Pick your Prison

by TheLadyBlueWolf

Summary

After a harrowing night, UFSans finds himself in a house not unlike his own. Without much warning he meets his double and his brother but they are different. Too different? Only time will tell.

HONEYMUSTARD TO THE MAX!

Notes

Ok… Tumblr has spoken. Fuck… I can’t believe I am doing this…. Actually I can. I love this so much…. Thought it would be a one shot kinda thing but it’s turned into a story. I can’t leave it… Fuck… Here goes nothing!

BOTTOMS UP, BITCHES!
See the end of the work for more notes.
The Sharpest Blade

Sans could feel the cold now. It was a tangible thing that settled in the marrow of his bones and made a home. He had been fighting the wind and the snow for hours but it felt like days to him. Maybe he had gotten turned around?

He wandered a bit more, the snow felt like hands pulling him down into their chilly depths, their fingers tight around his tibias and sneakers. Finally he had had enough. His constant exhaustion pulled him face down into the snow drifts. He knew it was dangerous to fall asleep in the open like this but at that moment he couldn’t care. His last thought as he drifted into unconsciousness was if he got dusted, he really could blame it on Boss this time.

Sans saw the lump in the snow first, thinking that Papyrus had decided to make one of his “snowmen” in the front yard again after the snow had stopped but a subtle shifting in the snow caught his eye. He could only see the tiniest scrap of black in the blinding white so he went to investigate.

He used a forgotten stick that had been stuck in the snow nearest their fence and slowly brushed the snow off of the cloth revealing more and more of the garment. When the stick finally seemed to strike something more than the clothing he backed up and yelled for his brother through the open door.

“PAPY! COME QUICK!” he yelled.

“What is it bro?” the taller skeleton rushed out of the house, an unlit cigarette hanging from his teeth forgotten in the urgency of his little brother’s voice.

“I THINK SOMEONE IS IN OUR YARD!” the smaller one’s worried tone pulled Papyrus to his side.

Looking at the lump of clothing in their front yard and the surrounding snow that the stick had brushed away Papyrus could only assume someone had been caught in the freak snowstorm that had blanketed the town the night before.

“You sure it’s not just some clothing that got away from someone in the storm?” he walked closer to the lump and nudged it with his untied sneaker.

At the less than gentle tap, a groan was heard, muffled by the dense ground cover.

“OH SHIT…” Papyrus knelt in the snow, using his hands to gently free the person from their snowy grave. It took him a minute, his long fingers trying not to jostle the being too much but once they were uncovered he froze.

“WHO IS IT PAPY?” questioned Sans.

“I have NO idea… but let’s get them inside…” Papyrus lifted the tiny ball of black and red clothing in his arms, stood to his full six foot, and moved toward the door to their cozy home.

He placed the being on the lumpy green couch and stepped back. The person’s black hood was up around their face but he could tell it was another skeleton like the two of them. He was small, like his brother but the bones exposed below the black and gold basketball shorts had nicks and scratches in them, and his face… his face resembled his brother with the exception of the crack running down to his right eye and the sharp teeth with one gold one glinting in the shifting light from the TV.

Sans had run up the stairs and came back with several blankets and a first aid kit, placing the blankets around the sleeping figure and wrapping him up only his face exposed. Papyrus just kept staring as Sans moved with a thermometer, one that could be placed on a forehead since it seemed rude to try and force the monsters jaw open.

Other than the moan outside the monster on the couch hadn’t moved or made a sound in a few minutes and Papyrus was worried they had been too late. Sans kept shuffling the blankets to keep the creature warm, and after a while it seemed to be working. Papyrus touched his brother’s shoulder, more than gently pulling him to stand behind him as the figure awoke.

Papyrus watched the monster shuffle and try to move but the blankets hindered them and kept them
wrapped tight. With a flurry of movement they were free, the blankets thrown to the other side of the
couch and one red eye glaring at the duo. Papyrus had kept his hand on his smaller brother forcing
him behind him as much as he could.
“b-boss?” the monster on the couch heaved. His face had become flush in his exertions; both of his
hands outstretched, the deadly sharp tips of his phalanges curled slightly in defense.
“HELLO! MY NAME IS THE SANSATIONAL SANS!” Sans poked his head around his
brother’s arm and waved.
“fuck you pipsqueak! i was talking to boss!.... i think…” The monster on the couch scratched his head
as he looked at Papyrus.
“LANGUAGE!” Sans chimed, undeterred at the monster’s outburst.
“sans… be quiet…” Papyrus mumbled patting his brother’s head.
“o-ok boss…”
“SURE THING PAPY!”
It took a second for Papyrus to register what had just happened, the cigarette in his mouth falling to
the floor in a bit of shock. Another Sans? He knew about the timelines but his theory about other
universes had been right too? And now there was proof sitting on his couch trying not to look him in
the eye.
“…sans?” he whispered as he moved toward the couch.
“b-boss?” The monster on the couch shifted closer into the corner, a bit of sweat beginning to drip
down his skull.
“WOW! WE HAVE THE SAME NAME TOO?” Sans perked up from his position behind
Papyrus.
A small sneeze broke the silence as the three stared at each other, the Sans on the couch seeming to
sweat and sneeze, more and more.
“fucking s-say something already…” the other Sans mumbled as he began to shiver.
“OH NO! NOW YOU’VE GOT A COLD! WE HAVE TO GET YOU INTO THOSE
BLANKETS AGAIN AND OUT OF THOSE WET CLOTHES!” the smaller Sans, ever the
mother hen, ran back up the stairs.
“you aren’t b-boss are you…” The Sans on the couch slowly lowered his hands, wrapping them
around his upper body as the shivers got worse.
“nah… name’s papyrus. your’s is sans i take it…” Papyrus slowly lowered his guard and moved
toward the end of the couch, tossing the mess of blankets back at the shivering skeleton before he
plopped down.
He angled himself so he could keep watch of the monster at the other end of the couch, his left arm
hanging on the back of the couch while his other rifled through his hoodie pocket for his smokes. He
lit the cancer stick and finally exhaled as his Sans came back down the stairs, a bundle of clothes
tucked under his arm.
“HERE ARE SOME DRY CLOTHES! I DON’T KNOW YOUR SIZE BUT I HOPE THSES
WILL FIT!” Sans held out the clothes and Papyrus could see it was a pair of long pajama bottoms
and a long fluffy sweater, probably the warmest clothes Sans had.
When the other Sans didn’t respond his Sans looked at him questioningly. He looked at the other
Sans and saw that he had fallen asleep in the tangle of blankets, probably the minute he had thrown
them at him.
“Well, I guess we have to do this ourselves bro…” Papyrus exhaled.

He was in hell. A warm, suffocating hell with some kind of demon running sandpaper over his
sternum and blasting some kind of horrible electronica in his ears. But if he was in hell, that meant
that someone had finally killed him and honestly, he thought he would remember the fight to the
death he had always been waiting for around every corner. Slowly his other senses came back online
and he could feel his arms trapped against his sides and his toes scraping against some kind of fabric
that wasn’t his shoes.
Sans peeled open his left eye socket, and stared at the white ceiling above him. Gradually his fever
dream came back to him. Another Boss and Sans? What the hell had been in that mustard he had drank?

It wasn’t until the other Sans popped into his field of vision that he realized it hadn’t been a dream. The initial panic of the other monster swept through him and he tensed.

“PAPY, I THINK HE’S AWAKE AGAIN! HIS FEVER HAD BROKEN BUT HE PROBABLY NEEDS FLUIDS!” The over cheery voice practically yelled near his skull. He opened both of his eyes and glared at the other version of himself.

“f-fuck off pipsqueak…” he mumbled with none of his usual strength. It was scary how weak he felt and the blanket burrito he was currently in made his feel hogtied instead of safe. It took all he had just to wiggle free, escaping the warmth only to realize he had been unclothed and clothed again while he had been out.

A pair of sleep pants with images of trains had been placed on his legs and his zip-up and black shirt had been replaced with a giant fluffy sweater with some kind of long-necked creature on it. It itched like all hell but with the lingering cold in his bones was starting to dissipate so he kept it on.

“w-where are my clothes?” he grumbled as he sat up against the arm of the couch.

“OH I PUT THEM IN THE WASH! THEY WERE SOAKING WET AND COVERING IN WHO KNOWS WHAT!” the tiny Sans beside him chirped.

The annoying pitch of his voice made Sans grab his skull in pain and he glared back at the other.

“here’s the tea bro….” Boss’ look alike muttered as he came around the corner from the kitchen and handed a steaming mug to the small monster.

It had spooked him as the other Papyrus had walked in but as Sans sat there and stared he could see the differences. This Papyrus only had pointed canines, not an entire mouth of jagged teeth. His jaw was straighter with a lazy grin, his cigarette hanging between his teeth. His orange hoodie with tan cargo shorts with untied sneakers dreamed chill and even his fingers were different, instead of claws they were long and narrow. But it was his eyes that scared Sans the most. They were relaxed, with a warmth he had seen eons ago but now it only frightened him.

Sans watched as his double grabbed the cup from his brother and walked toward him. Again he could see the similarities but it was the differences that called to him. The smaller stature, the blue ‘armor’ and scarf, not to mention the crazy, bright blue eye lights he had. The mug was thrust into his hands and he grumbled. Thankful for the heat but he wouldn’t drink anything for fear it had been poisoned. Too many mistakes had led to too many scars, fuck you very much. He shuffled on the couch and dangled his feet of the edge as he watched to two interact over the lip of the drink. His bad eye twitched as he watched Papyrus pet his brother’s head as he sat at the other end of the couch.

“WELL SINCE YOU ARE SANS TOO, I FIGURED WE SHOULD GIVE YOU A NICKNAME! THAT WAY WE WON’T GET CONFUSED! HMMM….?” Sans seemed to pose, his gloved pointer tapping his chin in thought. “HOW ABOUT RED? MWEH HEH HEH! YES! RED! ‘CAUSE OF YOUR EYE!” Sans placed his hands on his hip bones and posed, his eyes lights shifting to stars as Sans looked at him.

He shrugged, he couldn’t find the energy to care about the stupid nickname and he was more concerned about the proximity of this Papyrus than anything else.

“WELL, I’M OFF TO PATROL! DON’T KILL EACH OTHER WHILE I’M GONE!” Sans waved as he walked to the door.

Red put the cup down on the coffee table and pulled his feet back up on the couch facing Papyrus. His opponent shifted on the couch, his left eye smoldering in an orange glow. Red began to sweat again, but grinned. This he could handle.

“well, now that that’s over… what the fuck are you doing here?”
Cut the Bullshit

Chapter Summary

The kettle is gonna boil guys, gotta take it off the heat.

Chapter Notes

God this chapter has been hard. I don’t even know if I have anything new to contribute. I feel like, all I’m doing is rehashing the same story with a different voice… Fuck it. I’m gonna try ok?
Sorry if it’s not up to my usual standard.
What I’d like to write is that they dove into each other’s arms and started going at it. But that’s not exactly a story is it….. ;P
Red’s voice is going to be in bold so we can differentiate between him and Papyrus.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Red could swear the temperature in the room had climbed just from the look he was getting from this other Papyrus at the other end of the couch. The barely concealed rage radiating off the taller skeleton even seemed to make his cigarette burn brighter as he inhaled. Red grinned, a feral gesture as his joints popped with the tension.

He would have one shot at this, gathering what little magic he had he tensed and disappeared. A second later he was on top of his brother’s lazy double, his shins pinning the other’s thighs and his left hand wrapped around his opponent’s bony throat. His right hand, angled and held so that he could pierce through Papyrus’ ribs, stopped short of it’s intended destination. A long bony hand had caught his wrist and held it a breath away from the orange hoodie. Red grit his teeth in frustration and fear as he locked eyes with Papyrus.

The orange clad skeleton winked and smiled as he threw Red behind the couch. Before he made it to the ground or the wall Red’s soul was seized by the orange magic, suspending him in midair.

“not gonna say i’m surprised…” Papyrus drawled as he exhaled and stood from the couch. His left hand glowed a faint orange as he rolled his shoulders and walked around the back of the couch and leaned on the back of it. “but that was certainly not expected.”

Red could feel himself sweating in the giant sweater now. His entire body was wracked with fear and it took every ounce of his self-control to keep silent. He watched as Papyrus looked him up and down, probably thinking of the most painful way to end him. He screwed his eyes shut, and prayed to the stars for a merciful death, not that he deserved it, but he had had enough torture to last thousands of lifetimes thank you very fucking much.

Papyrus watched Red as he trembled, still held by his soul in midair. The sheer terror in his eyes before he had closed them had made Papyrus pause before deciding on his next move. This play for dominance was over; Red knew he had lost, so it was up to him to assure the smaller skeleton that he wouldn’t be trying to put him into place again. His smirk turned devious as he pushed off the couch and leaned forward, their chests almost touching and whispered against the side of Red’s
“next time we’ll use a safe word,” he chuckled as he released the magic holding his captive. Leaning back against the lumpy green monstrosity he called a couch, he crossed one of his long legs over the other and watched Red’s face as it shifted from fear, to confusion, to absolute disgust.

“the fuck is wrong with you?” Red grumbled as he slumped into a pile on the floor.

“alotta shit…” Papyrus answered around his cigarette. “what about you? this whole thing is probably fuckin’ with your head.”

“nah I was coo coo for cocoa puffs before all this…” Red sneered as he sat back against the wall and gestured around.

Papyrus laughed, the tension from earlier falling off his shoulders like a tangible fabric. He was sure they were on an even footing now, and it seemed to relax them both. Whatever had happened earlier was left behind. They could move forward now.

“so what now? ” Red relaxed his head against the pale blue wall of the living room with a thunk.

“well, i was thinking about grabbing a bite to eat at muffet’s… not that i don’t love my little bro’s cooking but i can only take so many tacos before I get sick of ‘em… want anything?” He moved to head toward the door.

“the fuck is muffet’s? ”

“a little café slash bar down the street. sells pretty good shit…” He exhaled with a cloud of smoke.

“i could go for anything greasy at this fuckin’ point. and some mustard…”

“mustard is gross…” Papyrus laughed.

“fuck you man. i think it’s awesome. tastes better than some weird sweet shit or tea…” Red crossed his arms and glared at him.

“ah… you drink it… gotcha,” Papyrus bobbed his head in understanding. “i’ll bring you something back. for now just chill in the house and try to recover. oh and sans…” Papyrus walked toward the door as he spoke with his back to him. “anything happens to my bro and you will find out how to have a b a d t i m e … got it?” he glanced over his shoulder letting just the littlest bit of magic color his left eye.

“yeah, yeah, asshole. i’m not gonna touch the annoying blueberry.” Red pushed himself to a stand and moved back to his previous seat on the couch. “besides, kid wouldn’t stand a chance in my world.” He flopped back into the green cushions and relaxed.

Papyrus exhaled again and pulled the door open, heading to Muffet’s. He’d take the long way this time, just to give them both a little bit of breathing room.

Red sunk onto the couch the minute Papyrus was out of sight.

“he could have killed me… what the fuck… why didn’t he take it? ” he had been powerless. All of his magic was gone and he had been completely at the other’s mercy. Why hadn’t he just ended him? Where the fuck was he that people didn’t kill each other on sight? Red pulled his legs to his chest and dropped his skull into his hands.

He wasn’t used to this ‘kindness’ he had been receiving since he had awoken. Where he came from it was kill or be killed. Hell, most of the time he was being beaten and ‘toughened’ by his younger brother to the point where he had permanent scars on just about every bone.

His phalanges ghosted over the jagged scar above his right eye. What the hell was he going to do? He had no idea how he had gotten here, and to be honest, he had no idea how to get back. Boss was going to be looking for him soon, his weekly rituals with Mettaton usually gave Red time to sleep in a bit the next morning, but he had been gone most of the morning and Boss would be out for blood.

He dragged his bony hands down his face, wiping a bit of the sweat away from his face as he began to panic. It would do no good to try to get back without his magic and currently he couldn’t hold his own weight when he tried to stand for more than a few seconds.

“fuck… i’m so boned…” he groaned.
Pulling the blankets over him he tried to calm down just a little.
“so i’m fucking stuck here with a blue leprechaun and fucking shaggy from scooby do…
fuuuuuuuuck…” he groaned again. Then his soul started to settle into an eerie calm, all on it’s own.
It was like a vacation. No one would be out to kill him. He didn’t have to watch his own back while
he slept. Why was he in such a hurry to go back?
“because when i do, fuckin’ boss is gonna kill me…” he spoke aloud.
Why go back? If the freakazoid brothers didn’t seem to have a problem with him, why leave?
“because I don’t belong here….” He whispered to the voice in his head.
He could belong here. He could stay.
“what about my- what about boss? ”
Fuck ‘em. What had he done for him lately?
“he’s my brother. he’s kept me alive. he’s been trying to make me stronger…”
With daily torture. With unspeakable acts of violence. Is that what a brother is supposed to do?
“i deserve everything i get. i’m weak. i… i’m lazy… i…”tears were beginning to well in the corner
of his eye sockets.
But here he could be strong. Here he could be his own person, not The Great Papyrus’ lazy older
brother, not the weakest monster in the Underground. Here he could be everything he had dreamed
about in those fleeting moments alone in Waterfall.
“…how? ” he questioned.
That would be up to him, wouldn’t it? He could be everything he wanted to be. He could study
science again, no doubt the wonder brothers wouldn’t mind. Hell, the little blueberry would probably
give him the whole world if he asked for it.
He stretched out on the couch, his arms falling to his midsection. He felt numb with these thoughts
swirling in his head. He closed his eyes and took a shaky breath.
Maybe he would find the answers, maybe he wouldn’t. Right now, he needed to sleep.

Papyrus had teleported back, not wanting the food he had purchased to get cold in the chilly
Snowden air. Instead of just showing up in the kitchen like he tended to, he stood in front of the front
door and opened it slowly, not wanting to spook Red.
Balancing his wrapped packages in his long arm he stepped into the house, noting Red’s sleeping
form on the couch. Well, shit. No need to be cautious then.
He closed the door as quietly as possible and removed his sneakers on the mat before making his
way to the kitchen. He deposited his treasures on the table before opening them and grabbing a
burger and a bottle of honey. Usually he ate on the couch when he was home alone so he moved into
the living room with his goods and plopped back down on the couch opposite Red. This earned him
a grumble from the other skeleton but Red just rolled over to face the back of the couch and
continued sleeping.
Unwrapping the burger and sipping from the bottle of honey he watched Red from the corner of his
eye sockets as he began to snore.
They were, by no means, best friends now but it was better than being at each other’s throats
constantly. That dick measuring contest earlier had solved that. Whatever alternate universe Red had
come from it had obviously made him into the angry wet cat that he was but that didn’t mean he
could do that shit here. At least Red knew better than to fuck with his Sans.
As he munched on his lunch it was plain to see that they would need to figure out how to get him
back to his own universe. No doubt he wanted to, but even as Papyrus thought that he watched Red
flip over, catching sight of the jagged scar on the top of his skull.
A wave of uneasiness swept through Papyrus. Could he send him back? There was that hunk of junk
in the workshop that he had been working on in passing that had mentioned something about time
travel in the plans and blueprints, but could he send Red back there?
He had seen his stats when they had fought earlier and he had seen the scratches and nicks in his bones when Sans had changed him earlier. One hit and the guy was dust. It was a miracle that it hadn’t happened already.

He already knew what Sans would say. Now it was just convincing himself that the guy could stay. Papyrus pulled a cigarette out of his hoodie and lit it, exhaling slowly.

“…papyrus….“ Red mumbled in his sleep.
Papyrus hung his head, a faint smile and blush gracing his face. He was such a sucker.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it's not longer guys. It was hard to write this much... plus it's like 10pm and I have to go to the gym at 4am tomorrow....@.@
The initial panic settled quicker than Red had expected when he finally woke from his nap. He seemed to be getting the hang of this alternate universe thing. Sure he had contemplated their existence before, back when he had had the safety of the lab and Boss had been just a babybones, but now that it was literally staring him in the face, it didn’t seem so bad. Though he was pretty sure someone was trying to set the kitchen on fire by the noises he was hearing.

Papyrus was slumped on the other end of the couch, an empty bottle of something in his hand, snoring softly. Since Red couldn’t trust his screwy internal clock, he sat up and looked out the front windows, noticing it was still quite light out so it must have been around noon like he had guessed. Red shuffled, noticing he had become stiff in some places and began cracking his bones back into place. Starting at the top, he rolled his head back and forth, feeling the upper part of his spine shift and pop with a sickening crunch. It must have been loud enough that Papyrus opened his eyes and groaned, looking straight at him as Red continued with his alignment.

A devious smile graced Papyrus’ face as he joined in the stretching and cracking, both of them working their joints back and forth in relative silence. By the time Red was working on his back, Sans poked his head around the opening to the kitchen and glared at them.

“What ARE YOU TWO DOING IN HERE?”

Papyrus grinned from the couch, twisting his right arm so the elbow popped.

“sorry bro, were we… breaking your concentration?”

“UGH! PAPY THAT WAS HORRIBLE! STOP IT!”

Red decided to join in as he cracked both sets of his knuckles, one at a time. “no need to get snappy
If looks could maim, Red probably would’ve lost his 1 hp from the daggers Sans was shooting from his eyes.

“NOT YOU TOO! HERE I WAS HOPING YOU WOULD BE MORE LIKE ME!” Sans huffed back into the kitchen as the duo erupted into a fit of chuckles.

“That was a good one red!” Papyrus stood from the couch, both of his knees popping into place.

“What can i say? i’m a pretty punny guy.” Red jumped off the couch and finished cracking his back into place. It was good to trade puns again. He hadn’t done that since… welp, not going there. Those memories didn’t need to be brought up in this semi cheery place.

Red watched as Papyrus collected his wrappers and trash from some kind of food he had eaten and took them to the kitchen. He followed a bit behind; more curious about what Sans was doing than anything.

The room was a mess, pots and pans everywhere along with every cooking utensil the brothers seemed to own. Sans was at the stove, standing on a small wooden stool, mixing something in a large pan and Red could smell a bit of burnt meat coming from that direction. The small table was set for three and Red pulled out a chair and flopped into it before peering into the other small bowls set on the table. The one closest to him had some shredded cheese in it and Red sniffed it, hoping it wasn’t poisoned or moldy. He did have standards even if he drowned almost everything in mustard.

Setting the bowl back, Red watched the other two move around the small room. It was cozy, lived in, like the rest of the house. There were pictures and notes stuck to the fridge, worn spots in the cabinets from constant use, and even a small, handmade rug on the floor by the sink. Papyrus was looking through the fridge as Sans poured his meaty concoction into another large bowl with a spoon and brought it with him to the table.

Papyrus joined the group at the table, plopping a large yellow bottle in front of Red before sitting across from him, his back to the opening of the kitchen. Sans climbed into his chair, in between the two of them on the long side of the table and grabbed a small plastic container. From inside he pulled a small, white, flat circle and passed the container to Red.

Red looked inside the container and gingerly grabbed one of the white things and placed it on his plate before passing it back to Sans.

“What is this thing?” he mumbled aloud.

“A TACO! YOU FILL IT WITH ALL THIS STUFF AND WRAP IT UP AND EAT IT. IT’S ONE OF MY SPECIALITIES! HAVE YOU NEVER HAD ONE BEFORE?” Sans inquired.

Red lifted the white thing and watched Sans fill the taco with meat and cheese and a bit of lettuce. Papyrus seemed to drench the taco with some kind of sticky goop from his bottle as well as the other fixins so Red followed suit, filling his taco with meat and cheese before drenching it in the bottle that had been placed before him. To his surprise, it was mustard, so he looked over the table at Papyrus. Papyrus appeared busy with his taco so Red folded his over packed monstrosity and shoved it in his mouth the best he could.

It was the hum of appreciation that had brought him out of his musings. Papyrus looked up at Red from across the table as he tucked into his taco. This batch wasn’t bad, Sans’ cutting skills were definitely getting better and the meat was almost devoid of crunchy bits but it was Red’s reaction that caught his attention.

“DO YOU LIKE IT?”

“Pretty good...” Red mumbled, his mouth still full.

Papyrus chuckled as he took a swig from his bottle of honey and reached for another tortilla. They ate in silence for a good while, each lost in their own thoughts. It was Sans that finally broke the quiet as they began to finish their lunch.

“RED, HOW ARE YOU FEELING?” he asked.

“Better. though i would like my clothes back...” Red picked at the sweater he still had on. The llama fur must be itchy by now.
“I’LL GET THEM OUT OF THE DRYER AFTER I FINISH THE DISHES. THE JACKET WAS WASHED BUT I HAD TO HANG IT DRY SO IT MAY STILL BE A LITTLE WET!” Sans jumped off his chair and began collecting the left overs to pack and store in the fridge. Papyrus stood to help his brother clean up, watching Red out of the corner of his eye, his earlier musings coming back. Would it be safe to talk about Red’s universe now? He seemed relaxed enough.

“so red… how is it you got here?” Well that wasn’t really what he wanted to ask but oh well. “I was walking in the snow storm and got really tired so i laid down. when i woke up, i was here.” Red shrugged.

Papyrus turned around and leaned against the counter, his answer appeared to be the truth but… “why were you out in a snow storm?”

“eh… my little bro needed some ‘alone time’.”

“So he kicked you out? in the middle of a storm?” Papyrus’ hands twitched in his hoodie pocket.

“nah… i usually leave when that kinda stuff is happenin’… shit he’s gonna be so pissed that i’m still not home…” beads of sweat started to form on the top of Red’s skull.

“LANGUAGE!” Whoever this guy was, Papyrus wanted to bash is skull in. Red was practically shaking in his seat in fear over the imagined anger of his brother and Papyrus’ normally good nature wasn’t having any of it.

“there’s gotta be a way back…” Red whispered.

Papyrus sighed though his nasal cavity and pushed off the counter. That answered that question. “you don’t have to go… you could stay here…” Papyrus shuffled toward Red, his one arm gestured to the rest of the house. Maybe he could convince him to stay? He looked at Sans, hoping he was thinking the same.

Sans starry eyes beamed back at him, his usual smile seemed twice as big as he nodded at Papyrus.

“I…. i can’t…. boss needs me…” Red wouldn’t look at him or Sans, instead staring down at his hands in his lap. He sounded like he was almost trying to convince himself as well as them.

He could work with that. They both could make it comfortable here; it would be like having another brother or a cousin. They could make it work, and hopefully convince Red to stay.

His heart on the other hand said there would be not ‘brotherly’ feelings is Red decided to stay but he ignored that.

“Well, we can work something out in the meantime.” Papyrus glanced back at Sans. “hey bro, why don’t you get his clothes.”

“BE RIGHT BACK!” Sans dashed off to the basement.

“I’ve got a hunk of junk in the shed that might help. sans doesn’t know about it but I think it might’ve been some type of time machine at one point. you’re welcome to work on it,” Papyrus whispered.

“…sounds good.” Red grunted.

Sans came around the corner, Red’s freshly laundered clothes folded neatly in his arms.

“You can use my room to change! It’s the blue door on the left!” Red hopped from the chair and moved around Papyrus, his head down the entire time.

This was going to be an uphill battle but it was the light pounding in his ribcage that gave him hope. He would work on Red, earn his trust and maybe, something more?

It had been a few days with the other brothers; Red had been sleeping on a comfortable mattress on the floor of Papyrus’ room at night and spending most of his days in the shed working on the inoperable time machine.

He was currently in that little shed now, boxes of papers surrounding him as he looked for schematics. He threw a couple of blueprints around, one of them catching his eye. It wasn’t for the
current piece he was working on but it was shaped like a big box, a light on the top and windows all around. There were scribbles in the corners and a signature from “The Doctor” at the bottom. It looked interesting but he wasn’t sure it was feasible and he couldn’t read any of the other weird symbols on it so he tossed that one aside too.

He had been looking though these boxes for days and was slowly starting to make progress with what he already knew of the machine from his own timeline. That one was in equal if not worse disrepair but he was enjoying the work for the first time in a long time. He still took naps and ate with the brothers when they were home but they seemed to understand his need to be alone. Problem was, even in the labs years ago, he had ideas to bounce off others. Now that he was completely alone, fully rested and eating regularly, he was getting restless.

He needed to let off some steam. He grabbed one of the bent pieces of metal that he had earlier discarded since it was too broken to use and decided to sneak out to the woods. He could blast the little piece of metal to smithereens and use up some of this pent up magic he seemed to have. Sneaking out of the shed wasn’t hard since it was behind the house but he still locked the door with the key Papyrus had given him before trying to set out to the woods. As he turned around, he bumped directly into Sans.

“*stars, blue!*” it felt weird calling the other version of himself by their name so he had decided the nickname would work for now.

“OOF! SORRY RED!” Sans had landed on his behind in the snow so Red leaned down to help him up.

“What’re you doin’ out here?”

“Well, Papy went to sleep and I didn’t see you so I figured I’d check to see if you were ok… what are you doing?”

“uh…..” Red floundered for an answer. He couldn’t tell the kid that he was going to blast the ever loving shit out of this so he improvised. “i…. was gonna go sledding.”

“COOL! CAN I GO?”

It would be too suspicious to tell him off and honestly, he would enjoy the company after being alone so long that day.

“heh, sure kid. but we gotta go into the woods ok?”

“OK!”

The two of them trekked out into the woods behind the house. It only took a few minutes and Red found the open space he used at home when Boss wanted to train him.

“How are we going to sled if the ground is flat Red?”

“heh, i got a little trick for that…” Red summoned one of his blasters with his magic.

“WOAH!” Sans stepped back at the demonic skull came into being beside him. It had the same gold fang and crack over the eye that Red had and it seemed poised to attack, it’s red eyes glowing fiercely.

“hey, none of that,” Red walked over and patted the nose of the blaster, it nuzzling into his hand as it’s eyes shifted to white. “i call him fang… guy’s been with me forever.” At first Fang was like his other blasters, distant and robotic but as the years had gone on this one had developed a personality and Red had treated him like a pet or equal. Fang had become the only thing he could rely on after a while, even being able to come into existence without Red’s call if he needed him.

“So… how are we going to do this?” Sans bounced on his toes, his energy too much to contain.

“like this!” Red threw the piece of metal on the ground and sat on it. He tucked his stubby legs inside and used a bit of his magic to lasso Fang between his open jaws. Turning to Sans he held the magic rope with one hand and pat the metal behind him. Keeping them both on the makeshift sled, using the rope, and keeping Fang in existence would drain him pretty good so he was eager to get what little good he could out of it before he crashed.

Sans sat behind him, wrapping his arms around Red as tightly as he could before Red snapped the rope. It was like being shot out of a rocket and it took a bit of adjusting before Red could get control
of their gravity and Fang’s speed. Pretty soon they were making laps around the clearing, both of them laughing loudly despite the late hour. Red was nearing the limit of his magic when they made another lap and Papyrus walked out into the clearing.

It took all of Red’s magic to pull Fang to a stop, the makeshift sled fishtailing as he adjusted their gravity. Fang went on alert the minute Papyrus walked out, energy collecting in his open maw. “s-shit...”

Papyrus had watched the two of them run off into the woods together from his bedroom window. It was a late hour so his imagination ran in all different directions ranging from jealousy to sheer terror. Finally deciding he need to make sure nothing would happen to either of them, he teleported outside to the tree line. It was easy enough to follow their tracks in the snow so he trudged along, his mind still making crazy assumptions and scenarios.

He finally came to the clearing behind the house and stayed in the shadow of the trees, watching the shorter skeletons. When Red summoned his blaster it took all of his strength to stay hidden, the threat to his younger brother too close for comfort, but he hung back. Red had no intention of malice; he would be able to feel it now that he had his magic signature on lock.

Papyrus had been spending every night with Red, watching him toss and turn in his sleep. The first night he had started to cry out and Papyrus knew it would’ve woken Sans so he had curled up next to him, lightly petting Red’s skull like had Sans’ when he was little. Every time he had placed his hand on Red he had calmed, a blissful smiled on sleeping his face. Papyrus had taken those small moments to heart, hoping that in the morning Red had changed his mind about leaving.

With a lot pride and a little bit of fear he watched the two of them race off on the hunk of metal attached to the floating skull, sledding around and laughing. It was a few minutes before he decided to join in the fun, stepping out of the trees into the open.

Red pulled them to a stop, the sled sliding around but stopping, the blaster on the other hand… “s-shit…”

“down boy…” Papyrus patted the skull on the nose, his magic wisping from his left hand. The blaster recognized his magic, it’s intelligence surprising the taller skeleton. Papyrus smiled and summoned his own blaster, his personal favorite, and watched them ‘sniff’ each other near his shoulder. Red’s was a bit smaller, with more angles and points, while his was just as menacing but seemed to adopt his lazy half-lidded expression.

“WOWIE! YOU HAVE ONE TOO? WHY DON’T I HAVE ONE PAPY?” Sans pouted from behind Red.

“not a clue bro…” he knew why Sans didn’t have one but he wasn’t about to talk about that right now.

Red seemed to take in the blasters with a little bit of fear but his grin split into something more cunning.

“wanna race? ”

Papyrus looked at Red and then back to the blasters.

“...fuck yeah!”

“LANGUAGE!”

Chapter End Notes

AH! NOW THAT THAT IS OUT OF THE FREAKIN' WAY! I CAN MOVE ON TO THE REST OF THE FREAKIN' STORY! I already have it planned out so this should roll much smoother.
Be ready for smut!
It had been two days since Red had been in the workshop, and he was starting to feel lighter with each passing hour despite the random panic attacks that plagued him. Something small, like a dish falling into the sink would make his heart race and it would be a few minutes before he could breathe easy again. He couldn’t find the source of the anxiety; things with the brothers had been going really well after their little soiree in the woods and he had started hanging out with the bros instead of holing up in the little shed.

Sans had been inviting him on his patrols, probably hoping that Red would take a liking to the puzzles he made, but more often than not Red just watched the blue ball of energy flit around in the snow making puns the entire time. Papyrus had been hanging with him too, during his numerous breaks the two of were often found on the couch making horrible commentary about the multitude of Napstaton shows.

But still the anxiety plagued him, as if something was going to rip him away from this rare happiness, and he feared it would be his own actions instead of an outside force. Resolving to put this behind him, he tried to concentrate on the here and now, things he could control.

It was a beautiful day that morning and both brothers had the day off so they decided it would be a good idea for the three of them to spend some time outside and in the town to officially introduce Red. Most of the folks had bought the “cousin” lie with ease, seeing the similarities between Red and Sans and making assumptions without the prompt. They walked together; Sans insisting they all held hands as they walked, stopping by all the shops and waving at everyone they saw.

Despite his teeth and scars, no one seemed afraid of Red making it easier for him to relax around the townspeople. Many of them were people he already knew but their personalities seemed to be switched with their significant others or friends to the point where he was having trouble remembering names.

It was the kids that really got him though. They were happy and carefree, playing in the snow and running all over the main road. Extensive snowball fights were being played, even dragging some of the adults into it when they were unfortunate enough to walk through the playing field.

Sans had run off at the first sight of the snow being hurled though the air, ducking and weaving
through the underbrush at the edge of town. Every so often Red would hear his signature “MWEH HEH HEH!” before some poor kid got a snowball to the face. Pretty soon Papyrus and he had been pegged, forcing both to make their own stand.

Red had found a decent hiding place behind some bushes with a tree at his back. Every so often one of the kids ran out of their cover and he was able to get them and duck behind his fortification before they returned fire. Papyrus was nowhere to be seen but Red could hear lumps of snow fall from tree branches, coating the adversaries below.

As Red was lining up his next victim, a short yellow monster with no arms, he felt the back of his skull drench in the cold slush. It wasn’t the cold that triggered the episode, it was the dripping feeling that he couldn’t see that set him off.

Before he had time to register the situation his vision went red.

Papyrus loved this break from monotony but the churning in his gut told him it wouldn’t last forever. He hadn’t seen the human kid yet but his nerves were starting to wear with every passing day that they didn’t appear. It was hard to keep the worry off of his face but the hundreds of resets had given him good exercise in his acting skills.

Still, he was enjoying this break with his brother even if he may never remember all that they did. His thoughts returned to the Blaster race between himself and Red, stars had that been only two days ago?

Papyrus had used the makeshift sled as a snowboard and roped his blaster with magic as Red had opted to ride on top of his Blaster, both of them eager to show off their skills.

“TWICE AROUND THE CLEARING! FIRST PERSON WHO CROSSES THE FINISH LINE GETS TO… WAIT! WHAT’S THE PRIZE?” Sans had asked as he had pulled off his blue scarf, preparing to use it as a flag.

“if I win, i get the bed tonight,” Red had announced.

“heh! if i win, you do the laundry,” he countered.

“you’re on stretch!” Red laughed.

Sans had waved his flag and they had taken off, their blasters whining from the force of their magic. It had been a close race, Red only pulling ahead at the last second, but it had been satisfying for them both. The taller skeleton didn’t have the heart to tell him that he had lost on purpose, everyone had been too happy.

Pap broke out of his musings as he teleported to another cluster of trees, his added weight making lumps of snow fall on the participants below. He was watching his brother and Red defend their little forts when he felt a sharp pain in his soul.

His head swung to where Red was crouched behind a set of bushes, an unholy red light beginning to glow in the deep cover.

“shit.”

He teleported over, appearing behind the smaller skeleton as he began to shake, hunched over and feeling the back of his head.

“red? red, you ok man?”

Red’s head turned slowly, his movements jerky and stiff, to look at Papyrus. His eyes were tiny pinpricks of red, the panic and rage contorting his face into something monstrous before he launched himself at Papyrus. It was all the taller one could do to keep Red’s arms away from his face as the ball of hate flailed around trying to attack him. They rolled in the snow for a few seconds, each playing for dominance before the hoodied skeleton way able to wrap the other in a bear hug. This set the smaller one off more, his failing becoming desperate as tears began to leak out of the corners of his blown out eye sockets.

This was too dangerous for any of the kids so Pap braced himself and teleported once more. They had landed in his room, his back against the door and he had hoped the familiarity of the room would help calm Red but as he thrashed in his arms it seemed to do the opposite. He was losing him.
work they had done was being unraveled by a simple snowball. At a complete loss, Papyrus scrambled for something to bring Red back to reality. The only thing that popped in his mind was a moment from one of Sans’ animes.

Fuck it.
Papyrus loosened his hold on Red and quickly tunneled his hand underneath the others heavy jacket and shirt, reaching for his pocket-marked shoulders and pressing the tips of his fingers to them. It was enough to make the smaller one pause before Pap pulled him close and pressed his teeth to the others in a skeleton kiss.

Magic, wild and powerful filled the room at the connection. Red had stilled completely, but Papyrus was too taken in the kiss, closing his eyes and letting the feelings wash over him in the quiet. It was a full minute; their teeth pressed together the entire time, before Papyrus pulled back and looked at Red. His arms were pressed against his chest, a red blush staining his cheeks and a half lidded daze graced his face.
Papyrus could feel his face growing warmer and his companion smiled and reached for his face, their teeth connecting again. He groaned at the contact, his fingers drifting under the clothing to feel more of the other’s back. He had wanted to apologize, to say he was sorry for the kiss but this… this was better than anything he had ever felt before.
When Red pulled away, both of them were breathing heavily.

“thank you…”
“i couldn’t leave you like that.”
“h-how did you know?”
“i could feel it.”
“really?”
“yeah… at first I thought it was sans… but then I saw you-“
“no, how did you feel it?”
“i-in my soul. it’s usually strong emotions, and again…i usually only feel sans’.”
Red swallowed audibly, finally sitting on the floor in between Papyrus’ legs. He hadn’t removed Pap’s hands from his hips where his long fingers had curled during their kiss.

“wha-what happened?”
Red’s eye light’s disappeared this time, whatever he was seeing in his mind pulling him away from the moment. Papyrus moved his thumbs in lazy strokes at the tips of his hips, trying to keep the other grounded.

“i thought it was marrow… drippin’ down the back of my head…”
What the fuck had this guy gone through?

“he’d gotten into tyin’ me up for ‘punishments’ recently. i mean i know i’m a fuck up but… this shit was getting’ out of hand. at first they were like normal things, i broke a plate so he broke a hand, i fell asleep at my post so i had to sleep outside all night… normal shit. but then, he started hangin’ out with mettaton. i would do anythin’ to go back to a few months ago and stop that date from ever happenin’. ”
Red could remember the first time Boss had tied him up for a ‘punishment’. His initial panic had devolved into full on terror when he couldn’t escape the bonds around his arms. It had been even worse when his brother had flipped him on his stomach so he couldn’t see what was going on behind him.

“at first i thought it would be a passin’ thing but pretty soon anytime i did anything to piss him off i would get tied up and beaten. the worst one was about a week before i came here. he cracked me in the skull so hard, it split my old scar. i thought i was gonna dust…”
His throat closed up. Just the thought of the pain in his skull had brought back that terror, but Papyrus’ fingers never stopped their caress, keeping him grounded.
“that’s why you freaked even worse when i tried to hold you down, or when i grabbed you that first day…”

“yeah… I’m not too proud of that…”
Papyrus leaned forward and kissed the top of his skull and Red hummed in appreciation. This was no brotherly kiss, he knew that. There was a craving in him for the taller skeleton that had been growing since he had first come to this place. He didn’t know how Pap felt, but the fact that neither of them wanted to stop touching each other spoke for them.

“we’ll work on that…”
Red glanced up at Papyrus as he leaned back against the door. His blush came back full force with the implication. Maybe he did know how Pap felt…

“i’ll hold you to that…”

They sat in Papyrus’ room for a few more minutes before his cellphone went off.

“shit! sans!”
He dug into his shorts and answered his phone before it could go to voicemail.

“PAPY? WHERE ARE YOU?! I CAN’T FIND YOU OR RED! WHAT HAPPENED?!”

“sorry bro, we got a little cold in the snow and popped home for a minute.”

“WELL, IF YOU TOO ARE WARM ENOUGH WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET ME AT MUFFET’S FOR DINNER? I DON’T FEEL LIKE COOKING TONIGHT.”

“are you sure bro? you hate muffet’s.”

“YES PLEASE. I WANT ALL OF US TO ENJOY A DINNER OUT!”

“alright, we’ll be there in a few.”

He hung up the phone and slipped it into his pocket again, his hands reaching for Red’s hips again.

“you up for dinner?”

“yeah, I could go for a bite.”
The stood up together, Papyrus having to use the door so Red wouldn’t back away. He placed another kiss to his skull before pulling him in closer. It was hard to keep his hands off the smaller skeleton now that he had started to open up, plus the mutual attraction was a breath of fresh air. They would talk about it later tonight but for now, his metaphorical stomach was growling.

“how about we walk there?”

“lead the way stretch…”

He glowed at the pet name as he opened the door. Yeah they were gonna have to talk.

But that didn’t mean he wasn’t excited.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it’s so short guys but it took me FOREVER just to write this. I went though like 3 rough drafts before this came out.

I love comments and kudos! Plus don’t forget to check my tumblr for updates and fanart!
http://theladybluewolf.tumblr.com/
The ‘sun’ was setting in the Underground as they walked out of the house. Lights and candles were decorating every window and shop front as they walked to Muffet’s together making the area peaceful and the snow crunching under their feet adding to the general comfort of the space. Red decided right then. He wasn’t leaving, at least not now. He couldn’t go back to the hate, the misery, and the horrible feel of death that lurked in every corner of his universe. He would get a job, something he could be halfway decent at, and help pay bills and just be himself without pressure. He would find a way to save his brother too, if he could, but that would take time. And he would rather spend it here, working out his new found feelings for this orange Papyrus, than hiding away in his own universe. For now Red only had to live. For the first time, he didn’t have to check over his shoulder, waiting for a killing blow and his soul seemed to shine at the prospect. It helped that he didn’t have to hide his growing attraction to the skeleton next to him anymore. It had been hard, trying to deny it to himself in those dark, quiet moments in the mornings and keep his true feelings from showing anytime they were near each other. Now, now he wouldn’t have to hide. He could be himself and live. First thing on his path toward living? This dinner out with the brothers. Neither he nor Papyrus had spoken on the walk over here but that was ok with Red. Pap seemed to be in his own head at the moment but shook it away as Red pushed open the door. Blue was easy to spot, bouncing slightly in the small, purple cushioned booth and waving when the duo stepped inside. “HEY YOU TWO!” his chipper voice called over the light hum of the interior. He would probably never get used to his counterparts constant energy but it was refreshing to be greeted, wanted. Red slid into the booth next to Blue, pulling the small bundle of energy to him for a quick hug before grabbing a menu. He didn’t have to look at him to know there was a bit of a startled expression on Blue’s face before his eyes lit up in those tiny stars he seemed to have.
“IF I HAD KNOWN YOU NEEDED A SNOWBALL FIGHT TO OPEN UP, I WOULD HAVE SUGGESTED IT SOONER!”

Red just smiled and looked back at the menu, stifling a chuckle. The place smelled of baked goods and sugar, and most of the items on the menu seemed to be covered in something sticky. There were a few sandwiches and a couple of burgers on the corner, as if they had been put there as an afterthought. The trio sat in a companionable silence before Red finally gave in.

“does honey mustard taste anything like mustard?”

Papyrus apparently found this hilarious forcing Blue to answer him over the sound of his brother’s laughter.

“NOT REALLY, IT IS A BIT SWEETER BUT IT STILL HAS THAT WEIRD TANG THAT MUSTARD CARRIES. PAPY, WHAT IS SO FUNNY?”

“don’t- Heh heh- worry about it bro.”

Red peeked at Pap from behind single sheet of plastic. His head was down on the table, buried in the crook of his arm, shaking slightly from laughter.

“you’re so fuckin’ weird pap…”

“Language!~” came a light voice from his right.

Instead of the crazed fire monster Grillby, beside him stood the beautiful six-armed spider monster Muffet. She held pen and paper in one set of hands while another kept a perfect balance on a tray with a couple of dirty glasses on top. It took Red a second to calm himself at her sudden appearance but he quickly recovered.

“sorry ma’am…”

“Now, what can I get you boys?”

“A SPIDER CIDER AND A MUFFIN PLEASE!”

“the usual muff.”

“um… a spider sandwich and a bottle of must- honey mustard… please? ”

Muffet winked at him before sashaying away behind the large mahogany counter at the back of the room. Their food came shortly after and they all ate, talking of plans for the rest of the week and what they might do the next time Pap and Blue had the day off.

The condiment was surprisingly good, the sweetness taking the bitter aftertaste away. It was a perfect complement to his sandwich, as long as he didn’t think too much about what made a spider sandwich.

Before long, they were headed out the door with Pap calling back to “put it on his tab” even though Blue had slid some gold under his plate to pay for their meal. None of them had been read for sleep so they all hopped on the couch, watching what little was on TV before Blue started yawning.

“hey sans, let’s get you to bed…” Pap mumbled as Blue hid his most recent yawn.

They were only gone for a few minutes but Red could feel his eye sockets closing as Papyrus came downstairs. Before he could tell Pap that he still wasn’t tired, he drifted off.

It had been a LONG day for him. Between actually being social, to Red’s breakdown, and the dinner following, he was surprised he was still awake. He hadn’t had to read more than two pages of Fluffy Bunny before Sans was out like a light and downstairs he found Red fast asleep.

Papyrus lifted the small skeleton into his arms, surprised at his light weight despite his appearance, and carried him upstairs to his room. He peeled off Red’s jacket and tucked him into the bed close to the wall before stripping off his own hoodie and socks and climbing in beside him.

Red’s breathing was even and easy but that didn’t stop Papyrus from stroking the smaller one’s skull. It had become his own version of a bedtime story, the tilt of Red’s permanent smile moving upward in contentment before Papyrus succumbed to the sweet release of sleep.

The sweet comfort of darkness gave way to blinding white all too quickly. Ash mixed into the pristine white of Snowden, piles littering the ground in a macabre form of breadcrumbs. His body...
moved stiffly as he followed the trail of dead before he came upon the last clearing. The crumpled form of his brother lay before him, and though he knew what awaited him, he finally ran.
Sans lay on his side, his normally bright eye lights dark and open as Papyrus fell to his knees and pulled him into his lap.
“Why Papy?” Sans whispered. “Why didn’t you save me?”
“i’m sorry… i’m so sorry bro…” he forced the words through the lump in his throat. Heavy, hot tears fell from his eye sockets onto Sans’ face.
“Papy… why?”
Papyrus couldn’t answer him. His despair was choking him and there was nothing he could say to make this any better for either of them. How had the kid gotten past him? All he remembered was going to sleep in bed with Red. How?!
“papyrus…”
Now it was Red’s voice.
“oh god…”
He opened his eyes, the constant roll of tears coming faster.
“why?”
Not him too. He couldn’t… He wouldn’t…. why?
His soul shuttered at the sight in his arms. He had lost Sans before when that god awful demon child came through the Underground, but seeing Red, his throat slit and his eyes dead… He could feel his soul breaking in his chest.
Red. His Red. Who was just beginning to warm up to him. Who he had just fallen asleep with. Who he had promised to himself would NEVER be in a position to even SEE Chara let alone have to confront them, was starting to turn to dust before his very eyes.
“red… red no… no… no no no no no no!”
He could feel Reds body slipping away. Right through his fingertips.
Red smiled softly.
“i…”
But he was already gone…

Chapter End Notes

Ugh! Sorry this took so long guys and it’s so short. I’ve been SUPER under the weather and it’s been really hard to write. Plus I had to re-write this like 3 times. Goddamn you Red…
Red: “the fuck did I do?”
You and your petty bullshit man…
Red: “fuck you too Lady…”
Yeah yeah… shut it ya asshole.
It was the thrashing that woke him. Red had wedged himself between the bed and the wall, subconsciously finding safety in the smaller space only to be woken about an hour into his dreamless slumber. He snapped open his eye sockets, seeking whatever had disturbed him with bright, red eye lights. What little sheets had been on the bed were twisted around Papyrus next to him, immobilizing him in his nightmare but nothing else seemed to be amiss.

"stretch... pap... wake up..." He mumbled, reaching out to shake Papyrus' naked forearm.
"no... noo..." Papyrus grumbled in his sleep. Red pulled himself from the corner and weakly attempted to pull the covers from his sleeping companion. It took a minute to free him, Papyrus' movements were sporadic and wild, throwing his arms and legs in every direction.
"red..."
It was just his nickname but it was the choked reverence of the utterance that finally woke Red completely.
"come on stretch, it's just a nightmare... wake up dammit!" He clambered up Papyrus' chest, resting his hands on Papyrus' shoulders, trying to shake him awake.
"...fuck this..." It had worked for him. He knew how bad night terrors were for him, and Asgore help him if he was going to let Pap deal with it alone. Besides, the guy had help him earlier, right? Maybe the same thing would work for the one person he was finally beginning to trust, however fragile that was.
Red lowered his head to Papyrus', softly touching their teeth together in their mock form of kissing. The wild magic from earlier that day filled the room, forcing Red to move his hands into the pillow below his companion's head.
The reaction was as swift as it was startling. Papyrus' arms shot out and grabbed him before flipping him onto his back on the mattress. All of the air in his non-existent lungs shot out with a small squeak leaving his mouth before he could silence himself.
"red..."
"hey there... glad you're back in the land of the living...." He groaned. It took a few minutes for his soul to settle down, the sound of their breathing the only noise filling the awkward silence.
"fuck." Papyrus flopped on to his back, his head just missing the headboard as he sunk into the mattress.
"heh. you can say that again..." He rolled over, propping his skull on one hand.
"stretch... you good?"
"no." Papyrus sighed. "same shit, different night..."
"... wanna talk about it?" He didn't know if it was too personal or if... hell. Did he even want to know why someone other than HIS Papyrus was dreaming about him?
"not really... it's so fucked up..."
"language~" He chuckled, trying to mimic Muffet from earlier that night.
Apparently that was all it took to break the somber mood and send Papyrus into a fit of laughter. Red followed suit, having to grab his sides as they laughed themselves into tears.
"oh stars..." Papyrus was finally able to catch his breath, wiping his face in exhaustion. ":'m sorry I woke you..."
"nah. 'm good." Red watched Pap from his side of the bed. The simulated moonlight of the Underground was highlighting his profile from this angle, the white of his bones more pronounced in the soft light, giving and ethereal look to him.
"papyrus..."
"yeah?" Papyrus turned his head toward him.
"i'm not goin' anywhere, kay?" Red could see the lingering fear from the nightmare in Pap's eyes even in this light. Red swallowed and placed his right hand on his partner's skull, rubbing his thumb gently near his sockets.
See, he could do this. He could talk and comfort someone. This whole 'living' thing could happen.
Right?
Papyrus shuffled closer, pulling Red to him on the mattress.
"yeah..."
It took all of Red's willpower not to try and kiss him again before they fell asleep wrapped around each other.

"BROTHER! IT'S TIME TO GET UP!"
"five more minutes..."
"five more minutes...
Papyrus froze, his eye snapping open as he and Red replied in tandem. Red hadn't opened his eyes yet but his face was pressed into Papyrus' rib cage, his arms clinging to his black tank top. It was everything he could do to keep his soul from pounding at their proximity.
This had been a long time coming for him. He had been intrigued by the smaller skeleton since they had found him on their doorstep two weeks before. Stars, had it only been two weeks? His sense of humor, his skittish but rough demeanor, and apparent love of mustard had been a welcome change from the near constant resets but as the weeks had gone by, he had seen more of his personality come through.
Red was a bit of a daredevil, they had talked at length about the stupid and crazy things they had
done in their younger years when their brothers were young. He was also as fiercely protective of his Papyrus as he was of Sans, even if Red's current relationship with his brother was a bit strained. Red was REALLY smart as well. His theoretical work on time travel rivaled his own but both of them had decided that it was too much work to try and keep researching something that was only a theory when they had other responsibilities.

Papyrus didn't know when his friendly feelings had gone past the comfortable companionship he had originally found after their first encounter but he had tried to keep them to himself. Until Red's breakdown, he thought he had been doing a really good job of bottling it up and shoving it away. But it was as if every time he got close to Red, something called out to him and the emptiness inside him had answered.

There was so much that needed to be talked about. Did Red go through resets like he was? Did he even feel the same way about him? Did he give up on fixing the machine or was he just taking a break because he and his brother had bothered him enough? What was his Universe really like? Did he really want to go back to his brother? He had to stop thinking like this. All it was going to do was put him in a mood and that wouldn't do. Hell, when did he get the energy to do more than go through the motions of existing again? That was the real question here. He knew this was just temporary, right? Soon, the shit storm would begin again and he would have to deal with Chara running through the Underground again.

That was a sobering thought. Even if he wanted Red here, he knew he needed to convince Red to leave. Again he felt a pang in his soul.

It was for Red's own good that he leave. Get out of here while there was still a chance. It had been a fleeting fancy to try and convince Red to stay. He had to go before- nope. Not going there today. He had had enough of that last night, the image of Red fading away was still behind his eyelids every time he blinked.

He just needed to get laid. Yeah. That could be it. Maybe he could send Red and Sans to Alphys' for a night while he called up Muffet for a little nighttime romp. As if Red could hear his thoughts, his grip tightened on Papyrus' shirt as he rubbed his face into his sternum.


"PAPYRUS! IF YOU DON'T GET UP RIGHT NOW YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE FOR WORK!" Sans called from the door.

"comin' bro!" He replied.

"red... come on, we gotta wake up." He shook Red a little before he responded.

"mornin' stretch..." He mumbled, his voice still heavy with sleep.

Oh stars. If he thought trying to get him to leave was hard, just trying to keep himself off of Red was going to be another chore all together if he kept looking at him like that.

"come on... sans probably made breakfast tacos and they're getting cold." Move your arms Papyrus.

"ugh..." Red burrowed further into his sternum.

Oh Toriel... this was going to be harder than he thought.

Papyrus had been cold at breakfast. Not actually cold, but he had been distant. Red had finally woken up and moved out of Pap's arms only for the taller skeleton to grab him hoodie from the floor and teleport down to the kitchen. If that wasn't enough, he hadn't talked at all while they sat down to eat, only answering with half-hearted grunts before teleporting to one of his jobs.

Red sat on the couch, flipping through channels before deciding to watch one of the movies the brothers had on a small shelf. The cover had looked ridiculous, some kind of love story, but it had been the only one that didn't feature the robot he had seen on all the other channels. As the beginning of the movie started he glanced at the windows to gage the time. Normally Papyrus would've taken one of his breaks by now.
Was he avoiding him? Had he done something to piss him off last night? He thought back to the kiss they had shared when he had to wake Pap from his nightmare. Maybe that was it? Then why had they slept so close together afterwards?

"goddammit..." Had he fucked this up already?
No. He knew what he had felt after his panic attack. They were seriously into each other. It was mutual. So why the fuck was he acting like this?
Red clicked his teeth together in annoyance. Papyrus couldn’t avoid him forever. They still had A LOT to talk about and this petty shit had to go.
Wow. Look at him, deciding shit and figuring out how he would act. Damn!
In the meantime he was gonna enjoy this movie. It had started out pretty sappy but this princess certainly had a backbone. He was trying to decide which cup was poisoned when Sans came home for lunch.
"HELLO RED!"
"shhhhh!!" He waved at Sans trying to keep him quiet as he listened the sweaty bald guy ramble on about death.
"OOO! PRINCESS BRIDE! THIS IS ONE OF MY FAVORITES!"
"hush blue! i've never seen it!"
As they drank their cups Red sat perplexed. How?
"THEY WERE BOTH POISONED!"
Red watched the Sicilian keel over dead.
"how?! the pirate drank it too!"
He watched as the man dressed in black removed the Princess' blindfold, explaining the whole charade.
"damn... that's clever...."
"WOULD YOU LIKE SOMETHING TO EAT? I CAME HOME FOR LUNCH!"
"sure blue. sounds great."
Sans walked into the kitchen, the sounds of pots and pans began their song shortly afterwards. Red paused the movie with the remote as the couple took a tumble down the giant hill before walking into the kitchen himself.
"what are we having today?" He asked fearing the answer was tacos.
"SPAGHETTI!" Sans chirped from his stool.
Thank fuck.
"need any help blue?"
"YES PLEASE! I NEED THE CAN OF SAUCE UNDER THAT CABINET." He pointed to one of the bottom cabinets closer to the doorway.
Red rummaged around the cabinet, finding the bottle of sauce easily enough.
"what's with the change blue?" He inquired.
"PAPY. HE DIDN'T EVEN TOUCH HIS BOTTLE OF HONEY THIS MORNING."
"not everyone like to drink first thing in the morning blue..." So Sans had realized it too.
"NOT PAPY. HE DRINKS HIS HONEY WITH EVERY MEAL..." His tone was somber despite his loudness. "HE... only does that when he's really upset..." He glanced at Red from the corner of his eyes, even becoming quiet as he spoke.
Damn. HAD he fucked something up?
"Did... Did something happen last night?"
Red placed the can of sauce of the counter before sighing and sitting on the floor by his doppelganger stool.
"stretch... had a nightmare..."
Sans went back to stirring the large pot that Red assumed was filled with noodles.
"i-i had to wake him up from it..."
"GOOD!"
"no... not good." Asgore-dammit was he really going to talk to Blue about this? "i- fuck, i kissed
him to wake him up..." He was expecting some kind of explosion from Sans and he braced himself for it.
"OK? SO?"
Red looked at Sans. Really looked at him. REALLY? NOTHING?! "you're not mad?"
"NO! WHY WOULD I BE? I'VE SEEN THE WAY HE LOOKS AT YOU WHEN HE DOESN'T THINK ANYONE IS WATCHING RED. I MEAN, I'M A LITTLE MAD THAT YOU TWO HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN ON A DATE YET AND YOU'VE ALREADY KISSED! THAT'S SKIPPING OVER THE DATING GUIDELINES!" He nodded his head as if that explained everything.
"oooooookay then..."
"WELL WHAT HAPPENED AFTERWARD?"
"uh... he woke up." Red remembered the feeling of Papyrus' weight on top of him, his face becoming as red as his nickname.
"DUH! WHAT HAPPENED –AFTER- THAT SILLY!" Sans waved his hand next to him. "CAN YOU PUT THE SAUCE IN THAT POT THERE AND PUT IT ON THE STOVE? I NEED TO HEAT IT UP BEFORE THE NOODLES ARE DONE."
"sure." Red stood and did as he was asked, emptying the can into another pot before pulling out another spoon from a nearby drawer.
"SO WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT?"
"um... i asked him if he wanted to talk about it and he said no. then we went back to sleep."
"NOTHING ELSE?"
Red sighed, thinking back to the night. They had held each other, and fallen back to sleep after he had convinced himself that he did NOT need to kiss Stretch again.
"nuthin'. we were asleep until stretch woke me up and we came down for breakfast. i mean, he did 'port out of the room... last couple of days he usually waited for me to get dressed and we come down together."
"HMM..." Sans stared into the pot of spaghetti as if it would give him the answers to the universe. "WELL, I'M STUMPED... HOPEFULLY THIS WILL HELP BRIGHTEN HIS SPIRITS?!" Sans gestured to the two pots simmering on the stove.
They finished the spaghetti, only slightly over cooking the noodles as they talked about their respective days. They decided to wait to eat until Papyrus came home.

But he never came.

Chapter End Notes

Tumblr: theladybluewolf.tumblr.com
YouTube: https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCAsIVv5fW76s1vblH81p2rA
Tears and Triumph

Chapter Summary

He's alive? THAT ASSHOLE!

Chapter Notes

Ok, so this has taken forever. And I'm SO FUCKING SORRY. So, first my computer died. Then I was on several vacations. I changed my hair style and dyed it some funky colors before work had a fit and the work got super stressful. Now I'm working on getting a new job AND I've gotta run this craft fair in a few months and NO ONE ELSE IS HELPING ME. On top of all that, I have this REALLY AWESOME UNDERTALE RP GROUP (the Nyehers-rp on tumblr if you're interested) and we finally have PLOT. Thanks to all your comments I've tried really hard not to abandon this fic. Oh, and kudos to my lovely RED <3 for rping some of it with me so I had a bit of goddamn structure.

I know, I promised smut. It will happen. Eventually.

With my excuses over, here ya go.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Pick your Prison

Chapter 7: Tears and Triumph

Papyrus had not come home for lunch and now Red was trudging around Snowdin in the waning light checking all of his normal hideouts. With a sigh and honestly a bit of anger he shoved himself off the side of the sentry shack that the taller skeleton had showed him earlier that week. Nothing had been disturbed since the last time he had been there but it had been his last lead.

"goddammit stretch... where are ya?"

He had sat with Sans for over an hour, both of them waiting for Papyrus' telltale sound of teleporting to fill the tense room before they had broken down and eaten without him. Sans had looked on the verge of tears and Red had half a mind to kick the shit out of the hoodie wearing schmuck the minute he found him, his one HP be damned.

Instead he kicked a snow poff in frustration as he looked around the area. A clean layer of snow covered everything he saw and as he looked to the 'sky' of the mountain interior he figured he had a few hours before another storm would roll through.

"when i find him..."

The worst part was his mind thinking if instead of when. It was different here, he had to remember that. No one would actively hurt Pap. Right?

A sound to his left had him on high alert, his magic forming a splintered bone in his hand in reaction. A Temmie, sitting next to the tree line opposite him seemed to be the cause.

"a temmie? all the way here in snowdin?" He muttered to himself.

"hOl! i'm temmie!"
Red released the bone in his hand, letting the magic dissipate into the chilled air.
"what are ya doin' so far from the tem village?"
It was like a light bulb being blown out, the expression on the Tem going cold and still before morphing into a sickeningly sinister smile.
"You're not from around here are you....?" Cackled the Temmie.
Red's soul stilled for a split second and had he had blood in his body it would have run cold. That voice... He had heard that voice before when he had pissed off that stupid flower in his own universe and it had fought back. Unbidden he formed the sharp bone in his hand again.
"Oh? Maybe you aren't as stupid as you look... Nothing like that silly blueberry..." The temmie advanced from the trees. "You are new... and probably the reason I haven't seen my... friend yet. What did you do?" The hard edge of his opponent's voice sent a chill down his spine.
For once in his life he kept his mouth shut. Whoever this friend was, if they had dealings with this monster, he was glad they weren't here yet.
"Well... No matter. I'll just take care of you before that lazy trash bag can stop me... HAHAHAHAH!" That was all the warning he got before little white bullets came flying past his skull.
Red's magic boosted him as he dodged and weaved the pellets, throwing a few of his bones in response. The temmie seemed surprised at his agility and didn't that just make his grin widen. Teleporting mid-step, he appeared beside Temmie, slashing and jabbing his bone dagger at them.
They leapt away at the last second, his swing missing it's mark.
"...That wasn't very nice...."
"no shit sherlock..."
Another wave of pellets and he was dancing around them, his sneakers digging into the snow as he tossed and turned. Despite his small stature and low HP he had learned how to dodge and break other's concentration, keeping himself and his younger brother alive in their early years. Now, with plenty of rest and decent food, he was able to put all of that to use in this fight.
Rows of bones pushed from the frozen ground in a flourish, rushing towards Red's opponent. It was heady, this feeling of fighting at full power for the first time in.... Damn, had he ever been at full power?
Blow after blow was traded, both light on their feet and full of unrestrained magic. But who said they were gonna play fair?

Papyrus was huddled in one of the caves in Waterfall, his back against the damp stone as he gazed around the room. Yeah, yeah… he was having a Papyrus Pity Party, Population: him; but the haze from the smokeables he had gotten from the Flowies was numbing his earlier internal turmoil.
Why had he freaked out so bad? Why was the thought of losing Red versus his own brother so much more painful?
He should know better than to get his hopes up. There was too much to go wrong.
He could feel himself spiraling again and he took another drag of the calming smoke held between his fingers. Sans was going to be so pissed that he hadn’t come home for lunch or answered his phone, not to mention leaving Red in the lurch like that. Hell, he'd be lucky if Red didn't try to kill him....again.
Now he wasn't sure he wanted to go back home... He took the last drag of his smoke and ground it out on the cave floor. Might as well get it over with...
He teleported back to Snowdin, a little farther than he had initially planned. That shit was really good. He realized he was near the big stone door and turned heel back to town. Maybe porting hadn't been such a good idea, he was starting to hear a ringing in his non-existent ears.
Wait... that sounded like the charging whine for his blasters... but...
He looked across the alley of white, flashes of bright red and an even brighter white flying back and forth.
"shit!" He had messed up. Picking up his pace, he trudged as quickly as he could through the snow before finally coming across the telltale signs of the fight. Bones were haphazard through the snow, some glowing a bright and deadly red while others looked splintered. Another bright flash of red filled the area and the smell of ozone wafted to his nasal cavity as he finally caught up to the action. His breath stilled in his chest as he looked upon the scene. Temmie seemed to be speared through with several translucent bones, inhibiting his escape and Red.... Red seemed to be dusting off his pants leg and rolling his shoulder as Fang hung near his shoulder.

"you're a wiley sonofabitch ain'tcha?"

The shorter skeleton chuckled. He stood with his feet braced and knees bent forward, malice and danger radiating off of him. 'And here I thought he would be in trouble. The hell is wrong with me?" Papyrus relaxed, waiting to see what would happen now that the old bane of his existence was cornered.

"And now the walking ash try arrives.... great," Temmie sneered. The fight seemed all but lost for them.

Unfortunately it seemed their opponent had other ideas. Targeting Pap from the corner of it's eye it flung a few pellets in his direction, breaking Red's concentration and his stare to defend the taller skeleton. With both of them distracted, it disappeared into the surrounding landscape.

Papyrus had summoned a wall of bones to defend himself from the harmless attack but was unprepared for the diving tackle from his smaller counterpart.

"you ASSHOLE!" Red screamed as he sat on Pap's chest. "first you disappear this mornin' and then you don't come back for lunch, and you don't answer your phone?! you made Blue cry! i should fuckin' dust you!" He gripped the orange hoodie, a relieved breath leaving him at the action.

"I-I thought you were gone!"

Laying back in the snow with Red on top of him had not been how he wanted this to go. Ok, maybe it had crossed his mind, but certainly not like this.

"sorry red. i didn't mean to worry you."

"i wasn't worried asshole." He threw Papyrus back on the ground and stood. "you know how weird it is to deal with blue crying?" Red dismissed Fang after a pat to the snout and dismissed the rest of his attacks. "the hell was that thing anyways...?"

Pap stood and brushed himself off before sticking a lit cigarette between his teeth.

"oh, just your normal homicidal temmie. same psycho, different day." He walked closer beside Red. "we should probably head back. i've been gone for too long and sans is going to send a search party soon." He moved to lay his hand on Red's shoulder only to catch a glare from the edgy ball of anger and hit empty air.

Damn. He really fucked this up.

It took a few days and a lot of coercing (plus several loads of laundry) before either skeleton talked to Papyrus again. Sans had demanded he spend his next day off with him, running around and checking the smaller, bubbly one's puzzles and watching anime after awful anime. Once Sans had left for his usual 'training' with Alphys, he sought out Red, working alone in the workshop.

"hey... um... wanna walk to waterfall with me?"

Red huffed. It wasn't like he was mad anymore per say, more he had been avoiding Stretch and those confusing ass feelings they both seemed to get whenever they were alone in any room together.

"sure."

Walking side by side, Papyrus lead them into Waterfall. It wasn't different than his own really, just less dusty and if he was honest, maybe even a little brighter.

"i really am sorry... i was being a bit of a babyback bitch..." Red crossed his arms and glared at the ground.

"that still don't tell me why ya decided to just disappear and not tell anyone where ya were..."
goin' or when ya would be back!" He had kept mostly to himself these last few days and it still pissed him off that he had no explanation. Papyrus rolled his shoulders and cracked his neck before scratching it. "i... i had a shit dream ok. just freaked me out... and since we're here in waterfall i can show you where i went..."

"ya mean where ya dragged me out here? fine.....only cuz I don't have anything better to do right now...." Ok, maybe he was still really pissed at Stretch.

"tsk... come on Red... you'll love it..." He ducked into one of the crevices in the rock wall and held a hand out. "watch your footing stepping in. there are ridges in the wall has caught my shoe before... don't want you to face plant."

Red sighed and took the offered hand.

"i won't trip asshole..."

"heheh If you say so..." Pap ducked into another room on the left, tugging Red behind him. The feeling of holding Stretch's hand had him feeling better already. Not like he was gonna say it out loud though. He concentrated on his footing, watching where they were walking and mentally mapping out their location. A few more twists and turns and they were dumped out into a secluded glowing pond. Papyrus chose a spot that seemed the driest sat against a darkened wall to spread out his legs.

"this is where I go to have my pity parties.... sit. chill for a few." Red remained standing and looked around the room and at the pond. He had never been back this far into these spaces, perfering areas where he could watch his back and see everything around him. Here though, with Stretch, it seemed almost romantic with the dim glow of the echo flowers and water highlighting their features.

Pap pulled out a pack of smokes, a bottle of honey, a bottle of mustard and a lighter. Opening the cigarette pack, he plucked one of the joints he had grabbed from the Flowies earlier that week. "smoke an' a panacke?" He lit the spliff and took an inhale before holding it out to his companion. Red glanced at the rolley and mustard before sitting down and taking both.

"you still haven't been forgiven."

Pap smirked as he finally exhaled.

"damn... and here i thought i might not have to romance you..." He looked over at Red and winked. Red blushed and looked away as he took a drag of the joint. Handing it back to the taller skeleton, he felt their hands touch but couldn't meet his eyes.

Papyrus raised a browbone but took the smoke back and inhaled as he smirked. Ok. So sue him, he really just wanted to be able to spend some time alone with Red and if that meant getting blazed out of their minds or just the two of them at Muffet's, he'd take it.

"it's not the prettiest sight, but it's away from everything and everyone." He looked around the room, the ambient glow calming him. He had found this place a few resets ago and since then had taken to coming here to avoid Sans after his nightmares. Plus, if he smoked enough, the clouds lingered enough to make everything feel like a bad dream. Speaking of dreams...

"what was the dream about?" Red suddenly asked, looking at the glowing pond. He wanted to try and focus on something else besides his betraying soul beating fast just from being close to the taller skeleton.

Papyrus should have expected that. He looked away, passing the smoke back to Red as he exhaled. "old nightmares. i don't remember too much... just the feelings." Lies. even now, he could see Red fading away into the wind.

Red glared at the pond not even looking at the joint.

"liar... tell me the truth Stretch... 'cause the way ya left that morning told me it was more... ya didn't even look at me..." He stared at the side of Pap's head. "look me in the eyes and tell me the truth...." He could feel his soul racing even faster beneath his ribs. Papyrus exhaled long and loud before answering in a whisper.

"... i-i saw you die...."
His eyes stayed toward the pond as his soul clenched painfully. The whispers of dust floating through his fingers made his free hand clench. He grabbed for the bottle of honey and took a pull from the tip.

Red's eyes widened in surprise.
"...ya saw me die?" His soul felt like it was going to burst out of his chest. "......i can see why that would be a nightmare... but... i don't see what ya see me an think that i'm important enough.... that... if i die.... that it would impact anyone's life..." It was his own self-doubt rising up again, choking down that burning beginning to form on his skull.

Papyrus whipped his head around to Red. He knew it was a bit exaggerated because of the weed but he couldn't find it in him to care.

"whoever said you aren't important, whoever convinced you that you don't matter needs a swift kick in the tailbone." He grumbled. Squinting at the shorter skeleton he finally put words to his goddamn feelings. Idiot.

"you can feel it. every time we're in a room together. I know you do." His left eye flickered orange for a split second before he calmed himself. It would not do to freak out the other with his raging magic.

"...yeah, I feel it.... but I don't know what to call it... or what it even is..."

"i've never felt it before either. But damn if I'm going to lose you... to something stupid..."

"ya not gonna lose me.... i already said i was staying.... what more do ya want me to say? that... i've grown attached to ya and blue? and that just the mere thought that ya had been dusted when ya didn't return home or our calls made me want to kill ya and kiss ya at the same time when ya returned?" He looked down at his hands as the blush returned full-force.

Papyrus switched the hand the joint was in and leaned over to pull Red into his lap. "i'm glad you didn't kill me....?"

He thought his skull would overheat as he settled into Stretch's lap. His hand's fisted into that already familiar hoodie and as he exhaled on a shaky laugh.

"already tried that, remember?"

"yes..." Pap hooked a hand under the smaller skeleton's chin. "look at me... please?"

Following the pull, he met the half-lidded eyes of the taller.

"there....i'm looking....though i'm not really sure why ya needed to ask since ya were already pulling my face towards your's anyway....." He added with a bit of sarcasm.

"heheh..." Leaning forward, Papyrus clanked his teeth against Red's letting those sparks fill his chest and illuminate the room. Red's blush engulfed his head as he felt the same sparks in his own chest and his soul racing like it wanted more... More of what? He wasn't really sure. But he sure as hell wanted to find out.

"again?"

"stars yes..." Pap wrapped his free hand behind Red's head and pulled him back into a kiss. This was better that those stolen kisses in his room. Their room. This was open, and free and without those negative emotions clogging them both. He tightened his hold on the now trembling skeleton as he felt clawed hands wrap behind his neck. He almost opened his eyes when he felt a familiar magic licking at the front of his mouth. His drug hazed mind felt the slick construct against his teeth and sucked in a surprised breath before he opened his mouth and summoned his own.

A soft gasp filled the space as they tangled their magic together, losing time and surroundings as they battled. With reluctance, Red pulled away first.

"blue will start to wonder where we are...."

A small huff left Pap's mouth as he reclined against the wall and gripped Red's hips. "yeah... he's due home in about..." He pulled out his phone and checked the time. "... forty-five minutes...

"Then I guess we should return home soon..." He murmured as he leaned closer to Stretch's teeth again.

"one more... for the road?" The met in the middle, this time grasping at each other, desperate for the
close contact. The lifeline was established between them, finding strength in each other as the kiss slowed.
"hnn~ fuck..." Papyrus pulled away and took a large drag of his joint. "want the last of it?"
The smaller skeleton stood and took the smoke, placing it between his teeth before exhaling it through his nasal cavity, his eye lights still locked on Pap.
"guess we gotta get back now..." He snubbed out the rest of it on the bottom of his shoe and collected the bottle of mustard, taking a large mouthful. Papyrus pushed himself from the wall and collected his things as Red watched.
"i'm still upset with ya and it's gonna take more than a joint and a bottle of mustard to change my mind."
Pap scratched his head and looked away. "well... how about a date then?" His cheekbones dusted with orange as he kept his eyes down. Where the hell had that come from?!
Red seemed surprised but smirked at the taller skeleton's obvious discomfort.
"yeah... a date. only cause you'll be payin..."
"yeah, yeah..." Pap kissed Red's cheekbone before he teleported back home. Great... Now I have to plan a date...

Chapter End Notes

SO NOW I HAVE A FREAKIN DIRECTION. If any of you want to see what all I'm up to (or ALOT of Undertail stuff) check out my tumblr.
theladybluewolf.tumblr.com

I also take oneshot ideas and prompt for doodles. FLOOD MY INBOX MY PRETTIES~!
Chapter Summary

Well, you all wanted these nerds to date. Here we go.

Chapter Notes

Big thank you to @italiarocks for rping most of this with me cause I'm a dunce when it comes to writing these chapters. Like, if she wasn't on me, i would never get these done. I know my schedule has been super crazy and erratic but I got a new job and although it has some downtime and shit, I'm also buying a house and being an adult and junk. So bear with me as I fuck shit up alot.

ANYWAYS, here ya go~!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything had been planned out. They would have a nice dinner at home, watch a few terrible movies and comment on everything wrong with the awful special effects and maybe have a few drink while they were at it. Red wouldn’t have to deal with crowds and Papyrus wouldn't have to put much effort into anything but the food. Annnnd then it all went horribly wrong.

Sans took forever leaving for his duties that afternoon and somehow turned the oven on it's highest setting (how he managed to do that when Papyrus stood in front of the contraption the entire time Sans was in the room would be a mystery for the ages) and thus his carefully made casserole was burned to an absolute crisp. Scraping the monstrosity into the trash was another test of Papyrus' will and he ended up throwing the entire thing way, dish and all.

'so I can't just take him to muffet's that would be a cop out.... right?'

Why was he trying so hard to impress Red again? Oh right... forgiveness. Yeah. It totally had nothing to do with the fact that he miiight be developing feelings for his brother's look alike.

'dammit.'

Ok, new strategy. They would go out to eat.... somewhere. SCme back here and watch terrible acting and get trashed. Yeah. That sounded like a good plan.

'sounds like I need to pull in a few favors for this....'

Pap spent the next few hours tapping away on his phone, waiting until Red would return with Sans from his last patrol. It made him feel better that they were together when they went that close to the ruins. Especially with that incident with Temmie a few days ago. Hell.... should he have gone with them?

It seemed his worries had been unfounded as the duo came in the front door, Sans proclaiming loudly that they had arrived. He had told his little brother about his plan and Sans had orchestrated a whole night out with Alphys and Undyne and their terrible animes and a sleepover.

Sans grabbed a backpack by the stairs and quickly about faced, "HAVE FUN YOU TWO! DON'T DO ANYTHING I WOULDN'T~!"

Red seemed exhausted and collapsed into the couch.

"wouldn't dream of it blue. be careful. call if you need anything!"
"have fun bro!"
Papyrus watched as Sans ducked out the door with a wave and a smile before leaning against the kitchen doorway and taking in Red's appearance. His brother must have run them all around today with his puzzles and he hoped that the other wouldn't be too exhausted for what he had planned. Hell, all of this seemed like a bad idea. How long had it been since he put any effort like this? How long had it been since he had been on a date?
"sooo... um, hell. I had a whole pun lined up for this..."
Red seemed to sit up on the couch, not realizing he had company.
"oh. hey stretch." He took a minute to collect himself and wiped a bit of sweat of his forehead. "a pun huh? lay it on me, i need a good laugh after being puzzled all day," He chuckled.
Pap coughed into his fist, and cleared his throat.
"d-do... do you like raisins?"
Red looked at him quizzically and shook his head.
"w-well... how about a date?"
A blush threatened to take over his face as he stood waiting for an answer. Red didn't seem able to fight his either as he turned away.
"...knock knock."
"um... who's there."
'fuck.'
Even if it had been a bad joke, Red would've just laughed it off right? Why was he putting himself out here again? Oh yeah, forgiveness. Plus he had been sleeping alone for the past couple of nights and he hated it. More than hating his current embarrassment.
"o-okay." The small ball of fluff and teeth seemed to be turning a darker color of his nickname as he spoke.
"okay who?" He clenched his fists in his hoodie pocket, trying not to let the relief show in his own posture.
"okay. i will go on a date with youa."
A smile threatened to break his face as he scratched his head and let his relief and blush coat him."nyeh heheh... so um, i got us reservations." He scratched the back of his head as casually as possible.
"reservations? muffet does that?"
"heh, no um, the NTT resort? if that's ok with you?"
Red blinked in surprised and looked him square in the face.
"i ain't got nothin fancy to wear..."
"heh. 'ok, now i wanna see him all dressed up...' "nah. we can just wear our usual clothes."
"oh. 'ight. sounds good." He stood and walked over to the taller skeleton. "so... um. dating start? that's how this works right?"
"pfft... not really but, sure. dating start." He took one of Red's hands and interlaced their fingers before placing a soft kiss on the chipped and scarred knuckles. "i know a shortcut."
Red chuckled and blushed, stuffing his free hand in his pocket as Papyrus teleported them to Hotland.

He couldn't believe he had actually agreed to the date. He thought Stretch had been just joking as a way to make it up to him but he couldn't believe he had actually gone through with it, and so quickly.
'well, the guy was my first kiss, why the fuck not?'
His soul had been beating in a quick staccato at the house and now it seemed it would jump out of his ribcage any second, he was surprised he didn't just dust from the pain. They walked through the entrance hand in hand before stopping at the counter.
"we've got a table for two under the name papyrus." He heard the taller skeleton announce to the worker. The monster nodded almost bored and disappeared into the dining room to check on their
table as they stayed at the station.
Beside them, the doors opened and a collection of monsters spilled out, joking and laughing as they
passed. Three seemed to take interest in them and walked up to the couple, weaving as they did so.
"Papy-rus?! Whatchu doin all da way out hur?" Rumbled a squat monster covered in fur and spikes. Red
could see two beady eyes and what looked to be a pointed nose where he guessed the monster's
face could be. His paws were tipped with blunted claws and seemed to click together as he stumbled.
Papyrus seemed to know them as he turned to the sound of the other's voice.
"oh, hey spike. long time no see. i'm uh... i'm on a date."
Red shuffled closer to his companion, really unsure of these new monsters. They didn't seem hostile,
but years of being attacked by people who only knew him as the brother to the Captain of the Royal
Guard had let a bit of a track record, despite not being in his own universe anymore. His free hand
left his pocket and clutched the tan cargo shorts next to him.
"A dat?! You?! You mo da kid ta wove em and weave em ain't ya? Wait..... dat yo bro?!"
If it wasn't the disgusted tone of voice, it was the meaty appendage shoved almost in his eye socket
as Spike leaned closer that set him almost over the tipping point. Papyrus pressed Red closer,
seeming to feel his growing panic.
"no. this is red. he's from the capital."
"ain't no monster i seen, an i seen dem all..."
Red could feel the other skeleton stiffen, a small wisp of orange bleeding out of his socket as he
moved further in front of Red. These stupid fucker's were going to ruin their night weren't they? He
decided to play along with the lie and smirked.
"don't know how you can see with all that hair in your face... but str- pap is right, I'm from
the capital. Maybe we just haven't been in the same circles. It can get pretty crowded..."
Spike squinted and walked closer, his buddies backing off at the apparent threat of Papyrus but not
leaving the area completely.
"Don look ike the captital type. Dis ya bro but he all in dis weird cloths and makesups."
'alright fucker... you wanna play?"
He laid on the accent and stepped away from Papyrus with a growl.
"i. ain't. sans. name's red. and since when does he have a sharp gold tooth and scars?"
He had half a mind to flip them off but thought better of it as Papyrus tugged him back to his side.
Spike turned to his friends with a drunken sneer.
"Oi! Don dis be Snans?!"
His two friends looked at one another before shuffling closer, their earlier fear forgotten. They were a
pair of mouse monsters, all small eyes and twitchy noses as they came closer and closer. His earlier
bravado was doused as they approached and he huddled closer to Papyrus. Where the fuck had that
employee run off to?!
That same meaty paw tried to reach out to Red and his magic lit up in his eye.
"hey buddy... unless ya wanna loose that hand I suggest ya back off!"
He clicked his teeth together as he felt his feet leave the ground. Papyrus had picked him up and held
him to his chest, Red's smaller legs sitting on either side of the taller's hips as they backed into the
counter.
"Oi! I just wanna touch his ugly mug!"
'oh, that's fucking it...'
"ya do and ya will have one less hand to scratch ya balls with...." He growled as he felt a rumbled of laughter pass through Stretch's chest. This seemed to set the three
off and they jostled closer, bumping and pushed each other. Before they could blink the drunks were
tossing around bullets and magical shards that seemed to match Spike's namesake. Papyrus was fast
enough to dodge and with a sigh they winked out of the resort.
The must of Waterfall was unmistakable when they landed and Red twisted his head around to get a
good look at where they landed.
"sorry about that... i didn't expect them to start fighting..."
He chuckled as Pap set him on his feet again. "nah, it's s'ok. they're drunk... i probably would've done worse to them..."
"oh?" Papyrus set off, wandering through the wet.
"yeah... hey, where we goin?"
"eh... i know a guy."
"... doesn't answer my question stretch...."
"heheheh... you'll see."
They walked along the bioluminescent water in silence, the murmurs from the echo flowers filling the air. It was a nice change from the charged atmosphere of the resort and Red had to wonder if they were just going to go back to the cave or if Stretch had other ideas. Not that he would mind, they could... well, finish what they almost started?

'but this was a joke right? just something to get you to forgive him for dipping out and making you worry...'
Yeah... maybe. But would he have gone through all that trouble if this was just a charade?
A cheery cart came into view, a tall orange cat monster lounging against it breaking up the dark walls of the cavern.
"nice cream ok?"
"uh... y-yeah..."
The nice cream guy? But wait... this was... Burgerpants?!
"hey slacks."
"Hey! My favorite buddy!" The cat monster perked up as they came closer, pushing off the cart and opening it up to grab the frozen treats inside. "What can I getcha?"
Red took in the cat monster. Gone was the hideous MTT uniform, instead he worn a pair of overalls with one strap undone and he seemed... happy?

'right... people are switched...' He had gotten accustomed to most of the monsters in Snowdin and didn't baulk when they did something out of character for what he knew them to do but small things like this still took him by surprise.
"i'll have an orange dream cream. what about you red?"
He shook his head to clear it and coughed.
"uh... same.
"The two monster's traded items and smiled.
"hey, how's guy? you two have a nice night out last week?"
The cat blushed and kicked the ground as he pocketed the coin.
"Yeah. Thanks for covering by the way... We really needed some alone time."
"heh, anytime slacks. well, we'll see ya around!"
Red was still staring as Pap walked back beside him, only breaking out of it when he felt the other take his hand and lead him away. They stopped a short walk away and the hoodie clad skeleton sat down on the ground before patting the space beside him and help out one of their snacks.
"you look confused.... what's up?"
He plopped down beside his partner as he was handed the sweet treat.
"burgerpants. why is he so nice and polite....?"
"burger- oh! you mean slacks? he goes by nice cream pants." He chuckled but continued. "long story but as a kid he sat in a bunch of it. his real name is felix but I like slacks better. And burger guy? he's has'n't go the healthiest disposition on life but that comes with working for napstaton almost twenty-four seven."

Papyrus leaned back on one of his hands as he ate the ice cream.
"you know, we've never talked about the differences of our universes... not that I want to make you uncomfortable or anything...."
Red unwrapped his own popsicle and ate a little.

"nah, it's cool... it's... nothing like this. happy. everyone is out for power. kill or be killed."
Not exactly dating conversation.
'good job asshole...'
They let the silence take over again as they ate, looking everywhere but each other.
"...what does your's say?"
Red broke out his musings and looked over at Stretch.
"um... you read it." He held the wrapper out to him.
With a smirk, he was quickly lifted into the other's lap as he plucked the paper from his fingers.
"reach for the stars... would if we could..."
The blush from earlier engulfed his face as he settled against Pap, holding himself completely still.
"heh...uh, what did your's say?"
"you look lovely today..."
"you're supposed to say 'in bed' afterwards."
"what?! nyehyeheheheh! oh man, that's so bad."
"they always sound better with that add on. 'you look lovely today, in bed.'"
They both blushed before falling into a fit of giggles. Had he ever been this relaxed before? With any monster?
"alright, so we had dessert before dinner but I wasn't about to stick around and deal with the guard tonight. muffet's?"
"we could've done that from the get go ya nerd."
"we could've hurt the guy. he got all up in my face and i was about to bite his hand off...."
He felt the hands tighten around his middle.
"...you can't kill them red....."
He snorted and pat the other's hands.
"i wasn't gonna kill em, just rearrange their facial features...."
"pffft! you can't do that either!"
"... you saying i'm not strong enough?"
"no... no no... never that. i just.... don't want to lose you ok?"
That godforsaken blush came back and he mumbled.
"not gonna lose me...."
He could feel Papyrus' skull press and rub against his own from behind him in an affectionate nuzzle.
"let's get that food ok?"
Together they stood and walked out of Waterfall, leaving the tranquil waters behind them.
Muffet had prepped their usual order in record time as the duo slipped back into the brother's home.
"so... what else ya got planned for our date?"
Papyrus could hear the mocking tone in Red's voice as he sat down on the couch with his burger halfway in his mouth.
'I wonder if I said, getting in your pants, would he spit that burger enough to hit the tv....'
He shook his head to clear it and popped a movie into the player under the tv.
"bad horror movie and drinks."
"spiked?"
"... hell yeah."
He moved into the kitchen before he could change his mind and pulled out a bottle of liquor before returning to the couch. It took him a minute to mix their drinks, shaking them to distribute the alcohol as the opening credits began.
"what kind is this one?" Red motioned to the tv.
"bad concept and worse rubber masks. spoiler alert, it's terrible."
He watched Red's sharp teeth stretch into a huge smile.
"perfect!"
He grabbed his own bottle and sandwich, getting situated on the lumpy, comfy cloth.
"oh stars... it even starts bad.... what monster stays in a swamp?"
"a swamp monster, duh~"
He grimaced at the screen.
"he looks more like a melted candy bar."
They ate in silence before Red shuffled and placed his trash on the coffee table.
"ya know... ya didn't hafta do those reservations. muffet's and mustard would've been fine."
He looked over at Red. Even in the soft glow of the tv, he made Pap's soul quicken.
"yeah I did. sans wouldn't let me half ass this. annnnd this is probably the best date I've ever had."
He sipped his honey, letting the burn travel down into his body.
"really?"
"yeah. dessert before dinner, a nice walk through waterfall and we got to fend off some drunks. best. date. Ever."
The blush on Red's face was worth it as he sputtered and drank more of his mustard.
"you forgot the terrible movie we're half-assed payin attention to..."
He turned back to the screen and cringed. Oh yeah, nail the poor monster with your car why don't ya.
"well... it's bad. like sooooo bad...."
They sat in the dark as the movie played, Red shifting closer ever so often. He didn't think the sharper monster was scared or even frightened by the images on the screen so why...? As Red downed his entire drink in a few swallows and seemed to gather himself, he braced against the fabric. Was... was he making the first move?
It took a second before he registered the feeling of those sharp teeth against his own before it was gone.
"shit... sorry... um... fuck..."
He knew he probably looked stupid with his mouth agape slightly and his eye lights a bit cross-eyed before he pulled Red into his lap for the second time that night.
"don't be... please don't be..."
The neon glow of red magic from the other's face lit them both as he settled in, chest to chest.
"sorry... you... you probably didn't even want me to do that...." Those tiny lights moved away from his face and he could feel Red trying to climb off him again.
"why would I not want that?" He dropped his voice to a lower octave, almost whispering against Red's skull.
He lifted Red's face with a finger and pressed their mouth's together again. The familiar spark filled his chest and his hands gripped harder as the smaller skeleton melted into his embrace.
It was a few minutes till they pulled away, both starting to breathe a little heavier.
"holy shit this is happening....:
"yeah... but d-don't stop... please?" He could feel Red's fingers curl into his hoodie and he leaned back in, this time conjuring his tongue and licking his teeth for entrance. It took a second for a response, a shorter red tongue mixing with his longer orange one. Their magic fizzled against one another and Papyrus lifted his hips against Red's.
He pulled away with a gasp, those finger's clenching almost painfully against Pap's chest.
"d-do that again..."
Papyrus smirked and rolled his pelvis against Red's, loving the way his smaller body shuddered. He could see the beginning of his partner's magic building in his core and below the waistband of his shorts but...
"i don't want to push you into something you're not ready for...."
Red purred and nuzzled into his neck and hoodie.
"ya ain't...far from it. I want ya stretch... p-please..."
Now it was Papyrus' turn to pant as he warred with himself. His soul was pulsing and starting to burn, no doubt Red would be able to see it even under his hoodie.
"h-have you ever done this before?"
He paused as Red shook his head.
"n-no... but please don't stop... i don't know what i'd do if ya stopped right now..."
He... he was a virgin?!
"i... you would want me to be your first?!"
He pulled away from Red. This... this was important.
"i wouldn't want it to be anyone else stretch."
His face was resolute. He might've only had the confidence from the alcohol but as Papyrus stood
with Red in his arms he had to ask.
"you're absolutely sure?"
Red nodded, a similar red glow coming from under his shirt.
"please."
He froze and nodded, determined to make his first time amazing. The smile on his face could've run
a thousand cores as he walked up the stair to his room.
Their.
Room.

Chapter End Notes

".... really Lady... you cut it right before we were gonna bone."
Look. I have to keep them around for something.
Plus... the sex will be worth the wait ok?
Promise.
Steam on the Mirror

Chapter Summary

The actual chapter you guys wanted~

Chapter Notes

For those of you who didn't read the earlier "chapter 9", I've been dealing with some shit. Like A LOT of shit. Thank you to everyone who had sent me some encouraging words (you know who you are. I also should've written it down before deleting the other one but... whoops~)

On the plus side~ I've finally gotten my mojo back? Maybe? I think it's still up for debate. ANYWAYS... I went a little different on the writing style since I realize it's kinda hard as fuck to read on mobile and a bit confusing on the web.

With that said, THANK FUUUUUUUUCK. I've missed you guys and I've missed writing and I've MISSED THESE TWO. Like, I RP as Stretch all day everyday (quite literally) but I missed the dynamic I was writing here. Hopefully I've kept true to myself and these guys so... yeah. Still nervous as hell. ALSO: Apparently I can RP smut all day but I'm still a nervous nancy when it comes to writing it by myself. heh. heheheh.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘ oh fuck… this is really happening… ’ It hadn’t dawned on him that he would actually be in a bedroom for his first time. Sure, he had gotten a couple of handies in the bathroom at Grillby’s when he could convince someone that his brother wouldn’t cut their hands off afterward but watching Stretch kick the door closed with his heel sealed the deal. It was almost as if he was watching some other monster’s body as he was deposited onto the barely covered mattress. His nervousness went into overdrive as his body shook filling the dimly lit room with soft clacking.

He wouldn’t back out of this though, when he had said he trusted the taller monster and wanted him to be his first he had let the words come from his soul. Speaking of the offending organ, he glanced down at his chest as Papyrus stripped himself of his oversized hoodie. The muted red glow still pulsed under his shirt almost beckoning him to take a peek. Ignoring the impulse for now, he looked back to Stretch who had… wait was he kneeling?!

Two large hands rubbed at his femur and against his track shorts as he stared down at the honey-eyed, half-lidded monster. “you with me red? You were kinda spacing out of me…”

“y-yeah… i’m here, ” he murmured back. With the hoodie gone and sitting taller than his counterpart, he could see straight down his black tank top to the orange soul nestled within.

“you sure? i mean… this is pretty big. i… shit i don’t wanna push you.” “...goddamnit stretch, i ain’t made a’ glass. it- it’s just sex right? ” He tried to cover up his trembling with bravado but he could sense that Pap wasn’t having any of it. “no. it’s not ‘just sex’. it’s your first time and think what
you will of me but i want you to have a pretty good time…” The pressure on his femurs increased as the taller skeleton pressed him back into the bed as he stood.

Having his entire vision dominated by his brother’s look-alike calmed his just as much as it sent shivers down his spine. When their tongues met again he was flooded by a slight burn of the alcoholic honey mixed in with tobacco and Stretch’s own unique taste. He didn’t even realize he was being stripped of his hoodie until the silence was broken by it hitting one of the many piles of clothes in the room and a chill ran through him.

“let me take care of you red~,” Papyrus purred as he dominated his mouth again, breaking the kiss only to remove more clothing. Soon they were both laid bare panting into the simulated moonlight of the room. He felt, not bold per-say, but empowered that Stretch didn’t shy away from the scars that littered his smaller body. Riding that feeling he pressed his hands into the near perfect bone structure above him and began toying with every rib, rubbing them between his phalanges and forcing moan after moan out of his lover.

“you sure you’ve never done this before…?” Stretch teased as he bent down further and nibbled on Red’s clavicle. “ Ah~ trust me… you’re the first to see me bare-boned in a long fucking time…” That clever fucking tongue lapped in between his bones and up the thicker structure of his neck forcing him to tilt his head to give better access. “ i have no fucking clue what i’m doing…” Slowly, almost painfully, the taller skeleton moved lower down his chest pressing kisses and small nips to each and every rib he could reach. ‘this is how i want to die. hands fucking down…”

His soul was burning but he had sworn to himself that he would go slow. Red deserved to feel sexed within an inch of his life and through he was no fucking romeo he was going to fucking deliver goddamnit. Having another skeleton underneath him was a learning curve but it seemed a lot of his own likes and dislikes seemed to give him a bit of an advantage.

He could see Red’s unformed magic coalescing between his femurs at his ministrations, his own waiting to be formed as well. He moved down the smaller’s spine, careful of any deep knicks in the bone and his own sharp fangs catching on the uneven surfaces. Once he finally reached the cherry covered pelvis his hands massaged Red’s ribcage as his tongue traced the jelly-like formation.

The strangled groan from his lover sent satisfaction down his spine before his was abrupt met with a squat ruby cock on his cheekbone. He had already decided to take Red this time around and figured that his magic would form into what it was most accustom but the sight of it had him drooling. Without any preamble he wrapped his tongue around the magical organ and slid it down into the wet cavern of his mouth.

“stretch! F-fuck~!” Red keened as his magic made flesh entered Papyrus’ mouth. So much for going slow… Egged on by Red’s clawed finger’s digging into his skull he bobbed his head and twisted his tongue around the ecto-flesh to taste the entirety of it. He hummed and took Red as deep as he could down a conjured throat, swallowing just to be sure to push the cherry flushed skeleton over the edge.

Awarded with a crying gasp and the warm feeling of cum flowing down his throat he finally pulled away slowly to let Red catch his breath. “ Wha...what the fuck was that?!” “what? You’ve never gotten a blowey before?” “well, yeah... but dammit stretch... you’re...” Pinkish eye lights flicked down to his own erect cock, now standing proud as he pulled Red closer by his hips.
“you think we’re done? oh no… not by a long shot,” he purred. He bent over Red again, loving the feeling of the smaller skeleton completely under him. He hadn’t been aware of the size kink but he just let it fuel him and he pressed a finger to those sharpened teeth. “Help me out here… I need this soaked…” If he could bottle the quizzical look Red gave him as he opened his mouth and licked at the individual divots in his fingers, he would place it on his bedside table for safe keeping.

With that mouth full of his finger and Red’s attention split, he rubbed their cocks together to slicken himself with the mixture of spit and cum still coating the smaller member. He pressed his skull to the side of Red’s and purred low in his ribcage. “i want to take you but i don’t want to hurt you… so i’m going to prep you first ok~?” The feverish nod he received in return sent a pulse through his ignored shaft and soul. ‘ Oh stars, please let me last long enough to get inside him…’

He wasn’t usually this… compliant when he sought out satisfaction but with Stretch’s finger in his mouth and their member’s creating friction he couldn’t care less. Once he could coat it no more, the larger digit was swept away from his mouth and prodded an entrance he hadn’t realized he had summoned. In the space between above his tailbone he could feel the intrusion of the the longer distal phalanx of Stretch’s pointer finger entering. There was a bit of panic but the half-lidded eyes of his lover kept him calm as it went deeper.

Pretty soon he needed more. More friction, more penetration, his soul cried out in his ribcage as he gripped the taller skeleton’s arm while his other curled to a fist in the spare sheet beneath him. It felt like an hour or maybe even an eternity as the stretching progressed, one finger, two, three before they were twisting and scissoring inside his magic. “ stretch… i… fuck… more~ ” If this went on any longer, he would become a rambling mess.

He cursed as the fingers left him feeling bereft only for the head of the burnt gold member to prod at him. “tell me if it’s too much…” He nodded quickly, fearing that if he didn’t answer fast enough Stretch would call the whole thing off and leave him needy as hell. His cock was definitely larger than his fingers combined but the stretch in his magic was welcome. It was a good minute before he felt Pap’s ischium meet his own, both of them panting with strain.

“oh stars… you’re so fucking tight…” Papyrus murmured as he propped himself on his elbow near Red’s skull. “ great… good… now for the love of all that is holy if you don’t move right now, i’m going to fucking dust you, ” he growled in jest. The deep chuckle from Stretch made him smile even as he hooked his shorter legs over those near perfect hips. “you got it… hold on tight. i don’t think i can go slow even if i wanted to at this point…”

Once those claws were digging into his scapula, his hips began to move. The thrusts started short and shallow, not moving much until a scathing look from below had him pulling his entire length out before slamming back in. Despite both of their handicaps, the rougher pace was just want both wanted and needed. Panting and dripping from sweat they kissed in a sloppy dance of tongues before Papyrus finally took Red’s neglected member into his hand and pumping along with their rough timing.

For someone who had never had sex before, Red was a natural. The smaller met him thrust for thrust, driving both of them higher into ecstasy before long. He knew he was reaching his limit as he felt a warmth building at the base of his spine and a similar one rushing through the ruby cock in his palm. He broke their kiss to growl and press himself as deep as possible. “cum for me red~” Unsure
if it was his tone or the magic blown look on his face that forced his partner over the edge, he felt thick ropes of cum coat them both before the cherry entrance squeezed him like a vice.

He could hold back no longer as his hips shuddered and followed it’s eventual end, emptying his seed inside the crimson magic beneath him to the point of spilling over. Red twitched and mewed weakly at the over-stimulation but seemed to go lax beneath him. “red… you ok there?” Papyrus hadn’t wanted to turn the other into a limp heap but cooled his heels as fuzzy eye lights tried to look at where his face could be. “t-that was a fucking work-out… i call time-out,” a sleepy rumble answered.

Taking the utmost care and dismissed his cock and let Red do the same, their combined jizz disappearing into nothing. “hell yeah…” He flopped onto his side and pulled Red higher onto the mattress. In the cooling of the room a deep chuckle sounded from his partner. Thinking the smaller skeleton had finally snapped he raised an eyebrow in silent question

“we never did decide on that safe word… hahahahahah…” “oh you’ve gotta be fucking kidding me…” They devolved into soul deep laughter before falling asleep curled around one another.

Chapter End Notes

Holy fuck, I hope that was worth the wait for you guys. I know it was a shorter chapter than you’re used to but I’m still trying to get back in the swing of things here. Let me know how it is... please?

Don't forget to share this with friends or drop me a line on my tumblr. I'm like... always there. If I'm not RPing.
Because of a Promise

Chapter Summary

More funny stuff and Red being a badass.

Chapter Notes

HI GUYS! I know, I know. You all thought I was dead. I am sorry to disappoint but I am not so please settle your bets~. But seriously, I am sorry I was gone for so long. I know I've talked about the RP I was part of and the whole reason why this story started? Yeah... It uh, it fell apart last month I think? and I have been... I haven't been me. Sad to say I almost walked away from everything from this fandom but! There is a shining light. Just because the RP died, doesn't mean our friendships did. So to my entire group, I love you guys. I'm sorry shit had to go down the way it did but, I will ALWAYS love you.

SO, 8000+ hits and 420+ (HA) kudos! GUYS, if i didn't know any better, I'd think ya'll love these too as much as I do~! But, back to these fuckers. Red (my love) and I kinda came up with the first part like the beginning of last year and it never left my skull. So here it is in all of it's glory. Also, ya'll can bitch about how much I cuss but that's just me and my sarcastic ass just being me. ;P

Send me love in the comments and on my tumblr~!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The morning after was always awkward for him. He wasn’t sure if it was because he usually didn’t remember where he was when he awoke or if he couldn’t quite place a name with the face of his bed partner. Hell, sometimes it wasn’t even a bed! A few times he had come to in a bathroom stall or Muffet’s storage closet and both were usually followed by a thorough broom beating by the spider lady herself. This time though… He rolled over on the barely covered mattress and searched for the small monster who should have been beside him.

His soul tightened as he realized he was alone in the bed and even his room. Where… Where did Red go? Had he performed that badly? He had done something in his sleep that his partner felt the need to leave? His grip tightened on the bedsheet as he finally cracked open his eyes and surveyed his room. Nothing was missing. In fact, Red’s clothes were still strewn about the room layered under his own. Unless he had sleepwalked in the nude, it didn’t seem that the normally modest monster left dressed.

The sound of the shower running next to his room filled in his own MadLib page and he breathed a sigh of relief. Of course! Even if they were both exceptionally lazy, Red had a tendency to take a shower at least once a day and they had worked up quite a sweat with their, heh, activities in the ‘moonlight’ hours. Taking stock of himself he figured a shower wouldn’t hurt his chances, especially if he could convince the other for a round two now that he was sober.
It didn’t take much of his magic to teleport into the bathroom, landing in front of the sink. An undignified shriek exploded in the air and he automatically teleported out of the way of a solid object hurled from the shower. He had only just hopped out of the way before he turned to the shower curtain.

“red! what the ever loving fuck?!”

“get the fuck out of here ya asshole! i’m taking a shower! ”

“i literally just say you naked last night! and … what the fuck did you throw?!”

The shower did not offer an answer so Stretch turned to the wall beside the mirror. Imbedded about two inches into what passed as plaster for their home was a large almost sphere-like metal object. It took a second for him to place it before he turned back.

“you threw the whole fucking shower head at me?!”

“...yes.”

He could hear water pouring out of the pipe from the tiled wall, splattering down into the tub instead of spraying from the tipped nozzles of the accessory.

“...how… ?”

“ i don’t fuckin know stretch! just- just get out so i can finish! ”

“you could’ve killed me!”

“knock next time! ”

He had half a mind to rip open the curtain and climb in just to spite Red but that wouldn’t do at all.

“fine. I’mma go get something for breakfast.”

“...put on pants first ya exhibitionist. ”

With Stretch now out of the bathroom and his false confidence completely gone, he sank down to the porcelain of the tub and rested his head against the tile. How the hell had he thrown the showerhead? All he had wanted was to clean off the release that had kind of crusted and even tend to his slightly sore tailbone without the other being worried and he was going to have to now figure out not only how to repair the shower, but fill in the hole in the wall that he knew was probably there.

He sighed and stood back up with the help of the wall. It wouldn’t do to make the other worry more so he rinsed off the soap in the torrent of water and stepped out. A towel was waiting for him, probably placed on the edge of the counter by Stretch before he had finally dipped out. Outside in the hall he caught snippets of a phone conversation.

“sure… yeah no, come on by i guess… well i’m sure sans has told you all about him… alph- alphys if you ever repeat those exact words to me again i’m going to end you… alright. see both of you soon.”

He slipped into the bedroom without much preamble but now he was curious. Was someone else
coming home with Berry? Quickly he grabbed up clean clothes and dressed before teleporting into the kitchen.

“yo.”

“hey red. oh good you’re dressed. alphys wanted to come over and it would seem super suspicious if i told her no….”

“i thought this was a whole weekend type thing?” He pulled out a chair at the table and flopped into it. Papyrus seemed super stressed out about this meeting and now it was putting him on edge. Normally he would be able to bury it since he had gotten used to this universe, even in this short amount of time but...

“yeah it should’ve been but… you know my bro and his big mouth when he’s excited.”

“Ah… yeah i get’cha.” It was common knowledge that you didn’t let Berry know a damned thing if you wanted to keep it a secret.

“just… you know how sans is super full of energy? multiply that by like, a million and you’ve got alphys, except she’s like a six foot tall lizard.”

Ok… now he was terrified. “what!” He had been prepared for Alphys, crazy mad scientist who was no taller than himself… but this world was flip flopped… oh fuck. His face hit the table as he groaned.

“how bad is it gonna be stretch? give it to me straight….”

“i’d rather give it to you gay to be honest but ok…” The uncultured snorting that erupted from him filled the room as the taller joined in.

“we’ll be fine, she’s just gonna make us super fucking uncomfortable and… maybe drag you into a fight?”

Red sighed as he turned his skull to look at his partner.

“this early in the mornin’…?”

At just that moment the door seemed to come crashing down. A blue blur ripped him from his chair and dragged him back outside before the taller could even react. The stunned and livid expression that seemed to fall over Stretch’s face warmed his soul even as he was thrown on his back into the snow.

“why… why is it always the snow… next time just throw me into a tree please. i’m really getting sick of being soakin’ wet and cold.” He stood and brushed himself off before stuffing his hands in his pockets and squaring off with the monsters in front of him.

“I BET you were even WETTER LAST NIGHT!”

“ALPHYS! THAT SOUNDS SO WRONG! AND THE PLAN DID NOT INCLUDE SWIMMING OR TAKING A BATH.”

“Sans… it’s a… you know what it’s best if you don’t know.”

Before Red stood what he guessed would be Alphys is she and Undyne’s body features were switched. Gone were the glasses and lab coat, now it was scars and battle armor and for some reason
it was even more terrifying. He swallowed roughly and tried to glare in the upper direction of her head.

“So you’re the one who has caught Pap’s eye huh? I wonder if you’re even HALF the magic fighter Sans is! Won’t matter though since I’m gonna crush you either way!” A glowing battle axe manifested in both of those clawed mitts that he was used to seeing sweaty and covered in some poor souls dust and insides.

“fat chance you overgrown excuse for a gecko.” His left eye smoked as his right guttered out. “come get me bitch…”

“YOU’RE DEAD WHELP!” A ferocious growl rent the air and for a second he wasn’t fighting a yellow Barney on steroids, but his brother. His little brother. Had somehow made it here. And was trying to kill him…?

.
.
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.
.
Fuck that.

He was just going to ignore it. It was just some harmless fun, Alphys did this to everyone. She did this to him even and he knew that Red could dodge just about anything that she threw at him. These thoughts didn’t stop him from gripping the counter as his eye smoked with suppressed magic from watching the other practically disappear before his eyes. He knew where they were, in that field behind the house like they always were, and it wouldn’t hurt to just… keep an eye on things. Yeah. That’s all he was gonna do.

Mind made up, he took the time to walk out of the house, closing the door behind him and forcibly calming himself as he walked. Then he started running. The clash of magic was decently loud but the lack of feeling from Red in his soul… almost like he was dead inside chilled him to the marrow. He almost crashed into his brother as he started to breach the tree line.

“PAPY! SOMETHING IS WRONG! I-I DON’T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED B-BUT RED SEEMS REALLY MAD! DID YOU DO SOMETHING?!”

It was almost too much to look up from Sans’ face and try to get a read on the fight. This… wasn’t normal. Alphys was swinging too close and closing the gap faster than she usually did in his brother’s sparring matches and Red… Red was like a force of nature. Waves of bones shot from every direction followed by excessive amounts of blue magic. He couldn’t seem to be able to lift and throw the lady warrior which seemed good and bad but he was making up for it with controlled and explosive rows of razor sharp bones.

“nah bro… i didn’t do anything. what happened out here after you grabbed him?”

“Well… THEY WERE THROWING TAUNTS… AND I THINK… I THINK RED HIT A SORE SPOT? OR ALPHYS DID…?” Berry wrung his hands together and looked back at the battle. “IT… It was just supposed to be fun Papy…”

Papyrus picked his brother up without hesitation and looked at the two fighters. With Red’s one
working eyelight blown and blood red, he knew he wasn’t actually seeing the Captain in front of him but someone else.

“i got it bro…” He hugged his brother before he set him back down. “stay here ‘kay?” He walked backwards toward the clash of magics, keeping his smile soft as his eyes locked with his brother. It wasn’t foolproof but… things had kind of changed last night. Before last night, he was pretty sure Red would’ve just kicked his dust if he had died. But now… now there was something growing and he hoped it was enough to bring the other one back from whatever brink he was on.

The orange hoodie in the corner of his vision didn’t register, at least not at first. It wasn’t until his opponent’s axe seemed to change from it’s intended destination towards him to the other figure, that he realized what was going on. He had seconds, maybe more… Fang was the fastest thing he had and he pulled him from the ether just in time to catch the blade in his maw as he slammed Alphys into the snow.

“stretch! goddammit that coulda killed ya!” His soul was pounding in fear as he watched the lanky skeleton turn on heel and smile at him.

Fuck.

Fuck. That smile brought him back into the present. Back here, to his home. No longer was the scarred image of his brother covering the well-toned body of the warrior and he realized how close he had been to just blasting the ever loving fuck out of her because of damned verbiage.

“shit… aw shit… oh dammit stretch… where- where’s berry?! is he ok?! Fuck!”

“LANGUAGE RED~! TONIGHT I’M MAKING A SWEAR JAR TONIGHT. SCOUT’S HONOR!”

“the hell is ‘scout’s honor’ bro?”

“PAPY!”

Muffled chuckling rumbled from the snow as Alphys fought the hold on her soul to prop her head up.

“Well… he’s good in my book. Anyone who is able to almost beat me is more than qualified to be Papyrus’ boyfriend.”

“almost?! bitch, i have ya eating dirt.” She shook her head with a smile and pointed towards where he had just been standing. An axe thrumming with power, buried deep into the ground replaced his body. He had been so close to losing his life over something so fucking stupid.

“…boyfriend?” He could almost feel the blush radiating off of his lanky lover, even with his back turned. Boyfriend. Well, it was certainly better than fuck buddy and a whole hell of a lot better than friend’s with benefits.

“so glad i meet ya approval.” He glared with his time dripping with sarcasm. Yeah, his face was about a bloody as his nickname but damn if he wasn’t fucking proud of himself. Fang spit out the weapon and licked Stretch before floating over to him and grumbling.

“Also, the FUCK is that thing?!”
The group disbanded after that, Berry and Alphys almost demanding that they all get together and have an anime night later that week to completely cement Red’s commitment. Apparently if you were willing to suffer through some shitty magic-girl anime together, you could date in the Captain’s handbook. Now that those two had decided to beat feet back to Waterfall, Stretch and Red were blessedly alone.

“So… uh… you wanna talk about that?”

“The boyfriend thing? I mean…” The cherry faced skeleton flopped on the couch and pulled up his hood.

“no… the fact that you just about ended alph and yourself over some trash talk.” He knew he had hit a nerve but he just needed to know where Red’s head was at.

“… she… in hindsight it was nothing more than some good taunting but she called me… she called me a whelp.” There was a rigidity to the smaller’s body that he had never seen before as he spoke. “usually i can brush that kinda shit off but… i mean smack talk was all i could do when- before i got here but… that’s what he would say. he would call me that, just before i was trapped and bound. it was almost like a…like a keyword for his sick version of play.”

Stretch could see Red trying the claw at his arms as if there was something crawling up them. He knelt in front of the couch and took the other’s hands in his own, rubbing his thumbs over the fused and chipped metacarpals on the top.

“I will always love my brother. but-but that… i don’t think i’ll ever get over that.” Red finally met his eyes and shrugged. “i uh… i made a promise to myself… a few weeks ago, when ya went missin’. i’d do whatever felt right to my-my soul. so as long as you’re not too heartbroken that i’m not into ropeplay and uh name calling, i mean… shit… i kinda fucked that.” Papyrus’ smile grew as he started to laugh.

“more like, i fucked that but it’s just semantics at this point. i’ll keep in mind about-about those things and i hope later you’ll be able to trust me enough tell me more. but yeah… i uh… if you’re cool with it?”

“Heh… yeah… so what do we do now huh?” Those shark teeth curled into a smirk. “Get promise rings or matching tattoos? cause i can’t lie, i don’t have much surface area…”

“pfft! no, no, we just kinda… date. sans was right early on though, we missed a shit ton of steps. we live together, we sleep together, i figure eventually you’re gonna get sick of me.”

“Ha! as long as ya don’t hop in the bathroom unannounced again, i think we’ll be good… but uh, you guys don’t do nothin’ to show that ya are datin’?”

“not really… did uh, did your universe?” He sat back on his heels and watched that blush spread across Red’s face again as he stumbled and mumbled his words.

“We… we would… get collars. I almost… i almost gave one to this bunny monster one time. we seemed to be going steady and she was droppin’ hints though we never did nothin’ more
than a few handjobs and junk. then i caught her with a croc from waterfall and just kinda, let
it go. ”

“...do you want me to wear a collar red?” He figured his brow bones were slowly inching off of his
face at this point in the reveal.

“ n-no! hell no man. it’d clash with ya hoodie… mostly ‘cause day-glo orange don’t match with
nothin’. just, forget i said anything. we’re not there so we don’t have to follow their stuff. ”

“alright… well, i didn’t get to feed you this morning and that’s like really good date etiquette number
one. so, muffet’s?”

The soft smile with the glint of gold lit up his vision as Red squeezed his fingers.

“ they’re gonna talk. ”

“i could attempt to cook….”

“ nah, i want the house to be standing. ”

“fuck off.”

Chapter End Notes

Don't forget to check out my other works, including and RP turned FanFic between
MysteryNA and myself~!
Send me love on tumblr or if you are interested in RPing in my Discord, let me know~!

End Notes

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