than just peanuts. Sometimes they serve peanut butter pretzels if you ask for them, that’s worth getting up
for.” You said, and gave him a small pinch to his arm. He laughed a little.

“Alright, will do.” He said, and you placed your hand back in his, feeling him close his fingers around you once again. The ache in your chest wasn’t going away, but you figured sleeping might help get rid of the anxiety. Sans was capable of being easy and relaxed, you knew that for certain – but you could become a tightly wound ball around your family.

There was hope in your heart as you drifted off to sleep, the hum of the plane in the background. You dreamt of a giant room filled with flowers, and they were all trying to kill you.

You woke up as the plane touched down, the unmistakable jostle of a particularly rough landing. You weren’t sure if it was the plane, or Sans’s death grip that had actually woken you up, and you sleepily looked at him to see what was going on.

“We here already?” you asked, carefully rubbing your eyes. Sans looked on edge, and barely nodded. “Hey, you alright?”

“That was bumpy as hell, but no one else was panicking, so uh, I figured we weren’t doomed.” He said, his voice shaky.

“Good call. Sorry, wish I had woken up sooner… but the rides over, right? All land now!” you said, trying to cheer him up. He simply nodded.

The two of you exited the plane, heading to the baggage claim. You had texted your dad and let him know that you had landed, and he replied that he was waiting for you at the loading zone. Sans was waiting by the carousel, watching for your luggage. Should you warn your dad? What was the right course of action to take here? I mean, Sans was a monster, sure, but he looked pretty normal… right?

No, no he doesn’t. You sighed. Even you freaked out when you saw him first. Getting back onto the plane and heading home was looking like an incredibly appealing idea at the moment. Standing there, you looked at your phone blankly, trying to figure out how you were going to handle this. Sure, you ran hypothetical scenarios through your head for the past few weeks, but now you were actually here. It was almost as if every meticulously thought out plan had flown out the window, and you began to internally panic. I just want them to like him as much as I do.

“Got it.” came a voice from behind you, and you turned to see Sans standing there with your luggage. You smiled at him as reassuring as possible.

“Thanks. Well, ready to get this show on the road?” you asked, taking the handle to your bag. He nodded, and pulled you close to him, placing his forehead against yours.

“Yeah, but first… don’t stress, okay? It’ll be fine. If I can survive in a metal tub in the sky, I think we can survive your parents.” He said, squeezing your shoulder affectionately. You laughed a little, and smiled at him.

“Thanks, you know me. Let’s go, then.” You said, and began heading out the door to the loading door. You looked around, trying to find your dad, when you recognized his car. “Hey! Dad!”

“Peanut!” your dad said, spotting you. You bounded over to him, momentarily forgetting about all the drama you had imagined. “Hey! I missed you, how are you? How was your flight?” he said
happily, planting a big kiss on your forehead. You looked up at him and smiled, giving him a big hug. You really had missed him.

“I missed you too, I’m doing good! And I slept through the flight, as always.” You replied, pulling your luggage up to the car. Sans had lingered behind a little, and you looked to him.

“So where’s this boyfriend of yours? Leave him behind?” your dad asked, chuckling. You shook your head, and reached your hand out for Sans who tentatively took it, walking forward.

“Dad, this is Sans. My boyfriend. Sans, this is my dad, Lewis.” You said, and watched as Sans extended a hand out to him – thankfully still gloved. Your dad looked down at him, his eyes searching for a moment as he took Sans’s hand and shook it. Sans lowered his hood, and had an extremely easy grin on his face, and you watched as your dad’s eyes widened in shock.

“nice to meet you, thanks for having me for the holiday.” Sans said graciously. Your dad sputtered for a moment, looking to you, then to Sans, and then started laughing.

“Damnit _____, you got me.” he said with a broad smile, slapping Sans on the back. You and Sans looked at one another, confused. “That’s a really convincing costume, though.”

“Dad…” you muttered, feeling embarrassed. Sans was holding his smile somehow, and shrugged.

“bone-ified to get a laugh, apparently.” He said, and your dad chuckled a little. He stood there looking at Sans, waiting for something.

“Well, you going to take it off?”

“Dad! That’s… that’s not a costume.” You said awkwardly. You felt like you were sixteen again, and sighed. “Sans is a –“

“monster.” Sans finished. “skeleton, to be precise, but i fall under the monster category.” He said, putting his hands in his jacket pockets. Your dad looked to you, then back to Sans, then to you again.

“Peanut?” he said, sounding confused. You didn’t give him much of an option, and practically chucked your bag and Sans’s in the trunk while he stood there flabbergasted.

“Hey, can we stop for coffee before we go home? I definitely need an energy boost.” You said, trying to not let this become an issue right away. Your dad’s eyes darted to Sans and you again, his face etched with confusion. “Looks like everyone here could use coffee, right?”

“Yeah.” he said finally, and slowly got into the driver’s seat. You sat up front with him, Sans in the back behind you. Your dad sat quiet for a moment in the car, as if thinking to himself, and then finally started it. “So. How long you two been dating?”

“Since New Years.” you said, rolling your eyes. “Dad, didn’t mom fill you in?”

“Your mom picks and chooses what she tells me, you know that.” he said, turning down a street. “Does she know that –“

“No.” you said quickly. “And that’s why we’re having coffee.” Sans sat in the backseat awkwardly, and you could feel the tension in the car. You pointed across the way. “Yo, coffee’s right there.”

“Oh, right.” he said, and made a sharp turn into the parking lot. He parked the car, and took a sharp intake of breath, then exited the car. You exited as well, Sans coming slowly up behind you.
“look…” he started, and you put a finger to his mouth.

“Shut up. Just… shut up.” you said, and grabbed his hand. You knew he was going to offer a way out, an escape – not for you, but from this situation. He was going to bolt, you could tell. “Coffee.”

“right, coffee.” He said, and the three of you entered the coffee shop. You looked at Sans, and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

“Can you get our coffees for us? You know what I want. Dad likes his coffee black.” You said, and patted him on the butt to get moving. Sans took the hint, and stood in line, allowing your dad and yourself to grab a table. When you were out of what you thought was earshot, your dad groaned.

“Jesus Christ princess, you can’t do anything easy, can you?” he said, motioning to Sans. You frowned.

“Dad! C’mon, that’s not fair.” You said.

“Not fair? Sweetie, that’s not a boyfriend, that’s a Halloween decoration.” He retorted, his voice raising slightly. “Are things going bad in the city? Do you need to come home?”

“No!” you shot back, your face heating. “Dad, listen. I brought him with me because I care about him. He’s important to me. You’re important to me. It makes sense to have you guys finally meet.”

“_____ he’s a fucking skeleton.” Your dad said again, his voice straining with disbelief.

“Wow, I didn’t expect my dad to be a racist asshole.” You said, crossing your arms in disgust. Your dad slapped a hand over his face.

“What? No! Why are you being like this? This has nothing to do with him being a… well, yeah, it does. Peanut, you’re not even the same species.”

“Dad, I don’t give a shit.” you said, your voice beginning to heat as well. “Please. You know me. You know I wouldn’t pull some dumb stunt. Give him a chance. Please.”

“You couldn’t help yourself, your eyes began to well up with tears despite your best efforts not to. Your dad looked at you, and crumbled.

“C’mere.” He said, standing up and giving you an affectionate hug. “Look, I’m your dad. I’m going to look out for you, okay? This is just…” he paused, and sighed into your shoulder. “This is a bit much. And with no warning!”

“I didn’t think I needed one!” you cried into his shoulder for a moment, trying to regain your composure. You sniffled, and pulled back. “Dad, he means so much to me. He’s so good to me. He’s an honest to god good man. The ones you always told me to look for.” Your dad sighed again, and went back to his seat.

“Let’s… let’s just have coffee. But I’m going to have to deal with your mother.” He said, and you began to object. “Separately. You’re going to kill her with this, you know.”

“I know.” you said glumly. “I didn’t choose this on purpose dad, it just… happened.”

“You’ve always done things the hard way.” he said, but he was giving you a soft smile with a shake of the head. You couldn’t help but laugh a little in agreement, when Sans came over with your coffees.

“here you go.” he said, placing them in front of you two, then sitting next to you. “listen, mister –“
“Lewis.” Your dad said. “Lewis is fine.”

“Alright, lewis. I know i’m a lot to take in, i get it. but… i’m just a guy who lo–likes your daughter.” Sans said simply, looking at his coffee. He heaved a sigh, and slowly removed his glove – you both watched your dad’s eyes widen. “and this is what i am. she’s accepted it, for whatever reason, and for that i’m grateful, but i also understand why people don’t.”

“Sans…” you started, but Sans continued talking.

“All i ask is that if you judge me, judge me on my actions, and not on who i appear to be.” Is all he said, and slipped the glove back onto his hand. Your dad and Sans locked eyes, as if silently communicating. You looked at Sans, your brows turning up in concern. Your dad looked at you, then back to Sans again.

“Fair enough.” He said, and sighed again. “I’m sorry if I’ve been rude. To be completely honest, I haven’t actually met a…” he started to motion with his hands at Sans.

“monster. it’s fine, it’s not an offensive word.” Sans said, and laughed a little. “i mean, it’s even on my license. don’t worry about it.” Lewis smiled a small bit.

“Alright. So, let me get the details before we get home, because I won’t lie to either of you – your mother is going to have a conniption fit. So you’ve been dating since New Years…” your father glared at you as he said this, as if to say thanks for filling me in, and then continued. “… how long have you actually known each other?”

“We met last August, he moved in across from me. We were actually neighbors!” you said, chipper.

“Were?” your dad asked.

“still are!” Sans added quickly. “my brother and i live across from her, in a two bedroom apartment. really nice place.”

“Those apartments are actually pretty nice.” your dad said, remembering when he came to visit. “So you just met by being neighbors?”

“Yeah, I actually dropped some groceries on the stairwell one evening, and he came over to return it. Then I made him cookies, he bought me wine, and we became friends.” You said, trying to summarize it.

“You bought wine for a girl who works at a wine shop?” your dad asked him, looking extremely amused.

“hey, i at least knew she’d like it!” Sans said, chuckling. Your dad laughed a little as well.

“True, true.” Your dad stared blankly at Sans for a moment, seemingly collecting his thoughts. “I know you told me but… how long are you in town for again?”

“Just the weekend. We leave Monday evening. You can give us a ride, right?”

“Of course.” he said, taking a gulp from his coffee, then scratching at his head. “I uh… shit. Let’s just get this over with, huh?” he said, and clapped a hand to Sans’s shoulder as he stood. “Don’t worry about it kids. We’ll have a good Easter.”

“Thanks dad.” You said, smiling at him. Sans smiled too, and you all went back to the car and began driving to your parent’s house.
Your parents lived on a fairly decent sized plot of land up near the mountain range. It was halfway between a major city and a resort town, so while there wasn’t a ton to do without at least a half hour drive in either direction, you had miles upon miles of uninterrupted wilderness surrounding you. As you continued your drive, you felt a strange sense of calm. Sure, your mom might have an epic meltdown, but god damn it was beautiful up here.

As you turned into the driveway, you let out a heavy sigh. The chatter in the car had been light, pleasant. Sans lied about still being employed, which upset you a little, but he was trying to make a good impression on your dad. You probably wouldn’t have told his parents that you had just gotten fired either, to be perfectly honest.

You exited the car, grabbing your luggage and started heading to the door when your father cut you off.

“Hey, let me go in first, alright peanut? I need to…” he looked at Sans for a moment. “Sorry, no better way to put it, but damage control. Alright?”

“Yeah, sure.” you said, and watched as your dad enter the house. Sans looked around, surveying the outside of the house and the property he could see.

“nice place.” he said simply. You felt fucking terrible. Maybe springing this on your parents wasn’t a good idea. But you didn’t feel it was fair, having to warn people about your boyfriend. But shit, the world hadn’t caught up, and they definitely hadn’t caught up to your level even.

“Yeah, they’ve lived here since I was a teenager. “

“so you mean you were a woodsy kinda girl?” he asked, and you laughed a little.

“Surprisingly, yeah. You couldn’t keep me out of trees as a kid, and I was climbing rocks like a mountain goat. I mean, look around – there’s not a whole lot to do. I’d give you a quick tour, but I wanna make sure we’re here when dad gets back.” you said, rocking back and forth on your heels. You looked to the trees, and frowned. “I’m sorry Sans.”

“sorry? for what?”

“I thought that –“ you started, but didn’t get to finish your thought. Your dad waved you inside, and grabbed you by both shoulders as you entered.

“Peanut. I love you.” he said, and just pushed you into the room by your shoulder. Sans stood in the entryway with your father, holding onto your luggage. Your mom was sitting in the living room, her eyes wide.

“Sweetie-pie!” she exclaimed, jumping up and giving you a huge hug. “What on earth is your father talking about? He’s babbling absolute nonsense and –“

“Mom…” you tried, but your mom continued on.

“—he thinks it’s funny to insinuate that you’d date a monster of all things. Good god, does he have tattoos? He came with you, right?” she said, peering behind you. You frowned.
“Mom.”

“What? Oh sweetie, I missed you!” she said, giving you little kisses to your cheek and forehead. You hugged her, and stood back.

“I missed you too mom. And yeah, he flew in with me, did you want to meet him still?”

“Of course! C’mon in, don’t be shy!” she said. “What was his name again? Stan?”

“Sans.” you corrected, and Sans slowly entered the room, his hood drawn up. Your mom looked at him, you, and your father, then started laughing just like your dad did at the airport. Sans’s fist flexed for a moment, then relaxed. “Mom! It’s not a joke.”

“What? Oh please, that mask is so corny.” She said, and crossed over to Sans, giving him a huge hug. “Anyone who’ll go along with these two for a practical joke is good in my books.” She smiled at him, looking at his face. Sans’s eyes flickered to her, and her expression slowly changed.

“heh. if it’s a joke, i’m not in on it – but it’s nice to meetcha all the same.” He said. Your mom’s face looked incredulous, and she slowly sank down into her chair.

“I’ll… take your things to your room.” Your dad said, and picked your luggage up. Your mom looked at you, her mouth open like a cod fish, and then at Sans.

“I haven’t seen you since last year, this isn’t very funny.” She said suddenly.

“Mom, it’s not a joke!” you said angrily. Sans placed a hand on your shoulder to calm you down, and you brushed it away. “Why do you guys think it’s a joke?”

“Well, for starters, if you were actually dating this thing, I would have thought you would have confessed to me about it already.” She said, her tone turning nasty.

“Jesus Christ mom, he’s not a thing, he’s a person, and he’s my fucking boyfriend.” You practically growled. Sans stepped in, holding his hands up.

“ladies, ladies! listen, clearly there’s a misunderstanding here, and –“

“Excuse me? I’m talking to my daughter.” She said, glaring at Sans. You slapped a hand over your face.

“Dad!” you cried out, “Mom is being ridiculous!” You had never felt so angry and embarrassed before. Your dad came back into the room.

“Listen, Carol. ______ just got here, can we –“

“Lewis, I swear to God” your mom started, and your dad heaved an incredibly heavy sigh. You looked at your mom furiously.

“I’m going to our room, and I’m going to take a nap. Sort it out, mom.” You said, and stalked off. Sans looked at her awkwardly and gave the most innocent shrug he possibly could, and followed behind you. Sans entered, and you slammed the door behind you. “FUCK!” you shouted.

“hey! hey, calm down!”

“Shut up! Don’t tell me to calm down!” you said, spinning around on him. He looked at you, eyes wide. “Shit, sorry. I’m just… rggghh!” you grabbed your hair and pulled, then dramatically flopped down onto the bed. You could hear your parents arguing in the other room.
“do you wanna just go home? i can take us home after a nap, if you want.” He said, sitting next to you on the bed. You sighed into a pillow. You wanted to, but that was also admitting defeat. You wanted your parents to get to know Sans. To know him like you did.

“No…” you mumbled, rolling over like a petulant child. “…I mean, yeah, I kinda do. But that would just make things worse. You know it would.”

“we could just say we took a taxi.”

“Sans, stop. I…” you paused. Sans said he’d come with you, sure. But shit, you’d been dating only four fucking months, and your parents were being actively rude to him. Wouldn’t you want to go home? “Do you want to go home?”

“not gonna lie, it’s looking pretty promising right now.” he said with a chuckle, and pushed your hair out of your face. You both heard a banging coming from the kitchen, and turned to look at the door, and then Sans looked back at you.

“You can go, if you want. I need to stay.” You offered. Sans studied your face for a moment, then cupped your face with his hand.

“we’re in this together.” He said quietly, and smiled at you. You smiled at him, but you were fighting back tears – tears of anger, and embarrassment. Your dad had collected himself surprisingly well – too well, almost. But your mom, she was just a whole different ballgame. “did you actually wanna nap?”

“I just want to lie down.” you said, and crawled under the covers. Sans took his gloves off and followed suit. His hands brushed your stomach as he laid down next to you, his cool touch coming in contact with your skin calming you slightly. You wiggled your body into his to get comfortable, and he wrapped his arms around you, his face burying itself in your hair. His breathing came relaxed and even, and you listened to it as you stared out the window, thinking about the disaster you were dealing with.

In retrospect, the plan was stupid. You should have talked to your parents before even buying tickets and told them. Whether they believed you or not was irrelevant – this way, no surprise could have been sprung. But on the flipside, what was wrong with Sans? Nothing. The only problem with him was that he was a monster. So fucking what?

But you were a fucking idiot, because you knew exactly how your mom felt about monsters. It’s not like you hadn’t warned Sans – in fact, you warned him multiple times before you had even bought your seats on that damned plane. Even he had been wary about your plan, but went along with it anyway. What, was your mom going to kick you out? Then fine, you’d turn it into a vacation and fuck it all.

That wasn’t the point though. The point was to get your parents approval, and to let them know about your life. And whether they liked it or not, Sans was a part of it. He wasn’t cruel, or abusive, or a shitty boyfriend – he was amazing. Everything about him resonated with you, and you marveled at how well paired the two of you were sometimes. You wanted your parents to get that. To see how much you…

You sighed, placing your hand over his and you closed your eyes. Maybe a short nap would solve things. You and your mom could calm down, and then have dinner, and smooth things over. It would be fine. You found yourself slowly drifting off to sleep, figuring everything would resolve itself when you woke up.
It didn’t.

Your mom had taken off “for the evening” to go stay with your aunt, and your dad looked increasingly frustrated. You didn’t know who he was more pissed off at – you, or your mother. Either way, you felt absolutely horrid when you stepped out and into the kitchen. Sans was still asleep in the bedroom, and you padded over to the table your dad was at, sitting down.

“So… yeah.” was all you said. Your dad thunked his coffee down, looking irritable.

“She’s at aunt Becky’s. Probably for the night. I don’t know. Either way, this was pretty damned dumb of you, ______.” You cringed, he was right.

“I know dad, I wasn’t thinking. I just wanted you guys to meet him without freaking out ahead of time about him being a ‘spooooky skeleton’” you said, clawing at the air with your hands. “It’s not like I’m a dumbassed teenager with a head full of dreams, I know exactly what I’m doing.”

“Do you?” he asked, his brow raised. You cringed, you bit your bottom lip. Shit, did you?

“I do.” You said, trying to sound confident. His brow quirked at your response, and he side-eyed you.

“As long as you feel like you do. Either way, you’re both guests in this house, and you came all this way out to see us, so we’re going to have a damned holiday. Your mom wanted to send you home, you know.”

“Does she?” you said, trying to taper back the ire in your voice.

“And when she said that, I realized how stupid this all is. You’re staying, even if I have to order us all pizza for Easter.” You sat in silence together for a moment, digesting what he said. But you did focus on the one important thing that he said.

“Can we have pizza tonight?” you said, clapping your hands together. “I haven’t been to Grazzi’s in forever!” Your dad chuckled, glad for the topic switch.

“Some things never change, do they? Sure. Did you wanna go out or order in?” he said, and his eyes flickered to your room. He was referring to Sans.

“I’ll ask him when he wakes up. He might be uh… overloaded with discrimination today, if you will.” Your dad winced at that.

“Sorry.”


“Shush your mouth.” He said, smirking at you. “You’re such a brat sometimes, princess.” You stuck your tongue out at him for emphasis, and he leaned back into his chair, laughing. “Listen, about your mom…”

You immediately bristled. “She’s being ridiculous.”

“No, she’s being your mom. Listen, I know you’re okay with this, and I accept that. But you need to take it from her perspective. You’re her only daughter, and you’re bringing home a monster to us as a boyfriend. She’s worried. She loves you.”

“Funny way of showing it.” you said, not feeling like giving in.
“She’s giving you both space, appreciate it. Tomorrow’s Easter, and you can help her in the kitchen like you always do. I’ll take Sans out, give him the tour – and you two can talk. Catch up. It’ll be good.” You smiled at him.

“I love you dad.”

“I love you too, peanut.” He said, smiling back. “I missed you at Christmas. The trip was wonderful, but it wasn’t the same not having you around.”

“You’re telling me.” you groused. “I had a good Christmas, but I really wanted to see you a mom.” You thought about it for a moment – if you had seen your family at Christmas, would you and Sans have…? “But Sans and his brother Papyrus were there for me. They got me wonderful presents too!”

“Yeah? Wait, is he the one you told me that bought you that tea set and coffee table?”

“Yeah! He’s the neighbor!” you said, excited.

“I told you he had a crush on you.” your father said, laughing. “I mean, I didn’t know he was a skeleton, but listen, sweetie. Dads always know.” he said, tapping his forehead.

“Yeah yeah. What did I say? ‘No way, we’re just friends!’” you said, chuckling.

“Goofball, when will you begin listening to my infinite wisdom?” he said, standing up to get himself another cup of coffee. “You want one?”

“Sure, I’ll take a cup. And never.” You said, smiling. Your dad ruffled your hair as he always did as he passed you, grabbing another coffee cup. Thank god for your dad, picking you up when you fell, healing your scrapes and kissing away your tears.

As the coffee percolated, the two of you chattered idly about life in general, catching him up with your day to day. You discussed work, and how well it was going. ‘You need to ask for a raise’ he said, as always. After a short while, Sans emerged from the bedroom, his hood back up and looked at you and your father.

“Hey handsome.” You said with an easy smile. He smiled back, and nodded to your dad.

“Have a good nap?” your dad asked. Sans nodded, and inhaled deeply.

“yeah, thanks. listen, i mentioned to your daughter that if it was simpler that i go home…” he began, and you immediately scowled. Your dad pulled a chair out at the table, and motioned for Sans to take a seat, which he did.

“Sans, listen. You’re a guest in our house, and you’re more than welcome to stay. If you feel uncomfortable, I understand – and I also apologize. But more important, you’re my little girl’s significant other, and it’d be rude of me to treat you as anything else.” He said, surprising you.

“She’s a woman now, despite her always being ten in my mind, and if she makes the conscious decision to be with you…” he paused, and took in a deep breath. You could tell he was still struggling with this when he was actually face to face with it. “… then that’s on her. So let’s drop it, and have a good Easter.” Your dad grabbed a coffee mug. “Coffee?”

“yeah, please.” he said quietly. “and… thank you.”

“Of course.” your dad said, pouring him a mug. “Sugar or milk?”

“black’s fine.” Sans said, and your dad handed It to him.
“Good choice. So we were thinking about pizza tonight, does that sound good to you?” you asked. Sans’s face eased into a smile.

“yeah, that sounds great actually.”

“Did you want to go out? Or we can stay in, that’s totally fine, we can order it and –“

“nah, we can go out if you two want to.” He said, sipping from his coffee. Your dad watched him with fascination, not having actually paid attention to him when he drank earlier.

“You sure?” you asked, frowning. Sans shrugged a shoulder. “This isn’t the city, is I guess what I’m getting at.” Sans drew his drawstrings in, and wiggled his gloved fingers, causing you to frown even more.

“they’ll never even know. you know me, i can keep a low profile when i want to. “ he said simply.

“Well, pizza it is then.” Your dad said, leaning back in his chair. “Let’s finish the coffee, and we can head over to Grazzi’s. Maybe drive around town, show you the place.”

“sounds great lewis, thank you.” Sans said, his voice growing quiet as he drank his coffee.

While peace had been made at the table, you felt an uneasy feeling churning in your gut. It was almost like a calm before the storm, and you didn’t like that feeling at all.

Grazzi’s was a nice change of pace. Your dad, yourself and Sans actually had a fairly pleasant time. The pizza was just as good as you remembered it, and your dad seemed to be getting along with Sans fairly well. It shouldn’t have surprised you – considering all he told were goddamned dad jokes, it would have been more surprising if they didn’t.

The town, as always, hadn’t changed. You had opted to go to the resort portion (where Grazzi’s was), and while it was a 30 minute drive, it didn’t feel too bad. Sans was quiet, taking in all the sights as you drove by them, but you kept seeing him trying to look up through his car window on the way back.

As you came into the driveway, you saw that your mom’s car still wasn’t there. You and your dad simultaneously sighed, and entered the house a little glumly.

“Alright kids, I’m going to head off to bed. You know where everything is peanut. And if your mom comes home…” he said, leaving it at that – an unspoken ‘don’t’ had been issued.

“Alright dad. Love you, have a good night.” You said, and gave him a peck on the cheek. He smiled, and headed upstairs to go to sleep. Sans stood in the living room, looking at you.

“eventful day, huh?” he said, smiling at you a little sadly. You went over to him, and gave him a huge hug.

“Yeah. Sorry. I’m sorry.” you said, burying your face into his shoulder. He pet your hair, and gave it a gentle kiss as best he could.

“don’t be. your dad is great. it’s just been a crazy day for everyone.” He said, smoothing your hair down and looking at you. “we’ll get through this, alright?”

You wanted to cry. Here was your boyfriend, who your parents mistreated, comforting you in your family’s living room. What had you done to deserve this man?
“Sans…” you said, but couldn’t finish. His eyes studied your face, and drew you in close.

“don’t worry about it.” he said gently. You sighed, leaning into him, inhaling his scent. Maybe that’s why you liked it so much, the cedar, the old books, the rain. He reminded you of things you knew well. You pulled away from him, and took his hand.

“C’mon, follow me real quick.” you said, and began to lead him outside. He immediately looked up, and stopped. The benefit to your parents living where they did, was no light pollution. The night sky was beautiful, and almost clear, with small wisps of clouds throwing shadows from the moonlight. You tugged at his hand, smiling. “Seriously, keep walking.”

Sans shuffled behind you for a few minutes as you lead him up a small path to the side of the property, and up a hill. As you reached the top, you plopped down in the slightly wet grass, and motioned for him to join you. He did so, and you leaned back to look up.

“I used to come up here a lot to think when I lived here. The stars are so pretty at night, especially when it’s crisp like this.” You said, glad you were wearing your jacket. Sans leaned back next to you, staring upwards with wide eyes. “In the daytime, it’s perfect for cloud watching.”

“wow.” Was all Sans said, his eyes darting in the darkness. “i mean, i’ve seen the night sky obviously, but not this unobstructed.”

“Yeah, the benefits of living away from cities and towns, you don’t get light pollution. It’s almost like you’re falling into space.”

“yeah.” he said, and you could hear the smile in his voice. “it’s beautiful.” You both laid there for a short while, when you felt his hand seek out yours. You took it in yours, and frowned. It felt wrong. You looked, and saw that he was still wearing his gloves.

“Take those dumb fucking things off.” you said, and he looked at you, surprised.

“but look, they’re padded. it’s almost like having real hands.” He said, his hands flexing in them as if to show them off. You grimaced, sat up and yanked at the base of one of them, ripping it off. His face was one of shock, you forcefully gripped his hand with yours.

“You have real hands. These are your hands. And I love them.” you said, without meaning to. You held his hand up to your face and tried to hide the sadness etched on your face. Sans slowly sat up, letting you hold his hand and looked at you, his expression unreadable.

“_____ i—“ he started, and you drew his hand in closer.

“Please don’t. I want you the way you are. Not the way other people you think you’re supposed to be.” you said, pushing back his hood off his head and cupping his face gently. “Sans, you’re amazing. You’re exactly who you should be, and I’m blessed as hell to have you in my life. So please…” you said, and you were trying your hardest not to cry, “…please don’t ever think I want you any other way.”

Sans fell quiet as your shoulders rounded and sagged, your head dropping downwards, your hand falling away from his face. The two of you sat in silence for a moment, when you saw him slowly peel off his other glove. His skeletal hand came up under your chin, lifting it to look at him. He took in a sharp breath, as if he were about to say something, and you waited.

Instead, he let out what sounded like a sigh of defeat, and placed his forehead against yours, his eyes closing. You closed your eyes as well, your hand coming up to smooth over his skull. After a short while, you separated, and smiled at each other.
You loved him.

This skeleton, sitting before you on this hill – you loved him. His grim visage, his deathly demeanor, it didn’t mean anything to you. When you looked at him, all you saw was someone that you felt that you would love until the very ends of the earth.

That’s ridiculous.

But somewhere inside, you knew it was true. If someone told you that they could make Sans a human, you’d tell them no. This was the man that you had slowly come to care for, and this was the man who had somehow stolen your heart. Fuck.

Sans’s eyes were searching yours, seemingly trying to read your thoughts. No, this was too soon, too fast! You couldn’t possibly love him. You were just emotionally distraught from the day’s events. And god knows he likely didn’t love you back. You both were still trying to figure this entire thing out, how could love possibly factor into it?

Hell, could monsters even love? Stupid question. You wanted to say something, anything to let him know, maybe hint at it. But at the same time, you were so terrified of moving too fast, of destroying what you had.

So you let it be.

“something on your mind?” he asked, his voice cracking slightly.

“Just… thinking.” You said, and rearranged your body so you were leaning into him. He gladly cradled you in his arms, letting you lie back into him.

“yeah? care to share?” he asked. His voice sounded hopeful. I can’t.

“It’s been a shitty day, but I wouldn’t mind staying in this moment forever.” You said, gripping at his arm a little. He squeezed you gently.

“yeah, me neither.” Was all he said, and you both looked skyward.

Easter morning came, and you opened your eyes slowly as the light filtered in between the curtains. You heard a general clattering in the kitchen, and looked a Sans – he was still fast asleep. You gave him a gentle kiss to his forehead, hoping you wouldn’t wake him, and quietly padded out into the hall.

The house smelled good, like breakfast. Was your dad cooking? He was a horrible cook, so you were sort of glad you had woken up early. You rounded the corner into the kitchen, and saw your mom standing there, mixing something in a bowl.

“Morning.” You said curtly. Your mom looked up, her stirring slowing.

“Morning _____. Did you sleep well?” she asked. You wanted to yell at her, but it was too early to start a fight.

“Yeah, thanks. Did you come home last night?”

“No. I just… I needed to see aunt Becky.” She said, resuming her furious mixing. Crossing over to the fridge, you poured yourself a glass of orange juice and slid into an empty chair at the kitchen
table, not really knowing what to say. You stared out the window into the backyard, thinking about how you’d start the conversation. Luckily, she did it for you.

“______... are you unhappy?” she asked, her stirring not stopping.

“No. The opposite. Why?” you asked.

“This just seems uncharacteristic for you.” she said, pulling a pan out. “Daniel went through this phase, remember? He dated some really… questionable girls.” Your hackles raised at the mention of your brother.

“I’m not Danny.” You said, grumbling. “Just because he made shitty choices doesn’t mean I’m going to.” Your mother heaved a heavy sigh and turned to you, putting a hand on her hip.

“The both of you are the most stubborn people I know. And when you’re unhappy, you both turn into raging idiots.”

“He’s not coming to Easter, is he?” you asked quickly. Your mother shook her head.

“No, he’s spending it with Liz.” She said, turning back to her cooking. “Your aunt was going to come over, but…” she faltered, and left it there. You knew exactly what she was going to say. The boyfriend you brought home is a monster.

“Fine, more ham for me.” you said, trying to lighten the mood again. “But no ma, I’m happy. I’m really happy. I got a good job, I have a good set of friends, and Sans is really, really great.”

“Whatever happened to Will? He was a much better option.” She said, and you slammed your orange juice down, spilling some of it.

“No he wasn’t.” you said between clenched teeth. You hadn’t told your parents. You hadn’t really told anyone. There was a level of disgust buried in you at the entire thing, and the last thing you wanted to do was talk about it. Your mom spun to look at you.

“Sweetie! Are you okay? What happened?” she said, and started to cross over to you. You shot her a look that made her stop in her tracks.

“Nothing. He’s just a douchelord. That’s all.” You said, glaring at your orange juice. Your mom handed you a paper towel, and you used it to clean up the spilled juice. “Thanks.”

“That’s a shame, I always liked him.” She said, going back to the kitchen counter. A sinking feeling took place in your chest, you didn’t want to say anything about it. You didn’t want to think about it.

“Yeah, me too.” Was all you said. Your mom poured the batter onto the griddle, and began cracking eggs into the pan.

“So… does he eat food?” she asked. You looked up at her, confused. “Your boyfriend. Stan.”

“Sans.” you corrected, again. “And yeah, he eats normal food. It’s actually how we became such good friends in the first place.”

“That’s good.” She said, but her words were terse. You could tell she was trying, genuinely trying. You felt a twinge of guilt for some reason, and begged for it to go away, but it wouldn’t.

“Dad says he’s gonna take Sans out today and show him around – so I can help you in the kitchen.”
You said, hoping that would cheer her up. You saw her smile a little.

“T’d love that! Oh, that takes a load off me. Since Becky isn’t coming over, I was worried I wasn’t going to be able to make the cake. I’m trying a new recipe for the ham – oh, don’t make that face, you’ll still like it – so another pair of hands in the kitchen would be perfect.”

“Alright, I’ll get dressed after breakfast. What’re you making anyway?”

“Just pancakes and eggs, nothing special. Can you turn on the coffee maker? Your dad should be getting up soon.”

“Sure.” you said, getting up and flipping the switch on the maker for her. You leaned backwards into the counter, watching her cook. “Mom…”

“I just wish you had told me.” she said, moving the eggs around in the pan. You sighed.

“Sorry mom.” You offered. She kept looking at the eggs.

“Breakfast is going to be ready soon. You should probably wake up the – your… you should probably wake up Sans.”

“Alright.” you said, frowning. You walked back to the guest bedroom and crept in; Sans was still fast asleep, curled up in the blankets. It was almost a shame to wake him, you thought. You crawled onto the bed, and slowly pulled back the covers and gave him a kiss on his neck. He stirred slightly, and you kissed it again, causing his eyes to slowly open. “Morning.”

“mmm, morning.” He said lazily, rolling over halfway to face you. You smiled, and gave him another kiss to his neck. “hey, cut that out. we’re at your parents.”

“I know.” you giggled. “You can’t do anything about it, huh?” You went in for another kiss to his neck, and he groaned.

“seriously, knock it off.” he said, and hit you with your own pillow. You laughed, and sat up on the bed cross-legged.

“Breakfast is almost ready. And uh, mom’s home. She seems to be in an okay mood.” Sans’s previous smile faded slowly.

“yeah? that’s good.” He said, but there wasn’t much sincerity behind it.

“Can we try again? Round two? I think the shock has worn out of her system.” You offered, then nudged him. “C’mon, she’s making paaaancakes.”

“i do like pancakes.” He said, and tried to ease into his smile, but it wasn’t sticking. “lemme get dressed, okay?”

“PJs are fine, you don’t have to.” You said, and he looked at you for a moment oddly.

“s’not really appropriate.” He said. You frowned.

“Sans, my mom is in a robe and slippers making food. I’m going out there in my shirt,” you said stretching it out – it had a picture of an ice cream cone with a bite taken out of it yelling with the words ‘I Scream’ on it – “and my bottoms. I mean c’mon, it’s not a formal black tie event.”

“it’s not that.” he said, and gestured to his arms. He was wearing a simple grey t-shirt and shorts. You cocked your head, confused. Gesturing again, he looked extremely frustrating. “i’m a fucking
skeleton, tiger."

“Jesus Sans, and they can –” you started, and he cut you off.

“and i want them to like me, so maybe we should try easing them into this instead of shoving me into their face like i’m normal. i’m not. not up here, i’m not. you’re trying to pretend, i get it, but i’m just…” he gritted his teeth, “i’m not in the mood to be yelled at, or… stop parading me around, alright?”

“What?” you said, taken aback. His words stung you. “What do you mean, parading you around?”

“you’re used to me, but no one else is. and you just push me on people, demanding they accept me, and they’re not going to.” He said, his tone becoming angry. “if you had talked to them before all this, maybe then—“

“Oh, what, so it’s all my fault now? I’m sorry, my mom is being a racist bitch?” you retorted, your cheeks heating up. “Sorry I’m even trying, Sans.”

“that’s not what i meant, and you know it.” he responded, clipped.

“No, I don’t. Shit, I’m so sorry I want people to accept you.”

“do you want people to accept me? or do you want people to accept your decisions?” He said suddenly, his tone low. You blinked a few times. “because it’s really feeling like the latter.”

“Fuck this.” You said, getting out of bed. “Pancakes will be ready soon, eat them or don’t.” The door flew open, and you practically slammed it behind you. As you stalked into the kitchen, your mom looked at you.

“Everything okay?” she asked.

“Yeah. He’s just grumpy when he wakes up sometimes, that’s all.” You plopped back down into the chair at the table, staring at your empty orange juice. Screw him!

You were just trying to treat him like a normal person, was that so bad? Fine, if he wanted to be treated like a third class citizen, then that was his goddamned prerogative.

You got up and got yourself another glass of orange juice. God, this was so stupid. Maybe you shouldn’t have invited Sans. You could be having a nice conversation with your parents, and maybe filling them in about him instead of confronting them with him. Confronting…

Shit.

No, he was wrong. You were trying to make a point. He was normal, and they had to just get used to it.

“I scrambled some eggs for your dad and Sans, but I made you yours runny like you like them.” your mom said, smiling. Almost as if on cue, your dad came down the stairs and into the kitchen.

“Morning hon,” he said, kissing your mom. “Morning peanut.”

“Morning dad.” You said, smiling at him.

“Breakfast ready?” he said, smelling the air. Your mom had put bacon on while you were in the bedroom, that was likely what stirred him from his slumber.

“Almost. Sweetie, can you set the table?” your mom asked. You nodded, and grabbed the plates. You grabbed three, then had to make a mental correction to grab the fourth for Sans. Placing the
dishes on the table, you heard the click of the door in the hallway, and you saw Sans emerge into the
doorframe. He had changed – black jeans, hi-top sneakers, a black turtleneck of some sort, and his
usual hoodie. His hands were in his pockets, but you figured his gloves were back on.

“morning.” He said casually, waving to your parents. Your dad gave him a friendly wave, and you
mom nodded to him.

“Morning.” Your dad said, his tone chipper. “Sleep well?”

“i did, thanks.” Sans said, and crossed the kitchen to the table you were setting. “where do i sit?”

“Next to me.” you said, pointing to the place next to yours. Sans sat down in it, and folded his hands
over his plate; he was wearing the gloves again. You inwardly cringed, but didn’t say anything. You
sat next to him, still feeling pissed off, and began drumming your fingers on the table.

“Impatient for breakfast?” your dad offered, bringing over his coffee and sitting down as well.

“You know it.” you said jokingly, but stopped your drumming. The three of you waited as your
mom brought over a stack of pancakes, and the eggs and bacon.

“Help yourselves,” she said, and then slid your own plate of eggs on toast to you. Aw.

“Thanks mom.” You said with a smile, and she shot one back. Sans waited until everyone had
served themselves, then took a single pancake and small helping of eggs. You knew that was less
than he ate normally, and gave him a questioning look, but he wasn’t making eye contact with you.

“So Sans,” your dad said after a few minutes of eating, “You ever been to Colorado?”

“no sir.” Sans said between bites. Your mom was trying her hardest not to watch him eat, clearly
confused.

“I know you two don’t have a lot of time here, so I was wondering if you’d like me to show you
around.” Your dad said. It wasn’t a question, and everyone knew it.

“of course.” Sans replied, sipping his orange juice. Part of you wondered if he was craving his usual
ketchup that he dumped on everything. “that’d be great.”

“Perfect.”he said, taking a bite of bacon. “You always been a city guy?”

“no, not really. been moving here and there since i’ve come up topside.” Sans said, trying not to
emphasize being underground. “trying to find a good place to settle, but definitely liking where i’m at
now.”

“The city’s a good place. ______ here has been living there since college.” Your dad said, waving
his piece of bacon at you. “We thought she’d move back home, but the city life suits her.”

“It is nice.” you said, finishing your pancakes off.

“I wish you’d come home though.” your mom chimed in. You rolled your eyes.

“If you had your way, I’d move back in.” you said. Your mom brightened at this, and you raised
your brow at her. “No.”

“Can’t blame her for trying.” Your dad said with a chuckle. “I’m gonna get a move on, daylight’s
wasting. I’ll be back down in a minute Sans, then we can take off.” Sans merely nodded, and you
rubbed at his leg under the table affectionately, but he didn’t respond to it.
“Lucky you, that means you get to help me with the dishes!” your mom said, and you groaned dramatically. “You’re not getting out of it. Help me clear the table, up! Up!”

“Fiiiine.” You whined, grabbing the empty plates. Sans leaned back as you took his, and you two locked eyes. His face had his trademarked easy smile, but for some reason you couldn’t read it. You tried smiling at him, but his expression didn’t change. Ugh, was he mad at you?

After a few minutes, your father came back downstairs and poked his head into the kitchen. “Ready to go Sans?”

“ready and rarin’ to go.” Sans said, and got up from the table. As he walked by you, he stopped. “have a good day, ok?”

“Yeah.” you said, and kissed his cheek. His expression softened a little, and you waved at him and your dad as they left. As soon as the door closed, your mom turned to face you.

“He seems… nice.” she said carefully.

“He is.” you responded. You waited for more.

“Did you want to clean up before we get started?” she offered, you nodded.

“God, yeah. That sounds great actually. Did you already hang up guest towels?”

“Of course I did. I’m going to go freshen up as well. I’ll see you back down here.” she said, and gave you a small hug. You walked off to the bathroom, and immediately turned on the water in the shower. You took your clothes off, and then looked at yourself in the mirror.

What’s so different? You wondered, and you examined yourself. You traced your collarbone, and stretched upwards to examine your own ribs. You were built of the same stuff, you were just… flesher.

“Fuckin’ idiot, you know that’s not it.” you said to yourself. You put your hand to your forehead, thinking about this was making it hurt. You stepped into the shower, letting the hot water engulf you. It felt good, and you inhaled the steam in an effort to quell the beginnings of a headache.

Was Sans right? Were you being basically an obstinate teenager? Sure, you really did want your parents to accept Sans – but good god, monsters were still new. You were asking your parents to accept not only a change recent to the entire world, but one that was directly affecting their daughter. Of course they would respond with shock and distrust. Hell, the last boyfriend you brought home was put through the wringer, and he was human.

But the worst part, was the idea that you hadn’t been taking Sans into consideration. No one else you brought home ever had to go through that reaction, and Sans had zero control over it. It wasn’t because of something he did, or a tattoo he had – it was because of how he was born. And while you came to terms with it over time, he had been dealing with people reacting poorly to him since he came above ground.

No! I’m not in the wrong here. you told yourself. You were doing this for Sans. Right?

You put your face under the running water. This was supposed to be a nice holiday visit, not some sort of inner drama crisis. You turned the water off, and stepped out grabbing a towel and dried yourself off. You wrapped the towel around yourself, and went into the bedroom. You took out your clothes, and got dressed, looking at Sans’s clothing folded neatly in the suitcase. You chuckled to yourself – the only reason it was folded neatly was because of you, he had originally just thrown it in
there.

You put your towel in the hamper and stepped back out into the kitchen, where your mom was already getting everything ready.

“You ready for some serious cooking?” she asked with a smile. You rolled up your imaginary sleeves.

“Let’s do this.” You said, and she laughed a little. You grinned, and immediately got to work.

The two of you chatted about a whole lot of nothing initially, catching each other up on the mundane things in your lives. Your mom had joined a crafting club, which was no surprise to you, and her and aunt Becky had been planning a summer cruise. She asked if you wanted to go, which you had to decline – work wouldn’t give you three weeks off to go to the Bahamas, although you really wish they would. It wasn’t until the ham was in the oven and you began to work on the carrot cake that the topic of Sans came up.

“So… I know you haven’t been dating long, but have you thought about the future?” your mom asked as you began to mix in the flour.

“The future? What do you mean?” you asked, trying to get the whisk to move. It was was being extremely uncooperative.

“The future with Sans.”

“Mom, we just started dating. It’s been like, four months. Don’t you think it’s a little soon?”

“It’s not that, it’s… I mean, you can’t have a normal relationship with him.” She said. You frowned.

“What do you mean, ‘normal’?”

“He’s a monster sweetie. He’s not like us. I mean, can they even legally get married?” she said, drizzling some oil on the asparagus.

“What? I don’t know, I never asked. And jesus mom, again – four months! I’m not really thinking about marriage right now.”

“Well you should, you’re not getting any younger.” Your mom replied, placing the vegetables on a sheet. “Your brother hasn’t given me any grandchildren, and now you…”

“Mom, drop it.” you warned. “We’re winging it, okay?”

“That’s obvious.” She said, clipped. You sighed, plunking the bowl down onto the counter.

“Yeah, no shit it’s obvious. Stop being like this, you know I wouldn’t date someone if didn’t care about them.”

“Honey, did you love Duke?” she asked, not turning to face you.

“Duke? Of course I loved Duke! But he was –“

“Would you marry Duke?” she asked. Your face flared bright red, and you slammed the whisk down, splattering batter everywhere.

“Are you fucking kidding me? Would I marry Duke? Duke was a fucking DOG, mom. Are you seriously making the correlation between our fucking dog and my goddamned boyfriend?”
“Watch your tone with me, young lady.” Your mom warned. You gripped your fingers in front of you, as if trying to rip the air in frustration.

“Young lady nothing, mom, I’m a grown assed woman living my own life, and you’re treating me like some sort of idiotic child who doesn’t understand what an actual relationship is.”

“You’re making a bad decision!” your mom shouted, leaning over the counter suddenly. Your eyes narrowed at her, your gut twisting in fury.

“You don’t know that!” you shouted back. “You haven’t even talked to him, given him a chance! You’re being absolutely asinine!”

“____, just… get out. I need a minute.” She said, and you slammed your fist into the cupboard nearby.

“Fine! Fuck this!” you practically screamed, and stormed out of the house, slamming the door behind you. You paced in the front yard for a minute furiously, and kicked a bush nearby. *Yeah, fuck YOU bush!*

You hoped to god Sans’s outing with your dad was going better. You hadn’t heard any gunshots, so that was a good sign.

Why was your mom being so difficult? Shit, you knew. Deep down, you knew. But you didn’t want to understand her just as much as she didn’t want to understand you, and that was the crux of the problem. One of you was going to have to bend, and you thought it sure as hell wasn’t going to be you. But to have such an ignorant, idiotic standpoint on monsters was just…

“Rrggggh!” you screamed at nothing in particular, and stomped around for a minute or two. This was so stupid. You just wanted to cook Easter dinner with your mom. Was that so hard? Damnit!

The front door to the house opened, and your mom came out.

“Sweetie, come back inside, okay?” she said.

“You told me to get out.” you replied angrily. Your mom looked tired.

“I know, I just needed to clear my head. I’m sorry. Let’s just go back to cooking.”

“No more talking about Sans.” you shot at her. It wasn’t a request, it was a demand.

“That’s fine. C’mon.” she said, and you begrudgingly nodded and sulked back inside. The both of you cooked in relative silence, until you started talking about Jackie – to which you both started chatting like normal again.

And honestly, after all this bullshit, you were fine with ignoring the problem for now.

Sans and your dad came back in the late afternoon, chattering away with one another rather happily. The mood in the house had been lifted, and it smelled positively delicious. Sans had never celebrated Easter before – and while your family wasn’t religious, you definitely didn’t skip out on any holiday that involved eating food.

Your mom had set the table while you went to wash your hands, and when you came back out you noticed the table settings looked odd. She had placed you and Sans opposite to one another, instead
of next to each other. You frowned, and were going to say something when she whizzed by you
with a crockpot full of food in her mitted hands.

“Alright! Get to the table everyone, foods on!” she said happily. She placed the food down onto the
table, and yourself, Sans and your father sat at your respective seats. Your mom rushed back into the
kitchen and came back out with the ham – good god did it smell amazing.

“Looks amazing girls.” Your dad said approvingly.

“Thanks!” you replied. “How did your day go?”

“Good.” He said simply, and looked at Sans. Sans nodded, but he was smiling in earnest. “Showed
off the old mining town, he was fascinated by the history. You don’t tell him much, do you?”

“What do you mean?” you asked, grabbing some mashed potatoes and dumping them onto your
plate.

“He says you’ve never really mentioned here much. You ashamed of us or something?” your dad
said jokingly. “Just because the state sells pot now doesn’t mean we’re all stoners.”

“Ugh, dad. Please.” you said rolling your eyes. Sans was eyeing the food, and you looked at him.
“Don’t be shy, help yourself.”

“heh, thanks.” he said. He reached out for a piece of ham, and you noticed he had removed his
gloves. As his fingers grasped around the fork, you could see your mom staring at them like it was
the most obscene thing she had ever seen. Luckily, Sans didn’t notice.

“So did you guys do anything else other than the mining town?” you asked, taking some ham for
yourself after Sans. “Do anything fun?”

“Sorry, that’s between us guys.” He said, giving Sans a friendly smirk. Sans chuckled.

“Ugh, boys. Right, mom?” you said. Your mom was staring blankly at her empty plate. “Mom?”

“Yeah! Hah. Boys, stupid to the end.” She said, and reached out for some vegetables. You frowned,
and started eating your food.

“this is absolutely delicious.” Sans said, clearly enjoying the meal. “why don’t you ever cook?” he
asked you. You groaned, knowing your parents would give you shit for that.

“Because you basically have a live-in chef.” You grumbled, and your dad side-eyed you.

“You have a perfectly good kitchen, I don’t understand why you eat out so much.” he said.

“Dad, c’mon, I live in a city that’s filled to the brim with delicious food. Don’t start with me.” you
said, waving your fork at him. “Besides, look at how delicious this all is. I can clearly still cook.”

“You have a live-in chef?” your mom asked Sans. Sans laughed a little, and you were glad he
seemed to be at ease.

“kinda. my brother is a prep chef at a restaurant in the city. he’s gotten really good.”

“They let him work with the food?” she asked, and you almost dropped your fork. You saw Sans’s
eye twitch – not a good sign. There was a lot of abuse he could take, but you knew his brother was a
sensitive subject.
“kinda have to to be a chef.” He said, his fingers curling around his fork like it was a weapon. “he has to be careful with butter though, there’s no margarine for error.” Your dad laughed, but your mom forced a smile onto her face.

“He’s an amazing chef, mom. He’s cooked some of the best food I’ve ever eaten – besides yours of course. But when you come into the city, you definitely have to eat at the restaurant. It’s actually the one Will works at.” The last parts came tumbling out before you could stop yourself.

“Oh, he works with Will? That’s nice of him.” She said. “Will was always open to new things.” You could see Sans’s desperately trying on his end of the table, and you laughed nervously.

“Yes, anyway. So Jackie’s still waiting for that proposal from Kyle.” You said, hoping to switch topics as fast as you could. “Kyle hasn’t said anything to me, so I don’t know if anything is on the horizon, but I’m going to stab him if he doesn’t soon.”

“They’ve been together for ages, haven’t they?” your dad asked, and you nodded.

“He’ll propose, they’re meant to be together.” Your mom said, chewing her ham. “It’s a little easier when you can actually get married.”

“Mom.” Was all you said, and she shrugged innocently.

“So, Sans,” she began, and you instinctively felt a flood of fear surge through you, “What exactly is it about my daughter that you find so appealing?” You opened your mouth to object, but Sans gave a quiet laugh, and smiled warmly.

“everything, honestly. she’s funny, smart, has a huge heart, is stubborn as hell, and somehow manages to put up with me.” he said, looking at you. You felt your cheeks flush a little, and smiled at him.

“Mmm.” She said, taking a huge gulp of her wine. “But why a human?”

“Carol.” Your dad started. Your mom shot him a look that could cut steel.

“Lewis, let him answer.” She said, and looked at Sans expectantly.

“do you want honesty?” Sans said, and your mother nodded. “i don’t know. i didn’t become friends with her to try and woo her, if that’s what you’re thinking. we just sorta… fell into a relationship. we’re trying to figure it out.”

“That’s blatantly obvious.” Your mom said sarcastically, and you felt yourself bristle.

“Mom, stop being so rude.” You hissed under your breath.

“Carol, he’s a guest.” Your dad interjected, and your mom slammed her now empty wine glass down on the table.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” she shouted at your father. “You leave for a few hours, and come back like this is all fine? Look at his hands, Lewis.” she said, pointing a finger almost accusingly at him.

“Yeah? I told him he didn’t have to wear his gloves. It’s rude to make him do that in our home.” your dad said calmly.

“Rude? What’s rude is this fucking medical study coming into my house, and thinking he can ruin
“Mom!” you shouted. “That’s enough!”

“No, ______, you’re going to listen to me, both of you. This is absolutely ridiculous! I don’t care if you like each other, but this can go nowhere!” her voice was becoming more shrill as she continued. “You don’t get it. You can’t get married, you can’t give me grandbabies, you can’t have a LIFE if you stay with this freak of nature!”

“excuse me?” Sans said, his voice taking on a chill.

“Caroll!” your dad yelled, and your mom stood up at the table, looming over you.

“______, you’re ruining your life. I’m not going to sit by here and pretend this is fine, when I know you’re actively destroying it. You have no future with this monster, you’ll never have a future with him, and all you’re doing is wasting your time and his by pretending you do!”

“What the fuck mom?” you cried, your mind racing between anger and absolute sadness. “What the fuck do you even know?”

“What do I know? I know I have a family with two children, and a husband. I know how the world works, and how we’re supposed to live. You don’t fuck the livestock, and you certainly don’t marry it. Good lord, does he even have all the parts?” Sans’s fingers were digging into the table, and you shot up to your feet.

“Yeah, he does. And guess what mom? I fuck him. Wow! What a revelation! Never thought I’d have to be saying that to you, but here we are.” You shrieked, and suddenly Sans stood up.

“i should go.” he said simply.

“What? No!” you said, but he was already exiting the room.

“Sans, please!” your dad called out to him – you suddenly felt that feel of static in the air, the hairs raising on your arms, and you ran into the other room. But Sans was already gone. You sharply inhaled, a sob releasing against your will. You stormed back into the dining room, grabbed a plate, and threw it against the wall.

“No! No, fuck you mom! Fuck you, fuck this, fuck everything. Was it so hard to have a simple god damned fucking dinner? Dad’s fine, dad wasn’t being a total cunt, but you are.”

“Watch your tone.” Your father warned, and you spun on him.

“No, you know what? I’m out. I’m fucking out.” you said, and for what felt like the hundredth time, you stormed out of the house. The sun had already set, and the moon was slowly peaking over the trees. You had absolutely no idea where Sans had gone. You took your cellphone out and called him, praying he would pick up.

“hi, this is sans. i’m not here right now, but the phone is. so leave a message on it, and maybe i’ll get it.”

Damnit! You raised your fists to your face, and tried your best not to cry. Inhaling deeply through your nose, you began to head down towards the river. You needed to get away from this, to clear your head, to figure out what you were going to do, and try and find Sans. You knew looking for
him would be hopeless – hell, he could have teleported home already at this point.

You stumbled down the path, and reached the river. It was cold as fuck, and didn’t think to grab a jacket before you left. You sat down on a rock by the banks. *Whatever, I’ll freeze to death.* You thought childishly. *Then who’ll be sorry.*

What a disaster. What a fucking disaster. You had never been so mad at your mom before in your life. Why was she doing this to you?

But she was right, in a way. What future *did* you have with Sans? Sure, it had been fun, and good god you weren’t sure if you actually loved him or not right now, but you had asked yourself before – *Where is this going?* There was no way in hell you’d ever have children, and the chances of an adoption agency granting kids to you was out of the question… you had wanted a family. So were you giving up on that dream to be with him?

And then marriage. As far as you knew, there was no legal way to marry a monster. Monsters couldn’t even marry each other legally right now, could they? You’d always wanted a dumb, big wedding, a big poofy dress. And that was down the drain now too, wasn’t it?

What were you holding him back from? Could he live out his own dreams with someone else? Someone more… *compatible?* You sharply inhaled, and then let out a sob. This wasn’t fair. This wasn’t fair at all. Tears began streaming down your face, and you buried your face into your arms, curling up into your knees. Your entire body ached as it racked with sobs, and you wished that the river could carry you away from all this.

*Why couldn’t Sans just be normal?*

No. No, that’s not what you wanted. You cried harder, hating yourself for even thinking that. But it was true, in a way. When you looked at Sans, you saw a future that you could never have. You had been deluding yourself into believing it would be like any other relationship, he just looked different. It wasn’t though. Everything was fucked, and you had no control over it.

The cold was making the tears on your face sting, and you messily tried to wipe them away. You sniffed, when you heard a branch snap behind you. Was it Sans?

Your father slowly approached you. “Oh, peanut.” He said quietly, and you turned away from him. “Hey, c’mere.” He said, and he sat next to you, and wrapped you in his arms. At his touch, your sobbing turned into almost howls, and he carefully rocked you.

“Dad, it isn’t fair.” You said between hiccupping sobs.

“I know peanut, I know.” he said, his fingers raking through your hair. “Your mom was out of line. She’s…” he sighed. “I’m not going to make excuses for her. But I just want to talk to you.”

“It’s just not fair…” you repeated through more sobs. He shushed you, kissing you on the top of your head.

“Listen, do you love him?” he asked. You inhaled deeply, your mind racing. You looked up at your dad, who was searching your eyes, and your face screwed up as you began crying again. “I thought so. Look, life isn’t easy. And right now, you’re taking the hardest path there is out there. No one knows what the future holds for the two of you, but you need to realize what it doesn’t.”

“I know…” you murmured, trying to wipe the tears from your face.

“You have to ask yourself, are you willing to give up one dream to chase another? Which one is
more important?” He gently continued to stroke your hair, still rocking you. “I know what you’ve wanted since you were a little girl, and this definitely wasn’t in the cards. But… if your heart is telling you something, sometimes it’s best to listen to it.”

You were shocked. You didn’t expect this advice from your dad. He was generally so… practical about things.

“Just know that if you do, you’re in for a lot of hardships. Sans is a good guy. And this is coming from me, right?” he said, chuckling, trying to ease the mood. You didn’t laugh. “But there’s definitely going to be concessions that are going to have to be made, and in some ways, you might be getting the short end of the stick here. So whatever choice you make…” he sighed. “Think carefully about it. But know that I’ll support you in whatever you do, always.”

“I love you so much dad.” You said, the tears coming out again. “Why doesn’t mom understand?”

“Honestly peanut, I don’t even understand. But I know that you’re a smart girl, and you’ll do the right thing. And whether it’s continue down this path, or try and seek a new one, you’re trailblazer either way. You’ll find some other bog you get stuck in, but you’ll always get yourself out of it.” he sighed. “A skeleton. Man, you really gotta make it hard on your old man, don’t you?”

You laughed through your tears a little. “Of course. It’s my job, isn’t it?” you sniffled.

“I’m proud of you, I hope you know that. You’ll always be my shining star.” He put his index finger under your chin, and lifted it to make you look at him. “No matter what happens. Don’t let anyone else dim it, you got that?”

“Yes sir.” You responded, smiling weakly.

“And if that boy ever breaks your heart, he has easily accessible bones. I will break them.”

“Yes sir.” You replied again, and your dad chuckled a little. He kissed the top of your head again and continued to hold you until your crying had died down.

“And for future reference, I don’t care how mad you are, I don’t ever want to hear about your sex life again.” He said, and you chuckled. “Do you know where Sans went? He’s not back at the house.”

“No…” you said miserably. “He took off. I don’t blame him, but he’s not answering his phone.”

“He couldn’t have gone far.” Your dad said. If only you knew…

“Okay! Okay! It’s better I don’t think about it.” he said, and you chuckled. “Do you know where Sans went? He’s not back at the house.”

“No…” you said miserably. “He took off. I don’t blame him, but he’s not answering his phone.”

“He couldn’t have gone far.” Your dad said. If only you knew…

“Anyway, here.” he said, and he pulled a jacket from behind him. “I’m going to go back inside. I think it’s best if your mom stays with aunt Becky again. You’re not going to be able to get a hotel on Easter Sunday this late at night.” He stood, and offered you a hand – you took it.

“Thanks. I’m gonna go look for Sans, I think. It’s bright out enough tonight.” you said, looking up at the moon. “I’ll keep my cell on me, but I’ll be back home.”
“Alright. Hey.” he said, and he hugged you close. “I love you peanut.”

“I love you too dad.” You said, gripping him tightly. He smiled gently at you, and then headed back up the path. Well, shit. Sans could be anywhere in the world right now, where should you even start?

You called his cell again as you walked back up the path. You wiped your nose with your jacket sleeve, and cursed as he didn’t answer again. Reaching your driveway, you heaved a sigh. And then it dawned on you.

You almost ran to the hill. By the time you got to it, you were completely out of breath, the cold air burning your lungs. At the top of it, sat Sans, looking into the sky.

“Sans…” you said, approaching him.

“hey tiger.” he said quietly, not turning to face you. You stood there, your hands curling into fists. You hated this, this awkward gap between the two of you.

“Mom’s gonna leave. I talked with dad. I might change our flight so we can leave earlier tomorrow, if you wanted.”

“yeah, sure.” he said simply. You frowned, and came up to him, and he turned his head away from you.

“Sans?” you asked, reaching out to him. He sank his head into his hands, and said nothing. Kneeling down next to him, you placed a hand on his shoulder. “Hey, Sans…”

“they’re right, you know.” he said, his voice low. “everyone’s right. what am i doing to you?”

“What?” you asked, and he kept his head down, his shoulders heaving slightly.

“You can’t do shit with me, ____. i’m just dragging you down into this hell with me. you don’t need that in your life.”

“Sans, no!” you cried, tears forming in your eyes again. “Shit, no! No, no. Not at all!”

“please, you can do anything to me, but don’t lie to me.” he said, and his head slowly lifted to you. The lights in his eyes were almost faded, his sockets streaming with what looked like iridescent tears. “if i’ve earned anything from you, it’s at least honesty.”

“I’m not kidding Sans, what about this is hell? Nothing. Nothing!” you said, your tone becoming frantic. He couldn’t do this to you!

“everything is. look at me.” he said, holding his skeletal hand up in the moonlight. “look at me.” he cried while standing suddenly, and threw his jacket off, ripping his turtleneck off as well. Standing above you, the shadows danced across his face. He might as well have been an angel of death coming for you, because he had never looked so terrifying. His eyes searched your face, and his posture sagged with defeat. “i knew. but i had hoped…”

“Sans,” you said weakly, your hand reaching up to him. He didn’t take it. “Please. Every moment with you has been amazing, wonderful. You’re everything. Please.”

“every moment? like tonight? or when we get harassed on the street? or when i can’t keep my job because i look like this?” he said, his voice tortured. “how am i supposed to give you what you deserve, when i can’t give you anything at all?”
“That’s bullshit and you know it.” you growled, your voice becoming angry. “Sans, we’re fucked. No matter what way you dice it, we’re fucked. But why isn’t it worth it?”

“Throwing your life away is never worth it.” he said quietly. “Staying with me is just a waste of your life.”

“Stop being such an emo-shit.” you snarled, “And don’t tell me about my fucking life. If you do, then you’re just as bad as them.” His eyes widened at this, and he slowly sank to his knees. “I deserve better than that.”

“You do.” He said. Your heart was breaking just looking at him.

“Sans, don’t you get it? I’m throwing nothing away. I’m getting you. You’re what I want.”

“I can’t…” he said, looking down. “I can’t give you children, I can’t give you happiness, I can’t –“

“Shut up! Yes you can! Maybe not children, but you can give me happiness. You already do give me happiness. Why is this a trade off? Why do you think those things are more important to me? They aren’t. They really aren’t.” you said, and you reached a hand out to his shoulder. You heard a sob come from him as he felt your touch, and you couldn’t stop yourself from pulling him to you.

“Why? You could be so much happier. You really could.” He said, and his hand came up to touch your face.

“I thought you didn’t want lies.” You said as you nuzzled into his hand. He heaved a sigh, and you could feel his weight collapsing into you.

“I don’t. I just want it all to work, y’know? I was fine with winging it, seeing where it lead. But I didn’t realize how bad I was hurting you…”

“Sans, good god, you’re not hurting me.” Your eyes pierced his, your tone serious. “You’ve saved me. You’ve been my friend when I’ve needed it most. You’ve been my rock, my support, my lover. What else could I ask for? Some people would kill for someone like you in their lives. Honestly, I don’t get what you’re getting out of this.”

“Neither do I…” he said, and your heart sank. You didn’t know what to say, but you tried your best to keep yourself from crying again.

“Oh.” was all you could muster.

“Shit! Fuck, no, that’s not what I meant! God damnit, I’m no good with words sometimes. Look…” he said, trailing off for a minute, “…I just want to make you happy. And good god, I need you in my life. If that means stepping back and just being friends, then I’m okay with that.”

You couldn’t help yourself. You burst into tears. “Are you breaking up with me? Are you serious?”

“What? No! I mean, I’m giving you the choice.”

“What choice! You’re my choice you fucking idiot!” you cried, feeling absolutely exhausted. “How many times do I have to say that? Do you want a fucking banner? A goddamned sign in Time Square? What do you want from me?”

“I don’t know!” he yelled, his eyes flickering out. “I don’t know anymore, I’ve never done this! All I seem to be doing is fucking up! Is that the real me?” You heaved a sob, but no more tears would come out.
“This is so stupid. This is so fucking stupid. Why are we being like this?” you asked. “Sans, why are we letting other people get to us? Please, can we just… can we go back to how things were?”

Sans looked at you, the lights still out in his eyes. His face was terrifying, to be perfectly honest, without the soft glow emitting from his pupils. He paused, as if waiting for something.

“yeah.” he said, sounding defeated. “we’ll always go back to the way things were.”

“Good. Good.” You repeated yourself, and drew him into you, kissing his face. Sans gave into it, wrapping his arms around you.

“_____ i… you mean so much to me.”

_Tell him! You mind was screaming. _Just fucking tell him!_

“You mean everything to me.” is what came out instead. Sans smiled, and placed his forehead to yours. You both sat there for a moment, when you felt him shiver. “Shit, aren’t you cold?”

“a little.” He said, reaching for his discarded clothing.

“That’s what you get for being melodramatic.” You said, trying to shift the mood. Sans chuckled a little, but it lacked the usual mirth.

“yeah, i suppose i deserve it.” he said, worming his way back into the turtleneck. He put his hoodie back on, and looked at you for a moment. “i’m sorry.”

“Don’t. This’ll turn into a sea of apologies, and we’ll drown in it. Let’s just move on. Go back, get warm, go to sleep, and leave this shithole tomorrow.”

“sounds fine to me.” he said, and you nuzzled at him as you stood close. He smiled a little, and pulled you into an embrace.

“C’mon, let’s go.” you said, and took his hand. You lead him down the path and back to the house – your mom’s car was already gone. You dad was sitting in the foyer, waiting for the two of you.

“Thank god, everything alright?” he said. Sans nodded, and rubbed the back of his neck.

“i’m sorry lewis, i just needed to step out, cool my head.” Sans said. Lewis shook his head and crossed his arms.

“Don’t apologize. Listen, it’s been a long damned day. You two kids go into the living room and start a movie. I’ll make us something warm to drink. What do you want, tea? Coffee? Cocoa?”

“Cocoa, please.” you said. You were definitely in some dire need of comfort right now, your heart was still hurting. You had made a choice up there on that hill, but was it the right one?

“The same for me, if you don’t mind.” Sans said. Your dad nodded, and went into the kitchen, and you and Sans went into the living room. You flipped the TV on, and picked a movie at random from their online library. You didn’t really care, all you wanted was to drink cocoa and cuddle up against Sans at the moment. Your dad brought in two hot mugs of cocoa, and you both gladly took them.

The rest of the night was binge-watching movies. No one really said anything, everyone was absolutely exhausted. That night, when you went to bed, Sans ran his fingers through your hair while you cried yourself to sleep.
The following morning, your mother still hadn’t returned. You really didn’t care, and your dad made a delicious bowl of cereal for the two of you. As you got dressed, you turned to Sans.

“Can we go home? Now?” you asked, feeling absolutely deflated.

“our flight’s not ‘till seven.” He said.

“I know. Can you take us home?” you pleaded. His eyes searched yours – you were desperate to leave. Being there was just making you miserable. Sans heaved a heavy sigh.

“have your dad drop us off at the airport. i don’t want to scare him.” He said, and you nodded solemnly.

Your dad wasn’t surprised that you had ‘changed your flight’, but he wasn’t particularly good at hiding the hurt at you leaving so much sooner. Regardless of what transpired, he loved you, and missed you immensely. He helped you gather your things, and drove you to the airport in relative silence.

As you exited onto the curb, he came to you and gave you a crushing hug.

“Please take care of yourself peanut. And don’t let anyone tell you what to do, alright? Just be happy.” he said, and kissed you on the top of your head.

“Thanks dad. I will. And if anything goes wrong, I’ll call you and you can bail me out.”

“Don’t be so sure.” he said, chuckling. “Flights are expensive. Try to stay out of trouble for my sake, would you?”

You kissed him goodbye, and you and Sans walked into the airport. Sans took your hand, leading you around a corner, and you felt that familiar sensation – your feet were moving too fast beneath you, the ground almost tumbling. You groaned, breakfast threatening to come back up. And suddenly, on your next step, you stood there on your apartment landing.

“Handy trick.” You said, smirking. He laughed a little, and frowned. “You coming in?”

“if you want.”

“Don’t be stupid.” You said, rolling your eyes. Sans chuckled, and came inside with you. You both weren’t due to come home ‘till that night anyway, right?

As Sans curled up against you that evening as you went to bed, you felt more at peace. This was right. This felt right. And you were truly happy.

As you drifted off to sleep, a nagging thought entered your head before you winked out into oblivion.

Did I make the right choice?

Chapter End Notes
A huge, huge thank you to Capt. Ladypants, Roccy, Anubis, Funnybone, Protobabe and Oshann for the amazing feedback on this chapter. You guys are the best. <3
Chapter Summary

In which shit hits the fan.

Chapter Notes

So, sorry I was gone for so long. Lot of RL stuff. But the story is back, albeit a bit slower than before. However I'm hoping for at least an update of one of the stories per month, so expect to see something from either ITDM or ITQM once a month at the very least!

Thank you for all your kind words and support while I was on hiatus, and even moreso for putting up with me being gone for so long. I hope you guys still enjoy reading the story -- all these characters are still extremely dear to me, and I do have a plotline/finish to this thing so... I'd like to get there eventually.

Love you guys.

Despite the fact that you thought that everything could go back to the way it was, it didn't. You didn't notice at first when you got back, but in the subsequent weeks, you noticed distinctly that Sans seemed to be pulling away from you a little more each day. It wasn't instant or drastic, but a slow erosion of your habits that you had both gotten into. He stayed with you the first night, but then you noticed he was coming over to stay less and less. If you asked to stay with him, he'd generally concede, but it was almost as if he was making a point to pass out on the living room couch when you did.

Spaghetti nights were still safe, however your Sunday lunch dates began to drift off as well. You waited, as always, face turned up with a smile and chest swelling at the thought of seeing him - only to get a short text of 'can't make it' or 'working overtime'. Book nights were once again solitary, and you caught yourself making him a mug of tea even though he wasn't there. You glanced over to say something about your book, only to have it hang there in the emptiness. You fell asleep a few times on the porch, not knowing how to feel about the entire situation.

There was a sadness, an ache in your chest, but you didn't know if it was one that would be settled by a confrontation or time to heal. You could see the signs of someone who was purposely making themselves scarce, and it fucking infuriated you; but maybe he just needed time. Seeing your parents had been an ordeal to say the least, and you deeply regretted how everything went down. Most of all, you blamed yourself for the outcome. Sure, you started to realize you were falling for the bony bastard, but now new questions that you clearly had both been avoiding were plaguing your minds.

You might have well have been made of acid, because he was even shying from your usual touches. He didn't recoil from you, or do anything particularly overt, which is why you didn't notice it at first - but when you'd hold hands he'd let go a few minutes in, his hugs became stiff and uncomfortable, and if you dared to try and come onto him, he'd just tell you easy jokes that left you both laughing.
and far away from any sort of 'mood'. Nothing he did was obvious, until you really sat down and thought about it.

So now what? Did you talk to him about it, or did you let him deal with whatever was going on inside him? But worse, was when you began to talk yourself into the fact that the entire ordeal made him simply hate you. Or still, realize that he wasn't actually attracted to you on any level. When you realized that might be a possibility, you doubled down on trying to get him to have sex with you, only to have him brush you off for being 'too tired' or having 'somewhere to go'. Your heart sank at the rejection, but you clamped your mouth shut.

But noticing more than you, were the people around you. You had been giddy, mirthful, cheerier than you normally were. Now you were a slug, and you were spending more time in your day than you would have liked to admit thinking about what had gone wrong. Jackie tried to coax it out of you, but to save Sans the grief, you lied. You knew she'd go to the source of the problem, and if he was having an internal struggle, then he deserved some space. Peter grumbled here and there, noticing you slacking in your duties a bit more than he'd like, Anna wondering why her calls went unanswered.

Snap out of it, drama queen! you told yourself. This isn't the end of the world, and more importantly, it's not like you've broken up.

What if that was the way he was trying to head, though? You'd done what he had before, and been on the receiving end of it; small, daily rituals disrupted until the other person faded into a gentle memory.

One Tuesday evening, you had had enough. Sans had completely blown you off, and you got pissed instead of passive finally. You got up from your couch, went over to his door and raised your hand to knock. Fuck it, you thought to yourself, and opened the door, letting yourself in. You needed to handle this before he secretly moved in the night or some such bullshit. Papyrus looked out from the kitchen, surprised.

"HELLO! I DID NOT HEAR THE DOORBELL RING, BUT I'M GLAD YOU LET YOURSELF IN!" he said cheerfully. You gave him a weak smile, you were trying to hold onto your resolve.

"Hey Papyrus. Is Sans around?" you asked. Papyrus shook his head.

"NO, HE IS AT WORK ACTUALLY! DID HE NOT TELL YOU?" he replied, looking confused. You frowned.

"No, he never told me that he got a job actually. Where's he working?" you asked, and Papyrus leaned against the counter in thought.

"I ACTUALLY DO NOT KNOW, BUT I'M SURE I COULD FIND OUT. ONE MOMENT, I SHALL BE VERY SNEAKY ABOUT THIS." he said, pulling his phone out clearly texting.

"You don't have to do that Papyrus, he'll --"

"IF HE HASN'T TOLD ME THE PLACE OF HIS EMPLOYMENT, THEN IT IS LIKELY HE IS 'PROTECTING' ME FROM SOMETHING." Papyrus said, his eyes rolling. "I SWEAR, ONE DAY SANS WILL DISCOVER THAT I'M AN ADULT AND HIS HEAD WILL EXPLODE." You paused for a moment, then started laughing.

"He just cares, Papyrus! Why you gotta be like that?" you said with a snicker. Sans was a bit
overprotective.

"HE DOES, AND FOR THAT I INDULGE HIS ZEALOUS ATTEMPTS TO SHELTER ME. HOWEVER, IT IS CLEAR YOU NEED TO FIND HIM AND SPEAK WITH HIM. I AM ABSOLUTELY TIRED OF HIM MOPING ABOUT THE HOUSE." he said, frowning. You shrugged, not knowing what to say, and came over to the kitchen, sitting yourself up onto the counter.

"I bet it gets pretty old." you said, chuckling. "I dunno what his deal is, but I'll figure it out." You think you already knew, though.

"OH!" Papyrus exclaimed, "OH! I DID NOT GET TO TELL YOU YESTERDAY, BUT I SHALL BE ATTENDING CULINARY TRAINING!" Your eyes widened, and you grabbed his hands in yours.

"What!? Papyrus, that's amazing!" you practically shouted. "Holy crap, I'm so stoked for you!"

"I TOO AM STOKED! I LEAVE IN A WEEK, AND I SHALL BE GONE FOR A MONTH! SO IF YOU COULD PLEASE AMPEND THIS ISSUE BEFORE I GO, SO I WILL NOT HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT SANS AS I LEARN THE FINE WAYS OF CUISINE IT WOULD BE GREATLY APPRECIATED!"

"Of course! No worries." you said, and you gave him a big hug which he warmly returned. "Dude, I am so, so happy for you!" Papyrus gave you a giant grin.

"THANK YOU FOR BELIEVING IN ME, FRIEND!" he said, and his phone buzzed. "AND NOW I SHALL BELIEVE IN YOU. HERE IS THE ADDRESS - I TOLD HIM I NEEDED IT FOR EMERGENCY CONTACT PAPERWORK." He looked incredibly pleased with himself, and you laughed again.

"Can you forward it to me?" you asked, and he patted you on the head.

"OF COURSE. NOW GO, AND PLEASE DO NOT GET HIM FIRED IF HE IS INDEED WORKING." he said, and you gave Papyrus a lopsided smile.

"I'll try not to, no promises." you said, feeling your phone buzz in your pocket. "I'll let you know what's up when I can, alright?"

"THANK YOU, NOW GET GOING!" he said, half-heartedly shoving you out of the room. You went back to your apartment to grab your coat, and looked at the address. You put it into google directions, and blinked a few times. The Gold Cat?

Why the holy hell was Sans at a stripclub?

You threw your coat on, and went down your stairs, trying to solve this new mystery. You hailed a taxi, and gave him the address and tried not to grow upset over this turn of events. If he had been human, this might piss you off, but he very clearly wasn't. Was he visiting, or working? And what would they even hire him for? A bouncer, maybe. Perhaps a bartender? You weren't sure. You got out of the cab, stuffing some bills into the driver's hand without really counting them and walked up to the door.

You stood there for a moment, looking at the entryway. Maybe this was an elaborate prank? You heard the muffled beats coming from inside, and you heard a voice beckoning you from inside.

"Hey sweetheart, you comin' in?" said a middle-aged man, dressed in a sharp vest and button up
shirt. He was standing behind the pay counter, his hair pulled back into a slick ponytail and his beard expertly manicured. You approached slowly; he mistook your apprehension over Sans being here for nervousness at being here. "Don't worry, none of us bite. You ever been here before?"

"Yeah," you said, looking at your phone. "Actually, I have. I came here for a friend's bachelorette party." Should you ask him?

"So you know the rules," he said, carelessly motioning a hand to the rules written on the wall. "Phone's fine out here, just don't use it inside, alright?"

"Yeah - hey, weird question for you." you started, and his eyebrow quirked. "Does anyone named Sans work here?"

"Heh, you here for the skeleton guy? A lotta people showing up to see him, it looks like. You here for fun, or for curiosity?" he asked. Your face flared a bright red - what the fuck was he doing?

"Actually, I'm his girlfriend." you said acidly. The man's eyebrows shot up, and he took a small step back.

"Ah! So you're _____?" he asked, and you nodded. "Shit. Well, go on in. He's working the bar. Don't worry about the entry fee." he said, and you could see a trickle of sweat fall down his neck.

"Thanks." you said coolly, and headed in. The club hadn't changed much since your last visit; it was still dark as hell, multicoloured lights lighting up some spots, tacky velvet chairs stationed around the room around the stage. It wasn't too busy it looked like, a pretty girl was up on stage currently some sort of hip hop song you weren't familiar with. You practically stalked over to the bar, and spotted your skeletal boyfriend with his back to you, mixing a drink. You quickly sat down, drumming your fingers on the countertop as you waited for him to turn around. As he turned, you saw his eyes dart to you in the dim light and you could see his sockets widening.

"here y'go." he drawled at the customer. "i'll be back in a minute."

"Bartender?" you said, your voice full of syrupy sweetness, "I'd like a drink please." Sans gave a silent sigh, and walked over to you. "Well, hello!"

"hey." he said, fidgeting with the cuffs on his shirt. "so, in the area or...?"

"You and me. We need to talk." you said, and he looked around. "Now." you emphasized. He grimaced, and motioned to you with his hand that he'd be right back. He disappeared around the corner, and came back.

"alright. took a lunch, i hadn't taken it yet. c'mon, this way." he said, and he took your hand which surprised you. You followed behind him as he lead you through a door, and suddenly you felt a surge of movement you weren't expecting, the feeling of moving more than you actually were... and then you were back in your apartment.

"Did you just fucking teleport me away? Without asking? What the hell Sans!" you yelled, fighting the urge to vomit. Sans sank into your couch, a hand slapping over his face.

"look, i figured we needed some privacy so... i mean, y'know." he offered behind his fingers. You wanted to punch him in his stupid head, but instead you hovered above him, arms folded.

"You get the floor. Talk." you said simply, your brows furrowed. Your mind was racing, confused -
should you be upset? You weren't sure if you were jealous, hell, you weren't even sure what was going on. You didn't even have a problem with stripclubs! But the way that guy at the front worded it, and how fast Sans took you away from there... Sans kept his face behind his hand for a moment, as if afraid to come out, then slowly moved it downward.

"it's just a job." he said finally, but it's all he could say, his tongue seeming tied.

"It's just a job." you repeated. It was clear that wasn't good enough of an answer.

"well, yeah. it's the only place that would hire me on short notice. and hell, it pays way better than the supermarket." he said.

"It's not that Sans!" you spat, and his browbones raised.

"what? you think i'm suddenly interested in humans because i'm interested in you?" he said suddenly.  

"No!" you shouted.

"then what the fuck is the problem?" he growled, his face taking on a look of frustration.

"Why would you lie? Why hide it? Why have you been avoiding me? It's fucking ridiculous!" you said, your hands raising in the air. When he just stared, your hands dropped to your sides with a heavy weight. "I mean, why is the guy at the door offering fun with you?"

"what?" Sans said, his voice going an octave higher.

"The door guy. Asked if I was there for 'fun or curiosity'. Sounds shady as fuck, Sans." Sans groaned, sinking into the couch even further if it were possible, his eyes rolling back into his sockets so far you almost couldn't see the lights.

"jesus christ. that makes me sound like a fucking gigolo or something. no, people just like to come in and look at me. that's it, i swear. i'm basically a novelty. i decided to play to it, y'know? i'm a skeleton, be a skeleton." he said, sighing. "after midnight, i let 'em put blacklight markers on me n'shit, continue serving drinks, sometimes kick someone out, that's it."

"That sounds... demeaning."

"it is." he said, looking embarrassed. "but it pays well. so, whatever." He clearly didn't want to discuss it. So maybe it wasn't because it was a stripclub, but because he was basically selling his dignity?

"Whatever. The problem is, you didn't tell me. That's bullshit. You're not gonna get pity outta me on this one. Uncool, dude." you said, trying to stick to your guns. "And you gotta understand, monster or not, a strip club looks bad." Sans sighed heavily, you weren't even aware he could contain that much air to exhale.

"fuck, i know, i know. i mean, how do you tell your girlfriend that? i was gonna tell you i got a bartending gig, but i know you like drinking, and then the blacklight shit came up, and that made me want you to visit even less so..."

"This was a shitty way to find out, Sans. I'm not thrilled. In fact, I'm kinda pissed." You said simply, not knowing where to take the conversation. You were pissed about a lot of things, but this seemed
the simplest to verbalize at the moment. “I tell you practically everything about my damned life.”

“yeah, all the important shit – like your best friend being a rapist and your mom being a flat-out racist. or did you pad that info a bit?” he asked, and his voice was suddenly filled with venom. It took a minute for you to process, and you took a small step back in surprise.

“Excuse me?” you asked, your tone offended. Sans looked up at you, his posture no longer in one of resignation and defeat, but leaning forward and holding his gaze at you with an awful intensity.

“what about keeping shit from me? it’s not like you’ve been honest with me, so not sure why you’re on a high horse right now.” He said, and his tone was flat.

“What the hell are you talking about?” you asked, confused.

“anything you wanna tell me? anything at all?” he asked, and his tone was now sounding irritatingly haughty.

“Yeah, you’re being a dick, and I have no idea what you’re talking about Sans.”

“Mettaton.” He spat, like a curse. You were confused for a moment, then it registered: You hadn’t told Sans, because he never asked you. Papyrus asked you not to disclose the information to his brother – and you politely acquiesced.

“What about him?” you asked, hoping to skirt the issue. Maybe he was just upset about Mettaton in general, and didn’t know you knew anything. Sans’s browbone raised as he looked at you, and you could tell he was reading you like a book.

“don’t play with me, kid. you knew. and you didn’t tell me.”

“You didn’t ask.” You shot back. He grimaced.

“i shouldn’t have to.” He said, and you could tell he was furious about it. How long had he known? And how long had he been sitting on it?

Wait a second, you weren’t the one on the spot – this fucker was the one in trouble, not you!

“Don’t spin it, bonehead. Your brother is a fuckin’ adult, and I assume you guys share everything anyway. Stop getting away from the point, you still didn’t tell me something that affects us.”

“yeah?” he said, and added nothing to it. It was infuriating.

“Yeah!” you finally shouted. “Sans, what the hell is your deal? You avoid me like the plague, you won’t even sleep with me anymore, and now you’re working at a human stripclub!” Sans shrugged casually, and that was making you even angrier.

“resorting to insults i see.” Sans said, looking almost bored. “very big of you. is this your default?”

“Fuck you.” you hissed. “You gonna answer me, or dance around the issue like a scared little boy?” Sans leaned forward, his eyes piercing yours, and you swallowed hard.

“since you’re egging it out, i’ll dish. yeah, was hard dealing with you and your folks at easter. not really feeling it, y’know? not sure why you’d wanna be with a monster and all that. and not sure why i’d wanna be around people that literally hate me.”

“Oh jesus Sans, I’m sorry. How many times have I apologized? I didn’t know that would happen.”
“a phonecall, tiger. a phonecall coulda prevented all of that.” he said, and his voice was stern, almost lecturing. “i told you that.”

“I didn’t know, Sans. I didn’t know!”

“yeah, well, kinda tired of it to be honest.” He said, and there was weird finality to what he said. “not sure when you’re gonna accept our differences.”

“I dunno Sans, I’m dating a fucking skeleton so I think I’ve gotten over it pretty well.”

“no, you haven’t.” he said, almost too quiet for you to hear. “for some reason you’re convinced this is a normal relationship. it isn’t. when you gonna wake up and realize that?”

“Well no shit, thanks professor.” You said, rolling your eyes. “When you gonna realize it is a normal relationship, just not normal people? We deal with the same crap everyone else does.”

“not really.” Sans said, and he sighed. He looked surprisingly small at this moment.

“Sans, I thought we squashed this last month. I’m not gonna give up on you, no matter how much you may want me to.” Sans grimaced at this.

“yeah, well. we didn’t. it’s not exactly a problem that’s gonna go away.” You rolled your eyes dramatically, and you saw his eye twitch a bit in response.

“Get off it. I made my choice, I don’t care.” You said, exasperated. His fist suddenly balled into a fist, and he slammed it down on the armrest of the couch.

“you made the choice! i stupidly threw my hands in the air, and didn’t say a damned thing! i babbled a lot about what you wanted, but did you ever fuckin’ ask what i wanted?” he snarled.

“You said you wanted…” you paused, stunned. You mind raced, trying to recall what he said. “You said you wanted me to be happy.”

“yeah.” He responded, but his confirmation didn’t make you feel better. Instead, you felt like your stomach dropped into some endless pit.

“But I didn’t ask what would make you happy.” You said, your voice almost hollow.

“nope.” He said, and his anger was seemingly subsiding. He almost seemed to be shrinking into himself.

“And what would that be, Sans?” you asked, your tone acid, a brow raising. Your arms folded, and you glowered at him, daring him to respond.

“doesn’t matter.” He said, looking at his watch. “i gotta get back, i didn’t have a full half hour.”

“Excuse me?” you practically shouted, incredulous. “You dump this shit on me, then go back to ‘work’?”

“yeah, gotta make a living.” He replied, shrugging. His face was taking on an easy smile, but it was strained. Your eyes narrowed as you looked at him.

“Get fucked.” You said simply, and he gave a half-assed nod and with a flash of an eye, he was gone. You were shocked – did he really just teleport away? What the everloving fuck? You let out a frustrated shriek, and threw a nearby pillow for emphasis – unfortunately knocking over a candleholder in the process. You yelled again, kicking the base of your couch in anger and paced
back and forth a few times. Fuck him! *Fuck him!*

You stomped over to your purse, and snatched your cellphone out of it. You immediately dialed up Jackie. It rang what felt like an eternity, before she picked up.

“y’ello, what’s up bestie?”

“Hecho’s. NOW.” You said, and your voice was shaking. You heard Jackie make a little noise of surprise, and some rustling on her end.

“Yeah! Yeah, everything okay? Are you alright?” she asked, worried. You heard the jingle of keys, and grabbed your own.

“No! Well, yes! But no! I just… get to Hecho’s. I’m walking, you have time.” You said, and hung up. You didn’t care if she showed up, but you knew she would. Grabbing your jacket, you flung it over your shoulder as you stormed out of the house.

What the hell? *What the hell?* Fuck that whole interaction, it was *stupid!* People were giving you a wide berth on the sidewalk, and you didn’t particularly care. Let them make way, whatever. You slid your jacket on finally, as you heard the distant rumble of thunder in the far distance. Great, another goddamned rainstorm, exactly what you needed.

Luckily, Hecho’s wasn’t particularly far away from where you lived. It was a small dive bar with a Day of the Dead theme, and as you stood at the entrance getting carded, you realized the absolutely ridiculous irony of your drinking establishment of choice. You huffed angrily, and went inside, sitting at the bar.

Jackie arrived shortly after, and you had already ordered a drink and some bar food. She slid up next to you, and put an arm around your shoulders.

“Hey friend, is everything okay?” she asked, as you took a huge chunk out of a buffalo wing. You shook your head angrily, and wiped your mouth with a napkin, chewing quickly. “What’s going on? Work?” You shook your head again, trying to get the food down. “Sans?” You nodded. “Do I have to kill him?”

“No,” you said, finally swallowing your food. “Did you know he was working at a strip club, Jackie?”

“A what?” she asked, her face bewildered.

“Yeah. He lost his job at the supermarket, so he went to go work at a strip club.”

“Well, I mean, you know how I feel about them –” she started, and you rolled your eyes.

“Girl, I don’t give a shit. It’s just… messed up. He didn’t tell me. He’s probably been there for weeks. And he’s been ignoring me, and he’s pissed at me and didn’t tell me, and…”

“He’s pissed at you? What did you do?” she asked, waving the bartender over.


“What did you do?” she asked, resting her chin in your hand, and giving you an extremely parental look.
“Look, I just didn’t tell him his brother was dating someone. It was none of my business! Papyrus asked me to keep it hush hush, and he never asked me so… I never told him.” You grumbled, and Jackie sighed.

“He’s way too protective of his brother.” She said, and you nodded.

“Glad I wasn’t the only one who noticed.” You replied.

“Nah, Kyle talks about it. Apparently Papyrus has bitched about it a few times on margarita nights to him. But if that’s what’s made him so mad –”

“Well, not just that. I mean, you know kinda how Easter went down, but I thought things were patched up.” You took a swig of your drink miserably. “I guess they weren’t.”

“No?” she asked, her brows raising, then turning to the bartender. “An IPA please, don’t care which.” She turned back to you, and frowned. “So what happened? Just spill it, you know you’ll tell me everything eventually anyway.”

So you did. You filled her in on the weeks that had passed between now and Easter, and how you had been feeling. She understood why you didn’t tell her, and was sad that you had been dealing with it on your own. At the end of it, you were nearly in tears, and she pulled you into a hug.

“Come off it. You’ve had enough crying this year, I’ve never seen you give off the waterworks so damned much. You’re made of stronger stuff.” She said, releasing you after a moment.

“I know, I know.” you sniffed, and willed the dumbassed tears that had welled up to go away. “I feel like a giant baby lately, all I’ve been doing is crying over everything, and I feel like a giant idiot.”

“To be fair, you’ve had a lot going on. So I can cut you some slack. But bring back the Amazonian woman I’m used to, would you?” she said, gently punching the side of your arm. You gave her a lop-sided smile.

“Yeah, I think I can manage that. But still, I don’t know what to do about Sans.” You said, sighing. “Jackie, I… shit. I love him.”

Jackie was quiet for a moment, then let out a soft chuckle.

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Jackie was quiet for a moment, then let out a soft chuckle.

“I knew that, idiot.” She said, gently placing a hand on your arm. “Can’t be your best friend for all these years and not know when you’re head over heels for someone.”

“It’s stupid though. I’m in love with a skeleton.” You groaned.

“Yes, it’s pretty stupid.” She agreed. “I mean, you went from an asshole to a literal monster. At least this one’s nice.” She said, laughing a little to try and lighten the mood.

“What do I do?” you asked, feeling the misery rising up again. “I don’t think he wants to continue this anymore.”

“Well, you can’t force him.” She said, sipping her drink. “Both of you have valid points, I can’t lie. He can’t give you the things you want, but you can give him the things you both need. So, you gotta weigh the options I guess. But more importantly, do it together.”

“Do you think we need therapy or some shit?” you asked, concerned, and she guffawed.

“Where the fuck you gonna find a human-monster couples therapist?” she asked, snickering.
“Point taken. I dunno, it seems like everyone is going off to therapy these days, it seemed like a good solution.” You sighed, taking a gulp of your drink. “I don’t know how to handle this one. Head on doesn’t seem like the right approach.”

“It might be, though.” She said, thinking to herself. “He’s used to avoiding the problem it seems, so maybe he needs someone who can confront him with it.” She shrugged a little. “You know him better than I do.”

“Yeah…” you said, rubbing at the back of your neck, “Maybe just… sit down and talk about it earnestly. About what he wants, what he needs I guess. And just… brace myself for what might happen.”

“Hey, bestie.” Jackie said, pulling you close to her. “It’ll be alright. Things’ll turn out the way they’re supposed to. They always do. Puzzle pieces falling into the right place, all that jazz, right?”

“I know, you’re a big believer in that.” you said, trying not to let the sadness get to you. You didn’t want Sans to not be in your life. “I’ll try to believe too.”

“I love you.” she said, kissing you on the top of your head. “But if he hurts you, I will kill him, just saying.”

“I know.” you said, smiling a bit.

“Now let’s change topic, I got some juicy office gossip for you.” she said with a grin, and you grinned back.

Jackie had calmed you down considerably, and at least diverted your attention with her gossip. It was actually really good gossip. Stories involving cheating spouses, embezzlement and lawsuits definitely got one’s mind off of things.

You entered your apartment, and went to the kitchen to make yourself a cup of tea, only to find it had already been made. Confused, you went to grab it thinking you had left a cold cup of tea out on the counter, only to discover it was piping hot.

“What?” you exclaimed out loud, and looked around. You didn’t see anyone in the kitchen or living room, but you did notice your patio lights on. Even more baffled, you grabbed the bat you kept by the store that you lovingly called ‘the Enforcer’ and slowly stalked out onto the patio. As you got closer, you saw the unmistakable pink slippers that Sans liked to wear come into view, and you realized the idiot skeleton was out there. You heaved an incredibly heavy sigh, lowering your bat and slid open your door dramatically.

“You dumb motherfucker, what are you doing out here?” you said grumpily, your bat slung over your shoulder. He looked up at you, his faced frozen in shock.

“What? I… i came over to apologize and… what’s the bat for?”

“The bat is for the intruder that let himself in my house.” You grimaced, and put it down against the wall. “You’re lucky I saw your feet, I would have just swung otherwise.”
“why?” he said, sounding perplexed. This infuriated you even further.

“Sans, you can’t just… fucking… use your stupid ass magic whenever you want to go wherever you want!” you shouted, losing your temper. You had been so chill, and now you felt like a pot that was overboiling. “I’m the only one with a goddamned key, so if someone is in my fuckin’ house, it means someone broke in!”

“but i made you tea!” he replied, as if that would explain things. You groaned, flopping into the other chair – he clearly didn’t get it.

“Sans.” You said, and couldn’t muster up more words. It was already close to two in the morning, and you were exhausted from the day’s events. Did you really want to have a discussion with him about feelings now?

“listen…” he said, picking up on your discomfort, “i’m sorry. look, i… i don’t know what i’m doing.” He said. He folded his hands together, and looked at you, his face suddenly serious. “i got mad at you earlier for not telling me the truth.”

“Yeah.” You said, feeling defensive, but you watched as he sucked the air through his nostrils, and breathed out a large puff of air.

“but i’m not telling you the truth either.” He said simply. Your eyebrow raised, and you felt your lip rising involuntarily into a sneer. “i wanna be with you, i really do. i wanna continue this. but if i do, i need to be honest with you.”

Your arms folded. “Go on.”

“so… here’s the thing. if i tell you… it’s gonna be different. you can’t tell anyone, not a soul. not papyrus, not jackie, not your parents, no one.”

“Great, more secrets! Love ‘em!” you said, throwing your hands up in the air. Sans visibly winced at this, and you felt your lip rising involuntarily into a sneer. “i wanna be with you, i really do. i wanna continue this. but if i do, i need to be honest with you.”

Your arms folded. “Go on.”

“so… here’s the thing. if i tell you… it’s gonna be different. you can’t tell anyone, not a soul. not papyrus, not jackie, not your parents, no one.”

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“Listen…” he said, picking up on your discomfort, “i’m sorry. look, i… i don’t know what i’m doing.” He said. He folded his hands together, and looked at you, his face suddenly serious. “i got mad at you earlier for not telling me the truth.”

“Yeah.” You said, feeling defensive, but you watched as he sucked the air through his nostrils, and breathed out a large puff of air.

“but i’m not telling you the truth either.” He said simply. Your eyebrow raised, and you felt your lip rising involuntarily into a sneer. “i wanna be with you, i really do. i wanna continue this. but if i do, i need to be honest with you.”

Your arms folded. “Go on.”

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“Great, more secrets! Love ‘em!” you said, throwing your hands up in the air. Sans visibly winced at this, and he seemed to retreat into himself. You were already simmering, and you watched as his eyes darted back and forth, as he internally was weighing the situation. He froze for a moment, then seemed to come to a conclusion.

“i don’t wanna be a monster.” He said, but his voice sounded unsure.

“What?” you asked, and his face scrunched up.

“y’heard me. i hate being me.” he said, and he looked to you. Suddenly your anger melted away, and you didn’t care if he meant it or he was playing you like a fiddle – that was the saddest thing you’d heard him say.

“Why? That’s awful!” you exclaimed, and you almost saw his shoulders drop a little.

“i know you stand up for me all the time, and try to think of me for monsters rights and all that but… i just think about how much easier it’d be if i was human, y’know?” he sighed. “i know you’re trying to carve a path and make people understand but… fuck, i’d be a human in a heartbeat if i could. heheh, heartbeat.”

“Sans…” you started, but he shook his head. You could tell his words were genuine, and that made your heart hurt.

“it’s kinda like… i know i could be more up here if i wasn’t me, basically. i like the people i’m around, i liked the job i had pretty well, and i just wanna live a comfortable life. but that’s not gonna
happen.” He stated, his voice low. “there’s always gonna be something. it’s inescapable. and there’s a part of me i can never run from. so yeah, being human would be a godsend.”

Your hands dropped to your sides, and you slowly sat on the couch. You didn’t know how to respond. You really did care for him exactly as he was, and you couldn’t imagine him any other way. But you also understood his points. You let out a little laugh.

“Sometimes I wished I was a skeleton too, just so I could know how you feel.” You said, sort of absentmindedly. You didn’t look at Sans. “But then I realized how absurd that would be. I’m just blessed that you’re with me as is. Still…” you trailed off, and finally looked up at him. “I get it. This sucks.”

He looked like someone had punched the wind out of him.

“Yeah.”

“If you want an out Sans…” you said, your voice trying to hold steady, “I’m giving it to you. I won’t hold it against you. We have no clue what we’re doing. And if you’re hurting because of it, then that’s the last thing I want.”

It felt like an eternity passed between the two of you, and you suddenly felt the smooth bone sliding over your hands, removing them from your legs. You had been gripping your pant fabric so tight, your knuckles completely white. Sans was in front of you, his face etched with sadness.

“no. here’s the thing. i can take the bad with the good. but what i can’t take is the doubt. tiger, i know you’re stubborn. and i know we really like each other. but… is it the right thing?”

“I feel like it is.” You said, sniffling. “My days filled with you feel right.”

“…do they feel like old memories? or like the beginning of something new?”

The question confused you.

“I feel like you’ve always been a part of my life. it’s strange. You just… fell into it, but it felt right. I seriously can’t imagine it without you, Sans.” You responded honestly. You thought you said the right thing, but Sans sucked in a huge breath, and ran a hand over his head, tapping his fingers against the back of it. “What?”

“What… what if we’ve been here before, but we didn’t know it?” he asked, his voice wavering.

“Like what, a past life?” you asked, confused at the topic switch. He nodded.

“Yeah, kinda like that. a past life, but maybe one of us remembers some of it, or somethin’.” He replied, and you noticed the clip in his words. He was nervous.

“Sans. Spit it out.” You said, and he sank his head into his hands for a moment, then stood up, looking down at you. His mouth opened to say something, then he paused as you waited patiently. He slapped a hand to his face.

“I’m gonna sound like a nutjob.” He grumbled.

“You’re a walking skeleton with a blue dick and teleportation powers. Try me.” you said, trying to sound as unfazed as possible.

“We’ve… uh… well, we’ve been here before. maybe. i mean, i’ve met you before. in a… past life.”
he said, his tone incredibly nervous, his words coming out in stammers. This was completely unlikely him, and you noticed sweat beading on his skull.

“"A past life? Like, in the middle ages or something?” you asked. He shook his head.

“no. eh, imagine uh… living in a neverending time loop, where you gotta relive the same events again and again.” He said.

“Like Groundhog’s Day with Bill Murray?” you asked. He shrugged. “Guy gets stuck in a time loop on one day, and can’t move on until he’s learned the lesson to let him continue with time.”

“ehhh, kinda like that, except it’s just one thing controllin’ the loop. but yeah… so…”

“So is that why you seduced me so well?” you asked, a smirk on your face. Sans looked horrified, and shook his head violently.

“no! shit, no! good god, i apparently did everything i could to make sure i didn’t know anything, i already fucked it up apparently a few times and—“

“Wait, you’re serious about this, aren’t you?” you asked suddenly. Sans looked like he was trying to make himself as small as possible at the moment. He merely nodded, and your mouth dropped open.

“So… we’ve met before? How many times?” you asked, your mind trying to wrap around this. This had to be a joke, an elaborate prank.

“dunno.” He responded, his tone flat. “i’m guessin’ like three or four. which isn’t great. it shoulda stopped a while ago.”

“What should have stopped?” you asked, your mind trying to wrap around this. This had to be a joke, an elaborate prank.

“the resets. someone keeps resettin’ time. it’s… look, i don’t even know how to begin to tell you.” he said, groaning. “i’ve never fucking told anyone this before. jesus christ. i fucked this one up.” He said, and he looked skyward as if waiting for something. Whatever it was, it didn’t come.

“I won’t tell anyone!” you exclaimed, jumping to your feet. “Sans, I haven’t told anyone about your teleporting, why would I tell anyone about... wait, so a monster can fucking mess with TIME?”

“not a monster.” He replied, his voice growing cold. “something worse than a monster.”

“Those exist!?” you asked, bewildered. Sans shook his head again, clearly frustrated. “Jesus… wait, so do you remember all the time loops?” You were remembering Groundhog Day. Did he know all the right things to say to you? Was he trying to romance you because you were an easy target?

“yeah. i mean, kinda? bits and pieces. shit, this is fuckin’ hard to explain. fuck. fuck!” he slammed a fist into his other one, a loud clack coming from it. You’d never seen him this frustrated. “i shoulda kept it to myself. god dammit.”

“I thought we said no more secrets?” you asked, and Sans looked at you, his eyes wide.

“you’re taking this too calmly.” He responded.

“I mean, what else am I supposed to do? Get mad at you? I don’t fucking know. I’ve never dealt with magic, or monsters, or timelord bullshit until I met you Sans – so I really don’t know how I’m supposed to be responding!”

“it’s… no one knows, tiger. no one. i’ve never told anyone. and in iterations where i have it didn’t
matter, they all died anyway.” His voice came to barely a whisper, that haunted tone he used once before slinking it’s way back. “i dunno if i just doomed you or what. shit. but no one ever knows. it’s my burden alone to bear.”

“Sans. Shit.” you said, even more confused. Apparently there was a lot sitting here. “Hey. Come here.” You gestured to him, your arms open. He stared at you, then woodenly sat down next to you, learning into your open arms. “Listen, whatever is going on, I’m here. I mean, I’m not good at fighting evil or whatever, but I can at least listen to you and be here for you. I have no clue what you’re going on about, or what you’re dealing with, but you need to apparently talk about it. You’ve been holding onto it for a long time.”

“few hundred years.” He said suddenly. You blinked.

“Aren’t you my age?” you asked. He shrugged.

“i am. but i’m also not. you think your guy in your groundhog movie felt like he was spritely and young after reliving the same timeline over and over?” he asked, sounding miserable. You thought about it for a moment.

“No, he actually tried killing hims—“ you started, cutting yourself off. The look that flit across Sans’s face told you everything you needed to know. “Fuck. Sans. God damn. Please, just… stop talking.”

You didn’t know how to handle this. You didn’t know how to handle Sans. But you did know that you needed to be here for him in this moment, and that you could at least do. You sank back into the couch, pulling him with you so he could rest on you, his head buried in your chest. He opened his mouth to say something, and you smoothed a hand over his head.

“Shh. Just… shh.” You said. “I’m here, and that’s all that matters, okay?” Sans nodded against you, nestling himself into you as much as he could. You didn’t want him to talk anymore, it was frightening. The more you thought about it, the more terrifying the concept became. And you didn’t want to let him in on that. There was a rigidness to his body, and instead you tried to think of something else. You thought of screwing around in the snow with him just a few months ago, pelting kids with snowballs and having cocoa with Papyrus. You recalled the dinner he took you on one night for Italian food, at a place down the street. You were trying to think of nice things, things to distract you. They were working. With some time, Sans’s breathing evened out, and you realized he had fallen asleep.

That was fine with you. You laid there, staring at the ceiling, unwilling to move as you didn’t want to wake him up. How were you going to deal with this? Fuck.

Deal with it tomorrow. Everything is better tomorrow. You thought.

You fell asleep after an hour or so, and you dreamt of pleasant things, until in your dream you realized that if you fell asleep, when you woke up – there would be no tomorrow.

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