Just the Bone Next Door

by JonesyBonesey

Summary

You go to college in the big city of New York with your closest friend. Recently, monsters have been sighted all over the country as they try to integrate themselves into human lives. You're lucky enough to have two of them living in the apartment right next to yours.
You're in college now.

Chapter Summary

You arrive back home after another day at class ready to relax in your modest apartment, but your new neighbors may mark an end to your laid back afternoons. Oh well, at least they were cute.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

You walked across the street, absently scrolling through your phone as you moved amongst the bustling crowd. You took a deep breath, man New York was everything you’d hoped for, as was the college you had been accepted to. You loved the newness of every stranger, the unpredictability; it was a roulette game you loved to play. As you walked, you shivered and pulled the hood your hoodie over your face more as the wind blew. New York in autumn was kind of a bitch. You arrived at your mediocre apartment which was close to your college campus. It was a perfect kind of coincidence that your closest friend had also been accepted. You two pooled your funds and bought an apartment that was mediocre yet pretty homey once you guys decorated the place. It had one bedroom, one bathroom and a kitchen that was open to the living room. You two had made it fit to your aesthetics to the best of your abilities. It was pretty nice. You pulled out your keys and unlocked your door, thankful that you were finally out of the cold.

“Hey man, I’m back!” You announced yourself as you walked in. Not that your roommate was home, her classes ran a bit later. You slid onto the couch and turned on the television, the reporters always had that same tone of voice no matter if you were in bustling Manhattan or your hometown. There was some kind of breaking news apparently.

“Hello this is Rachel Carter.” An asian woman with impossibly high cheekbones and a sharp bob cut spoke. Damn she was so pretty. Her partner spoke next.

“And I’m Dave Newton.” Her partner was less unique, kind of average to say the most. Dirty blonde hair and a clean shaven, almost chiseled face. Average. The two droned on and on about dated social media trends, the weather, sports, but these weren’t what you were interested in. There had been a recent “national crisis” An old mountain had apparently been the home of hundreds of monsters, stuff straight out of horror movies to straight up furries. Your friend and roommate had chastised you plenty when the king of said creatures made a public announcement to all humans. You couldn’t stop fawning over the big softie. The king was just so handsome looking and big, yet so sweet and kind sounding! Regardless, a few weeks and passed and word had gotten around that some monsters would be attending your university. Needless to say you were a little excited.

As the two news anchors reported their uninteresting drivel, you pulled a book out of her bag, your anatomy textbook. This thing had cost you a pretty penny and you were going to get all the studying you could out of it. That studying lasted all of five minutes, soon you were doodling your bones on her hand in black pen. ‘These are some rad looking metacarpals.’ You held out and examined your hand. Nice. A buzz from your phone interrupted your self congratulating, so your roommate was coming home?

> i’m on the subway now man. class finally ended and i am prepared to sleep forever
You chuckled at your friend’s woes, they were wonderfully articulated as always. You responded quickly.

>Well hurry up! I’m so bored I’m vandalizing my own skin!!!

You smiled as you saw your friend was typing a response almost immediately.

>i’ll go so fast don’t even worry

Classic CJ. You focused your attention back to the television, oh finally. They were continuing the monster “crisis” coverage after the commercial break. These commercials were the stupidest shit you’d ever seen, you were laughing like a maniac until a knock on the door shocked you into silence. Cameron must have forgotten her key? You walked to the door and swung it open.

“I can’t believe you lost your key again, mat-“ You were face to face, or rather face to chest, with someone who certainly wasn’t Cameron.

You took a step back to reestablish your personal space, your eyes widened ever so slightly. Before you was an almost comically tall skeleton, he looked straight out of your textbook pages, with the addition of some stylish clothes. How long had they been living in this building?? Who was this?? Why were they knocking on your door?? How long had you been staring there looking dubious in the doorway?? It wasn’t too long, or the skeleton just didn’t care, because he chirped along happily as ever while gazing down at you.

“OH! I HAD NO IDEA THAT HUMANS WERE SO FRIENDLY??” He took out something from his…pocket?? It was a bowl of spaghetti. Holy shit this was officially the best day ever for you, spaghetti was your shit. You could live off of that stuff. “A PRESENT FROM MY BROTHER AND I TO OUR NEW NEIGHBOR.” He smiled as you gingerly took the bowl. “MY NAME IS PAPYRUS, BY THE WAY.” There was a stretch of silence. You just couldn’t comprehend what the fuck you were looking at. The skeleton cleared his throat and continued smiling. “SO WHAT IS YOUR NAME, NEW NEIGHBOR??”

You couldn’t believe it. Out of all the people in the world, you got to meet a monster, a super nice monster too! It was like the fates were tempting you, giving you such a thoughtful neighbor like this.

You told him your name and his expression brightened exponentially. Sweet. Talking to strangers was a cinch! You wanted to ask more, about any other monsters around, about if he was attending university. Alas, this skeleton had other business apparently. Either that or your awkward silence had scared him away.

“Well, I AM SURE WE WILL BECOME THE BEST OF NEIGHBOR FRIENDS!” With that the skeleton hugged you tightly, turned away, and left. You could hear the sound of another much deeper voice in the room next door. With free food in hand, you closed the door and sat on the couch once again. You began to sample the pasta. It was pretty good. ‘What a day.’ Cameron wasn’t gonna believe this shit. You smiled and continued to doodle on your hand. That skeleton guy smelled kind of nice, and was kinda cute. Damn you were thirsty.

Chapter End Notes

So it begins (°‿°)
This is the first story I've put so much time into tbh
*Visiting...Start?*

Chapter Summary

Now that you've seen the handsome skeleton, you obviously have to tell your best friend. You bake some cookies in thanks for the pasta. Punning is imminent.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A few minutes afterwards, the front door to your small apartment opened once more. In stepped a tall, slender girl of the same age. Her hair was shaved on one side and long on the other, it was a soft cherry blossom pink. She flopped onto the couch across the your lap and groaned, dropping her bag onto the floor

“I’m finally back from the seventh circle of hell. It fuckin’ sucked.” She stretched a little. “So what happened with you today?”

Your grin spread infinitely wider. ‘Hooooo boy I’m in for it now.’

“We’ve got new neighbors apparently. And one of them came by to say hey.” You smirked to yourself. “He was kinda hot in a way? I don’t know. You should probably kink shame me on this one, man. You would if you saw him, like for sure you would.” You held up the bowl of half eaten spaghetti and jolted upright in your spot. “Oh shit, that reminds me! Look at this! He brought this over like just outta nowhere like a moving in gift or what the fuck ever! It’s delicious! I saved you some!” You held up a forkful of pasta to the other girl. CJ took a bite and nodded.

“Not bad. Do we have to make, like, thank you food now or what?” Cameron raised a valid point. They couldn’t just leave the poor neighbor hanging like that! Not when there was a chance of getting more free food on the line! But what would they even make? Should they provide a spaghetti themed rebuttal or make something else entirely? Did they even have any food to cook? You two sat on the couch pondering for a bit as commercials played in the background. CJ spoke up.

“I got it! We should make some cake!” She grinned and thrust her finger to the sky. That was a pretty good idea, unless she was talking about doing it from scratch. That stuff was expensive.

“How about something smaller scale? Like cookies?” That was way cheaper. Cookie dough already came pre mixed and stuff! CJ didn’t look too pleased with the change of plans. You had to make this worth Cameron’s while. “I saw some red velvet cookie dough at the grocery store the other day. We could make those instead okay?” Red velvet was Cameron’s favorite flavor of any pastry, so she was completely on board with the new plan.

With a new goal in mind, and an entire weekend to bake as many cookies as possible, the two of you walked out of your apartment into the chilly New York cityscape. The sun was setting lovely shades of peach and orange. Cameron smirked and nudged you as she looped her arm around yours. She spoke in a nasally voice, the one she always used when she was about to tell a shitty joke.
Needless to say, by the time you two arrived at the store you had no semblance of a conversation anymore. You both would just intermittently look at each other and giggle uncontrollably.

“So, where’s this delicious miracle cookie dough, mate?” Cameron glanced around the store.

You barely turned your head to look at her. “Just follow me man. I totally got this.”

You two then proceeded to dick around in the store for about thirty minutes before locating the cookie dough and finally buying it.

You two quickly made your way back to the apartment, it was extremely cold out by now and the moon was in full view. You were practically pulling CJ into your body as they walked, the smaller girl didn’t do well with the cold. You two made it back into the apartment and sighed in unison.

Cameron groaned and flopped onto the couch. “That was hell. Let’s never go outside again.”

You smiled and shook her head at CJ. “So does that mean we aren’t baking these cookies tonight for the sake of my thirst for the new neighbors?”

You snickered at the exasperated look Cameron gave her.

“We’re going to bed and when we wake up and I have my energy,” The pastel haired girl retorted, “I’m gonna kink shame you.” Her expression softened and she smiled at you. “For now though you should tell me what the neighbors are like. Since they were apparently good enough to make you actually go out and buy something.”

You gave Cameron a skeptical look, was she really promising not to voice any opinions on this? “Promise not to judge me?”

“Cross my heart man, lay it on me about these new neighbors. I know they can at least cook well.” The other girl nodded. She scooted over on the couch and gestured for you to sit.

The next hour was spent with Cameron analyzing your encounter with the neighbors. She nodded and added small comments as you explained what had happened. She had a generic picture of what the person looked like until you dropped the bomb that it was a monster living next door to them, a skeleton monster at that, and apparently his skeleton brother too.

“Holy shit, seriously? Why didn’t you mention that first?” Cameron shook her head. That information was kind of pressing, or at least it was to normal people. But this was you she was talking about here, the one who had fallen for the literal symbol of death and decay within three seconds of receiving free food. Typical. She giggled and leaned against your shoulder. “That’s so edgy man. Like woah you are the edge master. So I guess that means you wanna jump his-“ You covered her face with a pillow.

“Nope, no puns tonight, this night is shit-joke free. It’s bedtime now, like officially. We gotta bake this shit tomorrow.” You stood and walked to your shared bedroom. It was a stroke of genius to get a cheaper apartment with one bedroom, they had always shared a bed during sleepovers anyways. You stripped and put on comfortable sweatpants and got under the covers. Your roommate followed suit and you two drifted towards sleep. You spoke up before your friend clocked out for the night.

“For the record, I honestly would jump those bones.”

The next morning you woke early, as you always did. You checked your phone for the time and for use as a flashlight. It was about 5 am, give or take a few minutes. The sun wasn’t out and the city
was more of a murmur than a buzz at this early hour.

You did what any responsible adult would do this early on a Saturday; grabbed your phone and laptop then headed into the living room. You flopped onto the couch and began playing games on your laptop while checking all of your social media accounts on your phone.

The sun was well on its way into the sky when Cameron woke up. You checked your phone as you heard the bed creak and footsteps patter through the hallway. Nine o’clock, not bad. Soon the sun’s rays were in full swing and you two had bathed and gotten dressed, it was baking time.

“You ready to witness my oven mastery?” You asked with a grin, you had a track record of never burning anything in an oven, it really was something to behold. You took the dough out of the fridge while Cameron pulled out a small baking tray from a cabinet. Then you two got to work scooping the dough and placing as much as physically possible onto the tray. Needless to say, it was the longest hour of your lives, but you had done it. Now came the hard part, you both had to introduce yourselves to the neighbors and not be awkward as hell about it.

Cameron was wearing her best clothes, a gray sweater with a pink skirt and her signature thigh-high socks. You wore a hoodie, it had a galaxy printed all over it, and black leggings. You guys were breaking out the big guns for this outing, for sure.

Cameron put the cookies in a plastic container and walked across the hall to their neighbors' room at about noon.

She looked to you and smirked. “You ready man?”

You giggled and responded. Another nervous habit. “I was born ready.”

You knocked on the door and heard loud stomps from the other side along with muffled yelling. The door swung open to reveal the tall skeleton clad in black tank top and basketball shorts. You tried your best not to immediately drool over the guy. You silently thanked your stranger befriending instincts for kicking in before you embarrassed yourself. The skeleton stared at you two for a moment, puzzled, then recognized you from the day before.

“AH, YOU’RE HERE! AT MY HUMBLE HOME! TO WHAT DO I OWE THE PLEASURE?”

You blanked for a moment, watching him speak after staring at those anatomy books for so long just made it that much more, fascinating.

“Oh, I just wanted to thank you for the spaghetti, man. That shit was delicious, right Cameron?” You looked towards your friend as she nodded. “This is Cameron by the way, she’s my roommate.”

Cameron held up the container of cookies. “We made you and whoever your roommate is some cookies to thank you.”

The skeleton laughed and ‘Oh my goodness.’ It was the most adorable laugh you had ever heard. ‘What kind of laugh even was that?’ You had never heard anything so different before.

“NYEH HEH HEH! THANK YOU FOR THE GIFT, NEIGHBOR. PLEASE COME IN!” He bowed and gestured into his apartment. You and Cameron walked in, it was pretty homely. The walls were covered with pictures of other monsters, each one looking different from the other. There was a dark green couch with a television in front of it with an adjoining kitchen next to the living room. Interesting, the layout was almost exactly the same as their apartment. There was a smaller skeleton lying on the couch, he looked like he was napping. He was pretty cute, not as
much as the tall one though.

You spoke in a low tone, unsure if the other skeleton was asleep. “Is that your brother?”

Papyrus glowered at the figure on the couch, he looked ready to throw a fit at the small skeleton. Before he could utter a word, the skeleton brother spoke up.

“aw man. you should have told me we were having guests over, i’m all bare bones right now.” He smirked a shit eating kind of grin at you and your roommate, one of his eyes was lazily cracked open. You could almost see a small light inside of the socket, but that didn’t really matter to you at this point. You and Papyrus groaned simultaneously at the skeleton’s pun. You looked to your friend to survey the damage to her done by the pun. ‘Uh oh.’

Cameron’s eyes were alight with joy, a fellow shitty joker had just joined her ranks.

This was going to be a fun visit.

Chapter End Notes

This one was pretty fun to write

I apologize in advance for all the puns in the next chapter. I despise puns so I'm not good at making them up
Chapter Summary

Now it’s time that everyone gets to know each other. Papyrus and Sans are attending the same college as you! Papyrus is a culinary major, Sans is a physics major. Because of this and the puns, you do NOT like Sans. Sans tells far too many puns in this chapter. Papyrus really likes you, but not in a romantic kind of way... yet. Your friendship and budding romance begins here!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Cameron sat next to the smaller skeleton. ‘Oh no, she had that fucking grin on her face.’ That horrible grin that sent bolts of both rage and fondness down your spine. The pink haired girl opened her mouth, the grin still plastered on her face.

“Well I’ll just sit here with you. You looked kind of bonely here on your own.”

Sans and Cameron shared a look then glanced at you and Papyrus. You two were seething at the fact that you were forced to listen to the puns, Papyrus was far more upset than you, however. You two yelled exasperatedly at your respective roommates, unknowingly doing so at the same time.

“SANS!!”

“Oh my god really, man??”

You and Papyrus looked at each other confusedly. Papyrus was the first to speak.

“PUNS, AM I RIGHT?”

You chuckled and sighed. Finally! Someone who could understand the plight of being constantly plagued with horrible puns!

“Totes right, man.”

Papyrus clapped his hands together and smiled. You were relieved that your friend’s shitty pun hadn’t ruined your chances with the new neighbor.

“NOW WITH THAT,” Papyrus paused to glare at his brother. “OUT OF THE WAY. YOU CAN HAVE A SEAT IF YOU’D LIKE!” He smiled at you. You grinned right back and giggled a little, curse that damn habit of yours! You took a seat on the carpet next to your roommate's leg and leaned against it. You all began eating the cookies you baked. They were pretty damn good.

At the very least Papyrus certainly thought so. “WOWIE!! THESE TREATS ARE ABSOLUTELY EXCELLENT!!”

You and your roommate looked at each other and high-fived. The plan was a success! Papyrus loved your food! And from the way Sans was stuffing his face with them, it was safe to say that he liked the cookies too. Silently celebrating your small victory, you looked around the room. You
spotted a book next to the television on the floor and your eyes widened. 'Oh hell no.' You nudged your friend’s leg and gestured towards the book with your head. A book about the subject you two had sworn never to speak of. Physics.

Noticing the silent conversation you two were having, Sans glanced towards where you were gesturing.

“what? you’ve never seen a physics book before? that’s pretty sad. i figured you had the potential to like physics.”

You screeched indignantly. “Oh my god nooooooo. I escaped that god awful subject when I graduated high school.” You glanced up at the skeleton. Sans was no longer looking very attractive to you. First the puns and now physics? That was unforgivable. “So are you studying physics or something?” You hated even saying the word, it brought back horrible flashbacks. Vector problems, calculating velocities, circuits. You shivered, how nightmarish those memories were.

Sans shrugged at your question. “i guess so. i am a physics major after all. guess i’m just charged up about the subject.”

Yeah, this skeleton was no longer at the top of your favorite people list. You stole a glance at Papyrus and had to stifle a giggle. What was that facial expression? Poor Papyrus looked like he was about to explode. He, however, took a deep breath and flashed his smile once more. Aha! This was a perfect segue for asking Papyrus about his major!

“Are you in college too, Papyrus?” You looked up at him and grinned sincerely. The skeleton was more than happy to shift the focus from puns to himself!

“WHY YES I AM! I AM STUDYING TO BECOME A CULINARY ARTISAN.” He smiled and posed for dramatic effect.”AS YOU COULD NO DOUBT TELL FROM MY SPAGHETTI GIFT.”

You couldn’t help but give a soft laugh at his theatrics. How was someone possibly so cute yet so corpse-y looking? Papyrus smiled, taking your giggles as praise.

“So are you two also attending Dartanian University?” He ate another cookie and sighed, these really tasted delicious!

“Yeah we both are.” You gestured to yourself. “I’m a med major and she,” you gestured to Cameron, “is a psych major.” You smiled at the skeleton brothers. “I haven’t seen you guys around campus yet, have you not gotten your classes?”

Sans grinned and took the last cookie from the plate. “nah not yet, but we’re going tibia excited when we do get them though.”

You snickered then frowned, or at least tried to. Cameron smiled smugly at you. You couldn’t help it! Bone puns were just funny to you! They were your one weakness! Sans gave a satisfied little huff and settled back into the couch.

“glad i could find a pun humerus enough for you.” He grinned again as you continued your giggling. “well i guess we’ll be seeing each other in class. i heard med majors, engineers, and physics nuts take most of the same classes.”

Oh goodie, classes with this skeleton would be at the very least interesting. You would’ve preferred classes with Papyrus than that horrible pun producer. Maybe it was for the best, you had trouble with your attention span in class already. Drooling over a skeleton wouldn’t help you any.
Papyrus rolled his eyes with each pun from his brother, which was impressive considering that Papyrus didn’t have those little pupil lights like his brother did.

“SANS HONESTLY! WE DON’T WANT TO BE RUDE TO OUR GUESTS AND DISGUST THEM WITH PUNS.” He sighed and smiled at you and CJ. “I THANK YOU FOR VISITING US. THESE COOKIES WERE ABSOLUTELY DELICIOUS!” He looked at you and gave a little laugh. “NYEH HEH HEH! MAYBE I CAN TEACH YOU HOW TO MAKE SPAGHETTI SOON.”

Your heart fluttered at that. Cooking one-on-one with Papyrus would be quite the nice occasion, to say the least, you weren’t sure how much pasta cooking you would be able to do though. You could feel Cameron kink shaming you telepathically. You smiled smugly at Cameron before responding.

“I’d love to, man! That shit was good and I could use a recipe to send my spaghetti over the top!”

Papyrus looked at you so excitedly it took all of your efforts not to absolutely melt. “OH HOW KIND OF YOU TO SAY!” He reached down and hugged you tightly. “WE’LL MAKE THE MOST DELICIOUS SPAGHETTI THE SURFACE HAS EVER SEEN! A TESTIMONY TO OUR FRIENDSHIP!”

You were in a daze, and not just because this skeleton was apparently very strong and was cutting off your oxygen. To be honest, you would suffocate to death all over again if you could at this point. You couldn’t respond well so you tried to hug the skeleton back and instantly regretted it. ‘Oh shit you can feel his ribcage through the shirt.’

…….

Scandalous!

You retracted your hands quickly. Why were you even thinking about that kind of shit! It was disgraceful honestly! You had only seen the skeleton twice so far and yet you were thinking about his-! You glanced over and well quite frankly, you were pretty spooked by what you saw. Sans was staring at his brother and you with a creepy kind of face. He was still smiling but his pupil light things were gone. How odd.

As briefly as the hug had been initiated it was over. Well, that was enough emotion for one day, it was time for you and Cameron to skedaddle before you overstayed your welcome. Cameron was the one who spoke up to leave.

“Not to interrupt your bonding over pasta but, uh, we have to go. Like right now.” She stood and put a hand on your shoulder, barely flicking her gaze to Sans and back. Okay yeah, this guy was starting to freak you out.

“Right yeah. I gotta start reading up in anatomy, my first test is next Wednesday.” You stood and smiled at Papyrus. “Maybe we can do that cooking thing sometime soon, yeah?”

Papyrus stood and walked you and your roommate back to his front door. “OF COURSE! I’LL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO IT!”

With that you and Cameron retreated to your apartment, all but drained of energy after that outing. The sun was casting orange hues around your apartment. The evening was upon you two. You flopped face first onto the couch and squealed into a pillow. You told Cameron about how absolutely perfect that outing had gone, minus the Sans doing that scary thing though, and oh did you gush about the ribs thing. Thoroughly kink shamed and tuckered out, you fell fast asleep next
to your roommate a few hours later. You dreamt about skeletons and pasta and *oh-so-touchable* ribs.

**Chapter End Notes**

Wowie! I think people like this little story of mine?

I don't really know. I'm kind of making this up as I go along.

There were way too many puns and physics references flying around.

Should I go for a chapter a day or maybe every other day? I don't know. Feel free to comment and tell me what you like... or what you don't like so that I might hone my craft.
As lovely as your weekend was, all good things had to end. Cameron woke Monday morning bleary eyed, greeted by you cooking breakfast, which was a shit ton of pancakes. You looked over to Cameron and smiled as she shuffled to the countertop and sat on a stool.

“Mornin’. Ready for some pancakes? I put cinnamon in them this time.” You slid a couple of piping hot pancakes onto your roommate’s plate. Cameron mumbled a response half from being still extremely tired, and half from stuffing her mouth with food. You shoved a pancake in your mouth and poured some hot tea into a thermos. You put a few more in a plastic bag and shouldered your backpack.

“I gotta go. My classes start in an hour.” You hugged your friend and received a half hug in return. “Love you, bye.”

Cameron mumbled back. “Bye, bro.”

With that heartfelt goodbye, you were out of the door and rushing out of your apartment. You were making great time until you attempted to step out of the building and ran into someone. You stumbled back and fixed your skewed appearance, your textbooks had fallen onto the floor.

“Oh my god I’m sorry!” You weren’t even worried about the books, what mattered to you was if this person was angry at you! What a shitty way to start off the week! The figure turned to look at you.

“HM?” Papyrus looked at you. “AH, HELLO NEIGHBOR AND GOOD MORNING!” He knelt and started picking up the books. “ARE YOU OFF TO YOUR CLASSES? THEY’RE RATHER EARLY AREN’T THEY?” He held the books out to you. You took them while giving him a nod of thanks.

“Yeah I guess. It's tough, but worth it to get all my classes over with early.” You looked at all of the books in his arms. “Your classes are early too then? I guess that means you got your schedule!”

*Bonedoggling*

Chapter Summary

Classes start today, and your new neighbors are in some of your classes. Anatomy turns out to be very awkward for skeletons, so Papyrus asks you for help studying! Or well, "studying". Sans ain't such a happy camper about this.

Chapter Notes

How the hell did this chapter end up so long?? I just don't know

Hope you all like it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Papyrus beamed you. “MY BROTHER AND I DID IN FACT RECEIVE OUR CLASS SCHEDULES YESTERDAY! MY FIRST CLASS IS,” he squinted at the paper. “ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY 100. WOULD YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW WHERE THAT IS? AND WHY THERE ARE ONE HUNDRED CLASSES??”

You snickered and covered your mouth. This skeleton was too precious.

“Well that just so happens to be my first class, too. I’ll walk you to it and tell you directions to any other classes you have, ’kay?” This day was a rollercoaster already.

You had your first class of the day with Papyrus! You wondered if you had any other classes together, you sure hoped so. Papyrus nodded, happy to accept the help from his new friend! You two walked into the campus together; you tried to resist walking too closely, but you kept stealing glances at his hands. Those delicate looking, other worldly hands. You wanted to hold them. But now was not the time for intrusive thoughts or acting on impulse! So you refrained.

You walked into Professor Mason’s Anatomy and Physiology 100 class together after a few minutes of strolling through the campus. You were a few minutes early, so the class was empty for the most part. You took a seat at the back of the class, and Papyrus took a seat beside you and set down his things.

“WOWIE THIS SCHOOL IS GIGANTIC!” His voice made apparent his obvious awe at the school and the fact that he was attending it. “I WOULD HAVE NEVER FOUND THIS PLACE WITHOUT YOUR HELP!”

You appreciated the praise. “No problem, man! I’m always available to help you out! Unless I’m like, sleeping or some shit.”

Oh shit did that sound as weird as you thought it did?? Apparently not. The skeleton just smiled, thanked you and soon more and more students filed into the classroom. Some wore casual clothes, some pajamas. All looked either bored or disinterested already. Soon Professor Mason walked in and the class started. Both you and Papyrus listened intently, the lesson was about the skeletal system!

Papyrus lit up at the mention of skeletons. So there were skeleton-folk on the surface? And they had a legal system? How amazing! When the class was told to turn to the textbook page about it, however, his attitude did a 180. On the page was a large and detailed picture of a skeleton with all of the bones labeled.

“Oh MY GOD!!” He looked aghast at the page then at you.

The entire class turned to look at him, even the professor had stopped speaking, he stared balefully at Papyrus.

“May I continue my class, Mister…” He squinted at the skeleton, he couldn’t remember Papyrus’s name

Papyrus grinned sheepishly, realizing that he had so rudely interrupted, his face was even pinker and you couldn’t help but think that was kind of adorable.

“PAPYRUS, SIR. AND I APOLOGIZE FOR THE OUTBURST. I’M JUST,” was it just you or did Papyrus look a little sweaty? How did that work? “SO EXCITED FOR EDUCATION.”

The teacher looked a bit longer at the skeleton, not caring enough to justify a response, and continued his class. You heard the skeleton let out a sigh of relief. The rest of class was uneventful
for the most part, at least until the end of class. The professor spoke again.

“Don’t forget that the skeletal system test is next Wednesday. If I were you I would start studying now.”

The whole class groaned and grumbled as the time came to a close and everyone was free to go. You packed your things and smiled amiably at Papyrus.

“So what class do you have next?”

The skeleton was lost in thought, or at least he seemed to be. It was hard to tell with no eyes to check on. You slowly waved her hand in front of his eye sockets and snapped him back to the present. “HM?” He paused for a moment, “I HAVE ENGLISH CLASS NEXT. DO YOU HAVE THAT TOO?”

You sighed and shook your head. Well that sucked, you wanted more classes with him. “I’m afraid I don’t, man. Sorry. You can find your way there okay, right?”

The skeleton laughed his loud and confident laugh and assured you that he could be able to make it to his class without assistance. With that, you two parted ways. You couldn’t get the skeleton out of your mind. After that class, you thought of that oddly adorable blush and that sweet little laugh. It was a little annoying after a couple of hours.

You sat in your seat in General Calculus I, desperately trying to stop thinking about him. You were concentrating so hard that you didn’t notice someone choose a seat next to you. Cameron’s usual spot. The figure cleared their throat.

“guess there’s no limit to how many surprises i’m gonna have today.”

You whipped your head around to see who sat next to you then proceeded to assault you with puns. Oh god no it was Sans. Cameron walked in soon after and sat on the other side of you. It was the only class she had together with you, but she wasn’t even mad that the skeleton had taken her usual seat. Uh oh. This was definitely trouble. Cameron sat and spoke up.

“Hey, mate and…” She stared for a moment. “Sans? You’re in this class too?”

The two shared a look then glanced at you. You were doomed. Sure enough, the next two hours of your life were filled with things worse than physics puns, math puns. You thought about whether this should have been some sort of illegal torture method, the two were rattling off puns like it was going out of style! By the time class was over, you were more than ready to go home, you nearly sprinted to the door. They called out to you as you left.

“See you at home! Maybe we’ll have some chicken pot pie-e for dinner!”

Sans snickered, seeing your offended reaction. “sorry, i know these puns are pretty high-brow, i hope they won’t ellipse our friendship.”

You shook your head and smiled. Sure, you didn’t like the skeleton too much, but Cameron had found someone to pun with and that was good enough for you. You hastily exited the building, making a couple of food stops before heading back home. Soon you were sitting in your apartment laying on the couch and watching television. Your thoughts were finally past the skeleton when a knock sounded from the door. You shuffled lazily over to the door only to see the skeleton in front of you again! Your face lit up as you spoke.

“Oh hey Papyrus! What’s up?”
The skeleton looked at you and grinned. “I WAS STRUCK WITH A GENIUS IDEA ON THE WAY BACK FROM MY CHEMISTRY CLASS. I COULD STUDY WITH YOU FOR THAT ANATOMY TEST!” He stepped in with all of his books and placed them on the floor in front of the couch. “I, UH, I NOTICED YOU WERE VERY UNABASHED BY THAT…PICTURE IN THE BOOK. SO I THINK THIS SETUP WOULD WORK WELL.” He paused and looked deep in thought for a moment. “UNLESS OF COURSE YOU HAVE ANOTHER HUMAN TO STUDY WITH, IN WHICH CASE I WON’T INTRUDE ON THAT.”

Well the teacher had said to start studying today, and it was awful sweet of the skeleton to think of you as close enough to study with. Who were you to say no and disobey a teacher? You responded with a smile.

“It’s cool, Papyrus. I’d love to study with you. Were you wanting to start now or later?”

“STARTING NOW WOULD BE IDEAL, THE PROFESSOR DID SAY THAT WE SHOULD BEGIN STUDYING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.”

With that you invited him inside and sat cross-legged on the carpet with the anatomy book in your lap.

“Alright, cool.” You were about to turn to the page with the skeleton on it when you paused. “You’re okay, right? You’re not gonna scream at me when you see the picture?” Papyrus nodded and you opened the book to the scandalous page once more. He averted his gaze and you chuckled softly.

“You have to be able to see the page to study the bones, you know.”

“I KNOW THAT. I JUST,” he paused for a moment, “I NEED A MOMENT TO STEEL MYSELF. I HAVE NO IDEA WHY THAT SKELETON IS NAKED, BUT IT WAS JARRING TO SEE THAT IN A SCHOOL SETTING.”

You couldn’t stop the laugh that bubbled out of you. That was why he screamed? You had never considered the fact that the skeleton diagram might be weird for him. It would be almost like opening a random book and seeing some naked person! You patted his shoulder.

“That makes sense, but you have to power through this, okay? For the sake of studying!”

“OH OF COURSE! AND I BROUGHT SOME MATERIALS TO HELP!” Papyrus took from his jeans pockets a sticky note pad and some pens. “WELL, THE TEST IS ABOUT SKELETONS CORRECT?”

You nodded.

“AND I JUST SO HAPPENED TO BE A SKELETON.”

Again, you nodded, not exactly following where he was going with this.

“I CAME UP WITH THE IDEA THAT YOU SHOULD LABEL ME LIKE THE DIAGRAM!”

Woah there. This had gone from innocent friend time to the risky-if-anyone-walked-in zone. Seeing you balk at the idea, Papyrus hastily backpedaled.

“I WON’T BE STRIPPING DOWN TO NOTHING OF COURSE! I HAVE MORALS! AND IF YOU DON’T WANT TO STUDY THIS WAY THAT’S FINE TOO.”
You shook your head and smiled reassuringly at the skeleton.

“Nah I’m okay with your plan. Hands-on learning actually helps retain the knowledge a little more.” You took a sticky note from the pad and labeled it ‘mandible’ then stuck it on his lower jaw. “One out of 206 done!”

It was a shame that some of those 206 were off limits, but it would have just been inappropriate for newly acquainted friends. After a quite a few minutes of writing, labeling, and misspelling bone names several times, the majority of the skeleton’s face was covered with sticky notes. You two were laughing at how ridiculous it looked.

“ONTO THE NEXT PHASE!” He exclaimed, taking off his shoes and rolling his pants legs all the way up to his pelvis. Damn those were kind of long. At this point, it was his own anatomy that was confusing you. It didn’t look like he was proportional in the way that humans were, either that or you needed to compare with a few more diagrams. Soon every last tarsal in his foot was labeled along with all of his leg bones. You almost wanted to ask how he stayed all put together, but decided against it. That question might be rude or something, after all.

“YOU’RE QUITE GOOD AT THIS. HAVE YOU BEEN STUDYING SOLO PRIOR TO THIS?”

You nodded proudly, a white lie. You had actually taken an anatomy class in high school and remembered most the bone names.

“EXCELLENT! THEN THIS LAST LABELING PHASE SHOULD MOVE QUICKLY!” Papyrus removed his cardigan and t-shirt and oh man. “HAVE AT IT, STUDY BUDDY!”

You stared at the rib cage for a moment, then took up the remaining sticky notes and gingerly labeled the skeleton. After going around to his back and labeling his spinal column, you were finally done. Wait a second.

“How is this supposed to help you study?”

The skeleton let out a hearty laugh. “NYEH HEH HEH! WELL, THAT’S THE SECOND STAGE! YOU POINT TO A LABEL AND MAYBE TAP IT SOMETHING. AND SAY THE NAME OF THAT BONE. EVENTUALLY, THE MORE WE PRACTICE, I’LL BE ABLE TO RECITE THE NAME OF WHAT YOU POINT TO!”

Well, the logic was at least sound, but this was venturing into dangerous territory. You checked your phone for the time. It was around three in the afternoon, Cameron wouldn’t be home until four, but her last professor of the day was pregnant and due at any time. You hoped that day wasn’t today.

It was.

“Alright then let’s go!” You began pointing and reciting all of the labels you had placed. Papyrus was silent as you worked, almost reverently so.

You two sat in the room, with only your voices filling the void. That was until your roommate walked in laughing hysterically. She entered and you saw another figure behind Cameron. Oh no no no! It was his brother. Sans stopped chuckling with Cameron and glanced at you on the ground with his shirtless brother, then did a double take. Cameron just stared, trying to hold back her snickers after seeing Sans's face.

There was a human on the floor with his brother with their hands on his ribs. Not looking good for the home team, to say the least. Oh shit now he was doing that creepy face.
“what’cha doing there, paps?”

Papyrus looked up at his brother from the floor. “OH HELLO, YOU TWO! I DIDN’T HEAR YOU COME IN! WE’RE JUST STUDYING!”

Just how were you going to talk your way out of this one?

Chapter End Notes

uh oh, you done a naughty thing, reader. Sans is gonna wreck your shit. ;)

Thanks for all the kind words and suggestions and stuff I really do appreciate it! Hopefully with all the feedback this story will increase exponentially in quality

Here's to hoping anyways!
*Head Bone's Connected to the Leg Bone*

Chapter Summary

Papyrus is a master of keeping his brother calm and you owe him your life. Labeling takes an unexpected turn leaving your friend a little too eager to leave you. After that, your roommate returns from her classes with monster friends of her own!

Chapter Notes

This chapter is one day late and I have no excuses other than North Carolina is kinda nice

Enjoy!

You scrambled off of the skeleton, sweating like crazy. How could someone like him pull off such a menacing smile?

“Oh, uh, hey.” You looked at the short skeleton and laughed nervously, trying to think of an excuse for this compromising position.

“ARE YOU NOT IMPRESSED BY OUR STUDY METHOD?” He smiled widely at you. It was nice to see Papyrus’s smiling face before Sans killed you. “A TRUE TESTAMENT TO ACADEMICS AND OUR UNBREAKABLE FRIENDSHIP.”

Sans grinned thinly and muttered.

“well i’m certainly feeling something.” He sighed and you noticed his pupil-lights come back. “see ya at home then, paps.” He glanced back at you then turned and left.

Papyrus stood and stretched. “I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD CONTINUE THIS AT A LATER DATE. MY BROTHER GETS A LITTLE CRANKY WHEN HE DOESN’T GET HIS MASTERFULLY PREPARED DAILY PASTA!” He started removing the sticky notes and looked towards you. You owed him big time for diffusing his brother’s anger so skillfully. “YOU MIND LENDING ME A HAND? OR SHOULD I SAY SOME PHALANGES AND METACARPALS?” He laughed that cute little laugh and you couldn’t stop your own from bubbling up.

“Sure thing.” You began to remove the sticky notes from his spine, noting the ever so small tremors when your hands accidentally brushed his spine. You were pretty sure clean up was going her favorite part of the get-togethers. “I’ve got all of the ones back here.” You balled the used notes up and threw them away. Papyrus had already removed the ones from his ribs, face, and legs. It was so interesting to watch his spine move as he bent over to discard the notes.

“Same time tomorrow then?” You smiled amiably at the skeleton.
“OF COURSE, NEIGHBOR.” He responded happily. He slid his shirt back on and hugged you. “I’LL SEE YOU IN CLASS TOMORROW!” With that, he left and you were left in the apartment with your roommate leaning in the doorway. She gave you a smug grin.

“So, looked like you were getting kinda friendly with the neighbor there, mate. Guess you could say his bone-r looked-“ You threw a pillow from the couch at her.

“Do not. “ You sighed. “Don’t disgrace this moment with your puns, please. Let me like revel in it for a bit longer.” You lied on the floor and smiled. “Oh man, I get to do that every day until next Wednesday.”

After reveling in your circumstances a few seconds longer, you stood and cleared your throat. “Okay, I’m good. Anyways, so how was your day?”

You two spent the rest of the night describing your respective days, and weighing in on who had the worse time. You had a class with someone you had a crush on, so your day was pretty good, but you also had a class with Sans. Cameron had two classes with Sans, history and math, so she won the prize of having the worse day. At least in your opinion. Soon it was time to rest; you were more than happy to fall asleep as fast as possible to start the next day seeing the tall skeleton.

The next few days ran about the same way, minus an intruding Sans. Papyrus would come over and you two would study together, you shared jokes and anecdotes and every kind of crazy idea you two had ever had together. Soon it was like you had known each other for years you were so close! It was astounding to you and more borderline miraculous to Papyrus who hadn’t had so much luck this far in the friendship department.

You sat on your couch Tuesday evening, the night before the test, and turned on the television, waiting for your skeleton friend. Lately, you had stopped watching the news. There were atrocities happening to monsters all over the place, people were not taking too kindly to monsters. Every day there were round the clock broadcasts of the poor monsters who were beaten and hurt and discriminated against. You had seen some of the horrible racism yourself, directed towards Papyrus in your classes, and yourself for befriending Papyrus. It made you boil with rage to say the least, but those were semantics for another time. A knock on the door signaled the arrival of your friend. You opened the door to reveal Papyrus, donning his usual grin.

“LAST DAY OF STUDYING! ARE YOU PREPARED?”

You held up the sticky notes and pens. “Yep. I even bought some fancy glitter pens for the occasion!”

You two had practically memorized all of the bones already, minus a few of course. There were just some places friends couldn’t label. That was until today. Papyrus placed his backpack on the ground and took from it a bowl of pasta.

“I TRIED MAKING THAT ALFREDO STUFF THAT YOU TOLD ME ABOUT.” He handed you the bowl eagerly, awaiting some praise.

“I can’t believe you actually remembered that I even mentioned it.” You grabbed a small amount with your hand and ate it. “And it’s fucking delicious, as per usual, Master Chef Papyrus.” You knew that calling him that made him happy. Sure enough, the skeleton struck a pose and laughed.

“NYEH HEH HEH!! ANYTIME, MY STUDIOUS FRIEND! NOW, LET’S HIT THE BOOKS!”

You nodded and walked to your room, the skeleton followed. After ‘The Sans Incident’ you two
decided it was best to do your studying behind closed doors. You alternated between his room and yours every day. Closing the door behind you, you then sat on the bed, nodded and began labeling the skeleton. It went by faster and faster with each study session and at this point, you had placed labels all over the skeleton’s body at the fastest rate yet! You capped the glittery pen and blew at the tip as though it were smoking.

“Oh my god I’m like, the master of this.” You beamed at your time. Papyrus would have clapped, but his hands were covered in sticky notes.

“WAIT! BEFORE YOU START RESTATING ALL OF MY BONE NAMES, WOULD YOU MIND AH, MOVING DOWN MY PANTS A LITTLE?”

You stared at him in silence and he immediately tried to clear up what he meant. That statement was not only out of the blue, but also very loaded.

“FOR LABELLING PRACTICE OF COURSE! I AM ABLE TO PRACTICE LABELLING THOSE BITS MYSELF ALL THE TIME, SO YOU AT LEAST DESERVE ONE CHANCE, RIGHT?”

This skeleton either didn’t know what he was doing which was really adorable; or he really knew what he was doing which was kind of, well kind of flattering. Regardless you did as he asked and slid down his rolled up jeans as quickly as possible. You didn’t know what else you were expecting. It was just bones. Honestly, you felt a little silly for thinking there would be anything else otherwise.

“Alright, well I’ve been studying with the book also, so this should be pretty quick.” You smiled, wow this was really dirty feeling. “Not as fast as usual though, Paps.” You had taken to calling him a nickname, which he loved. ‘FRIENDSHIP IS HALLMARKED BY ENDEARING NICKNAMES!’ or so he loved to exclaim. He nicknamed you ‘My All Time Best Human Neighbor Friend’ for obvious reasons, the name was still very much a work in progress.

“Well, here I go! Tell me if it get’s too weird or something. I don’t exactly know how this feels on you.” On that note, you began labeling, only occasionally looking in your textbook for assistance.

The process was pretty painless, you noticed him tense up whenever you got near his coccyx or sacrum. You felt a little guilty taking mental notes about that, but only a little. Soon you two were done and Papyrus was clothed once more. You both had plenty of time before either of your respective roommates returned from their classes.

“I FEEL COMPLETELY READY FOR THAT TEST!” He grinned happily at you, but his smile was… almost a little tighter for some reason? You guessed that you were probably seeing things. “BUT I MUST RETURN HOME. I’M TRYING OUT A NEW PASTA RECIPE FOR SANS.” That was a lie. You two had played truth or dare after studying once, it was painfully obvious when he was lying, he started sweating and jiggling his leg bones. Oh well, it wasn’t really polite to intrude on whatever it was he was actually doing when he returned to his own apartment.

“See you tomorrow then, we’re gonna ace this thing, Paps.” You flashed a double thumbs up and the skeleton left, uncharacteristically quickly.

Now what the hell got his panties in a twist? You hoped you hadn’t been too awkward with the pelvic labeling. You shrugged it off, sure that Papyrus wouldn’t cut the get together off so abruptly over something so silly.

After a couple of hours, Cameron had come back with new additions to their slowly increasing
friend group. She heard a raucous laughter.

“Hoo boy, that’s the funniest shit I’ve ever heard.” Into the room stepped a large orange… cat? Cat monster? You weren’t sure. He had on a flannel shirt and his jeans were a little ripped. Behind him you heard a small chuckle. Whoever it was, they sure were adorable. It was a ghost, but not any of that horror movie bullshit. This ghost was just plain adorable.

“yeah…….. that was super funny, Cameron……..” The ghost had some pretty cool headphones too. You called to Cameron and her friends.

“Hey guys! What’s up?” You smiled and waved to Cameron and the guests.

The ghost looked spooked by your statement, almost ready to cry, while the cat merely responded with a drawl that sounded a little too southern to her liking.


“Thanks, man! I hope she hasn’t been lying like a motherfucker about me.” You looked at her and both shared a laugh. The ghost tapped your shoulder.

“nice to meet you…… i’m napstablook…….. and, um…… don’t worry about Cameron…….. she only says good stuff about you……” The ghost gave you a reassuring smile, despite their tears.

Cameron smiled. “Yeah, these guys are in my history class, along with Sans, we all hate history so we’re friends.” Sometimes Cameron really amazed you with her reasoning. “We’ll be studying if you wanna join us. There’s an Ancient Egypt test next Friday, and these guys haven’t had the luxury of the public school system.”

You laughed and joined your best friend and soon-to-be new friends. You all did more joking than studying that night.

Chapter End Notes

Oh man I wonder why Paps wanted to leave you so badly ;))))

I'll give you a hint: it's bone zone time

btw I asked for a second opinion and we both decided that Mark was a good name for good 'ol Burgerpants
Papyrus is rather confused about his feelings for you after all of these extremely interactive study sessions.

Summer break has arrived!!! So here's a new chapter a bit earlier! What better way to kick it off than with some gratuitous skeleton sinning? ;)))

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus rushed into his apartment and closed the door behind him. He covered his face and let out a long exhale. You were causing quite a bit of turmoil in him, after all. He smiled simply at the thought of you, his dear friend.

You had been so kind to him when other humans were so cruel, he was grateful to know you. But he had an inkling of a feeling that perhaps his emotions bridged beyond friendship. That thought spooked him a little, he didn’t really know what to do or how to conduct himself beyond friendship. He had gone on a date with Frisk when they had first fallen Underground, but that was an utter failure! He didn’t know what he was feeling at all about you.

He knew he really liked you, and loved to be around you. He could tell that his brother got annoyed when he gushed about your fun study sessions. He sighed, oh those study sessions. Those especially gave him the most confusion. He never wanted to be rude afterward but having your soft hands brush against him so gently, well it was hard for him to bear. He never rushed out though, to save face.

The skeleton walked into his room and closed his door. He laid back on his bed and sighed. He could still feel your soft, fleshy hands touching all over his bones. Today was simply too much! How was he supposed to react when you were so gung-ho about reaching for his pelvis! He needed to leave! He could feel very… non-friend-ish things magically manifesting in his nether regions while you were studying! He was certainly no stranger to these urges. He did his best to quell them normally, even when he was Underground, but you really did throw him for a loop. He really liked your laugh, and your eyes and your cute clothes and Oh wowie when you called him ‘Master Chef Papyrus’ or ‘Paps’.

He smiled to himself. You really were such a good friend.

His mind wandered back to your hands at the thought of all the things he loved about you. Your hands were so soft, so commanding, so warm. He hummed happily and imagined you two studying again. He pictured your hands doing their heavenly job of lightly touching his bones and quickly removed his shirt. He wormed his own fingers lightly around his body, ever so gently brushing
against himself, trying as hard as he could to emulate how you did it. His breath didn’t start hitching until he reached his lumbar vertebrae. Those bones were particularly sensitive.

He stopped teasing his lower spine and worked his hands back up to his ribs, favoring to tickle the undersides of the cage rather than the tops. It was more sensitive in there than it was on his spine he pressed a bit harder against the bone. His breath was coming out in small huffs now, he could feel his magic pooling down under and saw the glowing tent in his pants.

Boy, he was glad you couldn’t see him right now.

He worked his right hand lower, back down his spine, whenever so lightly brushed his fingertips against his iliac crest. He gasped and bit down on his knuckles. Oh that was a close one, what if you had heard from next door? Papyrus knew himself well to know that he was rather loud when dealing with his ‘de-stressing training’. Or at least his brother had told him as much. That was an embarrassing moment for the record books. He continued brushing against his ilium, dipping his hand lower towards his sacrum. As his hand caressed it, his mind flashed an image of your smiling face and his gasped sharply.

Oh you were so beautiful.

His jeans were getting a little tight, he jerked the pants below his waist and sure enough, his cock popped out standing tall and proud. He was positive now that staying at your home for any longer would have been a disaster. He was just so pent up from all of those study sessions! Papyrus smiled and circled a phalanx around the head of his cock. He kept his teeth clamped closed, whimpering and keening for more. He scraped the fingers of his free hand against his coccyx. The skeleton shivered and imagined your face again.

He didn’t quite remember you ever making such an expression before. Your eyes were heavy-lidded and your smile far more sultry. And your mouth full of his…. spaghetti!

His hand slid around his dick and gave a slight squeeze eliciting a stifled moan. Only such an amazing study buddy could make his gourmet cooking seem so erotic! He kept stroking himself, pumping harder and harder at the thought of your soft touches. He felt his head loll to one side almost lost in lust.

As soon as he had broken his control, he had stopped and torn his hand away from pleasuring himself. Papyrus was going to get at least a little vocal, that much was a given. He turned onto his front and continued fiercely pumping his dick. He could feel his climax approaching as he stroked harder and scratched at his bones. He shoved his face into a pillow on his bed and let out muffled, wanton moans.

Oh he was dangerously close now.

He could see you in his mind’s eye. You were so sweet looking, your smile adorned your face so well to him. He pumped himself faster and couldn’t stop the blush on his face when his imaginary version of you locked eyes with him. He imagined you getting impossibly close to him, your face was so deliciously close! He swore he could hear your voice before he came.

“May I have some sauce, Master Chef Papyrus?”

That had pushed him far over the edge of his pleasure threshold. His cum spurted in long ropes as he furiously rode out his orgasm. He, for the most part, had stifled his screams. The only muffled sound he let loose was a long and shaky,
“Y-YESSSS!”

Papyrus relaxed onto his bed, his ribcage heaving even though he had no lungs and didn’t really need to breathe. He came back to his senses and covered his face with his hands.

Oh what was he doing? You were his friend! And this had long since ventured into not-friend territory! He had to admit, he kind of liked it. He kind of liked you. Papyrus made a mental note to ask Sans about how he was feeling, and if he had any tips for fixing whatever this was. Surely his brother would be help! Maybe he could consult Undyne too! Papyrus smiled to himself and pulled his jeans back up. Sometimes his ideas were just too good sometimes! He wiped his mess from his sheets and made his way into the kitchen, gathering the ingredients for dinner. Sans was going to love it!

Tonight was spaghetti night! Just as it was every night of course!

Chapter End Notes

whew there, reader, you sure are messing with poor Pap's head
I hope he gets enough sleep for that test

So how'd I do with the naughty times?? I'm a little rusty so I hope it wasn't too bad guys !!
Today was the day that you had been studying for. The skeletal system test. You knew all of the bones like the back of your hand and could list every type, layer, and disease relating to it. You got dressed and grinned. Oh yeah, you were gonna ace this thing. You prepared breakfast and gave Cameron a huge hug before you left for Anatomy. Papyrus was in the lobby of the apartment building, his face brightened at the sight of you.

“OHO! I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU’D SHOW! READY TO KNOCK OUT THIS QUIZ, STUDY BUDDY?” He grinned widely at you and you happily returned the smile.

“Hell yeah I am. We’ve gotta put all of this studying to work!”

You both laughed and walked to your class, confident that you’d both succeed. You sat in your seats next to each other and awaited the professor’s instruction. You both arrived early to class, as always. Soon your colleagues shuffled into class, reluctant to take the quiz. After a few minutes, everyone had arrived and the professor cleared his throat. He held a thick stack of papers in his hands, the quiz most likely.

“You all have been in school long enough, you know the drill. No cheating. No talking. Hand the quiz to me at my desk when you’re done. You have until the end of class. You may begin.”

With that he made his way back to his rolling chair behind his desk as the class started scratching answers onto their parts. You knew this shit like your own name. You answered every question eloquently, making sure to put enough information to receive full credit for your answer. You glanced to your right to see how Papyrus was doing, he had the most adorable concentrating face.

He looked deep in thought at one question, then grinned and started scrawling an answer. He was the first one done with the test, you were the third. The Mr. Mason told those who turned in their quiz that their grades would be recorded by the end of the day and that they were free to leave since they were done for the day. With that you and the skeleton left the university building, confident that you both had received excellent scores. You walked to the apartment building in comfortable silence.

“So, how do you think it went?” He looked at you nervously. You smiled widely back at the skeleton.
“I think we knocked that quiz out of the park.” You gave the skeleton a thumbs up and smiled. “I’ll tell you tomorrow about my score!” You said as you were about to enter your apartment. Before you could, however, you felt the skeleton gently grab your hand.

“WAIT!” He released your hand. “SORRY ABOUT GRABBING YOU. WHAT IF WE, AH,” The skeleton looked a little nervous. “WHAT IF WE EXCHANGE PHONE NUMBERS? THAT WAY I CAN JUST TEXT YOU OR CALL YOU ABOUT THE GRADE!”

You nodded at the skeleton. “That’s a super good idea.” You took out your phone and added a new contact. “So what’s your number?” You could see Papyrus relax a little as she asked. Maybe he was nervous that you’d say no? Why would you ever do that! Regardless you two exchanged numbers and parted ways. Cameron returned home at her usual time with her new monster friends, you all laughed and joked and were in the middle of a card game when you got a text from ‘MasterChef’. You smiled at the name.

> I got a perfect score on the quiz!!!!!!!!!

That was a good sign, if Papyrus had gotten a perfect score then you may have too! You went online on your phone and checked your grade. Cameron saw you looking intently at your phone and her mouth spread into a wide grin.

“Did your bone boyfriend send you nudes or something? Because we don’t have time for you to look at them, bro. It’s your turn.”

You looked exasperatedly back at your friend. “He’s not my boyfriend yet, and I’m looking at my grades, you shitlord.” You texted Papyrus back.

> shit man I got a perfect score too we should celebrate

Celebrate? Papyrus read the text over and over. Should he ask to… go on a celebration date? Just as friends of course! A friend date! Or… not so friendly.

> We should go out somewhere to celebrate!

Nailed it.

You read the response and smiled. Oh yeah, it was party time. You looked around to your two guests and Cameron.

“You guys wanna come along with Papyrus and me? We both got perfect scores on that quiz and are gonna go celebrate.” Mark, or as he was formerly known Burgerpants, responded first.

“Hell yeah! I say we go to a bar! Nothing says celebration like lots of alcohol!” He slammed his fist onto the table scattering the cards and ruining the game. Cameron laughed and answered your question next.

“Aw man, dude, I was gonna win!” She lightly shoved Mark and smiled. “We’d be happy to go and party hard in honor of your good grades, bro.” She looked to the ghost who looked rather upset about the cards. “You on board too, Blook?” The ghost nodded and gave a small smile.

“yeah… it’ll be fun….” You had all of your party members accounted for, so you texted Papyrus back.

>Sure! Hope you don’t mind I’m bringing a few people along too for maximum celebrating ;)

Papyrus groaned in frustration. That wasn’t what he meant! He wanted a one on one date! Oh well, there were plenty more days that could happen on anyways. Now it would be awkward if he showed up with no one to take along! He called to his brother.

“SANS!” Sans was laying on the floor in front of the couch absently watching Mettaton’s cooking show and reading a letter.

“what is it bro? you need something?” He glanced up at his brother with a sleepy expression.

“I NEED YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME TO A CELEBRATION!”

Parties were most certainly not Sans’s thing, they were a bit too loud and too hectic for him. Today, however, was an exception for a few reasons. He grinned up at his brother.

“i’d be honored to be your plus one, bro. i’m sure it’ll be a skeleton of fun.” He snickered and sent a text to Toriel as his brother screeched indignantly.

Papyrus responded to you, not bothering to ask Sans about who in the world he was texting and why he couldn’t stifle his jokes for one conversation.

>Sans and I will meet you at the Deep Blue Bar around six. Does that place sound alright?

You grimaced. You should have known Sans would be coming along too. Oh well.

>it’s fine with me. see you there m8!!

You groaned and smacked her head on the table. “He’s bringing Sans along.” A wicked smirk spread along Cameron’s face, you knew you were in for a bad time.

After changing outfits and fixing your makeup, you and Cameron were looking extra killer and were ready to go! You wore one of Cameron’s sweaters, it was a bit small for you, so you wore it as a crop top with high-waisted jeans. Cameron wore her usual skirt and this high socks while wearing your galaxy hoodie. The four walked into the bar and sat at a booth, you looked around eagerly for your skeleton friend. Sure enough, he had arrived after a few minutes. He was scolding Sans about something while scanning the bar for you. Papyrus eventually found you and sat with you and your friends.

“Oh man Paps you made it!” You scooted over on your side of the booth and patted the seat. “You can sit next to me, okay?” Papyrus grinned and sat next to her as they gushed about their test scores and how amazing they both were. Cameron, Napstablook, and Burgerpants watched from the other side. A waiter had arrived at their table and soon they all had ordered food, you and Papyrus ordered a big plate of food to share, while the rest ordered their own meals. The only one who hadn’t ordered anything was Sans surprisingly. Papyrus looked confusedly at his brother.

“ARE YOU FEELING ALRIGHT SANS? YOU DIDN’T ORDER ANYTHING AND EATING IS LIKE, YOUR FAVORITE THING.”

The shorter skeleton looked at his brother.

“well i’m expecting someone here too, so i’m waiting to eat with them.” His smile seemed a little more excited than normal, Papyrus wondered who the mystery person was.

A few moments after Sans had even mentioned a mysterious newcomer, the front door opened to reveal a tall goat monster. She wore a lovely dress and seemed to be searching for something. “speak of the devil…” Sans called out to the stranger. “over here Tori!”
Tori looked over to where Sans was and smiled. She walked to the table, or well more to Sans than the table.

“Is this seat taken?” She glanced at the empty spot next to Sans, who chose to sit at the end of the booth on purpose it seemed.

The skeleton grinned and shook his head as the goat woman sat at their now full booth. He grinned and introduced the stranger to everyone, apparently she was his girlfriend, Toriel. The food had arrived and it was exponentially more awkward at the table. Sans and Toriel wouldn’t stop telling shitty puns then giggling and gazing at each other.

Papyrus had to admit, he was watching what his brother was doing closely. Papyrus simply wasn’t good at flirting! And his brother apparently was! Papyrus was feeling more confident watching his brother. If that lazy slob could do this, so could he! He looked to you and laughed nervously.

“I, AH, I REALLY LIKE YOUR OUTFIT. AND YOUR UM, F-FACIAL FEATURES.” He was a romantic mastermind! You chuckled and smiled.

“Thanks man. I like your uh, zygomatic. It’s pretty neat.” You poked his high cheekbone and laughed; the poor skeleton’s face flushed a light pink. He couldn’t think of a proper thank you.

The rest of the “date” flowed smoothly. Their food arrived, you and Papyrus shared some pasta while Cameron and Napstablook ate cake and a ghost sandwich. Burgerpants chose to order alcohol at the bar instead of food, he was smashed beyond repair after about an hour. You and Cameron excused yourselves to go to the bathroom, you both had to “touch up your makeup”. Burgerpants had drunkenly stumbled to a spot closer to the television in the bar. He was guffawing and drinking like a madman, Napstablook tagged along with him to keep the cat from doing something dangerous. Sans had gotten up to order some food and drinks for himself and Toriel. Papyrus was alone with the goat woman at the table, he wanted to ask about romance. Oh how desperately he wanted to beg for help.

“MISS, AH, TORIEL WAS IT? I ADMIRE AND ENVY YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH MY BROTHER IT’S VERY… CLOSE.” He frowned and looked away. “I TOO HAVE SOMEONE I MAY OR MAY NOT WANT TO BECOME CLOSE WITH BUT,” he blushed, “I HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO CONDUCT MYSELF IN SUCH A WAY. EVEN SOMEONE AS GREAT AS MYSELF, I’VE FALLEN VICTIM TO AH… SHYNESS.” He hated admitting this, but he was a little more than desperate for help. He told Toriel all about his friendship with you, how his feelings quickly became more confusing. He skipped over the saucy bits of course!

The goat woman listened to his tale and smiled warmly. So Sans’s brother needed romantic help? How sweet! She wondered who the lucky person was, they were surely getting an interesting partner.

“I’m honored that you would come to me for help.” She giggled listening to the skeleton’s situation. “It sounds to me like you’re feeling rather affectionate for this human. If you both are such close friends and they makes you feel so strongly, you should ask them out on a date.”

The skeleton sighed. “I TRIED THAT ALREADY. THAT’S WHAT THIS OUTING WAS SUPPOSED TO BE!” Toriel laughed at that, the skeleton’s struggles were straight out of a bad chick flick.

“I’ll help you with that bit.” She winked at Papyrus and grinned. “I’m sure I could talk to Asgore about getting you a nice restaurant date. How does Friday sound?” The skeleton’s entire face lit up with joy.
“REALLY? OH THANK YOU, MA’AM! FRIDAY IS PERFECT!” He hugged the woman tightly and released her, clearing his throat. “YOU, YOU WON’T TELL MY BROTHER ABOUT THIS WILL YOU? I DON’T THINK HE LIKES MY UM, ‘FRIEND’, VERY MUCH.” He wanted to be the one to break the news of his affections to his brother, this was a pretty big deal after all.

Tories giggled and crossed her heart. “I wouldn’t Dreemurr of it.” She let out a tittering laugh as Papyrus sighed exasperatedly.

Soon after, everyone arrived back at their table. Burgerpants was yelling and throwing beer bottles at the television. There was a rerun of Mettaton’s cooking show on. He loudly cursed the robot and all of the hardships he was put through. Hearing all of these atrocities, and despite being completely sober, Cameron stood on a table and vowed to fight Mettaton for her dear feline friend. They were abruptly booted from the bar.

The group walked to their homes in the frigid autumn air. You stood outside of your apartment door, stopping Papyrus from leaving for a moment.

“Thanks for the cool idea man. This was a super rad celebration!” You hugged him and the skeleton was more than a little surprised. Normally he had to initiate the hugs.

“NYEH HEH HEH! LEAVE IT TO THE GREAT PAPYRUS TO COME UP WITH BRILLIANT IDEAS!” He hugged you and sighed. “I’LL SEE YOU TOMORROW THEN.” You released him and headed into your own apartment.

Papyrus stepped into his apartment and sighed. Oh boy. He hoped Sans would be okay with what he was going to say; maybe he would even have a few brotherly tips about asking someone on a proper date!

The next morning passed over well for you, Anatomy with Papyrus was perfect as usual. It wasn’t until you walked into Calculus that things turned… odd. First off, Sans was already there, and sitting in your seat. You sighed and walked up to the skeleton.

“Hey man, not to be rude, but you’re in my spo-“ He looked at you with that pupilless grin.

“my brother’s a cool guy right? you wouldn’t hurt ’im, yeah? good. i thought not.” He left no room for you to answer the questions. The whole conversation seemed one sided and more like a threat than anything else. As soon as his attitude was there, it was gone and he moved from your seat. Class continued like normal.

Now what the hell was that about?

Chapter End Notes

Ohhhh man you guys. Paps is gonna take you out on a super sweet date

And don't worry about Sans, he's just a little salty. He'll be fine with Toriel keeping him company ;)))
Your day passed on pretty normally after that odd interaction, like Sans’s threat hadn’t even happened. You returned home almost having forgotten that it even happened. You laid on Cameron’s lap on your couch, watching some Mettaton movie. Cameron berated the robot the entire time.

“Oh man If this is what Mark had to deal with every day, I feel bad for him.” She ate a handful of popcorn from a plastic bowl. “This acting sucks ass. I can already feel this martial arts class being worth it.” Cameron had meant what she said about fighting Mettaton. She signed up online for some type of fighting class a while after they returned from the bar. You laughed at her annoyance with the robot.

“I don’t know man, I kind of see the appeal. I mean I would kill for thighs like that.” Mettaton’s legs really did look great in that spandex material. Cameron scoffed.

Yeah well we can’t all be all wired up for romancing every single monster we find attractive, now can we?” She smirked as she told the pun and you immediately groaned.

“Oh my gosh I fuckin’ hate yo-“ A knock resounded at the door. You sat up from her lap. “I got it. You keep getting angry at Mettaton, I’ll be right back.” You stood to answer the door, stretching as you walked. Behind it was none other than Papyrus!

“Oh hey dude! What’s up?” You smiled at the skeleton and hugged him. He hugged back stiffly with one arm before pulling away. You looked up at him curiously, what kind of a hug was that? You were used to the life being squeezed out of you, or at the very least safe feeling hug.

“AH HELLO!” He shoved a bouquet of roses into your chest and looked down at you with a confident smile. Papyrus was so glad that his brother had given him some tips on how to properly ask someone out on a date! Step one! Give them something that they like! Step two! „DID YOU SIT IN SUGAR? BECAUSE YOU HAVE QUITE THE, AH, ” He seemed to have a bit of a memory lapse about the last bit. “SACCHARINE BOTTOM!” The skeleton smiled proudly upon remembering. Use that exact pickup line as a hook! According to Sans, that pick up line was excellent for humans who loved sweets, and he knew that you loved candy!
Last but certainly not least, step three was…! Well, Papyrus didn’t feel comfortable doing that step. He wasn’t sure how a pun about hot dogs that alluded to genitals would seduce anyone. But if it worked on someone as refined on the former queen, then the joke was good enough for you too!

“S-SORRY ABOUT THIS PART.” He whispered to you then cleared his throat. “WHY DID THE SKELETON BUY A HOT DOG?” He looked expectantly at you while you held the flowers and whispered. “ASK WHY. THIS WILL GO QUICKER.”

You snickered and responded. “Alright then, why?”

The skeleton took a deep breath. “BECAUSE HE WANTED A WEINER.” Oh god, that sounded awful when Sans said it, it sounded absolutely dreadful when he said it. Papyrus was about to apologize when he heard you giggle. It had worked?? His brother was a genius!! It was no wonder the former queen had the hots for his brother! Now, at last, it was time for the final step!

“AH, NOW THAT ALL OF THAT IS OUT OF THE WAY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO ACCOMPANY ME TO A FANCY RESTAURANT THIS FRIDAY?”

You looked up at him confusedly. “What, like a date?”

You didn’t really get asked on dates. Ever. You were a little skeptical that someone as good as Papyrus would actually want to date you. You figured this would go as your crushes usually did and you’d suppress your feelings long enough for it to go away. Papyrus however laughed and nodded.

“PRECISELY LIKE A DATE! SO IS THAT A YES?”

The look of surprise on your face was painfully obvious, but it soon melted into a big grin. Oh, Papyrus loved that smile.

“Yeah, man, totally! I’d—” you looked down at the flowers in your arms, “I’d like that.”

The skeleton couldn’t hide the joy he felt. He picked you up into a crushing hug. “OH THANK YOU! I’LL MEET YOU HERE AT SIX THEN? TOMORROW!” You nodded as he released you from his grip. He walked back into his apartment and shut the door, leaving you dazed in the hallway. You walked back to the couch and sat, silent with disbelief. Cameron was laughing herself to death on the couch, she heard the entire thing.

“Oh, Ooohh man!” She snickered. “I can’t believe he fuckin’ said that wiener thing that was gold!” She laid a hand on your shoulder. “So you finally are gonna get with the skel, huh?”

You leaned back on the couch and sighed, running your fingers through your hair. You were smiling bigger than you ever had before.

“Yeah, I guess I am. Or at least I’m starting to.” You looked to your friend and shared a knowing look.

“Well,” Cameron crossed her arms and looked seriously at you. “If you decide to uh, bone each other. Please, for the love of all things good, do not do it in our room. Go over to his apartment.”

Now it was your turn to laugh hysterically. You could barely speak between your giggles.

“Ew man! That’s gross! You sleep there!” You two shared a couple more laughs and watched another hour of Mettaton’s movie before you decided to turn in early. You had a big night
tomorrow after all.

Sure enough, you woke up bright and early the next morning and you were more than eager to get this day over with. At least until six o’clock! You took your time picking out clothes and cooking a big Friday breakfast. Before you left you gave Cameron a hug, she returned it tightly and wished you good luck with a wink.

Classes were hard to slog through this Friday. It was like the professors would drone on and on. It was enough to make you pull your hair out! Your notes were a little more than lackluster, a few lines of work then scribbles and doodles. Anything to make the time pass faster. Soon, finally, you stepped into your room at three in the afternoon. Just three more hours until the big date, to say that you were excited was an understatement. The hour finally arrived after watching an agonizingly boring movie. You adjusted your dress, it had taken you an hour just to find it in your closet. It was a floor length, sleeveless, form-fitting dress with a long slit up one side. Showing off your sweet legs wouldn’t hurt anyone, right? The dress was a solid dark red and you wore Cameron’s black varsity jacket on top to balance out the fanciness of the dress.

Cameron had said that she was honored that the beauty of her jacket was going to have a key role in getting you laid. You threw one of your socks at her and put on your heels.

A knock sounded on your door and you rushed to answer it. Papyrus stood at your doorway in a very nice suit. His tie was red, probably a stand-in for his ever-present scarf. Standing next to Papyrus was Sans, wearing a t-shirt with a suit printed on it along with his usual jacket. He stared at you for a moment, you snickered a moment at his expression. His mandible was practically on the floor, and you had no idea his eye sockets could widen so much. You shuffled nervously.

“If the outfit looks like shit, I can change into something else dude.” You laughed a little as he snapped himself out of his trance. His cheekbones were tinged an interesting pink.

“Oh please don’t! I mean, ah,” He cleared his throat and held out his hand. “You look lovely. Shall we go?” Before you could hold his hand Sans stepped between you two and chuckled.

“Alright kiddos, hands to yourselves until after i split.” He grabbed your wrist and held Papyrus’s hand. “You’ll be taking the sans express for this little date. Hold on tight.” He teleported the two to a tall building, it had a large neon sign in the front. Merbull’s. How had Papyrus managed to get a reservation at this place? Sans released you two and grinned. “See you two later and, uh, if things get a little saucy during your date. Don’t ask me to teleport you back.” With that, the smaller skeleton left you two to your own devices.

Papyrus had that blush on his face. How dare his brother insinuate that he would get intimate during his first date! Not that that wouldn’t be pleasant or very far from what he wanted to happen. But he was a skeleton with standards and unless you were being absolutely seductive or it was a life or death situation, he refused to skip over those crucial dating steps before the sex! He held your hand and grinned, walking into the building.

The inside was just as grandiose as the outside. A waiter saw them and escorted them to their seats. Apparently, Asgore had personally reserved a special table for them. Papyrus thanked Toriel in his thoughts and vowed to make her some spaghetti as a gift. Soon they were in their seats; you couldn’t help but let out a tiny gasp. You two were outside in a makeshift rooftop dining section. Despite the autumn breeze, it was impossibly warm because there were torches lit with fire magic. Your solitary table had a perfect view of the big city. You looked to your date, he was awestruck too.
You walked to the table and sat, Papyrus snapped out of his gaze and followed you.

“WOWIE! I HAD NO IDEA WE WOULD GET SUCH NICE SEATS!” He really really had to thank Miss Toriel for all this!

You nodded your head and gazed out at the city, it was absolutely stunning. Papyrus ordered a large plate of spaghetti from the waiter, of course. You ordered the chicken parmesan. The waiter wrote your orders down and left, leaving the couple with only glasses of water, breadsticks, and each other. You spoke first after a few moments of silence.

“It's super beautiful up here Paps, like seriously.”

Papyrus could care less about the view, he was gazing at your face and how it looked so lovely in the torchlight. Not hearing a response, you turned and looked at him quizzically. The skeleton realized he was staring and spluttered a quick response.

“YES THE VIEW IS QUITE STUNNING! I HAD NO IDEA HOW BEAUTIFUL YO- THE CITY… WAS.”

You smiled and sighed, he really was easily distracted. You wondered what had caught his attention. Oh well, he’d tell you later for sure. For now, there was something you wanted to know.

“So, what made you wanna go on a date all of a sudden?”

You saw the skeleton tense up ever so lightly. He looked down at the tablecloth and you couldn’t help but giggle, oh that was too precious. He was like a teenager on his first real date.

“Well, ah, I just,” He was sweating and his smile looked tight. “AFTER SPENDING SO MUCH TIME WITH YOU STUDYING, I WANTED TO REPAY YOU FOR HELPING ME.”

Papyrus slapped himself in his thoughts. He wanted to tell you that he kind of liked you. He wanted to say that he thought about you all the time. Oh stars, he wanted to tell you about his spaghetti fantasies that involved you. But he didn’t know how to breach that topic! He had pored through every dating help manual, guide, and blog he could find!

You nodded and agreed with him, though not quite believing that was the only reason. You two talked about the view of the city and your lives at home and everything in between as you waited for your food. Soon the waiter had arrived as you two were comfortably seated in a conversation. You were laughing as Papyrus gazed at your happy face. The waiter set down your plates and left once again.

You two ate in silence for about a minute, both of you were too hungry to continue the conversation while eating. After that, you giggled and asked the skeleton something else that was burning in your mind.

“What was with those jokes dude? When you were asking me to go on the date? Why the puns?”

Papyrus sighed exasperatedly. “SANS TOLD ME TO DO EXACTLY WHAT HE DID TO ASK TORIEL OUT ON A DATE. IT WORKED SO I GUESS HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT HIS METHODS.” He smiled and ate a bite of the spaghetti. It was really rather delicious, but he refrained from offering any to you. He didn’t need that image right in front of him, his body just wasn’t ready to handle that.

Soon you two had started up another conversation stemming from the topic of his brother. Papyrus told you all about the underground and all of his misadventures. It all sounded very fun but very lonely. You were glad to be there for him now. Soon you two were out of food to eat and water to
drink, so you decided to stand near the balcony. Papyrus walked and stood next to you, daring to be close enough to touch shoulders.

He wanted to scream how lovely you were to him. How many nights he would lay awake thinking about your touches and smiles and your laugh. But the words were lodged in his mouth. He couldn’t bring himself to tell you for fear of how you would react. He was the Great Papyrus dammit all! He would push past this fear! He would push past this! He looked at you and blushed.

“I THINK YOU’RE REALLY BEAUTIFUL, YOU KNOW.” You stared at him with wide eyes. Where did that sweet sentiment come from? Not that you were complaining! But, it was a little off topic. Well, topics could change, especially for the sake of your romance!

“Aw, thanks. You really mean that?” You grinned bashfully at him.

He laughed. “NYEH HEH HEH! OF COURSE! EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU IS JUST SO STUNNING!” He covered his mouth. Oops. He hadn’t meant to say that at all.

You couldn’t wipe the smile from your face. You responded in a soft tone. “Really?”

Papyrus nodded and looked to the cityscape. “I REALLY DO FIND YOU VERY… A-ATTRACTION. NOT JUST YOUR PHYSICAL FEATURES, BUT YOUR PERSONALITY TOO.” He gazed at you with such a tender expression, you could feel your heart melting. How had he inched so close to your face? He was just as close as you two were when you studied and you were labeling his face. “YOU’VE GOT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SOUL I’VE EVER SEEN. YOU’RE SO KIND TO EVERY MONSTER YOU MEET, FOR THE SAKE OF FRIENDSHIP. I FIND THAT ADMIRABLE, AND ADORABLE.”

You sighed, well if he was coming clean, you had to lay all your cards on the table too!

“I-I,” You looked into his eye sockets, almost wishing his face were even closer. “I think you’re pretty attractive too, Paps. And real sweet too.” You looked away from him, but couldn’t bear to take your face away from his. “I, uh, I really like you. Like a lot.” What were you, four? You cringed inwardly at your words, hoping not to have scared him away.

Papyrus was stunned. You had feelings for him? Never in a million years would he have guessed that! You were so good at hiding your emotions! And here he was just laying it all on the line! His soul was pulsing like mad now, he had to get this under control before it popped out of his ribcage. He slid his bony hand into your hand smiled. He loved how close your face was to his.

“Well if you like me a lot, and I like you a lot, maybe there’s something we can both do to solve this puzzle, hm?” Suddenly, Papyrus had a brilliant idea. He was going to try something that he saw in a human movie once! He tilted your chin up slightly with his free hand and pressed his teeth to your lips. A kiss! He made a loud ‘MWAH’ sound as he pulled away.

“DID I DO THAT RIGHT? I DON’T HAVE LIPS, BUT I WANTED TO TRY IT.” He looked down sheepishly. “SORRY IF THAT WAS UNPLEASANT FOR YOU.”

If you were absolutely smitten before, who knew how you felt now. The sensation itself was odd, you hadn’t been kissed very often in your life, to begin with. Now, in a sudden change of events, you were squishing your lips against teeth. But it wasn’t that that made your heart flutter. It was the intention. He kissed you. You could feel your floodgates breaking. Oh you wanted to kiss him again. So you did. You pulled his face back into yours and pressed your lips to his smile.
Papyrus didn’t know that you would be so receptive to his gentlemanly smooches! His eyes were comically bulging out of his skull as you kissed his smile. He couldn’t help himself as he ever so gently slid his arms around your waist and gave a little more into the kiss. He felt your tongue against his teeth and froze. *Whatever that was needed to touch him more right away.* It certainly was different and he certainly wanted more of it. Out of curiosity, he conjured one for himself and did the same as you did. It was no simple task while distracted, but the results were worth it by far. Needless to say, you two started kissing very heavily, *very quickly.*

Papyrus wasn’t sure that he could keep his oath of not canoodling on the first date with you.

Chapter End Notes

Aw, you and Paps really like each other huh?

So I'm a little stumped on what I want to happen next, so I'll ask you guys to help. Should the reader wait to get into Pap's pants? Or should you guys just go in for the kill and the next chapter is a naughty times chapter?

Comment what you wanna see please <3, I'm kind of indecisive.
You two stayed entangled with each other for a few more moment before you parted mouths. You stared at each other and he looked away bashfully with that insanely cute blush on his face. He was the first to speak after a few seconds of staring.

“AH, W-WOWIE.” He had the dreamiest expression on his face, like he was going to swoon at any second. “WE,” There were stars in his eyes and he was smiling the widest you’d ever seen. “WE KISSED!! NYEH HEH HEH!” He hugged you and spun around.

You wrapped your arms around his cervical vertebrae as he spun you and laughed nervously. He put you down gently.

“Hey man I’d be careful with the spinning, I don’t wanna throw up on your cute suit.” You giggled and leaned against his chest, playing with the notches on his vertebrae.

“THANK YOU! BUT WORRY NOT FOR MY SUIT! YOU ARE FAR MORE CUTE AND,” He jolted and shivered a little as you played with his neck bones, “AND IMPORTANT. EVEN IF YOU VOMIT ON ME.”

The skeleton blushed as he stuttered his response, not just because you had called his handsome suit cute, but also because you were tickling his spine in that oh so delicate way that you could. He had the opportunity to finally bed you. Oh he wanted to. He felt his magic pooling in that special spot and his soul was quivering his his ribcage. Oh he needed you. But it was against his morals!

This was only your first date! Here he was thinking like a savage ready to ravage and claim you like some sort of rabid caveman!

You looked at his face, it was twisted into an almost pained expression. He was still blushing, if not more so than before, and he seemed deep in thought.

“Hey, uh, Pap-“

“PLEASE LET ME PLEASURE YOUR WONDERFULLY FLESHY BODY.”
You looked up at him and your eyes widened quite a bit.

“Um, what?”

Now he’d gone and done it! You were obviously confused and extremely aroused by his statement! Papyrus cursed his silver tongue and irresistible charms in his mind.

“It’S JUST THAT YOU,” Now how could he clarify his intentions to you? “YOU MAKE ME, AH,” He pulled your waist onto his. You glanced down and saw there was a faint glow at the crotch of his pants. He leaned and whispered into your ear. “AL DENTE.”

You had to admit, despite how hilarious his statement was, that was kind of hot. Were you willing to go all out the first night together? Eh, not really. But you surely didn’t want to just do nothing! You chuckled and patted his dust pink tinted zygomatic.

“Alright then, let’s go do some “studying” together. But uh, nothing too involved.” You held his hand and looked away embarrassedly. “Gotta leave something to be excited about for later, right?”

Papyrus gazed at you and pressed his smile against your cheek.

“MWAH! DON’T WORRY! I PROMISE TO MAKE THIS A NIGHT TO REMEMBER.” He laughed and you two walked to the street to hail a cab. After several tries, one stopped for you two. You were happy you had brought Cameron’s jacket, it was damn freezing without that fire magic! After more than excessive kissing in the cab and one uncomfortable driver wishing you two well, you were finally at his apartment.

“Uh, Cameron doesn’t want any of,” She glanced at the strong glow in his pants then back up to his eye sockets. “that, in our room. We gotta do this in yours.”

Papyrus was more than happy to oblige, swinging open his apartment door in a flourish. He leaned inside, checking for Sans. His grin spread wider when he saw his brother sleeping on the couch with MTTV playing loudly. Jackpot. He looked back to you with an almost mischievous gleam in his eye sockets. The skeleton gestured you into the apartment and closed the door behind you, then pulled you into a hungry kiss. He pulled away and flashed a manic grin then joined with his thumb to his brother.

You saw he was snoring and shared the grin with Papyrus. Oh tonight was going to be interesting. You two walked to his room and shut the door, giggling like teenagers spray painting a building. He sat on his race car bed, pulled you into his lap, and gave you a big hug.

There was no mistaking the orange glow in his pants now. You reached down and poked it. Well, al dente wasn’t too off the mark.

“Jeez dude, you like kissing that much?”

He shook his head and sighed happily, relishing in the pressure on his pelvis.

“I DO LIKE KISSING YOU. EVEN WITHOUT LIPS! BUT, THE CAUSE OF MY AROUSED STATE IS MOSTLY UM, NOT KISSING.” He held your hands and gently pressed them against his teeth. “IT’S WHEN YOU TOUCH MY BONES WITH YOUR SEDUCTIVELY SOFT HANDS.”

That was what turned him on? Weird. Wait… That meant, when you were studying… Oh shit. You touched all over his pelvis! You groped him every day for like a week! And he liked it!
Well that explained why he left in such a hurry on that last day. You dragged your fingertips down his mandible to his chin.

“What? These hands? There’s no way,” you smirked and undid his tie, “these hands,” you removed his suit jacket and unbuttoned the top half of his shirt, “could have done all of that.” You barely scratched his clavicle and he yelped.

“OH DO THAT AGAIN PLEASE!”

If he was this responsive to a scratch this was going to be a short escapade. You pressed a finger to his teeth.

“Shush, not so loud and passionate, okay? Cameron wouldn’t appreciate a play by play of what I’m doing.” You smirked thinking of what she had heard already. Revenge for all those years of shitty puns!

You dragged your finger lazily down his sternum and smiled. His eye sockets were wide, trying to stifle his lusty exclamations. You slipped a hand into his ribcage and dragged your hands along his ribs, he was silent until you reached his floating ribs at the very bottom. He let out a low moan and covered his mouth.

Oh? He liked that a lot.

You ran your hands all over those lowermost ribs, relishing in his stifled keening. You felt kind of bad for the skeleton, he really went through this every day for a week then went back to his apartment all alone. You removed his hand from his mouth kissed all over his blushing face, you left lipstick marks in your wake.

“Sorry man. You shouldn’t have kept it all to yourself that you were into this, I feel kinda bad for doing this to you like every day.”

He smiled up at you and held your cheeks in his hand.

“DON’T WORRY ABOUT IT! I-I REALLY DID LIKE IT, AND I LOVED STUDYING WITH YOU!”

Aww, that was too cute! This precious skeleton was going to be the death of you. You gave his forehead one last kiss before whispering to him.

“Well thanks for being so dedicated, Paps. I think you deserve a reward, yeah?”

Papyrus was about to politely decline his reward, but his words were lodged in his throat and replaced with a groan. You began to press down and gently rub his glowing bulge through his pants. With your other hand you removed the rest of his shirt and tossed it onto the floor. Papyrus frowned at that.

“HEY! JUST BECAUSE WE ARE BEING INTIMATE DOESN’T MEAN I DON’T STILL WANT MY ROOM TIDY!” He pouted until you began playing with his lumbar vertebrae. After that he was doing more whimpering than complaining about his shirt. You fist ed the spinal column and began stroking it, Papyrus nearly became undone at that. He grabbed your hand with a shaky arm and you immediately stopped.

“Something wrong? Was that a bad spot?”

He shook his head and stroked your cheek with his hand.

“NOT AT ALL, BUT I CAN’T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT I’VE BEEN RECEIVING ALL THE TREATMENT. FRIENDSHIP IS A TWO WAY STREET, YOU KNOW! NYEH HEH HEH!” He lifted you from his femurs and placed you on the bed next to him. “I REALLY DO LOVE THIS
DRESS YOU WORE, BY THE WAY.” He leaned close to your ear and barely nipped it with his teeth. “BUT THAT’S ONE ARTICLE OF CLOTHING I WOULDN’T MIND BEING ON MY FLOOR.”

You certainly didn’t have to be told twice, you removed Cameron’s jacket, the dress, and heels, and quickly tossed them aside. You were left in your damp underwear and the skeleton couldn’t have been more pleased. He gently pulled you so you were sitting on the edge of his bed and took a step back. You certainly could tell when someone was sizing you up, and instinctively curled your knees towards your torso just a bit.

“WOWIE, YOU’RE EVEN MORE LOVELY WITHOUT THE CLOTHES…” He sounded like he was talking to himself more than he was talking to you. You smiled at that, the skeleton couldn’t even keep his thoughts in his head at this point. He conjured that delicious orange tongue and held you tightly against his frame. “YOU WON’T MIND THIS, WILL YOU?”

You reverently shook your head, eager to see what he was about to do. The skeleton began to lick and bite and caress all over your skin. He grazed his teeth down your neck and chest, stopping for a moment to play with your nipples. They were harder than usual and that fascinated Papyrus to no end. He continued his trek down your body, stopping at your underwear. He looked up at you for a go-ahead. Despite your hazy thoughts from his ministrations, you gave him a shaky smile and a thumbs up.

Papyrus slid your underwear down and examined it. He poked at the clear liquid and licked it languidly with his excessively long tongue.

“INTERESTING, VERY INTERESTING.” He flashed you that mischievous smile again. “I’M SORRY, NEIGHBOR, BUT I MUST STUDY YOU! BETWEEN THOSE LUSCIOUS LEGS OF YOURS IS QUITE THE GOLDMINE OF DELICIOUSNESS!” You snickered at him, if this was his attempt at roleplaying, you might have to pass on it next time, if there was a next time.

Before you could respond he had nestled his skull between your thighs and was looking up at you with the cutest smile.

“MAY I DO IT?” You nodded and he immediately dragged his tongue across your dripping cunt. You threw your head back and made a noise between a laugh and a moan. Holy shit he knew exactly what he was doing. You bit your lower lip as he kept up those long licking motions, pausing only to look up at you or briefly bury his tongue deeper inside of you. You tapped his skull to try to get his attention and he looked up at you, his teeth more than a little shiny from his deeds.

“H-Hey Paps, try messing around with that, uh, button, right above where you’ve got your tongue.” You watched as he searched intently for a button on your crotch, you were about to tell him where it was until you felt a bolt of something course though you. You gripped his skull tightly and moaned, “Oh my god, Paps!”

He grinned.

“WAS THAT THE FLESH BUTTON?” He assumed it was by your reaction and began pressing it with his hand while vigorously licking around your wet pussy. Needless to stay with all of that stimulation, you didn’t last long. You were rolling your hips onto his face as much as you could, desperately clutching his skull like a lifeline. Papyrus’s name was the only one in your vocabulary at this point, your voice hitched and you couldn’t stop whatever noises were coming out of you. You came like a fucking geyser, you didn’t even know you could squirt, but there it was. All over
Papyrus’s face. You didn’t even have time to warn him before your eyes were rolling and your body was quaking like nobody’s business. You laid back on his bed to catch your breath, and he laid next to you, grinning like mad.

“HEY.”

You looked back at him with a lazy sort of smile, “Heya, hot stuff.”

“DID I DO WELL? I DIDN’T KNOW HUMANS EXCRETED SO MUCH OF… THAT STUFF.”

You chuckled and rolled onto your side to face him.

“Neither did I, Paps. You were pretty good.”

He was glowing at the praise and gave you a wet kiss on the cheek.

“THANK YOU!”

You reached towards his pants and yanked them from his hips. There was a glowing stain on the front of his pants and sure enough, it was like his magic cock was pulsating. You made a mental note to ask about the dick thing later as you kissed his smile and scooted closer to him.

“You want me to help you with this hard noodle, Master Chef?”

If Papyrus could come just from hearing a sentence, surely that was it. His dick throbbed and leaked; he nodded vigorously. Oh how he had waited for this moment.

You had never given a hand job, first and foremost. But if you learned anything from high school, it was that stroking a dick was basically like putting lotion on your legs, or so you had heard. So that’s what you did. You grabbed his length tightly and began stroking, applying as much pressure as possible in your hand. Papyrus was practically melting, you didn’t even notice that he had grabbed a pillow and was pressing it to his face. His hips were going absolutely berserk with their thrusting. You could hear him getting louder and louder, despite the pillow, so you stopped. He whined at the loss of your touch and removed the pillow from his face to look at you.

“COULD YOU FINISH THAT PLEA- AH FUCK!!!” You gave one long lick up his shaft and his spine arched. You chuckled a bit at the sound of him cursing, it was a rarity. He came hard onto himself, his cum dripped onto his lower spine and ribs. He couldn’t care less about that though, despite the fact that he usually abhorred the sensation. He rolled over and gave you a big sloppy kiss.

“THAT WAS AMAZING.” He pulled you into a tight embrace and you were more than happy to wrap your arms around him.

“Thanks, man.” You rested your head against his sternum. “So are we like a thing now or?”

Papyrus hummed and pondered. Did he want to be an item with you? Yes, he did. But he wanted to be sure, even if he felt so irrevocably sure already.

“MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE ANOTHER DATE AND SEE.” He chuckled and nuzzled your cheek with his smile. “MAYBE EVEN ANOTHER FEW DATES, YES?”

You nodded and felt your eyelids drooping. Oh fuck if you weren’t in bed by the time Cameron woke up, she’d know what, or rather who, you did. Oh well. You yawned and gave a sleepy kiss to your skeleton friend. If this was how your first date went, you were very excited for the next ones.
There we go! You guys and Paps are so cute together
How'd I do guys? ;)))

I've uh, also made a tumblr!

http://jonesybonesey.tumblr.com/
You wake up next to Papyrus and share a sweet little moment together, then your life proceeds as usual. You make some human-y friends in your calculus class and start studying with them after classes. Papyrus does not appreciate this and Sans is a shitlord.

The next morning you woke up at your usual time, but in a place quite different. Your eyes were adjusted to the darkness of the morning and you could see the figure of someone who was not your roommate in front of you. You tried to reach for your phone to check the time, but found that you couldn’t move. You briefly panicked then your memories from the night before stood out glaringly in your mind. You and Papyrus had…

Oh yeah…

And you were still there, in his bed, wrapped in his arms against his bare ribcage. You could faintly see something glowing inside? Oh well, that would be something to ask about later, along with the magical penis thing. You looked up at the skeleton and felt a warm smile spread across your face. Even while sleeping he was so adorable with that serene little grin! You pressed your lips against his smile and sighed. You thought back to your date with Papyrus and how everything could have possibly gone so right.

You two had been very frustrated with each other, apparently! He was so desperate to have you on that date, it was a little surreal, more like a dream sequence than something plausible. You couldn’t judge his actions though, you were pretty desperate for him too. He was just so good, better than most humans anyway, personality wise! You had never met anyone so sweet or accepting or thoughtful! You hoped you hadn’t rushed things by taking his offer to spend the night. You didn’t exactly remember getting a solid answer about whether you two were exclusive or not. Oh well, whatever he chose you would be more than okay with. You absently traced your fingers around his ribcage and watched as he somehow breathed.

His every movement was just so interesting from a clinical point of view! You had quite a few burning questions for him, like the breathing thing, the eating and where the hell the food he ate went, and how he closed his eye sockets.

Soon orange light filtered in through his bedroom window and Papyrus blearily awoke. He felt warm squishiness on his chest and smiled. You were still there, playing with his ribs and laying
peacefully. He kissed your forehead and smiled, your nude body looked amazing under his covers and in his arms.

“GOOD MORNING.” He tightened his embrace and pulled you closer to him. “DID YOU SLEEP WELL?”

You nodded and smiled. “Yeah, I did. You really tired me out last night, Paps.”

He blushed and chuckled. “I’M GLAD I DID ALRIGHT, NOT THAT THE GREAT PAPYRUS COULDN’T PLEASURE ANYONE EXCELLENTLY!” He ran one of his hands through your hair, whispering in your ear. “YOU TASTE ODD BY THE WAY, BUT ODD IN A PLEASANT WAY.”

You spluttered and giggled. “Well thanks!” You kissed his sternum, “You’re really loud when you cum.”

He laughed embarrassedly at that. “I-I’VE BEEN TOLD AS MUCH.” He sat up and smiled at you. “WE SHOULD, AH, GET DRESSED.” He stared at your chest and gently wrapped his blanket around you. “I’LL COOK SOME BREAKFAST FOR US.”

You stood and stretched, Papyrus couldn’t help but admire you from behind and smile. He loved how soft and continuous your body was. It was like an endless blanket. “Can I cook with you, or at least be around you while you cook? I don’t think uh, Sans…” You didn’t have to finish your thought, Papyrus understood perfectly and nodded.

“OF COURSE! I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE A LITTLE HELP COOKING THIS MORNING!” He hugged you then looked to your discarded clothes. “YOU CAN WEAR SOME OF MY OUTFITS, FOR NOW.”

You nodded graciously at Papyrus as he grabbed a crop top and booty shorts from his closet. Why did he own those? Another burning question to add to the pile. Papyrus watched you dress with rapt attention. You looked absolutely lovely in his clothes, he had the fleeting thought to let you keep more of his shorts at the very least.

After dressing you followed Papyrus into his kitchen and prepared a batch of breakfast spaghetti, which was just average spaghetti. You bustled around the kitchen, both of you stealing fleeting glances at each other while trying to stand as close a physically possible. You were like a couple of grade schoolers with crushes, it was almost pitiful. Papyrus carefully simmered his tomato sauce in a skillet and you stepped in behind him.

“Can I taste some?”

The skeleton chuckled. “GO RIGHT AHEAD.”

You dipped one of your fingers into the warm sauce and sucked it clean. That shit was good, as per usual. Papyrus nervously watched you suck on your finger. Oh, he wanted those lips. Was he allowed to do that? He had licked all over you last night, surely he was entitled to a kiss or two now and again! Even if they weren’t sure of being a couple yet! He grinned mischievously.

“I’M GLAD YOU LIKE MY EXPERTLY CRAFTED SAUCE. YOU WOULDN’T MIND IF I HAD A TASTE, WOULD YOU?”

You shook your head and chuckled. “It’s your sauce, Paps. You get to make the tasting rul-!” He interrupted you with a deep kiss that you more than happily melted into. You looped your arms around his neck bones and leaned closer to him. You appreciated the fact that he hunched down to
kiss you, he really was quite tall. Your chaste kisses had soon evolved into heavy smooching
territory, Papyrus had you locked in his arms as you two lost yourselves in each other. The sound
of someone clearing their throat broke you two from your little make out session.

“look guys. i’m happy you, uh, you went on your date. but please try to keep it down next time. i
don’t mean to cum off as rude, but i need sleep to live, ya know?”

Papyrus screeched indignantly. “SANS! DON’T TELL ANY PUNS ABOUT… THAT.” You felt
your soul shattering embarrassment melt away a little. Papyrus couldn’t even mention last night
without blushing, he was really too much for you sometimes. You were about to retort with
something super clever when you did a little double take at Sans’s expression. Fuck he was mad at
you. He must’ve heard far more than he ever wanted to, he looked tired and upset. Or at least more
tired and upset than when he was usually around you. He scooped some spaghetti and sauce onto a
plate, walking right past you and Papyrus. He muttered.

“Dirty brother fucker…” He was just loud enough that you could hear him. You glanced at
Papyrus, he apparently didn’t hear it. Oh well. You could feel Sans glaring holes into your back,
how he did that with no pupils you’d never know. You knew it was your cue to leave though. You
kissed Papyrus’s smile one last time before whispering to him.

“Hey, I think Sans may have, uh, heard us. I should probably go. He seems mad.” You both shared
an apologetic smile and hugged each other.

“I’LL SEE YOU LATER?” You nodded and kissed his zygomatic before leaving his apartment
and going back to yours next door. You entered your home and sighed as you closed the door
behind you. You did it!!! You resisted the urge to squeal and jump around, Cameron was still
asleep after all! When she woke you were sure to tell her about your date and how sweet Papyrus
was and definitely that you had "boned" him.

The rest of your weekend flew by and sure enough it was Monday again. There was an assignment
in your calculus class that you were working on that day, other classmates of yours were also
having trouble with it, so you had all agreed to meet at the library and work on it together. Your
classmates were a lot more amiable than you thought originally, soon you all were laughing and
sharing stories as though this was a social get together than an academic one. You were out until
about six in the evening then Papyrus texted you.

> Are you alright? I visited your apartment and you weren’t there!

You smiled at his worrying and responded.

> i’m fine paps, just doing some studying with some cool bros !!

You took a picture with a guy sitting next to you, you both made stupid faces and laughed at the
results. You sent the picture to Papyrus.

> this is peter, he’s in my calculus class he’s pretty chill

Papyrus gasped in horror at each response. New people to study with? Calculus?! Peter?? This
wouldn’t do at all. He didn’t know who this ‘chilled’ Peter human was, or who any of those other
people in the background of your picture were, but he knew that he felt odd. There was a stirring in
his chest, a bad one. He should be the one taking quirky yet adorable pictures with you and he
should be the one studying with you! He didn’t like that gaze that ‘Peter’ character was giving you
either. He felt his chest tighten nervously, he ran and knocked wildly on his brother’s bedroom
door. Sans, who was napping, answered the door exasperatedly.
“hey bro, what’s up?” He inquired with a lazy grin. Papyrus frantically explained his situation and begged Sans for help. Sans smirked. So his brother was a little jealous? Since it seemed like you and Papyrus were going to be intimate for a while he decided he should have a little fun too.

“I’d be more than happy to help you out, paps. that’s what brothers are for, right?” He had a mischievous grin on his face. This should teach you not to mess with his brother’s emotions.

The next day you studied with the same group of people after classes, but you were surprised to see Papyrus there as well. He beamed when he saw you walk in and strode over to hug you! Before he could, however, that Peter swooped in and stole your attention. Papyrus wished he could truly frown in that moment. He felt that pang of emotion that had swept over him the day before. He had to show this human exactly who your affections belonged to!

Papyrus strode over to your group and sat next to you at a table. Some of the members had gone silent, the only monster they knew was Sans who was also in their Calculus class. Papyrus wrapped an arm around your waist and smiled. The group members were aghast with surprise. You were happy that Papyrus liked you enough to join you, but now was not the time or place for public displays of affection.

“I’VE DECIDED TO JOIN YOU IN STUDYING, DARLING.” He looked pointedly at Peter when he said that.

You were shocked, to say the least. Darling? You thought he wanted to wait and have a few more dates before you became official! Now he was acting so… exclusive. It was flattering honestly. Just one night had changed his mind, or so you thought. You laughed nervously and introduced him to your study group.

“Oh, yeah. This is Papyrus, guys! Papyrus, this is my study group. Where we study.” You looked at him and hoped he got the hint, you couldn’t tell though. He had no eyes or facial muscles to indicate anything, "OF COURSE. I AM OBVIOUSLY HERE TO STUDY WITH MY SWEETHEART.” He held your hand and you froze. Sure, these guys were mostly pretty cool with Sans in class, but how the hell were they going to react to a monster-human relationship? You were a little afraid to find out. Wait.

Was Papyrus even in Calculus?

Oh well, with the way he was inching closer to you and the group was slowly phasing into quiet, mutter-y studying away from you, you figured not much help would be granted to you this time around. That was at least until Peter sat in the seat next to yours and smiled. He had an odd look in his eye. You two started discussing a problem, your attention slowly drifting from Papyrus to learning. You leaned closer to the book to squint at a problem, and therefore closer to Peter. Papyrus noticed this and felt that pang in his soul get a little stronger. He would not stand for this blatant study-flirting with his human. He moved his hand to your ass and started discreetly groping. At any other time, you would have more than happily accepted what was going on between you and the skeleton. But right now your face was getting redder by the minute and Papyrus showed no signs of stopping. You looked back at him pleadingly, he just grinned innocently back at you.

This motherfucker was groping you on purpose.

You had to admit, that was hot. You continued with your studying with Peter without much of a hitch, that was at least until you were having trouble solving a problem, You had gotten stuck and
asked Peter for help. Papyrus had accepted this for the most part until Peter's hand had brushed against yours, and he noticed an unmistakable tint in Peter’s face. It was time to squash this human’s infatuation with his human. He tapped your shoulder.

“SUGAR? MIGHT I ASK YOU SOMETHING?”

You turned to answer him happily.

“Yeah what is it, Paps-!” He smashed his teeth against your lips. It honestly hurt a little, but the sweetness of his cute little nickname and how eager he was to keep his hands on you. It outweighed your mortification about the situation and the pain of having bones so quickly pressed against your face.

The kiss was brief, not nearly as long and sensual as what happened days previous. But it was still very nice. Peter was glaring at the textbook. When you asked him what was wrong, he smiled tightly and checked his phone. He had to leave early apparently, something about a break-in into his dorm room. You waved goodbye as he packed his things and left. He turned to apologize for leaving so soon, almost giving you a hug until he saw Papyrus. His one eye was glowing a manic orange. Wisps of magic were curling out of the socket. Peter decided it was best to leave.

You sighed and closed the book. You were getting the hang of this math, despite its difficulty. Now with the lack of a study partner, you had no way of learning anymore. Papyrus was more than happy to keep you company as you two milled around the library, looking at various books. He relished in this opportunity to hang out outside of the apartments. He gazed at your concentrating face as you read and sighed happily.

For him at least, this more than counted as date number two.

Chapter End Notes

Who knew Papyrus was so savage? Not me!
Your study group was kind of rude towards Paps tbh

I hope this satisfied those who wanted a jealous Papyrus thing! It was really fun to write!
I've uh, also made a tumblr!

http://jonesybonesey.tumblr.com/
You and Papyrus sat on the couch in his apartment on a lazy Saturday afternoon. Cameron was out for the day, something about needing to go with Napstablook to get something. Regardless, you didn’t want to be all alone in your apartment, so you visited your almost-boyfriend. He was more than overjoyed to see that he was your first choice for someone to hang out with. And that’s what led you to his apartment. His arm was lazily draped around your waist as you laid in his lap. You two were watching some Mettaton movie, and even though he had told you he saw this movie several times before, Papyrus was enthralled with the movie. He had all but practically forgotten you were there! To you, the movie wasn’t really all that good, maybe Cameron had biased you a bit. Who really knew? He grabbed a handful of popcorn and ate it.

“Hey, Paps?” You played with his carpals, completely disinterested in the movie. He was brought out of his Mettaton induced reverie and looked at you with a smile.

“Yes?”

“When does all that go?”

He looked at you confusedly. “ALL OF WHAT?”

You frowned and lifted his shirt. “Your food, man. You eat it then where does it go?” You looked at him, your eyes burning with curiosity. Papyrus simply laughed and smoothed your hair.

“Oh, I hadn’t noticed.” He flushed a bit. “I guess it’s a habit from being...
AROUND LOTS OF THINGS THAT DO BREATHE. MY BROTHER AND I ARE THE ONLY SKELETON MONSTERS UNDERGROUND, YOU KNOW.”

Oh, they were? How odd. You wondered why that was, and why the hell Sans’s skull was shaped so oddly if he was a supposed skeleton. You deduced that maybe he was just a weirdo. It was kind of cute that Papyrus had developed such a habit simply from being around others who needed to breathe. You sat up and kissed the corner of his smile.

“That’s kind of adorable, Paps. I’ve also been kind of wondering, how do you do that tongue thing and the uh,” you glanced to the side. “The dick thing.”

You felt Papyrus shift. he was uncharacteristically silent. “I, AH, WELL THAT HAS MORE TO DO WITH MY SOUL.” Were monsters religious? You were about to ask when Papyrus continued. “I NORMALLY DON’T HAVE EITHER, AS YOU SAW ON MY BODY WHEN WE WERE STUDYING. BUT SOMETIMES WHEN THE SITUATION ARISES THAT I NEED A… PART, THAT I DON’T HAVE. I CAN CONJURE ONE WITH EMOTION DRIVEN MAGIC FROM MY SOUL.”

You stared at him and laced your fingers with his. “So what the hell’s a soul?”

He chuckled and pressed his teeth against your head. “WELL A SOUL IS WHAT MAKES YOU, WELL, YOU! IT’S RIGHT WHERE YOUR HEART IS!” He pointed to his chest proudly. “WHEN AT A NEUTRAL EMOTIONAL STATE, THE SOUL IS WHITE. OR AT LEAST, A MONSTER’S SOUL IS WHITE. BUT WHEN, AH, STIMULATED, IT CHANGES COLOR! MINE IS ORANGE!”

Your eyes widened at that. So that thing you saw in his chest the morning after the date, that was his soul? It was almost the exact same size as a human heart! And when you saw it it most certainly wasn’t white. But he was asleep, right? Did he feel so strongly towards you that he couldn’t even drive his emotions away in his sleep? You grinned warmly, this skeleton was too sweet for his own good. Papyrus continued his little spiel about souls.

“A MONSTER’S SOUL IS THEIR LIFE SOURCE, IT’S A VERY IMPORTANT THING TO EVER SHOW IT TO SOMEONE ELSE. I-I WOULD MOST ASSUREDLY SHOW MINE TO YOU, BUT,” His blush spread to the majority of his face even thinking of showing you his soul, “BUT I’D RATHER WAIT FOR THAT.”

You absently watched the credits for the Mettaton movie scroll by and processed all he was telling you. Papyrus was growing more and more interesting the more question you asked. If he had a soul, did that mean you had one too? Probably so. You supposed you would cross that bridge when you came to it, considering how flustered he was just talking about it. You had one more thing you wanted to know.

“So are you held together by magic then? Or are some parts of you, like, detachable?”

Papyrus looked positively baffled by your question. “ARE… ARE ANY PARTS OF YOU DETACHABLE??” He looked deeply worried for you for split second. Well you supposed that was a good enough answer. It’s a good thing you hadn’t assumed some of his was detachable and you pulled some limb off, or even his head. Papyrus kissed you and laughed heartily.

“NYEH HEH HEH! WELL, MY HUMAN HAS BEEN QUITE INQUISITIVE TODAY. SURELY YOUR MOUTH IS IN NEED OF SOME SKELETON SMOOCHES? SIMPLY FOR REJUVENATION PURPOSES OF COURSE!” He grinned impishly at you as you two heavily made out with each other. You pulled away and giggled.
“So I had all these questions for you, and you have absolutely none for me? I’m shocked, Papyrus!” You pretended to faint in his lap. Papyrus chuckled and kissed your forehead.

“DO NOT WORRY! THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS WELL VERSED IN KISSING PRINCESSES BACK TO LIFE AND COMING UP WITH QUESTIONS!” He pondered a moment, holding his chin in his hand, and smiled. “OKAY HERE’S ONE. WHAT IS THE POINT OF THOSE THINGS ON YOUR CHEST. YOU KNOW, THOSE LITTLE THINGS THAT STICK OUT WHEN I MESS WITH THEM!”

You chuckled. “They’re uh, called nipples. And they’re for newborn babies to like, drink out of. You’re meant to suck on them.” Papyrus seemed to be upset at that and you giggled. “Sorry man, no lips means none of that for you.” He pouted and huffed at that and you hugged his frame.

“WELL, WHAT I LACK IN LIP-HAVING I CAN MAKE UP FOR ELSEWHERE.” He was still pouting as he kissed your forehead. “CAN I ASK YOU ANOTHER QUESTION?”

You nodded and played with his hand bones a bit more. “Sure, go ahead man.”

“WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO ON ANOTHER DATE TODAY?” He blurted his questions and looked rather hopefully at you. He had been a bit worried to ask you on another date, he had never been on any besides that one with Frisk. And that certainly didn’t count. It was entirely different than his date with you was like! You laughed and patted the top of his skull.

“Of course, Paps! But, uh, are you talking about an average date or a date with some “extra cheese” at the end, like last time? Not that I didn’t love that part! I just, uh, I gotta inform Cameron so she doesn’t get worried when I don’t come home.”

Papyrus flushed at the mention of your excursion with him on that first date. He was honest with himself, that night was a wicked kind of fuel for those lonely nights afterward.

“I SUPPOSE WE COULD HAVE AN AVERAGE DATE, TO SHAKE IT UP A LITTLE!” He knew he was going to be frustrated as hell afterwards, but it would be so worth it to just be able to spend time with you! He hugged you tightly and stood. “WHERE TO, SWEETHEART?”

You wrapped your arms around him and hummed. Well it would be awkward to suggest another food place, or would it? You didn’t really have much dating knowledge, and you were sure that Papyrus wouldn’t mind wherever you chose. He was happy to tag along to anyplace it seemed.

“How about a movie theater?” You smirked for a moment, a dastardly idea forming in your head. “I’ll even let you pick out that new Mettaton movie, I know how much you like those.” You knew there wouldn’t be much movie watching, not if one of that robot’s movies was playing. This was the perfect opportunity for some PDA, and you were gonna snatch it! Movie theaters were always nice and dark, and if you sat at the very back, no one would know or hear! Papyrus seemed absolutely on board with the idea. You stood and held his hand.

“I think I saw a theater nearby that was showing one of Mettaton’s films, it’s a nice place.” You gestured with your hands. “Real big theater rooms.”

The skeleton was ecstatic that you had agreed to his date idea, even going so far as to be willing to watch an MTT movie! He knew monster entertainment was rather different from human entertainment, and that you didn’t much care for Mettaton. But still, out of your love for him, you were willing to watch a movie like that with him! You two left his apartment in a flurry, you walked closely to each other as you made your way to the theater, but you didn’t dare hold hands.
You two had learned from what happened on your university campus what happened when you two wanted to be a little affectionate in public. Quite a few hateful words were occasionally thrown your way, you didn’t even know what they did to Papyrus, but there were certain buildings you two would walk by that he’d ever so slightly tense up around. People gave you two looks as you walked across the sidewalk were nothing new, some scathing, others more directed at Papyrus than you. You glanced up at his face and frowned. His normal smile was more than a little dulled, you didn’t much appreciate that.

“Hey, Paps?”

He looked down to you and gave a small, nervous grin. “YES?”

You barely brushed the back of your hand against his and smiled. “I love you.”

His expression brightened exponentially, and he had that little bounce in his step. He wasn’t so hunched over, trying to blend in by matching the heights of the other humans. He tried his best to speak softly with marginal success. “I LOVE YOU, TOO.” He couldn’t fight the blush on his cheekbones.

With his partially deflated enthusiasm restored, you two quickly made your way to the theater and made it just in time for tickets to a showing in thirty minutes! You bought a bag of popcorn and sat at the back of the theater. It was dumb luck that some other couple hadn’t already had the same idea as you. Once in your seats, Papyrus reached over and laced his bony hand with yours. You sighed and grinned, shoveling popcorn into your mouth. You leaned over and whispered to him, it was time to lay your idea on him.

“So Paps, movie theaters get pretty dark, yeah? What would you say if I just so happened to want to kiss you during the movie? Or if maybe my hands got a little bored just eating popcorn?”

You didn’t think it was possible for a skeleton to be so expressive, but here he was. His eye sockets had widened and his jaw was hanging wide open, his face was entirely covered with that adorable flush of his.

“Well I WOULDN’T MIND IT. JUST NOTHING TOO, AH, TOO MUCH.” He dragged his fingers down your jaw and turned your face to look at him. “I WOULDN’T WANT TO GET KICKED OUT OF THE THEATER. YOU SAID I WAS LOUD, AFTER ALL.”

You nodded and placed a quick kiss onto his teeth. “Deal.”

A few more people filtered into the theater, none were monsters. Soon, finally, the lights dimmed in the theater and the trailers for other movies began to play. You took the opportunity and leaned against Papyrus’s shoulder. He wrapped his arm around your shoulder and you grinned. It was so rare that you two were able to be so close in public! You focused on the trailers for a moment before growing bored and planting kisses all over the side of Papyrus’s face closest to you. It wasn’t even thirty minutes into the movie before you two were all over each other. His hands were cupping your rear rather tightly and you were all but pulling his skull closer to your face. You paused intermittently, Papyrus really did like this movie, the genre was "Leg Western" apparently, and he wanted you to enjoy it with him! He really just liked the action-y bits, so once those were over, it was back to smooch city, population: you and your cute skeleton friend.

You had the fleeting thought that it was possibly time to graduate him from the “friend” ranking, you were making out with him in a theater after all. You felt a hard squeeze on your ass that broke you from your train of thought. Whoops. You had accidentally started playing with his vertebrae again. You kissed his cheekbone and whispered to him.
“Sorry, Paps. Got a little lost there. You know what your kisses do to me,” You smirked and giggled. The rest of the movie passed on like that. You two would kiss and break, kiss and break, until the movie was over and the credits rolled. Surprisingly, Papyrus had held his own in the noise department, he only let out a few whimpers and soft kind of moans. Not much that caused excessive glancing into your little corner.

You two detached yourselves from each other and fixed your mussed images. You had left quite a few lipstick marks on his face, and your hair was wildly ruffled from his grabby hands. Once you two were fit for the public eye you headed out, so desperately wanting to hold hands as you walked back to your apartment. You two practically fell on top of each other once you reached his apartment, you were pressed against the closed front door grabbing at each other like a lifeline. A loud slam of their refrigerator broke you two from your haze. Lo and behold, there was a disgruntled Sans grabbing a cold bottle of ketchup from the fridge.

“again? really? paps, you gotta tell me when you bring your human home.” he noticed the popcorn back emblazoned with the movie theater logo and Mettaton’s face. “i know sparks tend to fly when you guys are near each other, but i don’t want to see that, k?”

Papyrus grumbled at the pun and his brother’s interruption. He knew he had to let you go, but at this point he really felt like he needed you. He hugged you and whispered in your ear.

“THAT WAS A LOVELY DATE, YOU’VE LEFT ME MORE THAN A LITTLE FLUSTERED. I’LL SEE YOU TOMORROW, YES?” You nodded and giggled. His voice could get impossibly soft for someone who had no concept of an indoor voice. You left, a very suspicious Sans watching you leave.

You flopped onto the couch in your apartment and sighed as you turned on the television. Another Mettaton commercial. You couldn’t help but not skip past it this time. If your outing wasn’t proof of it, that robot had helped you out enormously, it was the least you could do to watch their commercials.

Chapter End Notes

Mettaton comes in handy sometimes, it seems and Paps really has a fascination with grabbing your ass ;)))
You lucky reader, you ;)))

Thanks for all the support and comments and kudos and all that stuff!! It really does keep the motivation for this story going to see that you all like it!
Papyrus sighed as he and his brother sat inside of an airplane. They had round trip tickets to Washington D.C., which was the capital of the nation they were in apparently. He wasn’t upset over the flight itself, the skeleton was more than used to the scathing looks humans gave him, his brother even let him have the window seat. The excitement of seeing the clouds from a new angle and soaring above so much land didn’t lift his spirits much either. All of these experiences dulled in comparison to how lonely he was, he missed you terribly. You and he had been together for a few weeks now and he felt a pang in his soul, he wanted you on the plane with him. And not so much because he sorely missed your lovely skin and smile, he missed your presence, being just across the hall from your laugh. Sans could see his brother’s troubled face and sighed. He didn’t think you deserved his brother. You were absolutely wrecking his mood, and he was going to visit his dear friends! You weren’t even here and you were the only thing on his mind. His smile dropped a little just thinking about you, so he tried to refrain from it. He was seeing someone special to him too, that in itself was enough to keep him from feeling too _judgmental_.

The plane ride was rather uneventful for Papyrus, he spent the whole time texting you, asking about your day, wishing he was with you so you could cuddle on his couch. Soon the plane had landed and the two skeletons were hailed to a limousine, personally sent by the kind of all monsters. They arrived with their suitcases at a giant mansion, the courtyards were filled with large trees and acres of golden flowers. There was an odd hedge in the shape of Papyrus’s face among the various flora. A large monster with a mellow smile approached the two skeletons and grinned warmly.

“I’m glad you two could make it, everyone’s inside enjoying some freshly brewed tea!” He took their suitcases and lead them indoors. “Everyone’s in the living room if you’d like to see them. Frisk has been excited to see you two.” He grinned as he set off to put the suitcases in Sans and Papyrus’s respective rooms.

The two skeletons navigated the extensive halls of the grand mansion. It was filled with all sorts of paintings and floral wallpapers, some things never changed about the king it seemed. Following the sound of their friends’ chatter, they eventually found the living room. On a sofa were Alphys and Undyne, across from them on a larger couch was Frisk and Toriel. Upon seeing the skeletons,
Frisk waved to them and gave a small smile. Sans all but ran to sit with Toriel, he scooted close to her on the sofa and held her hand. Papyrus chose to sit in one of the two armchairs at the sides of the sofas.

“Heya, stud!!” He couldn’t stop the grin on his face from spreading as he heard that familiar voice. How he had missed Undyne! “How’ve you been holdin’ up?” She lightly punched his shoulder and laughed.

“I’VE BEEN VERY WELL! UNIVERSITY COURSES ARE CHALLENGING! BUT I AM ALWAYS WELL PREPARED TO STEP UP TO THE PLATE!” He grinned proudly. The two laughed heartily as Asgore walked into the living room. He was pleased to see everyone making friendly conversation.

Frisk took the opportunity to ask everyone how their lives on the surface have been going. Alphys worked in a big research facility in California, it was nice and hot there like it was at her old laboratory. She was studying soul properties and how they could be used to further the progress of the monsters and humans! It was apparently very hard work, and human scientists were more wanting to study her than the properties of souls, but she made it work somehow. Undyne laughed and patted her back.

“Humans aren’t all that bad! They’re the most can-do things I’ve ever seen!” Undyne was running a gym in New York near where Papyrus lived to raise money to move in with Alphys.

She heard in passing from some humans that some people in that area were loaded with cash or on some health kick. Undyne retold her tale of a human who barged into her gym begging for training because they wanted to beat up Mettaton! She was about to rip this human a new one before they told their reason! They were fighting for their friend, how could she say no to that! Sans and Papyrus looked at each other knowingly, that was most definitely Cameron she was talking about.

Toriel was teaching in the world’s first monster-human integrated elementary school! She loved her job, but hated being so far away from everyone. She raised Frisk and taught in Boston, Massachusetts! Frisk said that they were doing very well! They were making all A’s and always received gold stars on their work! The other human children at the school were good friends with the monster children. Asgore chuckled at that.

“It’s nice to see our ambassador working so hard to build relations.” He ruffled their hair and grinned. “I hope I’m not intruding on your schedules, I had no idea how involved life on the surface had become. I just thought it would be nice to regroup and chat over tea for a bit.” He gave a sweet grin and Frisk hugged him. They told him that this was a really nice idea and they appreciated it!

Sans rested his skull on Toriel’s arm and smiled contentedly, he glanced over at his brother and couldn’t help but chuckle. His brother really was a sucker for you, wasn’t he? He couldn’t even lift his mood for longer than a minute without you around! He was the older brother, wasn’t he? Wasn’t it his right to mess with him about this stuff? He smirked.

“no need to be so down, paps. i’m sure your little sweetcheeks is just fine back home.” He got just the reaction he thought he would. All the monsters in the room looked towards him, Undyne was the first to speak.

“OH MY GOD!!! Dude!! You got together with someone!! Who’s the lucky monster, Papyrus?!?” She was throttling him wildly as she asked.

Alphys was laughing and timidly asking her to stop assaulting him. Frisk was more than excited to
hear who this lucky person was. After the throttling had stopped, Papyrus was blushing all over his skull. He certainly loved attention, but he was rather shy about talking of you! You were so special to him! He didn’t want his friends to dislike you! But he also didn’t want them to remain dark on his amazing love life! He decided he would take a chance and tell everyone.

“AH, THEY’RE A H-HUMAN, ACTUALLY.” Shock couldn’t even describe the looks on the faces of everyone’s face. Even Frisk had an expression of confusion on their face. *Oh no oh no how am I going to fix this?!* Papyrus frantically thought of a way for his words to seem less… bad, when Undyne started guffawing in her trademark way.

“Oh man!! A human? They must be pretty great then!” She trapped the skeleton in a headlock and grinned manically at him. “And just why didn’t you tell me so i could meet them, huh, punk?!?”

Papyrus smiled as the tension in the room dissipated, soon everyone was asking about you! What you looked like, what you two did together, how you met! Eventually, Papyrus thought it would be easier to video call you so you could meet his friends. So he did.

You received the call while you were glancing through your anatomy textbook with Cameron looking for funny pictures or diagrams. You both glanced over to your phone and Cameron smirked.

“Oh shit it’s your bone-friend.” She giggled as you groaned and shoved her. “Better answer it mate, or I will.”

You answered the call with a big grin, you were upset when Papyrus told you he had to leave, you wanted to go too! A vacation would have been nice!

“Hey there, hot stuff. You in D.C. yet?” You giggled at the poor skeleton. The way his face brightened up when you answered, he was probably missing you just as much as you missed him.

Papyrus sighed happily at the nickname. “HELLO, SWEETIE! I AM IN FACT, IN WASHINGTON D.C. VISITING MY FRIENDS! THEY ARE ALL VERY EXCITED TO MEET YOU!”

Friends? You were confused for a moment, he had only been on the surface for a few weeks. Does that mean he was talking about… other monsters? Sure enough, he moved his camera around to view the other monsters in the room. Holy shit was that the king?

“Oh holy shit is that the king, dude???”

“Oh fuck, it’s that furry guy!!!” You and Cameron exclaimed at the same time. Sans couldn’t hold back his snickers at your exclamation and Asgore’s confused face.

Papyrus smiled, he missed how cute your face was, he wanted to squish your cheeks or that nice little tush of yours. “YES, THAT’S THE KING, MR. DREEMURR!”

You were a little starstruck, to say the least. Just how famous was Papyrus that he knew the king? Alphys timidly spoke.

“S-So uh, which h-hu-human is yours?” Both you and Cameron looked at each other and snickered. Sure, how were they supposed to know which one of you was dating Papyrus? It was still funny to think about Cameron even attempting to do half of the things you had done with him anyways. You responded through your laughing.

“Ah, yeah, he’s my boyfriend! This is just my roommate, Cameron.” Cameron grinned and waved.
Upon seeing her and recognizing her name, Undyne snatched the phone from Papyrus, “HEY!!! You’re the human that’s been training with me!!” From then on you all talked about your relationship with Papyrus, there were a lot of laughs shared and virtual kisses delivered. Everyone seemed to really like you and Cameron, they were happy that their skeleton friend had found such a compassionate and kind human. After the chat ended and you had put down your phone, you received a text from Papyrus.

> I really missed seeing your gorgeous face and hearing your voice <3

You swooned and responded, your beau was such a gentleman all of the time!

> awwww !!! I’ve missed you too baby !!!

He grinned to himself, your excessive use of punctuation signified your extreme emotion!

It was late and all the monsters retreated to their rooms in Asgore’s mansion. Sans was rooming with Toriel, leaving Papyrus with a large bedroom all to himself. He laid on the bed and sighed, responding to your adorable text.

> The beds here are far too large. It would feel nicer if you were here to take up some of that space ;)))

You put on pajamas and walked over to Papyrus and Sans’s apartment. You had promised the two skeletons that you would keep an eye on their place while they were gone. You would sleep in your boyfriend’s room, for obvious reasons. You rested on Papyrus’s pillow and breathed deeply. It smelled so nice in his room. You saw his text and smirked. Who would’ve thought that a skeleton would be such a horndog?

> oh man using the triple winky face are we??
> guess that means you’re “al dente” right now huh? ;)

Papyrus felt his head subconsciously nod. He was indeed hard, he couldn’t deny it. He missed you so much! He missed all of your touches, sexual or just ordinary! But he couldn’t ask you to do anything for him, you were still in New York! …Or could he? He smirked as he texted you back.

> You tell me, sweetheart <3

You stared at the text and couldn’t help the giggle bubbling up from your throat. Attached to that vague text was a picture of his hard on and oh man was that glowing tent BIG. The poor skeleton must be in agony without you there with him! He was resorting to sexting to get himself through the night. Who were you to deprive him of your love, right? You lifted your shirt and sent a picture of your chest back to him.

Upon receiving that lovely photo Papyrus jammed his hand down his shorts and smiled. He loved how you two would play together and try things out. He snapped another photo of his cock and sent it while trying to steady his hands, but wow was it difficult not to just go to town thinking about you.

You yawned and smiled, not really feeling up to getting off yourself, but you were more than happy to help him along. You slid off your pajama pants and flipped over on your stomach. He’d enjoy this picture for sure. You took a photo of that ass that he just loved to squeeze and sent it. Papyrus instinctively reached for the picture, imagining your soft skin under his hands. He sent a frantic text and messed it up about three times before getting it right.
You were having fun now. There were no punctuations or little emojis in the text, not even an added picture. He really wanted it bad. You did what he asked and called his phone.

“Hey Paps, how are you holding up?” You spoke in a warm and sultry tone. You could hear his pants at the other end of the line. He was trying so hard to keep his voice down for the sake of everyone else in the house.

“I MISS YOU, SO, A-AH, MUCH.” He felt his soul flitting about in his ribcage at the sound of your voice. “PLEASE KEEP TALKING, ANGEL. IT’S HELPING A WHOLE LOT.” So that’s what you did, you kept talking for a while.

You explored every topic you could, how your day went, what food you ate, how much you missed Papyrus, how much you loved Papyrus, and he was a moaning mess. You could hear when he flipped over and pushed his face into a pillow, he was real close huh? You were a bit proud of yourself at that. You had decided to play along and make little sexual sounds with your mouth while stirring a fork around in a bowl of cold spaghetti for those squishy lewd sounds he liked. You thought it would be awkward for him if you admitted to not actually getting off right now, but you were kind of tired! You decided to help him finish a bit faster, so you could put the spaghetti back into the fridge. You got real close to the receiver on your phone and whispered in the most sexual tone you could muster as you tried not to drift to sleep.

“Papyrus, please come home soon.”

The skeleton bit into his pillow to stifle his screams as he came hard into his hand, it worked phenomenally. He collapsed onto the plush mattress, completely spent and sated.

“THANKS FOR THAT DARLING, I’LL BE BACK BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.” He sounded out of breath and you chuckled. Some movie company should hire you for your excellent foley skills!

“Good night Papyrus, text me when you get home, okay? I love you.”

He tiredly responded and you both hung up. The skeleton groaned softly, he had to figure out how to clean this glowing mess from these sheets before he left for New York.

Chapter End Notes

Awww you finally called him your boyfriend! You and Paps are so cute together!

I made a blog for this story and any suggestions or questions you have!

http://jonesybonesey.tumblr.com/
*Home Sweet Home*

Chapter Summary

Papyrus thinks it would be an excellent idea to get you a souvenir! Frisk volunteers their help and the two go shopping on Papyrus's last day in D.C.!

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the chapter delay! The creativity wells in my brain ran a little dry. I'm always open to you all sending in scenarios you'd want to see to my blog! It really helps me keep the thinking juices flowing!

Washington DC was beautiful in the fall. All of the trees were changing color, it was still cold, but not as frigid as New York. Papyrus loved the crazy colors and how they all matched his scarf, every day he’d pick out a favorite leaf to bring back to you. He was very very slowly getting over his loneliness, choosing instead to hang with Undyne and Alphys. He grinned as he picked up a leaf from the mansion’s extensive backyard garden, you’d like this one. The leaf was in the shape of a cat’s head! It was peaceful outside, it hadn’t been before though. Originally, Undyne and Alphys had been out here too, but they went inside and elected to do more intimate things.

Papyrus tried not to let those two get to him, all that did was remind him of how much he missed you.

Along with being alone, he was so dreadfully bored. His brother was always busy with Toriel and Undyne with Alphys. The king turned out to be absolutely shit at conversation, not that Papyrus could blame him. Asgore had gone through a lot, and all those years of isolation in the castle couldn’t have helped. Papyrus wished he could go into the town and explore a little, but that was a no-no. He tried once before, and apparently, humans here were even more adverse to him than in New York.

While continuing his search for the loveliest leaf to give you, Frisk ran up behind him and tapped his shoulder, they asked why he was outside all alone.

Papyrus grinned at the child. “WELL, I WAS ACTUALLY OUT HERE WITH ALPHYS AND UNDYNE BUT THEY’RE,” He winced, “BUSY NOW.” He twirled a leaf in his hand and sighed. “WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS LEAF, FRISK? IS IT SPECTACULAR IN EVERY WAY? OR SHOULD I KEEP LOOKING?”

Frisk gave a thumbs up, but asked why he was inspecting the leaves all alone? They certainly were no stranger to boredom, but this was a little extreme.

Papyrus chuckled to himself and dropped the leaf to the grassy floor. “I THOUGHT THAT MAYBE MY DARLING BACK HOME WOULD LIKE A SOUVENIR FROM THE CAPITAL!
Since I can’t venture off of the mansion grounds without being assaulted…”

Frisk frowned at that. If there was anything they knew, they were positive that this was the saddest sight they had ever seen. And they were the first to arrive at the mansion with Toriel, they had to witness all the times she shut down any conversation Asgore tried to start. Then an idea popped into their head. The hopped up and down excitedly.

Papyrus stared confusedly at the happy human. “Is everything okay, Frisk? Did you find a super cool leaf or something?”

Frisk shook their head and told Papyrus of their plan. They were going to disguise Papyrus and go into the town! That way he could buy a proper souvenir for his sweetheart! Papyrus stood and hugged Frisk tightly, laughing heartily.

“Nyeh heh heh! An excellent idea Frisk! I would expect nothing less from our ambassador!” He ruffled their hair and put them back down. “Where will we be getting my disguise?”

Frisk’s smile grew wide and devious. Oh they were going to have some fun with this. They snuck to Alphys and Undyne’s room, knocking tentatively and asking for one of Alphys’s cosplay wigs. It was thrown unceremoniously through the doorway and Frisk snatched it out of the air. Perfect. They then went to Toriel’s room and grabbed a large sunhat and a facial mask then headed back outside.

Papyrus eyed the objects with suspicion. “Where did you get a wig, Frisk?”

Frisk waved their hand dismissively and pulled them to Papyrus’s room. Then they got to work making Papyrus look inconspicuous. For the most part, they thought that they did a pretty good job! The wig and hat worked well with Papyrus’s cardigan and scarf, and the surgical mask helped cover his skeletal visage quite well! There was just two more pieces he needed to complete the outfit. They grabbed a pair of Papyrus’s gloves from his suitcase and a pair of aviator style sunglasses from their room.

Papyrus looked in a floor length mirror at his image. The human did their job spectacularly! Almost every inch of bone was covered by his clothes or some accessory! He hugged Frisk and grinned excitedly.

“Oh goodie! Where should we go? What should I buy?? I have my entire budget for this trip to spend!” He was so eager to get you something that would make your heart soar!

Papyrus pulled out their phone and opened a map. They decided maybe a necklace or a scarf would make a good present. Papyrus wholeheartedly agreed, hand in hand the two left the large estate and ventured into the town, Papyrus felt like a ninja in an anime.

The two ventured all across the town searching for the perfect necklace! They entered all kinds of shops, tourist traps, and jewelry stores, but none had the thing that he really thought would be good enough. Soon the sun was setting into the sky and the crowds were thickening. Papyrus was about to tell Frisk he was ready to throw in the towel, but Frisk was more than determined to help this sorry sack of bones out!

So they kept searching and searching! All the humans in the area were none the wiser that there was a monster in their midst. Soon it was dark and the stars were twinkling in the pitch sky. Frisk
and Papyrus sat outside at a little cafe, they sipped tea and pondered what to buy,

“I’M BEGINNING TO SEE WHY GIFT BUYING FOR A LOVER IS SO HARD… I REALLY
THOUGHT SANS WAS EXAGGERATING.” He sighed and threw away his empty paper cup.
“A COUPLE MORE SHOPS, THEN WE’LL LEAVE.”

The two ambled around the marked square a bit more, stopping in stores they had looked over the first time around. Papyrus was agitated, this was his last day here and he couldn’t find anything to bring back to you besides a bunch of dumb leaves! He was the worst skeleton boyfriend ever!

“NYOO HOO HOO... WE’LL NEVER FIND WHAT I’M LOOKING FOR!” He groaned exasperatedly. “LET’S JUST GO BACK HOME.”

He turned to leave with Frisk when they suddenly yanked at his hand. The skeleton turned to see Frisk frantically signing and pointing to a little boutique that they hadn’t seen. And there in the shop window, there was what he was looking for. A simple necklace with only one jewel on a silver chain, a big blue heart. That was perfect! He rushed to the shop and burst through the doors panting heavily despite the lack of lungs.

“H-HOW MUCH FOR THAT NECKLACE IN THE WINDOW!”

The cashier looked at him in fright and confusion. They put on their best customer service smile.

“That necklace is one hundred dollars, but it’s on sale, 25% off with the 20 dollar purchase of our homemade bath bombs!”

Papyrus grabbed a handful of the bath bombs and the necklace, slamming $150 on the countertop.

The cashier hurriedly boxed the necklace and bagged the bath bombs and waved the strangely tall human and his… child?, out of the store. Papyrus was beaming by the time they had returned to the mansion, as they entered, all of the monsters present rushed to them worriedly.

Oops. They had forgotten to tell anyone that they were leaving.

Toriel scooped Frisk into a big hug and sighed, on the verge of tears.

“Oh there you are, my child! I was worried sick!” She held Frisk’s cheeks in her hands and smiled. “Where have you been?”

Frisk told her of their shopping adventures and the delicious tea and of their amazing disguise plan! Papyrus cleared his throat and looked down, ashamed.

“I APOLOGIZE FOR NOT TELLING YOU WE WERE GOING OUT TO TOWN. I WAS SO
LOST IN THE FERVOR OF FINDING A PERFECT GIFT! I FORGOT ENTIRELY!” He smiled at Frisk. “FRISK DID HELP A LOT THOUGH, I FOUND THE PERFECT PRESENTS
THANKS TO THEM!” He held up his shopping bag triumphantly as he removed his disguise.

Sans chuckled, his brother always found the upside to any situation, even if it was entirely his fault. His brother was always so cool. He patted Papyrus’s shoulder.

“we’ve got an early start in store tomorrow bro, you may want to turn in early after all that excitement.” He grinned and snickered as his brother screeched his name upon realizing the pun.

All of the visiting monsters and Frisk filed into their estate rooms for the final time and slept. Papyrus rested and dreamt of you and how excited you would be upon seeing your gift, you’d
probably want spaghetti to celebrate, and then you’d want to talk all about how amazing you two were for each other, then you’d pour spaghetti seductively down your bare chest. Or… maybe not that last part.

After that oh so wonderful dream, Papyrus woke early the next morning and packed all of his clothes. His and Sans’s flight was at 8 AM, which meant he had to be up and at ‘em long before his brother to make sure they left on time. He excitedly texted you, it was Wednesday, so he was sure you were up for classes right about now.

> Getting ready for the flight back home! Can’t wait to hug you again! <3

He finished packing his suitcase and sighed happily. He loved seeing his friends, but he needed you. He had lasted about four days without you and he he missed you terribly. You saw his text as you were making waffles and smiled.

> can’t wait to see ya again babe !! your room isn’t the same without you <3

He swooned a little at that, you had quite the way with words sometimes. He waited around a bit in his room as the sun rose and soon his brother was awake too. He left the room with his suitcase and the two had a quick breakfast before vacating to the airport. Sans pressed a kiss to Toriel’s sleeping smile before he left.

The two sat on the plane in their seats. The stares of the other humans didn’t bother Papyrus one bit, he was too excited. Even cramped in the cramped cabin with gross nut things and his brother sleep drooling on his arm couldn’t faze him. In about an hour, the plane touched down and Papyrus and Sans were free to leave. Papyrus rushed his brother out of the plane and into the airport, chattering excitedly about you all the while. Sans took the opportunity to prank his brother a little and teleported them both into your apartment. He landed safely on the floor while Papyrus was on your kitchen counter. You looked at him in surprise and giggled.

“Hey babe,” You looked up at the skeleton and felt your heart twinge, he was staring at you in the most heart-meltingly adorable way. “Did you have a fun time in D-!?”

The skeleton hugged you and kissed you hungrily. He vaguely heard Cameron and Sans groan at his blatant affection, but others be damned he didn’t care! He had missed your skin, those lips, that sweet, sweet voice. He pulled away from you and grinned eagerly.

“I MISSED YOU SO MUCH.” He pressed his teeth all over your face in little kisses. “I GOT YOU A GIFT TOO. I THINK YOU’LL LIKE IT!”

You briefly glanced at his crotch and back up to him confusedly. Papyrus blushed brightly at your obvious need.

“AH, NOT THAT RIGHT NOW. WE HAVE TO GO TO CLASS.” He took the box with the necklace out and grinned. “OPEN IT!!”

You giggled at his enthusiasm and opened the small box, you gasped.

“Holy shit Paps, you didn’t have to go and get this!” It was beautiful! You hoped he hadn’t dropped too much money on buying it, you didn’t feel that was at all necessary to keep you happy. “It’s so pretty!” You kissed his frontal bone. “Mind helping me put this on?”

He stepped behind you and gently clasped the necklace around your neck. You laced your hand in his and sighed as he leaned forward to whisper in your ear.
“ARE YOU READY TO MAKE UP FOR FIVE DAYS OF BEING APART, MY DARLING?”

You nodded and kissed the corner of his smile. “Only if you are, Master Chef.”

Papyrus was so happy to be back. He decided that morning no place would ever feel like his home until you were there by his side.

Chapter End Notes

Papyrus is back and needier than ever!
Just what are you gonna do with that bag of bones? ;)))

Again I'm sorry about the delay for this chapter getting out! I was in kind of a writing rut? Idk hopefully I've run all that out of my system!
The rest of the week was very… tense. Anatomy class was filled with hijinks of the Papyrus-induced variety. The skeleton just couldn’t keep his hands off of you after so many days of being without you. That’s how you ended up in class on Friday morning with a bony hand creeping across your thigh while the professor was lecturing. You two hadn’t gotten caught at all, despite your occasional gasps and Papyrus’s snickering. You let out a heavy sigh when class ended and he retracted his hand from inside your jeans. You lightly smacked the back of his head.

“What was up with that, perv?” You leaned forward to kiss his cheek and sighed before leaning back. “You could’ve told me that you were that desperate. You know we can’t do that here.” You kept your voice a little low, just in case of eavesdroppers.

He pouted and groaned a little. You let a little grin spread across your face. Your boyfriend could get so huffy over the silliest things.

“I’VE BEEN MISSING YOU FOR SO LONG. I THINK I DESERVE A LITTLE REPRIEVE.” He had endured so many days without you! And you wouldn’t even give him a little release during the week! He knew you found your studies very important. Hell, he thought your integrity was one of your cutest features, but he had needs! Skeleton needs! But it was finally Friday and you had sent some pretty saucy texts hinting at what was to happen later.

“Well you gotta wait, at least until all of our classes are over.” You smiled and patted his head patronizingly, he stared down at you balefully in defeat.

“FINE.” He hugged you gently. “ONLY BECAUSE I LIKE YOU WILL I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, NOT CAPTURE AND DRAG YOU TO MY LAIR!”

You giggled and shoved him playfully. “Oh shut up you big ham, I’ll see you back home.” With that you walked off after placing a kiss on Papyrus’s sternum.

By the three in the afternoon Papyrus was all but sprinting back to his apartment, to say he was excited would be a drastic understatement. After a week he was finally going to spend all night with you and his brother be damned he was going to enjoy it! He stepped into his apartment to find it almost completely dark, not unusual. He liked to keep the lights he wasn’t using off to keep the
bills low. However, strewn across his carpet were rose petals leading right to his bedroom. Along the path were electric tea lights. Papyrus thought the tiny lights were absolutely adorable.

He followed the mysterious petal trail grinning to himself. No doubt this was your doing! He wondered what all this was for, you had put a lot of effort into this surprise apparently! Papyrus opened the door to his room not really knowing what to expect, but prepared to love it anyways. What he saw made his jaw nearly drop to the floor.

There you were spread across his bedsheets in a pair of his shorts and crop top. Hearing someone enter the room you had glanced up and sighed in relief.

“Oh thank god, I was panicking for a second. I thought you were Sans.”

Papyrus laughed hard at that, the very thought breaking him out of his reverie.

“NO MY SWEETEST DARLING, IT’S JUST ME!” He closed the door behind him and sat on the bed next to you. “YOU LOOK LOVELY IN MY CLOTHES.” You noticed him slide a bony hand down your waist and congratulated yourself. You knew he’d like that! “SO IS, AH, IS THIS MY SURPRISE?”

You laughed a bit at that. This was all he really needed to be sated?

“No babe, this is just the tip of the iceberg. On top of seeing me in such cute clothes,” You dragged of your fingers down the side of his face. “You get to take off the clothes too.”

Papyrus let out a very shaky “OH MY” and snatched your lips into a kiss. He had waited for this for so many days, but he hadn’t expected such a pleasant surprise at all! He hoisted you up onto his lap and pulled you as close as physically possible to his frame. He was loving every bit of friction as your muscles twitched and moved on his femurs.

You started to roll your hips ever so lightly against his pelvis, knowing how wild that drove him from before. You felt one of his hands reach below your waist to grope at the seat of your shorts while the other rubbed careful circles on your back. You felt his familiar magic dart into your mouth and hummed a little into the fierce kiss. You’d never quite figure out how the jelly looking tongue felt like the real deal. You pulled away panting slightly, upon noticing the skeleton panting too, you laughed.

“Man oh man, I missed you, Paps.” You rested your head on his shoulder and rolled your hips harder onto his pelvis while snaking your hands up his shirt. “Did you miss me too?” You looked at him with as sultry a gaze as you could, tracing your fingers across his floating ribs.

Papyrus’s breath hitched as you gently scraped along his sensitive bones, he tried to hold it in, but it had been far too long. A needy moan escaped him and he stared at you blushing bright pink all over his skull.

“DO-DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?” He could feel his magic straining against his pants. Oh boy was he hard. The glow was unmistakable in the dim room, it looked almost as bright as a phone screen.

You grinned wildly at his response. This skeleton really was a needy as he was acting. That was just plain cute. You kissed all over his deliciously pink skull and held the hand rubbing your back.

“I guess that’s a definite yes.” You kissed his frontal bone once more. “Someone’s a little more than ‘al dente’, yeah?” You rolled your hips and pulled another moan from your boyfriend. He nodded feverishly. “Do what you want then, Paps. Consider this your reward for waiting so long.”
It was like a switch had been flipped in his skull. Papyrus didn’t even feel like he was in control of his limbs anymore. He just knew he had to strip you, he had to taste your yummy skin again. He whipped off your clothes at record speeds and immediately went to biting and nipping all over your neck and collarbone. Papyrus stood You held his skull in your hand and lightly scratched at the bone as he dipped lower and lower on your body.

“MAY I TASTE YOU AGAIN? PRETTY PLEASE WITH PESTO ON TOP?”

You snickered a little and nodded before whipping your head back in ecstasy. To say that your skeleton boyfriend was eager would have been a big understatement. He had buried his excessively long tongue completely inside of your cunt. You held his bedsheets in a vice grip with one hand using the other to stifle your screams. He was relentlessly licking all over your nether regions, switching from burying his tongue inside of you to toying with your clit.

You knew for a fact that you weren’t going to last too much longer, not with Papyrus eating you out with such fervor! You gently pushed at his skull, trying to remove him from your dripping entrance. He looked up at you worriedly.

“SOMETHING WRONG, SUGAR? DO YOU WANT TO STOP?”

What a sweetheart, immediately asking if you were comfortable like that! You shook your head and tried to get your breathing under control.

“I’m fine, Paps, don’t worry. I just, uh, I wanted to maybe not cum just yet?” You motioned for him to sit back onto the bed. “I wanted to try something more penetrating. If you catch my drift.” You smirked and gently rubbed his erection through his jeans.

Papyrus’s soul lurched. You wanted to go all the way? Or at least all the way for a human. He shivered and groaned as you rubbed him. He was absolutely ecstatic that you trusted him so much!

“I-I SEE. WELL WORRY NOT! AS YOUR SPECTACULAR LOVER, I SHALL IMPALE YOU WITH MY LANCE OF PASSION!” He gently pressed his teeth against the tip of your nose and gave a little ‘NYEH HEH!’ before hoisting you off of his lap and laying you on his bed. He paused and stared at your nude body for a moment, admiring his handiwork. You had quite a number of bite marks all over you. He liked it that way, because they were his after all!

Before you could ask why the hell he was just standing there staring at you he stripped himself in a flurry and laid on top of you in a big hug. How could anyone be so heartwarming before plowing someone into their mattress, you just didn’t know. You could feel his soul beating feverishly through his ribcage. You two laid there in a tight embrace for a while until Papyrus cleared his throat and spoke, his tone a little nervous.

“ARE, ARE YOU SURE YOU REALLY WANT THIS??”

You flicked his skull and laughed. “Of course I want it, silly Paps! If i didn’t I certainly wouldn’t be naked right now and I would have told you to stop.” You wrapped your arms around his cervical spine and grinned assuringly at him. “This is absolutely perfect, couldn’t think of anyone else I’d want to do this with. So hurry and start before I fall asleep, yeah?”

That was more than enough motivation for the skeleton. He carefully inched the tip of his cock in your sweet little pussy. He got a little excited at the new feeling and let out a surprised yelp and jerked his hips forwards, effectively filling you entirely.

“HOLY FUCKING- !!” He hissed through his teeth as you clawed at his vertebrae and moaned.
You hadn’t expected him to curse and you certainly hadn’t expected his dick to be so thick. You looked up at him with a happy, hazy sort of gaze and kissed all over his face. Papyrus readily accepted and returned the gesture feeling absolutely giddy about your closeness. You two parted mouths for a brief moment and stared at each other, he wordlessly asked for your go ahead. You pressed your forehead against his and kissed his smile as he started thrusting into you.

In retrospect, you had no idea how the hell monsters went about this. From how he acted when he first entered you, he hadn’t ever done this before, or it had at least been a while. But you soon learned, oh did you learn, about Papyrus’s pacing. You assumed he would go painstakingly slow and be as gentle as possible for this first time.

Nope.

Papyrus was slamming into you at what felt like mach speeds, running his fingers through your hair, over your waist, across your cheeks. A steady flow of sweet nothings were murmured into your ear as he groaned and trembled. You felt a little bad for the people who lived below and next to you and Papyrus because, at this point, you were far from caring about who heard you. Specially when he hoisted up your hips and sit some spectacularly sensitive spot inside of you. You were gasping and clutching whatever you could get your hands on with your mouth agape, a steady stream of lewd sounds coming from you, growing higher and higher in pitch.

All that did was encourage Papyrus to pick up the pace and hold you as close as possible to his body. You tried to stutter out a warning beforehand as you latched your arms around his ribcage.

“Pa-Paps! Shit, I’m- !” The skeleton captured your lips in a passionate but sloppy kiss. His sockets were lidded as he gazed at you while panting.

“DON’T WORRY, M-MY SWEET!” He cupped your face in his hand and smiled as best he could. “YOU GO FIRST AN-AND I’LL FOLLOW.”

It was a good thing he hurried with that sentence because a few seconds later you were toppling over the edge of your pleasure threshold screaming Papyrus’s name like your life depended on it. As you experienced your high you registered a soft voice close to your left ear grunting and whining. You heard a feverish stream of ‘OH MY GOD’ and ‘I LOVE YOU’ from that side as well before falling into silence. Every muscle in your limbs went limp as you relaxed into Papyrus’s embrace, he laid you gently back on the bed and collapsed next you you. He had the biggest, doofiest grin on his face.

“THAT WAS INCREDIBLE, SWEETHEART.” You felt his magic junk suddenly disapparate from inside of you, leaving an empty kind of feeling. You giggled and kissed his flushed cheekbones.

“What the hell was up with that, Speedy? You tryin’ to kill me or something?” You pressed a kiss on his mandible. “You have to work me up to a “passion-filled, night long, extravaganza”, Paps.”

Papyrus took your reprimanding in stride, beaming while you showered his face with kisses.

“NYEH HEH HEH!! WHY THE ONLY THING I KNOW HOW TO DO IS THE UTMOST BEST FOR YOU, MY DARLING!” He traced a hand down your waist, his soul fluttering and straining to fly out of his ribcage. He held it back as best he could. That was most definitely something for another time.

“READY FOR ROUND TWO? WE’VE GOT ALL NIGHT YOU KNOW!”

You had to laugh at his blatant enthusiasm.
“Sorry, Paps. I don’t know how it works with monsters, but humans need a little downtime to recuperate after smashing. Especially when they get wrecked as hard as I was. I need a spaghetti break, maybe even a spaghetti and movie break.”

At the mention of needing a break Papyrus had popped up from his spot on the bed and hastily pulled on some shorts, he tossed one of his bigger shirts at you and grinned.

“THEN WE SHALL HAVE A BREAK! ONE FIT FOR SOMEONE AS LOVELY AS YOU!” He picked you up bridal style and carried you into the living room. You requested fresh spaghetti and your boyfriend was more than happy to comply, setting you down on the couch and rushing to the kitchen to cook.

The rest of the night passed on in the same manner. You two would bang, Papyrus would be far too enthusiastic, then you’d need a couple of hours for break. Rinse and repeat. You couldn’t have asked for more. By about midnight you two were spent and ready to call it a night. You nestled your face onto his ribs, the heat radiating from his soul felt lovely on your skin. Papyrus wrapped his arms and legs around you as you both drifted off to sleep.

You woke to the sun blaring in your face, you blearily reached for your phone, only to touch something… squishy? You jolted awake at the odd sensation and leaned towards the end table to get a better view. A cake? You groaned. It said “Congrats on the Sex” with a little note with nothing but Sans’s face crudely drawn on it.

You licked your finger, the frosting was actually pretty good.

Chapter End Notes

Paps tries his best and it's always cute, even when you're getting smashed, right? :)))

Sans is not as much a douche as he could have been was the alternate chapter name for this.
Sans truly was a mixed bag of tricks it seemed. You turned over and glanced at Papyrus, still sleeping. He looked so cute, even if his jaw was wide open and his magic tongue was lolling out. You gently kissed his skull all over to wake him up, not wanting to invoke any bad feelings. The skeleton groaned and woke with a start feeling something incredibly soft pressed on his skull.

“G’MORNING, SWEETIE…” He yawned and pulled you into a small kiss, he pulled away with a puzzled smile. “YOU TASTE UNNATURALLY SWEET THIS MORNING.”

You nodded. “Sans got us a cake, or well, maybe this was more meant for you. But we’re a package deal! So it’s kind of mine too.” You snickered a bit. “I think you should read it, Paps. He wrote a real heartfelt message on it.”

You watched as Papyrus stood and strolled over to your side of the bed where the cake was, admiring the way he moved without any muscles. You burst with laughter that you were trying to hold in as he read the cake as he screeched, “SANS HOW CRUDE!! … BUT THANK YOU!!” through his doorway.

You looped an arm around his lumbar vertebrae and pulled him back into bed with you.

“Heartfelt, right Paps?” You tried to stifle your giggles as he threw you an annoyed glance.

“COMPARED TO WHAT HE USUALLY WOULD HAVE DONE, I SUPPOSE SO.” He sighed and grinned back at you. “WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO ON ANOTHER SPECTACULAR DATE TODAY? I WAS STRUCK WITH A BRILLIANT IDEA IN MY DREAMS!”

You nodded. “Sure, babe. Now what’s this super rad plan of yours?”

Papyrus grinned mischievously. “WELL IT’S A SURPRISE! BECAUSE I KNOW YOU’LL LOVE IT SO MUCH! NYEH HEH HEH!”

Sometimes when you looked at his little smiles, like the one he was giving you now, you wondered to what depths his cuteness fell. He was absolutely a bottomless pit of sweetness and at
times like this, it took all your strength not to ruin his plans for wanting him to ravage you for the rest of the day.

“Well I’m already excited, Paps. But uh, if there’s a lot of leg movement involved with this I’m gonna need some pain killers, or that quick healing monster food stuff.” You smirked up at him. “Someone’s got me more than a little sore in the legs.”

The skeleton flushed with pride at your obvious compliment and gently pressed his teeth against your forehead.

“What else could you expect from your lover extraordinaire?” You giggled at his phrasing, the skeleton really did talk like he swallowed a thesaurus sometimes. “I’ll get you some hearty breakfast spaghetti!”

He hastily pulled on a pair of jeans and rushed out of the room. From the sound of clattering coming from the kitchen, it seemed as though Paps was cooking you a fresh batch. You stood and stretched, swiping a little icing from the cake. Still delicious.

You pulled on a pair of his pajama pants and your bra and limped into the living room before crashing onto the couch. You fell over onto the floor after hearing a screech. Of course. It just had to be Sans.

“You really are kind of a freak, huh?” The smaller skeleton smirked at you. “Don’t you already have a bone-r to jump on?”

You could discern Papyrus’s indignant screeching from the kitchen and heard his thudding gait moving towards the living room. You felt yourself being lifted from the couch.

“MY DARLING HAS NO TIME TO BE ASSAULTED WITH PUINS RIGHT NOW. CAN’T YOU SEE THE PAIN IN THEIR EYES!? THEY NEED TO BE HEALED WITH MY WONDERFUL COOKING!!” As he carried you into the kitchen to ear you very faintly heard Sans’s response over your boyfriend’s booming voice.

“Nailed the human a little too hard, yeah?” He spat the word human like someone would say the word cockroach or rat infested sewage.

What you hadn’t expected was Papyrus to stop dead in his tracks and for him to frown so deeply. What you hadn’t dreamed would happen was see was his head whip around a full 180 degrees to look at his brother. The feeling stirring in your chest was indescribable. On one hand, holy shit that was cool, on the other however, you had never seen Papyrus contort like that. Was he okay? His grip around your shoulder and legs tightened ever so slightly.

“SANS, NOT NOW.” Was all he said before turning his head back and smiling at you as if nothing had happened and tenderly kissed your lips. “READY FOR SOME DELICIOUS PASTA? I INVESTED IN SOME OF THAT EDIBLE GLITTER YOU TOLD ME ABOUT!” He carried you into the kitchen and set you down on a counter. He took a forkful of the sparkly spaghetti from the giant pot and held it up to you, cupping his hand beneath it as to not make a mess on the floor.

You took a bite and sighed, the spaghetti was delicious as per usual. You felt a little giddy at the fact that he remembered your wayward comment about edible glitter. You really did like how it made the pasta look all mystical. Papyrus talked about the date while he fed you the pasta, going on and on about how pleasantly surprised you would be and how much of a genius he was for thinking of it. You were so lost in your pasta and boyfriend induced euphoria, you didn’t notice Sans boring holes into your back with his glare.
Sans could live with his bro having a crush on some human, he would even be able to accept a fling or two. What he did not like was his brother being assaulted in public for being with you. Even worse was his brother swallowing his pride and taking the lashings for the sake of “love”. He still wasn’t over that first Thursday after Papyrus’s first successful date. They were heading to Grillby’s new location in New Jersey and staying for a couple of days. Papyrus had opted to wait outside while Sans stopped inside of a hot dog place for food.

Papyrus was assaulted by the taxi driver from that night he had taken you home. Sans would never forget the way his brother’s bruised bones looked. Or the other time when he had jokingly told his brother to go and “claim his sweetheart” he didn’t expect Papyrus to go and scare some human coward half to death and for said human to jump his brother whenever he was alone on campus. Papyrus’s favorite cardigan had been ripped to shreds; he came staggering back home with only a handful of HP left.

Whenever Papyrus left for another date with you Sans was wrought with nervousness, and he felt his anger tick up exponentially whenever his sleep was interrupted but you and his brother fucking like rabbits. Especially when it seemed like you didn’t really care about what happened to Papyrus on a daily basis. It just seemed like you were toying with his brother, using him for sex and attention.

Sans had tried, oh had he tried, to end whatever it was between you and his brother. From trying to sabotage their first date to trying to cockblock you and Paps whenever he was around. A couple of days prior he had finally stopped passively opposing the relationship and confronted his brother about his worries concerning you. Papyrus was aghast and upset at the accusations Sans said, in fact, he still was very mad.

But Sans had a plan. If he couldn’t break you two up, he would at least tag along on your dates, whether you two knew it or not. Not for your sake, he didn’t really like you. But for Papyrus’s sake. He wanted to ensure his brother’s safety from all these prejudiced humans.

Papyrus fed you as much spaghetti as you could eat. You felt full to bursting and asked him to carry you to your apartment so you could get clothes for the date. He was of course, happy to help you out and carried you to your apartment. He always loved visiting you place, it was so much different what his own apartment. Yours smelled so nice and it was so open! He especially loved your balcony, it had an amazing view of the city. The tall skeleton sat on your couch and waited patiently for you to get dressed.

Meanwhile, you were carefully tip-toeing around you and Cameron’s shared bedroom. She was still asleep even in the late morning hours, and you didn’t want to wake her. You carefully picked out a pair of light colored high waisted jeans, and one of Cameron’s sweaters that fit like a crop top on you. You held it up and grinned a little, the cat print was kind of adorable. You slipped on your black boots, fixed up your hair, and stepped out to the living room. The skeleton stared at you for a moment, completely in awe. He would never know how you made all the clothes you owned look so stylish. Papyrus pulled you into a crushing hug and spun you around.

“YOU LOOK ABSOLUTELY LOVELY AS ALWAYS!” He gently put you down. “I SUPPOSE I SHOULD DRESS UP A LITTLE TOO, THEN WE CAN GO?”

You nodded and held his hand, gently rubbing your fingers over the joints. After a few more minutes and some puns thrown in by Sans, you two were ready for your date! Papyrus was sporting a stylish jean vest emblazoned with tons of skeleton themed patches with a red hoodie underneath and skinny jeans. Sometimes you were kind of jealous of his wardrobe. Before stepping out of his apartment Papyrus hollered through the doorway.
“SANS! I’M GOING TO THAT PLACE THAT I TOLD YOU I WAS TAKING MY SWEETHEART TO. I’LL BE HOME SOON.” Then closed the door and looped an arm around your waist. “NYEH HEH! YOU’RE GOING TO LOVE THIS!”

With that you two walked to the subway station, you stood impossibly close together. Papyrus already missed holding your hand and kissing your cheek and being able to be affectionate towards you. But he refrained and was thankful for the small blessing of these crowds pushing you two closer together. He wouldn’t do anything incriminating, nothing that would cause someone to hurt you.

You looked over to your large skeleton beau, he was hunched over and cramped in the small subway car and looked so dejected and solemn. It really did hurt to see him like that. You patiently waited for the car to jostle a little and gently brushed your pinky finger against his hand as you looked out of the window. Papyrus took the hint eagerly and hooked his pinky finger around yours, it took all of his willpower not to scoop you up and hug the daylights out of you. You really were so cute and sweet.

Soon you two made it to your stop and bustled out of the station and back into the frigid fall air. You stood as close as socially possible to Papyrus, he really was unnaturally warm for a skeleton. You guessed that it was a magic thing, or a love thing, most likely both.

Soon you two arrived at a complex you had never seen before.

“SURPRISE!!” Some passersby looked confusedly at the booming skeleton. He flushed embarrassedly just a little upon realizing his faux pas. He lowered his voice slightly to accommodate. “I FOUND OUT ABOUT THIS PLACE ONLINE. THIS IS THE BROOKLYN BOTANICAL GARDEN. I WANTED TO COME HERE BECAUSE, WELL, I ASKED MR. DREAMURR FOR ADVICE. HE SAID FLOWERS AND GARDENS WERE VERY GOOD FOR DATES. AND IF THE KING SAYS IT’S GOOD THEN IT MUST BE!” He looked at your hand and let out a soft sigh. He wanted to hold it, you looked cold after all.

You smiled and giggled at Papyrus’s enthusiasm. You were so glad that his expression had brightened so much. You stood on your tiptoes and whispered to the tall skeleton.

“I wanna hold your hand, too.” You looked up at his face, it was flushing a lovely pink. “Let’s go somewhere with less people, yeah?”

Papyrus nodded and you two milled around the garden, slowly but surely inching closer together until your arms were pressed together and your hands were practically touching. Several feet behind you two, appearing and disappearing wherever he could cover himself was Sans. He was keeping a close watch on you two, making sure no malicious human would rain on Papyrus’s romance parade.

Papyrus held your hand once you two found a lonely little alcove and gently pressed it against his teeth.

“WE’VE BEEN TOGETHER FOR ALMOST AN ENTIRE MONTH, HONEY BUNCH!” He beamed at you as you admired the orange hues of the foliage around you. “I NEVER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU’D EVEN GO ON A FIRST DATE WITH ME, LET ALONE A THIRD.” He whispered into your ear and leaned close to you. “I LOVE YOU.” His soul warmed and fluttered just from saying that. He was silently thankful that the shirt he was wearing was so thick, how embarrassing would it have been if it started showing in public. Papyrus would have been mortified! He would have dusted on the spot out of sheer embarrassment!
You glanced up at him and barely stood on your toes to kiss his teeth.

“Awww, I love you too, Paps.” You were so thankful you two were all alone as you left little kiss marks all over his smile.

Sans was disinterestedly watching your little romantic spectacle and trying not to vomit up the breakfast ketchup he had that morning. Hearing footsteps that the kissing couple was to distracted to notice, Sans followed the sound. He came to a corridor laden with weeping willows blowing in the breeze. Sans thought it would have been a serene place for you and Paps, that was, if it didn’t have those three people dressed casual clothes towards where you and Papyrus were. They all had their hands mysteriously in their pockets and Sans panicked, either their hands were all cold and those evil looking smirks on their faces were from them shivering, or they were planning on giving his brother a bad time.

Now that just wouldn’t do. Sans sat on a bench near where the thugs were wearing a surgical mask with his smile drawn on it, a gift from Toriel, and his hood up. He used his magic on one of the three thugs to make them trip. Sure enough they fell and a shot rang through the venue.

*holy shit one of those guys has a gun…*

Sans would have thrown himself into a panic attack if it hadn’t been for how angry he was. Someone dared to even think of hurting his brother? Not on Sans’s watch they weren’t. As patrons began to scramble out of the gardens, Sans sat still, using his magic to sneakily attack the group. His soul ran cold when he saw Papyrus step out of his spot with his arms wrapped protectively around you and you, gods what a stupid human you were, you had your hands clasped on top of his. He had your lipstick marks all over his skull. That was as incriminating as it got. Sans had to resist the urge to scream, sometimes he just couldn’t have his way.

Papyrus looked between the three criminals and smiled amiably.

“WE DON’T WANT ANY TROUBLES SIRS, JUST, LET US BE ON OUR WAY AND YOU CAN ROB THIS GARDEN OF ITS BOTANICAL RICHES ALL YOU PLEASE.”

The trio snickered and one man wearing a baseball cap spoke. “Oh you’re not going anywhere, freak. We don’t want any damn plants. Drop the whore and we might not kill her.”

Another man with long blonde hair chimed in, mirthfully, “You on the other hand…” He cocked a handgun and aimed it at Papyrus’s skull.

Sans was seconds away from Gaster Blasting these humans into nothingness, before he could even think of doing so however rapidfire bone attacks were flying across the room at the criminals. The three thugs turned out to be quite uncoordinated and were being hit relentlessly with bone attacks. A low grumble was coming from Papyrus, his characteristic smile was poised into a horrible frown.

“What did you call my darling?”

Sans was more worried for the criminals at this point they were being battered like Undyne’s training dummy! It was quite the spectacle watching their HP getting lower and lower suddenly the attacks stopped. You were yelling and shaking Papyrus, Sans was livid, how could you have sympathy for those humans who were going to kill his brother!

“Paps you have to stop! If you kill them then we’ll never get to go on another date! We’ll never get to get married or have a family!! You have to stop it now, Papyrus!!”
The skeleton snapped out of his reverie and pulled you into a tight embrace, his smile soft and apologetic.

“SORRY. I GOT A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY THERE! THEY WERE CALLING YOU SUCH A MEAN NAME!” He huffed and pouted a little, while you giggled and added another kiss mark to his skull. Papyrus spoke softly, his soul was quivering. “DID YOU REALLY MEAN THAT ABOUT GETTING MARRIED AND, AH, AND STUFF?”

“I know Paps, I know. And thanks for defending my honor or whatever. It was kind of hot.” You smiled up at him. “And yeah,” You blushed and sighed happily, “I did.” With that you two quickly cleaned up the bone attacks and left the facility hand in hand. Disregarding the police on the scene while gazing into each other’s eyes.

Sans was left stunned. You really wanted to stay with his bro for that long? marriage and kids...
He chuckled to himself and teleported back to his apartment, flopping onto the couch. Maybe he had misjudged you, maybe even if all humans were terrible, you and Frisk were a couple of real nice exceptions. Was Sans ready to give up his brother, hell no, but he was almost ready to trust you with his brother’s heart and soul.

As you walked into his apartment with his brother he could hear you guys getting hot and heavy once again. He didn’t bother pretending to wake up. Paps would be just fine without him this time.

Chapter End Notes

Awwww you really love Paps don'tcha ;))

You know the place this chapter happened at is real?? I didn't until I searched 'super fun nyc date ideas'

Thinking about trying to write some soul sex in the near future?? What say you guys? Should I wait or what?
Chapter Summary

You and Papyrus are getting more and more popular by the second! So much so that Mettaton wants to interview you! But why?

Chapter Notes

Awwww man here we go this chapter's super cute guys

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After that fiasco at the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens, you and Papyrus were even more mushy and romantic around each other. There was hardly a moment you two were apart, and never a moment when either of you weren’t smiling. Papyrus had even more trouble controlling his soul around you and wearing thicker shirts. You and your boyfriend were contacted by the NYPD shortly after arriving in your apartments, apparently some they had some eyewitness accounts to take up and a lead on why the thugs had attacked you. You and your boyfriend gave your accounts truthfully, Papyrus ashamedly admitting to using his magic in self defense. The police officer clapped a hand on his shoulder and gave a forgiving smile.

“You did what you could to protect your girl, I wouldn’t be apologisin’ for that.” The skeleton beamed at the officer and you two were free to go. You had long since ceased watching television and the news, so you didn’t know what effect the incident had on the nation. It was the biggest story in the country. Constantly being covered round the clock by national news stations wanting those sweet sweet ratings. Hate crimes were popping up all over the place. Apparently there was a monster hate group gathering supporters by the hundreds targeting monsters and those who affiliate with them.

“Well the big brute shouldn’t have been out and about like that!”

“Is there no sense of morals in this great nation anymore? You can’t just go and do that because you don’t agree with something!”

Newscasters droned on and on about what they believed should happen next in the case of humans and monsters.

You and Papyrus were none the wiser, blissfully drifting about in your own little romance filled lives. Two weeks had passed since the incident; you and Papyrus were vaguely aware of the strange things going on in your lives since then. Papyrus would occasionally receive calls to his phone, monsters who were miles away congratulating him on his relationship. He was more confused on how all of these monsters knew, unless Undyne blabbed to everyone or something, he didn’t know how the news spread so far across the country. You two also noticed a change in how your peers and professors treated you. Some would go out of their way to compliment your outfit or Papyrus’s clothes or invite you two to hang out, while others were frightfully cold and menacing towards you two.
Once crisp October morning Papyrus screamed. You came rushing to his apartment with the spare key he had given you to find him smiling as big as ever and clutching a phone in his hand like a lifeline. Upon seeing you he was grinning even bigger.

“IT’S METTATON, SWEETIE! HE WANTS TO INTERVIEW US IN CALIFORNIA!! CAN WE GO PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE, MY LOVE??”

Your brain was screaming no, you didn’t do well in front of cameras, but how could you deny such a happy face? You smiled and sighed.

“Yeah we can go to Cali, but I get a plus one to go with me.” Cameron was gonna love the warm weather.

Papyrus crushed you into a one armed hug. “OH THANK YOU THANK YOU!! WE’LL BE THERE! …. YES. …. TOMORROW?? FOR A WEEK??!! WOWIE THANKS!! SEE YOU THEN!” He hung up and spun you around. “THAT WAS METTATON. THE METTATON!! HE WANTS TO INTERVIEW US!! OUR FLIGHT IS TOMORROW AT THREE.”

Why someone like Mettaton was interested in a couple of random people, you didn’t know. Maybe he was doing a segment about monsters and everyone else was busy? Regardless you were happy for the vacation.

“That’s kinda cool. So we should get packing then?”

You packed some lighter clothes fit for summer weather and a couple of swimsuits. You shook Cameron awake.

“Hey mate, you, me, Paps, and probably Sans are going to California tomorrow. Get packed!”

“Go the fuck to sleep, it’s too early.” Cameron flopped over and put a pillow on her head.

You smirked and spoke in a sing song voice. “Mettaton’s gonna be there and you can punch him.”

Cameron popped up from under the covers and quickly started rummaging through her summer clothes.

“You should’ve said that first, bro.” With that you two packed and waited excitedly for the next day.

Three o’clock the following day flew towards you all at lightning speeds. You were correct in assuming Sans would be coming along for the trip too, he was wearing shorts, shades, a tacky hawaiian shirt, and his signature slippers. Papyrus was much more stylish in comparison, still dressed for the warm weather, but not so embarrassingly. You all boarded your flight, a first class jet to to southern California. Once you arrived at the airport in the state you were hit with a wave of heat. Oh this was going to be hell to get used to.

A large pink limousine was waiting for the “Papyrus Party” and you all were escorted away to a monster embassy. As you made your way to it you noticed all the humans in the airport staring at you and your boyfriend. He hooked his pinky around yours and smiled down at you. You would get through this together, surely. Once you arrived at the hotel you were in awe at the sheer size of it, the place was massive! Your rooms were on the topmost floor, the most lavish ones in the embassy. You chose to room with Papyrus, and Cameron with Sans.

A whole week of sun and relaxation and Papyrus, it was a dream come true. You laid back onto the king sized bed and threw your suitcase to the floor. The mattress felt… off. You bounced on it
again and giggled.

“Oh my god Paps, it’s a water bed!!.” You bounced on the bed a bit more, your laughter growing when Papyrus joined you, yelping a bit at the way the mattress felt. “We have to try and not pop it, okay?” You wiggled your eyebrows suggestively at Papyrus, he coyly giggled behind his hand.

“I WOULDN’T DREAM OF IT, DOLL.” You to collapsed into a tight embrace, laying silently together for a moment. “I WANT TO GO TO THE BEACH, CAN WE?”

You grinned and nodded, of course you would love to go to the beach with him! You undressed and put on your two piece, you giggled at the design, you had bought the swimsuit online. It was red and the ass looked like it had skeleton hands cupping it as did the breasts. You were able to put it on while only letting Papyrus get away with only a couple of butt squeezes. After putting on a sheer little cover dress you were ready to go, Papyrus had already changed into… a bright red speedo. You tried to hold back your snickers but oh man was that hilarious.

“Hey Paps, you might wanna, uh, put on some pants over your uh, swimsuit. As much as I love what you’re wearing you can’t just let it all hang out like that.”

Papyrus nodded in agreement, he wouldn’t want to spoil his beautiful beach body before he got there. He pulled on one of his crop tops and shorts and you two set off for the beach with towels, sunscreen, and each other hand in hand. Once you two were on the beach donning your, what Papyrus had deemed “sexy swimsuits” you played in the sand for a bit, looking for shells and weird objects. You two didn’t notice at all how beach-goers were watching you two, taking videos as you laid on top of him or buried him in the sand and smooched all over his skull, or taking pictures when you two played in the ocean getting the nasty salt water in your mouths and laughing like crazy. By the time you two had gotten home you were both tired as hell and ready for bed. You slept like rocks while your popularity soared with the new videos of you two on your cute date.

The next morning was the day you had been waiting for. The interview. You wore the cutest outfit you owned, dressed to the nines along with Paps and Cameron, Sans elected to wear his normal attire, complete with ketchup and grease stains. You didn’t bother making him change as Papyrus screamed about it, you figured you shouldn’t push your luck now that Sans seemed to like you more since baking you that cake.

Once you all were escorted into the studio where you would be interviewed, Mettaton made his loud and flamboyant entrance.

“Oh, there are my rising stars!!” He rushed up and wrapped his noodle looking arms around you and Papyrus. You stared at Cameron wide eyed to convey your confusion. She shrugged and made a punching motion with her fists. You snickered a little as the robot released you two.

“We go on air in five minutes, alright. I want the happy couple sitting as close as possible!” He turned to yell at the crew. “This one’s for the big ratings people!! We’ve got the hottest couple on the planet in our midst!! No room for mistakes!!” He smiled back at you and Papyrus one last time. “It’s a really great thing you two are doing for all monsterkind, you know.” He walked off back to this dressing room and left the four of you on the couch.

Papyrus was starstruck.

“HE HUGGED ME!! I WAS HUGGED BY METTATON!!” As much as you loved his enthusiasm, you were gonna get real tired of him gushing about Mettaton real quick. When last you checked Mettaton wasn’t the one who had to deal with this goober every time he got a little
horny, which was often. The was gonna be a long day.

“Hey Paps, I, uh, I don’t do camera stuff well. Could you answer the questions please if he asks any about us?” You held his hand and leaned against his shoulder.

Papyrus nodded and kissed your cheek. “OF COURSE! AND IF HE ASKS YOU A QUESTION SPECIFICALLY, YOU CAN SQUEEZE MY HAND NICE AND TIGHT.”

You nodded and waited for the show to start. You sat with Papyrus on one side of you and Cameron on the other. Finally, the lights dimmed and the room filled with pink smoke. A spotlight appeared above Mettaton’s overly giant host chair and the robot in question stepped in with a flourish.

“Hello everybody and welcome to a super special interview on The Mettaton Channel! All Mettaton, All Monsters, All the Time!™” A little ding sounded where the trademark symbol went, you had to snicker a little with Cameron at that. He sat in his big chair and the room finally was normally lit once again.

“We have some very special guests today! The biggest couple in the nation! Give it up for this happy little couple!” The audience whooped and cheered in the background, you glanced at Papyrus’s face and made a little “awwww” sound. There were practically sparkles in his eye sockets, he was finally popular and was soaking in the attention. How cute!!

Suddenly Papyrus looked very confusedly at Mettaton.

“MAY I ASK A QUESTION?”

Mettaton looked taken aback for a second before flashing his brilliant smile.

“Of course, Papy-darling! Ask away!”

“How do so many people know about us?? I may not have been on the surface for very long, but I know that where we are is miles from where we live, yet for some reason, people outside of the city we live in know about us?? We’re really confused.”

Mettaton stared blankly at the skeleton then at you. Were you two serious? You didn’t know?? From your expressions it was obvious you didn’t. Either you two were really… ah, un-smart, or really in love. The robot hoped the second option was the case.

“Why? You don’t remember? That incident at that garden? The security tapes got everything! You two are famous, darlings! Standing up for your freedom to love one another, it’s so adorable! I can’t believe you didn’t know!”

You and Papyrus were shocked, did everyone know about that? No wonder people were treating you two so differently! Papyrus was the first to respond.

“Oh… WOWIE!!” He looked to you excitedly. “That means we can hold hands whenever we want now!!”

You giggled and laced your fingers in his. “Yeah I guess so, now that we have famous people privileges. We can hold hands and do whatever you want to do in public, I guess!”

Sans snickered, “Be careful how you phrase that, buddy. I think my lack of sleep says exactly what he wants to do.” You and Papyrus blushed brightly, your boyfriend glaring at Sans. You both were
gripping each other's hands tightly.

The crowd was hooting and laughing at the pun and the situation, you hid your face on Papyrus’s shoulder. Even Mettaton chuckled a bit before speaking.

“Well it’s good to know romance is alive and vibrant between you two!” He chuckled a little, “Mind telling us all how you two met?”

You gently nudged Papyrus to answer the question, he nodded and answered the question. He lovingly recounted every detail from when he first met you, to your study sessions, to the moment he knew he wanted to date you. He skipped over the saucy bits of course, but the poor skeleton blushed bright enough during those bits that the audience could more than pick up on what he was rushing past.

“...AND THAT’S WHAT LED TO US BEING HERE I SUPPOSE.” He grinned down at you on his shoulder and kissed your hair, you kissed his mandible back and smiled. The audience ‘aww-ed’ and clapped.

Mettaton clapped as well, quickly wiping a tear from his eye. He cleared his throat before speaking.

“A beautiful story, you two are just like a fairy tale, you know.” He smiled genuinely at the couple. “So how about a question for this little sweetheart?”

You perked up a little and squeezed Papyrus’s hand. “Yeah, what?”

Mettaton looked at you gravely. “So, dear human, has that horrible attempt on your lives put your relationship on the ropes at all?” There was a long pause as you tried to think of an answer. You thought back to what you said to Papyrus and blushed. It hadn’t deterred you in the slightest. You glanced up at Papyrus and smiled.

“We’re gonna be together, like, probably forever. So, uh, no.” You leaned back on Papyrus’s shoulder. Your boyfriend was blushing like crazy and trying to keep his soul from popping out upon hearing your sweet words. So, probably against his better judgement, he did what his instincts told him to do and kissed you. Right on the lips. Broadcasting to every television in the US.

The roar that came from the audience was deafening, there was applause and whooping and hollering, some even threw roses at you!

When you felt his arm sliding down your waist you flicked his forehead and whispered, “None of that, Speedy, until we get back to the hotel.”

Mettaton laughed at your little display looked towards the four of you. “Well congratulations on your lovely relationship, I really do hope it lasts forever.” He looked towards the camera and waved. “That’s all the time we have for today, Beauties! Remember, Stay Fabulous!” On that note, the audience applauded and the camera blinked and went dark, a bell rang signifying the end.

“Great job today everyone! Oh and especially you two, that was adorable.” Mettaton gave you and Papyrus one last hug. “Keep shining for all us little monsters out there.” He turned to walk away when Cameron handed you her phone.

“Record this.” She whispered in your ear before charging at Mettaton and socking his metal jaw. “That was for Burgerpants!!” A sickening crunch and a metal clang resounded through the studio. Cameron had surely dislocated a finger or something, and Mettaton's jaw had a small dent from her fist.
At first Mettaton was more than a little confused and upset then he remembered fondly, that poor nineteen year old he had treated so badly. He wondered what the feline was doing now with nostalgia in his eyes. He looked towards Cameron, rubbing his jaw. “Tell Burg-... Mark, that there’s always a place on my crew for him. And I’d be honored to work with him.” He walked off and you handed back Cameron’s phone.

With all of the excitement of the day finally passed, you all retreated into your respective rooms. For the rest of the week, you all enjoyed the beaches and sights to see in southern California. You worried about Papyrus though. Since the interview he had been acting a little distant and detached and well, not like Papyrus at all. On the second to last night of your stay you decided to ask him.

“Did I do something to hurt you, Papyrus?”

The skeleton stared at you confusedly. “NO?? NOT AT ALL!”

You frowned. “Then why are you acting so… I don’t know. So, like-I-did-something-wrong-ish?”

Papyrus sighed. He had been deep in thought as of late, you obviously wanted to be together forever, and he most certainly did too. But he wasn’t sure you were ready for this next step in your relationship. He knew he couldn’t rush into it, it was a pretty big deal. But oh stars did he want to.

He looked up at you nervously. “I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, AND YOU LOVE ME TOO, RIGHT?”

Now it was your turn to look confusedly at the skeleton. “To the moon and back babe, what’s the matter? Is everything okay?”

“I… I WANT TO BEAR MY SOUL TO YOU. LIKE, IN THE SEX WAY.” He looked away, his whole skull flushing bright pink.

Oh.

Chapter End Notes

Ohhhh shit are things gonna get sexy or nah?? ;))))
**(NSFW) *Soul Baring**

**Chapter Summary**

You get to touchy touchy the soul ;)))

**Chapter Notes**

ALMOST 3,000 HITS JESUS CHRIST GUYS!!!

HERES SOME BONE ZONE TO CELEBRATE?? ??

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus was sweating bullets. Here he was offering to bear his soul to you and you were silent! He knew it was too soon! Now you were probably weirded out and uncomfortable! He cringed inwardly at his own hasty actions!

“I-I WAS ACTUALLY, AH, KIDDING. NYEH HEH HEH!” He shifted nervously and sat on the bed. Before he could continue apologizing, you quickly kissed his teeth.

“You said before that the soul thing was kind of important, right? I’d be happy to try it!” You couldn’t believe Papyrus was showing you his soul, you remembered him being extremely nervous and shy just talking about it! You felt something in our chest stir just thinking about how sweet of a gesture this was.

Papyrus let out a huge sigh of relief and hugged you tightly. “OH THANK THE STARS. I THOUGHT I HAD WEIRDED YOU OUT FOR A SECOND THERE.”

“I let an orange glowing dick inside of me and who knows how many times I’ve sucked on that magic tongue of yours. The soul thing isn’t much different physically, probably.” You rubbed his back and laughed. “You’re so adorable sometimes.”

Papyrus felt his soul lurch at the sincere compliment and your acceptance of his request. He didn’t stop the warm feeling from spreading through his bones and in an instant you felt something warm and squishy on your chest. You gently pulled away from the embrace and stared.

“Awww, it’s so cute!” you cooed at the sight of the little soul. It was shaped like a heart, and was glowing a vibrant orange.

Papyrus chuckled nervously. “IT, AH, IT IS???” You were taking all of this really well, or at least better than you would in his head. “THIS IS WHAT MAKES UP ALL OF WHAT I AM, WHAT I LOVE AND WHAT I KNOW AND WHAT I BELIEVE IN. IT’S MY LIFE SOURCE, S-SO,” He was blushing like mad. “PLEASE BE GENTLE WITH ME.”

You gazed at the soul and glanced back up at poor Papyrus, his entire skull was a dusty pink that you just loved.
“I’d be like, the most careful with this. I wouldn’t want to hurt my favorite skeleton ever.” The skeleton in question beamed and kissed your cheek at the compliment. You saw the soul pulse brighter for a split second and stared some more. Papyrus felt a little uncomfortable under your gaze.

“IS EVERYTHING OKAY?”

You looked back up at him confusedly. “So what do I do now? I don’t know how to do the soul thing and I don’t wanna try something and accidentally hurt you.”

Papyrus gently pulled your hand to his soul. “A-ALL YOU REALLY HAVE TO DO IS TOUCH IT, THE MAGIC IN ME DOES THE REST.”

You gently took the tiny heart into the palms of your hands and trailed a finger over it. The little thing was smooth, but when you lifted your finger a viscous trail carried with it. You examined the substance and rubbed it between your fingers before tentatively licking it. Papyrus was beside himself with embarrassment, shoving your hand away from your mouth.

“Oh my god!!! DON’T JUST DO THAT!!” He couldn’t even look at you so lewdly tasting his soul secretions! Sure, you had given him a hand job before and licked his cock at least once, but this was different! Infinitely more intimate and he was a little... a little shy about it all. He didn’t need your confident and excessively lewd actions to make him lose his nerve!

You giggled at his reaction, his face was glowing a little he was blushing so hard, you guessed it was another magic thing. “So what can I do then, Paps? ” You trailed your finger in small circles around the soul, eliciting small whimpers from the skeleton. “What can I do to bang like monsters do?”

Papyrus grumbled at your wording but couldn’t stifle his groans. He’d never had his soul touched ever. Not even by his own hands, he was too worried he’d hurt himself and was far too busy anyways, he never realized what he was missing.

Seeing Papyrus’s reaction to your small teasing circles only made you more curious as to how much pleasure he derived from the little thing. It held all of his personality, his laugh, his likes and dislikes, you felt so honored and excited just holding it. So you did what you normally would do when Papyrus made you happy and kissed the little soul. Papyrus’s reaction was immediate as he whipped his head back and moaned loudly.

He looked back at you with his sockets half lidded, quite a lusty gaze compared to his usual bedroom eyes. Well now what could you do now other than keep kissing the little thing? You smothered the little soul with kisses while thoroughly enjoying Papyrus’s needy moans. You looked up at him while smirking, a wicked idea forming in your mind.

“Hey Paps, you like this right?”

He nodded feverently.

“Mind if I try something? I don’t think it’ll be too bad.” You waited for his go ahead.

“DO WHA-WHATEVER YOU THINK IS BEST, HONEY BUNCH. I TRUST YOU.”

That was signal enough for you to enact your plan. You slowly licked between the two humps of the little heart and lazily dragged your tongue around its outline. Papyrus bit hard on his hand to stifle his screams. What you were doing was just sinful and it felt amazing. His bones felt like they were covered with fire. Delicious, tantalizing fire. His pants were tighter than they ever had been
and his thoughts were all swimmy. He could only focus on you and the amazing sensations on his soul.

In an attempt to relieve some of the tension in his aching dick he grabbed your ass and roughly pulled you onto his lap. You were a little startled by the movement and accidentally gripped the small soul tightly between your fingers. Papyrus groaned and bucked his pelvis, holding your butt in a vice grip and biting your collarbone. He was trying his very best to not alert everyone in the embassy of what you two were doing but damn were you good with your tongue.

In his haze, he finally pieced together a coherent thought. He wanted you to feel pleasure too. He wanted your soul. But he wasn’t nearly alert enough to properly instruct you. You needed someone who could form a thought not about ravaging you every three seconds. He stole your lips for a kiss to stop you from licking his soul and chuckled.

“You wouldn’t mind helping me out of this outfit, would you?”

You were more than happy to help your sweaty boyfriend out of his clothes before he ruined them. You were a little surprised to see how aroused he was from your ministrations, and looked up at him worriedly.

“It won’t like, hurt you if I help you with that too, right?”

Papyrus grinned and shook his head. “Not at all, darling. But, ah, I’d really like to try something. I saw it once on the internet. Quite the interesting place to find new things to try with your lover!”

You laughed, Papyrus was so sweet even lost within the throes of passion. You kissed his cheekbone. “What were you wanting to do then?”

Papyrus’s grin grew more mischievous. “Do the words cowgirl style mean anything to you?”

You snorted and snickered a bit. How could you not laugh with an expression like that! No matter how many times you saw it, Papyrus’s sneaky face always made you want to laugh and smooch him.

“It might, Paps.” You answered coyly, “But you have to promise me all the spaghetti I want when we get home, and no sexual stuff on the plane ride back. I have the feeling that I’m gonna be hurting tomorrow.”

Papyrus nodded so hard he was dizzy for a few seconds afterwards. You sighed and stripped, gently placing his soul on the bed. Papyrus leaned back and was eagerly waiting for you. He wanted to see your lovely body again, every curve and bump and hair on your head was beautiful to him. He was about to voice his sentiments until you had so unceremoniously sat on his lap and fully buried his cock inside of you.

Papyrus had to stop himself from cumming right at that moment.

You picked up the soul again and sucked on the bottom tip causing the skeleton to buck his pelvis wildly and yelled. “Oh yes yes yes, my sweetheart!!”

Well subtlety and secrecy just flew out of the window. You made a mental note to invest in some gags for the skeleton, as much as you loved hearing his sweet voice, you preferred entire buildings not to know when you were having sex.
With your actions being so blatantly outed by your lust ridden boyfriend, you decided to go for broke and suck on the soul some harder.

Papyrus immediately became undone. He was moaning and panting like he was one death row and thrusting like there was a million dollar prize for hitting the back of your uterus. His mouth was wide open and orange drool was dripping off of his long tongue. You wished you had your phone so you could save the image forever. The poor skeleton was so far gone that he didn’t know what to do with his hands, he was gripping the bedsheets, gripping your ass, clawing your back, stroking your pretty cheeks.

You were trying as best you could to stay conscious of your surroundings, but Papyrus was surely making it a challenge, ramming your g-spot like crazy and marking you up with his bony fingers. It was more than a little difficult to keep from biting the little soul and hurting Papyrus. You let your teeth scrape it a couple of times and he loved it.

His soul began profusely dripping the same fluid you had tasted experimentally as you sucked and licked all over it. Papyrus’s breathing was more and more ragged and you were getting a little worried. His normal pink blush was tinged with his orange gold magic and he was sweating like crazy. You slowed your sucking and gently pulled the soul from your mouth.

“This thing’s getting pretty goopy, Paps. You aren’t gonna melt are you?” You looked at him worriedly.

Papyrus’s mind went blank as suddenly all of the pleasure disappeared; he whined and longed for the sensation. It took him a few moments to register your words. When he had finally processed it he looked away embarrassedly.

“WORRY NOT, I’M IN NO DANGER OF MELTING. I JUST, AH, I WAS CLOSE TO…” How could he put this delicately. “...CREAMING, I THINK YOU CALLED IT ONCE?”

You snickered and nodded. “Alright then. I guess I should finish you off then? I kind of want to taste your soul jizz.”

Papyrus was about to reprimand your vulgar phrasing for his soul… goop when you stuck the whole soul in you mouth, save the bottom tip that you were pinching tightly, and started sucking hard on it.

Papyrus was engulfed in ecstasy as he feverishly thrusted and moaned and left as many marks as he could on your body. You could tell he was about to cum. He always, somehow, got even louder and you braced yourself. You slowly dragged the soul out of your mouth, lightly biting and dragging your teeth along the way.

Papyrus came so loudly that his voice cracked, and boy did you laugh at that. You laughed even through the soul suddenly splattering the glowing goo all over your face. The skeleton in question was too far gone in the afterglow of his explosive orgasm to have even noticed. But when he did, and he saw your laughing visage, he bashfully hugged you and chuckled.

“I CAN’T BELIEVE YOU MADE ME DO THAT. YOU ARE BY FAR THE MOST MANIACAL, “ He kissed your cheek, “HUMAN,” He kissed your forehead, “EVER.” He kissed your lips softly and smiled. “AND YOU’VE GOT SOMETHING RIGHT,” He gestured towards the mess on your face. “THERE.”

You shoved his face and giggled. “Yeah because of you, meanie.” You slid off of his pelvis, his cock had long since disapparated. “Now finish me off before I do it myself, please.”
Papyrus didn’t have to be told twice. He lifted your crotch to his face and buried his tongue inside of you along with a couple of his fingers. You were already close to the edge as it was, with that added with the current pleasure you were receiving you finished fast, clawing at the bed and relaxing your weight onto his shoulders.

“DID I DO WELL?” Papyrus looked at your slumped form quizzically as he lowered your bottom half onto the bed. You nodded and wrapped your arms around his body.

“You want this back Papyrus?” You held up the soul, it wasn’t nearly as orange as it was before. It was more the color of orange creme ice cream than the actual fruit.

Papyrus took the soul and placed it back in his ribcage, he felt nice and whole again and was more than spent. He wasn’t going to be able to do any more strenuous movement after that.

“I SUPPOSE WE’RE REALLY IN LOVE, AREN’T WE?” It was more of a statement than a question. You nodded against his ribcage.

“Yeah we are. We have been for a while, I think.” You grinned up at the skeleton sleepily. “And everyone in the building knows it too.”

Papyrus blushed fiercely, but nodded and even chuckled. “NYEH HEH HEH! THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS THE MOST EXUBERANT AND GIVING LOVER!! OF COURSE EVERYONE AROUND SHOULD KNOW IT!!”

You laughed and kissed his sternum as he held you close. You made one last move before slipping to sleep. You yelled as comfortably loud as your voice could go.

"Good night Sans!!"

Sans glared at the wall, a pillow clutched over his head. kids like you should really be burning in hell.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all liked that. I know Paps did, now it's back to New York! Hope that was saucy enough for you guys, I've read some pretty good soul sex fics and I just hope I stepped up to the plate!

What's gonna happen next? Comment a scenario and I'll see if it tickles my fancy! If it does I might write it into the plot somehow or combine it with another idea! It can be super naughty or not btw :)))))

Also uh @Thylak i totally thought of you while writing this i hope ya like it ;))
*Let's Talk About Souls*

Chapter Summary

You all return home! But Paps isn't feeling too well, so you get to take care of him a little before you have to go back to classes the next day. You and Sans have a heart to heart about souls.

Chapter Notes

3,000+ HITS WOWWWIE GUYS THANKS!!

Real technical chapter this one, I got carried away a little

Someone requested a sickly skeleton and some soul times! I hope I delivered something you wanted! I tried real hard to stuff it all in but, don't worry y'all. The soul sexy times will really begin soon ;))

Also warning for emetophobia at the beginning!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Your last day in California was a very relaxed one. You, Papyrus, Sans, and Cameron all headed out for one last afternoon on the beach. You walked around with Papyrus and smooched all over his skull and were just as loving as usual to him. Sans watched on with disinterest while Cameron was frantically texting Burgerpants, who had seen the video of her wrecking Mettaton’s face. You all ate lunch at a food truck before leaving for your flight. Papyrus had his own hearty helping of some intriguing burgers while you opted for a large smoothie. Sans was guzzling a water bottle filled with ketchup and Cameron, well she had bought a dozen cupcakes instead.

On the plane ride back your entire group was tuckered out from all the excitement of the week. You laid on Papyrus’s lap and rested oh so peacefully. After two restful hours on the plane you all landed back in New York and made your way back to your apartment building. It was, however, very difficult. Your popularity had exploded since your weeklong absence and the interview. Strangers were milling around your apartment building while others were just plain hassling you and Papyrus. Your skeleton boyfriend was looking worse for wear, his smile looked a little pained and his face was glowing a dim orange.

“PLEASE LET US THROUGH. WE JUST WANT TO GET HOME AND REST.” Even his voice sounded so… tired.

You pushed through the crowds taking Papyrus with you as you went. You rushed to your apartments so that you could properly check on your skeleton boyfriend. You gently held his face in your hands.

“Are you okay bab-!!” Before you could finish your sentence poor Papyrus was vomiting blue magic all over the carpet in the hallway. It looked just like that Nickelodeon gak stuff, but with
glitter in it. Some of it was even dripping out of his nasal aperture and his eye sockets. You jumped back in surprise. “P-Paps?”

The skeleton groaned and clutched his chest, now he was shivering. This worried you even more, considering the many times he had told you that he couldn’t feel the cold.

“I’M SORRY. I’M NOT FEELING WELL RIGHT NOW, MY DARLING.” He looked so tired, like his legs were bound to give out any minute. You gently wrapped one of his arms around you and smiled up at him.

“That’s okay, Paps. I’ll uh, I’ll take care of you.” You began to walk with Papyrus into his apartment when Sans finally showed up with Cameron in tow. They both had a few choice words for some of those intrusive paparazzi folk and had finally finished giving them what for.

The smaller skeleton stared wide-eyed between the blue mess on the floor and his brother. “you sick, paps?”

Papyrus nodded and felt the world spinning far too much for his liking for a short moment. “MY SWEETIE WAS JUST GOING WITH ME TO LAY DOWN.”

Sans groaned. He absolutely hated when his brother was sick. It was such a bummer to see his peppy bro so subdued, even worse when he tried to act like he was all better when he wasn’t, prolonging the illness being cured.

“paps…” He sighed and glared at you, then smirked. “well, have fun with him.” He walked into his apartment. If you wanted to be all over him and ruin his two favorite things (his brother and his sleeping schedule) then far be it from him to limit you from such an opportune time to bond with Papyrus while he caught up on his sleep.

You followed the smaller skeleton inside and led Papyrus to his room. Your boyfriend was more than relieved to finally be off of his aching metatarsals. You carefully laid him down on top of the covers, not wanting his soiled clothes to mess it up, you knew how tidy he liked to keep things.

“So, uh, what happened?” You gently stroked Papyrus’s skull, it was unnaturally warm and glowing orange. He hummed at the feeling of your hands, they were so cool on his bones.

“I THINK IT MAY HAVE BEEN SOMETHING IN THE FOOD…” He gagged and shuddered. You ran and quickly grabbed a bucket from under his sink then gave it to him. The poor dear, he probably had food poisoning from those burgers in California. “I DON’T REALLY KNOW HOW THIS WORKS WITH HUMANS. YOU’RE MADE OF MORE PHYSICAL MATTER THAN MONSTERS. BUT I’LL BE INCAPACITATED FOR AT LEAST A COUPLE OF WEEKS AND VERY ILL. YOU SHOULD PROBABLY JUST LEAVE ME TO FEND FOR MYSELF. IT’S PRETTY GROSS.”

He clutched his chest and gagged. You were so burningly curious on how monster illnesses worked and how he was even vomiting in the first place, but you felt it would be kind of rude to interrogate him while he was so sick.

“You need anything, honey pie?” You spoke soothingly to the miserable skeleton, trying to convey that you were more than happy to take care of the skeleton while he was sick. He gazed up at you graciously.

“COULD YOU LAY HERE WITH ME, PLEASE? I PROMISE I WON’T RETCH ALL OVER YOU.” You grinned and kissed the top of his skull.
“Alright. You be the little spoon, and I get to be the big spoon.” You giggled and held his hand. “First thing’s first though. You need a bath.”

Papyrus whined and pouted. “I DON’T WANT TO MOVE. I FEEL TERRIBLE.”

You chuckled a bit and sighed. “And you’re going to be even crankier if your throw up stains your shirt. You’ll feel a little better once you’re all cleaned up. Trust me on this one.”

The larger skeleton sighed. “FINE, BUT ONLY BECAUSE I LOVE YOU AND TRUST YOU.”

You helped him out of his soiled clothes and led him to their bathroom. You had showered many a time in that room after a sweaty and passionate night with Papyrus.

“You want a warm or cold bath, Paps?” You looked back at the nude skeleton.

Papyrus was deep in thought at your question. Cold would surely soothe the burning in his bones and his aching all over, but a hot bath would do wonders for helping him sleep off this sickness faster. He decided on the former, he always had you to help him relax and sleep.

“COLD, PLEASE.”

You nodded and ran freezing water into the tub, for Papyrus it couldn’t fill fast enough. Finally his bath was ready and he carefully stepped in. He let out a satisfied moan as the cold water slowly sapped away the burning heat in his body. It felt just heavenly. You grabbed a washrag and some soap.

“Now let’s get this cute skeleton nice and clean!” You giggled and kissed his cheekbone quickly. “I’m gonna start of with your face okay? Tell me if anything hurts you.”

Papyrus nodded and sighed as you began to wash him, he relished the feeling of the cold water running all over his bones. You were so sweet and kind for doing this for him. He loved you so so much.

A squish and a splash was heard, you looked down to see the water turning a deep blue color. His soul was floating in the tub it wasn’t how you saw it last, a vibrant orange. Instead it was barely a pastel orange with large splotches of blue swirling around it.

“O-OH DEAR.” The skeleton quickly moved to grab the soul but was then hit with a wave of nausea. He moved too fast. “COULD YOU GET THAT, LOVE?”

Papyrus was stricken with absolute embarrassment. He had only thought about you for a split second and his soul was raring to go! Even though he was feeling so terrible! This was absolutely terrible! The worst possible day!

You gently picked up the soul and stared at it. The blue splotches matched his vomit almost exactly. Was he hinting for you to clean it?? How did he get that mess inside of his ribcage?? You poked one of the blue splotches with a bar of soap. Papyrus gasped sharply.

“S-SUGAR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING???” He looked at you confusedly.

You glanced back at him and rubbed the soap on the soul.

“I thought you wanted me to clean it? It has your vomit on it. See?” You held the soul up for him to see. Sure enough Papyrus blushed bright pink at the sight of his soul all covered in suds.
“S-SO IT IS.” Maybe you were supposed to clean it and that was why his illness lasted so long? He had never tried it before. “GO AHEAD THEN. I’VE NEVER REALLY TRIED CLEANING IT BEFORE.”

With his verbal consent you began gently scrubbing the soul and trying to ignore Papyrus’s needy whimpers. Now was not the time for sex! He was sick! After a few minutes of scrubbing it was apparent that the splotches couldn’t be removed by simple soap. You resigned yourself to washing the rest of his body and helping him into some soft pajamas. He climbed into the bed and yawned once you two made it back to his room. You laid there for a while listening as Papyrus slept. When you were sure he was in deep sleep you carefully got up from behind him and made your way to Sans’s room. You knocked on the door and whispered.

“Saaans! Hey Saaaaans!” You heard the skeleton slowly get up and shuffle towards the door. He only opened it enough to glare one of his eye lights up at you. “whadd’ya want, brother fucker.”

Uh oh. He was already mad and you hadn’t even done anything yet! Well technically you and definitely "done" something, or rather someone, but that was beside the point.

“I just wanted to know what those splotches on his soul were.”

The effect when you said “soul” was almost immediate. Sans whipped the door open, his eyes were flickering between his normal pupils and some kind of terrifying blue orange… donut???

“you touched his soul? you know he’s sick, you absolute freak.” What kind of sicko tried to bump and grind while someone was ill??

You frowned at the insult. “That was uncalled for. I just wanted to know if they were cleanable or something. The spots weren’t there before.”

Sans took a deep breath, despite not really having lungs. He didn’t want to think about what the hell before meant. That was a talk for after his brother got better and when the human was out of sight.

“the spots mean he’s sick okay goodnight.” He swung the door closed, not wanting to really talk to you anymore. You weren’t having it though.

“But his soul is like, his life source, right? Shouldn’t I be worried if it’s got stuff in it?”

Sans glared balefully up at you and sighed, another sleepless night it was.

“look, my brother’s specialty is blue magic. When he attacks, it’s blue. He can turn your soul blue, if it isn’t already blue. That’s his attack magic. It’s staining his soul because his body is fighting a disease, get it? So don’t go touching on it, preferably ever, but at least wait until after he’s better… and when I’ve had a talk with him.”

You were relieved that the blue wasn’t fatal or anything. But now you were even more curious. If his specialty was blue magic then why were his summoned parts were orange? Why was his soul orange for that matter?

As if reading your mind Sans sighed and continued talking.

“we monsters don’t get to pick our soul color, same as you. We don’t get to pick our attack style either, it kind of, is already in our genes. Once you get it then you get it. It’s actually pretty normal to have a soul color different from your attack color.”
You nodded as he spoke, his words growing more and more sleepy and slow by the second. Oh no! You still had more questions! You quickly prioritized and asked the one that seemed most pressing.

“So I have a soul too? Like Papyrus?” You put your hand over where your heart was. The only thing you knew was there was an organ, not some magical thing.

Sans chuckled condescendingly. “You catch on real quick. Yeah you’ve got a soul, if you didn’t you’d be some weird kind of zombie. Humans have human souls and monsters have monster souls I…” He sighed and looked past you. “It’ll take a while to explain all this. But if you really want to know how souls work, I can tell you.” He smirked. “For a price. No more bone-ing while I’m still in the apartment.”

You nodded feverently, this information would help you strengthen your relationship with Papyrus even more! Of course you’d be willing to comply to whatever demands Sans had!

With your acceptance Sans grinned a little wider. He hated to admit it, but he really did love teaching others about what he knew, even if it was a dirty brother fucker like you.

“Well the easiest way to learn about a human soul is to see one. but, ah,” Oh Sans could feel himself falling into old habits. “mind if I ask a few questions first? just so I can maybe guess what color yours would be.”

You shrugged and nodded. If Sans wanted to give you a personality quiz that was fine by you. He seemed to be warming up to you as you just sat and talked.

“okay so what’s your favorite color?”

You pondered for a moment. “Red, probably.”

Oh. Well that was one down vote for you. He hadn’t had very good experiences with red souls. This was already off to a bad start.

“okay, uh,” Sans walked away and came back with torn but very official looking document. “out of all these words, which one do you think is a biggest part of your personality?”

You looked at the short list. Determination, Kindness, Bravery, Justice, Perseverance, Patience, and Integrity. How the hell were you supposed to pick one? You didn’t really analyze your actions that much, how were you supposed to know which applied? With the way Sans was looking at you, you were almost afraid to pick one. He seemed like he would kill you if you picked the wrong one.

Well… You certainly considered yourself to be kind. You were dating a monster after all, and you knew plenty of unkind people that would scoff at the thought. But did that count as kindness or decency?? You didn’t really consider yourself determined or patient. You had a short temper and gave up easily if things got out of hand. What the hell did justice mean? You went ahead and discounted it as an option. Were you brave? You didn’t know, it sure seemed like you had been living in fear your whole life, but maybe you were overreacting. Integrity… You did try to always do the right thing, even if no one was there to watch. You never started up fights with those who bullied you and your boyfriend, never broke a law even if it was 100% guaranteed that you would be okay. But was that integrity or not being an asshole??

Sans saw your brows furrow in concentration. You really were thinking about this seriously and looked up at him worriedly.
“I don’t really know which one of these applies to me. I was thinking maybe, uh, integrity or kindness but… I don’t know.” You saw Sans relax and felt your own tension dissipate. You had chosen something he liked at least.

He gave you a good hearted chuckle and grinned sincerely at you. “don’t worry about it, Pap’s human. this was just so I could predict maybe what color you might be. now uh,” Sans was blushing a light blue, it made the space between the doorway glow. “ you should probably sit down for this.” He was about to invite you into his room but decided against it. That would look kind of incriminating to his brother, and he couldn’t ever hurt him like that.

You both sat on the couch, the tension in the air was palpable. Sans cleared his throat.

“i’m gonna say this once, I’m not touchin’ your soul. i’ll leave that for Pap, and I don’t like you. i’m only teachin’ ya because you need to know how monsters and souls work and I have intrinsic knowledge of the subject.”

You nodded. Though you didn’t understand the full gravity of the situation, you felt as though this was important. You were doing this for Papyrus after all!

Sans looked away and muttered. “stars i really don’t wanna do this…” He looked towards you. “take a deep breath and think about someone you love, like love a lot.”

You took a deep breath and thought of Cameron and Papyrus, two absolute constants in your life. There was never a moment when one of them wasn’t there either helping you out or making you feel better or just being there for you. You felt your chest tingle and got a weird sense of vertigo for a split second. You vaguely heard Sans say something and felt someone catch you. You stared at your lap for a moment, blinking blearily at the weird glow surrounding you and Sans. The small skeleton was staring at your chest, he spoke softly.

“human souls were always real pretty…” He noticed you staring at him and cleared his throat embarrassedly. “ ah, sorry about that. Your soul is kind of a weird blue green mix, kind of teal-ish i guess.” He shrugged. “color mixin’ is actually pretty normal for any kind of complex soul. it’s really rare to have all of one color like just red or just blue. even monster souls fade from white to a different color, but you already knew that.” He glared at you for a moment, still smiling. “can I go to sleep now?”

You held your soul in your hands and gazed at it, blue? Just like Papyrus’s sickness… Maybe you could absorb it somehow? You smiled down at Sans and hugged him.

“Oh my gosh thank you so much! Paps is gonna flip when he sees this!” You grinned excitedly and rushed back to sleep with Papyrus. Sans looked back at a clock on the wall and squinted. Midnight. Not too bad, he could get a few hours of sleep in before school in the morning, he had to catch all of Papyrus’s classes too to get all of his notes and things. He shook his head and went back to his room, at this point he was really enabling you two wasn’t he?

You snuggled behind your boyfriend and sighed. All this new knowledge was so intriguing! You couldn’t wait to surprise Papyrus when he got better.

Chapter End Notes

Awwww your soul’s super cool!
Sorry if my headcanons are a little weird guys, I just, I think it's super unlikely that everyone in the world has only one trait about them that's dominant you know? Even if the kids that fell were all rare cases I think it would be normal for those with souls with strong magic to be drawn to strong magic, since mixed souls are generally weaker they'd always be in an undersaturated environment?? idk. So that's why they fell, or at least that's one of the many reasons why in this little story.

Anyways hope you all liked it!
You slept peacefully against Papyrus’s back. You focused on the way his ribcage rose and fell, as though he was snoring and gently lifted his shirt. His soul was still there, a little inverted white heart with added blue spots. You sighed and lowered his shirt. It was a shame Papyrus was sick, you wished you knew if human medicine would help or if there was monster medicine somewhere. As the sun rose you felt the skeleton stir and groan.

“Good morning, Paps,” You cooed sweetly to him. “Did you sleep well?”


You laughed a little at that and kissed his cheekbone. “I’m happy I was graced with the honor of being in your dreams.”

Your morning continued like that, you two laid in bed talking about nothing. Papyrus felt a little better already just from all the attention you were giving him. You decided that maybe he could handle crackers and water, since that was what most people ate when they were sick or had a stomach bug. It didn’t work and you were cleaning out his eye sockets and nose aperture yet again.

The skeleton looked miserable, he felt miserable. Like he let you down just by being sick, oh he hated being ill.

“I’M SORRY SWEETIE, I’M NOT READY FOR HUMAN FOODS QUITE YET. I BELIEVE THERE’S SOME SEA TEA IN THE KITCHEN.” He sighed happily as you kissed his skull and left to get the tea.

You strode quickly into the kitchen to hurry up and prepare the drink only to stumble and almost fall on top of Sans! He was so short it was kind of hard to see him if your mind was preoccupied. Sans grumbled and gently pushed you off of him.

“look, i know we had a real heartfelt conversation last night, but i still need some personal space.”

You stammered out an apology and quickly grabbed the tea and microwaved some water, Papyrus hated when you prepared it like that, but you were in kind of a rush whenever you did. You thought
about him and smiled as you placed the little tea packet in the water.

Poor Papyrus was so miserable and sick and you wanted him to feel better so badly! You wished Sans had told you something more helpful concerning monster illness instead of rambling on about souls! You wanted to see Papyrus’s sweet smile and hear his big laugh not accented with gross gagging noises. You wished you could take him out on a date and hold him and smooch him until the sickness went away! You smiled at the thought, but it didn’t last long as a little splash was heard and suddenly it felt like you were on fire. You hissed and groaned in pain. Sans, wanting you to shut up because it was way too early for all of your noise, was about to give you a piece of his mind until he saw you writhing in pain.

“hey, kiddo. What’s the matte-” He froze. The piping hot cup of tea was glowing brightly the same color as your soul.
	heir soul fell into the tea…

Sans frantically fished it out of the cup. What kind of idiot were you?! Who the hell just let your soul flop out at any given time! You had no respect for how important a soul really was and that made Sans boil inside a little more. You could die so easily and you didn’t seem to care! In his annoyance Sans may have gripped the soul a little too tightly.

You were whipping through several emotions at once, from excruciating pain to excruciating pleasure. You let out a deep groan of “Papyrusss yeaaaah…” as Sans grabbed your soul.

Papyrus was laying peacefully in his bed, drifting to sleep again. He heard your voice and Sans’s too, what was he doing up so early? Papyrus shakily stood and shuffled his way into the kitchen to congratulate his brother on his act of non-laziness. He heard a bit of a commotion coming from the kitchen, you were clumsy sometimes. He hoped you didn’t fall and hurt yourself. He quickened his pace a little more after hearing your obviously pained groans from the kitchen.

What he saw baffled him completely. There you were, innocently making the tea for him and his brother… Sans was… What was he holding? Was that his soul?? If it was Papyrus had a scolding and a half to give to Sans! Just because his romantic partner wasn’t around to love didn’t mean he could expose himself to whoever he wanted! But even if that was his soul, that didn’t explain why you sounded so pained...

“SANS WHAT ARE YOU DOING???”

Sans’s pupils vanished from his sockets and he dropped the soul onto the counter. He quickly wiped his hands on his shorts. You sighed in relief when he finally loosened his vice grip on your soul. You made a mental note to go easier on Papyrus when holding that.

“uh, nothin’ bro. Just drinking.” You looked at Sans to find him more than a little flustered. You didn’t really get why.

Papyrus scoffed. So that was how Sans was going to play it? So be it, Papyrus wouldn’t pry about whatever his brother was doing.

“RIGHT, WELL PUT YOUR SOUL BACK PLEASE. THAT’S INDECENT.” He stood next to you in the kitchen and wrapped his arms protectively around you.

Now Sans was in a pickle. How could he shove this soul into his rib cage without his own soul touching it. He looked to you to find an equally worried expression. At least you realized the gravity of *this* situation.
You were beside yourself with worry, you didn’t know what happened when two souls touched but you knew that it probably wouldn’t be good for your relationship with Papyrus. And you knew where Sans’s soul was, if it was anything similar to Papyrus’s. You took a chance and began kissing all around Papyrus’s skull.

“I got your tea all ready for you!” Your boyfriend’s attention was immediately directed to only you, you then stuck your hand out behind your back and gestured to Sans. He was more than happy to drop your soul and teleport into his locked room. You shoved the soul against your chest and back inside of you. That was a close one.

“I’M SO SORRY MY BROTHER DID THAT. I’LL HAVE A STERN TALK ABOUT BOUNDARIES WITH HIM LATER.”

You chuckled and sat on the couch with him. “No it’s fine.” You let him lay on your lap as you stroked his skull. “Are you going to be okay without me today? I’ve got classes soon.”

Papyrus nodded and hummed happily. “SANS IS STAYING FROM HIS CLASSES TO LOOK AFTER ME, I’LL BE FINE.”

You were relieved to know that Sans was at least going to be here, though you weren’t sure how much help the lazybones would be. Maybe when you got back you could try out your sickness absorbing idea!

“I’ve got a big surprise for you when I get back, I think you’ll really like it.” You stood and stretched. It was already time to go.

Papyrus watched you head over to your own apartment and finish getting ready to leave. He thought about what he had seen and sipped the odd colored tea. Why did Sans feel the need to do… that? Was his resentment towards you really masking his affection? Did he not know that you were already taken by a very handsome skeleton monster! Did he not think of how intimate he was being? Papyrus stood with confusion and hurt in his chest. This talk couldn’t wait he had to confront Sans about this now. He marched to Sans’s room and knocked on the door.

“SANS, I NEED TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU.”

Sans groaned, of course his brother wouldn’t let him procrastinate with this. “sure, come on in.”

He used his magic to unlock the door and Papyrus gingerly stepped in, he didn’t really like reprimanding his brother.

“SANS… WHY DID YOU SHOW YOUR SOUL TO MY HUMAN?” And it was right to the nitty gritty.

Sans grimaced and scratched at his cervical vertebrae. “that, uh. that wasn’t my soul, pap.” He was sweating and looking away. “it was the human’s.”

Papyrus’s expression jolted in surprise before it darkened exponentially. Sans winced at the sudden change. oh he was mad now…

“What?” Papyrus spat at his brother. That was your soul?? Why the hell was Sans touching it?! Was… When you called his name that morning… Was that?

Sans was quick to stammer out his explanation, he had a tendency to word vomit when he was nervous or afraid, in this case he was feeling a horrible combination of the two. He didn’t want to ruin his relationship with his brother.
“I-look they came into the kitchen this morning almost knocking me over then their soul falls into the tea and they’re screaming bloody murder. Did you want me to let them die? I had to fish it out the tea to keep them from getting scalded to death.”

Papyrus nodded as Sans told his story, he wondered how you had discovered how to summon your soul, maybe he’d ask you later. He believed Sans one hundred percent and felt bad for snapping at him.

“I APOLOGIZE FOR THINKING OTHERWISE, SANS!” Papyrus hugged Sans tightly. “YOU’RE THE BEST BIG BROTHER EVER!”

Sans chuckled nervously and patted his back. “there’s also uh, something i need to talk to you about too.”

Papyrus beamed at his brother, making Sans feel even worse. “WHAT IS IT?”

Sans sighed and cringed. “i think it’s high time you learn about where uh, baby monsters come from before you and your little human get too serious.”

Papyrus frowned, that was a rather abrupt subject change, but he was more than ready to learn! He did sometimes wonder where all the little monster children popped up from. He had no idea how you fit into the puzzle though.

“TEACH AWAY, SANS! I’M ALL EARS!”

Sans was already blushing and embarrassed, he had put this off for so long, he cursed you for making him have to do this.

“w-well… you know how when you touch your soul it feels kind of.. N-nice?”

Papyrus nodded happily. “YES I MOST CERTAINLY DO!”

Sans sighed, at least he could skip over that bit. “ well when two monsters really trust each other th-they you know, touch each other's souls. and when they really… r-really trust each other they both ,” oh stars this was embarrassing... “th-they rub their souls together.”

Papyrus’s eye sockets widened a little at that. You could rub souls together??? This was certainly news to him!

“a-and if both parties consent to having a kid th-then a little soul starts to uh, grow, inside of whoever is viable for that kind of thing after the uh, the rubbing thing and you finish and, uh, yeah...”

Papyrus nodded, soaking in all that Sans was saying. Did that mean that potentially, you and he could have your own kids? He swooned at the thought! Little skeleton humans running around! And he would make such a proud dad and you would be an excellent parent as well! Sans saw his brother’s expression and spoke sternly.

“hey, don’t get any funny ideas. that’s how monster children are made. humans are made in a completely different way, and i don’t even know if a monster and a human can even have a kid.”

Papyrus’s enthusiasm deflated. Sans didn’t know? Well if he didn’t then who would? Sans hated seeing his brother so down in the dumps. He really had to get out of the habit of being so pessimistic.

“maybe you could figure something out though, you are the great papyrus after all.” He smiled
assuringly at his brother. Sure enough, Papyrus’s face brightened up again. Oh, the ideas he put out there just to keep his brother happy.

“THANK YOU FOR TELLING ME ALL THIS! I WOULDN’T HAVE WANTED TO DO SOMETHING REGRETTABLE TO MY SWEETHEART.” He hugged Sans and stood. “WELL, I’M GOING TO GO AND REST FOR A BIT.” He paused in the doorway. “AND SANS, DON’T TOUCH THEIR SOUL. EVER AGAIN.”

Sans shivered and nodded. His brother could really pull that menacing thing off well, a chip off the old block, or at least Sans liked to think he had rubbed off a little on his brother.

The rest of the day passed by peacefully enough. Papyrus was either sleeping or bored out of his mind while Sans slept and cared for his brother. The tea infused with your soul residue seemed to have really helped speed up his healing. Soon you returned and entered their apartment.

“Papy!! I’m back and I brought a surprise!” The skeleton in question walked over to you and yawned, pulling you into a tight embrace.

“I MISSED YOU. SO MUCH, MY DARLING. I LEARNED SOME VERY… INTERESTING THINGS TODAY. AND I FEEL WAY BETTER THAN I DID YESTERDAY! WHATEVER YOU PUT IN THAT TEA REALLY HELPED.” He smiled at your little blush. Little did you know that he knew exactly what went into his tea!

“No problem, and since that worked so well I was thinking that maybe I’ve got a remedy for you.” You smiled at him mischievously. “I even got a super special outfit and everything.”

Papyrus was curious. What kind of outfit did you splurge on and what kind of remedy were you cooking up? He kind of hoped it involved that defiled tea, it was kind of erotic now that he thought about it.

“WELL WHATEVER IT IS I KNOW IT WILL BE AMAZING!”

You nodded and kissed his cheekbone. “Go to your room and wait for me. Is Sans here?” Papyrus shook his head. “Good.”

You smirked as Papyrus went to his room and waited. Meanwhile, you were rapidly changing into a costume you found in a shop on the way there. A little red nurse’s costume, a “sexy nurse” as it said on the bag. You thought about Papyrus and how happy he made you and quickly summoned your soul, you had been practicing in the bathroom at the university. You slipped on some high heeled boots and reapplied your makeup, it was the kind that wouldn’t come off even if you were deep sea diving. Once your soul was prominent in front of your chest and you were all dressed, you knocked on Papyrus’s door.

Papyrus chuckled. “YOU DON’T HAVE TO KNOCK, YOU KNOW! YOU’RE ALWAYS WELCOME IN MY ROOM, SWEETIE!”

You slowly stepped into the room relishing in Papyrus’s reaction, his jaw was almost dropped to the floor.

It was time to test your little soul healing theory.

Chapter End Notes
Oh man some sexy sexy times are coming down the pipeline perhaps?? ;)))

Be sure to comment any scenarios you'd want to see or submit them to my blog! I'm more than happy to pick ones that I like and put them into the plot!
(NSFW) *Healing Touches*

Chapter Summary

Now it's actually time to touch souls ;)))

Chapter Notes

Independence day weekend was waaaayyy to enjoyable, makes this week seem kind of bland in comparison. What better way to break out of this funk than some soul sex??

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus couldn’t even stutter a response to your appearance, he loved how short your dress was. He loved how much detail you put into your accessories! But most strikingly, he loved, the way your teal soul complimented the maroon dress. It looked so… shimmery. Far shinier than his own soul which was fluttering so badly at the spectacle in front of him.

“UH, WH-WHAT’S THIS ABOUT, SWEETIE?” He stammered as you walked up to him and sat on his lap, facing him.

“Well you said the tea helped yeah? I, um, I accidentally dropped my soul in the tea, and drinking it made you feel better! So I was thinking… Maybe I could give you a little home remedy for your illness.” You smirked and slid a hand down the side of his face. “I asked Sans about it and he showed me how to make my soul appear at will, I-” You felt Papyrus tense a little under you.

“HE… HE DIDN’T TOUCH IT DID HE? NOT IN A MALICIOUS OR PARTICULARLY ROMANTIC WAY?” He interrupted and looked at you worriedly only to sigh in relief when you shook your head.

“Nah, he didn’t do anything like that. I’ve still got my soul virginity or whatever.” You smiled and kissed his cheek. “My plan is to use my soul, because it’s partly blue, to make you feel better! Since, after all, drinking that tea made you feel so much better. Is that okay?” You softly kissed his smile. “I know the soul thing is really big for monsters, I need to know that this is okay with you.”

Papyrus was absolutely over the moon, here you were clad in a sexy outfit so casually bearing your entire being to him, and you still wanted to know if he was okay! He pulled you into a tight embrace.

“What you’re asking for is the deepest form of connection that monsters know. I, in fact, didn’t know about it until a few hours ago.” He buried his face into your neck and nuzzled it a little. “It’s how monster children are made.” He felt your breath hitch into a little gasp.

You frowned at his statement. How would you carry out your plans now! You didn’t have time for kids! You were a college freshman! You needed to focus on your studies and your personal
problems!

“Oh. Well then maybe my idea won’t work.” You sighed. You had gotten all dressed up for nothing.

Papyrus ran his hand through your hair and chuckled. “DON’T WORRY, MY DARLING, SANS SAID THAT WE COULD ONLY HAVE CHILDREN IF BOTH OF US WANTED THEM. AT THE MOMENT IT SEEMS NEITHER OF US DO, SO I THINK WE’LL BE OKAY.”

You beamed. Your idea was a go then! “Perfect!!” You kissed all over his face. “Now lean back and let me see that pretty little soul of yours. It’s time for my One Dose Miracle Cure-All Treatment!” You and Papyrus both giggled.

“OH THANK YOU, AH, MY LOVELY NURSE! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK I WOULD BE ILL FOREVER!” He pretended to cough and faint. “PLEASE HEAL ME WITH YOUR SEDUCTIVE GAMS!” He slid his hands up and down your thighs so desperately wanting to have a peek up that cute little dress.

You snickered and pushed Papyrus’s shirt up until his whole ribcage was showing. “Oh dear, it seems my human teaching hadn’t prepared me to take care of such a handsome skeleton monster. You’ll have to tell me where your soul is.”

Papyrus stared confusedly at you for a second before getting the gist of what you meant to do. “DO WHAT YOU MUST, O BEAUTIFUL SIREN OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. I TRUST YOU TO BRING ME FROM THE BRINK OF DEATH!” He moved his arms in a flourish.

You fought back another laugh at Papyrus’s response. He was really getting into this little game. His bones were twitching nervously at every sensation, you could see the infected soul pulsating.

“Tell me if I’m getting close, my sweet patient,” you cooed seductively at him. You slid one of your fingers up his spine winding into his rib cage. Papyrus whined and groaned at the sensation of your light touches. Before you reached the inside of his ribs however, you slid your hand back out, pulling a frustrated moan from Papyrus.

“Was I close?” You asked in a coy, clueless kind of tone. You knew good and well that you were close to the little heart, but you also knew that Papyrus loved being teased.

Papyrus nodded feverishly, his skull almost completely engulfed in his pink blush.

“PERHAPS MY DARL- I MEAN, LOVELY NURSE, MAYBE MORE PROBING IS NECESSARY?” He looked up at you eagerly. He was eating this up, you knew the big ham would like this sort of thing.

“Of course, good sir. The patient knows best after all,” You gave Papyrus a wink and slid your hands all over his ribs, paying the least attention to the most sensitive ones towards the bottom.

It was driving the poor skeleton mad. He gasped and moaned and clutched at his bedsheets as you relentlessly groped his ribs. Finally, you stopped and gazed at your boyfriend in mock concern.

“Oh dear, you’re so sensitive,” You pinched his floating ribs causing him to growl and moan softly. “This illness has really taken a toll on you, hasn’t it?” You kept assaulting the lower ribs with your touches. “I don’t know that I’ll be able to find the soul.”

You were glad to be sitting on Papyrus’s pelvis, his hips were thrashing wildly against you. He probably would have tackled you right then and had his way with you if it wasn’t for this ad libbed
scenario you had created. As if a switch had been flipped Papyrus’s soul suddenly shone brightly
above his ribcage, your touches really were getting to him. It was dripping all over his bed in blue
and orange. You took the small organ into your hands and grinned.

“Is this it, my good little patient?” You poked the soul and lazily stroked it with one of your
fingers.

Papyrus had a bit of trouble responding, on one hand, his body was responding well to this roleplay
you had created. On the other hand, he was feeling desperate and wanted to pin you down with a
blue attack. He chose to stay on board with this for a little longer.

“Y-YES.” The skeleton cleared his throat. “I BELIEVE YOU HAVE LOCATED IT.” He
pretended to cough weakly. “HURRY BEFORE I PERISH AND LEAVE THIS WORLD!”

You giggled and slowly brought the soul to your own chest. “Here I go then.”

You kissed his smile and took a deep breath. You didn’t know at all what this would feel like. You
pressed the dripping soul to your own and groaned loudly. You were hit with a wave of absolute
bliss.

“OH MY STARS!!” You heard from beneath you. The skeleton was absolutely trembling and lost
in that heavenly touch. You glanced down at the soul, the blue was migrating towards your soul
while the orange was swirling and mixing with your teal. Maybe it was working?

“Are you holding up okay, Paps?” You looked sincerely worried for the skeleton.

“KE-KEEP HEALING ME. PLEASE FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THINGS GOOD DON’T
STOP.” He looked up at you pleadingly. How could you say no to that?

Upon his request, you pressed his soul against yours once again, relishing in the squishy feeling. It
was nice, like a warm hug. You could feel his every emotion about you and you guess he could
feel yours too. It was heavenly about you were seeing sparks across your vision with every
movement you made with the souls. You looked down at Papyrus who was writhing beneath you.
He looked too far gone to roleplay anymore, his face was completely flushed with his tongue lolled
out and drooling.

You checked the status of your souls and smiled. You were right, Papyrus’s sickness was drawn
towards the blue of your soul, his was almost completely vibrant orange once again. You began to
roll your hips onto Papyrus’s bulge between your thighs. You held the souls tighter and rubbed
faster.

“H-Hey Paps, it’s workin’.” You grinned at Papyrus and held up your fusing souls, his soul was
even cleaner than before, the orange of his melting and swirling along with yours.

Papyrus looked at the little hearts with awe in his eye sockets, you really were healing him…
Wowie! He couldn’t believe what he was seeing! And it was such a nice way to be healed too. He
could feel all your love and affection for him thrumming through his bones and all around his
skull. He loved you just as much and he was so relieved you felt just as strongly.

You stopped rubbing the souls after another few moments and inspected Papyrus’s soul. Crystal
clean. You smiled and held it up to Papyrus.

“S-See? My remedy works every time, and since you were such a good patient,” You leaned down
onto his chest and kissed him. “You get a treat. You’d like that, yeah?”
The skeleton glanced down at your crotch leaving wet spots on his pajamas and back up to you questioningly. You nodded; a wordless conversation that was almost mundane between you two at this point.

You felt Papyrus reach his hands around to your ass and slowly search for your soaked underwear, only to find none. He huffed at you.

“I’M PRETTY SURE NOT WEARING ANY PANTIES IS A HEALTH CODE VIOLATION, MY NURSE HUMAN.” He kissed your cheek as you shrugged and pulled off his pajama pants. They were emitting a more than familiar glow.

“Oh please. I did this for your health benefits, I don’t see how it would violate anything.” You slowly slid yourself onto his cock. He was always a perfect fit, filling you just nice enough to feel nice but not anything too painful. You pressed your chests and souls as closely as possible, Papyrus practically wrapped you into a bear hug to keep the closeness.

You felt tears prickle your eyes at all the sensations going on, the feeling of your souls pressing together, Papyrus’s merciless slamming into you and all the warm feelings you two shared for each other. It was entirely too much as you clung to your boyfriend’s frame.

“Oh god P-Papyrus I love you so much!” You managed to choke out between your moaning. Papyrus nodded and whispered something unintelligible back. His faux breathing was getting shallower and shallower, you didn’t think he was going to be able to hold on this long, to be honest. You were more than a little tired already and teetering over the edge of climaxing. You reached down between you and your boyfriend and licked across both souls. You screamed out Papyrus’s name as you came hard, the taller skeleton’s thrusts growing erratic as he orgasmed beneath you. Both your chests were splattered with whatever came out of your souls when you came. You looked like you both lost in a round of paintball. You felt all of your muscles relax as your souls unfused and dissipated back into your chests.

Papyrus was uncharacteristically silent.

“What’s the matter, Paps? Was that bad? Did I do something wrong?” Now you were worried. “I didn’t hurt you did I?”

Papyrus just looked up at you with that dopey grin he always wore after sex and little tears in his eye sockets.

“DO YOU REALLY FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT ME?” He asked in the softest voice you had ever heard from him.

You stared blankly at him for a few moments before remembering the mixture of emotions you felt while you two were banging were not just yours, but his too. He must’ve felt all those embarrassingly strong feelings you had for him. You nodded and kissed his cheekbone, at least he was okay with them.

“I guess I’ll be seeing you in class tomorrow, Papyrus, since you’re all better now?”

The skeleton nodded sleepily. “I’LL BE WHERE YOU ARE WHENEVER I CAN BE.”

You ‘aww-ed’ and grinned. “That’s so sweet, Paps.” You laid in a blissful silence for a bit, both of you drifting to sleep when Papyrus mumbled his own sleep delirious thoughts.

“NEXT TIME I WANNA PLAY COPS AND ROBBERS…” And he fell fast asleep leaving you to wonder exactly what he meant by next time.
Chapter End Notes

Hooo boy that was a wild one to write! Hope you all liked rubbing souls with the skel ;))}

Comment any scenarios you would want to see here and I might put it into my plot!
You could also submit your suggestions to my blog!
Your lives had fallen into a blissful pattern after that day. You and Papyrus were even more inseparable than before, and you rushed to meet with each other after class every day. More and more people came to know you out of fame and often approached you with their own feelings about monsters. Most were timid about their feelings, pining after poor Sans or expressing their support for you and Paps. Others were… not so friendly, but those people were so few and far between that you barely even paid them mind. You talked about the future with Papyrus, how lovely it would be to live together, to have your own space to love freely, every evening on the balcony in your apartment. One day, however, broke that mold in its entirety. It was a day you had been excited for, yet dreading all month. Halloween.

Dorms around the campus had been slowly putting up decorations. Cheap paper skeletons and plastic pumpkins littered the leaf covered floors. Papyrus was intrigued by it all. He wondered why people were VERY interested in putting nude skeleton models around their homes all of a sudden. He hoped it wasn’t some human way of flirting with him! The Great Papyrus was more than taken by you after all!

That morning, on the thirty-first of October, he noticed many humans wearing funny costumes to their classes. Even you opted to wear something a little festive: a sweater with a rib cage and arm bones printed onto it. It took a lot of convincing for Papyrus to let you wear such “lewd apparel” outside of the house.

“DARLING?? WHY DO YOU INSIST ON WEARING THAT TO YOUR CLASSES TODAY? THERE ARE ENOUGH SALACIOUS PICTURES OF SKELETONS ALL OVER THE CAMPUS ALREADY?” He huffed and pouted. You could’ve sworn you heard Sans snickering in his room.

“It’s Halloween, babe, I gotta dress up at least a little.”

Papyrus thought a moment. No, he decided he wasn’t at all familiar with whatever you had said. But he lived with Sans long enough to know what a “ween” was and he knew what “hallowed” things were. Was this some human way to express love for their lovers? They dress up as their partners? What an odd ritual… He was flattered that you thought his “ween” was hallowed regardless.

He felt his cheekbones flush with pride and laughed. “NYEH HEH HEH!!! OF COURSE WE
MAY CELEBRATE THIS HALLOWED WEEN EVENT! EVERYONE WILL KNOW HOW FASHION FORWARD AND IN LOVE WE ARE!” He wrapped an arm around you possessively. “I’LL WEAR A HOODIE TODAY, JUST FOR YOU.”

He grabbed a pink hoodie of yours and happily put it on. You looked up at him quizzically. Oh well, you wouldn’t question it. Whatever Papyrus had rattling in his skull of his it was probably cute and very logical in theory, despite how silly it sounded. You didn’t mind - it was what made him so unique to you. You held his hands and set off for class. Papyrus stepped into the anatomy class with you and instantly regretted it. Apparently *lots* of people were dressing as him or Sans. He glanced at you nervously. He had never let any of these inferior humans see his hallowed ween! Why were they all professing their love for him?!

Before class began, you glanced around the room. Sure enough, there were several iterations of skeleton attire: gloves, socks, bodysuits. You took your notes a little more irritatedly than you would have liked. You knew it was silly to think, but you felt a little like they had stolen your idea! You hoped Papyrus wasn’t weirded out by all the nudity going on in class. You looked up at him to see his skull dripping with that weird skeleton sweat. You whispered to him.

“What’s wrong?”

The skeleton simply shook his head and smiled almost assuringly at you. You guessed he was in fact very uncomfortable with all the skeleton imagery. You two sat unusually quietly next to each other. Papyrus was so nervous about all of these strangers confessing their love to him, while you were trying not to unsettle him even more. By the time class ended, you were more worried than ever for the poor skeleton.

“Hey, babe, are you okay?”

At the same time Papyrus pulled you into a tight embrace. “I HAVE NEVER EVER SLEPT WITH ANY OF THESE PEOPLE. I SWEAR ON THE LIFE OF MY PINK SHIRT.”

You leaned into the hug, ignoring the odd looks of the other students leaving. “I, uh, I never thought you did, Paps.”

He breathed a huge sigh of relief - from what, you didn’t quite know, “OH THANK THE STARS.” He kissed you softly and hummed. “THIS IS A REALLY… DIFFERENT HOLIDAY. I DIDN’T KNOW SO MANY PEOPLE HARBOR SUCH FEELINGS ABOUT ME.” He huffed. “THEY SHOULD KNOW THAT I AM HAPPILY COMMITTED TO YOU! ONLY YOU ARE ALLOWED TO SEE MY WEEN.”

You threw him a puzzled look. At this point you were afraid that ignoring him would be detrimental to your day. There was some kind of disconnect happening here.

“Your what?”


You snickered. Where the hell he cooked up those ideas of his, you didn’t know. “No, Paps. It’s Halloween, as in one word. And it has nothing to do with anything near your crotch.”

Papyrus looked more than a little disappointed in that. “SO WE’RE NOT CELEBRATING MY BEDROOM SKILLS?? THEN WHAT’S THE POINT???”
You giggled a little. “No, sorry Paps. I already do that like, every day. Halloween is kind of like… a celebration of monsters? We dress up as stuff and walk door to door and say ‘Trick or Treat!’, and then we get candy.”

Papyrus nodded sagely as you talked. A monster celebration? Amazing! Humans were more pro-monster than he thought!

“WOWIE!! A MONSTER CELEBRATION??? DO OTHER MONSTERS KNOW ABOUT THIS HALLOWEEN THING TOO?”

You shrugged. “I don’t know. You all have been up here for a while, but you may not know.” You kissed his cheek and left the classroom. You would have been late if you had decided to play 20 questions with Papyrus.

Papyrus was left to his own thoughts as he watched you leave. So Halloween wasn’t about sex, it was about monsters and candy? If there was an entire holiday for monsters, why were humans so hateful to them? He shrugged and texted his brother.

> Sans!!!! Have you heard of halloween???

Sans heard his phone buzz and was grateful for it, as he hid in an empty classroom. Lately, with this surge of “monster acceptance” brought on by his brother and you, more and more humans were fawning over him like a goddamn piece of meat. Sure, it was fun at first - more people were listening and laughing at his puns. But oh did he hate all the stupid love confessions. He hated the hopeful looks he had to crush, but he just couldn’t care sometimes! They were invading his every waking hour on campus!! They were always leaving chocolates and flowers and all types of romantic shit on his desks! He didn’t want to deal with them anymore! He had a girlfriend and was more than satisfied with her! Sans would rather be forced to listen to you bang his brother though the walls for the rest of his life than to receive another love letter from a human!!

> i dont wanna know what you and your human do behind closed doors

Papyrus groaned exasperatedly.

> I thought it meant that too!! But it’s actually a monster celebration!! They’re celebrating our existence or something??! It’s pretty neat!!

Celebrating monsters? With the treatment Sans had been receiving, it sure as hell sounded likely.

> so youre tellin me that all the naked skeletons around the campus are for this monster celebration? they don’t put up naked humans for human celebrations pap

Papyrus scoffed at his brother’s words.

> Humans are obviously ill informed on monsters! It’s been awhile since they’ve seen us after all!

Sans sighed. Ill informed he says. They could have at least drawn some clothes on the paper decorations or something. He wasn’t too on board with Papyrus’s idea. He’d research a little later.

> so what do you do on halloween?

Papyrus rapidly responded making several typos in his excitement.

> You dress up! Then go to a jouse
> *hsoue
Sans had a little laugh at his brother’s enthusiasm it always put the biggest smile on his face.

if we walked around naked then everyone would think we were just humans in costumes

Papyrus balked at the text. He knew a conversation with his brother would end up being fruitless.

Well his brother was a lost cause for acting on his generous halloween knowledge. He might contact Undyne later - she had a boxing class to teach or something right now. He searched halloween things on his phone as he walked to his classes. He soaked up all of the new knowledge and catalogued it. Halloween was so fascinating!! And there were so many different costumes! He could break out his battle body for the occasion! You’d love it for sure!

You drifted throughout your day slowly but surely making it home again. You were a bit giddy. You had been invited to come along with Papyrus, Sans, and Cameron to a halloween party! You thanked the gods that this halloween landed on a Friday night. You couldn’t even remember the last time you were invited to a party that wasn’t Cameron’s! You were scrounging around for your robe/kimono when a knock sounded at the door. It was definitely Papyrus.

“Hey Paps!” You answered the door happily. Sure enough, a pair of bony arms scooped you up and teeth clacked all over your face.

“HELLO, MY SWEETIE PIE! WHY ARE YOUR WEARING THAT… WHATEVER IT IS. “ He glanced at you putting on the short kimono with socks and slippers.

You clapped and smiled. “Oh! We were invited to a halloween party!! I was going to wear that nurse outfit but someone messed it up. So I’m dressing as one of my favorite singers instead!”

Papyrus blushed at the memory. “Y-YES WELL, ANYWAYS,” He cleared his throat. “I’VE RESEARCHED THIS HALLOWEEN THING AND HAVE A READILY PREPARED COSTUME TO WEAR!” He grinned proudly.

You nodded kissed his cheekbones. “I’m sure whatever you wear will be totally sexy.”

Papyrus wrapped his arms around you and grinned. “THANK YOU, ANGEL. YOU’LL BE LOVELY TOO. I DON’T KNOW THAT I’LL BE ABLE TO KEEP MY HANDS OFF OF YOU.”

“Well you’d better try. I don’t think anyone would appreciate watching you dry hump me all night at the party.”

You laughed as Papyrus sputtered indignantly.

After a couple of hours and Papyrus running to his room to dig up some “battle body” that he just knew you’d enjoy. You and Cameron stood in the hall in front of Papyrus’s door. Cameron was dressed as a ninja, and you wore your short kimono and slippers combo. Suddenly, the door burst open to reveal Papyrus and Sans wearing… costumes?

Sans was only wearing his shorts. You tried not to stare at his very apparent gut hanging out from under his ribs. So skeletons could be chubby… Papyrus was wearing, well, you weren’t sure what it was. You could almost claim that it was armor but it was so… lacking. Only the top half could’ve
even been considered armor. What the hell were those spheres on his shoulders for? Was he supposed to be a stripper? His iliac crest was peeking out from those shorts, and you knew how he felt about “clothes that revealed too much of his flawless physique”.

You spoke choosing your words carefully. “What are you dressed up as, Pap?”

Papyrus grinned and flipped his scarf so that it briefly flew behind him. “NYEH HEH HEH! THIS IS MY ROYAL GUARD COSTUME AKA MY BATTLE BODY! SANS MADE IT FOR ME.”

This was that battle body?? You smiled and held his hand. “Well at least you won’t worry about anyone copying your costume. You look super cool, Paps.”

Papyrus thanked you and pulled you into a warm kiss, Sans was quick to interrupt.

“ahem, not to be such a killjoy here, but we should probably go. you two tend to uh, get a little wrapped up in each other.”

You two separated embarrassedly and Papyrus nodded in agreement. “O-OF COURSE! TO THE MONSTER PARTY WE GO!!” He marched off, lead by your direction skills and Cameron’s checking of your direction skills, and eventually made it to the Halloween bash!

As soon as your group stepped into the house party. An uproar started. People were fist bumping and patting your backs and clamoring to greet you and Papyrus. You looked to your left to find Sans more grimacing than smiling. He must not be able to handle crowds well, you had that in common. You noticed him eyeing a group of scantily costumed human girls warily. They were looking at him with a gaze all too familiar. One wearing a cat costume was particularly blatant with her gestures. So the little skeleton had a fan club?

“Hey man, I think those girls over there want to talk to ya.” You smirked down at Sans who just glared at you. “What’s the matter? Cat got your tongue?”

Sans let out a little chuckle at that. “i guess maybe you aren’t so bad, kiddo.” He sighed and grimaced. “i’ve told those girls over there a thousand times that I’m already dating someone but they… uh, they’re persistent. no one can resist the ol’ skeleton charm. I’m kinda hopin’ that seein’ me practically in the nude’ll drive ‘em off. ”

You both had a laugh at that while Papyrus was soaking up attention from the other party guests. They all asked about him. His likes and dislikes, his hobbies, what Underground was like. When they asked about you however, he clammed up a little. He couldn’t help it! You were just so sacred to him! He didn’t want to creep people out by absolutely gushing about you! He excused himself once those questions had started to get a drink. The partygoers directed him to the kitchen where there were an array of bottles and alcoholic juices of all sorts. Papyrus didn’t know it was alcohol though. How could he have? There was no such thing Underground!

So, being the parched and logical skeleton he was and he picked a drink he was familiar with: Lemonade! This lemonade, however, was very much not for kids. After knocking back a bottle he stared at it for a moment. This lemonade wasn’t like normal lemonade. It was better!! It made everything seem all… swimmy or something. And it warmed his bones so nicely. Then he drank another and another and soon a crowd had formed to egg on the skeleton.

You had actually been hanging with Sans and Cameron during the party, having lost Papyrus’s attention to the crowd. Cameron had called Napstablook and Mark over to the party, and the three of you were waiting for them to arrive when you heard “Chug!! Chug!! Chug!!” from the kitchen.
Sans chuckled and grinned. “wanna go check out the sucker downing those drinks?”

You three stood up and walked to the kitchen to find Mark and Napstablook already at the party, standing with the crowds. The feline turned and grinned when he heard you all.

“Oh man! I was wonderin’ where you guys were! Papyrus is knocking those bottles back like no one’s business!!” He laughed. “Who knew he was such a party animal?!”

As if on cue Papyrus burst from the crowd, all the while grinning and striding. “I AM NOW THE HALLOWEEN KING!!! BOW BEFORE MY HALLOWED WIENER!!” He held up one of the lemonade bottles as a scepter. The crowd whooped and hollered as loud banging music began to play. They bowed and gave him high fives as he passed. He strode, only slightly staggering, to a large armchair and sat, carefully moving another drunken party guest out of the chair and to another couch.

“KING PAPYRUS NEEDS SOME BITCHES!!” He gestured towards the passed out human. “BECAUSE THIS BITCH IS OUT!!” The room roared with laughter. He laughed along with the other guests until suddenly growing gravely serious. “SERIOUSLY THOUGH, I DO REQUIRE BITCHES.”

The crowd laughed more, and he huffed. He wanted people to hang out with that didn’t laugh whenever he spoke, and he wanted more lemonade. You, seeing his obvious drunken stupor, gently tapped his shoulder as he pouted in the armchair.

“Paps? Babe? How much did you dri-” Papyrus pulled you into a tight hug.

“HONEY BUNCH!!! I MI-MISSED YOU!!!!” He hiccupped and slurred as he spoke. You could smell the alcohol on his teeth. “I HAD SOME GOOD LEMONADE, DARLING. YOU SHOULD TRY SOME.” He wobbled and tried to hand you his empty bottle. “I SAVED IT JUST FOR MY QUEEN!”

You smiled and took the bottle. “Thank you, baby. Let’s get home.” You looked back at Sans and Cameron. Sans was looking very murderously at the crowd while Cameron was talking with Napstablook and Mark.

You stood and helped Papyrus up. So much for fooling around tonight. Papyrus leaned all of his weight on you and frowned. “WE’RE LEAVING? I DON’T WANNA LEAVE MY FRIENDS BEHIND! LET’S STAY!”

You sighed and rolled your eyes. “If we don’t go, what great and amazing king am I going to get to ravage me tonight?” You could see the pride in his eye sockets. Sometimes Papyrus was far too predictable.

“NYEH HEH HEH!!” The skeleton straightened himself up and wrapped an arm around your waist. “TO OUR CHAMBER OF PASSION WE GO, MY QUEEN!!” He giggled and whispered to a random guest. “WE’RE GONNA SMASH.” The guest gave Papyrus a high five and a “Hell yeah!” for good measure.

You dragged Papyrus out of the party as he blew kisses and waved to the other guests. You wished you didn’t have to leave, but Paps was a danger to his own reputation and others at this point. You knew he’d never forgive you if you let him do something embarrassing, or he’d forgive you far too easily and deal with the consequences anyways, making you feel guilty. You made your way back to your apartment with minimal damage. The skeleton had been pawing at you the entire way back, but luckily, he had tired himself out.
Papyrus flopped onto his bed and groaned. “SORRY SWEETIE ‘M TOO TIRED TO MAKE LOVE TONIGHT.”

You laughed a little and rubbed his back. You weren’t planning on doing anything with him - not while he was this drunk, anyways.

“It’s fine Papyrus, you just go to sleep. Tomorrow we can hang out.” You kissed his skull and smiled. The skeleton almost immediately clung to your waist and fell asleep. You sent a text to Cameron.

> Party hard for both of us k?

You waited a while for a response. After a few minutes, you got one and had to cover your mouth to contain your laughter and stop yourself from waking up Papyrus.

Cameron had sent you a picture of everyone gathered around playing Dungeons and Dragons and going absolutely nuts with the caption “Let’s get this terrible party started” beneath it.

It was times like these that you remembered why the two of you were best friends.

Chapter End Notes

Don’t ask me why this chapter exists. It was the first idea that popped into my head and I loved it immediately.

Papyrus is a cute drunk and I love that, hope you all did too! And looky there Sans is taking a little shining to ya!
Papyrus woke up in a fog. He rubbed his eye sockets a thousand times before just giving up on driving away the odd grogginess in his bones. His mouth tasted awful, and his skull was throbbing like nothing else. The skeleton turned over in his bed to find you sleeping soundly next to him. He stroked your cheek with his hand, you looked so peaceful. The skeleton heard a far away booming noise and jolted a little. His first instance of human weather, he read about this phenomenon once. Rain. It looked so serene.

The thunder was a very soft wake up call for you. You saw Papyrus staring at the water running down his window in awe. He was so cute.

“So how are you holding up, King Papyrus?” You smirked at his confused expression and spoke softly.

“YOU OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW THAT I’M NOT A KING. JUST A VERY HANDSOME SKELETON!” Papyrus winced at his own voice and clutched his skull. Was he alway so loud?

You shook your head and chuckled, so he didn’t even remember what happened? Was he that drunk last night? You watched as Papyrus stood and immediately lurched and groaned.

“You should take it easy today, Paps. Take a page out of Sans’s book and be a little more relaxed, you’ll thank me later.” You moved to sit him back down, but Papyrus wasn’t having it.

“But I wanted to go on a date today… I’VE NEVER TOUCHED THIS “RAIN” STUFF BEFORE!” He looked at you with such a pleading gaze! How could you say no? Surely there was a hangover remedy that involved being out and about? You nodded and got dressed, you had long since moved some of your clothes into his apartment.

“Let’s go out for breakfast then. There’s this little coffee shop that I just know you’ll love. And I’m like pretty sure they sell peppermint tea which should help you feel better!” You kissed Papyrus’s cheekbones and smiled.

Soon you and Papyrus were stylishly clothed, you grabbed one of your clear umbrellas and stepped out into the crisp morning air. Papyrus was a little hesitant, he knew in his mind he was just being silly, but the thought of experiencing something so new scared him a little. He felt you hold his
hand and pull him under the umbrella with you.

“Now you can see the rain without getting wet.” You began your trek to the coffee shop.

Papyrus blushed as you two walked down the street. He still was very unused to being able to speak to you and caress you and just love you in public. It exhilarated him in more ways than one. You leaning on his arm and the soft noise of the rain on the umbrella was just heaven to him. Papyrus knew for a fact that was just going to love this rain thing.

You two eventually arrived at the little cafe, it was one of your favorites to visit with Cameron. Grinds and Cream. You two stepped inside and the quiet chatter of the other patrons fell silent. Everyone stared. You nervously gripped Papyrus’s hand and waited in line for the register, but the majority of those waiting were more than ready to make way for such a famous couple. All of a sudden you two were next in line and more than a little unsettled, even the cashier was staring wide eyed at you two. They could barely stutter any sort of greeting.

“H-Hello!!” They cleared their throat, you hoped you two weren’t scaring them. “What can I-I get for you two?”

You smiled reassuringly at the cashier. “Just two peppermint teas, please.” You saw the baristas working in a flurry to prepare your drinks, they reached your hands in record times. You smiled a little when you remembered the hour wait you and Cameron sat through, all for drinks that you didn’t even order. At least this newfound fame was good for something.

You and Papyrus sat at a table towards the back of the store. Eventually those prying eyes looked away and all the other patrons went about business as usual. You laced your fingers with his and sighed happily.

“So how’s the tea Paps? Is it working any?” You watched as he sipped the hot tea from his paper cup.

His face lit up exponentially. “WOWIE, THIS IS REALLY GOOD!”

“Glad you like it, I read on the internet that it’s supposed to help you feel better.” You giggled and kissed his cheekbone. “As much as I love my other method of making you feel better, I think we should restrict the soul stuff to a minimum.”

Papyrus nodded and sipped more of his tea. “THIS WAS SUCH A SWEET DATE IDEA, HONEY BUNCH.” He held your face and kissed all over your cheeks.

You giggled and sampled your tea. Holy shit he was right... The tea was so delicious! Before you could say anything about it however, You two received a visitor from a table at the front of the cafe.

A young woman eagerly walked towards you and Papyrus. “Oh my gosh!!! Can I have a picture with you guys???”

Papyrus jerked his hands away from you in slight pain at the girl’s loud voice, he looked to you for your say so. You nodded, then the girl took the picture then went on her way. Of course that triggered those who were afraid to ask for a picture to make their move, and others to just take pictures of you two while you didn’t notice. Papyrus at first loved all the attention, but it quickly grew old. Humans didn’t want to talk to him much, they only wanted to talk to you. But he wanted to do that. You were his darling, not theirs.

You didn’t want to turn away all of these nice people, but you really were hoping for a quiet date
with Papyrus. The skeleton in question was all but pouting as more people asked for photos with you both. When it seemed as though the picture taking was finally over, things grew exponentially worse. It was as if a dam had broken and suddenly paparazzi were swarming into the cafe to look for you two. You had nowhere to run at the back of the cafe and eventually you were swamped with flashing lights and endless chatter and questions. The din was really getting to you, Papyrus was faring no better. You decided to suck up your reservations and answer their questions.

That in turn drew your attention even further from Papyrus, who was more than a little annoyed. He wanted your attention, this was a date after all! And these humans with their flashing lights and loud voices made his head hurt! More importantly, he knew how uncomfortable you were answering these intrusive questions. It was as plain as day on your face, but these other humans didn’t seem to care. Papyrus put one of his hands over yours in your lap and smiled.

“I CAN ANSWER THE QUESTIONS FROM HERE. MY SWEETHEART HAS A SORE THROAT RIGHT NOW.” He kissed your cheek and grinned at you. You smiled back thankfully. Just what would you do without the big goofball?

As Papyrus began to answer their questions, you rested your head on his shoulder. In all honesty, you were baffled by how comfy Papyrus was to lay on. He was all bones, he shouldn’t feel like a plush pillow. But he did and you loved cuddling with him just as much as anything else you did with him. As you listened to him expertly dodge and weave through the questions you felt his hand in your lap slowly make its way to the waistline of your jeans. You looked at him quizzically but he seemed to be too busy answering questions.

He snaked his hand down your pants and rubbed sinfully slow circles around your clit. You tried to keep a straight face, but damn was it difficult. He really knew how to work his fingers around. After a few moments your decided to discreetly ask Papyrus about it. You whispered to the skeleton, trying to choke back a moan. “Paps, I never knew you were this dirty. You know we’re super in danger of getting caught right?”

Papyrus huffed before answering you. He continued working his fingers around your sensitive clit. “I DON’T CARE. THESE HUMANS NEED TO GO BACK TO THEIR WORKPLACES AND LEAVE US ALONE. THE CAMERA LIGHTS ARE TOO BRIGHT AND THEY ALL ARE TALKING TOO MUCH.” He winced at the bright flashes and slipped a couple of his fingers inside of you.

“NYEH HEH! EAGER FOR MORE, AREN’T YOU!?” His statement sounded like it was for the photographers. It especially seemed like it when he struck a dashing facial expression. You knew better though. You could feel as his fingers eagerly probed inside of you, those words were definitely meant for you. Your breath hitched when he poked a particularly sensitive spot inside of you. You hid your face on his shoulder, this was almost unbearable and way too hot.

Who knew that Papyrus liked this kind of stuff? He was really going to town fingering you, and it was unlikely that you’d be lasting much longer. You started to get a little nervous. There was no way you wanted all these photographers to get thousands of picture of you orgasming in a fucking coffee shop, but damn. You were getting closer and closer to finishing by the second. Papyrus happily answered questions while you were falling apart at the seams next to him.

You rasped breathlessly to Papyrus to get his attention. “Ohhh, oh Paps, s-stop stop… I’m g-gonna fucking-” Before you could finish your sentence Papyrus gave one long stroke to your clit. You were clawing at his jeans, thankful that your face was hidden, but there was no way the moan bubbling up from your throat wouldn’t give everything away. Just when you thought the jig was up Papyrus tilted your chin up and pressed his teeth to your lips. You eagerly kissed back while riding
out your orgasm. The photographers’ cameras were snapping pictures like no one’s business. You
gently pushed Papyrus’s forehead back, breaking the kiss.

“Let’s go home. I think I want some spaghetti, you know… *al dente*. So we should go, like right
now.” Papyrus retracted his hand from your jeans and swirled his fingers in his tea. He smirked
and took a sip.

“THEN HOME WE GO! SORRY PHOTOGRAPHER HUMANS, BUT WE HAVE TO LEAVE,
MY HOME COOKING HAS BEEN REQUESTED AFTER ALL!” He stood and held your hand.
That tea really did help, his skull wasn’t throbbing nearly as much.

You watched wide eyed as he swirled his fingers covered in your juices in his tea and drank it in
front of all these people. You could tell from his flushed cheeks that he was getting off doing this.
You stood with Papyrus, more than ready to leave. The both of you rushed out of the cafe and back
to your apartment. You two barely made it through his doorway before entirely losing control and
kissing heavily. It took a few moments until you separated and closed the front door.

You flicked Papyrus’s forehead. “Oh my god Paps, I can’t believe you did that. You just made me
orgasm in front of all those people and you were totally getting hard off it.”

Papyrus chuckled and kissed your cheek. “I COULDN’T HELP IT. THEY RUINED OUR DATE
AND THEY WERE MAKING YOU SO UNHAPPY BY ASKING ALL THOSE QUESTIONS. I
JUST WANTED YOU TO FEEL BETTER. AND WHAT BETTER WAY IS THERE TO MAKE
MY DARLING FEEL BETTER, OTHER THAN BY TOUCHING THAT LITTLE BUTTON OF
YOURS?” He kissed you again and you pulled away.

“Do you know if Sans is here?”

Papyrus shrugged. “I WOULD ASSUME SO. HE NORMALLY DOESN’T GO OUTSIDE. I
DON’T THINK HE WOULD EVEN BOTHER GOING OUT IN THE RAIN. WHY?”

You cursed. You wouldn’t be able to do the nasty while Sans was there. You had a promise to
keep after all!

“Maybe we can hold of on the banging then. I promised Sans that I wouldn’t attempt sex with you
while he was around.” You smiled apologetically at Papyrus.

Papyrus huffed indignantly. So now Sans was working through you to stifle his sex life? That was
just low.

“WELL… CAN WE JUST TOUCH OURSELVES, BUT IN THE SAME ROOM? THAT
DOESN’T COUNT RIGHT?” He gave you a sly smile which you returned.

“I guess not, Paps. You really are so devious today.” You joked with him and jumped onto his bed.
“Now why don’t you show me just how much you enjoyed our date today?”

Papyrus was more than ready to get rid of his pants and relieve some of that aching tension you
had given him. He grabbed his cock and pumped it slowly while gazing at you.

He looked happy.

“I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, MY DARLING. YOU KNOW THAT DON’T YOU?” He laid close
to you on his bed and rested his forehead against yours. Oh he loved getting nice close up views of
your face. It was always so flushed when he was around, so cutely colored! He could pinch and
smooch on your little cheeks all day. But you would likely have bruises if that were the case.
You rubbed his back and hummed while Papyrus whimpered and moaned by your ear. Every other word was your name and you loved it. A wicked idea flew into your head at the sight of Papyrus gasping and keening so near your face. You scooted down a little on the bed, low enough to be face-to-face with his cervical vertebrae. Papyrus watched you confusedly, his hand never slowing. You winked up at him and bit down hard on one of his neck bones. The results were instant.

Poor Papyrus was caught off guard and groaned loudly as he came far earlier than he had wanted. His spine arched upward and you had to move your face away quickly before your jaw was fractured. When he calmed he stared at you with those wide sockets of his. He was blushing like mad.

“You kinky fucker,” You kissed his pink cheekbones and grinned. Somehow there was a bright orange hickey on his neck.

Chapter End Notes

Jfc why the hell is Papyrus so kinky? The world may never know.

I'm only planning for a few more chapters with this and maybe an epilogue, so watch for the end! And maybe if I'm up for it and you all want it! A sequel is due! With more kinks! More action! More domestic interactions!
The rest of the school year flew by. You and Papyrus went on dates when you could, but were soon swamped with homework and exams. You barely had time to sit and talk during the week. But finally, finally, summer break had arrive, and the second semester was over. You and all your friends had received passing marks on your exams. Your first year of college was finally over, and you felt like you were on top of the world. A couple of days afterwards while you were relaxing with Papyrus and Cameron on your couch, the tall skeleton received a phone call. You could hear it from where you were sitting. The person on the other end was either really excited or really needed to work on their indoor voice.

“Hey, Papyrus, you punk! Asgore’s holding another get together and asked me to ask you to come! You and your human friends should come too! And anyone else you wanna bring!”

Papyrus nodded. “WE’D BE HAPPY TO COME AND HANG OUT UNDYNE! I’LL SEE YOU THERE!”

You heard loud, raucous laughter before Papyrus hung up.

“WELL I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD GET PACKING! WASHINGTON DC IS SUCH A NICE PLACE, I KNOW YOU’LL LOVE IT.” Papyrus stood and smiled. “I’LL GO TELL SANS.”

Just like that, all were off to the capital while in the midst of all different kinds of monsters. Cameron begged to bring along Mark and Napstablook, and Papyrus was more than happy to invite more friends to go on the trip.

You and Cameron stared at the giant mansion when you rolled up to the front door. There were cherry blossom petals blowing all over the place. You two shared a look and grinned.

She placed a hand on your shoulder and smiled. “Don’t knock over any vases while we’re here.”

You giggled and entered the home with your friends. You recognized the monsters sitting in a living room from when you video chatted with them.

“HELLO EVERYONE! THE GREAT PAPYRUS AND HIS EVEN GREATER ENTOURAGE HAVE ARRIVED!”

Undyne was the first to speak. “I can’t believe it took ya almost a year to finally let us meet your human face to face!” Undyne glared down at you then smiled her trademark grin. You were terrified - her teeth were so sharp and too big. You wondered if she plated the teeth with gold. “They’re adorable!” She put you in a headlock and noogied you.

Papyrus looked worriedly between the two of you. “I’VE WORKED HARD TO PRESERVE
From then on you calmly introduced yourself to everyone in the room. They were all more than familiar with you, considering how famous you were. After meeting and immediately befriending everyone, Frisk suggested that you should go with them and Papyrus to the town near the mansion!

“OH, WHAT AN EXCELLENT IDEA FRISK! WOULD ANY OF YOU LIKE TO COME ALONG?” The rest politely declined, so you, your boyfriend, and the small child set off for the town.

You three explored every nook and cranny, retracing the steps Papyrus and Frisk took to buy the necklace adorning your chest. You stopped for a snack and coffee then stepped into the small jewelry store.

“THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE I BOUGHT YOUR GIFT, SWEETIE!” Papyrus opened the door of the little shop for you, and you strolled inside.

The humans inside clamored out of your way, or, in some cases, into your way for pictures. The cashier squinted at the skeleton, then noticed the necklace with the blue gem heart. They grinned broadly.

“I knew I recognized your voice from somewhere! You were that weirdly dressed dude who bought all those bath bombs for the necklace discount! You know you overpaid anyways right?” The cashier’s coworkers stared wide eyed at them, in absolute shock and awe.

Papyrus grinned at the cashier. “AND THANK YOU FOR MAKING SUCH AN IMPORTANT SALE! MY SWEETHEART REALLY LOVES IT, RIGHT HONEY?” Papyrus wrapped an arm around your waist.

You nodded. “I like, never take it off. It’s really pretty and matches all my outfits!”

The cashier grinned. “Well thanks for buying it man, Every time I tell that story no one believes me.”

Frisk checked their phone and tugged on your shirt. Apparently you three were needed back at the mansion. You said your goodbyes to the cashier and trekked back to the mansion. When you arrived, you noticed that all the lights were off, despite no one else saying they were leaving. Suspicious. You gripped Papyrus’s hand, not knowing what to expect when he opened the door.

Everyone jumped up from behind furniture and yelled “Surprise!”

You and Papyrus both clutched each other and screamed. There were far more monsters than you remembered packed into the living room, from tiny little frog things to some guy made of fire. That was kind of cool. Soon everyone was swarming around you two. Shaking your hand, patting your back, all trying to thank you as best they could for all you and Papyrus were doing to help monster kind. Papyrus was happy to receive the attention when a thought hit him and he screeched indignantly.

“WAIT A MINUTE! SANS, YOU TOOK EXAMS TOO! HOW COME YOU GOT TO HELP OUT? SHOULDN’T THIS PARTY BE FOR YOU TOO?”

“Yeah, what the hell, Cameron?” Now you were confused too.

“nah, paps. you know surprises aren’t my thing. plus, who else would know exactly how to throw the best shin-dig for their bro?” He snickered and nudged Cameron, who was also laughing.
“Yeah don’t skull-k about it, mate. I just like throwing rad parties.”

Papyrus and you groaned at the same time. “SANS, WHY!”

“Why are you like this, Cameron?”

After that exchange, you all mingled and really got to know each other. You were surprised at how few monsters there were. You assumed that there were a lot, the way the media was treating the whole thing. You were in the middle of recounting a story to some of your new friends when the door burst open and smoke was pouring into the room.

“Ohhhh yes! How romantic! How heartfelt! And now with a fashionably late robot!” You heard Cameron and Mark grumbling as the robot stepped into the scene. He was wearing a garishly sequined suit. Dozens of other people came trailing after him. Why did he need to bring an entire camera crew with him? You sipped your drink and tried to ignore him to no avail.

“And how are my little college students? You two are so adorable together! Truly a power couple of the ages!” He wrapped his noodly metal arms around you two and laughed.

“So when can the nation expect some little monster humans running around, hm?” Mettaton held a microphone up to you and Papyrus. You briefly choked on your drink and coughed your lungs out. Papyrus’s skull was bright pink and the poor skeleton was catatonic. The whole party was laughing.

Mettaton’s brief intermission pushed the occupancy of the living room over the edge, so everyone moved outside to the back patio. There were little tables and chairs strewn about along with a dozen pies on a back table. You and your boyfriend chose a table underneath a cherry blossom tree to sit at. You took in your surroundings and sighed. If someone had told you that you would be at a party made entirely of monsters in college, you wouldn’t have believed them.

Papyrus offered to get you some juice, which you happily accepted. You watched as he left then shifted your focus onto the night sky. The full moon practically illuminated the whole area. It was a nice, dim blue color. When Papyrus returned, he was visibly more nervous than when he had left.

“You okay, Paps?” You looked up at the skeleton worriedly. Papyrus shook his head and took a deep breath. That made you smile a little.

“I’M FINE. I JUST… I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, MY SWEETHEART. YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?”

You nodded slowly, not quite getting where he was going with all this.

“And as you know, I am a skeleton with incredibly high standards.” He smiled sheepishly. “You meet all of them, by the way.”

You giggled and nodded. “I’m really loving this conversation, but my neck kind of hurts Paps. Come and sit!”

Papyrus chuckled and knelt onto one knee. The entirety of the party fell silent and watched. Mettaton was eagerly recording the whole thing.

“I’LL CUT TO THE CHASE THEN. I KNOW MONSTERS AND HUMANS DON’T RECEIVE THE SAME TREATMENT OR RIGHTS, SO WE CAN’T DO THIS THE WAY YOU’RE USED TO. BUT PERHAPS… A MONSTER WEDDING WOULD SUFFICE? WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET MARRIED, MY DARLING?”
You stared back at him then to the rest of the crowd. They looked just as shocked as you did. You
looked down Papyrus and saw that he held a ring in his hand. How the hell he could afford such a
priceless looking thing, you didn’t know. Somehow the gemstone was glinting two colors in the
moonlight. Orange and teal. You hugged Papyrus tightly and laughed, even though you were on
the verge of tears.

“Of course I’m cool with a monster wedding, ya numbskull! We can do it after we graduate!”

Papyrus sighed in relief. “OH THANK THE STARS. I’VE BEEN CARRYING AROUND THIS
RING FOR WEEKS WAITING FOR THE PERFECT MOMENT TO ASK. YOU DON’T KNOW
HOW MANY TIMES I THOUGHT I MISPLACED IT AND SCARED MYSELF.”

“How long have you been waiting to ask this, Paps? You knew I’d say yes, right??”

“SINCE… SINCE YOU KNOW…” He blushed and spoke softer. “SINCE YOU HEALED ME
FROM MY ILLNESS AFTER THAT INTERVIEW. I KNEW THEN THAT I WANTED TO
HAVE YOU FOREVER.”

You aww-ed and kissed all over his face as he slipped the ring on your finger. The uproar from the
other monsters was ridiculously joyous. Everyone encroached on your little table to congratulate
you two.

“I can’t believe you’re getting married, you sneak! I just got to meet the human today!” Undyne
noogies the skeleton and laughs.

Sans sauntered over and flicked his bro’s forehead. He spoke in a happy kind of tone. “guess you
beat me to the punch, huh? well, now i get to see my little bro being bonded in holy matri-boney.”
Papyrus thrashed angrily in Undyne’s grip.

“SANS! I THOUGHT WE WERE HAVING A MOMENT! MUST YOU ALWAYS RUIN THIS
WITH PUNS!??”

You giggled and admired the ring on your hand. Honestly, he could’ve given you a cherry ring pop
and you still would have said yes. You wiped a tear from your eye and sighed. You were really
looking forward to graduating now.

Chapter End Notes

That's the end! Or is it? This has been such a wild ride! To all my readers thanks so so
soooo much for your feedback! I gotta say, the comment section gives me so much
fucking life.

I've got a lot more ideas for these two in the form of a sequel type thing! It'll be more
domestic and it'll have those skele-babies everyone wanted so much! Comment some
domestic scenarios you'd like to see, or just if you think the sequel would be a fun
idea!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!