### Who Can You Trust When the World Wants You Dead?

**by RiddlePanda**

**Summary**

Papyrus strives to be the best and ruthless monster in the Underground. If you're not useful to him, you might as well be dust. There is nothing and no one that he cares about in their "kill or be killed" world, including his brother. .......right?

Sans just wanted to protect his little brother and make him happy.

**Notes**

Second Undertale fic and it's another Underfell. This one will probably be a multi-chaptered one, as for how many, we shall see.

(What's hilarious is I made a huge Twitter rant about Fanfic authors and Fanartists torturing poor Fell Sans and then not a day later, I'm doing the same thing.)

See the end of the work for more notes.
“B-Boss…please…can we just go home and forget about this?” Sans wrung his hands nervously as he followed the taller skeleton reluctantly, his eyes trailing along the leash that was attached to the collar he wore, the end being held by Papyrus.

Papyrus stopped short, causing Sans to run into him and fall backward. Before the shorter skeleton was able to get up, Papyrus leaned down and dragged him up by the red leather collar around his neck.

“I’M ONLY GOING TO SAY THIS ONCE SANS. I DON’T WANT TO HEAR ANOTHER WORD FROM YOU UNTIL WE GET TO GASTER’S LAB. IN FACT, ONCE WE GET THERE, YOU LEAVE ALL THE TALKING TO ME. IT TOOK A LOT OF HARD WORK TO EVEN BE ABLE TO FIND AND TALK TO HIM AGAIN. I WILL NOT HAVE YOU SCREW UP EVERYTHING I’VE DONE JUST BECAUSE YOU DON’T LIKE HIM!”

“Papyrus…you don’t KNOW him like I do! He’s not-”

A loud crack resonated through the area of Waterfall they were in and the older skeleton whimpered as he put his hand on his cheek, feeling the crack Papyrus had made on his face.

“What did I just fucking tell you?! I told you to stop talking! You’re lucky I didn’t do worse. You’re lucky I don’t do worse to you for all the setbacks you forced on me when you ran away with me.”

“Bro, please! Gaster is even crazier than Alphys in his experiments! I couldn’t let him do to you what he did to me! You wouldn’t have sur-AHHHHHHHHH!”

Sans’s scream played back through the Echo Flowers even several areas away from the initial spot where Papyrus had forcefully snapped Sans’s left ulna. As the two skeletons made their way to Gaster’s lab, Sans cradled his arm and tried not to whimper as unshed tears pooled in his eye sockets, the last words Papyrus said to him ringing in his head.

“GASTER TOLD ME EVERYTHING. HOW WE WERE CREATED. WHAT HIS EXPERIMENTS WOULD ALLOW US TO DO, ALLOW ME TO DO. YOU ROBBED ME OF BECOMING SOMETHING EVEN GREATER THAN I AM NOW. HE’S GIVING ME THIS CHANCE TO REGAIN THAT AND I’M NOT GOING TO LET A FAILED EXPERIMENT LIKE YOU RUIN THAT. DON’T EVER CALL ME BRO AGAIN. WE ARE NOT BROTHERS. YOU ARE NOTHING TO ME, EXCEPT MY PROPERTY. AND PROPERTY DOESN’T TALK.”

———

W. D. Gaster hadn’t changed much from when Sans had last saw the man years ago when he ran away from the labs, the only noticeable difference were the two cracks on his skull that seemed to originate from each eye. The scientist seemed taller than he remembered, especially compared to the fact that the man had a few good inches against Papyrus’s height. Sans shrunk in on himself, making himself look smaller, as he tried dealing with the wave of memories of the lab plaguing his mind.

“Papyrus my boy! You’ve grown so much, both in body and power! I’m very impressed by this!”

Gaster’s voice was still the soft spoken, emotionless sound of a man too far gone in his madness,
and Sans shuddered, forcing himself to close his eyes and wish he was anywhere but here.

“NO THANKS TO THIS USELESS SACK OF SHIT. ONCE I REALIZED HE WAS JUST A PATHETIC WASTE OF EXISTENCE, I STARTED TRAINING TO BE THE BEST. AND I AM. I’M THE CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL GUARD NOW.”

Sans stumbled forward as Papyrus yanked hard on the leash attached to him and he fell to his knees between the two tall skeletons. The motion jarred his broken ulna and Sans whimpered as he cradled it.

“Sans…it’s been a while, hasn’t it? You set my research back exponentially. I hope to rectify most of it now that I have both of you back.”

The short skeleton looked up wide-eyed at the scientist, his eyelights just tiny pricks that were barely noticeable. He began shaking as he subconsciously moved to get Papyrus behind him better. He noticed the tiny smirk Gaster made at his movement.

“AS MUCH AS I WOULD LIKE TO STAY AND TALK ABOUT THE IMPROVEMENTS YOU TOLD ME YOU COULD GIVE ME, I’VE GOT MY GUARD DUTIES I HAVE TO ATTEND TO. WE WILL HAVE TO SET UP A TIME WHERE I COULD STAND TO BE AWAY FROM MY DUTIES FOR A FEW DAYS FOR YOU TO RUN YOUR TESTS.”

Gaster gazed at Sans a few seconds more before shifting his eyes to stare at Papyrus. “Ah yes. You are a very important monster after all. It will take a while to gather up my notes of you two, so it will take a month or two at most to attempt to begin those tests. Is there anything I can do in the meantime for you?”

Papyrus’s hand hit Sans’s shoulder roughly and the older skeleton winced at the impact. “THOSE BLASTER THINGS SANS HAS. THEY HAVE PROVEN USEFUL TO HIS CONTINUED SURVIVAL AND HAVE GOT HIM OUT OF A FEW TIGHT SCRAPES. I WISH TO HAVE ONE MYSELF AS BACKUP IN CASE I NEED A BIT OF EXTRA POWER.”

Gaster chuckled as he drew closer. “Of course Papyrus. I’m afraid I can’t exactly give you what Sans has…but I think I have an idea of what I can create for you. Although…those notes about the Blasters are in Sans’s files, so unless you wanted to wait, which I know you don’t, the best and fastest way to create what I have in mind will require Sans to stay here. I can come up with something in about a week with Sans’s help. After all, I know he probably doesn’t use it much, but he had a brilliant mind back when he was helping me with my research.”

“VERY WELL.”

Papyrus moved to hand the end of the leash to Gaster’s outstretched hand, before it was yanked out by Sans pulling it violently.

“NO! Please Papyrus! Don’t leave me here! Don’t leave me here with him! Please! Boss! Bro! Please!”

A harsh kick to his ribs ceased Sans’s pleas and he curled into himself on the ground, crying and whimpering. His collar moved and pressed uncomfortably against the vertebrae in his neck as Papyrus grabbed the leash and shoved it in Gaster’s hand before giving Sans another hard kick.

“I TOLD YOU BEFORE TO NOT CALL ME YOUR BROTHER AGAIN. WE ARE NOT BROTHERS. GET THAT THROUGH YOUR THICK SKULL. IN FACT, I THINK I’LL JUST LEAVE YOU HERE. YOU’LL OBVIOUSLY DO MORE GOOD HERE THAN YOU EVER
DID FOR ME. I DON’T WANT TO SEE YOUR PATHETIC FACE EVER AGAIN SO WHEN I START COMING BACK HERE FOR TESTS, YOU’D BETTER MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE.”

Papyrus stood up and glared harshly at Sans’s quivering form, forcing Sans to look away as fresh tears fell. He heard Papyrus move and begin to walk away.

“T’LL BE BACK IN A WEEK FOR MY WEAPON.”

The door to the lab slammed shut and the room was silent for a few minutes before Sans felt movement behind him and a skeletal hand began stroking his skull softly before grabbing his head and forcing him to look up into Gaster’s manic face.

“Oh the plans I have for you Sans.”
The week went by quickly for Papyrus as he waited to get the weapon that Gaster had promised him. In the time, he had cleaned and boxed up Sans’s room, reminding himself to tell the scientist to give Sans a free day to grab his stuff since he wasn’t welcome in the house anymore. The sentry position Sans had held was quickly filled by one of the new recruits who was looking for a bit more breathing room than the Capitol had to offer.

Papyrus had reluctantly gone into Grillby’s, trying not to inhale the nauseating smell of grease and alcohol, as he set a bag of gold down. The flame elemental raised an eyebrow in confusion, forcing the tall skeleton to grumble.

“THAT SHOULD COVER SANS’S TAB. HE’S NOT COMING BACK. HE’S HELPING OUR… HE’S GOT A JOB HELPING OUT WITH RESEARCH AND EXPERIMENTS IN A LAB. FAR BETTER USE OF HIS TIME THAN SLACKING OFF LIKE HE USUALLY DID.”

Grillby looked down at the bag and pushed it back toward the skeleton. “Sans never had a tab here Papyrus.”

Papyrus scoffed. “OF COURSE HE DID. HE SPENT MOST OF HIS TIME HERE. I’M SQUARING AWAY HIS DEBTS SO YOU WON’T FEEL THE NEED TO COLLECT ON IT AT A FUTURE TIME FROM ME.”

The bartender looked Papyrus straight in the eyes. “Sans NEVER had a tab here. It was just a joke between us. His company far outweighed what he owed me.”

Papyrus narrowed his eyes as Grillby retreated into the kitchen. He grabbed the sack of gold and stormed out.

“YOU’RE THE ONLY ONE HERE THAT WILL MISS HIM THEN.”

“Impeccable timing Papyrus. I just finished the final training of your weapon last night. Once it finally understood the basic commands, it was simple to train as a weapon.”

Papyrus stopped his pacing and looked up to see Gaster walking toward him from a side room off the main lab, holding a leash in his hand. The scientist tugged on the leash and a large skeletal beast slunk out of the door behind him. The beast’s head was slightly longer and had more body than Sans’s blasters had been and Papyrus couldn’t decide on whether the body was more dog or cat-like.

“Heel 54-N5.”

The beast’s eyes locked onto Papyrus for a moment and shivered, before complying with the scientist’s command and sat down.

Papyrus walked over and looked down at the creature, who’s head had barely passed the bottom of his armor. Sitting down, the beast was a few inches taller than Sans was.
Gaster chuckled. “The beast’s experiment designation. It suits him, don’t you think? He understands our language and understands basic commands and I’ve drilled into his head that he obeys every command you give him. 54-N5 has the same powers as Sans’s blasters and has powerful jaws and claws that can crush some of the hardest of metals. I haven’t been able to test it, but his speed should get him from the Capitol to Snowdin in an hour or less. He truly is a remarkable experiment. I am glad you gave me the opportunity to create him for you!”

The scientist handed the leash to Papyrus, who narrowed his eyes at the worn material, finally resting his eyes to the very familiar collar that was wrapped around the beast’s neck.

“YOU USED SANS’S COLLAR FOR THE CREATURE?”

“Ah yes. Since you made it clear that you didn’t want Sans to return home with you, I assumed he wouldn’t need it anymore. Besides, I needed something of yours to familiarize 54-N5 with your magical scent. I apologize if I was wrong in my assumption Papyrus.”

Papyrus harrumphed and pulled the leash, indicating to the creature to get up and follow him. “IT IS FINE. I NOW WON’T HAVE TO PURCHASE ANOTHER COLLAR. BY THE WAY, TELL SANS THAT MY SCHEDULE WON’T CHANGE AND FOR HIM TO COME GET HIS STUFF OUT WHEN I’M GONE. IT’S CLUTTERING MY HOUSE.”

Gaster laughed softly and mumbled. “I’m afraid that won’t be possible.”

Papyrus turned around and glared at the scientist. “AND WHY IS THAT? WHY WON’T IT BE POSSIBLE?”

“Relax Papyrus, my boy. Sans has just been very busy with the experiments and tests I’ve thrown him into. And I heard him mention he didn’t have much to begin with. I’m sure he’d be able to easily replace what he had. You can probably just throw his stuff out. He won’t need it anymore.”

After a few demonstrations of 54-N5’s power and abilities, Papyrus began leading the creature out of the lab and back home to Snowdin. The way back home was silent, save for the tapping of Papyrus’s boots and the clicking of the beast’s claws. The tall skeleton kept glancing back at the creature walking behind him, it’s head low and body curled around itself, forcing itself to look smaller than it actually was. The action made Papyrus feel uneasy. The creature was a weapon. It shouldn’t be afraid of anything, especially him.

“I MUST SAY, GASTER DID AN EXCELLENT JOB ON YOU WITH WHATEVER MATERIAL HE HAD TO CREATE YOU AND THE TIME LIMIT. I WONDER WHAT HE HAS PLANNED TO IMPROVE MY POWER WHEN THE TIME COMES?”

The creature moved it’s head until it nudged into Papyrus’s and let out a low growl, baring it’s teeth. There was a sharp glint of light Papyrus surmised was one of the spikes on the collar the creature wore.

Papyrus ran his hand over the beast’s skull. “SO…YOU DON’T LIKE GASTER EITHER, JUST LIKE SANS. I HONESTLY DON’T UNDERSTAND WHY NOT. GASTER IS A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST. HE MADE ME AND THAT USELESS WASTE SANS. HE CREATED THE CORE, SANS’S BLASTERS FOR HIM TO USE, YOU. SO WHAT IF SOME OF HIS METHODS ARE UNETHICAL. AS LONG AS THE END PRODUCT WORKS, THAT’S ALL
THAT MATTERS.”

The beast whimpered softly, nudging against Papyrus’s hand again. The skeleton paused for a brief moment at the sound, before resuming his petting.

It was late when Papyrus reached Snowdin and he hadn’t expected an actual physical creature to deal with, so he bypassed the shed he had thought to put 54-N5 in and led the creature into the house and up the stairs and down the hallway from his room.

“SINCE SANS WON’T NEED THIS ROOM ANYMORE, I’LL ALLOW YOU TO USE IT FOR THE TIME BEING UNTIL I GET THE SHED FIXED UP. DON’T TEAR UP ANYTHING. IT TOOK ME THREE DAYS TO CLEAN THIS PIGSTY. I DON’T WANT TO CLEAN IT AGAIN.”

Papyrus waited until the creature laid down on the rug in the middle of the room and unhooked the leash, draping it on the nail he had usually put the leash he used on Sans and turned the light off, leaving the door open.

He had only been asleep for an hour when the loud growling and familiar whimpering woke Papyrus up. He grumbled savagely as he sleepily power walked across the hall.

“GODDAMN IT SANS! I’M TRYING TO FUCKING SLEEP! DO YOU KNOW WHAT FUCKING TIME-”

Papyrus stopped mid-sentence as he stared at 54-N5 shaking and shivering on the floor, still clearly asleep and having a nightmare. It whimpered again, fully waking Papyrus up as the skeleton remembered the last time he had heard that particular noise. There was a bit more throaty growl to it, but that whimper was unmistakably…

No.

In two wide steps, Papyrus was in the room and leaned down to shake the creature out of it’s nightmare, noticing a freshly healed crack below the creature’s left eye socket and a glint of something in the creature’s mouth.

No. No.

Papyrus’s eyes widened as he changed his tactics in waking the creature when the shaking didn’t work. He pulled the creature’s head into his lap and began softly stroking it’s head and back, finally waking the creature up as it shivered and whimpered, one of his phalanges hitting the metal plate screwed in one of the neck vertebrae with 54-N5 scrawled on it.

No. No. No.

54-N5.

No. No. No. No.

SA-NS

No. No. No. No.
“SANS?”

The creature hesitated slightly before responding by shakily nodding before curling up more into Papyrus’s touch and softly whining as it slowly fell back asleep.

Papyrus froze. He sat there stiffly as realization hit him in waves, breaking down the defensive walls he had created to force himself to not care about anything except his betterment. This was Sans. This creature was Sans. Gaster had turned Sans into this. Gaster had turned his brother into this.

He choked back a sob, shakily wrapping his arms around Sans’s head. This was his fault. He ignored Sans’s pleas and hurt him, he left Sans in the lab with an insane madman that only wanted them for his twisted experiments, he renounced them being brothers.

“I’M SORRY.”

All Sans had ever tried to do was protect him and keep him safe and happy by doing everything Papyrus had wanted to do, and this was how he had repayed his older brother.

“I’M SO SORRY.”

He should have listened to Sans. Should have realized Sans knew what he was talking about, why Sans had taken him and ran away all those years ago. To save them. To save him.

“I’M SO FUCKING SORRY SANS.”

He would die. Gaster would die for doing this.

“I’LL FIX THIS SANS. I PROMISE.”

Even if it cost him everything he had built up for himself, he would find a way to fix the mistakes he made.

“I PROMISE SANS. I PROMISE…BROTHER.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for the comments and Kudos so far! It's helps so much to keep going with this. I promise the other Undertale characters will soon start appearing.

As always, here's my Tumblr in case you want to send me a message or look at random

http://riddlepanda.tumblr.com/
“BROTHER, WHERE ARE WE GOING? THIS PLACE DOESN’T LOOK FAMILIAR.”

“It’s not. And I don’t know where we’re going, but as long as it’s not the lab, we’ll be fine.”

“WHAT’S WRONG WITH THE LAB BROTHER? ALL WE DO ARE BORING TESTS…WELL I DO. BUT GASTER SAID I WAS GOING TO START DOING THE EXCITING STUFF YOU GET TO DO NEXT WEEK.”

“I know.”

“THEN WHY ARE WE LEAVING?”

“It’s…a bad place now. I don’t want you to get hurt.”

“IS THIS BECAUSE OF MY EYE? GASTER SAID IT WAS AN ACCIDENT; THAT HE DIDN’T SECURE MY EYELID PROPERLY BEFORE HE STARTED. HE SAID HE WAS SORRY.”

“…………”

“BROTHER?”

“…yeah?”

“C-CAN YOU CARRY ME? MY LEGS HURT.”

“Yeah bro. Come here.”

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“You what?! Why the fuck did you try contacting HIM!??”

“DON’T TALK BACK TO ME SANS! YOU DON’T HAVE THE RIGHT ANYMORE SINCE YOU FELT THE NEED TO HIDE THINGS BEHIND MY BACK. ESPECIALLY WHEN I’VE DONE SO MUCH TO KEEP YOUR SORRY ASS FROM GETTING DUSTED.”

“But why!? You’ve got everything you’ve always wanted! You’re the most feared monster in the Underground. You don’t need anything from him! Stay away from him!”

“I READ ALL OF YOUR NOTES SANS. THIS GASTER DOESN’T LOOK AS BAD AS YOU SAY. YOU’RE OVER-EXAGGERATING SANS, JUST LIKE USUAL.”

“Papyrus, we ran away from him for a REASON! He-”

“No SANS. You ran away and took me with you while I was still too young to realize what you did. It’s your fault I had to build my powers up from scratch. I could be twice as powerful but you took that from me.”

“You don’t know what he’s capable of Papyrus!”
“ARE YOU FORGETTING YOUR PLACE SANS!? ARE YOU FORGETTING THAT I WAS THE ONE THAT TOOK CARE OF YOUR FUCK-UPS. YOU ARE TO REFER TO ME AS BOSS. AND THAT’S WHAT YOU WILL CALL ME WHEN WE GO TO HIS LAB TOMORROW.”

“What?! Pa-Boss! We can’t go back! He’ll-

“YOU HAVE NO SAY ON THE MATTER. THE FINAL MISTAKE YOU’VE DONE TO HURT ME WILL BE UNDONE. NOW GET OUT OF MY SIGHT. AND I HOPE YOU GOT YOUR FILL OF THAT WRETCHED BAR TODAY BECAUSE YOU’RE GOING WITHOUT DINNER TONIGHT. NOW LEAVE!”

“BROTHER, THERE’S ENOUGH FOOD FOR US TO SHARE. PLEASE TAKE IT AND EAT.”

“Nah bro. You’re still growing and healing. You need it more than me. I’ll find something for myself later.”

“But you had the same metal thing on you that I did. It must have been even more painful for you to get it off than mine was. You need to heal too.”

“I’ll be fine bro. Don’t worry about me. It doesn’t take much to heal me, so I don’t need as much food as you do.”

“...ARE YOU SURE? REALLY...I DON’T WANT YOU TO GO HUNGRY. ESPECIALLY SINCE IT TOOK SO MUCH TROUBLE TO GET THIS.”

“It’s fine. I was just a bit careless today and there were too many monsters around than usual.”

“WHY CAN’T WE GET HELP FROM ANY OF THEM? WE’RE CHILDREN AREN’T WE? I KNOW THE BIGGER MONSTERS ARE BAD TO EACH OTHER, BUT THEY SEEM PROTECTIVE OF MONSTERS OUR AGE.”

“We...just can’t bro. We’re...not like them. We’d stand out too much right now. It’s best for us to lay low and not be seen. It’ll be better for us in the long run.”

“...OKAY BROTHER.”

“What part of “Don’t draw attention to yourself” did you not understand?!”

“You can’t keep us in this dingy shack forever SANS! You may be fine with taking any shady job you see fit, but I’m not! I want to more in my life than just be a damn dishwasher at a greasy restaurant!”

“That job is safe and out of the way! No one notices the monsters in menial labor and you’d be able to get out of there fast if something happened!”

“I want to be noticed SANS! I want everyone to know the name of PAPYRUS! That’s why I signed up for the royal guard and got an audience with the captain to show him what I’ve got. I’m sure you could get a position too if you just showed him those blasters you-”
“No Papyrus! I’m not doing **ANYTHING** to bring attention to myself! Especially when I know he’s still trying to find us! And you’re not either! Pack your stuff. We’re leaving. I’ve got a place in Waterfall we could stay.”

“I’M NOT LEAVING. I DON’T KNOW WHO YOU THINK WE’RE RUNNING FROM, BUT IF THIS PERSON HAVEN’T FOUND US BY NOW, HE’S PROBABLY FORGOT ABOUT US, LIKE I’VE FORGOT ABOUT HIM. WHY WON’T YOU TELL ME ABOUT OUR PAST? WHY WE HAVE TO KEEP TO OURSELVES?”

“It’s…complicated Papyrus.”

“THAT’S WHAT YOU ALWAYS FUCKING SAY SANS. I’M GOING TO THE CAPTAIN TOMORROW. YOU CAN LEAVE IF YOU WANT. I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.”

“**BROTHER, WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT YOU?**”

“I keep asking myself the same question bro. I don’t think I’d last very long if I didn’t have you in my life.”

“DON’T SAY THAT! YOU’RE SUPER STRONG AND TOUGH! YOU CAN BEAT ANYONE!”

“Heh, I’m not that tough. But you can bet I’d do everything I could to keep you safe.”

“WE’RE GOING TO HAVE TO MOVE AGAIN, AREN’T WE? THIS PLACE ISN’T SAFE ANYMORE, IS IT?”

“Nope. Today was too close a call. I’ve got a place we can stay at, in Snowdin, but the monster wants money to stay there. He’s got some odd jobs he needs done and offered them to me and you, since he’s training his son to take over his business and hasn’t had time to do them. As much as I don’t want to do it, we do need the money. At least he’s offered to keep us in the back so we won’t be seen.”

“...**WE’LL HAVE TO GET USED TO BEING CALLED THOSE NAMES WE CHOSE FOR OURSELVES, RIGHT? SANS AND PAPYRUS?**”

“Yeah bro…Papyrus.”

“**IT FEELS GOOD...TO HAVE A NAME LIKE REGULAR MONSTERS. INSTEAD OF...**”

“You ARE a real monster Papyrus. We’ve got SOULS just like all the other monsters. Never forget that.”

“I WON’T. SO WE’RE HEADING OUT TOMORROW?”

“Yeah. As soon as it gets light out, we’ll head out. It’s a long way to Snowdin and I don’t think it would be a good idea for me to use a shortcut unless absolutely necessary.”

“**ALRIGHT. SANS...CAN WE SLEEP IN THE SAME BED TONIGHT? I’M...A LITTLE NERVOUS ABOUT MOVING SOMEWHERE NEW. I DON’T THINK I’LL BE ABLE TO SLEEP AND I’LL SLOW US DOWN TOMORROW IF I’M TIRED.**”

“Sure Papyrus. Come here.”
Papyrus woke up feeling warm and sore. A soothing purring noise permeated around him and he blearily opened his eyes, staring at a large ribcage he was leaning against, a long skeletal tail curled up around him.

His head hurt and he rubbed his skull as he surveyed the room, realizing he wasn’t in his and was actually in Sans’s. He must have fallen asleep after…

The skeleton’s eyes grew wide as he lifted himself off the warm ribcage and stared at the still sleeping, peaceful face of the weaponized beast he brought home last night. Sans. This was Sans, he remembered, the events of the wee hours of the morning sinking in again.

His SOUL clenched as he stared into his brother’s peaceful face. Now that it was morning, Papyrus could clearly see certain familiar features in the beast’s skull. He had already seen the healed crack in his cheek, the small gold tooth that seemed to nestle out of the way when his jaw was closed, the nasal cavity that was a more pronounced inverse heart shape than his own and the human skeletons in the books Sans kept.

Papyrus’s eyes trailed down to memorize each feature of Sans in the beast, coming to rest on the thick leather collar wrapped around his neck. In one swift motion, Papyrus shifted himself closer and grasped the heavy buckle, unlatching the offending band around his brother’s neck and pulling it off.

He stared at the collar for a moment, hatred for it and himself oozing from his SOUL and aggressively ripped it to shreds, growling as tears threatened to fall.

A low whine pierced him out of his thoughts and he looked over to see Sans had woken up and was looking at him worryingly, underlying fear etched into San’s eye sockets.

“I…IT’S OKAY.” Papyrus extended his hand and placed it on top of Sans’s skull, feeling a stab of pain in his SOUL as his brother slightly flinched at the contact.

“IT’S OKAY SANS. I WON’T…HURT YOU. I’M NOT…I’LL FIX THIS, I SWEAR. PLEASE DON’T…BE AFRAID…”

Papyrus’s other hand had joined the first and the skeleton began stroking and petting the beast in front of him, repeating the words he had said the night before, tears eventually starting to stream from his eye sockets.

He felt something warm and wet crawl up his arm and looked down to see a red, translucent tongue coming out of Sans’s mouth before Sans moved his head out of Papyrus’s touch and licked the same hand as the arm he had licked. Headbutting Papyrus slightly, Sans curled his head into his chest and began making the throaty purr Papyrus had heard when he woke up.

“I…I SHOULD BE COMFORTING YOU SANS, NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND. IT’S MY FAULT YOU’RE LIKE THIS. I…SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO YOU. I FUCKED UP BIG TIME AND YOU SUFFERED FOR IT.”

Sans growled, his face looking annoyed, as he licked Papyrus’s hand again, before continuing his purring.

“IT IS MY FAULT SANS. YOU WERE RIGHT, I SHOULDN’T HAVE FOUND A WAY TO CONTACT GA- THAT MON- HIM. I JUST… I’M THE WORST BROTHER EVER.”
A dull bite to his hand forced Papyrus out of his self-loathing thoughts and he stared at Sans in shock.

“YOU BIT ME!?”

Sans huffed and headbutted Papyrus again, growling slightly and sitting up before trying to reach for his brother’s hand again.

“I’M NOT LETTING YOU BITE ME AGAIN! I GET IT SANS. NO BLAMING MYSELF FOR THIS. THOUGH IT IS MY…”

The throaty growl Sans used caused the younger brother to stop talking and stare at the beast in annoyance. The creature had the same look of annoyance on his face and Papyrus clearly saw the face his brother made when he was angry about something.

“I CANNOT BELIEVE I’M ARGUING WITH YOU LIKE THIS. I CANNOT BELIEVE…I’M LOSING…AREN’T I?”

The sharp nod from Sans caused the younger sibling to put his hands on his head and groan. “I CAN’T BELIEVE I’M GETTING LECTURED BY A…DOG…CAT…FOX? WHATEVER THE HELL YOU ARE?”

Sans scooted closer and moved to where the metal plate on his neck was in Papyrus’s vision and he yipped.

Papyrus stared sadly at it as he placed his phalanges on the metal. “54-N5. SANS. YOU’RE SANS. OF COURSE YOU’RE SANS.”

The skeleton shifted into a better position and traced the metal. “THIS…NEEDS TO COME OFF. YOU’RE NOT PROPERTY. YOU’RE SANS. YOU’RE MY BROTHER, NOT AN OBJECT. NOW…WHERE WAS THAT TOOLBOX YOU HAD…”

Papyrus swore that Sans’s toolbox had magical powers, only allowing itself to show once the skeleton had successfully emptied every box full of Sans’s stuff to find it, effectively causing the room to look very much like what the older brother’s room normally looked like.

Sans had chosen to jump on the bed and watch as the younger brother ripped apart the room, looking for the tools to get the piece of metal off his neck.

“FINALLY! FINALLY FOUND THE DAMN SCREWDRIVER! COME HERE SANS!”

It took several minutes to get the small screws out as Papyrus carefully made sure not to injure the bone more than it had, his left radius throbbing with phantom pains as he vaguely remembered where his and Sans’s original metal plates were back when they were children.

Once the piece of metal was off, Sans shifted to let Papyrus on the bed and laid his head in his younger brother’s lap. The two sat there in silence while Papyrus stroked Sans’s head before there was a low rumbling coming from the two. Papyrus realized that he hadn’t eaten since early yesterday and he looked down at Sans, knowing that it had been as long or longer since his brother had eaten.

“SOUNDS LIKE WE BOTH COULD USE SOME FOOD. …DID HE EVEN… NO… DON’T ANSWER THAT.”
Papyrus shifted off the bed and walked out of the room and down to the kitchen, trying to will himself to not think about the possibility of Sans not being fed that entire week while he was turned into his current form. Sans followed close behind, nudging Papyrus’s hand in an effort to calm him.

Papyrus frowned as he looked into the fridge and cabinets. The only food was spaghetti. He was fine with it, but he wasn’t feeding his brother the inedible slop. Papyrus knew his cooking was bad but through sheer will and stubbornness, he ate it fine. For years, he didn’t care if Sans ate his food or not since Sans was accustomed to the greasy food Grillby made, but now he felt frustrated and angry that he couldn’t even make something decent for them to eat, for Sans to eat.

The sudden feeling of his hand entering a mouth broke Papyrus out of another round of self loathing and he looked down to see Sans with an annoyed look on his face.

“ARE YOU THREATENING TO BITE ME EVERY TIME I START TRYING TO FEEL SORRY FOR WHAT I’VE DONE?”

Sans nodded his head and yipped.

“DAMN IT SANS. LET ME WALLOWS IN MISERY ABOUT MY LIFE CHOICES!”

Sans shook his head angrily.

“YOU’RE EVEN MORE ANNOYING IN THIS FORM AND YOU CAN’T EVEN TALK OR MAKE PUNS!”

Sans nodded his head in agreement and yipped, amusement clearly inflected in the noise.

“UGH…. SANS, I’LL BE RIGHT BACK. AS MUCH AS I LOATHE TO SAY THIS…I’M GOING TO GRILLBY’S TO GET YOU SOMETHING TO EAT. AFTER THAT, I’M SPENDING THE REST OF THE DAY TRYING TO FIX SOMETHING EDIBLE FOR US.”

At the mention of Grillby’s, Sans’s eyes grew wide and stared excitedly at his brother. Papyrus made the mistake of looking at the “puppy dog stare” that almost mirrored the one Lesser Dog made sometimes, and as he walked out the door to head to Grillby’s, he knew he was fucked. There would be no way to say no to that face.

Papyrus’s SOUL thrummed as he thought of the last few hours. Even though Sans couldn’t directly say it, Papyrus knew his brother didn’t blame him for what happened. Their banter, the arguing, the comforting…it reminded Papyrus of the time before he joined the Royal Guard, back when Sans and him were on much better terms, before Papyrus decided to throw away his emotions and empathy for everything. Even if there was no way to change Sans back, at least their relationship would be able to mend.

Chapter End Notes

Ages for the Dreams:

1. Sans: 10 / Papyrus: 5

2. Sans: 30 / Papyrus: 25 (their ages in the fic)
3: The same ages as in 1. It's a few weeks later.

4: Sans: 25 / Papyrus: 20

5: Sans: 15 / Papyrus: 10

(Yes, the monster Sans mentions is Grillby's dad. At the time of the fic, they've stayed in Snowdin 15 years.)
Chapter 4

Papyrus glared at building he was about to enter, silently hoping that there would be very few monsters around and he could quickly get the food for Sans and get out. He knew he’d have to fudge on the truth in order to not cause suspicion, but if even the King had trouble separating the truth from the few lies Papyrus had told him, he knew Grillby would be no trouble.

The knot in his SOUL unwound as he walked in and glanced around the bar, seeing the only customers were the drunk bunny that seemed to be permanently glued to the booth she always sat in and for some strange reason, a Temmie. Papyrus made a beeline for the counter where Grillby was standing, wiping down glasses.

Said fire elemental’s normal purple flame flashed blue in confusion as Papyrus glared at him, setting down a small mound of gold.

“THREE BURGERS AND THREE LARGE FRIES THE WAY SANS LIKES THEM. HE’S GATHERING HIS STUFF TODAY AND SINCE I’M ACTUALLY IMPRESSED HE’S BEEN WORKING, I DECIDED TO TREAT HIM TODAY.”

“Three Papyrus? Usually he can barely eat one burger and fries.”

“I’M TREATING HIM TO DINNER AS WELL AND GIVING HIM AN EXTRA TO TAKE HOME WITH HIM.”

Grillby raised his eyebrow. “And Sans doesn’t have time to just pop in and eat it here? I mean I’m glad he’s not slacking off, but even if he was too busy to eat, he’d always come and see me, if only for a few minutes. Is he really that busy not to want to come in?”

Papyrus felt the irritation and uneasiness start to fester and he grit his teeth. “G… THE SCIENTIST SANS IS WORKING FOR WANTS HIM BACK BY TOMORROW MORNING AND HE’S GOT A LOT OF BOXES TO MOVE, SO SANS IS TRYING TO GET IT DONE IN TIME. SOMETHING ABOUT TIME SENSITIVE EXPERIMENTS THEY’RE DOING.”

Grillby sighed and grabbed the gold. “They’ll be ready in about ten minutes. I’ll make sure there’s extra mustard as well.”

Ten minutes seemed to take hours to the tall skeleton and Grillby had barely come out of the kitchen with a large bag when Papyrus grabbed it out of his hands and quickly made his way to the door.

“Papyrus! Say hello to Sans for me, would you?”

Papyrus grunted slightly in acknowledgement to Grillby’s request and slammed the door on his way out.

Papyrus came back to find Sans had pulled the large rug out of his room into the living room and was laying on it, covering himself with the thick blanket they usually had on the back of the couch. He looked sleepy, but perked up as he saw the large bag Papyrus held.
Papyrus set the bag down on the table and walked into the kitchen, the sounds of rummaging quickly filling the house. The skeleton came back a few minutes later with a large mixing bowl and a plate of spaghetti and sat both on the table. Taking out two of the burgers and orders of fries, he dumped them into the bowl and slathered the food in the mustard bottle that was in the bag.

Setting the bowl down, he grabbed the plate of spaghetti and sat down on the couch, grimacing slightly before starting to choke down the food.

Sans began eating, making sure to keep from making too much of a mess, glancing at his brother trying to force down his meal. Sans stopped eating and sniffed, narrowing his eyes at the bag still on the table. He walked over and grabbed the bag with his teeth, trotting over to thrust it in Papyrus’s vision.

“THAT’S FOR YOU FOR TONIGHT IF I HAVEN’T MADE US ANYTHING EDIBLE. I’M NOT LETTING YOU EAT THIS SHIT.”

Sans growled and headbutted Papyrus’s arm, before thrusting the bag at him again.

“SANS. STOP IT. I’M FINE EATING THIS. I SHOULDN’T WASTE FOOD. GO FINISH YOURS.”

Sans looked down and Papyrus resumed eating, getting frustrated that Sans wasn’t leaving his side. After a few minutes, he noticed Sans had lifted up his head and Papyrus turned, ready to yell at Sans again to finish eating when he sat frozen at the stare his older brother was giving him. It was the damn “puppy dog stare” that, in the span of an hour, Sans had realized would make his brother do anything.

“FINE SANS. I’LL EAT THE DAMN BURGER. NOW GO FINISH EATING.”

Sans began happily munching on his food as Papyrus set his plate down and pulled out the last burger and fries. He stared at the burger, trying to will away the smell, and took a small bite.

Papyrus hadn’t eaten a burger at Grillby’s in five years, ever since he had stormed out of the restaurant after throwing his apron at Grillby, announcing to the entire building that he had been accepted into the Royal Guard. His taste for spaghetti had been a result of that, the new Guard recruits treated to banquet in one of the more expensive restaurants in the Capital. For years he had tried to imitate the delicious pasta dish he fondly remembered as the best food he had ever had.

That taste was promptly forgotten as Papyrus chewed his first bite of the burger and the memories of his first burger Grillby’s father had treated the boys with when they finally made it to Snowdin came rushing through his mind.

Grillby’s father, Blaze, was a rough and strict monster as far as his business was concerned. He made sure the two had worked hard, but paid them fairly and had set the two in a small but cozy addition on the side of the restaurant, right underneath the living space he and Grillby lived in. He always made sure the two were taken care of, treating the two like he treated his own son.

This greasy burger was the best food he had eaten in a long time. Papyrus slowly chewed each bite, savoring the flavor as memories of the past played through his head, tears eventually falling down his face silently.

He sat down the half eaten burger and wiped his face with his arm. “I’M CRYING OVER A FUCKING BURGER. I’M PATHETIC.”
Sans had finished eating and walked over, nudging Papyrus’s arm and making the throaty purr that calmed the skeleton enough to finish eating.

“THANK YOU SANS. I…NEEDED THAT.”

The rest of the day was spent cleaning the kitchen of Papyrus’s inedible spaghetti and the skeleton trying in vain to make something decent for the two. Every attempt ended in failure and as Papyrus threw the latest batch in the trashcan outside, he vowed once he got home from his Guard business the next day, that he’d go to the Library to pick up a cookbook.

He didn’t notice he wasn’t alone until he nearly walked into the fire elemental standing between him and the front door.

“GR-GRILLBY!? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? THE BAR DOESN’T CLOSE FOR ANOTHER FEW HOURS.”

Grillby held out a bag. “Decided to close early tonight since Sans was in town and just wanted to offer a hot meal and a hand in moving stuff if he needed it.”

The flame elemental stepped closer, the purple fire seemingly looking like it grew bigger as Grillby advanced. “Unless Papyrus…that bullshit story you gave me today was a lie…like I KNOW it was.”

Papyrus dodged the purple fireball hurled in his direction and quickly ran into the house, about to slam the door when a fireball hit his arm. He hissed as he clutched his injured arm, before he was spun around and slammed against the now closed door.

“Has the guilt finally broke you Papyrus? I’ve known you since you were ten. You really think you could lie to ME!? Where IS Sans Papyrus? You were so quick to rid every trace of his existence here in town. Way too quick. WHERE IS HE!??”

Papyrus’s eyes widened as a firey hand slammed against the wall, inches from his head. “H-HE’S…”

Grillby narrowed his eyes, the glint of his flames in his glasses making him look more menacing than Papyrus had ever seen. Even though he was the Captain of the Royal Guard and one of the most feared monsters in the Underground, at this moment in time with his emotions and thoughts in tatters since last night, Papyrus felt the most afraid for his life than he ever had been.

“He’s dead isn’t he? You finally killed him didn’t you?! After all he did for you when you were little, THIS was how you repayed him? Wearing him down until he was just a shell of a monster, treating him like a fucking dog?!”

“ST-STOP…”

“I offered so many times to have him come and live with me, to get away from your fucking abuse, but each time he refused. He wouldn’t fucking leave you! Even when you left him a broken, sobbing mess and it took me hours to heal some of the damage you inflicted on him, he still wouldn’t leave. Sans cared about you so fucking much and you were so blinded by power, you couldn’t even see how much he STILL did for you!”

Papyrus’s eyes became blurry as tears formed in his eye sockets. “GRILLBY…PLEASE…”
“Did you stop when Sans begged?! Did it make you feel powerful?! Did you enjoy murdering my best friend!?”

A low growling sound came from the other side of the living room and the fire elemental quickly backed away from Papyrus, eyes wide as he stared at the large skeletal beast next to the stairway slowly walking up to the two.

“Oh…well…that’s…huh.”

Papyrus took the chance to summon a bone attack and was about to attack Grillby, when Sans quickly ran between the two, turning his head to look at both of them and growled.

Grillby raised his hands up. “Alright…no fighting or threatening Papyrus. I get it. Just…wow…this is new. Uh, Papyrus…you can dispel your attack. I’m not going to attack you.”

“LIKE I’M GOING TO BELIEVE YOU. YOU WERE ABOUT TO KILL ME JUST MOMENTS AGO!”

Sans sat down and yipped, causing Grillby to nod in his direction before turning to face Papyrus again.

“That’s because I thought you killed Sans. Now that I see he’s alive, all I want now are answers. And also, if you don’t dispel your attack, Sans is going to bite your hand and actually make it hurt this time.”

Papyrus froze and stared at Sans and Grillby as his bone attack fizzled. “H-HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?”

Grillby raised his eyebrow. “Know what? The hand thing? Sans just told me.”

“NO. YES. I… HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT’S SANS?! I JUST BROUGHT HIM HOME LAST NIGHT! NO ONE HAS SEEN HIM!”

Grillby sighed. “I just told you. Sans told me. That was what the yipping was. His initial growl and the one afterward was him telling me to stand down and for us to not fight.”

Papyrus took the opportunity to move to the couch and put his head in his hands, trying to will the headache that was forming to go away. “HOW…DO YOU KNOW…THAT’S SANS? AND HOW ARE YOU UNDERSTANDING HIM?”

Grillby pulled out one of the table chairs and sat down, petting Sans on the head. “Sans has been my best friend for fifteen years. I’d be a pretty shitty friend if I couldn’t recognize him even in whatever form this is. As for understanding him… after you’ve spent way too many nights than you’ve cared for listening to a very drunken Doggo sobbing about his love life, breaking up heated fights between Dogamy and Doggaressa when they’ve had an argument, and finally figuring out how to make the complex mixed drink Greater Dog wants, you kind of pick up on the language.”

Papyrus rubbed his head, trying to process everything, before looking over to the fire elemental. “I THOUGHT YOU’D BE MORE SURPRISED THAN THIS. OR AFRAID. OR…SOMETHING. ….MY HEAD HURTS.”

Sans walked over to Papyrus and nuzzled him, causing the skeleton to smile softly.
“I’ve seen my fair share of weird shit through the years Papyrus. My best friend turning into a…
dog…thing… doesn’t register on the weird scale with me. I mean… I’ve seen his Blasters and his
teleportation. It’s a bit jarring at first, but he’s still unmistakably Sans. How did this even happen
anyway?”

Both Sans and Papyrus looked down, Papyrus clenching his fists and Sans whimpering before
Papyrus looked back at Grillby. “IT’S… A LONG STORY. ONE THAT SANS KNOWS MORE
THAN ME… BUT…”

The room grew silent as Papyrus contemplated where to start, absentmindedly rubbing his head,
his left arm twitching from the burn.

Grillby abruptly stood up, heading into the kitchen. “How about while you get your wits, I made
you two dinner? I’m afraid the food I actually brought is too far gone to taste good, even if we did
heat it up.”

“W-WAIT! ALL… ALL THERE IS IN THERE IS SPAGHETTI…”

“I can make spaghetti Papyrus.”

“YOU CAN?!”

Grillby huffed. “Although my regular patrons tend to like food on the unhealthier side, I am quite
capable of making a decent meal. Even I get tired of eating burgers sometimes.”

“NO… I… THAT’S… CAN YOU TEACH ME?”

The fire elemental’s face softened. “Not tonight. You’re jittery and injured, plus you need your
energy to tell me what’s going on. I’ll make enough for you and Sans for a few days though. I’m
assuming he needs more than he usually eats?”

Sans nodded and yipped, before going back to nuzzle Papyrus, calming the taller skeleton down.

“Right. Anyway, I’ll be back in a few minutes. I’m going to grab some things from the bar. You
probably don’t have some of the spices I use to season the sauce and I’ll bring some medicine for
your headache and burn.”

Papyrus let out a shaky breath once the front door closed and relaxed on the couch. Sans carefully
climbed on the couch and nestled his head in Papyrus’s lap, mindful of the skeleton’s burned arm
and began purring.

“THIS WASN’T… WHAT I EXPECTED TO HAPPEN.”

Sans licked Papyrus’s hand in response.

Chapter End Notes

Yay! Bits of backstory! And Papyrus losing his shit.

At least Grillby is pretty "chill" about what’s happening so far.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After dinner was eaten and medicine was administered, it had taken about an hour for Papyrus to explain his side of events to Grillby about what had transpired in the last two weeks, Sans interjecting with small tidbits that Grillby translated.

Sans was reluctant on telling either of them what had happened to him in that last week, explaining to Grillby to tell Papyrus that once he was able to talk normally, that he’d sit down and tell Papyrus everything like he should have done years ago, about the labs, about Gaster, everything.

From Sans’s body language and the slight whimpers in his growling and yipping, both Papyrus and Grillby could tell that while he was putting up a good front, Sans was still terrified about what had happened.

He gave both an affectionate headbutt, before slowly climbing up the stairs to go to sleep. While Sans had more energy in his beast form, the talk had wore him out.

Grillby waited a few minutes to make sure Sans was asleep before turning to look at Papyrus.
“So…what’s the plan now? Are you going to send the Guard into Gaster’s lab and make him change Sans back? Or just go by yourself? Seems you don’t want anyone to know what happened to Sans.”

“I…DON’T KNOW YET. LAST NIGHT I WAS READY TO STORM HIS LAB AT THAT VERY MOMENT, BUT NOW…I’M…SCARED. I’M SCARED TO FACE HIM, KNOWING WHAT HE DID TO SANS, KNOWING WHAT HE COULD HAVE DONE TO ME HAD I NOT REALIZED THAT WAS SANS AND GONE INTO HIS LAB UNKNOWINGLY.”

“I’m sure that even if you hadn’t known the creature was Sans, that he would have stopped you from going somehow, or protected you from Gaster. He’s… become very much like the Sans I first met, back when we were kids. Very protective of you, even when he was terrified.”

“HE WOULD NEVER LET ME OUT OF HIS SIGHT OR LET ME OUT OF OUR HOME BUT WOULD ALWAYS DO WHATEVER I ASKED OF HIM WITHOUT QUESTION. I…USED THAT TO MY ADVANTAGE ONCE I…BECAME THIS.”

Papyrus stared at his gloved hands angrily, before ripping the gloves off and throwing them across the room.

“WHY DID HE FUCKING STAY? AFTER ALL I DID TO HIM?! I BEAT HIM MERCILESSLY, I BROKE HIS BONES TOO MANY TIMES TO COUNT, I CRUSHED HIS SPIRIT, I…I…”

Papyrus shook as he sobbed into his hands, trying to remember the last time he had seen Sans that wasn’t the nervous fearful monster he had been before leaving him with Gaster. He couldn’t and it made him sob harder.

A warm hand was placed on his shoulder. “He didn’t leave because of this. Because he was afraid that one day, you’d have a breakdown like this and not have anyone to help you pick up the pieces. That he would be the only one to be able to help. At least that’s what he told me every time I offered to let him stay with me.”
Grillby looked up at Sans’s door. “Despite everything, Sans is very proud of what you became. He told me that the night you were accepted into the Guard and then again when you became one of the Vice Captains and then eventually the Captain. He’s proud of the confidence and strength you possess, glad that you strive to keep moving forward. Whatever his little brother wanted to be, he’d be there to help in any way he could.”

Papyrus mournfully looked at Grillby. “BUT I’VE DONE NOTHING BUT HURT HIM. HOW CAN HE STILL BE PROUD OF ME?”

“Because you’re Papyrus. You’re still Sans’s little brother and always will be. No matter if you’re the most feared monster in the Underground or a simple dishwasher for a greasy restaurant. You’ll always come first in his eyes. And he’ll do everything to keep you happy and protect you.”

“I HATE IT. I HATE THAT HE SHOULD HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BE ANGRY WITH ME, ESPECIALLY NOW, BUT INSTEAD HE’S COMFORTING ME. MAKING SURE I’M ALRIGHT WITHOUT ANY CONCERN FOR HIMSELF.”

Grillby sighed. “That’s just how Sans has always been with the monsters he cares about. Despite our motto, not every monster believes in “kill or be killed.” We’re only hurting ourselves when that’s all we think about. What would be the point of the last human falling down and us getting their SOUL to break the barrier if we’ve all basically killed each other to extinction?”

The two stayed on the couch, silent for a few minutes, while Papyrus processed the conversation.

Grillby suddenly stood up. “Well, it’s getting late and I need to get a few things done at the bar before I go to bed. I’ll keep tonight a secret and if you need to hide Sans until you’re ready to let others know, he’s always welcome at the bar. Goodnight Papyrus.”

“GOODNIGHT. …THANK YOU GRILLBY.”

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The laser wasn’t supposed to hurt, it was only supposed to correct his faulty vision. The treatment in the right eye had gone well, but had exhausted the tiny skeleton. He couldn’t help but want to shut his eye sockets but couldn’t since they were taped down.

But he was so tired. Tears escaped his eye sockets as he tried fighting off the exhaustion he felt. His tears were enough lubrication to loosen the strong tape holding his eye socket open. He closed his eyes just as the laser activated.

Pain. Blinding pain. He screamed as the left side of his face felt like it was on fire, trying in vain to rip his arm out of the restraints to clutch at his eye socket. He vaguely heard a commanding voice yelling at him to calm down, but all he could think about was pain.

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Papyrus quickly sat up in bed, clutching his left eye socket as it throbbed, dully feeling the large crack straight through it. He shivered and forced back the urge to cry as he let out shaky breaths.

He didn’t register getting out of bed, shakily walking down the hall with his blanket clutched in his hand, and entering Sans’s room.

“C-can I sleep with you tonight Sans? I…”

It was barely a whisper, Papyrus couldn’t even hear it despite him saying it. The skeleton was
unsure if it was just Sans’s advanced hearing or brotherly instinct, but Sans woke up, took one look at his brother, and shifted over on his bed.

Once Papyrus was situated, Sans curled up around his brother, giving his skull a comforting lick. He waited until Papyrus’s breathing was even before falling back asleep.

———

Tax Day. Papyrus hated Tax Day. Normally the lesser Guards were tasked with collecting taxes, but every few months there would be a few monsters that deemed themselves too important to follow the rules and refuse to pay. Then it was Papyrus’s mission to make an example of them.

Papyrus was more than irritated today. He had to cancel all his plans for the day to deal with the insubordinate since he was nestled deep in the Capital slums. Plans that included paperwork for the King, re-calibrating his traps in Snowdin forest, reminding the bunny Guard that had taken Sans’s sentry position in the forest to “STAY AT YOUR DAMN STATION”, and formulating a plan on how exactly he was going to get Sans back to normal.

It had been way too close of a call on Undyne finding out about Sans that morning. His Vice Captain had no concept of knocking and just slammed the door in, yelling about what had happened to two of the Guards that had been on Tax Duty and that they needed to take care of it personally.

At least the two realized that Sans still had his teleportation powers as he quickly teleported into his room, both grateful Papyrus still was trying to get used to leaving it open for the creature, and had closed the door.

After telling Undyne to wait outside while he went to get dressed, he poked his head into Sans’s room, telling him what was happening and to teleport to Grillby’s as soon as he could. He sent a text to Grillby letting him know Sans would be there soon.

———

Papyrus’s eye socket was still tender from the phantom pains that his nightmare had produced. He had taken one of the pills Grillby had left before him and Undyne made their way through the Underground.

“Captain, you look irritated.”

“I AM UNDYNE. I HAD A LOT OF BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF TODAY THAT I HAD TO CANCEL. THIS INGRATE BETTER HAVE THE SENSE TO PAY UP OR IT WILL COST HIM DEARLY.”

Papyrus looked around, narrowing his eye sockets as buildings began to look familiar. “UNDYNE, YOU SAID THE MONSTER WAS IN THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT AT THE EDGE OF THE RIVER, RIGHT?”

“Yes sir, in one of the smaller abandoned factories. We wouldn’t have even known he was there but he’s been using a lot of electricity. Alphys noticed it on the Grid a few days ago. Found he had been skirting his taxes for a while, moving from place to place before the Guards came to collect.”

“And how are the Guards doing?”

“Puglas and Catrick are a bit dazed, but doing well. I really should have let some of the more experienced Guards take this guy instead of sending the newbies out.”
“IT’S FINE UNDYNE. JUST DON’T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN. I DON’T HAVE TIME TO DO GRUNT WORK LIKE THIS.”

“But you used to love Tax Day back when we did this shit! Just beating the shit out of monsters that refused to pay! Man…what wouldn’t I give to mindlessly just beat things into submission without any provocation like the old days…”

“DAMN US FOR HAVING TO BECOME ADULTS AND BE…RESPONSIBLE.”

Undyne’s laugh echoed the streets as she forcefully slapped Papyrus’s shoulder. “You know you can stop being so “adult and responsible” every once in a while. Get out and have a few drinks, loosen up, let your hair down so to speak. I mean now that you’re not out trying to fix Sans’s screw-ups, you can unwind a bit!”

Undyne’s words stung as Papyrus tried to ignore what she had said about Sans now that he realized Sans had only done some of the things to keep them alive and protected. He closed his eye sockets for a moment, letting the knotted feeling pass.

“THIS WAY. I KNOW A SHORTCUT TO THE BACK WAY OF THE FACTORY.”

The factory the monster was holed up in was surrounded by a shallow moat of water. The beginning of another headache surfaced from Papyrus’s left eye socket and he dug another pill out of his pants, noting to buy some once he got home as Undyne announced she was going on ahead.

The distraction almost proved fatal as he didn’t hear the hum of electricity until it was nearly too late and quickly ran and grabbed Undyne before her foot hit the water, shoving her back and to the ground.

Papyrus ripped off a metal spike from his belt and tossed it in the water where the small piece was attacked by electric shocks. “WHAT THE HELL UNDYNE!? DIDN’T YOU THINK TO CHECK IF THE WATER WAS ELECTRIFIED OR NOT!? DON’T JUST RUN AHEAD LIKE THAT! DO YOU HAVE A FUCKING DEATHWISH OR SOMETHING!?”

The fish monster stared in shock at the still sparking water and then looked up to the glaring skeleton. “I-I would have been fine Captain! A few sparks of electricity can’t stop me! I mean I’m your Vice Captain! I have to be strong to keep up with you!”

“THAT’S NOT THE FUCKING POINT UNDYNE! I DON’T WANT TO SEE A FRIEND GET HURT BECAUSE OF A CARELESS MISTAKE!”

Shit. Papyrus knew he was doomed. It was an unspoken rule to never utter the word “friend” aloud, especially to powerful monsters such as himself and Undyne. He might as well just hand the Captain position to Undyne.

“Ca-Papyrus…”

Papyrus spun around and stepped over the moat, storming toward the building. “LET’S GET THIS OVER WITH.”

The building was teeming with traps and falling apart, so the two tread lightly, trying to keep the element of surprise. Papyrus was secretly glad that the two Guards had only lightly been hurt,
knowing that they could have had ended up worse. He cursed himself for caring, knowing that had the last few days not happened, he would have chastised the two Guards for daring to return when they hadn’t given their all.

The reason for the massive electric spike became clear as the two stepped into a large room full of tubes and machines. Papyrus felt a grip in his SOUL as some of the equipment seemed familiar.

“Woah…looks a bit like Alphys’s lab. You know…the one she has in the basement?”

Papyrus was about to retort when a monster shifted into view. He was small, about Sans’s height, and his body seemed to be greyed out. He was wearing a lab coat and mumbling to himself.

A spear next to his head caused the monster to squeak and he turned quickly to face Undyne and Papyrus, widening his eyes when he saw the skeleton.

“Alright Punk! You’ve skimped out on your taxes for the last time! You’re about three years behind on them, so unless you pay-”

“Subject 2?! Is that really you!? You’ve grown so much since I last saw you!” The monster squeaked, looking excited as he took a few steps forward in Papyrus’s direction.

Papyrus froze, the name the monster had said causing his eye socket to pulse as he started to recognize who the monster was. He had been one of Gaster’s helpers, the one that usually had taken him and Sans out of their room since he was around their height. Papyrus took a step back.

“I can’t believe it! Dr. Gaster said he had made contact with you and Subject 1 again and that you were willingly going to help him again. That’s why we started setting up the labs again! This…I can’t wait! Aren’t you excited!?”

Undyne stepped between Papyrus and the short monster once she noticed Papyrus just standing there and the terrified look on her Captain’s face. “Hey Punk! Stay back! I don’t what your deal is, but if you’ve got my Captain horrified, you’re bad news!”

The monster kept advancing, his excited smile looking more twisted. Papyrus whimpered and that was provocation enough for Undyne to move and send a dozen spears into the monster’s torso, dusting him immediately.

“Ohay Captain, won’t get the gold out of him, but at least…”

The loud thump behind her made her quickly turn around and she stared in shock at Papyrus on his knees, his arms curled around him as he shivered.

“Papyrus!”

Undyne was quickly by her Captain’s side, trying to shake him out of whatever attack he was having. He shakily locked eyes with her.

“H-HOME. S-SANS AT HOME. WANNA GO HOME. SAFE. HOME IS SAFE.”

Papyrus’s skull felt like it was on fire, tears leaking out of his eye sockets as he gripped his head.

“Home? Sans? But I thought Sans was working with a scientist and you didn’t really seem to care about Sans anyway, so why would he be-?”

“SANS WILL PROTECT. SANS WILL HELP. PLEASE. Please.”
Papyrus shuddered as he fell unconscious in his Vice Captain’s arms.

Chapter End Notes

Bit of a longer chapter as the rest of the night was a bit too short for my taste. Plus I really wanted to get to Undyne.

Grillby is just slightly older than Sans, just a few months difference, so he's 30 in this.

Undyne is a year older than Papyrus. She's 26.

It will probably get elaborated on later, depending how that particular chapter goes, but Undyne and Papyrus have been Guard partners since they were both recruits and she was co-Vice Captain with him.

Puglas and Catrick are a dog and cat.

The monster Papyrus and Undyne met is (well...was) one of Gaster's followers. He was the one that resembled the ficus licker.
“BROTHER, WHY DID THE DOCTOR PUT THIS METAL THING ON MY ARM? HE KNOWS I’M SUBJECT 2, SO WHY DID HE PUT IT ON? IS HE AFRAID OF US GETTING LOST?”

“…something like that.”

“BUT WE NEVER LEAVE OUR ROOM UNLESS THAT SMALL MONSTER COMES AND GETS US. …MAYBE HE’S GOING TO LET US EXPLORE MORE OF THE LAB…OR OUTSIDE! MAYBE THAT’S IT!”

“Yeah. Maybe. Sounds nice.”

“You were in that one room all day, weren’t you? I can tell since you’re more tired than usual. Do you want to share our blankets tonight? You feel colder than usual.”

“That sounds great bro. Thanks.”

“Paps! The fuck is this!? You ain’t fucking collaring me like I’m a fucking dog! This is…this is fucking humiliating! I’m your fucking older brother!”

“Don’t you dare take that off Sans! That’s to make sure you don’t run off and fuck something else up that I have to fix so you don’t get dusted! And haven’t I told you repeatedly that you are to refer to me as boss!? Now that I’m the captain of the royal guard, I demand obedience!”

“BROTHER…WHY WERE THOSE MONSTERS KILLED? THEY WERE JUST TRYING TO MAKE A LIVING, RIGHT?”

“It’s…complicated bro. In our world, only the strongest survive. It’s “kill or be killed” here. They weren’t delivering on their goods and got caught, so they were made an example of.”

“You…Don’t believe in that motto…do you? Kill or be killed?”

“…no. I don’t. You can be strong without killing anyone.”

“Just like you! You haven’t killed anyone but you’re the strongest monster I know!”

“Heh. Yeah…”

“Hey Punk! Looks like we’re gonna be recruit buddies together! I’m Undyne!”

“uh… I’m Papyrus…”
"Whoa! You trying to get dusted!? You’re a Royal Guard now! Be confident when announcing your name! We are proud of our role in life! We aren’t afraid of anything! Now introduce yourself again punk!"

"I’M PAPYRUS, THE ROYAL GUARD! I TAKE PRIDE IN MY ROLE!"

“That’s the damn spirit Papyrus! Man, I can’t wait to get some action! Kill or be killed, am I right?! I’m gonna dust so many punks that get in my way!"

His left eye socket throbbed dully as Papyrus was roused out of sleep, muffled voices and stomping sounding like they were coming underneath wherever he was.

A gentle lick to his arm woke him up fully and he looked up, staring into the concerned eyes of his brother. His arms felt weighed down, but he forced them to move as he wrapped them around Sans’s neck.

“SANS…” Papyrus whimpered, causing Sans to begin purring to soothe Papyrus’s jittery composure.

After a few minutes, Papyrus calmed down enough to think coherently and realized he was in his bed in his room and began to recognize the voices underneath him.

“UNDYNE IS GOING TO KILL ME. I FUCKING PASSED OUT IN FRONT OF HER, AFTER PANICKING. I’M SURPRISED I’M NOT ALREADY.”

Sans gave the skeleton a reassuring lick before Papyrus began to shakily sit up and get out of bed. He was still dizzy as he walked across his room, but Sans made sure to have Papyrus lean slightly against him to balance him.

They were barely out of the room and down the first stair when Papyrus saw a blue blur and he was forcefully pushed against the wall.

“Don’t you ever fucking do that to me again Papyrus! Just…goddamn it!”

Papyrus stared wide-eyed at his Vice Captain in his face shouting at him. He mutely heard Sans growl beside him and Undyne moved to look at the creature instead of him.

“Oh shut it Sans! I’m allowed to yell at him! He scared the shit out of me with that passing out shit! You weren’t the only one worried about him you know!”

The fish woman turned back to Papyrus and glared at him. “You better be glad it was late and no one was around after I told Alphys to clear a path from monsters so we wouldn’t be seen! Because goddamn it Papyrus, if anyone had seen me crying as I carried you home, both them and you would have been dust!”

Sans growled again and moved to headbutt Undyne. She held out her fist to take on the attack. “Relax Sans! I wasn’t actually gonna do that! Well…yeah I would have killed the monster…but not Papyrus! Regardless of him being my captain or not, he’s my best fucking friend! We’ve been through too much shit together!”

“F-FRIEND?”

“Oh don’t even Papyrus! You don’t get the right to say that word and not me! Reputation and
power be damned! I’ll fucking shout it from your fucking rooftop! We’re friends! Friends! Friends! FRIENDS!”

Papyrus’s SOUL released the tight feeling it was having and he relaxed slightly, yet his eye socket still throbbed. He absentmindedly placed his hand over it and groaned slightly, causing both Sans and Undyne to look at him worryingly.

“Oh, how about we get you to the couch.”

Undyne slowly helped Papyrus down the stairs and to the couch, Sans teleporting down and walked into the kitchen, him and Grillby coming out a moment later.

Grillby held out a glass of water and two pills which Papyrus shakily took. “Normally I wouldn’t let you take those without food since you’ve been without it for so long, but dinner’s about ready. Is your head still bothering you? That’s…unusual.”

“HMMM. IT’S ONLY MY LEFT EYE SOCKET. AND IT DIDN’T START UNTIL THAT… DREAM I HAD…ABOUT…THE LAB…”

Sans nudged Papyrus’s hand and whimpered, concern prominent on his face.

Undyne looked at the two confused. “Lab? What lab? Does this have anything to do with that monster that freaked you out that I dusted?”

Sans perked up and stared at Undyne for a few seconds before nudging Papyrus and yipping in concern.

Papyrus waited a few minutes while the pills took effect and the throbbing went away.

“UNDYNE…SANS AND I WILL TELL YOU THE FULL STORY ONCE WE GET HIM BACK TO NORMAL…WAIT! HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT THIS IS SANS?”

Undyne rolled her eye. “Grillby told me. And even if I didn’t hear it from him, the fact that a creature that looks like Sans’s blaster things immediately went into protective mode when I brought you in, let me know it was to be trusted. Now what’s this about a lab?”

Papyrus looked over to Sans, who nodded, and Papyrus sighed. “SANS AND I…WERE CREATED IN A LAB. THAT MONSTER…WAS THE ONE THAT BROUGHT US OUT OF OUR ROOM AND INTO THE MAIN LAB ROOMS WHEN WE WERE THERE. I DON’T REMEMBER MUCH SINCE I WAS VERY YOUNG WHEN WE RAN AWAY…BUT I DO REMEMBER SOME. ESPECIALLY RECENTLY. FOR SOME REASON, I KEEP DREAMING OF MINE AND SANS’S PAST.”

“And your eye? Is that scar because of being there?”

“YES. THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT WITH A LASER. IT WAS MEANT TO FIX MY VISION…but the tape holding my eye socket open wasn’t strong enough. I closed it as the laser hit me. All I remembered was pain and passing out. But the next time I woke up, all I had was a scar. My vision was fine. I guess GA- He finished the job while I was unconscious.”

Papyrus couldn’t say Gaster’s name. He was terrified of saying it, lest the monster in question appear. In a few short days, Papyrus’s dreams had made him remember far more about his and Sans’s past than he thought possible. Almost like…it had been wiped from his memory.

“THERE’S SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME.”
Undyne snorted. “Understatement of the year there Captain. I mean you slept for an entire day after I got you home. You hardly ever sleep that long.”

Papyrus stared at her wide-eyed. “WHAT?! I’VE BEEN SLEEPING FOR A WHOLE DAY!? WHY DIDN’T YOU TRY TO WAKE ME!! I HAD SO MUCH TO DO, REPORTS, TAKING CARE OF SANS, TRAP RECALIBRATING, KEEPING THE DOGS IN L—”

Undyne put her hand on the skeleton’s shoulder. “Whoa calm down there Captain! It’s fine. Grillby made sure to take care of Sans’s food needs when he wasn’t curled up with you in your room, I took care of the Sentries in the forest. By the way, that Guard you put in Sans’s Sentry position really needs to calm the fuck down. Kept finding him abandoning his post. He’s worse than Sans! At least Sans just slept at it, but this guy keeps wandering off. Uh…no offence to you Sans on that.”

Sans huffed in headbutted Undyne’s fist in response.

“What do you think is wrong Papyrus?” Grillby came out of the kitchen with two bowls, which he handed to Papyrus and Undyne before going back and setting down a large bowl for Sans.

Papyrus ate a few bites of the stew Grillby made, letting it settle. “I HADN’T REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT UNTIL NOW…BUT THE DREAMS OF THE PAST I’VE BEEN HAVING…I DON’T…REMEMBER THEM. I DON’T REMEMBER THEM HAPPENING UNTIL I DREAM ABOUT IT. LIKE I’VE…FORGOTTEN, EVEN THE OTHER DAY WHEN I HAD ONE OF GRILLBY’S BURGERS, A FLOOD OF MEMORIES THAT I DON’T REMEMBER HAPPENING CAME BACK. I COULDN’T BELIEVE I HAD JUST…FORGOTTEN ABOUT ALL THAT YOU AND YOUR FATHER DID FOR US GRILLBY.”

Undyne frowned, concern etched on her face. “So…like amnesia or something…else? I mean… back when we first met, you talked about your life and Sans, but as time went by you just kept getting more emotionless. Only concerned about the job and how well you did. I just thought it was you just wanting to give it your all…but now that I think about it…that’s unusual.”

“That’s another thing I’m concerned about Undyne. Sans was my world when I was a kid, so why…would I suddenly treat him like I did? How and why did I just suddenly go from a sweet, caring kid like Sans and Grillby could tell you to a cold, ruthless bastard that looked down on everyone weaker than him? Sans even taught me that our kill or be killed motto was bad and I vowed I wouldn’t ever be like that, so why did I just suddenly embrace it?”

Papyrus didn’t realize the pained pressure in his eye was building, until his eye socket felt like someone took a knife and stabbed into it. He shouted in pain, dropping his bowl as he clutched his skull with both hands.

In seconds, both Sans and Grillby were at his side. Sans began purring, trying to calm the now sobbing skeleton down, as Undyne and Grillby tried to pry Papyrus’s hands away from his skull to keep him from clawing into his skull.

Grillby managed to pry one hand away, his hands giving enough light to cause Undyne to see a faint glint in the back of Papyrus’s skull.

Her eye widened. “Grillby, put your hand back! There’s…I think there’s something in there!”

Grillby put his hand back, careful of the writhing skeleton beneath him and Undyne confirmed her
suspicion.

“Yeah…there’s definitely something in there. But none of us would be capable of getting out whatever THAT is.”

The pain had subsided after a few minutes and Papyrus curled up with Sans, who had managed to get on the couch and was licking him, alternating between purring and whimpering as he comforted the younger brother.

“H-HURTS…”

Grillby gently put his hand on Undyne’s arm and led her to the kitchen. “What do we do Undyne? This doesn’t look good.”

Undyne pulled her phone out and began texting. “The only thing I think will help is if we get Alphys’s help. She’s got the equipment that can see what that thing is and hopefully get it out. She may be able to help Sans too.”

“Undyne…there’s a bigger problem to this. That scientist that created them and did this. We can’t let him get away with this. Maybe Alphys knows something about this Gaster. If he can turn Sans into a beast and has possibly done something to Papyrus, he’s dangerous to just leave alone.”

Undyne nodded. “First things first though. Getting them better. Then we can deal with crazy mad scientist. He’s gonna regret having EVER messed with my best friend.”

“My sentiments exactly Undyne.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh Gaster...you done fucked up. The besties are mad and plotting together.

Next time: Enter Alphys! (she's 27 in this fic)

And wow! Huge huge thanks to everyone liking this story! It's already over 1,000 hits! Just....wow!

Edit (5-23-2016): Forgot to put ages for the dream flashbacks! Sorry!

1. Sans-9 / Papyrus-5 (this was the day of Papyrus's 5th "birthday." Sans's birthday is a month later. Also, Sans got his plate on his 5th as well, when Gaster began the real testing on him.)

2. Sans-27 / Papyrus- 22

3. Sans-13 / Papyrus-8 (They're still living in the Capital Slums during this time)

4. Papyrus-20 / Undyne-21 (about a week after Papyrus shows the Royal Guard Captain his skills)
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Over 1600 Hits and over 107 Kudos! I was legit in shock and tears today from finding that out! Thank you all so much!!!

And then! Then! It got so much better! Was checking the Underfell Tumblr tag and found someone made fanart of my fic! It's so amazing!!!!!!

http://ursik-l.tumblr.com/post/144808526708/he-is-not-suppose-to-be-this-big-in-the-original

Just...I started crying, legit crying when I found this. It really really made my day to actually see fanart of something I wrote!

If anyone wants to make fanart or you see fanart of my fic, please link me and I'll post it in the author notes.

Also, ending notes from previous chapter changed. Added the ages for the dream flashbacks. Sorry I forgot!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

One of the perks of being Vice Captain was that Undyne could effectively order around any of the Guard, regardless of their position, without the Captain’s prior permission, no questions asked. Undyne utilized this power as she ordered the Canine Guard to go about business as usual and if anyone asked about the Captain, to answer that he was busy with Royal Scientist business and to not be disturbed. And to keep the Sentry by the Ruins at “his damn post! Don’t let him wander off like he’s been doing! Lesser Dog, bite his damn leg if you have to!”

Grillby left a note at the bar, citing “Family Business in Hotland” and sent the keys to the bar with Undyne to give to Dogaressa to keep an eye on the place and get their daily fix of drink and kibble. He knew the trade-off would be worth it to keep his bar from being ransacked while he was gone.

The less monsters knowing about Papyrus’s condition, the better, so the four walked quickly through Waterfall using Undyne’s vast knowledge of shortcuts to get to Hotland faster. Sans ended up teleporting Grillby through some of the more watery sections and the two would wait until Undyne and Papyrus caught up.

They were almost to Hotland without any trouble, when whatever was in Papyrus’s eye socket began to hurt him again and the skeleton doubled over in pain, tears and a small amount of excess magic that wasn’t the usual red color they knew Papyrus for leaking out.

Sans whined and went to nuzzle his brother before lowering down and yipping at Grillby.

“Sans wants us to put Papyrus on his back. It’ll be quicker that way.”

Undyne nodded and the two helped Papyrus, who was nearly unconscious, on Sans back.

They began walking again, the two on either side of Sans, and Undyne glanced down, seeing more
of the different colored magic seeping out of Papyrus’s eye socket.

“Um…Sans? That magic leaking out of Papyrus… It’s not…”

Sans shuddered and yipped and growled, looking over at Grillby, who nodded.

“Sans says that’s actually Papyrus’s natural color of magic when he was in the lab. Gaster made it where they can use a variety of different magic types based on their circumstances. Since we mainly live in a harsh world, the red aggressive magic works best. Sans’s is actually dark blue, but he can also use light blue, purple, and bits of yellow in addition to the red.

Undyne shuffled nervously before glancing at Papyrus. “Green.”

“Undyne?”

The fish woman looked away. “You punks better not fucking say a word about this! My…original magic color is green. My mom wanted me to be a healer but I couldn’t stand the thought of me being a weak-ass coward, hiding behind a shield and my only duty being to heal. That’s why I trained so aggressively and pushed my way through the Guard. But those kind feelings of my magic just wouldn’t go away, no matter how many monsters I beat the shit out of or killed. Especially with monsters I care about… I just wanted so badly to call Papyrus my friend and to call him out on the way he treated you Sans, especially after seeing all the injuries he made on you, but I didn’t want to show him weakness. I just…”

Undyne felt her hand grow warm and a calming sensation filled her body, making her gasp and looked down to find her hand had somehow entwined with Papyrus’s, both glowing green. Papyrus was unconscious but he looked calmer than Undyne had ever seen.

Sans glanced at Undyne before he yipped and slowed down, making sure not to jostle the skeleton on his back.

“Sans said that Papyrus can use green magic. Maybe once everything settles down, you two can practice it in secret. Seems like a good skill to have, especially in our world.”

Undyne grinned. “I’d really like that. It would be good to do something with Papyrus other than Guard stuff and training. Maybe we can actually do things friends do.”

Grillby smirked. “Well…Papyrus did mention wanting to learn how to cook spaghetti properly. I’m sure he wouldn’t mind you joining us in our cooking lessons.”

“I’d like that.”

Undyne stopped Sans and Grillby once they got to the area before coming up to Alphys’s lab. “We’ve got two Guards at the entrance of the elevators that will spot us and Alphys’s outside camera recordings have to be sent to the King. I’ll go on ahead and make a convincing scene and Sans, you teleport into Alphys’s lab once she opens the door. She knows we’re coming, so she’ll leave the door open long enough.”

Grillby looked down to see Sans staring at the giant building, a vacant look in his eyes. “Undyne… Alphys is…she’s…okay…right? I mean…it’s common knowledge she’s done her fair share of…questionable things…”

Undyne gave a piercing gaze to the fire elemental, before softening her expression, a slight blush
on her cheeks. “Alphys only does what the King wants her to do. I mean…what CAN she do when she’s a weak monster and he’s given her a fortress to protect herself and wants certain things in return? It’s true she’s got an excitement for…experimenting… but she does treat everything and everyone with care. Even the Amalga- well…you’ll see. She’s actually a really nice monster…”

Grillby nodded and grabbed hold of Sans while Undyne marched across the ground, sharply nodding at the two guards, before making her way to the lab entrance and pounding on the door.

“Alphys! Vice Captain Undyne here on account of Royal Guard business! I demand you open the door immediately!”

The door slid open and Sans waited a few moments to let the two talk before teleporting behind Alphys and yipping to let her know they were in.

The action scared the reptile and she jumped, allowing Undyne to quickly push inside, grabbing the scientist in passing and giving her an affectionate squeeze on the arm when they were inside.

“Sorry I had to yell Alphys. Are you okay?”

Alphys shakily pushed the button to shut the door and turn the overhead lights on, before turning around. “Yeah… but r-really Undyne, you should have told me you brought one of the Canine Guard too. I could have roused Endo- oh. OH!”

Alphys’s eyes grew wide as she rushed over to Sans, pawing at his head. “Th-this is- It looks like-!”

Sans whined and backed away slightly, not liking the crazed, enthusiastic look Alphys was giving him, shaking as he pushed back flashbacks of Gaster’s experiments on him.

Undyne put her hand on the scientist’s shoulder. “Alphys… try to cut back a little on the excitement. From his body language, Sans doesn’t look too eager to be here. Give him some time to adjust to being in here. He’s…been through some stuff as you can tell.”

The reptile’s eyes grew wider and she put her hands over her mouth. “Oh my god S-Sans! I’m so sorry! I kn-know Undyne said you looked different but… It just…your head looks like…uh… I’ll wait til you’re comfortable. I’m sorry.”

Sans slowly walked back up to Alphys and gave her an affectionate nuzzle.

Undyne and Grillby began to get Papyrus off of Sans’s back, his arms around their shoulders. Once he was secure, Undyne glanced behind her to the door where Alphys’s underground lab was. “Alright, now that we’re alright with each other, do you want us to get Papyrus into your lab? Really don’t want whatever that thing in his head is to be in there any longer than possible.”

“R-Right! Of course Undyne! Yeah, it would be better to look at it in there. Most of the better equipment’s in there anyway.”

“H-HELP SANS FIRST. I-I’M FINE.”

Papyrus groaned as he regained consciousness, looking around dizzily to gain his surroundings. “I PROMISED I’D FIND A WAY TO CHANGE SANS BACK. HE COMES FIRST.”

Sans whined and growled as Undyne and Grillby held on to the skeleton tighter, the fish woman all but beginning to drag the two toward the lab door.
“As much as we’d all like to help Sans right now, it’s not practical to begin on helping him when none of us know the first thing on how to do it. You, on the other hand, have something in your head that’s not only causing you severe pain but also could be the indirect cause of your memory loss and aggressive nature. We know how to stop that and that’s getting whatever is in your head out.”

Papyrus glared at everyone before resting his gaze on Sans, who was giving him “the look.” The skeleton sighed and stopped resisting. “FINE. I GUESS IT WOULD BE BETTER TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO HELP SANS IF THERE WERE FIVE OF US INSTEAD OF HAVING TO STOP IF I HAD AN ATTACK FROM THIS.”

The elevator down to the lab was surprisingly big enough to accommodate all four monsters and Sans’s creature form. Alphys explained she had redesigned the elevator since some monsters she had brought down and up were quite large.

Sans was nervous being in the closed in space, adopting a vacant, dazed expression as he tried to keep reminding himself that Alphys wasn’t the kind of scientist Gaster was. That she was someone he could trust. She wouldn’t hurt him on purpose.

Alphys noticed Sans’s distress and gently put her hand on Sans’s head. “S-Sans? D-Don’t worry. The lab down here is quite large and open, no closed doors at all, except for the generator. If you feel the need to get away, there are several areas you can escape to. And you may find a kindred spirit in some…of the others down here. I…know what you’re probably feeling.”

Grillby raised his eyebrow. “There’s other monsters down here? I thought we were trying to keep Sans and Papyrus a secret?”

“D-Don’t worry! The monsters down here…well… they have secrets of their own. We don’t have anything to worry about. They…don’t leave the lab. I-I mean… it’s THEIR choice on if they wanted to leave or not, but…none of them want to. They’ve all agreed it’s…safer down here than out there. There is no kill or be killed attitude here, just safety. They can stop pretending what they’re not. And it makes seeing their family members a little easier when they don’t have to be on guard.”

The fire elemental looked over to Undyne and Papyrus. “And you know all about what goes on here, don’t you?”

“YES. IT WAS THE ONE THING WE LET SLIDE AND KEPT SECRET. BESIDES, IT’S NOT LIKE THE AMALGAMATES, AS ALPHYS CALLS THEM, CAN BE KILLED AND PUT OUT OF THEIR MISERY. I TRIED WITH ENDOGENY, SINCE IT’S MADE FROM THE CANINE GUARD’S FAMILY MEMBERS, BUT IT JUST THOUGHT I WAS PLAYING WITH IT. EVEN MY MOST POWERFUL ATTACKS CAUSED NO DAMAGE.”

Grillby looked over to Alphys. “And how exactly were these Amalgamates created?”

Alphys wrung her hands together and looked away. “Th-The King wanted me to find a way to boost the aggressiveness of weaker monsters, ones that didn’t quite want to adhere to kill or be killed. H-He had the Guard round up monsters that fit this and had them sent here. I had come into possession of several notes from the former Royal Scientist that had died, and he talked about a way to use Determination to agress behavior and boost magic attacks. I injected the monsters with it…but…but…the results… The Determination began to breakdown their bodies, made them…melt. Made them…fuse together.”
The reptile took a couple of deep breaths to even her breathing out. “A-After that happened, the
monsters were angry and tried lashing out, tried killing themselves to end their torment, but found
they couldn’t. I did everything I could to make them comfortable, removed all doors, let them roam
around, made the lab try to feel like a home. We all eventually came to a compromise and they
began to trust that I wouldn’t hurt them and it was an accident and I told their families what
happened and that they could visit whenever they wanted. Especially after the former Canine
Guard came in and found them and tried to attack me for what I’d done. One of the dogs broke a
bottle of Determination and they all got splashed and…well… Endogeny was created.”

Undyne looked at Alphys in confusion. “Alph, you never told me that there had been a previous
Royal Scientist. I thought the King just created the position a few years back.”

“O-Oh! Uh…yeah. There was one a long time ago, like twenty years ago. I mean he had ones he
paid to do one-off work every so often, but he finally wanted one to finish work that his former one
had started. I got the job since I was able to decipher the notes his former one left when he died. It
was weird, all written in some sort of strange symbols. Took a while to decipher it, but in the end, it
paid off when I was given the position.”

Sans whimpered and began shaking, forcing the others to look at him.

“SANS?”

Sans looked at Grillby and whimpered. Grillby nodded.

“Alphys…what was the name of this scientist?”

“Um…I can’t remember. I mean it was weird, he had so many good notes and ideas, but he didn’t
seem to leave a suitable name. Just his initials W.D.G.”

Sans shook harder and whimpered, backing himself into a corner and tried curling in on himself.
Papyrus knelt down and wrapped his arms around Sans’s neck, trying to calm him down.

“ALPHYS…THAT SCIENTIST…HE’S NOT DEAD. I DON’T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED…
BUT HE’S NOT DEAD. THE INITIALS STAND FOR WING DINGS GASTER. HE’S THE
ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR TURNING SANS INTO THIS. HE’S THE ONE RESPONSIBLE
FOR WHATEVER IS IN MY HEAD.”

The elevator stopped and the door opened. Sans ripped himself out of Papyrus’s grasp and ran out
of the elevator, whimpering as the previous week of torture and pain rushed through his mind.

Papyrus moved to go after him, but was stopped by Alphys’s claw. “Papyrus, let him go calm
down. It’ll help if we don’t go trying to find him while he’s like this. N-Now that I somewhat have
an idea of why one of my machines looks like…well…I think I may have a way to help him. I’ll
need more information, but right now, let’s get you fixed first.”

Chapter End Notes

I left Papyrus's natural magic color ambiguous for many reasons, mainly being that
many write and draw it as orange despite him not using any orange attacks at all in the
game. So you can interpret it as any color (besides red and green since I specifically
had Sans tell that Papyrus can use green magic, hence it can't be that color or they
would have all know immediately that he could.)

But I will say that just to give a full spectrum, Papyrus can use both light and dark blue, orange, and green to offset Sans using purple and yellow.
Chapter Notes

Welp. This chapter answers a few questions that have been up in the air for a while.

And dogs. So many dogs. All the dogs. Allllll the dogs. Apologies in advance if their
dialogue is a bit hard to read. Had to keep them all different somehow.

And while Sans looks like he's speaking normally, it's actually all the perspective of
Dog POV just to make the chapter easier.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sans blindly ran through the lab, not caring where he was going. He finally hit a dead end and
crawled under a table, shivering and whimpering. He had done so well for the past few days, being
strong for Papyrus since he knew his little brother needed him, but with more monsters learning of
their predicament and helping, Sans's conviction had begun slipping.

He thought he heard a noise and sharply looked up, spying a skeletal dog-like creature staring back
at him. He made a throaty growl, but when the creature made the same movement, he realized he
was staring into a mirror on the opposite wall.

Sans crawled out from under the table and moved closer, staring himself down. He knew he had
changed, but never had the chance to actually SEE what Gaster had done to him. Sans closed his
eyes and shuddered, remembering the previous week and what torture the scientist had put him
through.

Gaster had dragged him to a room with large cages and made him summon his blasters, all four of
them, and then corralled them with his magic and put them in the cages. The pain from his injuries
and drain on his magic made Sans grow dizzy and it was enough to keep him from moving off the
floor once he collapsed, the scientist quickly stripping the skeleton of his clothes.

Sans remembered each injection of Determination Gaster had administered, both to him and each
blaster since his magic was still connected. He could still remember feeling his bones grow soft
and malleable, still kept seeing his blasters being reduced to a clay-like substance, still felt each
painful stretch as Gaster pulled his body into the shape he wanted to create.

He was unable to move due to what the Determination was doing to him and had quickly grown
hoarse from screaming, reduced to crying silently as Gaster molded his body.

The sounds his body made as it was pulled and shaped, the screeching wet ripping sounds as Gaster
grabbed another handful of blaster, and the squelching as soon as it hit his bones had made Sans
sick. Sans had even reluctantly hoped that Gaster would tell him what he was doing to his body,
like he used to when they were back in the scientist's old lab, just so he could focus on that and not
the sounds of his body being mangled. Gaster seemed to know Sans all too well and stayed silent
throughout the process, purposely ignoring the distressed whimpers as he glided his gloved hands
across Sans's torso.

Two blasters were used to create his body and back legs, Gaster pulling off chunks of the melted
blasters to bulk up ribs and create new ones, strengthen the spine, shaping powerful back legs. The third blaster was used to enhance his front legs and create his tail, Gaster using the excess to fill in cracks that hadn’t healed from his original body and bulk up his neck.

The fourth blaster... Gaster had actually been merciful to find a way to separate Sans’s head from the injections so that it didn’t melt like his body had while he molded it. He used more Determination in Sans’s head than the fourth blaster and as Gaster lowered the soft blaster over his head, the pain of the fusing became too much and thankfully he had blacked out as Gaster finished.

Gaster had given Sans an uneventful day of rest, only checking on him and testing on the changes to his body were holding and growing solid. Sans was so tired and drained that he barely felt the scientist drill the small metal plate into his neck before it hardened enough.

The next few days were spent getting used to his body and learning to obey commands since Gaster had revealed Sans would be returned to Papyrus as the weapon his younger brother had requested. He also had to get used to his new name, 54-N5, whenever Gaster and Papyrus called for him. He wasn’t Sans anymore and Gaster repeatedly punished him if he so much as twitched if Gaster called him that. Gaster told him that since he was more of the magic construct blasters, he could go for long periods without food or sleep and Sans was forced to go the entire week without either to test his limits.

The final day before Papyrus came to get him was spent learning how to use his blaster powers and testing how his body performed. After the long day of training, Gaster rewarded him by buckling his old collar back on him, the only clothing that had survived when he was stripped down.

Sans had been afraid when Gaster led him out to face Papyrus. He was afraid of what would happen if Papyrus realized the truth. And as Papyrus led him back home without the skeleton figuring out all the subtle hints Gaster had given him, Sans had vowed to do everything his brother told him. He’d be his brother’s weapon, obeying everything and acting exactly how Gaster beat into him how to act.

The entire week of his pain and torture was pushed in the back of his mind as Papyrus held him and brokenly called his name.

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Sans hadn’t realized he had started to cry, didn’t even realize he COULD cry in this form. He stared back at his reflection as he lowered himself to the ground. Even when he explained to Alphys about how him and the Amalgamates that were down here were created under similar means, there hadn’t been any successful attempts to separate the monsters from each other. What chance did they have on turning him back?

+Skeleton puppy!+ (+Reaper bird was right!+)

~Eh, he’s a bit blurry since he’s shaking.~

*Hey puppy, are you okay?* (*He seems nervous.*)

Sans scrambled up and stared wide-eyed at the large white dog?...dogs? walking up toward him, speaking in several voices that overlapped. He slowly backed away, shaking as he stared at the monster.

#Hey, stop talking all at once! You’re scaring him!#

~Aw Doge, we’re just~
“Trying to (+see if+)

*he’s okay.* (*He seems*)

(+(*+*~like he needs some happiness froth.*~*+*+*)+)

“ENOUGH! ALL OF YOU, STAND DOWN!”

(+(*+*~...Yes Captain.*~*+*+*)+)

The large dog shuddered and then looked down at Sans. “IT’S OKAY LITTLE PUP. THE OTHERS GET A BIT EXCITED SOMETIMES WHEN THEY POSSIBLY HAVE A NEW PLAYMATE. BUT WE’RE HARMLESS. DON’T WORRY. WHAT’S YOUR NAME PUP?”

Sans began to calm down, despite the loudness of the voice coming from the massive dog. It sounded familiar, but he couldn’t place where. He felt like he needed to treat the dog he was talking to with respect. “S-Sans sir.”

The voices began to overlap each other as Sans heard each distinctive laugh of the dogs, before it looked back to him. “PUP, YOU DON’T HAVE TO CALL ME SIR. JUST DOGMA IS FINE. AFTER ALL... I DON’T HAVE A POSITION OF AUTHORITY ANYMORE, EXCEPT TO THE OTHER DOGS IN HERE.”

Sans’s eyes grew wide as he recognized the voice. He was in the beginning of his panic attack when Alphys had mentioned this dog, Endogeny, but it didn’t click on him that his brother’s former Captain made up part of the Amalgamate as well.

“Captain Dogma! You’re Captain Dogma! My brother’s...old captain...”

“YOUR BROTHER... PAPYRUS... YOU’RE PAPYRUS’S OLDER BROTHER, AREN’T YOU? I HEARD HIM MENTION YOU A FEW TIMES WHILE HE AND UNDYNE WERE SCOUTING WITH ME AFTER I MADE THEM MY VICE-CAPTAINS. DAMN FINE SOLDIER THAT YOUNGER BROTHER OF YOURS. HE DIDN’T MENTION YOU LOOKED LIKE THIS THOUGH. I’D THOUGHT YOU’D BE MORE...LIKE HIM.”

Sans shivered and lowered his head. “I...was. That’s why I’m down here...to hopefully find a way to get my old body back. But...after I found out how you were all made and how it was similar to how HE turned me into this...I don’t think it will be possible.”

He felt something soft brush against his skull and he looked up to see Endogeny nuzzle him. #It’ll be okay Sans. Alphys is a brilliant scientist. Even though we’ve accepted being in this form for a long time, possibly even forever, she’s still working so hard to separate us. I’m Doge by the way.#

+Doggear+ (+Doggerel+)

*Dogbane* (*Dogberry*)

~Dogs~

Sans felt something plop on his head and looked up to see some kind of white froth emanating from the giant hole that made up Endogeny’s face.

“DON’T WORRY PUP...SANS. IT’S JUST OUR HAPPINESS FROTH. LOOKS LIKE YOU COULD USE SOME CHEERING UP. I HATE TO SEE SOMEONE LOOKING SAD.”
He felt calmer as the froth began to seep into his bones, a tingling sensation that eased his fears. He felt safe with the giant dog, especially since his experiences with dogs usually ended up with them wanting to chew his body.

“I...thank you Captain. I feel a bit better. That did help.”

“**PUP, YOU CAN CALL ME DOGMA. DIDN’T I TELL YOU THAT? I’M NOT YOUR BROTHER. BY THE WAY, HOW IS HE DOING AS CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD?”**

“Y-You know about him being Captain?”

“**SANS, WHO DO YOU THINK PROMOTED HIM TO IT? BOTH PAPYRUS AND UNDYNE WERE HERE TOO WHEN WE WERE CHANGED INTO THIS. HIS QUICK THINKING TO THROW UP A BONE SHIELD TO PROTECT HIM, UNDYNE, AND ALPHYS PREVENTED THEM FROM JOINING THE DOGPILE, LITERALLY. I ONLY HAD A LIMITED TIME BEFORE MY MIND WAS SWEPT UP IN WHATEVER WE BECAME, SO I MADE THE SPLIT SECOND DECISION TO GIVE THE CAPTAIN POSITION TO PAPYRUS. IT HAD BEEN A WHILE SINCE I HAD SEEN SOMEONE SELFLESSLY SAVE OTHERS, I WAS SO PROUD. ESPECIALLY SINCE IT WAS MY FAULT THAT WE’RE LIKE THIS IN THE FIRST PLACE...”**

#Captain! Please don’t... It’s not...#

“**DOGE...IF I HADN’T BEEN SO QUICK TO JUDGE DR. ALPHYS, IF WE HAD CALMLY TALKED TO HER INSTEAD OF BARGING IN AND THREATENING HER, THIS WOULDN’T HAVE HAPPENED. SHE’S NOT THAT MONSTER, SHE’LL NEVER BE THAT MONSTER. NO MATTER IF HER RESEARCH WAS SIMILAR BECAUSE SHE USED HIS NOTES, SHE’LL NEVER BE DR. GASTER.”**

Sans froze. Tendrils of memories of his torture began to seep back into his mind, negating the calming effects of the happiness froth. “Y-You...kn-knew Ga-Ga-...him?”

“**PUP?”**

Sans began shaking and whimpering and curled in on himself, trying to rid himself of the memories of his tormentor. He was vaguely aware of him being cocooned in soft fur and more happiness froth landed on his head.

#Hey Sans, come back to us. It’s okay, you’re safe here. The Captain and the rest of the former Dog Guard will protect you as best we can.#

“**I GUESS YOU KNOW ABOUT GA... HIM. WE’LL CALL THAT MONSTER HIM. YES I KNEW HIM. GAVE US A BIT OF A RUNAROUND BACK WHEN WE FOUND OUT SOME OF THE EXPERIMENTS HE WAS RUNNING. HE WAS QUITE INSANE WHEN WE BARGED IN HIS LAB, SCREAMING ABOUT HOW HIS PLANS WERE RUINED BECAUSE “THEY” WERE GONE. HE SET THE BUILDING TO CATCH ON FIRE AND WE BARELY GOT OUT WITH THREE OF HIS ASSISTANTS. DIDN’T SEE HIM COME OUT BUT WE ASSUMED HE HAD PERISHED IN THE FIRE. WHATEVER NOTES THAT WEREN’T BURNT, WE GATHERED AND GAVE TO THE KING.”**

“H-He’s not dead. I don’t know h-how he survived...but he’s not d-dead. He’s the one...that...did this to me. And he may b-be responsible for whatever is in my brother’s eye s-socket that’s
causing him pain."

The nuzzling came back in full force as Doggerel and Dogberry’s voices sounded over the others, soothing him like they would a child. He was vaguely reminded of Dogamy and Dogeressa with their voice inflections.

"You two...wouldn't happen to be related to dogs named Dogamy and Dogeressa...would you?"

(+You know of my daughter?+)

(*You know of my son?*)

"Wait...you're their mothers?! That means..."

+I'm Dogeressa's father.+ 

*I'm Dogamy's father.*

"Wow...yeah...I know them. Usually had a few drinks at Grillby's with them and the rest of the Canine Guard after we got back from Sentry duty in the forest...if they weren't too particularly murderous that day. We've all had a few scuffles...you know...considering I'm made of the things you guys like to chew on."

#So, you're Sentries with my two dumbass brothers, Lesser and Greater, then. As well as Dogsto's brother, Doggo. WAIT! That means you're part of the Guard too if you're a Sentry!#

"It...was more of my brother making them keep an eye on me. He didn't really expect me to do anything. I just slept at it most the time. Papyrus and I...until recently...weren't exactly on good terms with each other. He's better now...but there for a good number of years, life wasn't that great living with him, due to how aggressive and murderous he was. But...our relationship is on the mend and if whatever is in his eye socket was the reason he did all that he did to me, then it wasn't his fault."

"THAT'S GOOD TO HEAR PUP. I ALWAYS BELIEVED FAMILY WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT. I WISH THAT STATEMENT HELD TRUE TO MY GUARDS THOUGH. ONLY LESSER DOG COMES TO VISIT DOGE. IT SEEMS THE OTHERS ARE ASHAMED OF WHAT WE ARE. OR OUR DECISION TO GIVE UP FIGHTING. HOPEFULLY ONE DAY, THE OTHERS WILL WANT TO VISIT. WHERE IS PAPYRUS ANYWAY? THAT EYE SOCKET THING SOUNDS TERRIFYING."

"He's somewhere down here with Alphys, Undyne, and my best friend Grillby, the one that owns the bar we go to for drinks. I...was having a panic attack and ran away to calm down..."

"HAPPENS TO ALL OF US DOWN HERE, IT'S NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED ABOUT SANS. NOW, IF YOU'RE FEELING BETTER, LET'S GO TRY TO FIND THEM. I'M SURE PAPYRUS WOULD WANT HIS OLDER BROTHER IN THE ROOM WHILE ALPHYS DIGS AROUND IN HIS SKULL. THEY'RE PROBABLY IN THE OPERATING ROOM AT THE OTHER END OF THE LAB."

"Yeah...thank you Captain."

"PUP, I TOLD YOU THAT YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO-"
stayed there every day. So under your rules, that would make him official. And I think we're all in agreement that we've claimed him as a fellow dog brethren. So he does have the right to call you Captain if he wants.#

"AH DOGE, THE ONLY VOICE OF REASON IN HERE SOMETIMES."

(+(*+~Hey!~*+*)+)

As Endogeny and Sans walked through the lab, Captain Dogma's words played through Sans's mind. Family was important. And Papyrus was the most important monster to him. Even if they never found a way to fix him, Sans realized he didn't care as long as he could still be there for his brother.

Chapter End Notes

And now you know how Papyrus ended up Captain of the Royal Guard at the age of 22 despite only having 2 years experience.

Doge is the unused Dog Guard from the game. Since her attacks are like Lesser and Greater Dog, I had her be their big sister.

Dogsto has the opposite powers as Doggo. He can't see you if you move and uses orange attacks. Since Doggo's name has GO at the end, Dogsto has STOp at the end. Took the p off to make them rhyme.

Next chapter will have some eye socket stabbing. And yelling. And realizations.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for liking the portrayal of the dogs. They were...interesting to write and completely unintentional to even express their separate entities in my story notes I made. Endogeny would have always made an appearance, but I didn't expect this big of one.

Now...lets get ready for some eye socket stabbing and cases of sad.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus looked uneasily at the operating table Alphys had gestured to him to lay on before complying and stretched out on the bed, trying to ignore the straps hanging from it.

A bright light turned on ahead of him and the skeleton turned his head to keep from being blinded, looking at Undyne and Grillby, who had taken a seat on one of the other tables.

“A-Alright Papyrus, I need you to look straight ahead. I turned the light down a bit so it won’t be so blinding, but I still need to see what I’m dealing with.”

Papyrus sighed and moved his head back, letting Alphys adjust it as she shined a smaller light in his eye socket and looked around.

After a few minutes, Alphys turned the small light off. “It’s some sort of device, shaped like a ball, about two inches long. I don’t know how it’s attached in there, possibly with adhesive or screwed-

“IT’S NOT SCREWED IN. I WOULD HAVE FELT IT LONG BEFORE IF THAT WERE THE CASE. A SCREW WOULD HAVE MADE THE SURROUNDING BONE ACHE FOR A LONG TIME, EVEN IF THE SCREW WAS REMOVED.” Papyrus absentmindedly gripped his arm where his metal plate had been years ago.

Undyne stood up and walked over to the table. “So how do we loosen and remove it? Shake him around til it rolls out?”

“Th-That actually might cause more damage. It looks damaged in there from what I could tell, like something’s burnt out in it. But it’s still trying to work despite that and that’s probably what’s causing the pain. I’ve got some adhesive remover somewhere and I guess once it’s a bit loose, just pull it out.”

“JUST PULL IT OUT...REALLY ALPHYS? THAT’S SURPRISINGLY TAME FOR YOU, ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING IT’S SOMETHING YOU’VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.”

“Well...it IS interesting and I can’t wait to get my claws on it, but it actually NEEDS to come out undamaged...well prior damage excluded.”

Despite Papyrus’s distress at having strange goop being poured into his eye socket to roll around in
his skull, he knew it had to be done and reluctantly let Alphys lay him flat and position his head to the perfect spot to let the goop surround the device better.

Alphys had just finished when Endogeny padded in, followed by Sans. Upon seeing Papyrus laying on the table, Sans yipped in alarm and quickly ran over to his brother, nuzzling the hand Papyrus stretched out for him.

“SORRY, I CAN’T MOVE SANS. GOOP IN SKULL. I’M FINE THOUGH. ARE YOU DOING BETTER?”

Before Sans had a chance to answer, Endogeny stepped forward. “NOTHING A LITTLE HAPPINESS FROTH AND SOME TALKING COULDN’T FIX.”

“CAPTAIN DOGMA!”

“Captain Dogma!”

Undyne had saluted and without jostling his head too much, Papyrus did the same.

Endogeny sighed. “I’M NOT YOUR CAPTAIN ANYMORE PUPS. I SHOULD BE SALUTING YOU PAPYRUS.”

“IT’S A HABIT SIR. THANKS FOR LOOKING AFTER SANS.”

“No problem pup. Hopefully everything goes well.”

Alphys stood back up on the step-stool she had placed next to Papyrus’s table and clicked the small light on again. “That should be enough time for it to loosen. Now to get it out.”

She reached into her labcoat and pulled out a long pole with small pincers at the end.

“ALPHYS…TELL ME YOU’RE NOT REACHING INTO MY SKULL WITH A FUCKING GRABBY HAND.”

Alphys rolled her eyes as she lowered the pincer part in his eye socket. “It’s a Grabby CLAW not Hand.”

After a few minutes of twisting and pulling, Alphys pulled the Claw out, minus the device. “Well…looks like we have a problem. It’s smaller than your eye socket, so it’s probably been in there since you were younger, but it looks like it’s got parts specifically made to barely fit, probably due to your scar there. Even with the Claw, it’s impossible to get out. It has to be precise. How was it even put there in the first place?”

“DARK BLUE MAGIC. IT WAS PROBABLY PUT THERE BY DARK BLUE MAGIC, SO IT WOULD BE THE ONLY WAY TO GET IT OUT.” Papyrus looked up to Alphys as Sans yipped in unison with his brother.

“Dark blue magic? But there’s hardly any monsters in the Underground that can even use that kind! It would probably take a while to find someone.”

“SANS CAN USE IT. IT’S HIS NATURAL SOUL MAGIC. I CAN USE IT TOO, BUT I THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR HIM TO SINCE WE ACTUALLY NEED TO SEE WHAT WE’RE DOING.”

Alphys's eyes grew wide and she turned to look at Sans. “You're able to use your magic in this
Sans nodded and jumped up on the table next to Papyrus, leaning over to put his front claws on either side of Papyrus’s body and stare at his brother’s eye.

“Alright Papyrus, I’m going to have to have you open your eye socket as wide as possible. I’m going to shine the light back in it. Sans, lift it up and make sure those two slivers of metal in there line up with his scar.”

It took three tries, but the final time, Sans lifted out the device just enough to let Alphys pull it out the rest of the way. She quickly jumped down and took off to the corner with it and began to dissect it as Sans jumped back on the floor.

Papyrus sat up, feeling the goop run out of his skull as he stared at Sans before lunging and pulling his brother into a tight hug. “BROTHER…”

Sans whimpered and nuzzled Papyrus as the younger skeleton clung to him. Papyrus was shivering slightly, flinching a few times as if he were touched by unseen hands. His eye sockets were closed, tears leaking out. The two stayed like that for several minutes before Papyrus finally opened his eye sockets and looked around the room.

Undyne walked over and knelt down, slowly placing her hand on Papyrus’s shoulder, who had let go of Sans and sat next to him on the floor, his hands in his lap. “You okay Papyrus?”

Papyrus looked up, his face calmer than Undyne had ever seen it. “YES…I AM UNDYNE. I JUST HAD…I GUESS YOU WOULD CALL IT AN OVERLOAD OF MEMORIES. I DIDN’T REALIZE THAT I HAD JUST…FORGOT EVERYTHING UNTIL A FEW YEARS AGO. EVEN SOME OF OUR RECRUIT TIMES. AND THAT…VOICE IS GONE TOO.”

Undyne looked at Papyrus in concern. “Voice? What voice!?"

“IT WASN’T REALLY A VOICE…JUST A FEELING THAT I DESERVED BETTER THAN WHAT I HAD. THAT I WAS BETTER THAN EVERYONE ELSE. THAT I NEEDED TO BE THE BEST, NO MATTER WHO OR WHAT WAS IN MY WAY. IT’S GONE. I DON’T FEEL THOSE THINGS ANYMORE. IT’S JUST ME IN MY HEAD. I FEEL CALM AND LESS VIOLENT, LESS…MURDERY.”

A loud crash came from the corner and everyone turned around to see Alphys on the floor, breathing loudly. Grillby was closest to the reptile and bent down to help her up. “Are you okay?”

“Y-Yes. Thank you Grillby. Um…It’s a good thing I was wearing gloves. Th-That would have NOT been good if it splashed on my claws.” The scientist pointed to the table, where a single red drop splashed down, joining the small puddle of red already formed on the floor.

“Looks like we nailed on what that device was and why it burnt out. From the tech it had, it was only supposed to work for a few years once it activated. It was a rudimentary memory blocker…as well as a way to aggress behavior with Determination. That’s what the red liquid is. Determination. It was in a capsule inside. From what I learned before the capsule burst, it was designed to send a small amount of Determination into the monster it was attached to using the small metal pieces that I learned were actually needles. It’s not enough to cause the melting process, but enough to change a monster’s personality. In enough time, the monster would become mindless with only the intent to kill.”

“What!? You mean given enough time, Papyrus would have been-” Undyne stomped over and
glared hard at the ruined device.

“A MONSTER ONLY CAPABLE OF KILLING. A MONSTER THAT WOULD BE THE PERFECT WEAPON. MY SCAR...WASN’T AN ACCIDENT OR MY FAULT BECAUSE I COULDN’T KEEP MY EYE OPEN. HE PLANNED FOR THAT TO HAPPEN. THAT’S... WHAT OUR PURPOSE WAS...WHAT HE PLANNED FOR US...ISN’T IT SANS... THAT’S WHY WE RAN AWAY FROM GA-GASTER...WASN’T IT...”

Sans could only whine as Papyrus hugged him again, feeling the fresh tears drip on him as his brother cried.

Undyne’s SOUL clenched at seeing her best friend and Captain reduced to a sobbing mess on the floor. She punched the wall and snarled. “We’re killing this bastard! No one fucking dares mess with MY best friend and Captain without answering to me! As soon as we figure out how to get Sans fixed, we’re marching with the Guard to Gaster’s lab and fucking him up! Right Captain Papyrus!?”

“I…I'M NOT FIT TO BE YOUR CAPTAIN ANYMORE... THE ONLY REASON I WAS AGGRESSIVE WAS BECAUSE OF THE DETERMINATION...BUT NOW THAT IT’S GONE, I DON’T WANT TO FIGHT LIKE THAT ANYMORE. IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU WERE CAPTAIN, YOU-”

Papyrus was suddenly lifted up and a hard punch made contact to his skull. It wasn’t enough to crack, but did jostle his bones. Papyrus held his cheek and looked wide eyed at a furious Undyne.

“Don’t fucking give me that shit Papyrus! I don’t care WHAT your killing intent was and lack of it now, but you have been a damn fine Captain for these past three years! My only concern was how you treated Sans and now that we know the reason for it, then that’s one thing I can let go. Sans has forgiven you for what you did and so do I! And you know what? Our kill or be killed attitude is a load of bullshit! Grillby and I were talking about it while you were unconscious and he’s right. We DO need to change or we’ll die out before we break the barrier. And who better to help change this than the Royal Guard with a Captain that’s brave and loyal to our new cause!”

“UNDYNE...”

“Gaah! Come here punk!” Undyne grabbed Papyrus and pulled him into a tight hug before shoving him down and headlocking him, rubbing her fist into his skull.

“NOOOOO, DON’T NOOGIE YOUR CAPTAIN!”

Grillby walked over to the ruined device, narrowing his eyes at the pieces. “Alphys, how do you think the device activated? You said it had been in his head since he was younger and Papyrus never showed any hostility toward anyone in the years he and Sans lived with my father and me. I mean, I know Sans and Papyrus had small tiffs but they were quickly resolved.”

“I’m guessing that perhaps a blow to the head could have kicked it into action, but that would have been a pretty hard blow or several smaller ones.”

The fire elemental snapped his fingers. “There was a time back when Papyrus was washing dishes that he didn’t know some water had spilled and he slipped and fell and hit his head. About a week later, he came out of the back and attacked a monster that was giving me a bit of trouble. He went to apply for the Guard a week after that. But even when he came back and Sans and him moved to the house they have now, he was never as aggressive as he was. But that fall may have started it.”
Sans whimpered, startling Grillby and causing Endogeny to perk up.

“**SANS...WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU THINK YOU KNOW WHAT CAUSED IT?**”

Dogma’s booming voice even made Papyrus and Undyne stop their roughhousing and the group gathered around Sans as he began to yip and whimper.

After several minutes, Endogeny nodded. “**I HAD TOLD SANS ABOUT THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF US BECOMING THIS AND PAPYRUS BECOMING CAPTAIN BEFORE WE CAME TO FIND YOU ALL. SANS SAID HE REMEMBERED WHEN PAPYRUS CAME HOME EARLY THE NEXT DAY FROM THAT EVENT, NOT WANTING TO TALK, AND JUST WANTING TO SLEEP. THERE WAS A SLIGHT CRACK ON THE BACK OF HIS SKULL BUT EVERY ATTEMPT SANS TRIED TO LOOK AT IT, PAPYRUS WOULD PUSH HIM AWAY AND SHUT HIM OUT. AS THE WEEK PROGRESSED, PAPYRUS BECAME MORE AGITATED WITH HIM, BUT SANS JUST THOUGHT IT WAS BECAUSE OF HIS NEW RESPONSIBILITIES AS THE NEW CAPTAIN. IT WASN’T UNTIL A WEEK LATER WHEN PAPYRUS PUT A COLLAR ON HIM AND SLAMMED HIM INTO THE WALL THAT SANS KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG. HE JUST DIDN’T KNOW WHAT AND DECIDED TO JUST DO WHAT PAPYRUS TOLD HIM TO DO, HOPING THE BAD MOOD WOULD GO AWAY EVENTUALLY.**”

Papyrus became more distraught as Endogeny talked as he began remembering the times he hurt his brother. He was about to burst into tears again when he felt pressure on his hand and looked down to see it in Sans’s mouth. He quickly pulled it away. “**SANS! YOU ARE NOT GOING TO DO THE BITEY THING AGAIN! I JUST...I HURT YOU SO MUCH! CAN’T I BE REMORSEFUL ABOUT WHAT I DID?!**”

Undyne put her hand on Papyrus’s shoulder. “It wasn’t your fault. You were essentially being mind controlled. And we’ve told you that whatever you did, you’ve been forgiven. The only one at fault here is Gaster. And HE’S the one that we’re going to exact revenge on.”

“**SHOOT PUPS. EVEN WE’RE GONNA BREAK OUR LITTLE OATH OF PEACE AND MERCY AND GO AFTER HIM WITH YOU. NO ONE HURTS A MEMBER OF MY DOG GUARD AND COMES OUT UNSCATHERED.**”

#We claimed Sans as one of our own since you made him a Sentry, so even when he gets his old body back, he’ll still be one of us. And we take care of our own.#

“**YES. BACK TO THE QUESTION AT HAND NOW THAT I’M TAKEN CARE OF. HOW DO WE CHANGE SANS BACK?**”

“Y-Yes! That! Um...Sans, before I tell you what I’ve thought about...if you’re able...could you tell us exactly what Gaster did to you?”

Papyrus bent down and pulled Sans into a hug as Sans closed his eyes and shivered. He knew he’d have to tell them all but just thinking about all that Gaster did...

He opened his eyes and looked over to Endogeny and Grillby and yipped at them, waiting for them to give him the okay. That if one got uncomfortable with what he was about to say, that the other could take over. Once he got their confirmation, he began.

It took close to an hour for Sans to tell his story, freezing up several times, prompting Papyrus to use his rarely used green magic to calm him. It took just as long for both Endogeny and Grillby to
tell the others the story that Sans had told them, alternating between themselves and stopping when someone bolted out of the room if it became too much.

Sans knew that several times Papyrus wanted to stand up and rush out of the room. His brother’s body was shaking as much as his was and Sans wouldn’t blame him if he did bolt.

Papyrus was steadfast however and his grip on his brother grew tighter as he learned what Gaster had done. He wanted to run, scream at the top of his lungs, lay waste to something to get his anger and pain out, but he stayed. He wouldn’t leave. He wouldn’t leave his brother alone again.

The room was silent once Sans’s story was done as everyone processed the information and gathered their nerves. Finally, Alphys looked around the room. “I think…with what I learned…I have an idea. Everyone, follow me.”

Chapter End Notes

Welp. Next chapter.......  
Next chapter is if we see Sans being able to walk on two legs again or if he's stuck forever as a skele-puppy. Place your bets people.

Whatever happens though...at least we have a less murdery skeleton on our hands...well...if you're not Gaster that is.
Alphys led the group into a large, dark room. It took a few seconds for her to find the light switch and everyone was momentarily blinded once she turned on the light. Once everyone was able to see again, the group gasped as they saw the large machine in the middle of the room.

Papyrus turned to look at Sans and then back to the machine. “WHY DO YOU HAVE A GIANT BLASTER SKULL IN YOUR LAB?!”

Alphys nervously wrung her hands as she looked down. “It…it was in the notes that were left by him…Gaster… Um, it’s supposed to be a Determination extraction machine…but I’ve never really got it to work once I built it. It…was the first thing I tried to use to separate the Amalgamates since I thought if I got rid of all the excess Determination from them, they could separate. I really don’t know why it’s shaped like the blasters Sans used…but…THAT may be the key to helping Sans.”

“What do you mean Alphys?”

Alphys walked up to the machine and began to turn the knobs on the control panel beside it. “After hearing Sans’s story, it’s clear to me that Gaster has mastered how to work Determination and what it does to monsters to his advantage. He was able to deduce how much to use to get the results he wanted. Sans is, in a sense, an Amalgamate BUT with his OWN self. He can still use his powers and magic in his current form.”

“I STILL DON’T UNDERSTAND.”

Endogeny laughed, the voices of the seven dogs overlapping each other. “NONE OF US IN HERE CAN USE OUR OWN PERSONAL MAGIC AND POWERS. WE’VE GOT ATTACKS, SURE…BUT NONE OF THEM ARE OUR OWN. REAPER BIRD AND LEMON BREAD ARE LIKE THAT TOO. WE THINK IT’S BECAUSE WE’RE ALL TOO STRONG WILLED AND WANT TO BE THE MAIN MONSTER CONTROLLING THE BODY. ONLY MRS. DRAKE CAN USE HERS SINCE MOST OF THE MONSTERS THAT THEY’RE MADE OF ARE PRETTY WEAK COMPARED TO HER.”

Undyne crossed her arms and sighed. “And that helps Sans how? What are you two trying to say?”

Alphys turned to look at the group. “It means that even in Sans’s pseudo-Amalgamate form…he’s the only one IN his form. He’s the only voice, the only monster. I’m just hypothesizing here…but if I can get rid of the excess Determination that Gaster injected in him, extract it with the machine, Sans would be able to call his blasters out of himself and pull his body back to what it used to be.”

Silence filled the room as the group of monsters took in Alphys’s words. Grillby looked over to
Sans as he stared vacantly at the machine and looked back up at the scientist. “From what Sans said, he was in a lot of pain from what Gaster did. Wouldn’t him trying to pull his body back into shape hurt just as bad? It’s an awfully risky move.”

“I-I know Grillby, it was purely a hypothetical theory. I mean I have the other ways I used to try to separate the Amalgamates that are a bit tamer. We could try.”

Sans yipped and walked toward the machine, causing Grillby and Endogeny to gasp.

“SANS…ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO DO IT?”

Alphys squeaked and looked at Sans, her eyes widening. “Wait…you WANT to try it?!”

Sans closed his eyes and nodded.

“O-Okay… Um…I’ll activate the machine then. Just lay down on the table inside the skull then. All the others felt a sense of disorientation from what they told me. Just remember that you’re Sans. Just keep that thought in your head. I don’t know what will happen if anything.”

“WAIT SANS!” Papyrus ran forward and knelt down, enveloping his brother in a tight hug. “WHATEVER HAPPENS SANS, REMEMBER THAT I LOVE YOU AND CARE SO ABOUT YOU SO MUCH. WE’RE STILL BROTHERS REGARDLESS.”

Sans nodded and licked Papyrus’s face, prompting the skeleton to giggle. Taking a deep breath, Sans walked into the giant open skull and laid down on the table inside.

Alphys fiddled with a few knobs and closed the skull and flipped the switch. “Alright…let’s hope for the best.”

__________________________

Darkness.

All he sensed was darkness surrounding him.

The air was still and silent.

Sans couldn’t even hear himself breathing, couldn’t feel the hum of his SOUL and magic.

There was nothing.

And then without warning, tiny orbs of light began appearing.

They would flicker for a bit, before growing in their light.

One appeared close to him and he shakily held his hand out to it.

Wait…hand?

Sans looked himself over. He was in his original skeletal body, hovering in the darkness, the only source of light were the glowing orbs.

Looking back at the one he was close to, he lifted his hand and closed it around the orb.

He was suddenly surrounded by tall, green trees. These weren’t the ones in Snowdin, they had huge leaves on them. He looked up and was shocked by the vast blue sky, the white clouds, the
giant yellow orb of light that seemed to warm his bones. He closed his eye sockets briefly.

He was back in the darkness when he opened them.

Seeing another orb, Sans moved to grasp it.

He was in front of Grillby’s. But it wasn’t the bar he knew. It was in a brick building, sandwiched between a bakery and a music store. Sans turned around to see cars like he had seen in the magazines that wound up in dump zoom by. He turned around and pushed the door open.

The darkness greeted him once again and he looked around. One more orb that was close. He grabbed it.

He heard Papyrus’s laugh. Not the sinister laugh his brother had adopted in the past few years, but the one that filled his SOUL with warm feelings. He turned around to find himself standing in a fenced-in yard, watching as Papyrus and a child ran around laughing and squirting water at each other with orange and green guns they were holding. It wasn’t a monster child though. It was a human.

The human turned to look at him. “Come on Sans! Come play with us!”

Their SOUL was bright and red, the color of Determination.

Sans gasped in pain as he was brought back to the darkness. He took a few deep breaths as the pain subsided and he hesitantly searched for another orb. He saw another one that was close and reached to touch it but hesitated when he didn’t feel the pull of needing to touch it like the other three.

Another orb floated by and Sans felt the pull. He grabbed it and was treated to a memory of moving into their current house in Snowdin. Another orb was passed over for a smaller one that held no memory, but a feeling of fullness in his SOUL.

Suddenly, Sans knew what these orbs were. The ones that held something to him was himself and he needed to gather all of them to feel whole again. The ones that held nothing must be his blasters.

Another orb with nothing passed by but he felt the familiarness to it. Gently guiding it with magic, he floated it to another nothing orb and the two merged.

It seemed like several hours, but Sans had managed to create a system once he had mastered being able to move the orbs on his own. He could sense his self and the four individual blasters, so he singled out controlling the blaster orbs to go to separate corners and merge back into his blasters so that he could clear the field of those before summoning all of his orbs simultaneously.

The task was tiring, but Sans knew it had to be done. If he didn’t get the four blasters out, he’d still be stuck in his creature form. He knew once he absorbed all his self orbs, that he’d wake up, so he had to be sure there were none of his blasters mixed in them.

Finally the task was done. All the orbs surrounding him, ready to be absorbed, were his own. The blaster orbs hanging back in their respective corners. Just as Sans was ready to absorb the orbs, a stray orb brushed past him, making his eye sockets grow wide. He looked up and very carefully, pulled a small orb of each blaster to join his, before sending the four blasters out and away from him.

Taking a deep breath, Sans twitched his fingers and was surrounded by light.
Papyrus paced around the room, glancing at the machine every few minutes, worry etched on his face. It had been several hours since Alphys had activated the machine and had extracted as much of the Determination as she could. It was now in a large, tightly sealed jar in one of her giant fridges in the next room.

The others had left the room to eat but Papyrus had refused, wanting to be there the exact moment Sans emerged from the machine, back to normal or not. He was getting concerned that there had been no sign or indication of what Sans was doing in there, not even screaming. As much as he shuddered at that thought, at least it would have been something.

Papyrus sighed and turned to walk out of the room to grab some popato chisps from the vending machine when Sans’s four blasters materialized above the machine.

His eye sockets grew wide as the machine opened and the skeleton wasted no time in rushing to the table inside the giant skull.

Tears began to form as he saw his older brother laying on the table back in his skeleton form, breathing heavily.

“SANS?”

Sans turned his head and opened his eye sockets to look at Papyrus, smiling softly. “Papy…rus…”

It was a rough whisper, Papyrus inwardly flinched at how raw his brother’s voice sounded and sensed that it had taken a lot of work for Sans to even SAY his name, but it was the greatest sound he had heard in a long time.

He sat on the table and slowly helped Sans up into a sitting position, careful of how fragile Sans seemed to look, and embraced his brother.

Sans shivered and wrapped his arms around Papyrus, nuzzling into his chest. “At least… I was… spared from pain and screaming. Don’t… think that would have been… pleasant. Boss… you think I could… take a nap on you? Bit… tired…”

Papyrus began running his phalanges soothingly on Sans’s skull, releasing some of his green magic. “IT’S PAPYRUS OR BRO, NOT BOSS. AND YES, YOU NEED THE REST. SLEEP WELL BROTHER.”

The others came back in a half hour later, finding the two sleeping in each other’s arms, huge smiles on their faces. It was a unanimous decision to let the two sleep.

After getting dressed in a loose pair of scrubs Alphys had lying around and eating to regain some of his strength, Sans began to tell the group of his experience in the machine, only stopping to quench the dryness in his throat. His voice still had a scratchiness to it, but he was getting better at talking normally again. He fell back into the language he was forced to use as the creature a few times only to catch himself and apologize.

Along with him falling back into a few of his creature mannerisms, the fact that Sans was very unstable on his feet, forced Alphys to make the decision that Sans stay at the lab until he was almost 100% better. Plus, she was curious on the experience Sans had in the machine. She had a few theories on how the machine COULD be used to unfuse the Amalgamates using Sans’s help.
As much as Papyrus wanted to stay with Sans, Undyne reminded him that even though he was Captain, he still had several unaccounted for days he’d have to explain and lie on why he hadn’t done his job to the King as well as a pile of paperwork. Plus he had to get back into his old personality and gradually let his new attitude push through so no one would suspect.

Papyrus reluctantly let go of Sans, shaking his head. “DON’T REALLY KNOW WHY YOU WANT SOME OF YOUR REGULAR CLOTHES SANS. THEY’RE NOT GOING TO FIT YOU WELL. YOU JUST HAD TO MAKE YOURSELF TALLER, DIDN’T YOU?”

Sans chuckled as he measured himself in front of Papyrus. He had barely reached the bottom of Papyrus’s armor before he was changed into the creature, but now the top of his skull barely reached the bottom of Papyrus’s skull. “Eh tibia honest, was due for a growth spurt eventually bro. Took a femur years than I thought it would though.”

“SANS…I WANT TO GROAN AT THOSE BUT…I REALLY MISSED THOSE HORRIBLE PUNS. WHEN YOU GET HOME, EVERY JOKE YOU KNOW, I WANT TO HEAR THEM ALL.”

“Heh, so you finally think I’m humerus. Don’t worry, I will. I know a skele-ton of them.”

“SANS…”

Papyrus was smiling. He went to walk out of the room, but stopped and unwound his scarf and wrapped it around Sans’s neck. “WE’LL HAVE TO GO SHOPPING FOR YOU ANOTHER COAT SINCE I’M SURE GASTER DESTROYED YOUR CLOTHING, SO UNTIL THEN, KEEP MY SCARF SAFE. I KNOW YOU GET COLD EASILY.”

Alphys had let Papyrus and Grillby use a secret tunnel that led to the Riverperson’s boat so they could bypass the cameras outside the lab. Undyne would have to go out the entrance but was staying in the lab for a few more hours to help Alphys with some stuff that Papyrus immediately suspected was an intense making-out session. It was obvious the two liked each other, but because of the world they lived in, they couldn’t make their relationship public.

As the two waited for the boat, Papyrus turned to Grillby. “ARE YOU SURE YOU DON’T WANT TO COME WITH ME? THERE’S MORE THAN ENOUGH ROOM IN THE BOAT.”

Grillby shook his head. “It’s weird but I just feel safer when it’s just me in the boat. Less reason for it to tip over when there is only two monsters on it. Besides, someone has to stay and take Sans’s clothes to give to him once the Riverperson comes back. And…I’d much rather it be you to kick your Canine Guard out of my bar. Just my luck, they’d convince me to open fully once I got back.”

“FAIR ENOUGH.”

The jingle to let them know the Riverperson sounded and the two watched as the boat pulled up. Papyrus stepped into the boat and announced Snowdin and the boat took off.

Grillby watched as the boat vanished into the darkness of the cavern and he turned to leave to enter the tunnel again when he heard the jingle again. His eyes grew wide as he turned around to see the Riverperson’s boat pull up in the water.

“What!? But…you can’t be THAT fast getting Pa- Captain Papyrus back to Snowdin!”

The Riverperson tilted their head. “Tra la la. I have not been down this way all day. You are the
first monster to be at this stop. Tra la la.”

Grillby cursed and bolted through the tunnel, leaving the confused Riverperson behind. He busted through the door, yelling for everyone, as Undyne rushed into the room, having heard the noise.

“Grillby! What’s wrong!?”

“It’s Papyrus! He's been abducted!”

“Tra la la. Beware of the man who speaks in hands. Tra la la.”

The voice unnerved Papyrus and he growled at the cloaked figure. “JUST KEEP FOCUS ON THE RIVER. I’M IN A HURRY TO GET HOME.”

“Tra la la. You’ll be going home soon…Subject 2. Tra la la.”

“WH- WHAT DID YOU SA-”

Papyrus’s world went dark as he was knocked unconscious.

Chapter End Notes

Cliffhanger! In the world of Underfell...everything can't be all sunshine and rainbows... even black, red, and grey rainbows.

And...could there have been a bit of foreshadowing in this chapter? Who knows?

(Also, I know the giant skull making up the DT Machine in the game is more shaped like Gyftrot's, but for the sake of this story, it's a Gaster Blaster skull.)
Wow! Almost 3000 hits! Thank you guys so much.

And REALLY enjoyed the comments for the last chapter. I'm sure I'm going to enjoy the comments I get from the next few chapters.

Strap in kiddies. It's gonna be a bumpy ride. A very bumpy ride.

Papyrus groaned as he slowly woke up, his skull throbbing dully. He tried raising his hand to put pressure on it only to find his arm was not responding. He woke up fully as he realized he was laying on a table, not unlike the one he laid on in Alphys’s lab, only this time he was strapped down. His eye sockets narrowed and he braced himself as he tried freeing his arm.

“I’m afraid your efforts are futile Papyrus. Those straps were made to withstand the most powerful of monsters. Even King Asgore himself would find it difficult to break free.”

Gaster stepped into Papyrus’s line of vision, staring at the papers in his hands before settling his gaze on the secured skeleton. “You couldn’t have waited a few more weeks, could you? I don’t know how you managed to accelerate the DTA Amplifier’s breakdown, but it’s been very inconvenient for me. You and that worthless beast of your brother have been nothing but disappointments to me. I don’t know why I’m still bothering with my plans involving you two.”

“DON’T YOU EVER CALL SANS WORTHLESS YOU PIECE OF SHIT!”

“Ah…there it is. I see you’re back to doting on your brother. I guess that answers my question on how far you’ve regressed since the device is out. Ah well…it was to be expected since that was only my prototype that wasn’t even supposed to last as long as it did. Luckily I’ve had several years to improve on the interface.”

The scientist pulled up a wheeled table with several tools and objects on it.

“WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!!”

Gaster grumbled as he picked up a slender piece of metal. “That device that was in your skull was what I call the Determination Aggression Amplifier or DTA Amplifier for short. Since my assistants caught you near that damn reptile bitch’s lab, I’m sure she explained what it does and I’m sure you’ve figured out how it got in there. It was only a prototype however and would have shorted out soon, which is why I set up for you to come back in the next few weeks so I could put my latest version into you.”

Papyrus struggled again against his restraints and growled. “DON’T YOU DARE CALL ALPHYS A BITCH! SHE’S ONE OF THE SWEETEST MONSTERS IN THE DAMN UNDERGROUND!”

“Hmph. That’s the attitude that really pissed me off about you Papyrus. You just couldn’t help but CARE about monsters. You were so much stronger than Sans, but I knew you would never hurt anyone without a modifier. I did make you like that after all. If the King hadn’t been pressing me
for time, I would have done things quite differently than what I had to do.”

“WHAT ARE YOU… WHAT DOES THE KING HAVE TO DO WITH THIS?”

Gaster smirked and lightly shook his head. “Poor naive Papyrus. It’s King Asgore’s fault you know…the reason we’re like the way we are. Kill or be killed? Haven’t you ever wondered why as monsters grow older, their magic changes from their natural color to red? It’s because of him. His anger for humans, his DETERMINATION…it’s so strong that it’s almost like a poison he emits, choking us with his magic. It forces us to change, to reshape our magic to even stand a chance to survive in this world.”

The scientist twirled the piece of metal in his phalanges. “We only need one more human to escape our imprisonment. And the King has vowed to destroy humanity when that happened, wanting to make sure each and every one of his subjects shared his sentiment. But…as the years went by, he noticed…resistance to the cause. Monsters being born that never changed their magic to red, monsters that broke free of the red and returned to their natural color. He couldn’t have that. So he decided that if his magic wasn’t enough, that there needed to be…alternate methods to bring monsters back into his mindset to destroy.”

Papyrus’s eye sockets grew wide. “THE NOTES ALPHYS HAD! USING DETERMINATION TO AGRESS MONSTER BEHAVIOR! AND…THAT THING YOU…”

“I see you’re putting the pieces together Papyrus. The King tasked me with finding ways of changing his subjects. You two were created for that purpose. Subject 1, Sans, was to be injected with a gradually increasing amount of Determination without anything modifying how he was to think to see how his personality would change naturally. While Subject 2, you, were given a device with a pre-set personality to adhere to while Determination was periodically injected to keep you in that pre-set mind. Unfortunately…Sans just HAD to find a way to break you two out and run away before I could activate the device in you.”

“And I’m glad he did! You’re a crazy fucking psychopath! Once I break free, I’m gonna fucking crush you into dust for what you did to us!”

Gaster threw his head back and laughed. “You really think you’ll be able to break free?! I know your strength Papyrus! I’ve known it for years since I found you two again after you decided to try out for the Royal Guard. Semyhr told me that he saw you waiting in line to show that damn cur of a Captain what you were capable of. I had him follow you back to Snowdin and for years, had him and my other assistants report on you two whenever they saw you.”

It seemed impossible, but Papyrus paled at Gaster’s words. “You…you’ve known where we were all this time?”

“Of course. Well…only the last few years. But I knew you two were still alive somewhere. I…unfortunately had reasons for not being able to leave the lab, namely since I am believed to be dead for about twenty years now. That’s why I had Gissop create the means for you to find out about me and contact me and get you two back to the lab. I do not wish the King to find out that I’m alive. It would…hinder my work.”

“Then why are you still trying to use Sans and me?”

“To overthrow the King and rule in his place.”

“What!?”
Gaster began to pace. “You of all monsters should determine the stronger monsters from the weaker. After all, you are only second in raw power to the King’s power, third if the former Queen was here. I’ve noticed it, especially when he came to me to fix the problem of monsters becoming soft. It’s because HE is growing soft himself. His anger isn’t as consuming as it once was. Every year there are more monsters that want to abandon the kill or be killed attitude. His power and hold is growing weaker. I wish to overthrow him using the two experiments he tasked me to create as the tools to bring his subjects back into his grasp.”

“LIKE HELL I’M GOING TO HELP YOU! DID YOU FORGET I’M THE CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL GUARD!?”

Gaster smirked. “That’s EXACTLY why overthrowing him will be an easy task…once my improved DTA Amplifier is in place. You report directly to him so he would never suspect his most trusted Captain of the Guard would turn on him. Combined with Sans’s new powered up form, you two will be able to easily subdue him. No one would be able to oppose me with you two as my loyal bodyguards!”

The scientist returned to Papyrus’s side and held up the small metal plate scrawled with P4P-2U5 for the skeleton to see before placing it on his radius in the exact spot his old plate had been in. Gaster picked up the drill that was on the table and a screw. “I’ve rambled enough. Let’s get started.”

“What do you mean Papyrus was abducted!?”

Grillby’s normal purple flames flared pink in surprise as Undyne slammed him against the wall. “Undyne! Calm down so I can explain!”

The fish woman growled and let Grillby go just as Alphys and Endogeny rushed in. “Okay… What do you mean about Papyrus!? What happened!?”

“We both thought that it was the Riverperson that arrived and Papyrus got on the boat, but not even a minute later, the actual Riverperson came and said this was the first time they’ve been here. So I rushed back in here! Maybe if we hurry, we can get to the Riverperson to catch up to them!”

“Won’t work. They’d be long gone by now, especially if Gissop is still assisting him.”

The group turned around to see Sans leaning in the doorway, swaying slightly. Alphys rushed over and had the skeleton lean against her as she led him to a chair. “You’re not supposed to be out of bed Sans! You’re still recovering!”

Sans huffed. “I’m fine Alphys. But yeah…if Gissop was involved, then he most likely did his teleporting thing as soon as Grillby couldn’t see them anymore. If we hurry though, we can get to the lab before Gaster does anything drastic to Papyrus.”

“What do you mean Sans? Who’s Gissop? And what do you mean drastic?”

Sans looked up at Alphys as he unsteadily stood back up. “Gissop was one of Gaster’s trusted assistants, along with Semyhr and Fern. He picked them for their intellect and natural talents. Some of mine and Papyrus’s attacks and magic are based off of theirs. I can tell you more about them on the way, but we really need to set off now. Gaster was able to change me into my creature form in a few days. There’s no telling what he had planned for Papyrus. The sooner we set off for Gaster’s lab, the better chance we have at rescuing my brother while he’s still in his right mind and body.”
Undyne stepped forward and held the skeleton back. “I’m all for going to rescue Papyrus, but Alphys is right! You’re still recovering. If Papyrus knew we let you go while you’re still like this, he’d kill us. It would be better for you to stay here. The rest of us will go and be back as soon as we can. I promise.”

Sans growled. “I’m FINE. But my brother won’t be if we keep dawdling like this! I appreciate the concern, but I’m the only one here that knows where Gaster’s lab is! And we need to go now!”

Undyne was about to retort when Grillby stepped between the two. “As much as I don’t want to say this considering the circumstances… Sans is right. As much as I don’t want him going myself, he’s got a point. He’s the only one that knows where the lab is and no matter what we did to keep him here, Sans would only break free and come regardless. So…we compromise. Sans, you’re coming with us…but you’re riding on Endogeny the entire time. And your only role in the rescue is to teleport Papyrus out of there once we do find him. No fighting. Do we have a deal?”

“…yeah. We have a deal.”

“So if they were Gaster’s assistants, why was that one I dusted so easy to kill?”

Sans shifted his position on Endogeny to look at Undyne better. “Fern’s magic was mainly in healing. As far as I know, he didn’t even have any aggressive attacks. He was able to calm and subdue any monster by unleashing that healing magic like a mist in the room and wrapping it around a monster. That’s why Papyrus and I weren’t able to struggle and fight him when he came to get us. It was basically the equivalent of magical drugging.”

“So that’s what he was doing to Papyrus that made him freak out like that and shut down?”

“Partly. Papyrus would have been calmer than he was but both Fern’s magic and the device were probably trying to work at the same time and overloaded Papyrus’s senses, forcing him to pass out.”

Grillby turned to look at Sans. “I’m guessing this Fern was where Papyrus’s healing magic comes from and that calming thing you did while you were a creature.”

“Yeah. As much as Gaster didn’t want to taint us with “useless magic” as he saw it, he did admit it had some advantages. The calming effect I have was only supposed to be for me… I was a pretty angry and nervous child during my time at the lab and when Papyrus and I were living in the Capitol Slums. It was supposed to keep my magic in check, hinder me and keep me from going over the edge. That’s why I was mainly passive and submissive, especially toward Papyrus. But I think Gaster inadvertently changed it when he changed me. I don’t feel that push to be calm as much and I can expel it now, like Fern could.”

“AND THE OTHER TWO? THIS SEMYHR AND GISSOP? WE’LL NEED TO KNOW ALL WE CAN ABOUT THEM. WE MAY HAVE TO FIGHT THEM.”

Sans took a few deep breaths as the dizzy spell he had passed. “Semyhr is the more aggressive one. He’s got magical constructs that he can summon, much like our bone attacks and he’s pretty fast and can dodge easily. Gissop can teleport and has a high defense so he’s not easy to take down. He’s also…quite large. I’ve only seen his head pop out from places. It’s creepy.”

“AND GASTER?”
Sans got a vacant look as a few memories of him fighting Gaster crossed his mind. “He’s…he’s… Just…don’t let your guard down if you come across him. Just…if you combine Papyrus and I…our attacks and powers, but without emotion, without a shred of MERCY, that’s him. And don’t let him capture you. There’s no telling what…he could do.”

Sans led the group to a secret tunnel deep in Waterfall that was off the beaten path from where monsters normally treaded. They came to a dead end and Sans stiffly got off Endogeny’s back and walked to the wall and put his hand on it, unleashing a bit of dark blue magic. A large grey door appeared and filled the wall.

“This will take us to another part of Waterfall where Gaster’s lab he created is. He’ll undoubtedly know that we’re coming, so I’m sure he’s got his assistants and some other traps set up to hinder us from getting to him. Just prepare for anything. Okay?”

The group nodded and Sans opened the door.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter…boy…next chapter… What sort of traps and tricks await the "Papyrus Rescue Party" you ask? You’ll see.

I think we can all safely agree that Gaster is a complete and total asshole. I mean, he called Alphys a bitch! That’s not right! You’re a bad man Gaster. A BAD MAN.

Notes:
Semyhr is the follower that looks like the Donut Guy. His name is rhymes backwards since he speaks in rhymes in the game.
Gissop is the Giant Head. I just rearranged the I and O in gossip since he talks about gossiping in the game.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Please don't kill me for this chapter. I'm just a humble fanfic writer.

Thanks for all the Kudos and comments! We've passed 3000 Hits and almost at 200 Kudos! Just wow!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sans noticed it was way too quiet as they began walking through the immense cavern that housed the lab Gaster had set up in the twenty years he was presumed dead. Waterfall wasn’t just called that because of the vast water flow that soaked everything in water, it was also named because that’s all you heard, water that was falling.

He gave a glance to Grillby, who had been outfitted with protective gear from Alphys to help the flame elemental traverse through the dangerous area. Internally, Sans had wanted to tell Grillby to stay at Alphys’s lab, but he knew that if Grillby had stayed, they all would have forced Sans to stay as well.

He looked over the rest of the group and hoped with everything in his SOUL that he wasn’t sentencing his friends to death or worse on what could be the toughest thing they’d ever been through.

“I believe that Gaster would probably keep Papyrus somewhere in his main lab area, in the middle of the building. That’s where he did most of the experiments back when we were children in his old lab and that’s where he kept me during the week while he…you know…”

Undyne smirked. “So how do we get in once we get there? Just knock on the door or bust through?”

“Gaster will probably have some sort of force field on the lab, so busting through would be the best bet. I think if we can just focus all our attacks on the door, we can bust through. I’m just hoping he still used part of his magic to create them so my blasters can weaken the field into thinking it’s Gaster and make the task easier.”

Grillby turned to look at Sans. “I thought I told you that you weren’t using any attacks! The blasters count Sans!”

“Grillby, it’ll be fine! The blasters have their own magic that doesn’t sap mine once they’re summoned. Unless I’m under a lot of stress, it takes barely anything to summon them.”

Grillby huffed. “You better not be lying to me Sans. You’ve been through too much in a short amount of time. I don’t want to see you hurt anymore.”

“Really Grillby, it’ll be fine. I know I’m still recovering. I won’t push myself too hard. I promise.”

Save for a few rough patches of electrified water that were easily navigated, the group finally got to
the entrance of the lab in good health. Alphys used a device to measure just where the force field, that was indeed surrounding the building, was the weakest. There was a point on the door that they all needed to aim for.

Summoning up their magic and attacks, the group surrounded the spot and struck the spot. In a few minutes, the force field flickered before falling, and the attacks blasted part of the door and wall off, creating a huge hole.

They were about to enter the lab when several long poles whizzed past them and struck the wall. The group turned around to see a grey monster in a lab coat about Undyne’s height. The monster smiled as he summoned a multitude of white poles.

A deranged giggle escaped his mouth. “Well well well… It’s good to see you again Subject 1. Although, Gaster’s not gonna be pleased you undid all his hard work. He was quite pleased with the improvements he made. Oh well, once I kill your friends and capture you, he’ll probably just change you back, so you be a good little experiment and try not to resist.”

Sans narrowed his eye sockets as he slipped off of Endogeny and raised his hand, intending to summon a bone attack. “Like hell I’ll let you hurt them Semyhr!”

Grillby stepped in front of Sans, summoning two fireballs in his hands. “I thought I told you I don’t want you fighting Sans. You guys go on. I’ll handle this chump.”

Undyne smiled, her sharp teeth gleaming, as she summoned a spear. “No offence Grillby, but I think this guy may be a bit much for a simple bartender. Now…the Vice Captain of the Royal Guard? Well…this punk is gonna have his work cut out for him there.”

Grillby raised his eyebrow and smirked. “Don’t count me out so easily Undyne. After all, in Snowdin, I’m the second most feared monster next to Papyrus. There’s a reason no one picks a fight in my bar and it’s NOT because of the Canine Guard.”

“Well then, guess it’s time to put those skills to use then. You guys go on! Me and Grillby will handle this punk!”

Sans, Alphys, and Endogeny nodded and ran through the hole into the lab.

“Shit! Hold on!” Sans’s eye flared dark blue and he held his hand out, surrounding the elevator in a blue haze. He successfully slowed the elevator down and it landed on the bottom level of the lab.

Alphys looked around the unfamiliar room they exited out of. “Wh-Where are we? I thought where we entered was the lowest level. There wouldn’t be any room to build a lower section of a lab in Waterfall like there is in Hotland.”

Sans narrowed his eye sockets. “We did enter the lowest level and the elevator is now on that level. This is probably one of the upper rooms.”
“B-But how can that work?!”

Sans looked around the room. “Alright Gissop! I know this is your doing! Show yourself!”

A low, rumbling chuckle sounded throughout the large room. “Perceptive as always Subject 1. You were always such a bright experiment. Pity you had to run away before we got to the real experimentation with you and Subject 2.”

A large grey formless head appeared in the middle of the room and looked straight at Sans. “You may have got passed Semyhr somehow, but you won’t escape me. I- URRK!”

Gissop vanished from the spot, leaving Endogeny who had run up and slammed into the head, in the spot. He appeared a few yards away. “Oh…so the puppy wants to play huh… I can arrange that.”

Endogeny turned to Sans and Alphys. “YOU TWO GO ON AND FIND PAPYRUS. I’LL BEAT DOWN THE BIG GIANT HEAD.”

Alphys shook her head. “I-I’m not letting you fight this guy alone Endogeny! He can teleport and has a high defense according to Sans, but if I can shock him with my electric attacks, I can slow him down for you to hit him!”

Sans turned to look at the two. “Oh no! You’re not doing this by yourselves. I’m gonna fight too!”

Alphys put her hands on Sans’s shoulders. “No Sans! You go find Papyrus! He needs you more than we do right now! Worry about him more than us! We’ll be fine. Go!”

The reptile shoved Sans back into the elevator and gave him a reassuring smile. Sans gave one last look at Alphys and Endogeny and pushed the button to take him to the main labs.

Undyne growled as she dodged another barrage of Semyhr’s bullet orbs the monster had began throwing and launched another underground spear attack at him. Semyhr dodged it but had moved in the path of the purple fireballs Grillby threw at him. Only one hit him as the fast monster dodged the attack and set loose another rain of spikes at the fire elemental.

Grillby managed to knock each of the spikes away using a fire tornado and unleashed a chain of fire to grab the long poles that were heading toward Undyne as she was summoning another round of her own overhead spears to throw.

Semyhr was fast and had dodged most of what the two monsters threw at him, but both Grillby and Undyne, in the brief time they had fought the lab assistant, had analyzed each other’s fighting style quickly, and had silently formed a fluid fighting technique to keep them and each other from getting too injured from the manic monster.

The three were all expending way too much energy, Semyhr doubling up on his attacks with more power, and Undyne knew that Grillby and she needed to end the battle in the next few minutes, or Semyhr would win. If either one of them got hit by anything he threw, they’d either be knocked out or dusted, and the other wouldn’t have a chance. She was already feeling herself start to get slower and she knew Grillby couldn’t be faring any better. Already the fire elemental had got way too close to the damp walls a few times.

Dodging another attack, Undyne began to move closer to Grillby to tell him the plan she thought up.
Even with the electric shocks Alphys had unleashed and the powerful slams Endogeny made against Gissop, the monster still had the upper hand with his teleporting. There had been many times already that the giant head had broken out of being stunned and teleported away, causing the big dog to slam into nothing and crash hard on the floor.

Gissop kept cackling as he watched the two monsters look frantically around for him, before teleporting behind them and whacking them around.

Alphys whimpered as she picked herself up. “Th-This isn’t good! We haven’t even made a dent in his HP and I’m down to half health!”

Endogeny’s happiness froth landed on Alphys’s head, healing the HP she lost. “IF ONLY US DOGS WERE ABLE TO USE OUR INDIVIDUAL ATTACKS, IT WOULD BE A BIT EASIER. THIS IS ONE CASE WHERE OUR COMBINED STRENGTH IS A DISADVANTAGE TO US.”

Making sure that Gissop wasn’t around close, Alphys pulled out her phone. “As much as I don’t want to bother him, we need a bit more extra firepower. He’ll be able to use his new body in this. I know he wanted to show a human…but…this is an emergency. I’m going to have to call Mettat-!”

Alphys was headbutted and flew across the room, dropping her phone. Endogeny howled and rammed into Gissop, but not before the head had used his tongue to grab the reptile’s phone and swallowed it. He teleported right after and laughed loudly. “You really think I’d let you call for help? You’re going to die here in this room and no one will know where you’ve gone. You’re just a useless waste and your experiment is just a failed abomination! You’ll never be as good as the great Dr. Gaster!”

Long tendrils materialized and grabbed the two monsters and began squeezing. Alphys cried as she struggled to get free while Endogeny whined; the seven dogs individual voices filling the room with their panic.

Semyhr giggled as he the wave of bullets he threw at Grillby had hit its target and felled the monster. The way the fire elemental fell, Semyhr knew that he wasn’t getting up. Summoning a wave of spikes, the lab assistant walked over to the fallen monster. “Sorry, but looks like your flame is being snuffed!”

“Sans better not get his humor from you because that joke was bad even for his taste.”

An intense burning feeling surrounded his entire body and Semyhr gasped as he looked down to see fiery chains trapping him in place and realized the fire elemental wasn’t as bad off as he had thought. He struggled to break free.

“DIE PUNK!”

Semhyr had just enough leeway to turn around and see the barrage of red spears coming right for him. He tried once more to break free, but the fire held fast. “NOOOOOOO!”

It took a few minutes for both monsters to catch their breaths and Undyne began to slowly walk to the downed elemental, exhaustion eminent on her face. She held out her and and helped Grillby up.
“How the hell are you a bartender?! I can name more than a dozen Guards that are weaker than you!”

“Heh, my father made sure I’d be strong enough to protect my own bar. Always said it would be pointless to be in someone’s debt if you can’t protect your own business and had to hire help to do it.”

“Sounds like good advice. Anyway, if you’re able to move, I’d suggest we go catch up to the others.”

Alphys thought the ringing was in her ears as the tendril squeezed the life out of her. She screamed, knowing that she’d die soon, her HP wasn’t looking too well. She felt lightheaded and became numb, feeling the tendril less and less.

She regained feeling when she realized she was on Endogeny’s back, the large dog backing away and growling as Gissop’s tendrils waved wildly as Gissop screamed.

“Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!”

Alphys paled as she heard the familiar chattering voices of the Memoryheads and put her claws over her mouth as she realized one of them had probably hitched a ride on her cell phone as they liked to do from time to time.

“I’m not joining you! Stop it! Stop it! Get out of my head!”

In a futile attempt, Gissop used his tendrils to cover what would be considered his ears to try to block the sounds out. “I refuse! You hear that! I refuse!”

“No no no no no no no no no!”

Alphys and Endogeny could only watch wide-eyed as Gissop began to twitch, his body seeming to melt and dust at the same time. Alphys knew there was nothing she or Endogeny could do. Once Gissop ate her phone, he inadvertently let the Memoryhead into him, let the Amalgamate join him.

“No! No! No! My head and body are separated! If you do this, I’ll-”

Gissop’s giant head exploded into dust.

Alphys could only stare at the giant pile of dust, not daring to speak. She allowed Endogeny to walk her back to the elevator and they entered, only to exit out a moment later on the bottom floor.

“Alphys! Endogeny! Are you two okay!?”

The reptile looked up to see Undyne and Grillby run up. They looked exhausted and a bit roughed up. She grimaced. “Y-Yeah… Met Gissop and…well… he’s gone now.”
Undyne grinned. “Yeah, me and Grillby took out Semyhr! Where’s Sans?”

“WE HAD HIM GO ON AHEAD. HE SAID THE MAIN LABS ARE ON THE UPPER FLOORS. I SUGGEST WE HEAD UP THERE NOW.”

Grillby held up his hand. “Wait! We’ve all exhausted our energy. We’ll just be sitting ducks and useless to Sans and Papyrus if we don’t gain our magic back. It shouldn’t take too long for us to eat the healing food we brought and bring it back.”

Undyne growled. “As much as I hate to admit it, you’re right. But we all better chew fast! There’s no telling what kind of battle we’ll be in for if we have to face that psychopath scientist!”

Sans was worried there weren’t any traps or force fields on the ways to the labs where he thought Papyrus was being held. He cautiously turned the corner as he searched each lab, making sure to listen for either Gaster or Papyrus.

His eye sockets widened as he came across the room that Gaster had led him him; the one he changed him into his blaster form. His breathing grew heavy as he tried to block out the memories. He couldn’t have a panic attack here, not when Gaster was around somewhere, definitely waiting for him to show a moment of weakness, and Papyrus needed saving.

He was about to walk away from the room when he heard a small clang and whipped his head back. He gasped when he realized that in one of the cages, sat Papyrus curled in on himself. He hadn’t even seen his brother because he was so preoccupied with gathering his wits back.

Sans rushed into the room and skidded to a stop at the cage Papyrus was in. “Papyrus! Bro! I’m here! Let’s get you out!”

Sans used a bone attack to break the lock on the cage and his SOUL clenched as Papyrus didn’t even twitch in the cage to acknowledge Sans even being there.

“Papyrus?”

Shock or drugged. It was one or the other, possibly both. Carefully, Sans entered the cage and pulled softly on his brother’s hand. He met with little resistance and the taller skeleton allowed himself to be pulled up and out of the cage.

The two walked slowly to the door, Sans making sure not to let go of Papyrus’s hand. “We made a rescue party to get you back bro. Undyne, Grillby, Alphys, and Endogeny are here as well. As soon as we’re out of this room, I’ll teleport us back to the elevators. Hopefully the others are done fighting Semyhr and Gissop.”

Papyrus stayed silent.

“It-It’ll be okay now Papyrus. I’m sure once we get out of here and back to Alphys’s, Undyne will call the Guard to come deal with Gaster once and for all. Our suffering is over.”

They were about three feet away from the door when a force field knocked the two back and the door whizzed shut.

Sans’s eye sockets widened as he realized what Gaster had done. Sans had willingly walked into the scientist’s trap. “No no no no! Fuck!”
The loudspeaker crackled above them and Gaster chuckled. “I’m disappointed in you Sans. Reverting back to your weak form. You were so much more powerful in your beast form. Oh well… I’ll just change you back again…provided you survive that is. Your brother is remarkably more powerful than I originally thought, even without the improvements I gave him. Your beast form would be useful, but from my charts, it’s not needed.”

“Wh-What are you-”

Sharp red bones shot past Sans and embedded themselves in the wall. Willing back tears, the skeleton slowly turned around. “Pa-Papyrus?”

Papyrus had taken a battle stance, several red bones hovering in the air, ready to be unleashed. The cold, cruel look that Papyrus was known for in the Underground was on his face and both his eye sockets glowed blood red. He looked up, locking his gaze with Sans’s terrified one.

“KILL.”

Chapter End Notes

Welp.

Next Chapter: Sans Vs. Papyrus.

And a bit of goodish news I guess? Figured out how many more chapters are left give or take and planned out the Epilogue already, so that’s good on my part! (considering I try to get out a chapter every other day)
Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry.

So so very sorry.

It had to be done though.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

This wasn’t happening. This truly wasn’t happening. This was all just a bad dream. He had to be asleep back in Alphys’s lab and having a nightmare due to the exhaustion from being ripped apart and having to pull himself back together after the scientist extracted all the excess Determination out of him. Papyrus was safely returning to Snowdin to resume his duties as the Captain of the Royal Guard despite not having the destructive nature he was known for anymore.

Sans kept telling himself the same mantra as he dodged the blood red bones his brother summoned. It also helped him from hearing how Papyrus kept repeating “KILL” over and over again. His SOUL clenched every time his brother uttered the word.

“Papyrus! Please snap out of it! It’s me, Sans! It’s your brother, your bro! You don’t want to hurt me!”

“KILL.”

Sans shivered and dodged another row of bones Papyrus had summoned, easily jumping over the rising constructs. He grit his teeth and summoned his own bone attack to knock back a few of the ones Papyrus had sent flying in his direction. He wouldn’t attack Papyrus if he could help it, he just couldn’t.

“Papyrus, I don’t know what Gaster did, but I know you’re stronger than this! I know you don’t want to be like this! Fight him! Fight what he did to you! Please Papyrus!”

“KILL.”

An insane chuckling sounded from the speakers. “I’m afraid what you’re saying is impossible Sans. The implant I developed for Papyrus this time is a bit more permanent. No amount of reasoning will get through to him. I admit I made an error in making the Determination levels too much for him, as such his mind has been reduced to a mindless animal, but he still obeys me so that’s a silver lining in this.”

“KILL.”

Sans whimpered as one of the bones came too close and scraped his humerus. He teleported behind his brother to escape the rest and give himself time to rest for a moment.

“You know Sans, it would be very beneficial for you to start fighting instead of dodging. You and I know you can’t keep doing that, especially since Papyrus has much more stamina than you do. And I want to see if keeping you alive would be better than letting your brother kill you. Of
course…I may have to implant you with a similar device. Your disregard for instructions is something that needs to be eliminated.”

“Shut up!” Sans sent a bone flying at one of the cameras in the corner and another at one of the loudspeakers on the ceiling. Sans dodged another attack and sent a ground attack at Papyrus, not enough to hurt him too badly, but enough to just knock down the skeleton.

“Papyrus, I don’t care what Gaster said! You’re not a mindless animal! You’re Papyrus! You’re my brother, the Captain of the Royal Guard, monsters everywhere fear and respect you! You’ve survived the labs, the rough times we lived in the Capitol Slums, you’ve survived this same thing Gaster has done to you! You can fight this! Please fight this!”

The second loudspeaker crackled. “I told you it’s impossible to get through to him Sans! I specifically designed that device to withstand everything you try! The only way is to forcefully rip it out and for that to happen, you’d have to crack open his skull! And with this pacifist attitude you’ve seemed to adopt, that will be highly impossible for you to do to your precious little brother!”

“I told you to shut up!” Sans growled and destroyed the rest of the loudspeakers and cameras with a summoned blaster.

Sans was too distracted getting rid of the means for Gaster to see and hear them, that he didn’t realize Papyrus had got so close until he flew against the wall and was pinned in place with two sharpened bones.

Flashbacks to the first time his brother had slammed him into the wall and towered over him threateningly ran through his mind. He felt the phantom weight of the collar as it had hung on him. Sans whimpered as he tried grabbing one of the bones pinning him, looking more terrified as Papyrus walked closer.

“KILL.”

“Papyrus…please…it’s Sans. Please…please don’t… Please fight this.”

Papyrus summoned a large bone in his hand and raised it up.

“KILL.”

Sans tearfully closed his eye sockets. “Papyrus…please…”

“K-KILL…”

Papyrus swung.

THUNK.

CRACK.

The bones holding Sans dissolved and Sans landed gracelessly to the floor. He quickly opened his eye sockets once he heard the whimper in front of him and gasped. “Papyrus!”

The taller skeleton held his gloved hand over his left eye socket, bits of bone and dust falling from it. His breathing was heavy and small whimpers escaped him.

Sans moved to pick himself up and rush to his brother but Papyrus held his arm out. “W-WAIT!
DON’T… I’M NOT…”

Without another warning, Papyrus shoved his left hand in the large, jagged hole he had made with his bone club. He began pulling, gritting his teeth and increased his whimpering. Tears streamed from his other eye socket as he kept pulling and squeezing. Finally, a large crunch sounded and Papyrus quickly ripped his hand out, holding the device that had been in his skull, dripping with Determination.

He dropped the device and shook his glove off, falling to his kneecaps as he whimpered, putting his phalanges back over his ruined eye socket.

Sans rushed over and pulled his brother into his lap and looked over to the ruined device on the floor. “Papyrus? Is there…”

“IT-IT DIDN’T DRIP ANY IN MY SKULL, EXCEPT FOR THE SMALL BITS THAT I NEEDED TO LOOSEN IT.”

Sans breathed a sigh of relief as he placed his own phalanges over Papyrus’s on his skull. Already he could see a soft green light coming from his brother and Sans began humming to help Papyrus calm down.

“H-HE WAS WRONG. I COULD HEAR YOU SANS. BUT…I COULDN’T…STOP. AND I KN-KNEW YOU WOULDN’T BE ABLE TO…TO… …SO I DID IT MYSELF.”

“I’m proud of you Papyrus. You’ve been so brave.”

“WHAT HAPPENS NOW?”

“I end this.”

“SANS?”

Sans began unwrapping Papyrus’s scarf off his neck and set it down on the floor. Gently he shifted his brother so Papyrus was laying on the red material. “You rest here bro. Undyne and the others should be here shortly. They’ll be able to heal you the rest of the way.”

Sans moved to get up, only for Papyrus to grab his hand. “YOU DON’T HAVE TO-”

“I do Papyrus. I have to end this or he’ll keep coming for us. We won’t get another chance if we leave.”

“HE TOLD ME THINGS. THINGS ABOUT THE KING, WHY WE WERE MADE. SANS… WE-”

“Rest Papyrus. You can tell me when this is over.”

“PROMISE YOU’LL COME BACK?”

“…I promise.”

Sans kept his emotions in check as he walked to Gaster’s main lab where he knew the scientist was waiting for either him or Papyrus. He clenched his phalanges as the sound of shattering bone and the image of his brother shielding his view of his ruined eye socket flashed through his head.
The damage was bad and he knew that healing food and Papyrus’s own magic wouldn’t be enough to fix everything. He growled, left eye flashing a mix of colors of each magic he could use. Gaster had hurt Papyrus deeply, more than anyone realized, even Papyrus himself. Gaster would not be allowed to live. He would die here, his lab razed to the ground.

Sans felt Gaster’s presence before he even stepped into the room. Taking a deep breath, he walked in.

“Sans, you realize it’s pointless to stop me. I’ve deemed you a failure. You’re just going to die if you decide to fight me.”

Sans glared at the scientist in front of him, feeling stronger than he ever felt when faced against Gaster. “Maybe. But I’m going to try my hardest to beat you. I’ve got something worth fighting for now, something that only I can protect. I won’t let you destroy that.”

Gaster smirked as he summoned his blasters. “You’re a foolish waste of resources. A disappointment. If you had only stayed... you don’t even KNOW what power I could have given you two if you had just obeyed me. Once I kill you and Papyrus, I’ll start again. Perhaps use those friends you brought. They succeeded in killing my assistants and are now stuck on the bottom floor trying to get the elevators working again. They seem like they’ll take to my experimentation pretty well.”

Sans summoned his own blasters. “You won’t even get the chance. You’re not leaving this room alive!”

Sans snapped his phalanges, giving the blasters the signal to begin firing as the skeleton summoned several bone attacks and unleashed them at both Gaster and the scientist’s blasters.

Gaster dodged quickly and sent out a row of hands to catch the bones from hitting him, gritting his teeth when the attacks canceled each other out.

“Heh, did you forget my attacks carry Karmic Retribution? Whatever gets hit with those takes more damage than usual. Gotta say doc, that was one good thing you decided to give me.”

Gaster’s blasters struck the spot Sans was in, leaving a burnt spot on the floor. Sans appeared moments later behind the scientist and hit him squarely in the back with a large bone, knocking off a small section of health off the monster.

Gaster growled and summoned more blasters and more hands, surrounding the small skeleton. “Dodge this then Sans.”

Sans teleported, but not before getting hit in a few places, not enough to break bone, but enough to slow his movements. The skeleton winced and held up a row of bones to block the attack Gaster unleashed. He was grateful his attacks were stronger than his stats said. Without the improvements Gaster had made all those years ago, he wouldn’t be alive now.

He made it to the other side of the room and unleashed a few overhead bones and had two blasters charge up attacks, internally cursing that his stamina from everything he had been through was wearing down.

“Aw Sans, are you slowing down? I thought you were going to fight me with everything you had? But I guess you can’t help it. You’re in this weak body you seem to be fond of. If only you had continued being in that beast form I gave you… So much stronger… But, that’s your mistake.”
Sans felt a beat in his SOUL and the weird memories that had never happened that he had seen while he had touched the orbs that made him shot through his mind, including the one that made him decide to keep a part of each blaster.

“What makes you think I got rid of my beast form?”

Sans closed his eye sockets and twitched his phalanges, bringing his four blasters around him. He gently pulled them toward him with his magic, feeling a tingle as he combined with his blasters. When he opened his eye sockets, he was back in his beast form.

Gaster stared at Sans in shock. “How!? How could you do that!? That’s impossible! I never designed your body to do that!”

Sans growled as he quickly teleported and lunged at Gaster. His body was faster than the scientist and he easily ripped off the monster’s right arm with his jaws, the feel and taste of Gaster’s dust filling his mouth as the arm dissolved. He went to lunge again, but Gaster summoned a barrage of hands and blasters to move away.

Gaster gripped the stump where his arm once was, wincing in pain as his breathing grew heavy. He narrowed his eye sockets and saw Sans easily dodge and destroy all his attacks. He gathered his energy and summoned a giant blaster that was at least ten times larger than his normal blasters and sent it toward the beast.

Sans saw the giant blaster coming for him and saw Gaster was in a direct path behind it. Gathering up all his energy, he began running, charging up a blaster attack. He unleashed his at the same time Gaster’s unleashed theirs.

Sans was pushed back a bit, but he continued his advance, resisting the blast’s power as he sent his own into the giant blaster. He saw the blaster wavering and Sans pushed through, breaking through the blaster, and began running toward Gaster as the giant blaster behind him broke and faded.

Sans saw Gaster’s terrified face as he summoned more hands seconds before his powerful jaws crunched into the scientist, instantly turning him into dust.

His SOUL clenched and it wasn’t until Sans effortlessly changed back into his normal body when he realized that one of Gaster’s hand attacks had got him. He put his hand on his ribcage, feeling his 1 HP slowly lower.

“Heh, guess that’s where the Karmic Retribution came from…”

He looked over to the control panel in the room and smashed the button to turn the elevators on and walked out of the room.

______________________________

Papyrus had healed much of what he could, but his healing magic wasn’t as good as he had hoped on top of being exhausted from using so much of his magic as he attacked Sans. He was still laying down on the floor where his brother had left him, trying to fight his body from shutting down to sleep. He wanted to wait until Sans got back, make sure he came back.

A shuffling noise came from the doorway and Papyrus carefully turned his head and gasped as Sans slowly shuffled his way toward him, clutching his chest.

“I…I came back like I said I would Papyrus. It’s…It’s over. He’s dead. We’re free. I…”
Sans gasped as he fell to his kneecaps, breathing heavily. His vision became blurry as he felt his HP dwindle down. He looked up to see Papyrus struggle to crawl to him, exhaustion prominent in the taller skeleton’s face and body.

“SANS!”

Sans smiled softly, feeling his body grow numb as he lost consciousness, his body slumping to the floor, trying to melt and dust at the same time. His SOUL rose up out of his body and started to crack, red seeping into the cracks.

Papyrus’s good eye socket leaked tears as he desperately tried fighting off his exhaustion, crawling toward his brother’s prone body, watching the cracking SOUL.

“SANS! HOLD ON! I CAN TRY TO HEAL YOU! JUST…JUST…”

Papyrus’s hand was just inches near Sans’s as his body finally shut down. He closed his eye socket just as Sans’s SOUL broke apart.

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter: The Aftermath
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

After this chapter, there should be two more chapters to go. Thanks for all the Kudos and comments from last chapter. I know you guys are just dying to see what happens. (that...was in poor taste...sorry)

Got some more amazing fanart! It's a height comparison of Sans and Papyrus from Chapter 10

Welp. Here we go.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“BROTHER…WHY DON’T WE HAVE NAMES LIKE OTHER MONSTERS?”

“Uh, what do you mean bro?”

“THOSE TWO DOG MONSTERS THAT RUN AROUND AND CALL EACH OTHER BROTHERS ALSO CALL EACH OTHER SOMETHING ELSE. THE BIGGER ONE IS GREY AND THE SMALLER ONE IS LES. WHY DON’T WE HAVE OTHER NAMES LIKE THEY DO?”

“It’s…well…we never actually got names…when we…”

“THE WORDS ON THOSE METAL PLATES WE HAD WEREN’T OUR NAMES, WERE THEY? THAT’S WHY YOU DON’T WANT US TO CALL EACH OTHER THAT, RIGHT?”

“Right…and…I don’t know if HE is still searching for us. I know it’s been five years…but you never know. Gotta be cautious with that. ”

“EVEN THOUGH… IT WOULD BE NICE TO CALL YOU SOMETHING OTHER THAN BROTHER, AND WHAT IF WE GET OLDER AND NEED JOBS? WE NEED NAMES FOR JOBS, RIGHT?”

“Fu- Fudge it, I guess you’re right. But they have to be super special and unique.”

“UNIQUE HUH… I KNOW! THOSE PAPERS YOU FOUND THE OTHER DAY…I READ THEM AND THEY SAID THAT COMIC SANS AND PAPYRUS ARE THE TWO FONTS, WHATEVER A…FONT IS, THAT YOU SHOULD NEVER USE. FONTS…ARE LIKE NAMES AREN’T THEY? IF NOBODY USES THEM, THEN THEY’LL BE UNIQUE, RIGHT?”

“Sorry bro, fonts are actually… yeah. Fonts are like names. That’s a good idea bro. So, who do you want to be? Comic Sans or Papyrus?”

“EH… WELL… PAPYRUS! IT SOUNDS LOUD AND ENERGETIC LIKE ME! BESIDES, THE OTHER HAS COMIC IN IT AND YOU’VE BEEN TELLING ME NON-STOP JOKES FROM THAT BOOK YOU FOUND A FEW WEEKS AGO. COMIC SANS IS PERFECT FOR YOU.”
“Damn, sounds like we’ve got the perfect names then…Papyrus.”

“SANS… I’M SO SORRY.”

“And I’ve told you several times that it’s okay. I’m just glad you’re okay.”

“NO! IT’S NOT OKAY! I SHOULDN’T HAVE GONE OUT THAT FAR IN THE FOREST, ESPECIALLY WHEN WE HAVEN’T EVEN EXPLORED SNOWDIN FULLY. IT’S MY FAULT YOU GOT SICK AND CAN’T WORK.”

“Stop worrying. It’s fine Papyrus. Don’t worry. Blaze says these things happen. He’s not going to kick us out because I can’t work in the restaurant. Actually gave me another task I could do while I’m in bed. He taught me how to knit and sew so I can make those special dish rags that won’t burn that him and Grillby need.”

“I CAN’T BELIEVE THIS! THAT’S AMAZING SANS! THAT WILL BE A GOOD SKILL TO HAVE.”

“Started patching up a few of our clothes already, including fixing that big tear I got in my jacket.”

“ABOUT THAT SANS. I…I KNOW YOU TOLD ME TO SAVE THE EXTRA MONEY THAT I GET SO WE CAN SAVE UP TO GET OUR OWN PLACE…BUT YOUR BIRTHDAY IS SOON AND WHEN I SAW IT IN THE SHOP… IT JUST… HERE.”

“Love the style Papyrus! This is… it feels so warm. Is this real fur?”

“IT IS! THE SHOPKEEPER’S COUSIN HAS LONG FUR SHE CUTS OFF SINCE SHE LIVES IN HOTLAND AND SENDS IT HERE SO HER COUSIN CAN USE IT TO MAKE WARMER CLOTHING FOR MONSTERS THAT AREN’T USED TO COLD. I KNOW IT WASN’T CHEAP… BUT YOU NEED IT SANS. ESPECIALLY IF I GET LOST AGAIN…”

“Very good thinking Papyrus and I… actually thought of something that would help that a bit too if it ever happened. Apparently I’m a natural at knitting… so when I got through with Blaze’s stuff, he brought me all of his wife’s knitting yarn and fabric scraps. I…kind of made you something. Here.”

“EEEEEEE! SANS… THIS IS AMAZING! IT’S SO WARM AND LONG! AND THE SKILL IS AMAZING! I’M NEVER TAKING THIS SCARF OFF!”

Papyrus didn’t want to wake up. To wake up meant that he’d have to face the inevitable. He wanted to go back to sleep, possibly forever, just to keep his brother alive, even if it was only in his dreams.

He unfortunately became fully conscious and slowly opened his eye sockets, noting that while he could see perfectly with the right, the left was completely dark. He sighed as he lifted his hand up, running his phalanges over his face, noting most of the damage he had done was healed.

He carefully sat up in the bed he was in, noticing the clean, white sheets and sterile looking walls. He made a guess he was in Alphys’s lab. Looking around, he saw his scarf neatly folded up on the table beside him. Papyrus shakily reached for it, feeling a stab in his SOUL. The scarf had been made by Sans not long after they moved to Snowdin. It had been repaired by his brother so many times during the years, even when he had been controlled by the device in his head.
Papyrus gripped it tenderly, debating on if he wanted to wear it. He wanted to, to honor his brother, but if it got torn, Sans wouldn’t be there to repair it again. He curled up, burying his skull in the fabric.

“Oh! You’re up Papyrus! Finally!”

Papyrus quickly looked up to see Undyne in the doorway of the room he was in, smiling but avoiding eye contact with him. He closed his eye sockets. She was probably here to try to lessen the shock and pain of telling him what he already knew.

“Can I come in? I’ve got some things to tell you…”

“COME IN. I ALREADY KNOW WHAT YOU WANT TO TELL ME.”

Undyne walked in and sat on the chair on the right side of the bed, fiddling with her hands, her earfins drooped slightly. “How’s…how’s your eye socket doing? Alphys and I did as much as we could to fix all the damage, but my healing magic wasn’t as good as I hoped… I-I want to change that somehow…so if something like this happens again…”

“I CAN’T SEE OUT OF IT BUT I EXPECTED IT CONSIDERING I RAMMED MY HAND IN MY SKULL.”

“Oh… Heh…I guess we have matching wounds now…”

The room grew silent for several moments, Undyne trying to do anything but look at Papyrus. “Papyrus…I’ve got some bad news for you…”

There it was. Papyrus watched as Undyne grew more nervous, almost imitating Alphys’s personality. If what Undyne had to tell him was anything else than telling him Sans was dead, he’d feel bad at how torn Undyne was being. As Undyne stalled, Papyrus grew agitated. He just wanted her to say it so he could begin to grieve properly.

“UNDYNE…JUST GO AHEAD AND SAY IT. I ALREADY SAW HIM…SO…”

“You saw him? But…you’ve been unconscious for a week. We’ve all been here in the lab monitoring you! There’s no way you could have seen King Asgore!”

“KING AS- WHAT DOES HE HAVE TO DO WITH WHAT YOU WANT TO TELL ME ABOUT SANS!?”

Undyne raised her eyebrow in confusion. “Sans? What about him?”

Papyrus glared at the fish monster and growled, tears in the corner of both eye sockets. “I KNOW UNDYNE. I KNOW ABOUT SANS. I SAW WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE I PASSED OUT. I KNOW HE’S…HE’S…”

“Papyrus…Sans is fine. He’s been helping Alphys get the DT Extractor tuned to the correct settings to separate the Amalgamates when he hasn’t been sitting in here with you.”

“DAMN IT UNDYNE! JUST STOP. PLEASE. I KNOW WHAT I SAW. I KNOW SANS IS DE-”

“Heya Undyne. You think I can talk to my brother alone for a few? Heard the yelling all the way on the other side of the lab. You can tell him what you need to tell him later. I figure that can wait.”
Time stopped as Papyrus stared at his brother in the doorway. Sans was wearing a set of his normal clothes with a lab coat over them and as Papyrus predicted, Sans’s clothes didn’t fit. His shirt barely covered his pants that ended up looking like shorts on his older brother.

Undyne looked over to the skeleton in the doorway and nodded before looking back to Papyrus. “I’ll tell you later. Sans is right, it’s not a pressing matter right now.”

Sans waited until Undyne was out of the room and halfway to the end of the lab before walking over and sitting down in the chair Undyne had occupied.

Before Sans had a chance to speak, Papyrus lunged at him and gripped him tightly in a hug, whimpering as the unshed tears finally fell. “SANS… I THOUGHT… YOU… SANS, I KNOW WHAT I SAW. I WASN’T HALLUCINATING. I SAW YOUR SOUL.”

“They don’t know and I’d like to keep it that way. Too many questions I can’t answer.”

“KNOW WHAT SANS?”

“That I died. Or…at least…almost did. I don’t even fully know what happened myself.”

Papyrus gave Sans another good squeeze before letting his older brother go to sit back on the chair. “WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER HAPPENING THEN? I KNOW I SAW YOU COLLAPSE WITH YOUR BODY MELTING AND DUSTING AND YOUR SOUL CRACKING. IT BROKE JUST AS I PASSED OUT. I REMEMBER THAT DETAIL CLEARLY DESPITE BEING EXHAUSTED.”

Sans rubbed the back of his head, looking away. “Yeah…that’s what I felt happen too. It was… weird. As soon as my SOUL rose up, I was IN my SOUL, like my body had just been a shell. I could feel myself shattering and let me tell you, that was the most scared I’ve ever been. And then I shattered completely and I thought…this was it. The pieces would dust. But they didn’t…”

Sans closed his eyes, trying to will the tears that were forming away. “I felt myself in each shattered piece, just…clinging there. And then…I remembered… memories…or premonitions, I still don’t know what they are, but I heard THEM telling me to not give up. Papyrus…when I was changing back into this body…I saw I think, glimpses of our future. I was above ground, I saw the sky, I saw Grillby’s on a busy city street, I saw you with a human child having fun. We were happy. And I knew that I couldn’t die, because what was the point of seeing that? And then…I felt myself being pulled back together. I woke up just fine when Grillby started shaking me.”

“THE AMALGAMATES CAN’T GET HURT IN THEIR FORMS. THEY JUST ABSORB THE DAMAGE AND REFORM.”

Sans looked at Papyrus in confusion. “What?”

“MAYBE THAT WAS THE CASE SANS. I SAW YOU MELT AND DUST AND YOUR SOUL HAD RED SEEPING IN THE CRACKS, POSSIBLY DETERMINATION. MAYBE ALPHYS DIDN’T GET ALL OF IT OUT. YOU WERE BASICALLY AN AMALGAMATE WITH YOURSELF FROM WHAT ALPHYS SAID. PERHAPS THE SAME WORKED FOR YOU, BUT SINCE YOU’RE A BIT DIFFERENT, YOU STILL COULD GET HURT AND HAVE YOUR HP LOWER TO THE POINT OF DUSTING, BUT NOT DIE.”

“Hmmm, maybe. That does make a bit more sense…especially since I was able to shift into that
beast form again.”

“What!?”

“Relax Papyrus! It was just that one time fighting Gaster! It helped me beat him finally. Bit him clean in two and he dusted in my mouth. That…now that I think about it…was pretty gross. Dust is something you don’t want in your mouth. I can’t do it anymore before you ask. I tried forming with the blasters again just to see, but…nothing. Shoot, I can’t even summon any red magic anymore. Your determination theory might be right after all. I might have burned all of it out of me pulling myself together.”

“SANS…SO THEN…YOUR MAGIC…”

Sans grinned and ignited his left eye. Dark blue glowed around the eye, before Sans turned it off, going back to the white pinprick pupils. “My natural magic is the dominant color now. I don’t want you to try it since you just woke up, but I’m gonna suspect your natural magic will start to dominate soon. How’s your eye socket by the way? Undyne was probably humble about it, but she did a great job healing the damage. I was seriously thinking that it couldn’t be healed as much as it was.”

“I can’t see out of it at all. I don’t know if I’m permanently blind or if my eyesight will come back. I guess time will tell…”

“Well…for the time being, you’re twins with your best friend.”

Papyrus chuckled. “Undyne said the same thing as she was trying to tell me something. She said it was bad. I thought…it was her trying to tell me you were dead, but now that this isn’t the case…what could be bad news to me?”

Sans shifted in his seat. “Well…it would be better for her to tell you. I mean…I know…but it would be more appropriate for her to tell you than me. Want me to go get her?”

“Yes. But…would you stay as she tells me? I think I may need my older brother’s support in this bad news.”

“Anything for you bro. And…all the stuff we talked about…I don’t want anyone but us to know. Alphys would want to examine me and quite frankly, I am done with labs for a while.”

It took a few minutes for Sans to retrieve Undyne which gave Papyrus a chance to compose himself. Sans was alive, Gaster was finally gone, they would be able to live their lives peacefully now, at least as much as their world allowed. And if what Sans said about having visions of the future was true…

The two appeared in the doorway and Sans sat back down, instinctively placing his hand on Papyrus’s as Undyne paced the room.

Undyne looked over and closed her eye and sighed. “Papyrus…you were unconscious for a week. I-I mentioned that, right?”

“Yes Undyne. But due to a misunderstanding that Sans cleared up, it didn’t click on me until now.”
“Yeah…well… You also…had almost a week beforehand of unexplained absences. Topped with
the fact that we didn’t have Sans’s teleporting powers since he had fallen into a deep sleep on the
way back…”

“UNDYNE…”

The fish monster hugged herself as her earfins drooped even more. “The King called for me during
the week. He…deemed you unfit to be Captain of his Royal Guard. You were kicked out. I’m…
I’m sorry Papyrus.”

Papyrus sat there, staying silent for a few minutes. Finally, he gave a chuckle and grinned. “IS
THAT ALL UNDYNE? YOU DON’T HAVE TO KILL ME OR SOMETHING…AS THE NEW
CAPTAIN…OR DO YOU?”

“When he did that, I quit on the spot. You’re…seriously not mad?”

Papyrus looked up and smiled. “TO BE HONEST, I’M RELIEVED. AFTER WHAT I LEARNED
ABOUT ASGORE, I’D RATHER KILL HIM THAN EVER DECLARE MY LOYALTY TO
HIM.”

Both Sans and Undyne stared wide-eyed at him. “Uh bro…that’s…”

“GASTER TOLD ME WHY WE WERE CREATED AND WHAT HIS ULTIMATE PURPOSE
FOR US WAS. HE ALSO TOLD ME A HORRIFYING DETAIL ABOUT OUR KING. I’D LIKE
TO DISCUSS THIS WITH EVERYONE. IT’S IMPORTANT.”

Undyne helped Papyrus out of bed and down to the DT Extractor Room while Sans teleported to
Snowdin to get Grillby. Papyrus smiled as he saw the room with the separated monsters that had
made up the Amalgamates.

He looked over to Alphys, who was writing down numbers on the machine. “I GUESS YOU AND
SANS HAVE BEEN PRETTY BUSY. IS EVERYONE BACK TO NORMAL?”

Alphys blushed a little as she smiled. “A-Almost. Endogeny is the only one left since they’re the
biggest and have more dominant personalities to sort through than the others. With Sans’s help
though, I’ve been able to get the machine working perfectly. The only side effects we’ve seen are
actually a bit beneficial. They can unfortunately get their HP hit, but can absorb the damage a bit
better. For example, if you were to hit Final Froggit over there with an attack that caused a hundred
damage, enough to dust him, he’d actually only take twenty damage.”

“THAT’S GREAT, ESPECIALLY SINCE ALL THESE MONSTERS DON’T WANT TO
FIGHT.”

“Y-Yeah! I was worried about them if they decided to go back up there. Most want to stay down
here since it’s safe, but I know Mrs. Drake really wants to see her son again.”

Papyrus smiled softly before remembering his and Sans’s conversation. “ALPHYS…DO YOU
THINK THAT WORKS FOR SANS AS WELL? THAT WOULD HELP WITH HIS ONE HP.”

“O-Oh! Sans didn’t tell you!? He’s actually-”

There was a buzzing noise in the center of the room and Sans and Grillby teleported into the room.
“Sorry it took so long, Grillby had to kick everyone out and lock up.”
Once all the monsters in the lab had gathered, Papyrus launched into telling what Gaster had told him; about the King’s power, about the reason Sans and he were created, what Gaster had wanted to do. The monsters all sat there soaking up the information.

Undyne snorted. “Well if I hadn’t already quit the Guard, I definitely would have done it now after finding all THAT out. That’s fucked up. It’s bad enough we’re trapped here and Asgore is making us MORE miserable.”

Grillby looked around the room. “But it does give an explanation about why some of us don’t want to fight. And it gives me hope that we can convince others on abandoning our “kill or be killed” attitude. That way when a human finally comes, we can convince them we mean no harm.”

Sans looked over to Papyrus and the two grinned at each other. “Sounds amazing Grillby. So I guess you’ve got the same conviction to be nice to the human and help them any way you can?”

Grillby nodded. “A simple act of kindness goes a long way.”

Papyrus looked over to Undyne and Alphys, who leaning against each other on a table. “SO UNDYNE, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW THAT YOU’RE OUT OF A JOB?”

Undyne blushed and smiled softly. “Well…I still feel real bad I couldn’t heal your eye socket fully…so I’ve decided that I’m going to devote my time to that. I’m going to train my green magic and start healing monsters instead of hurting them. And if we do finally get to the surface, healing is a much better skill to have. What about you?”

“I…HAVEN’T ACTUALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT…”

Grillby put his hand on Papyrus’s shoulder. “Well…I do have need for a dishwasher. My last one just up and quit a few years ago and joined the Royal Guard. Never got around to replacing him. AND this same guy took my maintenance guy and bookkeeper and gave him a pretty shitty job watching snow. I’m gonna have to replace him too… Know anyone I could hire?”

“I THINK I KNOW TWO MONSTERS THAT’LL WORK FOR YOU.”

Chapter End Notes

Ages for the Dreams:

Sans: 15 / Papyrus: 10 (a few weeks before they left for Snowdin)

Sans: 16 / Papyrus: 12 (two weeks after Papyrus's 12th birthday, two weeks before Sans's 17th birthday. For this fic, Papyrus is a Virgo, Sans is a Libra if you wanted to know an approximate of when they were "born")

Also…gave you a hint on a thing before it happened. Take the dream sequences in this chapter. Read each of the first letters in the paragraph. ;)
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

Penultimate chapter everyone! Next up will be the Epilogue.

I want to thank you again for all the hits and Kudos and comments. Seriously, if it weren’t for those, this story would probably be a lot shorter, if I ever finished it at all due to lack of interest. You guys kept me going. Thank you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

1 YEAR LATER

To be honest, none of the monsters expected what would happen in the year that King Asgore disbanded Papyrus as Captain of his Royal Guard.

Sure Papyrus had been a ruthless monster than exacted severe punishments to monsters that broke the laws of the land, but there was no doubt that there was LESS crime in his time as Captain, for fear of getting punished harshly if they were caught.

Even if Papyrus no longer believed in his old methods, as many monsters discovered, the fact remained that monsters RESPECTED him, far more than the King, who mainly kept to himself in his castle. The reason the Royal Guard was even created was so the King wouldn’t have to get his hands dirty on the menial work his subjects could do for him.

Naturally there was unrest among the Underground, especially once the King’s little secret about their unnatural misery got out (courtesy of an eavesdropping Mettaton), and monsters were soon divided by wanting to start over and adopt a peaceful nature and keeping their destructive habits.

Sans and Papyrus, as well as Undyne, Grillby, Alphys, and the reformed Dog Guard were roped in the middle of the turmoil, much to their displeasure. All Papyrus wanted to do was quietly wash dishes at Grillby’s and mend the relationship with his older brother. For the most part, Sans was fine but every so often would have horrible nightmares which resulted in the skeleton losing sleep. The next few days would consist of Papyrus finding his brother sleeping whenever he could. The extra blankets were dragged out so there would be an available blanket for the younger brother to throw on him.

There were also certain things that would cause both brothers to have flashbacks, Sans more often than Papyrus. The color red made the two feel uneasy and it took days to rid the house as much as they could of the color.

This meant wardrobe changes for the two. Papyrus still had his battle armor and would wear it on occasions where there was a scuffle in Snowdin that needed his intervention. He changed the red to his natural color of magic that, as Sans predicted, began to show through once the Determination burned out of his body. More often that not, you would find the skeleton wearing a simple shirt and
pants, apron over them, and rubber gloves as he washed dishes. He still wore his scarf however. It was the only red thing the two felt at ease with.

For Sans, especially after Papyrus had replaced his destroyed jacket with one that matched it, only dark blue in color, he had decided to change his red sweaters to white and his red tennis shoes to a dark blue that matched his jacket. The calming colors helped him to relax and also made him the target of other monsters rather wanting to deal with him than the other two in charge of Snowdin.

That was a major change that had happened in the Underground. Six months had gone by and when it was apparent that there were more monsters that wanted to change, Asgore had called for all the monsters that wanted to keep their destructive ways and shut them all in the Capitol, guarded by his new Royal Guard, essentially cutting off the rest of the Underground.

The monsters in Snowdin, Waterfall, and Hotland were at a loss on what would happen to them and it took Papyrus to reluctantly stand up, at Undyne’s suggestion, and become a sort of leader to the monsters. After a lot of debating with the three groups of monsters, it was decided that Grillby would take care of matters in Snowdin, Undyne with Waterfall, and Alphys with Hotland. Sans acted as mediator between the three areas, due to his teleportation, and Papyrus only got involved when a situation couldn’t be handled by them and the guards that decided to defect or if it dealt with the Capitol.

Aside from a few scuffles with some of the more braver monsters, the ones in the Capitol pretty much left the rest of the Underground alone. The following six months had seen a drastic change in growth to be tolerant and peaceful with everyone. Even if they never got out, the monsters didn’t want to go back to the violent ways.

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Something seemed…off when Sans woke up that morning. For one, none of the nightmares that usually plagued him had woken him up, so he was actually well rested. There was a feeling in his SOUL, like an itch, that made his entire body feel odd. He knew it wasn’t a panic attack that he sometimes got when something reminded him of the bad years with his brother, but it made him feel anxious and excited.

“SANS? ARE YOU OKAY? I DIDN’T HEAR YOU HAVE A NIGHTMARE BUT YOU LOOK LIKE YOU DID.”

Sans snapped out of his thoughts and looked up as Papyrus slapped a few waffles on the plate in front of Sans. “Yeah, fine. Didn’t have a nightmare but I feel…anxious about something. Like…something’s gonna happen today, but I don’t know what.”

“DO YOU WANT TO STAY HOME TODAY THEN? I’M SURE GRILBBY WON’T MIND. IT’S MONDAY, SO NOT MANY MONSTERS COME IN.”

“Actually…yeah. That sounds good. But I’m not staying at home. Might go for a long walk in the forest. It’s been a while since I did that and I know Doge, Les, and Grey have been wanting to mock battle for a few weeks now. Keep up the fighting skills in case of…stuff.”

“ALRIGHT, I’LL LET GRILLBY KNOW. BUT REMEMBER, BE BACK BY SIX. IT’S ANIME MARATHON NIGHT AT OUR HOUSE TONIGHT AND I WANT THE HOUSE SPOTLESS.”

Sans grinned and put on his jacket. “Ah bro…don’t you remember I use to be addicted to soap? I’m totally clean now. Don’t want to go back down that path.”
“SANS!”

“You’re smiling.”

“GO TAKE YOUR WALK. AND…BE CAREFUL.”

“I always am.”

The walk through Snowdin Forest was a pleasant one now that Papyrus had cleared all the puzzles out and the entire Dog and Canine Guard save for three were helping Undyne and Alphys in their territories.

Nostalgia hit Sans as he remembered all the times he trekked the same route to get to his Sentry station. Although there were no need for the Sentry stations in the forest anymore, due to Alphys fitting several cameras in the area, the structures still stood as a means for checkpoints and shelter should a bad storm blow through.

Sans had walked halfway through the forest and looked up, sniffing the air. Recognizing Doge’s scent a little further on, he continued on the path. He had told very few, that even though he couldn’t access the beast form that was forced on him, he still had retained a few traits. The super smelling and hearing had helped him a lot in the past year, especially with monsters that still wanted to adhere to the destructive kill or be killed way.

Grateful for those abilities, he smirked as he easily dodged the red spikes that were sent his direction. “Ya know, might not be a good idea to attack a certified member of the Dogs. Heard and smelled you coming ever since I crossed the bridge. Come on out and I might Spare you.”

Well. It was THIS asshole again. The bunny Sentry that had replaced him during the mess with Gaster had rubbed all the Canine Guard and Undyne the wrong way by never staying at his post and running off and not listening to his superiors. They had found out he had run off to pick fights with the forest monsters to try to level up and once he had found out Papyrus was no longer the Captain, tried his best to attack and kill the former Captain.

All it got the Sentry was a nasty scar and the inability to use his right eye. The foolish bunny had dared to attack Papyrus’s left side and got a cold, hard lesson in never underestimating your opponent. While Papyrus didn’t want to fight anymore, it didn’t mean he lost his fighting edge.

While everyone could see that something had obviously happened to Papyrus’s skull, due to the heavy scarring and cracking that none of them could heal, they all assumed that the skeleton was blind on that side. Only a select few knew otherwise, that the skeleton regained his sight after a week, and Papyrus purposely played the part that he was vulnerable on that side, taking advice from Undyne.

The bunny sneered and took up a fighting stance. “Don’t fucking underestimate me Sans! I’ve grown a lot stronger since the last time you saw me! I’m Vice Captain now! Been plowing through all those beneath me to get here. And once I kill you, I’m going after the rest of the fucking traitors to our mighty King!”

Sans grinned. “Really buddy? I’d like to see you try. Looks like someone wants a b a d t i m e.”

The bunny growled and whipped around to where Sans had teleported behind him and threw a
spike attack. Sans effortlessly dodged it and launched a bone attack, knocking the bunny to the ground. He summoned up bones beneath the monster, pinning him to the ground.

Sans leaned down and smirked. “You’re lucky I’m sparing ya. Don’t really have the motivation to kill anymore. It would shatter the laid-back easygoing attitude I’ve decided to adopt. Those bones will disappear in a while. You’d better be gone and BACK to the Capitol before I get back, because if I smell you ANYWHERE else, I WILL inform my brother. You REALLY don’t want to fight him again.”

“Hah! As if a 1HP monster could kill anything! That’s the best joke I’ve ever heard!”

“Oh…you like jokes huh… Here’s one I LOVE to show!”

Sans brought up his stats, causing the bunny’s eyes to widen and shake against his bonds.

“H-How can that be!? How can you have higher stats than As-!”

Sans leaned down and gripped the bunny’s chin with his hand. “Isn’t that funny? The potentially most dangerous monster in the Underground and I don’t even want to DO anything with that power. Anyway…”

#Sans! I knew I smelled you#!

Sans looked up to see Doge running up, huge smile on her face. “Oh hey Doge! Look who I caught!”

Doge narrowed her eyes as she smirked, showing her sharp teeth. “Well…if it isn’t the sorry Sentry that decided to jam a spike in my baby brother’s paw… Les still has trouble lifting his shield still but I know his sword arm’s still in working condition.”

Sans stood up and waved his hand. “Eh Doge, told the shit I’d Spare him. Can’t really go back on that word. However, told him to get the fuck out of our territory before I got back. I’m sure you, Les, and Grey will be happy to help our little friend with that task.”

Doge grinned, her canines showing even more. “Of course.”

Sans walked away as Doge howled, letting the other dogs know her location. He gave Lesser Dog an affectionate pat on the head and fist-bumped Greater Dog as the two passed.

———

The Sentry station had seen better days as Sans walked up to it. He lightly ran his phalanges on the cracking wood, remembering the times his arms had rest upon it as he slept. Off in the distance, he made out the large purple door that held the entrance of the Ruins.

Sans sighed as he began walking toward it and remembered the days when he had sat in the snow leaning against it, practicing his knock knock jokes to silence. The door seemed smaller to him as he approached, partially due to his growth spurt courtesy of his blasters and the fact he hadn’t really been out this way in a year since everything happened.

He raised his hand, balling it into a fist, and was about to knock on the door for old time’s sake when he heard a noise from the other side of the door.

Sans gasped and teleported out of the way seconds before the heavy stone door opened and a small creature pushed itself out.
His SOUL thrummed as his eye sockets widened. He recognized the creature. A human. And not just any human. It was the human child that had been in the visions he had, the one that had smiled and laughed, the one that told him to not give up as he was dying, the human with a SOUL filled with Determination.

They looked roughed up, like they had been in many fights, due to the number of tears in their clothing and the colorful bruises littered on the child from what Sans could see. Luckily he didn’t see any dust on them. He could tell they had been crying and their wits were probably not in the best of shape. The human looked like they could use a friend.

Sans followed in step behind the child, disappearing when the child turned around when he accidentally broke a heavy brach. Finally they got to the tiny bridge Papyrus had erected wide bars across. He decided to take initiative and made his presence known.

The skeleton began walking noisily, inwardly cringing as the child shivered with each step, but not moving. He was a mere foot away as he slipped the whoopee cushion in his hand and stuck his hand out.

“Human. Don’t you know how to greet a new pal? Turn around and shake my hand.”

The child shivered as they turned around, but Sans could still see they were braver than they thought. The child’s eyes was obscured by the fact they were keeping their eyes to the ground and the messy bangs across their head, so the human hadn’t realized they had grabbed the cushion in his hand until the loud fart sound echoed through the forest.

“Heh… the old whoopee cushion in the hand trick. It’s ALWAYS funny. Anyways, you’re a hu-”

It took a moment for Sans to register that the choking sounds the child was making were actually giggles and not the human dying.

“Whoa! You found it funny!?"

The child wiped their filthy sleeve across their face, ridding themselves of the tears from laughing so hard as they nodded, a giggle forcing itself out a few times.

Sans smiled as he held out his hand again, without the cushion. “I’m Sans. Sans the skeleton. Looks like you’ve had it a bit rough and could use a friend.”

“F-Frisk. And…yeah… But… I thought all monsters were…”

Sans noticed the glazed expression the child gave the purple door behind them. “Let me guess. They’ve all got a kill or be killed attitude in there, am I right?”

The child, Frisk, nodded. “Well… except a very nice and lonely looking ghost, but yeah…even Tori…her.”

The skeleton frowned. “Yeah…got a few of those here ourselves. But, we’re not all like that. We’ve been trying to work for peace to be honest. Don’t let one bad crabapple spoil the bunch. So…you hungry? Got a great place to get some grub. I know a shortcut. Plus, you’ll get to meet some monsters that are nicer than me, like my brother Papyrus. Don’t let his scary exterior freak you out. He’s a pushover.”

Frisk smiled, their stomach giving away their hunger. They grinned nervously. “I’m a bit hungry. Last thing I ate was a Monster Candy.”
“Well, candy just won’t do! That’s it! You’re getting the best burger Grillby makes, complete with everything you want. And after that, we’ll see what we can do to unearth that child beneath all the layers of dirt. As long as you’re with me, I’ll make sure you’re taken care of…friend.”

The tight hug suddenly around his body stunned Sans as the child burrowed their face in his sweater.

“T-Thank you! Thank you so much!”

Sans closed his eye sockets and smiled, pulling Frisk more into the hug. “Naw kid, thank you.”

Chapter End Notes

Next up: Epilogue

How can the story end more positively than it's already been? You'll see.
And now, the Epilogue.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Sans had stayed true to his word and kept Frisk from all danger during their time in the Underground. There was worry and doubt in a lot of monsters once they laid their eyes on the human, especially with a SOUL as red as the aggressive magic they had turned their backs on, but once they saw what a gentle child Frisk was, it was easy to change their minds.

Papyrus immediately took a shining to the child, spending several days acquiring the means to make Frisk an adequate bedroom in their house. The skeleton wanted it to be a surprise, so Sans took that time to walk Frisk around the rest of the Underground, using his teleportation when the child grew tired.

Meeting the now friendly monsters that made up the Underground helped Frisk in their resolve to free them from their underground prison. It wasn’t easy however. Because of the fact King Asgore’s power didn’t effect the entire Underground except for the chosen monsters that decided to keep their violent ways, they became feral and animalistic. And once the few spies Asgore had in the safe areas reported to him that there was a human in the Underground, those closest to Frisk doubled their efforts to keep them safe.

It was a bittersweet moment when the entire Underground stormed the Capitol and had to wipe out the monsters that were too far gone in their anger to ever recover. And although it had to be done, seeing Asgore’s SOUL rise up and shatter caused nightmares for the monsters that saw it for many months.

The first time actually seeing the sun, truly seeing the orb and not in a vision, brought tears to Sans’s eye sockets and he truly never thought it was possible to smile as big as he did. Frisk stayed by his side the entire time he and the others stayed on the mountain, finally having to leave to venture off into the new world that would hopefully accept them.

5 YEARS LATER

“Sans! Hurry up! We’re gonna be late! Papyrus is already in the car!”

Sans smirked as he did the last button on his shirt and teleported next to the front door. “Hey kid, we’re gonna be late if you just stand around the bottom of the stairs like that.”

Frisk turned around and glared at the skeleton, before stalking past the now open door. “Sans, you’re an ass!”
“Can’t be. Don’t have one.”

“Sans!”

The teenager punched the skeleton in the arm before storming out of the house and climbed in the backseat of Papyrus’s convertible. Sans smiled as he locked the house and sat in the front seat.

“Wake me up when we get there.”

———————————

Sans was pretty sure that their group would be the only monsters at the event, even with how large the amount of people were. Thankfully due to Mettaton’s long arms and the hearing Dogma’s loud directions to their location, the three found Alphys and the rest of the monsters who came just fine.

Alphys looked like she was a bundle of nerves, staring at the empty stage as she kept blushing. Frisk nuzzled her arm, calming the reptile down a bit. “Everything is fine Alphys. We even had Ms. Toriel talk to the Dean and make sure everything would go okay. He flatout told her that if Undyne was unable to walk, the entire graduating class had promised to refuse to do the ceremony until she was able to.”

“I-I know. But still…it’s just so…so… I just can’t believe this is happening.”

Sans sat on the other side of Alphys, taking her other hand and rubbing calming circles in it. “I know. Never in a million years did I think this would happen.”

The lights grew dim and the stage lit up and the graduates began to walk in. For well over an hour, speeches were made by both professors and graduates alike, and soon it was time for diplomas. Name after name was called out, before finally getting to the last one.

The Dean smiled as he looked over the crowd of people. “And now, our final graduate. I’d like to tell you that when I first laid my eyes on her, I never thought that four years later, she would not only be graduating with the highest honors, but also be the first of, I’m happily hoping, many monsters to grace our hallways and classrooms. May I present Undyne Rybadonna.”

It felt great to see not only their tiny group of monsters, but several humans cheering on Undyne as she was presented her diploma. Although the fish monster had a tough time going through school with people still nervous about the monsters and would probably still have trouble as she tried to get a job with her newfound degree, the fact still remained that Undyne had stuck with it and could now legally call herself a doctor.

———————————

Grillby’s was THE place to be tonight as pretty much every monster and human that was close to Undyne was in the closed restaurant for her graduation party. It helped that Muffet’s Bakery and Napstablook’s music store were on either side to help out with catering and music.

While all the tables were moved to the back of the restaurant to allow more in and the food was mainly pizza and cake, Grillby still had the bar open to serve drinks. (and to watch out for Frisk and give them a place to rest if the party got too much for them)

“Here’s the Rose Vodka my dear sweet hero!” Muffet handed Grillby the bottle with one of her hands while wrapping her two middle arms around the fire elemental’s torso to pull him into a kiss. The two had fallen in love over the course of the time they had been on the surface, Muffet having been enamored with the fire elemental for helping keep the spiders that had been trapped in the
Ruins warm as they got everyone out to the surface.

A hot pink blush appeared on Grillby’s face when he felt something lower. “Did-Did you just pinch my-?”

“Three strawberry rose martinis dearie. Can’t keep the fabulous Mettaton waiting.”

“Love you too Muffet.”

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Frisk and Papyrus found Sans on top of the roof, looking at the stars. They sat down on either side of him, Frisk snuggling up to him. “You’re not one to miss a party like this Sans. What’s up?”

“Eh…just thinking about things, how our life has gone. It just seems like our lives in the Underground was just a bad dream to me now. I know it wasn’t, I still get times where I think we’re back there, but after so much has happened to us, I’m glad the times are getting less frequent.”

“I STILL REGRET SOME OF THE THINGS I DID BACK THEN, BUT I KNOW NOW IF THEY HADN’T OF HAPPENED, WE MIGHT NOT EVEN BE HERE WHERE WE ARE. THAT’S WHAT GETS ME THROUGH THE BAD TIMES I HAVE AS WELL.”

Frisk looked at their two skeleton guardians and smiled. “Just remember that neither of you gave up, even when the odds were against you, both in the battle to get here and all the past demons you two faced. It was love and not LOVE that got you here. You two…you don’t even realize how much you’ve gained since your bad times. I’m glad you two are here.”

Papyrus reached over and grabbed the teen, pulling them across Sans and made room for them to sit between them. He pulled Frisk into a hug. “LOVE YOU FRISK.”

“Love you too Uncle Papyrus.”

Frisk pulled out of the hug and nuzzled back into Sans. “Love you…dad.”

Sans closed his eyes and smiled. “Love you too kid.”

“You know…speaking of uncles and kids…you’ll never believe what Aunt Muffet told me about her and Uncle Grillby! I’m getting fire spider cousins soon! Isn’t that great!”

Chapter End Notes

I want to thank each and every one of you that left comments, kudos, bookmarked this adventure, and just all around liked the story.

While this is the end of the story, I’m thinking about doing a final chapter to write down how the story evolved from my initial thought of it, clear up any confusion, elaborate on things, etc. if anyone's interested. If there's anything you want to know, just comment and I'll add it in. It will probably be about a week before I post it.

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In the story, Frisk is 9 when they get trapped in the Underground, making them 14 at
the time of the last part of the story. Papyrus is 31 and Sans is 36. Frisk usually just calls Sans by his name, but on occasion will call him dad.

Ryba is fish in Czech/Polish and donna is woman in Italian. So Undyne's last name translates to fishwoman. ;P
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Well, here it is! The extra chapter on thoughts, blurbs, etc.

I'm glad so many of you enjoyed this story. Thank you again for all the Kudos, Hits, and comments. (and the fanart that I got)

Enjoy!

Hoo boy… Where to start….

The story had several rewrites that went through my head both when I was at work and also as I worked on chapters. But the general ideas that were constant out of everything were:

Sans getting turned into a Gaster Blaster

Papyrus finding out and the realization on it happening breaks him out of his abusive-to-his-brother attitude

Final showdown with Gaster ending with Sans killing him and while Sans takes a hit, he doesn’t die

Papyrus going to Alphys to try to see if they can turn Sans back to normal

Papyrus trying to give his Captain position to Undyne and she refuses

The bunny sentry confronts Sans and any of the Dogs show up since Endogeny takes a liking to Sans

The story ends with Sans meeting Frisk

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Honestly, I thought it was going to be a straightforward story with the final battle schematics shifting around. I initially was going to have Papyrus bring Sans back to the lab and they confront Gaster and he gets the upper hand on the two, but as Gaster sends an attack to hit Papyrus, Sans moves to get hit by it instead and kills Gaster.

Papyrus then went to Alphys’s lab and would plead with Alphys (who was a complete psychotic BITCH in the initial draft) to help him and would try to give the Captain position to Undyne (who was there for reasons) and she would refuse.

I was always going to use the DT Extractor to fix Sans and while he was in GB form, he met Endogeny, who took a liking to him. After Sans was back to normal, Bunny Sentry would try to attack him and any of the Dogs (even Endogeny) would save Sans and kill the bunny.

All in all, probably was about 4 chapters worth of material. There were no dream sequences, characters fleshed out beyond just their Underfell designations, I even had Sans not regain his
confidence and stance as older brother/fiercely protect Papyrus. And Papyrus was also going to stay psychotic edgelord but now fiercely protective of Sans while he’s recovering.

Grillby, the Gaster followers, and the Dogs that made up Endogeny weren’t even in the original story, but they just wormed their way into the story.

The implant in Papyrus’s skull and the method of Sans’s transformation just came out of nowhere in my mind.

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Scrapped ideas included:

Sans only being vaguely aware that he’s Sans, the Gaster Blaster personalities mainly taking over his mind since the body was made of them more than Sans’s body. He answered to Sans and knew his master (Papyrus) was hurt over something (despair at seeing his brother reduced in mind and body to that of a dog) and only wanted to comfort him. This caused Papyrus to break down even more.

Gaster being able to actually SEE and directly influence Papyrus through the implant, whispering the influences that Papyrus described. Gaster’s intent was to destroy the relationship between the brothers so Papyrus would have no qualms in what happened to Sans.

Severe recovery for both Sans and Papyrus due to what Gaster did. Gaster was going to play a bit more with Papyrus’s emotions and manipulate him to believe what Papyrus did to Sans was all his fault.

Sans always being able to see glimpses of the future. Integrated it with his pulling-himself-together scene.

Papyrus being permanently blind in his left eye and more severe damage to his eye socket.

Sans keeping the Red aggressive Determination magic and able to switch back and forth from it to his Dark Blue.

The cat and mantis Royal Guards and Goner Kid were going to be in the story, having been tragic victims of Gaster’s experiments that caused Dogma to go after him 20 years ago.

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Sans and Papyrus’s Backstory:

The King had noticed…well… he was informed (heaven FORBID he ever leave his castle to look at underlings) that monsters were becoming less violent. Fearing his power over them was waning, Asgore tasked his Royal Scientist to find a way to artificially enhance their violent tendencies.

Gaster created Sans, using select pieces of his body that he deemed unnecessary and from the moment Sans was conscious, the scientist and his lab assistants tested on the skeleton. The infusions of different kinds of magic other than his own natural one were to see how it reacted to the Determination injections Gaster had started Sans on once the boy turned five. He had purposely made it to where Sans and any other artificial monsters he made would not be influenced by Asgore’s magic and their red magic would be because of Determination.

Because of the fact Gaster had never attempted artificial life before Sans and the obvious fact that the different magics in the skeleton were forced to work together, especially once the
Determination was started, Sans’s stats steadily decreased and maxed out at 1 for each stat, no matter how many creatures and monsters he was forced to kill in the lab.

Gaster pushed Sans to the near breaking point of his magic and intellect, making Sans go over many of his reports and theories and forced Sans to figure out why a particular theory went wrong.

He was a sullen child, always obeyed what Gaster told him, because that was the only life he had known. That was normal for him. And what he thought he was always meant to do.

Then, Gaster made Papyrus.

Gaster treated Papyrus with the same procedures he had done to Sans, but this time, since Sans was deemed old and knowledgeable enough, Sans was given the task to take care of baby Papyrus instead of the lab assistants like he had been.

This sparked something in Sans. He had to protect Papyrus as much as he could, especially if Gaster was doing the same thing to Papyrus as he did him. After a particularly bad injection that had Papyrus crying for hours, Sans began to plan out how to escape. He couldn’t let Gaster break Papyrus like he had been. He already knew that Gaster wouldn’t dare try to begin the harder stuff on the younger skeleton until he turned five, so Sans had time to plan.

Sans had wanted to wait a week to escape after Gaster gave Papyrus his metal plate, in order to make sure Papyrus could move his arm again, but the day after, Gaster put the implant into Papyrus’s eye and gave him his scar. Sans knew then that Gaster had different plans for his brother and he had to get them out as soon as possible.

It hurt to injure Fern, the only monster that was remotely nice to them, but Sans knew they had to get out with any means necessary. Sans ran with Papyrus for hours, the fresh Determination injection he had got the day before helping. They finally found some abandoned buildings in the Capitol Slums to sleep and make a home in.

Sans kept moving the two around the Underground using his teleportation. They stayed homeless for years until one day, Sans had risked going to Snowdin to get food since his searches everywhere else had produced little results.

Blaze found Sans digging around in the trash behind the bar and something stirred in the fire elemental as he saw this boy around his son’s age trying to scrounge up food. He had lost his wife and nearly his own life five years before and the thought of Grillby almost being in the same situation since Blaze had no family members to take the boy in, broke his hard attitude.

It took a few weeks to finally gain Sans’s trust, but as soon as he did, Sans agreed to the jobs Blaze would give him and Sans’s brother. As much as he wanted to just give the two anything, he knew Sans wasn’t the kind of kid that would just take without trying to offer something in return. So Blaze decided to treat them like his son and prepare them to help take over his business.

Sans and Grillby were 25 and Papyrus was 20 when Blaze “fell down” and didn’t recover. They had debated for days on wanting to send him to the Royal Scientist to try her method of helping him recover, but Blaze firmly told the three that he was ready to see his wife again and that they would be fine. He dusted a few days later.

A week after Blaze died, Papyrus, still mourning for his “father”, wasn’t paying attention and slipped on a puddle of water while he was washing dishes. A week later, he applied to the Royal Guard after using his first aggressive act with red magic on a monster. After he worked his way up to Vice Captain, he used his new bonus to buy their house in Snowdin to get away “from that damn
Snippets of certain things that happened:

It was a slow recovery, but because of the magical drain of Determination in Sans’s body, his body began healing, not only in the many cracks and scars from broken bones over the years, but also his own magic and stats. The four magics, who had been choked to a corner of Sans’s magical reserves due to the Determination, flourished once the Determination was gone and no longer fought for dominance.

The day Sans woke up and found all his Stats had gone to 2, caused the skeleton to cry for hours in Papyrus’s arms. As the days went by, everyone could see the steady increase in Sans’s stats. It was erratic in the numbers it jumped, but Sans finally figured it must have been gaining the EXP that he got when he killed monsters in the lab.

The day Gaster’s massive EXP hit him, Sans stayed in bed the entire day. It was several thousand and the massive boost took the skeleton a bit to recover from the gain. Papyrus revealed that Sans was more powerful than Asgore, or at least from the last time he had stat checked the King before everything had happened.

It had taken another few months after Frisk entered their lives before the monsters decided to take down their King.

Dogma led the Dogs and some of the more stronger Pacifist monsters to hold back the King’s troops and “fodder”, as the King called them, while Sans, Papyrus, Undyne, Grillby, and Alphys took on King Asgore. Frisk went with them but was under the watchful eye of Mettaton, who had taken a shining to the child.

Because Asgore’s natural Determination wasn’t able to seep out throughout the Underground like it had for so many years, the excess had began to build up in him, turning his SOUL nearly as red as Frisk’s was. Once the five had successfully landed enough blows to render Asgore’s body turn to dust (they all collectively got EXP from him), Sans uses his blue magic to force the near breaking SOUL into the remaining SOUL Container and Alphys fills the container with all the Determination she had collected from Sans and the Amalgamates.

It’s enough to resonate with the other SOULS and the barrier breaks, the human SOULS fading away while Asgore’s angrily shatters.

I’ve left it ambiguous on whether or not the bunny sentry survived Doge and her brothers (he DOES die but it’s up in the air on how)

He’s actually based on the Royal Inquisitor Clarence from Germindis Underfell story series Red City (warning: not for the squeamish or ones that don’t like seeing UF Sans HORRIBLY mistreated. And I do mean HORRIBLY)

I hate this smug bunny bastard from their story, so I’m getting my fanfic revenge by having him mangled by Papyrus, Sans’s dog brothers and sister, and then die horribly from unknown means.
Frisk’s SOUL and Sans’s SOUL resonated with each other when Sans was in the DT Extractor when he saw the glimpses of their future. Even with Sans’s lack of Red magic, their SOULS are still connected. That’s why even though Frisk was nowhere near Mt. Ebott during the events of the fic, Sans was able to hear them tell him to live and not give up. “Time travel shenanigans” is what Sans has ultimately decided to dub the what happened.

Their SOULS connected also helped Frisk in their judgement of trusting Sans from the very first moment they met. They felt a familiar wave of essence coming from Sans that they had felt in a brief moment when they were still living with humans. Frisk’s childhood was good until a few years ago before they came to the Underground. Frisk doesn’t like to talk about it and once they got to the surface, Sans found out that the child was basically an orphan since no one stepped up to claim them. (not that Sans was going to give up Frisk so easily, mind you.) Sans was able to adopt Frisk easily (although everyone knew how and why it was so easy, they never brought it up. Humans…are so…greedy for large amounts of money…aren’t they?)

Frisk’s body language and mannerisms at times horribly reminded both Sans and Papyrus of the years the two skeletons decided to push in the past and not talk about. They knew it would be good to not bury that time, but once Frisk entered their lives, they wanted to steer clear of anything that would remind Frisk of the child’s own bad times. Frisk knows that the two have certain things they don’t talk about, but doesn’t pry since they have their own secrets.

Frisk had lived in relative safety in Snowdin with Sans, Papyrus, and occasionally Grillby when the two brothers needed to take care of business. While Frisk loved everything that Grillby made, their favorite food was Grillby’s pancakes made with Grillby’s mother’s recipe. There was once incident with a Madjick who was halfheartedly adhering to pacifism and Frisk’s special bottle of maple syrup for their pancakes that

“If you dare touch this bottle and use it: YOU WILL DIE.”

The Madjick decided to try their luck. It didn’t end well.

Sans and Toriel DID NOT like each other at first. They literally glared daggers at one another once they met. Since the Ruins were made to let things in but not out, Asgore’s influence was still seeped into the Ruins and Toriel was still trapped in her dangerous, possessive mood. It REALLY didn’t help that Sans was the one that blasted the Ruins door apart and was in the way of HER child.

While Toriel did try to kill Frisk several times for their own good, Toriel still wished for Frisk to come live with them. Frisk had only come to the Ruins, despite Sans’s worry, to help with talking to Toriel and to help their spider friends they made.

Toriel and Sans fought, Sans making it clear that he had already helped kill one monarch and he’d do it again just to keep Frisk safe. It was actually Frisk rushing to stop Sans and latching on to him, calling him “dad” for the first time and pleading with him to not hurt Ms. Toriel, that the two relented their attacks.

Toriel accepted Frisk’s decision of choosing Sans over her and as time went on, admitted that it was the best choice, but if Frisk needed ANYTHING, to let her know and she’d do the best she could to provide. While she couldn’t be a mother to Frisk, she gladly accepted the role of being somewhat like a grandmother to her.

It didn’t take long for Toriel’s natural magic to shine through her ex-husband’s influence and with
nudging from Frisk and Papyrus, reclaimed being a ruler to the monsters once they began heading toward the surface and needing help to live among humans.

Once a month, Frisk, Sans, and Papyrus spend the weekend at Toriel’s with her and Sans exchanging jokes back and forth and Toriel helping Papyrus with recipes that Grillby doesn’t know.

Grillby ended up teaching Papyrus how to cook several dishes which helped immensely since, after moving to the surface, Grillby decided to convert his business into more of a restaurant with a drinks bar. Papyrus graduated from dishwasher to main chef and Sans is still bookkeeper/maintenance.

Papyrus takes all his food making seriously and tries to outdo himself on taste and presentation. It’s a popular spot for monsters and humans alike.

Grillby resigned himself as main bartender although he owns the business. It was mainly to give himself time to spend with Muffet once they started dating and eventually getting married. (and having kids)

Once the Ruins door was opened, Frisk roped Grillby into helping her spider friends (who had taken pity on the poor child and gave them spider donuts and cider without paying for it) since Muffet had refused the small amount of money Frisk tried to pay her. Grillby carried all the Ruins spiders to Hotland, earning Muffet’s respect for him as well as admiration.

Muffet supplies all the desserts for the restaurant since her bakery is just next door. Frisk sometimes gets to help Muffet when there are large orders.

Grillby and Muffet eventually have three children: Blaze (after Grillby’s father), Tuffet (after Muffet’s father), and Ember. Each child has six arms and has hair made of fire, but can set their entire body on fire if need be. Blaze is purple with dark purple and black flames, Tuffet is red with yellowish orange flames, and Ember is light blue with light and dark blue flames.

Despite Sans’s horror at the fact of little FIRE SPIDER CHILDREN running around, the skeleton loved babysitting his godchildren. He put his sewing skills to work to keep them at least partially clothed when they would accidentally flare up their magic.

With Toriel’s help (and the generous supply of Gold that was in the castle vaults), there wasn’t any monster that had a hard time with having a place to live or food once they got on the surface. Humans were at first skeptical of the monsters and they were limited at first on what they could do, but eventually laws were made to keep both monsters and humans on good terms.

Undyne’s acceptance to one of the most prestigious medical schools helped bridge the gap on monster/human relations. She did struggle at first with the material, but with Papyrus and Alphys encouraging her at every moment, she excelled.

Undyne was worried about being the only monster doctor and not being able to get a job with her degree, but she was surprised when she had multiple offers. She decided on being a Pediatrician since human children SOULS were less complex and the kids she treated, both monster and human alike, LOVED the fact they were getting treated by “the awesome fish lady doctor!”

Alphys got several job offers to Universities and Science labs to teach about Monster Science and
Magic. She settled for one near Undyne’s college and near where Sans and Papyrus lived so she could run over and get Frisk if the restaurant was too busy for the two to come home at a decent hour.

The two eventually marry and have two twin girls, Terra and Aqua. Terra looks like Alphys, but is blue. She’s very confident and outgoing. Aqua looks like Undyne, but is yellow. She’s shy and introverted, mainly wanting to curl up with a book.

Papyrus is their godfather and they enjoy spending time with him when he babysits (although there’s several times they find Aqua has disappeared and has raided Sans’s giant library. “Ugh… Uncle Sans has books that even Mama doesn’t have! Like this fascinating one on the mating rituals of ducks! Did you know a male duck has a corkscrew pen—” “AQUA!”)

The Dogs all ended up in various forms of police work and protection (guards, bouncers, etc.) except for Lesser. Since his paw never fully healed after the bunny sentry injured it, he became a therapy dog to calm kids down and frequented hospitals and doctor offices. Undyne employed his help a few times.

Mettaton did become quite famous on the surface, especially once he got his upgraded body. He reconciled with Napstablook and always had an event for a new album or DVD at Blooky’s music store (which also helped with Grillby’s and Muffet’s businesses as well.)

Sans and Papyrus made sure to buy a nice house for the three, with spacious rooms and a nice kitchen. Upon both Papyrus and Frisk’s suggestion, Sans took the bedroom that faced the opposite end of where his room in the Snowdin house was. Sans still occasionally got nightmares and the two wanted to prevent Sans from panicking that he was back underground by any means. So Frisk took the bedroom that Sans wanted, which looked exactly like his in Snowdin, just so the skeleton wouldn’t freak out if he got bad.

Life is pretty normal for the three at home. Papyrus drops Frisk off at school before driving to the restaurant, Sans comes in to work later and only leaves to pick up Frisk from school if the restaurant isn’t too busy, or calls to have them be picked up if it is. On weekends, they usually try to plan something if both skeletons are off from work.

While Papyrus had several flings over the years, he finally found a kindred with Mettaton. Their relationship isn’t dating or friends with benefits per se, both don’t really know what to call what they have. They’ve narrowed it down to “finally being with a monster that understands and is able to relax from being at the top and not having everyone demand things from you constantly.”

Sans, at first had wanted to maybe find another parent for Frisk since everyone he cared about was in some sort of relationship and he felt it unfair to Frisk, and went on many unsuccessful dates with women and men, monster and human alike, before Frisk finally sat him down and told him they didn’t mind him being their only parent and to not force himself to find a companion when it was clearly obvious he didn’t want one. Sans was very grateful for Frisk’s input. Even in the Underground, he wasn’t one for wanting to be with anyone. (basically Sans is an Ace. He claims it’s just because he has a lot of baggage that he doesn’t want to dump on a potential lover, but after Alphys sat him down and told him there was a term and description for what he felt, he felt better about not being in a relationship like everyone else.)
Here's my Tumblr in case you want to shout at me. I reblog a lot of Undertale, Tokusatsu, and various random stuff.

http://riddlepanda.tumblr.com/

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!