Babysitting Multiple Skele-bros

by msabnormal

Summary

You and your little bro got kicked out of your apartment. Your new monster friend helped you find a place. Now you live with skeleton brothers. Not until a successful breakthrough, you now live with multiple skeleton brothers from different alternate universes until they find a way to get back home. An arduous task it is.

Alternate Title: Alternate versions of the skele-bros are taking over your universe because Sans can't keep his freaking curiosity to himself.

Season 1 (1-57): finished
Season 2 (58-?): ongoing
Humans are fucking assholes

Chapter Summary

You and your lil bro got kicked out of your apartment. You met a new monster friend and got invited for a monster dinner party.

Chapter Notes

dis is my first fanfic, no hate pls. haha. anyway, i've had this idea for quite some time now. i just need to write it. and i’m apologizing for my future chapters because i don't usually edit my chapters. hope you like it!

You just got kicked out of your apartment. Apparently, not paying for the rent for 3 months and trying to get pity by using your little brother wasn’t working anymore. The job at the coffeehouse was just enough to pay for your bro’s tuition fee at school and to feed both of your stomachs twice a day.

It was nearing November, the chilly weather was finally coming. Unfortunately for the two of you, there’d be nothing to keep the both of you warm for the night. Your little bro reached up to grab your hand, trying to make himself a bit warmer. You just got to ruin everything, don’t you?

“Sorry Mark. Guess we’ll sleep at the park for tonight. I’ll try to find someplace to live before sunset though,” you told your brother. He smiled warmly at you.

“It’s ok, sis. It’s my fault why we got kicked out. I shouldn’t have pushed myself to study. I know you don’t make too much money but I’m just too stubborn.” Normally, your brother would make snarky remarks about how you’re such a weakling, but he’s trying to lighten you up now. You can’t help but feel like you’re doing a shitty job at taking care of yourself and your little brother.

And he’s like what, 8? You’re only 20, but you’re already struggling. Too young. Far too young. If only you hadn’t left---

No. No, it’s a good thing you left. You don’t know if you can stand the beating anymore, much less if they hurt your little brother. You try to convince yourself that this is a good idea.

“You’re thinking about them again,” your little bro stated, clearly unimpressed. “I’ve told you many times, sis. I’d rather be dead than live with them,” he spat. And it’s not like your parents care that both of you took off. They were probably celebrating.

You both walked hand in hand to the park. The first time you left, you both slept at the bench in the park. When you found a job that was desperate for any help, you found a place to live. The rent was cheap, the room was small but it was ok. Everything was tolerable. Not until your little brother wanted to go back to school. And you know that he’s right. So you gathered your savings from your little job so you could send him off to school. And now, you’re trying so hard to balance everything but the money just isn’t enough.
But you don’t want him to blame himself. He needs to go to school. You would’ve sent him off whether he likes it or not.

You arrived at the park. You placed down your backpack that was full from both of your stuff at a random bench. It was nearing sunset. Your little bro decided to sit down and take a nap while you try to think of ways to solve your problem.

The park was a weird sight for you. Well, that’s because you’ve never seen so much monsters in one place. Truthfully, there were only a few monsters that you can count them all on your fingers, but there were no humans in sight. Humans are fucking assholes. It’s obvious they were avoiding them.

So yeah, only you and your little bro were the only humans in the park. Not until some group of thugs suddenly came as if to find trouble. They were snickering to themselves, not amused that the monsters dominated the park.

They went to the nearest monster. It was a yellow lizard (?) wearing glasses and a lab coat. She looked terrified when the thugs walked up to her.

“Go back to the hell you fucking came from!” One of the guys lifted her up and you were panicking because the monster looked so frightened that she might pass out. Oh god, humans are fucking assholes.

You walked up to them, basking in confidence that you never had. “Hey assholes!” you yelled. They all turned to you. And you were stripped of the confidence. They glared and you wanted to pray that you don’t die after this encounter. “I called the c-cops. They should be here any minute now,” you added, but this time, your voice was much softer.

Damn, if you weren’t such a coward.

The guy holding up the monster tsked before throwing her back down at the ground. You gasped as you raced down to help the monster. “Better watch your back, missy,” the guy hissed and you attempted not to flinch at his terrifying tone. Fortunately for you, they left the park in a hurry. Huh, at least they’re still scared of the police.

“Hey, are you ok? Oh my god, I’m so sorry,” you told the monster. You helped her stand up and tried to dust off the dirt from her coat.

She tried to smile but it looked like a grimace. “W-why are y-you saying sorry f-for them?” she asked, clearly confused. “I-it wasn’t y-you that t-tried to hurt me.”

“Well, it’s because humans are fucking assholes and I’m ashamed that I’m one of them,” I said through gritted teeth.

She smiled easily now. “T-thank y-you. I’m so g-glad that humans l-like you still exists.”

“No problem. I’ve had my fair share of human assholes so I’m glad to be of help,” you said.

“You’re so kind!” she gushed and you almost blushed. It’s the first time you’ve received a genuine compliment. Then she looked all awkward and shy again. “I’m A-alphys.”

“Nice to meet you, Alphys. I’m Y/N.”

“I-is it ok if I i-invite you over for d-dinner? I mean, y-you’re the first human I-i’ve m-made friends with,” she said shyly with her head bowed down. She’s really nice.
“Oh! Well, I’ll be grateful if you’ll have me over!” Mainly because there’s only enough money in your bag for maybe one night in a cheap motel. It sucks but if it’s better than sleeping in this park, then it’ll have to do. And also, free food! You’ll have enough money to cover your food for tomorrow. “Actually... I have my little brother with me. Is it ok if he comes too?”

“I-i’ll be g-glad to!” she said happily.

A car suddenly stopped over next to us and the window rolled down. You were amused when you saw a fish lady driving the car. Another monster. Wow. “Hey babe!” the fish lady called out. You shot Alphys a surprised grin.

“Is that your girlfriend or something?” you whispered. She flushed red but nodded anyway. You then grinned at the fish lady.

“U-undyne... this is Y/N. S-she saved m-me from a group of humans e-earlier,” Alphys said to Undyne. Monsters have weird names.

Undyne looked pissed. “Where are they?! Did they hurt you!?” she practically screamed.

“I’m o-okay! Y/N helped me. I invited h-her over for dinner. Is it ok?” Alphys said. Undyne sank back down into her seat, partly relieved.

“I’ll gladly serve anyone who saved my girlfriend!” she said with a toothy grin. She looked at you. “So, punk. Is it ok if I already invited over some monsters for dinner?” she asked you.

“Well, you’ve only just met me so who am I to complain?” you said with a shrug.

“I like you already, punk! Hop on!” Undyne said.

“Wait! I’ll go get my brother!” you told them before running off to your lil bro still fast asleep. You decided to carry him and then picked up your backpack before running back to the car. Alphys was already seated at the passenger seat. You slid at the back of the car, your brother stirring in his sleep.

The car drove off. “So, what’s with the bag, punk?” You decided not to tell Undyne you have a freaking name.

“Oh. Eh, truthfully... We got kicked out of our home. This is our stuff.” They looked genuinely surprised from the mirror.

“S-so you d-don’t have a h-home? W-where will y-you sleep?” Alphys said worriedly.

“Well, we would have slept at the park...” you trailed off.

“That’s horrible! Hey babe, why don’t we ask Sans? Weren’t they looking for roommates?” Undyne said to Alphys.

“W-well y-yeah. We’ll n-need to introduce Y/N to t-them. I hope t-they’ll take t-them,” Alphys replied.

“Course they will! Papyrus wouldn’t let the human who saved your life to sleep in the streets!” Undyne said. This made you relieved for a bit.

You turned to your brother, brushing off the stray hairs off his face as he lay asleep. He’s gonna be sleeping in a bed tonight if you’re both lucky. You’re praying that this Sans and Papyrus would gladly take you into their home.
The car stopped, unfortunately. You were worried that you’d leave a bad impression but you tried to calm yourself. For you and your little bro. Anyway, if you did leave a bad impression, you can use your bro to guilt-trip them. It always works. Only for a while. But it will buy you time.

“We’re here! Oh look, the queen’s here!” Undyne said as she turned off the car engine. She hopped off the car, leaving the three of you. You nudged your brother awake. Alphys waited for you.

“I-i hope y-you won’t f-feel too a-alone. Most of o-our guests are monsters,” she said. Your brother finally sat up and yawned while stretching.

“Oh no. It’s ok. Mark here is a big fan of monsters. And also, I wouldn’t say no to free food,” you said with a smile. Mark rubbed his eyes before opening them. He just noticed that you were in a car and there was a monster outside the door.

“Oh golly!” he suddenly exclaimed, ecstatic to see Alphys. Alphys was embarrassed. “Look Y/N! It’s a monster!”

“I know, sweetie. This is Alphys. Alphys, this is my little brother Mark,” you introduced.

“I-it’s v-ery nice to m-meet you Mark,” Alphys said.

“You too!” Mark said as he jumped.

“Alphys here just invited us for dinner. Now, I hope you’ll be in your best behavior. They have other guests. And they’re also monsters.”

Mark looked like he wanted to jump out of the car at this moment. You laughed. Yep, he’s excited to meet monsters. You let him hopped off the car and meet the monsters that were already in the house. You reached out to grab the backpack and slid them on before getting out.

“We have this k-kind of dinner p-party o-once a month. We r-rarely see each o-other since w-we all found our own places to live a-after the barrier b-broke,” Alphys said as you both walked down to her house. “Frisk was t-the one that s-suggested in the f-first place. It’s just a s-small gathering o-of our friends. And s-since you’re my f-first human friend, I’m g-glad you c-can come.”

You smiled. “That’s sweet of you Alphys. I’m excited to meet your friends.”

When you reached the open front door, some child went running out to hug Alphys. They were adorable. You think they might get along with your little brother.

“H-hi Frisk! This is Y/N! S-she’s my friend!”

Frisk looked at you with a happy grin. It looks like she’s happy to meet you.

“Hey there Frisk.” They were the monster-savior. Yep, it was a child that was probably the same age as Mark. This little guy saved a whole race and you can’t even save yourself. You felt partly envious but happy.

They grabbed your hand as they pulled you into the house. You looked back at Alphys who looked happy that you were getting along just fine. You looked around the house. There were a few monsters strewn about. You look around for your brother to see him talking to a tall skeleton.

Frisk pulled you to a soft-looking goat lady.

“Hello there, child,” she said. You bit your lower lip as you tried to stop yourself from telling her that
you’re not a child anymore. “You must be that human Undyne is telling me about. You saved Alphys from a group of bad humans, right?”

You nodded. “Well, humans are---“ You were about to say fucking assholes but this goat lady gave you some parent-vibe and wouldn’t like it if you swore in front of her. “---sometimes jerks.”
Sanstastic!

Chapter Summary

You met the skelebros. You tasted delicious foods you would never had tasted if you hadn’t met them.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Toriel smiled at you, probably approving your choice of words. “Well, dear, I hope we can get to know you more. There aren’t a lot of humans like you,” she said with a soft voice. “If you have the time, please visit me and Frisk. Frisk can get lonely sometimes and they would love your company.”

You tried not to get excited too much but you think your big grin gave it away anyway. “Sure! I’d love to play with Frisk!” you said while looking back at Frisk who beamed at you. She signed something quickly, but you don’t understand sign language. You creased your eyebrows, completely confused.

“She said to bring your brother,” Toriel translated. “Oh, is that little child there your brother?” she asked, mildly surprised. “He’s a real sweetheart.”

You turned to look at your brother and saw that he was hanging out with Alphys and Undyne. Undyne noticed your gaze and she grinned widely. And now, she’s coming towards you. Uh-oh, what does she want now?

“Yeah he is. He’s a big fan of monsters,” you told Toriel.

“Lovely! He and Frisk might get along! Why don’t you go and befriend him Frisk?” Toriel looked at Frisk expectantly. Frisk seemed to shy away from the attention. Toriel gave a little gasp. “Oh! You’re too shy? Well, that’s a first, my child,” Toriel said as she laughed heartily.

“Looks like someone has a little crush on my brother,” you teased and Frisk blushed while shaking their head no.

“Hey dork! Come over here!” Undyne finally reached you, swinging her arm over your shoulders. You struggled to balance yourself and almost fell from Undyne’s sudden weight. She looked heavier than you expected. Or maybe you’re just too weak. “I need to introduce you to the skele-bros! I’m sure you’ll get along with ‘em!”

You looked back at Toriel with an apologetic expression but she just waved her hand at you. You saw Frisk trailing behind you and Undyne. You shot them a teasing wink but they just stuck their tongue out at you.

“Hey! Hey Sans! This is the human I’m talking to you about! The one that saved my girlfriend! Yeah, this is her!” You almost wanted to shove your hand in Undyne’s mouth. She was talking too loud and now everyone’s looking in your direction now. You tried to keep your head down. You’re not too fond of attention.

Mark went up to you as he grabbed your hand with his little fingers. “Lookie, Y/N! The skeleton
“brothers are awesome!” he said excitedly while bouncing giddily.


He looked at you with a blank expression. “Yes.”

“Ouch!” you said while caressing your chest. “That hurts my sweet little bro.”

“Shut up. You’re embarrassing me,” he hissed and you only laughed.

“so this is her, huh?” Your gaze went to look at the skeleton bros now in front of you. One was taller. Goddamn he’s too tall. It intimidates you. While the other was shorter. Maybe one head shorter than you. Well, at least you’re not the smallest in the room.

“HUMAN! I AM ETERNALLY GRATEFUL THAT YOU SAVED MY FRIEND! I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WOULD LIKE TO BE YOUR FRIEND, TOO!” You almost jumped when the taller skeleton spoke. His voice was... loud. Louder than Undyne. But you smiled at him anyway.

“I’d like to be friends with you, Great Papyrus,” you said, mimicking his tone.

He beamed at you happily and you couldn’t help but feel glad that you just made someone happy. “WOWIE! I HAVE ANOTHER HUMAN FRIEND! SANS, DID YOU HEAR THAT? THE HUMAN SAID SHE’D LIKE TO BE MY FRIEND!” he said excitedly. You cooed mentally. The taller skeleton may seem intimidating at first but now he’s just plain adorable.

“she must be feeling pretty bonely if she agreed to be your friend so easily,” the smaller skeleton joked. Papyrus looked so offended as he stared at Sans, you presumed. But wait, did he just make a pun? You laughed quietly behind your hand. Mark was also giggling at his joke.

Sans looked quite pleased with himself when he noticed the two of you laughing.

“SANS, PLEASE STOP WITH YOUR JOKES. THIS IS NOT THE TIME FOR THAT,” Papyrus said, feinting anger. You realize he’s still smiling despite his attempts to stop Sans from joking.

“aww, don’t lie paps. you love my jokes. i can feel it in my bones.”

Papyrus loudly groaned while you tried not to laugh too hard. Undyne was watching, unamused. She must be pretty used to Sans’ jokes. But Frisk was quietly laughing, too.

Sans turned to you. “Ok, I’ll stop. My name’s Sans. This is Papyrus.” Papyrus and Undyne looked relieved. Ok, no more funny business then? You were enjoying his jokes, tibia honest.

“I’m Y/N. This is my little brother, Mark. Eh... I don’t know if Undyne already told you this but...”

Undyne suddenly cut you off. “Oh right! These dorks needs a home! Weren’t you looking for roommates?”

Papyrus suddenly jumped in. “WE WOULD LOVE IF THE HUMANS WILL STAY WITH US! THE HOUSE IS PRETTY QUIET BECAUSE SANS IS ALWAYS WORKING AND I’M LEFT TO GUARD THE HOUSE!”

You look at Sans and he looked pretty regretful when he heard what Papyrus said.

“That’s settled then, punks!” Undyne said as she slapped your back. Hard. You flinched but Undyne ignored you. Frisk only gave you a pitied smile while Mark quietly laughed at your pain. “I’m going
to hang with my girl. Have fun!” Undyne left the five of you to talk.

You coughed awkwardly when nobody spoke in the first ten seconds. “So, how much?”

Papyrus seemed to left quietly with Mark and Frisk and you were left with Sans to talk about how much you’ll pay for the rent and many other related things.

Sans looked confused for a second before getting the idea. “oh no. it’s ok kid. you can stay for free.”

You must have looked so surprised when Sans raised his eyebrow... bonebrow. Wait, what? How???

“Are you fucking kidding me? You’re letting us stay for free? Why?” You wished that you found these skele-bros earlier. Maybe the money you lost for the overpriced place you rented should have went to your savings.

Sans shrugged. “paps wanted company. you’ll provide him with it, right? i just feel bad that i’m not always around for him, y’know? ever since alphys fixed that broken machine, i’ve been visiting her place often so i could take a look at it. it’s been such a long time since that machine worked, kid. i don’t want to miss anything.”

Ah. So it’s some science thingy that you wouldn’t understand. He must have been waiting for it his whole life. You understand now. At least you try to.

“and also, undyne said you’re struggling for money. and since you’re a rare, kind human, i guess i’ll do you a favor, y’know?” he said while grinning. Actually, he seems to be always grinning.

“Oh god, you’re too nice! Thank you so much! You don’t know how much this means to me!” you gushed and you swore you saw him blush. Skeletons blush blue? Okay then. “But if I ever had the money, I’ll pay you ok? I don’t want us to be freeloaders.”

“sure whatever kid.”

And now you noticed that he calls you kid, too. What, are you really young compared to them? Well, maybe monsters age slowly. They could be a hundred years old. You don’t know much about them except that they were stuck underground since the war and they have magic. Yep, magic that didn’t exist until they showed up.

You yelped when a soft hand touched your shoulder. Gosh, you’re too jumpy today. You turn around to see Toriel. “Hello Sans. Mind if I borrow Y/N for a bit?”

You noticed Sans’ different reaction. He seemed to light up a bit when he saw Tori. How cute!

“sure thing tori. be sure to bring her back tho, paps has a tendon-cy to get bone-ly.”

You chuckled at the puns. He’s good. “Your puns makes no sans,” you told him.

He looked surprised but he gave off a deep laugh. “good one, kiddo. im sure paps will appreciate that im rubbing off on ya.”

You grinned, feeling proud of yourself for thinking of that pun.

“Ok, enough of the horrible puns. Leave us abone for a minute, Sans, will you?” Toriel said. Sans nodded as he strolled away. You were still giggling from the jokes when Toriel turned to you. “My child, I have heard from Alphys that you are struggling for money.”
You tried not to sweat too much. This is kind of embarrassing for you. Hearing them say that you have no money feels like you’re not doing a great job. It demotivates you but you’re sure that Toriel didn’t mean to make you feel that way. It was the truth anyway. You nodded to confirm.

She smiled at you. “My dear, does Mark go to school?”

Ah. So it’s this kind of conversation. You feel your throat dry but you answered anyway. “H-he is. But I don’t think he can enroll for the next schoolyear. I’ll have t-to find a new job to---”

“If that’s the case, I’d be happy if you would enroll him in my school,” she said warmly.

“Y-you’re a principal?” you asked, surprised.

She laughed. “Yes, dear. I’ll be glad to have Mark for the next schoolyear.”

“Wait, like I told you... I don’t have money...” you trailed off. Your heart aches now. It feels like you’re not doing a good job of raising your baby bro.

“For free of course,” she added and you felt tears stinging your eyes. Monsters are so unbelievably kind. They deserve to live up here peacefully. Some humans don’t. “Oh child... have I offended you? I’m very sorry.” She was surprised when the tears rolled down your face.

You wiped it away, laughing as you shake your head no. “No, no. I’m just so happy. You guys are so nice... I don’t—I don’t think we deserve it...”

You can feel her warm embrace. Her fur was soft against your skin. You felt like you were hugging a life-size teddy bear. You immediately felt calm as she caressed your back, whispering sweet words into your ear. You haven’t felt this feeling before. This may be the first time that you were able to feel a parent’s loving hold.

It was nice. It felt really nice. It made you tear up again.

“Don’t say that you don’t deserve it, child. You deserve more than what the world is giving you. You are a wonderful person and you deserve the most wonderful things. I’m happy to help you, my dear. Shh, come, let us stop the tears, shall we?”

The tears stopped but you continued to feel eternal gratitude for these amazing people. You wonder why they’re stuck with such selfish humans that only wanted everything for themselves. No, these monsters deserve more.

“Thank you so much,” you whispered to her over and over. She gently stroked your hair and you immediately loved the feeling. No one ever stroked your hair before.

“Come. I have baked some delicious pie for our guests. I think it’s time we bring it out,” Toriel said as she held your hand. She guided you to the kitchen, calling all the monsters (and humans) as you headed there.

Now, all the monsters in the house were seated at the dining table. It was filled with various foods. Some delicious-looking pie, spaghetti, some hotdogs and hotcats (?), hamburgers and many more that you couldn’t name. There was also tea that smelled so lovely. You took a bit of everything into your plate. It was piled full and Sans was eyeing you.

You only shrugged.

You hadn’t realized you were so hungry until you saw all these food served on the table. When you
took a bite off the pie, you made a delicious noise that took everybody’s attention. It tastes heavenly! You haven’t eaten food like this since... forever!

You were glad you met these wonderful monsters. And you were also glad you had a chance to eat these foods that you were sure you would never ever taste. Ever.

Even Mark was overwhelmed by the food. Halfway through your food, he was already having his second serving. You couldn’t help but feel bad that this is the first time that your little bro had a taste of this kind of food.

“Do you like it, my child?” Toriel looked at you expectantly.

“Yes!! It’s fantastic!”

“you mean sanstastic?”

You laughed heartily as everyone chorused groans.

Chapter End Notes

im so happy of the attention that this story got. geez, you guys make me blush.
This isn't a dream right?

Chapter Summary

You big goodbye to your friends. You experienced teleporting with Sans.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Thanks so much for inviting us, Alphys.” You have said those words so many times to her but you actually didn’t care. You wanted to express your gratitude to her and this is the only way you can think of without having to spend money. Well, if everything goes right in the future, maybe you could thank them with gifts. That you spent. With your own money. Because you have savings.

“It’s no p-problem, Y/N. And thanks to you, too. I-i don’t know what might’ve h-happen if you didn’t s-show up,” she said with an adorable grin. Undyne suddenly showed up by her side, wrapping her arm around her girlfriend. Alphys blushed deeply.

“That’s right punk! Thanks for standing up for us! You’re not so bad!” Undyne said.

“Wait, she did? You did? Why didn’t I know that?” Mark whined. “There’s no way you would have stand up against some tough-looking guys!”

You nudged him away. “Shut up, Mark,” you hissed. He stuck his tongue out at you while rubbing his shoulder that you hit. “Well, I’m not a big fan of bullies,” you said while shrugging.

Toriel appeared holding Frisk’s hand. “This is really nice, Alphys, Undyne. Your home has such a nice atmosphere. Thank you for having us over,” she said. Frisk signed happily. You guessed they said thank you.

“No problem, Toriel! We’re happy you could come! Although invite Asgore next time, yeah?” Undyne said. “You’re very welcome Frisk! Visit us anytime you want, okay, punk?”

Toriel expression fell at the mention of Asgore but she quickly became impassive. Frisk nodded vigorously at Undyne. Toriel then turned to you.

“Y/N, we are happy that we met you. Take care of yourself, child. And I know you’ll have a great time with the skeleton brothers. Do not worry, I know that they will not harm you. You are in safe hands,” she said with a gentle smile. You reached towards her to give her a hug. She was surprised but she hugged you back. “Oh, dear! You love hugs, don’t you?”

“I just... don’t get hugs much often from my parents,” you whispered, hoping that Mark wouldn’t hear you. You could feel Toriel’s fuzzy arms slackened by your words.

“If you want to, I’m always here for you to hug, my dear,” she said softly and it warmed your heart. You were the first one to pull away. “That goes the same to you, Mark.” Mark beamed at Toriel while giving her a quick hug. She laughed while stroking back Mark’s short, black hair.

“Thank you, Tori. Take care,” you said. She nodded at you. Frisk tugged at your shirt sleeve. Laughing softly, you bent so you are of equal height. “Hey kid. See you next time, ok? It’s really
nice to meet the savior of the monsters,” you teased.

Frisk blushed at this and they went forward to hug you. You patted their back softly. You pulled away and then stood up properly. You watched as Frisk tackled Mark into a hug. You smirked when your little bro flushed deeply.

“Howdy Toriel! Howdy Frisk!”

You waved them goodbye as they started walking down the sidewalk.

“so, you ready to go kid?” Sans appeared with his brother. You nodded at him.

You noticed Mark walking to Papyrus and reached up to him. You heard Papyrus go ‘nyeh heh heh’ as he carried your little brother onto his shoulders. Mark grabbed Papyrus’ smooth skull so he wouldn’t fall. You crossed your arms as you glared at your brother.

“Mark, you’re too old for that,” you told him. He stuck his tongue at you.

“you jealous, bud? i can carry you if you want.” You fought down the blush that wanted to creep to your face at Sans’ line.

“Ha ha, no thanks. I think I’m too heavy for you,” you said pointedly.

“good for you, pal. you’re a part of those people that doesn’t like food going to waist.”

You processed what he said for a minute before realizing the joke. You heard Mark’s giggle and Papyrus’ complaints about his bro’s horrible puns. Gah, sometimes you’re just too slow.

You grinned widely at him. “Yeah, I’m actually on a see food diet,” you stated. They all looked confused. Mark looked unimpressed.

“What?”

“I wasn’t finished! Y’know, when I see food, I eat it.”

“WOWIE! THAT’S A HORRIBLE JOKE, TALLER HUMAN!” Papyrus chided. Undyne snorted loudly while Alphys just shook her head. Mark looked impressed now. You’re very proud of the pun that you just remembered you saw on the internet. Sans was the only one laughing loudly.

“good one, kid! im proud of ya.”

“SANS! STOP INFLUENCING THE HUMANS WITH YOUR TERRIBLE JOKES! LOOK AT WHAT IS HAPPENING! YOUR DISEASE IS SPREADING!”

You laughed. Truth be told, Paps found your and Sans’ puns amusing. Why lie about it?

“Okay dorks,” Undyne started. “You should keep going, don’t cha think? It’s getting pretty dark! And your place is a bit far from here!”

“You just wanna spend time with your girlfriend,” Mark stated.

“HEY!” Undyne hissed, glaring at Mark. Then she instantly calmed down. “That’s actually true. Get outta here. You’re wasting the time I should be spending with my babe.”

“U-undyne!” Alphys protested, flushing deep red. “T-thanks for coming guys! We really a-appreciate it. Take care of the humans, okay Sans?”
Sans nodded. You all went out to the front door. You waved goodbye for the last time before the front door closed.

You didn’t realize that you were pretty tired after all that’s happened. Carrying your bag with one hand, you trailed behind the three. You smiled tiredly as you saw Mark enjoying himself while talking to the skeletons.

“you ok kid?”

Sans fell back a little so he could walk with you.

“Yeah. Just tired. It’s been a long day, you know,” you breathe. “I’m very lucky to meet all of you. You guys are really great.”

“you’re pretty great yourself, buddy. any human that will gladly stand up for any monster is great,” Sans said timidly, his grin widening.

“I’m just tired of the bullshits, y’know? Everybody should be treated equally. I’m so tired that humans are too selfish and conceited, thinking that they’re superior to monsters. When in fact, you guys can wipe us all out, can’t you? You have magic. We have nothing,” you babbled. It’s really great that you have now someone to talk to about these things.

They may be the first true friends you ever had in your entire life.

“that’s not true. humans have determination. it’s powerful than our magic,” he mumbled.

“Really?” you said even though you weren’t actually listening. The exhaustion is creeping into your system and you struggled to keep awake. You rubbed your eyes wearily. Your energy was just plain drained out right now.

Sans noticed this. “heh. you look pretty bone-tired kiddo. you ok?”

You didn’t answer. You didn’t even notice that he was speaking. You almost tripped and it scared you awake, only for a little while. “Huh? You were saying something?” you slurred.

Sans laughed. He found you pretty cute while you were struggling to keep yourself awake. He took pity on you when your eyes were half-open while walking.

“hey paps. me and the human are gonna take a shortcut. is that alright?”

“JUST DON’T DROP HER, SANS!” Papyrus’ said without looking back at him.

“sure thing bro.”

He wrapped his bony fingers around your hand. The next moment, you were lying down on a soft bed. Your stomach did a twist and you sat up, surprised when you found yourself inside a room.

“relax kid. we just took a shortcut. you look pretty bone-tired so i thought i could be a buddy and help you out.” You found Sans sitting at the foot of the bed.

Well if you weren’t awake earlier, you sure are awake now. You scoffed, “Lame. You just used that one.”

He shrugged. “hey, i can’t come up with everything, can i? so, you feeling ok?”

You sighed and nodded, running a hand to your face. “Yeah. I feel more awake now. I mean, we
just freaking teleported---“ You realized just now. “Oh. My. God. We freaking teleported! That’s so awesome!” you said excitedly.

Sans liked your enthusiasm. “nothing i can’t do,” he said smugly. “why don’t you rest? paps and your bro would be here any minute now.”

You shook your head. “I can’t sleep without Mark. I’m just gonna wait for them.” Sans nodded but he didn’t leave you alone.

You decided to look around your room. It was pretty plain. It’s got this twin-sized bed and a closet. There’s also a small drawer beside the bed. Other than that, there’s no other furniture. This must be a guest room, you guessed.

“How many rooms do you have here?” you asked Sans.

“four. tori and frisk used to live with us until they decided to move out when tori became the principal. stuff like they found a house closer to the school and crap like that,” Sans explained.

Then you remembered the expression he showed when he saw Toriel. You shot him a teasing grin.

“why are you looking at me like that, kid?” he asked, but clearly he knows what’s up.

“You like Toriel, don’t you?” you teased. You noticed the faint blue blush on his cheekbones. Literally, cheekbones.

He shook his head no, though. “nah. tori’s a great friend but she’s getting back with the king of monsters. at least, that’s what i heard.”

“It’s okay, Sans. There are many fishes in the sea,” you chirped.

“i’ll reflect on your words, kid,” he said flatly. You were confused for a moment before you noticed that he was holding up a mirror on one of his hand. And you caught his left eye socket flashing blue before turning into that white pinprick of light that you guessed is his eye.

“Where did you get that mirror? Also, that’s very lame Sans.”

His grin widened. “magiiiiiic~” he said while waving his hand. “also, don’t lie to me. you like my ‘lame’ jokes.”

“Course I do! It must be because I’m pretty lame myself,” you said sheepishly while shrugging your shoulders.

“ey, that’s not true kid.”

You both turned quiet as you heard the front door noisily opened. “SANS! THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS HOME!” you heard Paps yell.

“we’re upstairs!” Sans yelled back. He stood up, dusting off imaginary dirt from his shorts. “heh. i wanna make a joke about sodium, but Na.”

You groaned. “Dude! That’s really lame! And also overused! Give credit to the owner, won’t you?”

He shrugged. “i saw it from my joke book. thought it would work.”

Papyrus kicked the door open. Or at least you thought he kicked it open. You jumped in surprise. Sans hardly flinched. He must be used to Paps’ behavior. It will take some time, but you hope you
can get used to it pretty soon. You don’t want to be jumpy all the time.

Paps gently grabbed your brother from his shoulders. You realized he was fast asleep. Guess you weren’t the only one who was tired from today’s events. You took your brother from Papyrus and laid him next to you.

“Thanks you guys,” you whispered.

“No problem, human!” Papyrus said quietly and you appreciated the he toned down his voice so he wouldn’t wake your brother. He then yawned. “Sans, let’s sleep too, shall we? I need my bedtime story.”

Oh my gosh, a bedtime story? Paps couldn’t be any cuter! You didn’t notice you were smiling at the two of them. Paps left the room first while Sans stayed for a little while.

“get plenty of rest kid. good night.”

“Good night Sans,” you said softly.

When he closed the door to your room, you fell back into the bed. You pinched yourself, hoping that this isn’t a dream. Yeah, it hurt. You sighed, thankful for the events that happened today. You might have gotten kicked out of your shitty apartment, but now, you found a new home. With new friends you thought you would never have. Friends who were willing to help you.

You sighed again, contentedly as you immediately drifted into a dreamless sleep.

Chapter End Notes

i need to establish reader's relationship with the classic skelebros before any other skelebros shows up heheh.
anyway, i'll appreciate it if you comment <3 thank youu.
Chapter Summary


Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You woke up early the next day. Even Mark was still asleep even though he wakes up earlier than you. Something must be bothering you then.

You screamed in surprise (you can’t help it) when you realized that you were in an unfamiliar room. This wasn’t your room. Where the heck are you?

Soon after, you remembered the dinner party. And the monsters. And that you are now living with the skeleton brothers. You immediately calmed down.

You slipped away from Mark and he stirred in his sleep. You cooed at him quietly. He looks like an angel when he’s asleep. You wished that he’ll always be asleep because he could be a snarky little demon when he’s awake. You gently got off the bed so you wouldn’t wake him up.

You opened the door to your room and stepped out. The house was still dark although some of the sun’s rays were shining through the window just beside your room. You looked outside, watching the sunrise in awe.

This is the first time you’ve watched the sunrise this calmly before. Firstly because you don’t usually wake up at this time. Secondly, you’ve been too preoccupied with your problems that you didn’t have time to watch this very scene. Thirdly, you don’t have a window.

Well, the third one pretty much explains everything.

You sighed contentedly.

“you must be very sad to be up early this mourning.”

You jumped at the voice. “Sans, what the fuck? Stop sneaking up on me like that!” you hissed. After that, you had time to appreciate his pun. Ha, you’re getting the hang of it now. Maybe you could even throw puns at Sans next time?

“sorry kid. you need to get used to this because i’ll be pretty much doing it every time.” He grinned sheepishly as walked next to you. You both stared out of the window, watching the slow rise of the sun. It was almost fully up, filling the sky with such wondrous colors you’d never appreciated before.

“I know,” you said with a smile. “We haven’t even been here for a day so...” you trailed off, not bothering to finish your sentence. “Hey, do you guys have coffee?” you asked.

Truthfully, you aren’t drinking coffee because you need to be awake. You’re a coffee-addict. You’re
drinking coffee for the heck of it. You’ve been used to the coffee’s magic wonders and now it doesn’t work on you anymore. Sucks, but you don’t usually need some waking up.

“yeah. i don’t usually make ‘em since i wake up latte.”

“Eh really? Then why are you awake now?” you asked, ignoring his pun.

“i actually heard you scream,” he said sheepishly.

You blushed a deep red and cleared your throat. “Oh. Sorry. I was surprised when I woke up in a stranger’s bed. I really have to get used to it,” you answered.

“oh. good. i thought something bad happened to ya.” He looked relieved.

The sun was fully up by now and the light is really making you annoyed so you stepped away from the window. Sans followed behind you.

You walk along a hallway, passing by the room you slept in, three more rooms until you reached the stairs. You walked down the stairs, trying to take everything in. The house is fairly decent. It has that distinct atmosphere that makes you feel comfortable. There was a couch, a coffee table and a TV in the living room. When you turned your head to the side, you can see the kitchen just beside.

“How do you like your coffee?” Sans asked as he suddenly appeared in front of you. You froze, hand in your chest as you tried to calm its beating.

“Damn it Sans!”

He shrugged, his grin widening. “oops, sorry.”

“I like it sweet,” you answered. Well actually, you like all kinds of coffee. But this particular one you’ve been craving for for quite a while.

“should i put all the sugar then?” he asked.

You rolled your eyes. “No. Ugh, just—just make my coffee like how you like yours,” you finally said, not wanting to explain anymore. Sans would probably put all the sugar just to annoy you.

He nodded and trotted off to the kitchen. You decided to sit on a couch while admiring the interior design of the house. Some sweet smell suddenly wafted its way onto your nose and you stood up as you turned to the kitchen. Wow. That smells amazing.

Sans appeared —teleported-- in front of you and you flinched. You glared at him. He’s doing this on purpose. He chuckled while handing a mug to you. You took it gladly and had a sip.

And oh my god, it tastes amazing! It’s not your ordinary delicious coffee. There’s something else in it. You glanced at Sans, briefly wondering what’s in it. Of course, he wiggled his fingers in front of you while blue sparks came out of his hand. Magic, duh.

You grinned widely, “Hey Sans. This is brewtiful!” you said while laughing unattractively. Yeah, you’re a suck-up.

He chuckled. “ya beat me to it, kiddo.”

You were almost done with your coffee when tiny footsteps echoed from upstairs. You saw your little brother running across the hallway, his eyes frantic as he looked around his surroundings. When his eyes found you, he instantly calmed down.
“Y/N! Not cool!” he whined while rubbing his eyes. You immediately felt guilty for leaving him alone.

“Sorry. Come ‘ere,” you said, putting your mug down a nearby table and motioning for your little brother to hug you. And he did, surprisingly enough. You carried him, stroking his back so he’d calm down. You hummed something familiar in the process.

Sans watched the two of you. He couldn’t help but feel delighted when he saw how much you cared for your little bro. Reminds him of, well, himself.

When Mark finally calmed down, he jumped off from your arms. Stretching, he yawned, “I’m hungry. Make me some food. Right now.”

You sighed. “We haven’t done any groceries yet, Mark.” You look at Sans who now seems to be annoyed at your younger bro for his sudden change of behavior. You ignored it, practically used to it by now. “Hey Sans, do you have eggs or something in your fridge?”

“huh? uh, yep. go check it out.”

“Mark, go and take a shower. Your clothes are in my backpack in the room. You’re gonna be late if you don’t hurry,” you said, briefly looking at Sans to ask him where the bathroom was. He expected your question and gazed at the door right beside the entrance of the kitchen. “The bathroom is over there.”

Mark grumbled something incoherently before dashing back upstairs to get his clothes.

You strolled towards the kitchen, Sans following you.

“you might want to wait for paps to wake up. he makes some pretty decent spaghetti. im sure he’ll make some for having befriending new humans. it’ll save you some trouble.”

“That would be great. I have a job at the coffeehouse after I drop off Mark at his school. It’s not for long though. It’s just for a few hours.”

As if on cue, a door upstairs slammed open with Papyrus’ booming voice echoing, “HELLO THERE LITTLE HUMAN! I SEE THAT YOU ARE AWAKE BEFORE ME, THE GREAT PAPYRUS! I USED TO BE THE FIRST ONE TO WAKE UP!” He bumped into your little brother while getting the bag out of your room.

When Papyrus entered the kitchen, he seemed genuinely surprised to see the both of you there. “SANS! WOWIE! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU’RE AWAKE AT THIS HOUR! THE HUMANS HAVEN’T EVEN BEEN HERE FOR A DAY AND YOU’RE ALREADY MAKING SOME CHANGE! GOOD FOR YOU, BROTHER! NYEH!”

Sans ignored what his bro just said. He cleared his throat. “hey paps, maybe you could make ‘em your special spaghetti for breakfast.”

Pap’s eyes seem to twinkle in delight. “SURE THING BROTHER! IT’LL BE READY IN NO TIME! I’LL MAKE SURE THAT I’LL MAKE IT EXTRA SPECIAL FOR MY NEW HUMAN FRIENDS!”

“That’ll be great, Papyrus! Thank you!” you gushed. You noted that Paps blush orange, for some strange reason. O...kay, then. You decided not to question anything.

You followed Sans out of the kitchen and he plopped down on the couch. You sat right beside him.
“can you make sure you’ll be here before 2? i head towards alphys’ at that time.”

“Sure thing, Sans,” you grinned. Sans really wanted to leave his brother some company. He must be feeling really guilty then. “When will you be back?”

He seems surprised at your question. It’s the first time someone has asked him that. Nobody really cared. Papyrus just always complains that he comes home very late.

“well, uh. that depends actually. sometimes i go home really early, around 6 and sometimes i stay over at alphys’ when something interesting happens.”

Ah. Okay, then.

“hey, i can bring mark home if you want. i’ll stop by his school at noon.”

Your eyes widened. “Really? That’s great!” The light in your eyes dimmed, “but... it’s really too much. I feel like I owe you so much. I don’t like it.” You felt like you’re taking advantage of your new friends.

Sans appreciated what you said. He was beginning to trust you now. You were different from the other humans. He was skeptical at first but as he gets to know you better, he realized that you’re not like them.

“if a lazybones like me offers to take your lil bro home, you might want to agree. it’s not often i do things like this, kid.”

You smiled at him gratefully. “Thank you Sans. I really appreciate it.”

The smell of spaghetti drifted inside the whole house. Mark just finished showering so you grabbed your stuff and took it to the bathroom. You groaned when you realized that you have no clean shirts. You haven’t done laundry, which is a big deal because you only own 3 shirts and you’re already wearing one. The jeans you’re wearing are already used but you know you can use it more than 2 times.

You poke your head out. “Hey Sans! Do you have any shirt that I can wear?”

He lifted his head from the couch, looking at you incredulously. “what?”

“Eh, I don’t have clean clothes for now. I’ll wash them later. I have nothing to wear. Do you have any shirt that might fit me?”

He seemed to finally understand your situation as he disappeared from the couch. Can’t he walk like a proper... monster? Gosh, he doesn’t have to teleport every time he needs to go somewhere. He is a lazybones.

You stripped off your clothes. You stepped in the shower, turning on the water.

“hey kid, here’s—“ He froze. You pulled the curtains quickly to shield your... naked body. This can’t be happening.

“Oh my freaking god, Sans!” you yelled. The blush on your face can’t be stopped now. You’re grateful the curtains are hiding you now. Oh god, he just saw you naked. “That’s why there’s things called doors and knocking, you know! Geez, don’t just teleport anywhere!”

You didn’t notice how Sans’ whole face was flushed blue since the curtain was now blocking your
view from the rest of the bathroom. He felt so embarrassed for teleporting. This is the first time he regretted having this kind of power. His chest was heaving upwards and downwards, like he was catching his breath. Although skeletons don’t have lungs.

“sorry, kid. i-i’ll just leave the shirt here.” Sans left the shirt on the dry sink. Then he teleported out of the bathroom and into his room. I don’t think he can show his face to you ever again.

You sighed deeply, noticing that his presence was gone. You peek from the curtains just in case. Trying to calm your beating heart, you continued showering. It was an accident. you’ll let it slide. For once. You just hoped he wouldn’t do it again.

You finished and you grabbed a towel from your backpack. You dried your hair the best that you can using a towel and then dried out the rest of your body. You pulled out fresh underwear from your bag. Eh, you really need to do your laundry. This is your last piece of clean underwear.

Slipping on your used jeans and the t-shirt that Sans gave you, you were pleased. The shirt was just a size bigger than you, but it was okay. You don’t like fitted shirts anyway. You noticed the text on the shirt. It said, ‘I hope you find this humerus’.

Of course, shirts with printed puns on them.

You chuckled softly before going out of the bathroom.

“TALLER HUMAN! THE SPAGHETTI IS FINISHED! EAT IT BEFORE IT GETS COLD! I’M SURE THAT YOU WILL SAVOR EVERY MOMENT BECAUSE I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, HAVE COOKED IT WELL!” Papyrus was wearing a chef’s hat on his head. It was adorable!

“Thank you Paps. Also you look good in that hat,” you said with a smile while heading for the kitchen. You found your lil bro already eating the spaghetti. You giggled before sitting in front one of the plates and started to dig in. It’s actually pretty good. Though he could do better.

“HUMAN, HAVE YOU SEEN SANS?” Paps asked. You froze mid-way and almost choked. Your brother noticed your reaction as he snickered.

“N-nope!” you answered before swallowing the spaghetti. You finished a little too fast. “Do you have your bag, Mark?”

“I left it at school. Let’s go, I’ll be late,” he whined while pulling your arm.

“Paps! I’ll be home soon, ok? Thanks for breakfast!” you yelled. Paps didn’t even have a chance to ask you how his spaghetti was because you were dashing out the front door.

Better make the most of this day.

Chapter End Notes

i really like writing this story. hehehe.
The Talk (yes, i suck at titles)

Chapter Summary

You had another chat with Sansy. heh.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It’s been weeks since you moved in the skelebro’s house. It’s really great and you’ve been having a great time hanging out with them. And with ‘them’, you mean just Papyrus. You have a wee bit problem with Sans. Sans was always gone. Always. You never see him in the morning and he’ll always arrive home some time in midnight when you were in bed. You were hoping you could talk to him again if you wake up early enough but it never happened. He does drop off your little brother at noon but he’ll always blip out of sight before you could even thank him. You catch them laughing sometimes before you appear and it just felt like you weren’t welcomed.

You two hadn’t had a proper conversation in weeks. Some hi’s and hello’s and even good morning’s but you never had any kind of talk other than that. Sometimes though, he stayed at the house. When Paps asked him why, he’ll just said that he’s too lazy to go out. And when you try to talk to him, he’ll always get himself distracted just so he wouldn’t talk to you. Saying “i think paps needs help in the kitchen” or “wait, paps just called me”.

He’s avoiding you. Something you might have done that may have offended him. Anyway, it’s your fault. You always wondered if you did something wrong but nothing came to mind. You really want to get to know him. You know Paps quite well by now and he’ll tell stories about Sans, but you want to hear stories that comes from him.

You decided that you’ll talk to him. Tonight. To settle the awkwardness between the two of you. He was off to Alphys’ again but you know that he’ll be home soon. It is past midnight. You have a hard time trying to stay awake though. You never try to stay awake this late.

You gently slid off the bed so you wouldn’t wake your little brother up. You rummaged through the closet. You have more clothes now which were a relief. Toriel invited you to go shopping yesterday. Apparently, you told her your ‘clothing problem’ and she insisted that you should go with her to buy stuff that you and your brother needs for basic hygiene.

And since you didn’t spend any money since you decided to move in with these skelebros, you had quite some extra that you could actually spend on important stuff.

“Found you!” you whispered quietly as you found the shirt that Sans lent you. Maybe this is the time to give it back to him. Or you’ll just use it as an excuse to talk to him. Works either way. Truth be told, you actually want to keep it.

You perked up when you heard the bed faintly squeaking from the room next to yours. He’s home. You’re glad that you have great hearing. You cracked open your door. The house was eerily quiet and dark. You slid outside and then closed the door gently, gripping the piece of clothing in your hand.
You breathed. Okay. Let’s do this. You tiptoed until you were right in front of Sans’ room. You knocked softly twice. You held your breath, suddenly feeling this wasn’t a good idea. There was no response.

You tried again. Twice. Still softly.

Nothing.

You sighed. Maybe he doesn’t want to talk or ever see your face again. Maybe you should just accept this kind of treatment.

You turned your back and was about to go back to your room when you heard him muttering, “who’s there?”

You froze. Wait, what? Uhm... uhm, okay. Think of something.

“Please.” Okay, not what you intended but whatever. You suck at making jokes.

He didn’t answer. “...please who?”

“Please open the door and let me in?” Yep. That wasn’t even a joke. You suck.

It worked though. He opened the door and it revealed a very exhausted version of him without his hoodie. He looked really tired and now you’re guilty that you wanted to talk to him. His grin faltered when he saw your worried gaze.

“that wasn’t even a joke, bud,” he said while chuckling. It sounded empty.

You cracked a smile. “You look horrible.” You almost wanted to beat yourself up. Ugh, why do these words slip out of your mouth before you can stop them? “Are you ok? Did I bother you? I’ll just... go.” You turned around to go back to your room but you feel his bony fingers wrapping around your wrist.

“no. sorry, kid. i’m just tired.” He noticed you were holding his shirt. “took you a long time to give that back, huh?”

You stopped and smiled sheepishly. “Yeah, sorry.”

His head tilted to the side, motioning you to come inside his room. “come in.”

Your heart thumped in your chest. OK. You two are definitely gonna talk now. And now that you’re thinking about it, you forgot why you were here in the first place.

His room was dark, but moonlight was shining through his only window. He sat down on his messy bed and gestured for you to come over. You did, almost tripping by some random things strewn around the floor that you didn’t noticed because it was too dark. But you finally reached his bed and sat down in front of him.

“so... i reckon that you want to talk to me?”

The moonlight was illuminating one side of his face and it made him look like he was someone in a dream. You noticed the dark bags under his eye sockets and the sweat on his forehead. “Y-yeah. Uhm, truthfully... I don’t know why I want to talk to you so badly,” you finally said.

His eyelids droop so his eyes were only half-open. He looked pretty beat. This must be a bad idea.
“I’m sorry.”

He seemed to stir awake. “for what, kid?”

“Well, you seemed to be always ignoring me. I thought I did something that might have upset you or something—.”

“no, no! you did nothing wrong!” He’s widely awake now. He scratched the back of his skull, looking away from your gaze. “im sorry if it took you to that conclusion. but i wasn’t ignoring you because of you. im ignoring you because of, well, me. i just didn’t want to show my face again when that bathroom scene happened.” He was blushing blue now.

And because he felt embarrassed, you can’t help but feel embarrassed too. “I-i already forgave you for that, Sans. I know it was an accident. And now I feel better that you should know better than to just teleport into somewhere private,” you huffed.

“oh.” His grin widened. “then im sorry for trying to avoid you, pal.”

You let out a relieved sigh. “Good! It felt wrong that I wasn’t friends with you. You seem like a really cool person.”

He leaned back onto his bed, laying down on the process. You slapped his bony feet away when he waved it at your face. “nah, my brother’s much cooler than me. i’m surprised you even think that. i’m just some lazybones.”

You scooched over to the other side of the bed because he was always waving his bony feet at you. “That’s true. Paps is cooler than you,” you said with a laugh. You ignored his whiny ‘hey’, “But you’re cool, too.”

“what makes you say that?” he asked with a chuckle. You laid down beside him but neither of you were actually touching.

“Well, for one, you can teleport. Two, you make amazing coffee. Three, you’re brothers with the Great Papyrus.” You two laughed at that one. “And lastly, it’s because you’re... you.”

“there’s nothing cool with me,” he said quietly.

“Don’t say that! You’re cool!” you insisted.

“and why?”

“Because I said so! Stop degrading yourself too much, Sans. That’s not healthy!”

He was quiet for a moment. “you’re right. it makes me feel tired.”

“And lonely and depressed and you’re so much cooler than you think!”

“fine. ok. i’ll stop thinking that.” He yawned.

“Good,” you said, feeling proud of yourself. “Hey, how’s it going with that machine?”

“it’s pretty great, actually. we’re getting some readings and making progress for once. maybe one day, it will work and we’ll have a breakthrough.” He yawned again. You were getting pretty sleepy yourself.

“Really? That’s great. Maybe you’ll,” you yawned, “hang out with us for a change.” You closed
your eyes, forgetting that you need to be beside your little brother. You felt a whoosh of air and when you went to reopen your eyes, you were back in your room, your brother scooting closer to you.

You closed your eyes and let yourself fall asleep.

When you woke up the next morning, Mark was gone like always. You yawned and stretched your arms. You find yourself clutching something on your hand. Oh! It was Sans’ shirt. You didn’t leave it with him last night. Oh well.

You folded the shirt and put it back in your closet. He wasn’t asking for it so you think you’ll keep it for far longer. You made the bed first before trudging outside the room. You feel a little tired since you slept too late last night.

You heard clashes in the kitchen and figured that Paps might be cooking again. You saw Mark’s hair from the couch and saw that he was watching TV. Ah, today is Saturday after all. You guess you can let him waste his time.

“good morning sleepyhead.” You turned at the direction of Sans’ voice and saw him coming out of the kitchen. He was holding two mugs of coffee. You excitedly grabbed one mug, accidentally burning yourself. “careful, it’s hot.”

“It might have been helpful if you said that in the first place, bonehead,” you snarled. He chuckled, saying ‘oopsies’.

You took a sip from that coffee that has now become your favorite. You sat down next to Mark, who lazily scooched over when you said he was occupying a large portion of the couch. Sans sat down next to you.

“Hey Sans!” Mark chirped, lighting up. “Did you tell my sister yet?”

Sans suddenly looked very nervous.

“Tell me what?” you asked the both of them. You looked at Mark who was laughing sneakily. “Hey! What is it?”

“Why don’t you ask him yourself?” Mark said with a smug look on his face.

You turned at Sans and he was averting his gaze. “Tell me what?” you asked sternly.

“nothing important,” he said quickly.

“Ah! So you won’t tell her then? Fine, I will! Y/N, Sans---“ And.... Mark’s gone. With a few traces of blue magic. You turn to glare at Sans who just shrugged.

“Where is he?”

“in the locked closet,” he answered.

You stood up, thinking if you should go get him. Then sat back down. Nah, you need a little quiet anyways. Sans chuckled at your decision.

But after a moment, he disappeared himself. Probably going to talk to your little demon brother and threaten him. Or bribe him. Either way works.
Eh, you don't really care.

Chapter End Notes

ey guys. my mouse cursor is missing but i still wanted to update so i tried my best using the tab button and arrow buttons. im gunna cry, how do i mouse???
After the Talk

Chapter Summary

Sans isn't ignoring you now. Yey~

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You felt really proud of yourself for talking to Sans that night. It changed everything. You noticed that he’s been hanging out with the three of you often and slowly becoming uninterested about whatever it was he was interested in in the first place.

Papyrus was really happy with this although he didn’t want to show it. He’s a tsundere little cinnamon roll but it doesn’t bother you at all.

You guys were having one of your movie nights with the brothers. Your little brother Mark was over at Toriel’s because Frisk ‘wanted’ company and Mark said he’s totally fine without you babying him to sleep. He said he’s a big boy now and he doesn’t need you anymore.

And you know what? You were more relieved than hurt. He’s really a pain in the ass. But you love him.

So yeah, you agreed to let him stay with Toriel’s over the weekend. And now, you’re gonna sleep alone for the first time in years. Which made you a little uncomfortable. You were used to Mark’s annoying little presence when you’re both cuddled up.

“HUMAN! HERE! TASTE THIS! IT’S SPAGHETTI BUT WITH KETCHUP!” Papyrus strolled in the living room with a big plate of spaghetti in his hand. You instantly shuddered at the thought of ketchup in spaghetti. It’s just not the same, ok?

You gave him an awkward smile. “Ketchup is not an ingredient for spaghetti, Paps. I don’t think it will taste very good,” you said truthfully. And damn, you felt really bad when you saw how his face fell. God, anything but hurting this little piece of cinnamon roll.

“Alrighty then... I guess I’ll... throw it in the trash,” he said dejectedly, his tone a little quieter.

And you wanted to kill yourself right now for upsetting Paps. No one should hurt him, not even you! So you stood up from the couch and grabbed the plate of spaghetti on his hand. He looked at you, surprised.

“You know what? I guess I'll give it a try!” you said with a smile. You twirled some spaghetti noodles on your fork and took a big bite. You tried not to cringe. Oh. Oh...

Well, it wasn’t that bad! It’s just a little sour than usual but you’re filled with determination to finish this just so this little cinnamon roll wouldn’t pull that cute puppy face. “Hey! This is pretty good, Paps! Nicely done!” you praised and oh god, he looked so cute when he beamed down at you.

“REALLY HUMAN? WELL, THEN! YOU SHOULD THANK MY BROTHER FOR HAVING THAT IDEA! ANYTHING THAT I, MASTER CHEF PAPYRUS, COOKS WILL
"ALWAYS TURN OUT DELICIOUS!" He strolled towards kitchen as you make your way back to the couch.

You glared at the lazy bag of bones seated on the right side of it. He was grinning at you mischievously.

"Go to hell, Sans," you muttered and he laughed loudly, clutching his belly... bones.

"you look like you need to ketchup to my bro’s cooking skills, eh?" he joked and it wasn’t funny at all. Well, it is but you’re annoyed at him right now so you kept your face blank as you tried to bite down a giggle.

"Why would you even recommend adding ketchup into spaghetti, you bonehead?!" you angrily whispered, trying not to let Paps hear you.

He shrugged. “ketchup is good in anything.”

“No. It’s super gross. You’re the only person --specie-- I know that freaking drinks a jug of ketchup in one go,” you hissed.

“you’re hurting me, kid,” he said dramatically while putting a hand over where his heart should be.

“what, ya telling me that there is nobody out there that drinks ketchup ‘cept me?” He raised his bone brow.

“Yes,” you said impassively.

His grin faltered. “oh.”

“Yes, ‘oh’. Now won’t you finish this?” You hand him the plate of ketchup-spag and he gladly took it. You watched in awe as he put the plate to his mouth and tipped it over while he opened his mouth just a little for the spaghetti to pass through. You wonder how or where the food goes. Skeletons don’t have stomachs. Do they simply disappear or does the food just slip past through them?

He wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his jacket while handing the empty plate back over to you.

You were still staring at him, all these useless questions flooding your mind.

He finally noticed your gaze while he visibly flinched. “what?”

You stared.

“oh.” He shrugged while hesitantly pulling his jacket and shirt up. “no, kiddo, the food just disappears, ok?” he said while you excitedly examined his ribs to see if there were any trace of the spaghetti. It’s a bit embarrassing to be doing this but your curiosity is taking over.

“SANS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ARE YOU FLIRTING WITH THE HUMAN?”

Of course, it’s when you do something that can be badly misunderstood that people suddenly appears to ‘misunderstand’ your situation. You flushed bright red, quickly sitting properly, while Sans quickly pulled down his shirt, a blue blush staining his cheekbones.

“nah bro. she was just checking out my bones.” He stifled a laugh while you gave him a glare.

“I was just curious, Paps!” you tried to explain. Papyrus sat down next to you after he chose the movie to watch.

“WELL, YOU COULD HAVE ASKED ME INSTEAD, HUMAN! I WOULD HAVE
GLADLY SHOWED YOU MY GREAT BONES!” he said and you just laughed.

“Nah, it’s ok Paps. I’m good.” you said quickly, trying to change the subject. Sans snickered and you elbowed him.

“OH! THE MOVIE IS STARTING!” You’re lucky that Paps gets easily distracted.

You were sitting between the two brothers, feeling slightly squished. Eh, the couch was supposed to be for them only and here you are, forcing yourself into their life.

You fiddled with your fingers, barely even watching the movie. You felt the feeling you almost didn’t want to feel. You were taking advantage of them. They gave you shelter, food, company... but what did you give them in return? Nothing. You’re like a leech. A freeloader. You feel bad, really, really bad and it’s eating away your insides.

When they realize that you’re totally useless, they’ll kick you out, too. Like all those other times you thought you found a sympathizer, a kind person, who was willing to give you a roof over your head, only for them to find out that you’re no use to them at all. That it’s not their job to keep you sheltered.

You can’t count how many times that has happened to you. From the day you turned 17, you’ve been trying to find a home. A permanent one. One where the people will take you in and consider you family, one where they’ll love you unconditionally and will try to help you with your problems. You thought only your parents were assholes, but no. All fucking humans are.

They’ll lure you in, make you comfortable and make you think that they’re nice and good people. Then they’ll tire of your useless shit and kick you out, traces of pity and sorrow from when they first met you gone. They’ll use your uneducated brain and your weak frame against you, saying that you’re taking advantage of their sympathy for you.

Fear started to take over your system. What if... what if that’s what these brothers will think in the future? What if they’ll think that you’re useless and pathetic and... and not worth being friends with? You tried to ignore that gut-wrenching feeling. You tried to stop those tears trickling at the corner of your eyes.

You were starting to enjoy it here. You were starting to feel like you have a family now. You were starting to love your monster friends. And you’re just sick of it all. You’re sick of being thrown away at the side over and over again. You’re sick of all the betrayal that just kept repeating. You tried to bring up walls but they’ll stumble back down because even after all these suffering, you kept a certain tenderness in your heart.

It was already built in you. You can’t get rid of it, no matter how hard you try. You’ll always try to understand these people that used you and betrayed you, thinking that they have their own lives and problems to face and you’re an addition to it. You try so hard to understand, that even when they literally kick you out of their home that you thought you were part of, you wouldn’t hate them at all. Only a little bit but it's only at the start.

Maybe it’s because you’re tired of all these people hating. Maybe you wanted to experience something new. How about love, for a change? Sometimes, you wonder why people don’t tire of hating. It’s exhausting and changing you for the worst.

So that’s it. You’ve already accepted the fact that these skeleton brothers would kick you out someday. And you’ll need to prepare for it. Because somehow, they’re the closest you ever got to that ‘permanent family’ wish of yours. You just hoped that your little brother would take it well.
Bony fingers suddenly wrapped around your fingers. You immediately snapped out of your train of thought. Oh right. Fuck, how could you doze off like that? You were watching a movie with the bros. You were supposed to be enjoying yourself, not thinking of these bad memories. You looked at Sans, whose fingers wrapped around you belonged to him.

“you ok kid?” he asked quietly.

“Of course I am!” You were surprised to find your voice hoarse. Something wet landed on your cheek and you quickly wiped it off with your other hand. Well great, now you’re crying. Damn feelings. Why won’t they leave you alone for once? Ugh.

“you want to talk about it?”

You bit your lower lip. Talking sounds like a good idea, but it just seems too much. You’re already a burden to them. Sharing your problems will just add to it. You slowly shook your head and gave him a smile. “I’m ok, Sans. Really.”

“you worried about your little bro?”

“No. That little demon will be fine,” you said and snorted. Sans grin relaxed. He saw how you were staring into deep space. Your expression twisted into hurt, betrayed. Then, you looked like you’ve accepted something. And now, you’re just sad. He wanted to help. But just like him, he guessed you were someone who’d rather keep your problems a secret and pretend to be fine.

“are you sure, kid? you can always talk to me, y’know,” he said, somewhat ironic. He doesn’t want to talk about his problems but now he’s offering himself to help you with yours.


You noticed that his fingers intertwined with yours. You bite down a blush that was creeping to your face. His bony fingers felt weird, but it was nice. Better, actually. His hand never left, being a constant reminder that he’s there for you. Always. And you want to believe him so badly.

You took a peek at him and saw that he was focused on the movie, but his cheeks were faintly stained blue. Oh my god, he is so cute. You felt yourself grin even if you didn’t want to and tightened your grip. He jumped then looked at you, surprised. When he saw you grin at him, his whole face flushed blue. Good thing it was dark. Although it was still pretty obvious.

“SANS, HUMAN. WHY ARE YOU TWO HOLDING HANDS?” Papyrus suddenly jumped in and you almost yelped. Oh right, you weren’t alone. Paps’s here, too. Oops.

Sans didn’t pull his hand away so you thought that was a good thing.

“It’s what friends do, Paps,” you told him. Well, that was clearly a lie. But you don’t want Paps to get the wrong idea.

His eyes narrowed. “DON’T YOU MEAN DATES?”

Your eyes widened. “W-wha?”

“IF YOU’RE HOLDING HANDS, IT MEANS THAT YOU TWO ARE DATING! THAT’S WHAT MY DATING HANDBOOK SAYS!” he said, clearly confused.

“nah bro. just friends,” Sans insisted. You agreed a little too quickly.
His brows crunched in confusion. “SO YOU TWO ARE JUST FRIENDS?” Then his eyes lighted up. “AH! I GET IT NOW!”

Whew, finally.

“YOU GUYS ARE FRIENDS THAT HOLDS HANDS BUT AREN’T DATING! WHICH MEANS! YOU ARE! Uh... I don’t really know.”

“Look Paps! The girl is falling!” you said and he quickly averted his attention to the movie, surprised. You guys’ll have this talk next time.

“nice save, kid,” Sans commented.

You’re not a kid, though. Why does he keep calling you that?

Chapter End Notes

Im a genius for sucky titles heh heh. anyway, my mouse cursor is still gone but here's an update! i just love writing this story so much!

ok. underswap might appear next chapter so hang on!
Chapter Summary

You met the Underswap bros!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Everything’s going nicely between everyone. And yes, you finally accepted the fact that you have a crush on a certain monster. And because of that, you kept flirting and teasing him, winking at him once in a while when nobody’s looking. You loved that he gets flustered each time but he never asked. It was fun.

Well it was. Until today. You guys were hanging out after you got home from your job, as usual, when he suddenly got a call. It was from Alphys. You tried not to look hurt when you threw a question at him while he was talking on the phone and he completely ignored you. Maybe now is not the time. It looks like something important happened.

When he hung up, you were about to invite him to watch the movie with you guys but he quickly said, “I’m heading towards Alphy’s for a while. Don’t wait up, Paps,” before disappearing out of sight. You pouted.

“Yuck, what the heck are you pouting for, sis?” Mark sneered. Paps came into the room with a plate of baked mac, a new type of pasta that you insisted him to try cooking. He did and it came out great! But now your appetite’s gone. Just because of a certain monster.

“Well, it definitely feels odd that my brother would go to Alphys’! I thought he had given up on that science thing that they’ve been doing considering that he hasn’t gone into their lab for a while!” Papyrus thoughtfully said, setting down a tray of baked mac. Mark quickly grabbed a plate while scooping a big portion onto his plate before leaning back down on the couch. Reminds you of a certain monster, which made you feel more disappointed.

“They have a lab?” you said, surprised. You thought that when Sans say that he’ll be going to Alphys’, he meant their house. Not a lab. Well then, they must be really serious about this than you expected.

“Yes, of course, human date-friend of Sans!”

You almost choked out the water you’ve been drinking. Except you hadn’t been drinking water. So, you choked on air. “W-what?” you sputtered. Mark was loudly snorting beside you. “Just call me ‘human’ Paps. No need to add those words,” you said, a blush spreading to your cheeks.

“Sure thing... human,” Paps said, confused but decided to follow you. Good. You don’t want to be known as the ‘human date-friend of Sans’. Undyne will never hear the end of it. Frisk, too. And Tori. Maybe Alphys. Everyone.

“Your first boyfriend is a monster,” Mark said, snickering while stuffing food into his mouth.
“He’s not my boyfriend,” you hissed. “And there’s nothing wrong with him being a monster!” you defended.

“Oh. Sure, ‘human date-friend of Sans’!” he teased while laughing his ass off. You wanted to strangle him right now but that’s disrespectful of the food in front of you. So you only managed to glare at him, wishing that looks could kill. Your brother is hella annoying.

“When are you gonna tell him?” he asked with a smug look.

“Tell him what?” You grabbed a plate of your own so you could start digging your face into Paps’ baked mac.

“That you have a little crush on him, duh!” he said and you oh so wanted to lock him in that closet again.

“Shut up Mark!” you hissed. “Or I’m gonna tell Frisk!” And your threat worked. He stayed quiet. Oooh. Looks like you’re not the only one who has a little crush on someone.

You smirked, proud of what you could use as blackmail in the future.

“ARE YOU GUYS READY TO START THE MOVIE?” Paps said excitedly as he squished himself between the two of you. You nodded while your little bro said ‘yes’ a little too willingly.

You tried to focus on the movie, not allowing yourself to gaze at the door in long periods of time. He’ll be back soon. Hopefully.

Not.

Sans hasn’t come home in three days! You’re panicking. But you didn’t want to look obvious. You didn’t want to call him and one reason is because you don’t have his number. But Paps has it! And he obviously knows what’s up but he hasn’t told you and your brother yet!

Mark isn’t in the slightest bit problematic with his absence. You were the only one in the house who’s actually worried for him. Okay, fine. You just missed him terribly. But it’s only just three days!

You groaned loudly as you were lying down on the couch, one afternoon. Mark will be home any minute now. Said he knows how to get home without Sans’ and your help and that he’s a ‘big boy’. Papyrus was over Undyne’s and he too, will be home any minute now.

Should you call Paps? But he must be busy. Then what do you do? You felt hopeless.

And the front door suddenly opened. You gazed at it lazily, thinking it was Mark or Paps. But it wasn’t. You jumped up quickly, beaming when you saw Sans standing at the doorway. He looked really, really tired but you were so glad to see him that you almost tackled him to the ground.

“Sans!” you greeted excitedly.

He was pretty confused at your reaction. “ey, kiddo. you missed me that much?” he teased. You pulled away, your hands on his clavicle, pouting. Yeah, you pull cutesy faces in front of your crush. So what? Not like nobody did it before.

“I was just worried! You didn’t come home for 3 days!” you huffed while glaring at him.

“paps didn’t tell ya?” he asked, confused.
You shook your head no.

He scratched the bottom of his chin... bone skull. What. “that’s weird. i’m pretty sure your lil bro knows about it.”

And everything just clicked in place. Ah. It was your little brother’s fault. Curse him. Sans seemed to think that, too and just laughed it off.

“WOW! YOU HAVE YOUR OWN HUMAN!”

You jumped, startled by a somewhat different but familiar voice. Your gaze fluttered to the open door and was surprised to find... another Sans and Papyrus. Wait, what? You’re not insane right? Are you seeing this clearly?

This other Sans, who looked exactly like him, except for the clothes, excitedly bounced his way towards you. “HELLO THERE, OTHER SANS’ HUMAN! I AM THE MAGNIFICENT SANS! IT IS VERY NICE TO MEET YOU!”

Your hand flew to your mouth as you stared at this cute, bubbly monster in front of you. Ok, what the heck is happening? He just said he’s Sans. He’s a Sans, too! Oh my god, there are two Sans’ in this room! Is the world fucking ending right now?

“Sans, what is this? Am I dreaming right now? He’s so cute!” you whispered at Sans, your Sans. Okay, calling him yours is just an excuse but how could you possibly tell them apart?

“HUMAN? ARE YOU OKAY?” the sweet, little guy asked, worried about the way you stare at him.

Okay. You can tell them apart. It’s so freaking obvious.

“he’s me,” Sans said proudly, tapping the other Sans’ shoulder. He looked adorably confused at the gesture and ack, you want to squeeze him to death right now.

“Ok. Please explain. No science terms, please,” you said, your face blank. Although you just want to stare at the two of them together. How could they look so alike but be so completely different?

He scratched the back of his head... skull. “well, uh, remember this machine from alphys’? well, it worked. and we pulled these two out of their universe and into ours.”

That makes sense. These guys belong to another universe. Clearly where Sans was a cute little angel and Papyrus is, uh, Sans-like. Which is weird. Really, really weird. And wow, insanely advance technology. Must be normal for these guys to pull some random dudes out of another universe, huh?

“and we have a problem, though. we pulled them here but we don’t actually know how to bring ‘em back. so long as we’re fixing the machine and making some adjustments, they’ll be staying here with us.” His face looked more excited and impressed than guilty for pulling these guys out of their own universe.

“So, kid. do me a favor yeah? keep an eye out for these guys. i need to be back at the lab asap. i just came here to drop ‘em off.” You tried not to look too disappointed that he’s leaving yet again. But he just got here!

You tried to give him a smile, but it was forced. “S-sure. When do you think you’ll be able to come back, though?” you asked.
He looked guilty all of a sudden. “i-i don’t think i can. i’ll be over at alphys’ until we fix everything. it might take weeks... or months.”

You felt your heart deflate. You won’t see him for months? That’s just... ouch. You just wanted to spend time with him. “Oh. Ok. You better get to it then,” you said, your voice sounding hollow. Then you added with a slightly hopeful voice, “Can I see you again before sunrise? C’mon, just a quick visit.”

He nodded, a little sad for his departure once again before disappearing out of sight. Leaving you with another pair of skelebros you have yet to befriend.

You turned towards them. “So guys, do you want anything?” you asked them, still bothered by the fact that you won’t be seeing your Sans that often.

“NO, BUT YOU SEEM TO BE UPSET ABOUT SOMETHING, HUMAN! ARE YOU FEELING OKAY?”

You still can’t believe the sudden change of behavior. You laughed mentally whenever you reminded yourself that this was another version of Sans from another universe. Why isn’t your Sans bubbly and cute and angelic-like?

“I’m fine, sweetie,” you said, cooing. His eyes seemed to sparkle at the sound of his own nickname. “What about you? Are you ok? You guys just got pulled out of your own universe,” you said, worried.

The little guy ‘mweh heh heh’d and you thought immediately of your Paps. Oh! It’s like, a swap of their own behavior! So that was why this Papyrus was wearing a hoodie and looking bored out of his wits. “OF COURSE I AM, HUMAN! I AM THE MAGNIFICENT SANS AFTER ALL!” That’s just the cutest shit ever. “AND I’ NOT WORRIED AT ALL BECAUSE PAPY IS HERE!”

Papy? Is that he calls Papyrus? Holy shit, that’s even cuter. You scooped him up your arms, barely containing how you want to squish the hell out of this Sans as you hugged him tightly. “Ack, you’re so cuteeee! How are you even a version of Sans?”

“careful, bud.” And there you go. The first words that Papyrus said to you since he got here. You noticed how he was extremely protective of his brother. That’s just freaking adorable.


“She’s right Papy! She was just showering me with hugs!” Sans said, defending you.

He narrowed his eyes at you, clearly not trusting you that quickly but he shrugged it off. “sans, didn’t you say you were tired?”

As if on cue, Sans gave a large yawn.

“Oh! C’mon then sweetie, I’ll show you to your room!” Well, since this house has one more guest room, you guessed that they’d be staying there. You placed your hand in front of him and he gladly took it. Papyrus was looking at you as you guided his little brother upstairs, until you disappeared when you turned into a corner.

He slumped down on the couch, dead tired from all the shit that just happened. His bro clearly
wasn’t fazed by the sudden change of surroundings, but he is. Well, he’s kind of glad that he’s out of his universe for once. He can’t take the resets anymore.

And now, he has a chance to see above the ground, to see the surface with his brother. Maybe this isn’t so bad, he thought. After all, he still has his brother and he was glad that he’s escaped the resets for now. Maybe this’ll be his chance to see what the world really is.

He’s seen enough shit in his life so he thought he just wouldn’t question anything. Actually, something new sounds heaven to him. Something that he’s never seen before. Yes. That’s right. This just might be his escape.

Chapter End Notes

heh heh. writing this is so much fun :D glad you guys think so too!
Wrap fingers 'round your monsters

Chapter Summary

You befriended US!Paps. Kind of...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You smiled warmly at the most adorable skeleton you’ve ever seen. Of course, your Sans had affected that kind of reasoning but it’s mostly because of this new guy. You watched him fall asleep so quickly, as if he really had been so tired behind that cutesy behavior. You pressed a kiss on the top of his skull, his magic tickling your lips, before fixing a blanket over him.

Then you exited the room quietly, careful not to wake him up. When you closed the door, you exhaled a breath you hadn’t realized you’ve been holding. Meeting a different version of your skellebros was a little tiring. You headed down the stairs, expecting the other Papyrus to be asleep on the couch, only for you to catch him light a cigarette and put it between his teeth.

You furrowed your eyebrows together. This Papyrus smokes? You haven’t seen your Sans smoke before. You dashed down the stairs and you quickly pulled the cigar out of his mouth. No. No way. No smoking allowed!

“Hey! No smoking! It’s bad for your lungs!” you snarled. You hate it when people smoke. You absolutely hated it. It reminds you of someone... you tried not to flinch as an image popped into your mind. You flicked it away mentally. Go the hell away, bad image.

He lazily opened his eyes, both hands inside his pockets. Reminding you once again of a certain monster you tried not to think of. “no lungs, bud, remember?” he drawled.

Your cheeks burned slightly, remembering that small little detail that they’re freaking skeletons! God, you’re so stupid. Still, you put out the light on the cigarette by crushing it beneath your feet, before making your way to sit beside the skeleton.

Eh, you’re still not used to the fact that this skelly beside you is a Papyrus. Your Paps is such a sweetheart! And look at this one! It’s really messing with your mind.

“Still. If smoking isn’t dangerous for you, then it is for us humans. Secondhand smoke is harmful to us, you know. Also, there’s a slight chance you might burn the house down. So, no smoking okay?” you said, quickly feeling like you’re a mom.

He shrugged. Gah! He reminds you too much of your Sans.

“If you’re tired too, you can sleep here at this couch,” you offered.

“no thanks, kid. i’m fine,” he said, quite cautiously. Oh. He’s suspicious! That’s actually good. You’re actually worried about the little blueberry because he trusts too quickly. What if it wasn’t Sans and Alphys who made the machine work and they weren’t the one who pulled them out of their universe? Then they might be in real danger. Well, monsters have their magic so you guessed they’ll be ok. It’s not like Papyrus here would let anything bad happen to his Sans.
You looked away, an awkward silence settling between the two of you. You cleared your throat, wanting to say something but nothing comes out of your mouth. Why does it feel so hard to befriend this guy?

“So… uhm, if you don’t mind me asking. What do you feel about being pulled out of your own universe?” you said curiously.

He leaned back on the couch, trying to relax. “I don’t really care about whatever happens, buddy. Just as long as my brother’s fine, then I’m glad.”

You beamed at him, awed that he’s way too protective of his Sans. Which is so cute, by the way! Is this how your Sans feel about Papyrus?

“Good thing they pulled you both out, huh?” you said tensely, forcing yourself to laugh.

You watched how his face suddenly looked frightening. “No. they weren’t about to pull both of us out. They were only aiming for my brother. If I hadn’t been close to him, then I wouldn’t be able to tag along,” he snarled, glaring at the floor in front of him.

--

Sans would be out patrolling for humans like always and this time he had a gut-feeling (even though he had no guts) to keep an eye out for his brother. Sans was actually surprised that he lifted his arse off couch for the first time in forever and even more surprised when he actually offered to help him with his puzzles. Of course, Sans was suspicious but pretty much enthusiastic about it.

Well, he didn’t actually ‘help’ his brother with the puzzles. He just stood by and watched. That sinking feeling in his stomach worsened as time goes by but he just kept reminding himself that nothing new was gonna happen. He was wrong, for once.

He remembered being close to the large locked door when Sans screamed, calling for his help. If he had a heart, it’d be thumping like crazy when he heard his brother’s call. His brother never called for help, ever. He is ‘the magnificent Sans’ after all.

He had run where he last saw him, just by the bridge with a fence he had built to ward off humans or something. He saw a rift in space, his brother’s gloved hand was the only thing he can see while the rift swallowed him whole. He reached out, trying to pull him back. He couldn’t lose his brother. Anyone but him.

In the end, he was pulled with him. They landed somewhere in a lab. Sans was scared out of his wits but he still kept up with his front, which was brave of him, he thought. He was just glad that he wasn’t separated with his brother. Who knows what would’ve happened if they did? He doesn’t think Sans can survive without him.

He may be exaggerating, but it doesn’t mean it’s not true. He doesn’t think his brother can live without him. And neither can he.

--

“Oh.” You watched his expression shift mildly. For a while, you actually felt bad. Of course Alphys and Sans wouldn’t try to pull out two monsters at the same time. They were only aiming for, you don’t know, anyone, maybe. The little blueberry might just be the nearest thing that they can reach.

But you’re glad that Papyrus was there. You worry what would happen if the little blueberry didn’t have his own brother by his side.
“anyway, i’m glad to be out of there. we haven’t reached the surface in our universe. now, i guess we have a chance to see what all the ruckus is all about,” he said, his voice finally relaxing.

You beamed at him, excitement filling you. “Yes! We should definitely plan something out for the two of you! A picnic or a trip to the beach! Oh, this is gonna be so fun!” And you squealed. You hadn’t noticed that Papyrus looked at you with an appreciative gleam in his eyes.

“we have a problem, though,” he started.

“Yeah?”

“we don’t have clothes.”

Oh. Well, then! First things first! You would go shopping with the skelebros v2.0! Of course, you’d had to call Toriel first. You don’t have enough money to actually spend on these guys’ clothes. Heh.

“Don’t worry! That’s not going tibia a problem!” you said with a wink, throwing a pun at him. I mean, if he was like your Sans, then he probably likes puns right? Anything to make him more comfortable with you.

“really humerus kid. this universe’s sans already rubbed off on ya, huh?” he said with a chuckle, admiring your pun.

“Yeah, he’s a real bonehead,” you said with a snicker. He laughed softly while you tried to hide your beaming smile. You made him laugh! Finally.

“Well, you should try not to work yourself down to the bone for these puns, kid.”

You laughed unattractively with a hand on your mouth. He liked it that you like his puns. Nobody liked his puns before. Of course, his Sans didn’t like his puns. Or he thought he didn’t. The only best audience he had was the voice behind that big door.

While you continued to throw puns at Papyrus, Mark suddenly barged his way in through the front door. You yelped in surprise before glaring at your brother. Why must the sweetheart Paps rub off on him? Now he always slams the door open, just like what Paps do.

“Oh! Oh! Is this what Sans has been talking about? Oh! You look exactly like Paps!” Mark said, dashing towards you and Papyrus while beaming at him.

“That’s because he is Papyrus, you numbskull!” you told your brother.

He cringed at your pun. “You used the wrong pun on the wrong person, sis. I’m not a skeleton so I’m sorry, it doesn’t offend me a bit,” he said, showing his tongue at you. You did the same to him, annoyed that he’s right. Oops. But it’s not like he doesn’t have a skeleton inside of him, right?

Then his attention was back at Papyrus. “Wow! You act like Sans! Right, Y/N?” he said then he turned to you, hinting how this Papyrus was lazy and looking relaxed. Too relaxed.

“And so?” you hissed at him.

“Well, you know. When you like someone, you---“

“Shut up!” you cut him off, your face slightly burning. Goddamn it, why does your brother always have to ruin everything?

“no worries. it’s plain obvious, kiddo,” Papyrus said and you flushed even more. Oh god, he was
there. You remembered that they had the front seat when you tackled Sans into a hug. And that talk, ugh. Now it’s just embarrassing.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about!”

“God, stop being such a baby and just tell him,” Mark said while rolling his eyes. Something in your heart pinched. You can’t. You haven’t actually confessed to anyone before. You’ve heard of the word ‘rejection’ and you don’t think you can handle it.

You’ve seen how rejection actually kills off some people. Not literally. Though they seemed dead all the same. You worry that you wouldn’t be able to take it especially since you don’t even know what it’s like.

Oh god. You groaned mentally. Why aren’t you like a normal person? You can take rejection. It’s not like you haven’t felt pain before. It’s probably a lot more like betrayal right? It’s fine. You’ve been betrayed so many times that the pain you feel is actually familiar when it comes up. You can take it.

“If you won’t tell him, you’ll regret it,” Mark said, worry etched in his voice.

“What do you know? It’s not like you’ve confessed before,” you snapped at him.

“Kid, bottled up feelings isn’t good,” Paps said.

What? Now they’re teaming up against you? “Shut up. You don’t know me,” you said, a little too angrily. They both looked a bit surprised at your outburst. Your eyes widened, realizing what you had said. You cast your eyes downward, muttering a quiet ‘sorry’.

The door suddenly slammed open, distracting them. You thank the heavens for your Papyrus’ timing.

“HUMAN! THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS HOME! AND I HAVE BROUGHT WITH ME SOME SPAGHETTI FROM UNDYNE’S HOUSE!” His gaze fluttered to the three of you on the couch. You thought his eyes almost had stars when he saw his alternate version. “HELLO THERE, OTHER ME! IT IS NICE TO FINALLY MEET YOU!”

“you look swell, bud. same to you,” swapped Papyrus said calmly with a hint of a smug look.

Paps eyes narrowed at him, realizing that his method of greeting and speaking reminded him of... a certain monster. Actually, you’re just surprised that he’s taking it so well.

“I SEE. YOU ARE MORE LIKE SANS THAN I. THIS IS A SURPRISE ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU’RE ME,” Papyrus said thoughtfully. Swapped Paps just shrugged in response. “IS THAT A CIGARETTE ON THE FLOOR? NO! NO, NO, NO! NOBODY IS ALLOWED TO SMOKE IN HERE!” Paps said when he saw the crushed cigarette that you left on the floor. He looked so disappointed.

You pointedly looked at swapped Papyrus. He shrugged again, as if to say ‘eh.’

Mark yawned beside you. “I’m gonna take a nap, sis. Wake me up when dinner’s ready,” he said as he lazily climbed up the stairs to get to your room. You were left with a lazy Papyrus on the couch while your Paps strolled into the kitchen area, only for him to emerge seconds later so he could sweep the cigarette on the floor.

“Hey Paps. Mind if you call Toriel and Frisk and ask them if they would want to come over
tomorrow?” you said.

Paps perked up happily. “OF COURSE! ANYTHING FOR YOU, HUMAN!” he said excitedly. But you’re sure he’s just excited because he’ll see his friends again. You can’t deny that Paps is feeling a bit lonely. But nevertheless, he’s glad that you and your brother made an appearance to his life.

“wow. you sure know how to wrap monsters ‘round your fingers huh, kid?” swapped Paps said beside you.

You smiled innocently. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Chapter End Notes

This is actually hard to write hahaha. especially since they have the same names. but yeah, i'll just give em nicknames huehehehe.
**Feels like home**

Chapter Summary

More cute skelebros scenes!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You were hanging out with Paps by the couch, the hoodie-loving skeleton one, waiting for dinner to pass by. Of course, your food is sponsored by Papyrus’ special spaghetti. He was in the kitchen, doing god-knows-what when his head suddenly popped out. “HUMAN! I HAVE A QUESTION!” he said.

You raised your head to look at him. “Yeah?”

“DO YOU THINK I SHOULD BRING SANS SOME OF MY HOME-COOKED SPAGHETTI?”

For some reason, you were flustered. “U-uhm, why are you asking me Paps? I’m not Sans. I don’t know. Why don’t you ask him instead?” you said a little too quickly. You can hear Hoodie snorting quietly beside you.

“HMM... ARE YOU OKAY HUMAN? I’M SORRY. YOU ARE RIGHT, I SHOULD ASK MY BROTHER. NOT YOU.”

You groaned mentally. Why are you so bad at this? You cleared your throat. “Hey Paps. I think Sans would appreciate the gesture,” you said truthfully.

Paps’ eyes gleamed brightly at your answer. He popped his head back in the kitchen, distant clashes of god-knows-what were heard.

“real smooth, bud.”

“Shut up, Hoodie,” you said as you looked at the wall clock above the TV. Almost time for dinner. Maybe you should help Paps in the kitchen?

“a nickname already? that’s sweet,” he said with his teasing voice, which doesn’t really change much. “am i already replacing sans?”

You cringed, flushing red. “No. It’s just that I don’t want to call you Paps and get you all mixed up. So I’m calling you Hoodie from now on,” you chirped. And also, nobody could ever replace your Sans. God, that’s so cheesy. But you can already see his flustered reaction if you say it out loud to that bonehead.

He shrugged.

“Hey. If you’re swapped... then doesn’t that mean you like science thingies too? Like Sans? Do you think you can lend them a hand so you guys can go home?” you suggested. Actually, you’re getting a bit suspicious. If you were somewhere that was not home, you’d do anything to go back. So why
does this Paps sounds so uninterested about going back to their own universe?

You didn’t see how Papyrus’ expression darkened. “nah, kid. they got us into this mess, they should get us out.” He didn’t want to admit that he actually doesn’t want to go back. He’s had enough. No more resets, ever. If it’s possible, he won’t come back. Never again.

You nodded, trying to understand how he feels yet failing. It’s not you who got dragged into an alternate universe. Well, maybe if where you come from was a hellhole, then maybe being dragged into a completely unknown universe was better than being stuck there. Maybe.

He suddenly changed topic. “so, kid. you want help with your potential love life?” What he just said just caught you off guard that you ended up falling to the floor. You stood back up, distracting yourself by dusting imaginary dirt off your clothes.

“W-what?” you sputtered, your cheeks were burning. You then groaned. “No! God, please drop it.” You’re getting annoyed with all the teasing. Why must you be so obvious?

He chuckled. “fine. i will,” he said, amused.

You glared at him. No, he doesn’t sound like he’ll stop. You were supposed to say something snarky but a high-pitched voice cut you off.

“PAPYYYY!!”

You and Hoodie stood up so fast as you looked worriedly at the little blueberry who came running down the stairs.

“Yes?” Papyrus’ head popped out of the kitchen. You tried not to laugh at the hilariousness of the situation.

“Not you, Paps. The other one!” you said to him and he just pouted before going back into the kitchen. Actually, you don’t think he’d ever met this Sans before.

You turned your head again to Blueberry and you just noticed how your little brother was trailing behind him. The little guy stopped in front of you, big stars were shining in his eyes and oh my god that is so fricking adorable!

“PAPY! LOOK! THIS LITTLE HUMAN SAID THAT HE WANTS TO BE MY FRIEND!” he said excitedly, bouncing up and down on his heels. Your fear that something bad happened faded away and you were left with a big, dopey grin on your face. God, you just want to squish him!

“That’s great, bro,” Hoodie said with the same lazy expression on his face, but you’ve seen a hint of relief.

“OF COURSE! EVERY HUMAN WOULD WANT TO BE FRIENDS WITH THE MAGNIFICENT SANS! MWEH HEH HEH!” he said proudly and you gushed at how cute he is. Hoods just chuckled.

“of course bro,” he agreed. He always did. He’s supportive and you admired it.

“Look Y/N! He looks like Sans!” your brother said. You had a feeling that he befriended the Blueberry just so he could tease you. You narrowed your eyes at him.

“no flirting with my bro, kid,” Hoodie huffed.
You turned to look at him with widened eyes. What the heck? “No way, dude!” There’s just no way you could flirt with the little guy! Well, maybe you can. Platonically. Mark snickered at your reaction while Berry looked adorably confused.

“good,” he said while looking at you blankly. Okay. He’s overprotective. Too overprotective. You could see why, though. Well, you guess he loves his brother that much...?

“DINNER’S READY!” Paps yelled. The tension between you guys suddenly dissipated as you all ran to the table. Eh, of course. More spaghetti. You suddenly hoped you’ll visit Toriel and Frisk soon. You missed Tori’s cinnamon butterscotch pie.

“do you guys have any honey?” Hoodie asked and you visibly flinched. Ah, right. Sans’ ketchup addiction is equals to Hoods’ honey... addiction. Skeleton monsters are so fucking weird. You shook your head no at Hoodie.

“I LIKE YOUR COOKING, OTHER BROTHER PAPY! I, THE MAGNIFICENT SANS, SHOULD TEACH YOU HOW TACOS WORK! I’M SURE YOU WILL LOVE IT!” Blueberry said all of a sudden. And, of course. If your Papyrus loves cooking spaghetti, swapped Sans will also have his own ‘masterpiece’.

“THAT SOUNDS FUN, OTHER BROTHER SANS! BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW, I WOULDN’T BE BESTED BY YOU! I AM THE GREAT PAPYRUS AFTER ALL, A SELF-PROCLAIMED MASTER CHEF!” A series of ‘mweh heh heh’s’ and ‘nyeh heh heh’s’ were heard.

You giggled behind your hand as the two kept up their conversation. This is pretty amusing. You could get used to this. It feels nice. It feels like home. Also, everyone looks like they’re having fun.

You bite a spoonful of spaghetti when you bit on something hard. When you took a look at it, it looks like a normal spaghetti noodle. But it’s hard. Weird. Then something just tingled in your gut as you immediately raised your head to look at Hoods.

He was looking at you, a smug look on his face. Well, his face always looked smug. “what’cha got there, kid?”

You didn’t answer. Somehow, you knew that this was his fault. You glared.

“HUMAN, IS SOMETHING WRONG?” Paps asked, his voice laced with worry.

“I-it looks like a fake spaghetti noodl—“ You stopped, finally realizing. Mark got it too, snickering loudly. “Nothing! It’s nothing, Paps!”

Ha ha, Hoods. You’re funny as hell but this is just unacceptable! How dare he do this to you?

Once you were all done eating, you offered to wash the dishes. Papyrus looked beat. He should rest. He did just come home from Undyne’s. You know they’re always doing something spontaneous when he's at their house.

While Papyrus went immediately upstairs so he could sleep early, the others were all cuddled in the living room, watching some late night TV show.

You finished washing the last plate while piling it on top of the other ones.

“it’s pretty plate. let me help you with that.”

You yelped when Paps’ voice suddenly spoke. Oh god, he really is like Sans. Damn, they have got
to stop doing that! “Not cool! Stop sneaking up on me like that!” you huffed while crossing your arms. You glared when he chuckled.

“Freaking skeletons and their magic,” you muttered while Paps’ orange magic surrounded the pile of plates, lifting them up.

“What do you call a fake noodle?” he suddenly asked.

You cracked a smile. “Not cool, Hoods! Did you do that just for the joke?”

He opened a drawer, still using his magic, and then neatly put the plates in their place. “Course. wouldn’t be me if i didn’t.”

You rolled your eyes, still maintaining your smile. “Thanks,” you said quietly. He just shrugged.

You glanced at the wall clock. It is pretty late. You headed towards Mark who was fast asleep on the couch even though the TV was still running. You gently carried him into your arms, switching off the TV with a free hand when he was settled.

Your attention was caught by the little blueberry who was also asleep on the couch. Oh god, he even feels like Sans especially when he’s asleep. No worries. You’ll see Sans in the morning. He did promise, right?

Your eyes shuffled to Papyrus who walked into the living room and carried his brother into his arms, just like you. His gaze flickered to yours before disappearing. Seconds later, he reappeared again, although Sans wasn’t in his arms anymore.

“Where will you sleep?” you asked, slightly concerned.

“i can make do with the couch, kid. no worries,” he said.

“Oh. Ok, then. Uhm, goodnight.”

“g’night.”

You headed towards the stairs and to your room. You placed Mark into the bed as gently as you can. After a few moments of staring into space, you exhaled a breath and snuggled against your brother.

Your phone was vibrating. Who the hell is calling at this hour?! Groaning, you looked towards the only window of the room. What the heck, the sun isn’t even up!

You slipped away from your brother and picked up your phone. Only to find out that someone isn’t calling you. It was your alarm.

Wait, for what? You yawned, your mind still foggy from the sleep. Then you stopped midway. Oh. Right!

You hadn’t even bothered to fix your hair or your badly creased shirt as you creeped out of the room. The house was eerily dark and quiet. You remembered that night you had the talk with Sans. It made you smile a little.

You tried to look if he was by the window where you first watched the sun rise together, but he wasn’t there. Maybe he still isn’t here. You decided to go downstairs.
The lights were still off, exactly where you left them. You feel your heart sink. Guess you’ll be watching the sunrise alone, huh? You sneaked towards the couch and saw swapped Paps’ figure asleep. You almost snickered because he was too long for the couch, he doesn’t fit. His bony feet were dangling off the edge. Well, now you just feel sorry for him.

“hey kid. grab it while it’s still hot.”

You turned your head towards the voice and saw Sans coming out of the kitchen. Your heart thumped in your chest as you tried to contain how happy you are. He was holding two mugs of coffee. You took one, a relaxed smile on your face.

“it’s your fave.”

“Yum,” you said.

“here.” You were confused when he held out his bony skeletal hand to you. You took it hesitantly and the next moment, you two were on the roof of the house, under a clean blanket.

“Oh! Did you plan this?” you said while laughing. Gosh, you appreciate all his efforts. He’s just sweet.

“already had it laid out for ya, kid,” he said while winking.

The sun peeked out of the horizon, a few of its rays coloring the dark sky. “This is a great view, Sans!” you gushed.

“anything for you, pal. i’m glad ya like it.” His grin widened as he stared at your awestruck face. Actually, he just snuck out from Alphys’ while she was passed out on the couch back at the lab. And he hadn’t slept at all. He knew he could take a few-minute nap if he didn’t sneak out, but he just wanted to see you so badly.

When he saw how disappointed he made you feel, he just felt like he needed to make up to it. And you’re worth the sacrifice of a good nap.

“Sans? You haven’t slept, huh?” Sans snapped out of his thoughts when you suddenly talked. He didn’t realize that you were examining his tired figure. He took a sip of the coffee. Somehow, his magic keeps him awake. “That’s not healthy. Shouldn’t you at least take a rest? What if your body can’t handle it?” you said worriedly.

“relax kid. one, i’m a monster. two, i’m made of magic. three, i’m a monster. i can handle sleep-deprivation,” he said, shrugging like it wasn’t a big deal.

But it is a big deal. You can already see how his body slugged tiredly from all the work he’s been doing.

“Oh? You sure about that?” you said. He was confused. You grabbed his mug when you knew that it was empty, placing it next to you. Then you grabbed his bony hand. He was surprised at the sudden contact, his face flushing blue.

“k-kid, wha—“

You forcibly pulled him to lie down on your lap. You noticed how light he really was because it doesn’t take much effort to actually pull him down. Well, he is just made of bones.

“If you really aren’t bone-tired then maybe you won’t fall asleep if I held you like this?”
Too late. You can already hear his light snores. A small smile crept to your face.

Chapter End Notes

anyway, the answer to the joke was 'an impasta' to anyone that didn't get it. sorry, i suck haha. thank you for enjoying! :)
Get your own couch

Chapter Summary

Shopping with the swapped bros (and pizza)
And then being floated in mid-air. Nice.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“you look pretty happy, kiddo.” That was the first thing Hoodie said to this day. Well, actually, it’s already noon. Sans fell asleep on your lap for quite a while. You missed your job so you had to call in sick. You never really skipped a day in your one and only job, but you’re making an exception for him.

When he awoke, it was already past lunch time and the sun was high up. You’re grateful it is still the chilly season so the warmth from the sun didn’t bother you as much. He muttered quite a handful of ‘sorry’s’ to you until he had to leave. Of course, he brought you back inside the house first. Well, that was disappointing.

At least you got to hang with him?

“I am?” you asked with a big, dopey grin, strolling your way to the couch and slumping down. You had nothing to do all day so why not be lazy for once?

“yeah. you forgot to bring your lil bro to school,” he added and you were frozen in your spot. Holy. Freaking. Cow. With a horrified look, you faced him. You didn’t say a word. You were just frozen.

Then, a smirk crept to his face... skull. “don’t worry, irresponsible sister. i took him to school. now relax, won’t ya?”

You quickly released the breath you’ve been holding in. Oh god, you thought he skipped school too just because you were with Sans. Hood’s right, you’re irresponsible. Frustrated, you rubbed your palms onto your face. “I’m sorry. But oh god, thank you, Hoodie!”

“uh-huh. anyway, the great me is out, said he’s gonna be at undyne’s again. and that toriel and frisk’ll be here any minute.”

Oh no. You forgot. You were supposed to go shopping with the skelebros today! You dashed upstairs to get some clean clothes before rushing back downstairs and into the bathroom. You showered quickly. Dried yourself quickly. Got dressed quickly. And you were all set by the time that it was 2 o’clock.

You went back to the couch so you could lean back into it, finally letting yourself relax. Of course, the swapped skelebros were already there. And everything was absolutely fine... until your stomach grumbled. Oh god, you haven’t eaten anything! Except coffee, of course.

“HUMAN? ARE YOU FEELING OK? YOOU LOOK A LITTLE PALE,” Blueberry asked, his worried gaze landing on you. You caught Hoodie’s attention because his gaze flickered to you, too.

You waved a hand. “Yeah. I’m fine, sweetie.” Blueberry’s starry eyes seemed to shine and you can’t
help but hug the little fella. Why is he so damn cute? God, you could just fuss about him forever! He happily returned your hug. Yeah, he seemed to enjoy the attention really. “Gosh, you’re so cute!”

“AM NOT! I AM MAGNIFICENT, NOT CUTE!” he said. You could almost see his pout even though you can’t see his face right now.

“Yes, you are absolutely magnificent!” you said, laughing.

Hoodie loudly cleared his throat and you stopped. He was looking blankly at you now. You stuck your tongue at him before pulling away from his brother. Eh, better not to make him mad, yeah? You don’t actually know how frightening he could be.

The doorbell rang just as you pulled away from the little blueberry’s hug. You stood up and opened the door. Frisk was quick to hug your legs and you laughed while you almost fell to the floor. “I missed you too, Frisk!” you said happily, stroking their hair softly.

Toriel was right behind them and you opened your arms. Toriel laughed softly as she embraced you, ignoring Frisk’s protests that she was still there. The feel of her soft fur filled you with a warm feeling. She almost smelt like her own pie! “Hello there, dear.”

“Hey, Tori,” you greeted softly.

When you guys finally pulled away, Toriel brought out a box that she had been carrying using one paw. “I brought pie!”

You broke into a grin as you grabbed the box from her hands and then hurried into the kitchen. Food! Oh god, you’re so hungry! You grabbed a fork before opening the box. The sweet, warm smell of the cinnamon butterscotch pie wafted to your nose and your stomach growled.

When you went back into the living room while eating a piece of your pie, you saw that the four was getting along quite well. They were having a chat. Oh right! You forgot to tell them that the skelebros were from another universe! Although, they look like they already knew that. Oh well, saves you the trouble from explaining.

When Blueberry saw you, he perked up. “HUMAN! YOU DIDN’T TELL ME THAT YOU WERE FRIENDS WITH THE QUEEN!” he said giddily.

“Oh. Uhm, surprise?” you said with a forced laugh. He squealed quite adorably before continuing with their talk. You noticed that Hoodie was being quiet right now. He was looking right at Frisk. But Frisk was oblivious as they were chatting with the blueberry with Toriel. You decided to finish your pie first before deciding to join them. You sat beside Hoods.

“Ah, so you are telling me that you are the one who wanted to be in the royal guard while this Papyrus is awfully lazy?” Toriel repeated, pointing at the blueberry and Hoodie respectively. Frisk was excitedly swinging her legs while they listened to them talk, looking so interested at the brothers.

“YOU ARE CORRECT, MY QUEEN!” Blueberry said, nodding his cute skelly head up and down.

Toriel nodded thoughtfully, a sense of excitement coursing through her. “This is quite weird indeed. But I am happy to meet the both of you!”

“Well, you guys ready to get some new clothes? You’ve been wearing that since yesterday,” you said while visibly cringing. Frisk and Toriel laughed warmly as they stood up, getting ready to go. Blueberry and Hoodie followed.
You should’ve brought money with you but... nah.

The day ended quite quickly. By the time it was dinner, you were back at home, waving goodbye to Toriel and Frisk. They said that you should come visit them sometime and you quickly agreed. But then, they stopped to tell you that the monthly dinner party was next week, Friday. They told you to bring the swapped skelebros.

Ah yes. Another month has passed. Wow, you actually felt like you were doing something good in your life for once. Like it’s actually a progress.

You nodded excitedly at them before finally closing the door. You giggled when you saw the swapped skelebros on the couch, rummaging through the shopping bags. The clothes they bought were strikingly familiar to what they were wearing right now. But you have no rights to question their fashion senses.

“Guess you guys are invited next week for the dinner party!” you said happily, glad that an addition was made.

“A PARTY? I HAVE NEVER BEEN TO A PARTY BEFORE!” Blueberry said thoughtfully.

“Well, it’s not exactly a party. It’s just gonna be us, with some food and playing some games, maybe,” you explained, strolling to the kitchen to see if you could cook anything. Ah, of course. There were boxes of spaghetti noodles and spaghetti sauce in all of the cabinets. You mentally admitted that you were getting tired of it.

“Do you guys want pizza?” you asked them.

Berry looked at you with a confused look. Wait, they haven’t had pizza before? Wow. Where the hell did they come from? Oh wait, right. The Underground. Well I guess they wouldn’t be able to deliver pizza to that place.

You made a quick call to the pizza delivery place. It was then when Mark showed up.

“Is Frisk here?” was the first thing he said.

You snorted loudly. Wow, Frisk got a pizza his small heart, huh? Heh, you giggled at your own joke. Yeah, you’re just hilarious.

“you just missed ‘em, bud,” Hoodie said and your brother frowned.

“Psh! Whatever,” he sneered before scampering up the stairs, loudly slamming the door closed.

Wow. The temper reminds you of someone. But you quickly dismissed the idea.

“You guys wanna watch a movie?” you grabbed the remote and started switching shows. When nothing good was on, you decided to choose from the original skelebros’ CD’s. Grabbing one that looked like it was interesting, you inserted it inside their DVD player and let it play.

Blueberry was bouncing up and down on the couch, sitting on the far right. While Hoodie was propping his skull with a bony arm resting on the armrest, sitting on the far left. Wow, this felt oddly familiar. You sat down on the middle, hands on your knees.

That is until Blueberry snuggled closer to you and you reflexively put your arms around him. D’aww, he’s so adorable. He leaned against your chest while his eyes were staring right into the TV.

You could hear Hood’s grunts of protests on your left but you ignored him. Ha. Wasn’t your fault
that the little guy wanted to cuddle with you, right?

Halfway through the movie, the doorbell rang, signaling that your pizza was there. Fishing money from your pocket, you gave it to the delivery man before setting the boxes down on the table. When you opened the box, you instantly grabbed a slice and took a big bite out of it.

Humming, you turned to the skelbos. “Go on and grab some,” you told them. Hoods was the first one to take a slice and took a bite from it, doing the same thing that you did. When he gestured a thumbs up to his brother, it was when Berry slid off the couch and onto the floor to grab one.

“IT IS NOT TACOS BUT IT TASTES REALLY GOOD!” he commented. You laughed at his adorable reaction before sitting back down at the couch, next to Hoods.

Small footsteps can be heard running down the stairs. “I smell pizza! Is that dinner?” Mark said excitedly, sliding next to Berry to grab the biggest slice on the box.

You four all enjoyed the pizza and the movie. Sometimes, Hoods will crack a joke and you and Mark would laugh while the blueberry would protest.

You thought back to the time where everything was fucked up and you were nothing but miserable. This was way different than the past. The past seemed like it happened in a different time now.

You were extremely grateful to have met these monsters. If life would give a chance to start your life over, maybe make your parents extremely caring and all that crap, you would’ve picked not to. You would’ve picked this. Because this? This is your family now. This is your home now and you love it.

The days seemed to quickly pass by. Tomorrow was the dinner party. It was time that Sans and Alphys would take a break and try to spend time with their friends. You’d see him again. God, it feels like it happened too long of a time.

You just got home from work. You made yourself work overtime since you weren’t worried that Papyrus would be left alone at home. You already know that the swapped brothers were there to keep him company.

When you arrived, you can hear Papyrus in the kitchen, presumably making his specialty spaghetti to bring to the dinner party tomorrow. Wait, actually, you can also hear Blueberry in there, too. Oh wow, they’re working together now? That’s just cute.

You groaned, your body tired from the excessive work you gave yourself. You crashed on the couch, not even bothering to change clothes or shower or eat or anything. You’re too tired and too lazy to do anything anymore especially now since your usual energy is drained.

“hey, bud. that’s my place.” You heard Hoodie’s voice and you just groaned slowly in response.

“Fuck off,” you grumbled, quietly enough so the others wouldn’t hear you, only Hoods. You didn’t see his reaction since your eyes were closed. He didn’t answer so you thought he left. Ha, the couch is all yours! You chuckled groggily before going into dream state.

Well, you were. Until something tugged inside of you, a force. You ignored it, even though it made you extremely uncomfortable. The next moment, you were floating in mid-air as you felt the couch disappear under you.

“Oh my god!” you screamed, panicked when you really were floating mid-air! You struggled to go back down but you can’t even move from your spot in the air. Your head snapped towards Hoodie who was looking amused, his left eye flaring orange while his right hand was out of his pocket, a
finger was pointing at you.

“Holy frick, Hoodie! Put me down!” you squealed as your heart palpitated. Nope. This is not a nice ride.

“sure, kid. since you asked so nicely,” he said with a chuckle. He moved you away from the couch (of course, you were screaming) and into the space beside the couch before putting you down (not quite gently). He then walked over to the couch and laid down on it, almost similar to your position before he freaking used his magic on you.

“God!” You stood up, frustrated. “You lazy ass!”

“sorry to burst your bubble, pal. i don’t have an ass,” he drawled. You let out an annoyed grunt. Then you grabbed one of his skeleton hands, pulling him off the couch. He fell down with a thump quite easily and you quickly occupied the couch, lying on your stomach. He looked at you, annoyed, while you stuck your tongue at him. “that wasn’t nice.”

“Well, making me force-float off the couch wasn’t very nice either so it’s a truce. I forgive you,” you told him lazily then yawned. You shut your eyes closed and easily drifted off.

Not until something fairly heavy and warm appeared on top of you. You let out a frustrated grunt. “Go away, Hoods.” His weight wasn’t really heavy since he isn’t anything but bones. Actually, it’s really comfortable.

“this is my couch.” His voice came from over your shoulder.

“Be a gentleman and let me sleep on your... couch,” you told him, but it became more of a whisper as you were slowly drifting off again. You didn’t even hear his response as you went into dream world.

Chapter End Notes

nghhhh! gosh, i don't even know where this is going but i'm enjoying it!
**Surprise visit = disaster**

Chapter Summary

Sans got jealous.
Then you met Flowey!

Chapter Notes

You stirred awake. Your whole body feels sore. You tried to move but you can’t. Something was on top of you and was pinning you down. You slowly opened your eyes, blinking several times as you adjust to the light inside the room.

Oh. You’re not on your bed. You’re not with your brother. You’re in the living room. Why were you in the living room again?

You froze when you heard a light snore above you. And then you remembered.

You came home pretty tired last night and crashed on the couch. And Hoods here just frickin’ slept on top of you because you’re too stubborn. Well, that could’ve gone worse.

You moved a little bit, wiggling so you could slide from underneath him, careful so you wouldn’t wake him up. You don’t think that this Paps is a morning person. Or skeleton.

“hey bud. mind if you stop moving? somebody’s sleeping here,” he said, almost a whisper. His voice was extremely husky and uhm... ok. Nope.

“Get off, Paps. I still have a job to go to!” you hissed.

He seemed to snuggle closer to you. “nah.” You froze for a moment, a blush staining your cheeks.

“Get your lazy ass off, Papyrus!” you said again, a little louder this time. You tried to slide off but then you couldn’t move. Something was keeping you in place. There was that force again deep inside you.

Stupid skeletons and their stupid magic. “Papyrus! I don’t want to be late!” you whined.

“you should’ve thought of that before being so soft and warm,” he said with a yawn. Goddammit! You grumbled something incoherent. “what was that, kid?” he asked.

“I said, if you don’t move, I’m gonna scream real loud,” you huffed.

He chuckled quite lazily. “nice try.”

“Oh? You don’t think I’ll do it? Just get the fuck off, Hoodie!”

And before you knew it, he was off of you, surprisingly enough. Actually, you were planning on giving up because if he’s anything like Sans, you wouldn’t be able to persuade him to get off. You sat up and stretched, popping your bones. “Wow, never knew you’d listen to me, Hoods,” you said,
chuckling.

That was when you noticed that he was suspended above you. Wait what? He can fly? You looked at him confusedly only to notice that he wasn’t looking at you, but rather someone else. Your gaze followed his and you feel your throat tightened when you saw Sans standing at the kitchen, his hand was hovering and his left eye was burning blue.

Oh.

“why don’t ya take a chill pill, bud?” Hoodie said to him, being as calm as he can, his arms crossed as if he wasn’t fazed that he was being floated in mid-air. Or that he wasn’t being glared by an angry-looking skeleton.

O...kay? What the hell is happening?

You gasped in surprised, a hand flying to your mouth when Sans summoned something like a big, bone, animal head. Holy shit! This doesn’t look good. Why is he attacking Hoodie?

“i don’t think you’d want to wreck the house, chum,” Hoodie spat, his voice getting sharper with every word. “why don’t you calm the fuck down and let’s chat, shall we? i mean c’mon. i don’t think you’ll kill me in front of the human, right?” He chuckled.

Sans eyes gazed at you quickly before his burning blue eye disappeared and he put his hand back into his jacket pocket. Hoodie fell down on the couch with a thump. You scooched a little closer to him so you could inspect him. “Are you ok?” you asked worriedly.

“i’m fine, bud,” he said with a smug look. Okay, he looks fine, seeing that he’s looking smug as ever. Then you trained your eyes on the skeleton with the blue jacket.

“Why did you do that?!” you asked him, a little too angrily. He could’ve hurt him! Or worse, he could have destroyed the entire freaking house! Because seriously, that giant animal head doesn’t look too friendly.

And then you just realized that he was here. Right now. Visiting. Visiting who? He never visits.

“What are you doing here?” Your anger quickly faded. Oops.

When Sans noticed that you don’t look mad anymore, he felt relieved. God, he wanted to blast that fucking skeleton. But he was actually right. He’d never hurt anyone. At least, not in front of you.

“i’m just visiting, kid. here to remind you that the dinner party will be tonight at tori’s.” He took a quick look at the smug-looking skeleton and he felt his eye burn for a second.

“Oh! It’s ok! We already know that. Frisk and Tori visited us last week,” you said, forgetting whatever just happened.

“that’s cool, kid. so, i’ll see ya later, yeah?”

You nodded eagerly. You noticed the way he glared at Hoodie and suddenly, a bone was flying towards him. You yelped in surprise as you heard the sound of the bone crashing into the wall when Hoodie dodged it with a quick move of his head. When you turned around to, I don’t know, yell at him, he was already gone.

Sans actually regretted leaving so soon. His thoughts flew to the two mugs of coffee and the blanket he left on the roof. But then, seeing you with that... that skeleton that looked like Paps, he just lost his mood. Maybe you were having fun without him, now that he’s pulled quite some skeletons from alternate universes. He sighed. His mood just got worse.
You sighed, slumping down on the couch as you rubbed your palms on your face. “God, Hoodie! What did you do to make him lash out on you?” You turned at him to see him looking at you amusedly.

dunno, bud. you tell me,” he said with an amused grin.

Oh well. Whatever. Off to work.

You got home earlier than yesterday. But you were still as equally as tired like you were after working. You walked into the house to see Papyrus holding a container in his hand. You tried to peek but Paps just moved it away from your gaze. “I AM TRULY SORRY, HUMAN! BUT THIS IS A SURPRISE FOR THE DINNER PARTY!” he said with a wink.

You shrugged as you gave him a big grin. What could he possibly cook that could surprise you? Heh. You bet it was his special spaghetti. Which is just his plain spaghetti with a fancy title. Welp. “Of course, a surprise. I’m sorry.”

“YOU ARE FORGIVEN! NOW IF YOU WILL excuseme, THE GREAT PAPYRUS WILL BE PLACING THIS IN THE CAR! NYEH HEH!” He sidestepped you as he headed outside the house to a car that you’ve never seen before. What...? Papyrus has a car?

Well, at least you guys wouldn’t take a bus. You hate the bus. No, actually, you hate the humans who’ll take the bus with you. You can already imagine the way they’ll stare at you disgustedly, whispering to each other while eyeing your monster friends. Or maybe that’s just you being biased.

“Hey Y/N! What happened this morning?” Your little brother came up to you when he saw you enter the house. You flushed, trying to not remember what happened.

“Why are you asking?” you asked awkwardly. He couldn’t have known right? I mean, they were still asleep! He glared then pointed at the bone which was still stuck to the wall. Oh. Right. Heh. Guess you forgot to throw the bone out. “Nothing. Hoodie panicked when I moved and he threw a bone.”

He narrowed his eyes at you, clearly knowing that you were lying. But he shrugged as if he really didn’t care. “Okay. Whatever. Anyway, hurry up. We’re going to go.”

“Yes sir!” you mocked your little brother before going upstairs to retrieve some clothes and towel. You dashed back downstairs and opened the bathroom, only to find Blueberry inside. “Oh! Sorry, sweetie. What... are you doing?”

O...kay? You looked at him suspiciously. He was standing on top of the toilet, posing. Uhm.

“OH! HELLO THERE, HUMAN! I AM SORRY, BUT I HONESTLY DON’T NEED TO GO TO THE BATHROOM! I WAS JUST CURIOUS ABOUT WHAT YOU DO IN HERE AND WHY YOU NEED TO. BUT I UNDERSTAND NOW! THE BATHROOM IS A MAGICAL PLACE! I WISH THAT MONSTERS, TOO, WOULD HAVE A NEED TO GO TO A BATHROOM!”

You stepped back, perplexed. Wait, you’re still lost. What the hell is he talking about? He jumped down from the toilet. “YOU CAN USE THE BATHROOM NOW, HUMAN! IT IS UNOCCUPIED! MWEH HEH HEH!” he said before going out.

Uhm. WHAT?
You shook your head, deciding not to question anything anymore. Nothing makes sense since you got here. But still, it’s pretty nice and fun.

You showered quickly, putting your dirty clothes in a laundry basket. You’d need to do the laundry soon.

You stepped out and saw the front door open. Hoodie was leaning on doorframe. “hurry up kid.”

“Sorry,” you muttered, running outside of the house and into Papyrus’ car. Mark was at the shotgun seat while Blueberry was sitting at the back with you. Seconds later, Hoods slid in after you.

“OKAY! TO THE QUEEN’S HOUSE! NYEH!” Papyrus excitedly yelled before starting the car and driving onto the streets.

You arrived at a house just near a pretty big school that was known for its quality education. Wow, Toriel is doing so well, huh? You don’t even know how she could make time to go shopping with you last week if she was a principal. It made you feel pretty special.

Mark was the first one to leave the car. He dashed quickly up the front steps, entering the unlocked door. You noticed that you guys were pretty early. Undyne’s car isn’t here yet. Or anyone else’s for that matter. You slid out after Hoodie and decided to help Paps with the two containers.

“I AM FINE, HUMAN! I AM THE GREAT PAPYRUS, AFTER ALL! A COUPLE OF THESE THINGS IS SOMETHING THAT I CAN MANAGE!” he said, refusing your help. You decided to leave him be and entered the house with the swapped bros.

Like you thought, you guys were the first ones there. You can see Mark talking to Frisk inside. Or... at least you think they’re talking? How is Mark translating what Frisk what saying? Did he actually learn sign language? Wow, that’s pretty nice of him.

“I’m so glad you can come, dear!” Toriel greeted you at the front door, her arms open for you to embrace. You gladly stepped forward to hug her.

“Of course! Wouldn’t miss it for the world!” you gushed, planting your face to her soft fur. Gah, you could just hug her forever. She feels like a really big teddy-bear. She chuckled and you can feel the vibrations from her chest.

“C’mon now, my child. You’ve goat to stop. Your little brother is shooting you smirks,” Toriel said and you laughed warmly, pulling away.

“You just gave her a long bear-hug,” Mark said flatly as you went near them. This time, you noticed that there was a flower between the two of them. “You’re embarrassing.”

“Ugh! You are just like him!” you jumped in surprise when the flower suddenly talked. Wait, what? Oh c’mon, bro! It was unbearable!” you said, snorting unattractively at your own joke.

“Just like who?” you asked the flower. He scrunched his face in disgust while he looked at you. Actually, he’s pretty cute for a flower.
“Smiley trashbag! His jokes are disgusting!” he spat. Frisk glared at the flower, silently scolding him. The flower only scoffed.

“He meant Sans,” Mark said.

“Duh? I know that?” you told your brother as he stuck his tongue out at you. “Anyway, what’s your name little guy?” you asked the flower.

“Little guy?” His face distorted into a horrifying look. “Don’t call me that! I can kill you and everyone you love!” His tone of voice also changed, making it deeper and scarier.

Well, you’d be terrified if he wasn’t a flower in a flowerpot. “That’s real cute. I didn’t catch your name though.”

Frisk giggled behind their hand as the flower looked confused. Mark smirked, amused.

“I’m Flowey,” he answered, a bit quietly.

You could pinch his petals! That’s so cute! “Hello there, Flowey! I’m Y/N! It’s nice to meet you!” you said cheerily.

“Frisk. Get me away from this freak,” Flowey said.

You laughed. “Frisk, is it ok if I take this one home?”

Chapter End Notes

hey guys! thank you for commenting and leaving a kudos! you don't know how much it means to me <3 thanks for being supportive especially that this is my first fanfic.

anyway, i'm sorry to say that i won't be updating everyday anymore. it's just that, i've been neglecting some...things ever since i started this. but don't worry! i'll update every time i can! *wink*

thanks for reading!
p.s. underfell is appearing next chapter.
Edge, edgier, edgiest

Chapter Summary

You met the King.
And the dark skelebros.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“What? You’re giving me away to this weirdo?” Flowey had asked, surprised that Frisk would even say that. He pulled on his puppy-look face, “No! I thought you loved me!” he said while crying dramatically.

“Oh c’mon Flowey! It’d be fun!” you told the flower, amused by his reaction.

Frisk signed something that you didn’t understand. You looked so lost so your brother translated for you. “They said that it’s only going to be a day. Since they had a field trip tomorrow at their school and Flowey’s gonna be left here all alone.”

“Wow! You’re getting the hang of it!” you said to your brother, clearly impressed.

He blushed slightly but rolled his eyes. “Of course I am. You’re just stupid,” he said flatly.

You pouted. “That’s not nice.” You looked at Frisk, silently telling them to scold your brother, too.

You think it’s because he’s been hanging out with Flowey too much.

Frisk got what you wanted to say as they glared at Mark. Mark cringed. Frisk signed something. Mark sighed. “I’m sorry,” he said dully to you.

“Hey! You’re pretty good, Frisk! How’d you do that?” you said with an amused chuckle. Wow.

Frisk shrugged but they were wearing a grin.

“Oh look! Sans’ here!” Mark suddenly said, making you turn around to face the door. Except, nobody was there. You heard Mark’s annoying laugh. You turned to glare at him only to see that even Frisk and Flowey were snickering.

“You like that smiley trash?” Flowey said, snorting. “You really are a freak.”

“Hey! Not nice!” you said while pouting. Frisk was looking at you expectantly with big eyes. It seems that they like the idea of you and Sans together.

“HUMAN! WHY THE LOOK OF DISTRESS? ARE THEY TRYING TO HURT YOU?” Suddenly, the blueberry jumped in in the conversation, looking hyperactive as usual. He grabbed onto your leg and hugged it. “DO NOT WORRY! I’M HERE TO PROTECT YOU!”

That is so cute! “I’m fine, sweetie!” you said sweetly.

“Who is that?” Flowey asked, mildly surprised but mostly annoyed.
“It’s Sans. From another universe,” you told him.

“What the fu—‘ You and Frisk glared at him, “—rick. That’s not—what? How did that happen?”

“HELLO THERE, LITTLE FLOWER! YOU LOOK LIKE A FRIEND OF MINE BACK IN OUR UNIVERSE! HE IS EXTREMELY NICE AND HE ALWAYS GIVES ME ADVICE! WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MY FRIEND TOO?” Blueberry said to Flowey, his big, starry eyes looking bigger.

Flowey bursts out laughing and you can’t help but look at him angrily. The blueberry was asking nicely! Oh my god, how rude!

“O-oh! You’re—you’re supposed to be Papyrus in your universe, huh? Pffft! That’s so stupid!” He continued laughing and when you looked at Blueberry, he looked like he was about to cry. Oh god, he did not!

“Listen here, you little weed!” You were surprised by the sharpness of your tone. It made Flowey stop laughing. Anybody who makes the Blueberry cry would be freaking ripped to bloody pieces! Nobody’s an exception!

Mark and Frisk watched. They, too, were extremely annoyed at Flowey for making the little blueberry cry. “You dare say another word and I’m going to pull your petals off! One. By. One,” you snarled.

Flowey looked horrified as you kept glaring at him. His petals shook slightly. “I—w-what? Are you threatening me? You’re just a weak, puny human! I’m not scared of you!” His voice got firmer with every word, he growled at the end.

“you better be, buddy.” Hoodie showed up beside you, his eye burning menacingly orange. “one tear from my bro and i’m going to cut you to pieces,” he said coldly.

Flowey’s eyes widened. Swapped, he suddenly realized. The personalities of the skele-brothers were swapped! Sans was supposed to be the intimidating one. Papyrus was supposed to be the naive, stupid one.

“F-frisk,” he choked out. “Get me out of here.”

Frisk giggled behind their hand as they patted Flowey reassuringly on the back of his flower head. Surely, he should know not to mess with Papyrus and the blueberry or else he’ll be threatened to death. Flowey huffed, trying not to appear too scared.

You watched as Hoodie tried to stir his brother away from the flower.

“Hey. We’re still down for tomorrow right?” you asked him, your voice suddenly changing back to your cheery self.

He looked frightened. “No.” But Frisk nodded. You smiled at Frisk and then at Flowey.

“You better behave Flowey. Or I’m gonna dump you in the garbage,” you hissed the last sentence. He cringed before looking away.

“That was stupid,” Mark commented.

“Shut up! I was trying to be intimidating!” you whined at your brother.
“That was not intimidating. Those were useless, stupid threats,” he said flatly.

“Oh shut up, dear brother. You know nothing about threats,” you said before patting him on the head. He scowled at you, trying to move away from your hand. Frisk watched the gesture amusedly.

Your gaze found a big, fuzzy monster going down the stairs. He was wearing a polo shirt and khaki pants. And you had the feeling he looked extremely like Toriel. Wait, wait! You remembered Undyne mentioning ‘Asgore’. Is this him?

Asgore found you staring at him and gladly made his way to your group. “Howdy, Frisk and Frisk’s friends. My name is Asgore.” His voice was extremely deep, you could feel the vibrations in your entire body. Okay, exaggerating but you get the point.

“Hi! I’m Y/N! This is my little brother, Mark!” you said enthusiastically, holding out your hand so he’d have to give you a handshake. And when he reached your hand, you suddenly confirmed that this guy is also a big teddy-bear like Toriel! God, why are they so soft? If you were that soft, you’d sleep on yourself.

“Nice to meet you, Y/N and Mark. Oh, hello there, Flowey. I am sorry, I did not see you there,” he said to the flower. Flowey only scoffed and looked away. “Anyway, it is nice knowing you. Excuse me but I should go to the kitchen and see if I can help with anything.”

You nodded. “Sure thing Asgore!” You watched as Asgore retreated into the kitchen.

“He’s the king,” Mark suddenly said, taking you by surprise. You turned to him, your eyes widened. “What?!”

“He’s the king of monsters. He and Toriel were both married once,” Mark explained. Okay, why does he know this and not you? God, he knows more than you now! You should start hanging with Frisk more often, too.

“Really?” you said, awed by the information. You already knew that Toriel was the queen, hearing the other monsters call her that but you’d never actually saw the king before. It’s weird that they look so alike. You start wondering if they were ever related. That’d be incest, but who knows?

Suddenly, the door slammed open, making you jump. You heard Flowey and Mark snicker. You forced a laugh. God, you’ve gotta get used to that. Seriously.

“Hey there dorks!” Undyne practically screamed. She saw your group and started to dash towards you. “Hey Frisk! And you, punk! You’re looking pretty good!”

“H-hey! Stop with the noogie!” you whined. She laughed boisterously before letting you go. She turned to Mark.

“And you little punk! C’mere!” Undyne rushed forward but Mark was quick to dodge. He ran across the room, away from Undyne. She looked unpleased and started to run after your little brother. He screamed like a girl and you snorted.

“H-hello, there Y/N! It’s nice to see you again! How’ve you been? Was the skeleton brothers g-good to you?” Alphys suddenly showed up by your side. You hugged the little lizard. You owed this monster a huge thanks! If not for her, you wouldn’t have met anybody here!

“I’m doing fine, Alphys! How ‘bout you and Undyne? Oh, wait! How ‘bout the machine? Is it doing well? Are you close to finishing it?” you asked her. She looked nervous after hearing your questions.
“I’m sorry, Y/N. The machine is nowhere close to finished. It’s a bit hard but we’re trying the best we can,” Alphys said with a strained smile. You just noticed how tired she looked, like how Sans looked like when he came over to watch the sunrise with you.

You tried not to look too disappointed by the news. “Oh. It’s ok. It’s fine. Where’s Sans?” Almost a month but they still don’t know how to fix the machine. It’s not their fault, you reminded yourself.

“right here, kid.”

You jumped in surprise when a voice suddenly appeared behind you. You turned to him and glared. Well, I guess he looked better. You actually hadn’t had the time to look at him clearly this morning. You were too preoccupied by what was happening.

“Hey there, Sans,” you said as a grin reflexively crept into your face. You forgot you were talking to Alphys as she slowly moved away from the two of you. Frisk’s group were silently watching Sans and you talk.

“I’m sorry ‘bout what happened earlier,” he started.

“No. It’s fine,” you said, your grin becoming a grimace as you remembered what happened. “I’m not the one you need to say sorry to, though,” you pointed out.

He huffed. There was no way he was going to say sorry to that skeleton. He was about to say something when you suddenly gasped loudly. Oh god, no.

“S-sans. Why are there two skeletons outside the house?” you asked him, your eyes trained on the big window which you can clearly see two skeletons hanging out on the porch.

Sans cringed. Ah, it was meant to be a surprise... or something. Anyway, he wasn’t planning on telling you so early.

“A-are they... Did you pull them out of another universe again?” Your voice was clearly not amused.

“it was an accident!” he said defensively.

You crossed your arms and scoffed at the skeleton. “An accident? Really? Pulling someone out of another universe is an accident?” Yep, you were mad. Basically because a certain skeleton just couldn’t stop trying to pull another skeleton every time he sees a new alternate universe. And they don’t even know how to bring them back!

Also, more responsibility to take care of! Ugh!

He grinned sheepishly. “it’s not my fault! readings from a new universe popped up and i was curious!”


Sans gulped. “uhm, they’re a bit... evil.”

“What?”

“They’re rude and they curse a lot, ok? they’re from a universe where every monster is somehow... ruthless.”

“Well, I’m sure they’re not that bad. They’re you,” you said before you can stop the words. You
realized and you coughed awkwardly, a blush staining your cheek. You can hear Mark’s snickering from here. Sans felt embarrassed when you felt embarrassed and now you’re both blushing.

“u-uhm, okay. i-i’ll get ‘em. i’m not gonna introduce them or anything,” he said, his face scowling at the thought of talking to them. He tried, but they’re just really, really annoying and rude and everything. You followed behind Sans. He opened the door and gestured for the two to come in.

They were both wearing dark clothing, you realized. Dark Papyrus tsked. “YOU SURE? YOU SEEM TO LIKE THAT WE ARE FREEZING OUT HERE,” he snarled. Oh. Well, okay.

“Well maybe if you stop being so rude, he’ll even shower you with flowers,” you snapped at the skeleton. You seemed to notice that he has deep scratch on his right eye. You wondered what happened.

“AND WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?” he asked, scowling deeply at you.

“shut up and just come inside,” Sans said, exasperated. You let the two skeletons come in and followed them when they made their way to the living room of Toriel’s house. Frisk looked at them excitedly. They jumped up from their seats and made their way in front of the dark skele-bros.

“WHAT IS THIS PLACE? IT’S SO BRIGHT AND STUPID,” the tall skeleton mumbled. This is just really weird. It really is a dark version of the skele-bros!

Frisk was signing excitedly in front of them. Sans (with the golden tooth) frowned at them. You decided you’ll call him Goldie. Also, he didn’t understand a single thing Frisk just said. “What the fu—"

Toriel suddenly came in from nowhere, a deadly look on her face. “No. Cursing. In. My. House!” she said quite frighteningly that even you were surprised. Woah. But it does seem to work. Goldie gulped but it seems like he got the message. Scratch (yes, it’s what you decided to call dark Papyrus) also seemed like he got the message.

Never mess with goat-mom. Noted.

She forced a smile on her face, but it still looked scary. “Why don’t you two have a sit over there?” she said, gesturing another couch, just beside the couch where your brother and Flowey were sitting. She strolled back into the kitchen when the dark skele-bros obeyed her without a word.

“woah. tori’s actually scary,” Sans whispered.

“I know, right?”

You decided to sit beside the dark skele-bros and try to welcome them into your universe. You’re going to try to get along with them. I mean, you are stuck with them until the machine’s fixed. You have no choice but to get along with them or else you’ll be scowling every time you see them.

“So, are you guys doing okay?” you asked, trying to be as relaxed as you can with their uninterested and intimidating skelly-faces. Sans sat down with Mark and the others, trying to keep an eye on you and the dark skele-bros.

“why do you care?” Goldie said, glowering. His eyes were anywhere but on you. You noticed that Scratchy seemed to want to say something.

“I SMELL SPAGHETTI,” he said and you beamed. He is a Papyrus! That’s good. A Papyrus’ weakness is spaghetti. You confirm that this statement is true. Unless, y’know, it's Hoodie. He’s
different. “SURELY, NO ONE HAD EVER MADE SUCH FINE SPAGHETTI SUCH AS MINE.”

You chuckled. “Not true. You should try Paps’ spaghetti.”

He looked confused. “I AM PAPYRUS!”

“Oh, I meant this universe’ Papyrus,” you explained with a smile.

“OH,” he said. Then he tsked. “I SHOULD BE THE JUDGE OF THAT!”

Goldie snickered as he shook his head disapprovingly. He doesn’t like that his brother looked like he liked it here when everywhere he looked, there were humans! Humans were something that should be killed in their universe. Just because they aren’t back at home doesn’t mean that they should stop killing right? But wait, why would they kill? The barrier is broken right? They have no reason to kill anymore. He grunted. This crap is confusing.

The couch suddenly shifted on your left. Hoodie just appeared. “new guys?” he asked when he saw the dark skele-bros.

“Yep! This is Goldie and Scratch!” you said with a cheery voice. You heard their grunts of protests by the name you gave them but you don’t actually give a damn. Hoods chuckled amusedly. He noticed Sans was glaring at him but he ignored it.

“the food’s about to get ready soon,” he said to you. Then he chuckled. “you should see what my bro and the great me just made.”

“Wait, they made something? Together?” you said, surprised but mostly awed. If they made something together, then perhaps it isn’t spaghetti, right?

“Food’s ready!” Toriel called from the kitchen.

Food. Yes. You’re starving.

Chapter End Notes

am i doing it right? am i? of course i am. i think. gah. anyway, i don't know when i'm gonna post the next chapter so just hang tight.

anyway, i love reading your comments <3
Everybody was sitting in a large, long table. Somehow the chairs were exact for all of you, even if there was the addition of two more skeletons. Did Toriel know about them before you?

You were seated between Blueberry and Sans. In front of you was Goldie who was being sandwich between Hoodie and Papyrus. Everyone was quiet while they scooped their own portions of the food into their plate.

“WELL!” Papyrus suddenly stood up, startling everyone. Except Sans of course. He was still minding his own business. “THIS IS CERTAINLY UNSETTLING! BUT I GUESS THIS IS A GREAT TIME –AS GREAT AS ME!- TO BRING OUT OUR BEST DISH FOR THIS NIGHT!” he said with a grin.

Blueberry stood up beside you. But because he was still too short, he climbed over his chair. “BEHOLD! OUR MASTERPIECE!” he said while pumping his fist. Then suddenly, something appeared on your plate. You almost laughed.

This is so adorable! It’s spaghetti tacos, of course. How could you not know? Toriel looked pleased. Hoodie smirked. Frisk giggled. Sans looked confused. Flowey, Goldie and Scratch looked extremely uninterested. Mark snorted but decided to try it out. Alphys looked hesitant.

Undyne laughed raucously. “It tastes good, Paps and uh... Sans! Nice job!” Undyne said while she took a bite.

You also did, grabbing the taco shell and then trying it out. Tastes like ordinary spaghetti inside a taco. But since the two cinnamon rolls did it, “It’s really good!” you praised. Paps and Berry’s face beamed at your reaction. Everybody seemed to take a bite and then praise their good work. It made them really happy and really, really adorable.

“OF COURSE! IT IS MADE BY THE GREAT PAPYRUS!” Paps said proudly, posing dramatically. Blueberry cleared his throat loudly. “AND I ALSO HAD HELP FROM THE MAGNIFICENT SANS!”

“Nice job, sweetie,” you said to Blueberry and his eyes twinkled in delight.

“THANK YOU HUMAN!” he said while giddily bouncing on his chair.

“Better get down from there. You might fall.”

“OKAY!” He jumped down gracefully and sat properly on his chair. He scooted closer to you and he was looking expectantly. You happily stroked his head and he sighed, looking contented. You didn’t notice the gaze Sans was shooting towards you. And Hoods, too.
“HE... THAT’S SUPPOSED TO BE A SANS?” Scratch said out loud, frowning at the blueberry. “HE LOOKS MORE STUPID THAN YOU,” he had said to Goldie. Your eyes widened. He did no—he fricking did.

Your head snapped towards Blueberry. “Hey, sweetie. That’s not true, ok? Don’t listen to the bad guy,” you said to the little guy who was close to tears. You glared at the dark Paps and found out that almost everyone was glaring at him. Hoodie’s eye was burning orange. Oh, he’s so dead. Flowey was snickering despite the fact that he also almost made the blueberry cry moments ago.

You gasped when bones suddenly appeared on top of Hoodie and it was all pointed towards Scratch. Holy cow, they’re seriously gonna fight? In here? Right when you’re all eating?

Scratch gave an amused grin as he himself summoned bones. “YOU THINK YOU CAN DEFEAT ME? COME AT ME!” he said with a wicked grin.

The bones quickly incinerated into dust. Hoodie and Scratch looked completely confused. But you all knew who has fire powers in here. You slowly turned your gaze to Toriel and you can’t help the shudder that went down your spine. She looked awfully frightening, her muzzle turned up into a growl and her eyes were glowing red.

“DO NOT FIGHT INSIDE MY HOUSEHOLD!” she roared.

Everybody was taken aback. You swallowed your fear and tried to continue eating. Oh god, Tori is unbelievably scary. It actually looked like everybody was sweating. Even Hoods, though he didn’t want to look too obvious.

Nobody dared to speak after that. Everyone was eating quietly. She sat back down, trying to collect herself. Frisk got up and went to comfort their mother. The dinner finished in peace. Or maybe fear. You don’t wanna know.

You helped Tori with the dishes while the rest went back into the living room to entertain themselves. She waited until everyone was out of the kitchen. “Oh god, I ruined this dinner, didn’t I?” she said, sounding upset.

“Oh no. It’s ok, Toriel. Even I turn into that sometimes, when I get really angry or mad. They were stepping out of the line. Your reaction is just normal,” you tried to reassure her.

She sighed deeply. “I see. But I wished that our guests did not act like that. If only they were well-behaved then I may not need to get so angry.”

“I wished so too. I’ll try to talk to them, yeah? Even so that they’ll be living with me.”

Toriel nodded her head. “Thank you dear. Please, I’ll be upstairs. I just need a moment.” She stopped cleaning the plates as she massaged her furry head.

“It’s ok. I can handle this. Go and rest for a bit, Tori,” you said softly. Tori smiled at you gratefully before leaving. You continued to wash the dishes. And for a while, you were thinking about how you’d get the dark skelebros get along with everyone.

“dishes very nice of you, kiddo.”

You jumped in surprise when Sans’ voice suddenly appeared. You almost dropped a plate! You turned around to glare at him. He was calmly sitting on the now empty long table, grinning at you.

You turned back around, towards the sink. “And that was very lame, Sans,” you said flatly.
You heard him laughed. “oh c’mon kid. you love my puns.” Were you too obvious?

“Yeah? I’ll contemplate about it,” you replied. You fist-bumped yourself mentally. Nice one, me!

His grin seemed to widen. “that sinks, kid.” He noticed how you smiled proudly of your pun. He found it cute.

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever.” You snorted, not bothering to come up with anything. “Get up and help me with this, lazybones!” you said, looking at him through your shoulders.

“nah. you look like you’re having a great time,” he replied.

You huffed while you continued to work. He’s a real lazy ass. “Wow. You really suck. Anyway, I need to talk to you about something.”

“yeah?”

“Well, we have an additional two skeletons in the house. We don’t have enough rooms. Well, the only unoccupied room is yours.” You thought about letting the dark bros occupy Sans’ room, if he doesn’t mind.

Sans cringed but you didn’t see it. “uhm, well... i have some pretty important stuff in my room.”

“Oh? Well,” You thought of another idea, “How about me and Mark move in your room and let the dark skelebros in ours? I mean, I won’t touch anything in your room. Well, maybe I’ll clean it up a bit—“

“ok. i trust you,” he said and it made you smile. He trusts you enough that he’ll let you take care of his things! You feel pretty happy.

“Nice. It’s settled then?”

“yep.”

Sans looked at you longingly. He felt awfully guilty about not coming to visit you. But when he did visit you, he found some annoying skele-ass on top of you. He wasn’t happy about that. I guess he somehow knew that you two are just friends. But you two are too close for his liking. Maybe he’ll come back often. To keep an eye on that hoodie-freak and make sure he doesn’t steal you away.

When you finished with the dishes, you backed a step when they were suddenly floating. You looked back at Sans to see his pointer finger up and about and his eye faintly burning blue.

“Thanks, lazybones,” you said while patting him in the back. You waited for him to finish putting everything to their designated places before you two headed to the living room. You found everyone huddled together with the lights off. It seems like they were watching some sort of... anime?

You looked for a seat but every couch was occupied. You glared at Hoodie who was occupying a whole couch to himself. That is so rude. You walked over to him, hands on your hips. “Hey bud! Move your ass, won’t you?” you said, trying to mimic his tone.

He lazily looked at you before chuckling. “no way, pal. i’m quite couchfortable.”

You flinched. “That is so cringeworthy. Lame. I give it 0/10.”

He shrugged. “i can’t come up with everything, can i?”
You just noticed that he has a bottle of honey in his hand. “Oh my god, is that Toriel’s?”

“no worries, bud. i asked permission,” he said when he noticed the worried look on your face. You breathed a sigh of relief.

“Shh!” Mark shushed the two of you because basically, you two were the only ones talking. You muttered a quiet ‘sorry’.

“Hey! Move your skeletal butt, Hoodie!” you angrily whispered to the lazy skeleton. He shrugged, not even paying attention to you. You grunted. And then you had an idea. You hopefully turned to Sans, who was just watching the whole interaction.

He was confused at your look at first. But he managed to get what you wanted to say. His eye burned blue and you watched him force Hoodie over to the end of the couch. He grunted, annoyed but you already slid beside him. You gestured for Sans to sit beside you which he gladly did so.

Sans took this as a moment to glare at Hoodie. Hoods met his gaze and his expression lit up amusedly. You were too focused on watching what the others were watching to notice. He took out a cigarette that he kept in his hoodie’s pocket and this time, you immediately detected it.

“Hey! What did I tell you? No smoking!” you said as you grabbed the cigarette from his mouth.

“no. you told me not to smoke in your house. this isn’t your house,” he said as he stole his cigarette back from you.

“You can’t do that! There are humans and monsters in here that have lungs!” you said. Wait, do monsters have lungs? Eh, you get the point. You tried to get the cigarette again but he moved it out of your reach. He chuckled at your attempt. “Give me that! No more smoking, Hoods!”

“eh.”

You tried to lean in closer but he just moved it farther away than you. Damn you and your short arms.

Sans shot Hoodie an annoyed look. He was doing this on purpose, just so he could irritate the hell out of him. It’s working.

“Shh!” This time it was Undyne who told you to keep quiet.

You glared at Hoodie before sitting properly. “Don’t smoke or Toriel will kill you.”

The thought of Toriel going all-out on him made Hoodie hide his cigarette. Nope. You grinned triumphantly. You took a quick peek at Sans and frowned when you see his eyes half-lidded while watching the TV. He’s half-asleep. What the hell?

You gently grabbed his clavicle and pulled him to your lap. He didn’t resist. Heh. You stroked his skull lightly, like what you did to Blueberry’s a while ago. He seemed to relax more into you as his eyes were fully closed. He grabbed your hand with his own bony hand. Sneaky, little freak. You can’t help but smile.

You didn’t notice that everyone was staring at the way you look at Sans right now. You were too busy watching him sleep. Mark and Flowey snickered quietly. Frisk quickly waved their hands at them and told them to be quiet. Undyne was looking at you with a teasing grin on her face. Alphys was blushing, claiming that you and Sans were now her #1 ship. The dark skelebros and Blueberry wasn’t paying attention to you, though. They were staring at the TV, watching the movie with
attentive looks.

Finally, you managed to pull your gaze away from him and looked up. You were startled by the way they were looking at you and you flushed a deep red, hiding your face behind your one free hand. Oh my god, they’re onto you! Oh my god. They just saw you watching Sans sleep like a freak!

Frisk, Undyne and Alphys all shot you a thumbs-up. You groaned mentally.

It took quite some time until everyone’s attention was back at the TV and not at you. You exhaled, the blush still quite there although it was faint. I guess you better get ready to more teasing.

You almost yelped when Hoodie suddenly leaned towards you. Surprised, you took a quick look of his face to find him asleep, too. You frowned.

Freaking lazy-ass skeletons!

Chapter End Notes

hey there guys. anyway, i hope no one is expecting any smut from this story. there's not gonna be any smut, ok? i honestly think i'm too young to write that stuff (or am i? lol)

thanks for your support! i really appreciate it!
Chapter Summary

SO MUCH PUNS + an evil flower

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You told your boss you can’t work today because one of your relatives died. Of course, nobody actually died. You were just using it as an excuse. Yeah, it’s a lame-ass excuse but still an excuse.

Today was the dark skelebros’ first day in the house and later, Frisk would be stopping by to drop Flowey. You just finished hauling all of your belongings from your room to Sans’ room. Not without cleaning it first. God, he was such a mess!

When you entered his room, you immediately retracted from the smell of ketchup and dirty socks. It wasn’t this gross when you entered it before to talk to him. You mustered enough courage to go in his room again with a determined look. It took a long time to clean his room though. You had left the dark skelebros on the couch with Hoods, hoping that he’d keep an eye on them, just like he promised you.

All the strewn papers that you found, you arranged in a neat pile before putting them inside his drawer beside his bed. You mentally reminded yourself that you really needed to do the laundry, especially when you found all Sans’ dirty clothes. You did hear Paps say that they have a washing machine down at the basement.

Yes, exactly. You didn’t know there was a basement until he said so.

Finally, after two hours of cleaning, you were pleased with the smell, the clean sheets on the bed and the neatness of the floor. Cleaning Sans’ room is twice as hard as cleaning the whole house. Damn.

You went back downstairs, a big ball of dirty laundry on your arms. You were staggering with the weight but you managed to get downstairs without falling.

“Hey, Hoodie! Can you help me with these?” you shouted.

Hoodie barely lifted his skull to look at you. “nah. you look like you’re having a swell time,” he drawled. You let out an annoyed grunt, sending deathly looks at the back of his skull. Fricking lazybones!

“I’LL HELP, HUMAN!” You almost fell when Blueberry appeared from nowhere, but fortunately, you caught yourself. He took the big ball of dirty laundry from you before you can even protest, but you were awed when he lifted it without any problem. “WHERE DO YOU WANT IT?”

“Oh! Here.” You headed towards the door that was underneath the stairs. There was another set of stairs that goes to the basement. You went first while the little guy followed you. “Careful, sweetie.”

“I AM VERY MUCH CAREFUL! BUT DO NOT WORRY ABOUT ME, HUMAN! I’M THE MAGNIFICENT SANS!” he said proudly and you stifled a laugh. He’s really precious!
At the bottom of the steps, you found a small room. In one corner was the washing machine. Next to it was a dryer. And at the opposite corner, there was a small bed. You frowned, confused. Nobody told you about somebody living here before.

You told the blueberry to put the dirty laundry inside the washing machine. He did and you thanked him for his help. “NO PROBLEM HUMAN! IF YOU EVER NEED ANY HELP, YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME! MWEH HEH HEH!” And then he bounced back up the stairs, leaving you behind.

You did what you have to do before leaving the machine running and going back up to the living room.

You found Papyrus who had a duffel bag around his shoulders hanging around the other skelebros. “Hey Paps! Where are you going?” you asked him.

He turned towards you with a big smile. “UNDYNE WANTED COOKING LESSONS! FROM ME! IS IT NOT AMAZING? I WAS THE ONE WHO WAS TAKING LESSONS FROM HER BEFORE. BUT NOW, I HAVE BECOME SUCH A SUCCESSFUL MASTER CHEF THAT SHE HAD TO TAKE AFTER ME!” He posed proudly and you clapped your hands.

“That’s great, Paps! Nice job!” you said with a big smile. There was a knock on the door. You dashed towards it, sidestepping Paps. You opened the door and found Frisk holding Flowey in their hands. You bounced excitedly. “Hi Frisk! Hi Flowey! Heyya Tori!” You waved at Toriel who was keeping a distance behind the duo.

Frisk giggled at your reaction. They handed Flowey to you and you grabbed him without hesitation. Toriel gave you a little smile. She must still be troubled about the dinner party yesterday.

“Ugh, why do I have to be stuck with her for the whole day?” Flowey whined.

Frisk signed quickly with their hands but you didn’t understand a thing so you just smiled. “Sorry Frisk. I have no idea what you just said. But don’t worry, I’ll take good care of the weed for you! Have fun at your field trip, ‘kay?” Frisk pouted, looking a bit disappointed but then smiled and nodded their head. They gave a quick peck to Flowey, with him cringing in response before waving you goodbye.

You waved goodbye back before closing the door. You happily skipped towards the living room. “Hey boneheads! Look who’s here!” you said, putting Flowey down on the coffee table.

“HELLO THERE FLOWEY!” Paps greeted and Flowey grunted in annoyance. Blueberry looked like he wanted to say something but decided not to, pouting at the little flower that was oblivious to his presence.

“Why do I have to be stuck with these stupid skeletons for a whole dayyy?” Flowey whined.

“Why not? This is going tibia great day!” you replied and he groaned. You earned a few chuckles from Hoodie and Goldie. Well, Goldie snorted. The others were groaning.

“OH PLEASE! STOP WITH THE AWFUL PUNS, HUMAN! YOU HAVE SERIOUSLY REPLACED SANS IN THIS HOUSE!” Papyrus wailed. Blueberry agreed, looking a bit annoyed. Even Scratch’s face fell (heh).

“i think it’s really humerus,” Hoodie said, backing you up. You laughed loudly while another series of groans followed.
“Oh my god, will you please just stop?!” Flowey cried out. “This is not what I signed up for! You are all worse than smiley trash!”

“Do you want me to leaf you alone, Flowey?” Your sentence was followed by an unattractive snort and giggles. Flowey looked like he wanted to be tore into pieces than hear your horrible jokes.

“THAT'S IT! I'M OUT OF HERE!” Paps said, slamming the front door open.

“TAKE ME WITH YOU, OTHER BROTHER PAPY!” Blueberry said, following Paps out of the door. And then they were out. You were left alone with the dark skelebros, Hoods and a talking flower.

Your gaze went to Scratch, who seriously wanted to be out of here but doesn’t want to interact with anyone. “You can sit here all day and hear us throw horrible puns, Scratch,” you said, winking at him.

He made a face of disapproval before standing up and trudging up the stairs. “I DO NOT WANT TO HEAR ANY OF YOUR USELESS JESTS, HUMAN!” he said.

“Your room is at the end of the hallway!” you called out. And then your gaze travelled to Goldie, who was watching the TV, looking uninterested. But you knew that he was silently laughing at your jokes. You decided to let him be. You sat down at the middle of the couch, sandwiched between the two skeletons.

“you made some pretty awful puns, kid. nice job,” Hoodie said. You beamed at him.

“Thanks! But... it didn’t lift someone’s spirit up,” you said, pointedly looking at Goldie. Flowey gagged at the joke. Goldie seemed to notice you were staring and met your gaze. He tsked before looking back at the TV.

“you might not have tickled his funny bone, kid,” Hoodie replied, following your gaze. And now you were both looking at Goldie. Goldie found this extremely annoying as he huffed in irritation.

You smirked as something just popped in your head. “Hey Goldie!” you called. Hoods was watching you expectantly.

Goldie looked at you, really, really, really annoyed by now. “what?” he snapped.

“Have you ever tried fishing before?” you said with a big grin across your face.

He shot you a confused look. “…what?”

“Because I think we should hook up!” You shot him a wink and you took note of how his face flushed deep red. He sent you angry looks when you laughed. Hoods was chuckling, clearly amused. God, that was adorable. And yes, that was the most horrible and overused pick-up line ever.

“Hey! You mad? I’m sorry, I was just joking! I’m sorry, I won’t do it again!” Nah. You’ll definitely do it again. His reaction was priceless. You got worried when he ignored you. Oh. You’ve really done it this time. Gosh, you haven’t even befriended him yet and now he’s mad at you!

You pouted when he continued to ignore you. Hoods just patted your back as an attempt to comfort you. Flowey snorted at your pain. He’s an evil flower.

“Hey c’mon, Goldie. Don’t be mad!”
He shot you an angry look, his eye burning in red color. You cringed. You messed up. Yay you. You decided to shut up and be quiet, looking miserable. He hates you now. He’s gonna hate you forever. And there’s no chance of reconciliation. You guys are gonna be enemies for the rest of your lives and you’d have to live with it.

“knock knock.”

You were snapped out of your thoughts when he suddenly spoke. You turned your head towards him, surprised. He wasn’t looking at you but at the TV.

You replied, “Who’s there?” Hope is looking clear with every passing minute.

“woo.”

“Woo who?”

This time, he slightly turned his head towards you, his eyes looking at you. “don’t get too excited. it’s just a knock knock joke,” he said with a smirk. Hoods and Flowey heard everything and they were snorting and snickering, trying not to laugh too hard.

You just got burned. But for whatever reason, it made you happy than upset. “That is so rude!” you said and punched him on the shoulder, or what should have been his shoulder, but there was a hint of relief on your face. He’s not mad. Good. Good. You’re good.

“Hey. Hey, freak. Are you stopping with the jokes now?” Flowey said, his face hopeful. Oh god, that is cute! You could really pinch his petals.

“Nah. I know you secret-lilac my jokes,” you said, winking at the flower. He turned his face up in disgust.

“I don’t deserve this,” he muttered. He’d really like to be dead right now.

“cheer up, weed. thistle make you feel better,” Hoodie said. You snickered.

“I’ll freaking kill you in your sleep!” Flowey’s face distorted creepily, his smile twisted horribly. “Stop this or I’ll end your fucking life!”

“you got a thorn to pick with us, weed?” Goldie joined in the pun-versation, to your relief. At least terrible jokes and puns is still a Sans thing, huh?

“I am out of here!” Flowey’s face turned back to normal and then tried to grow some vines so he could pull himself off the table. You laughed and then grabbed his pot, settling him on your lap.

“Hey, look. Do you want anything Flowey?” you asked him, trying to contain your laughter.

“Yes. I want your soul,” he said impassively.

“Too bad! I haven’t botany!” Then his words just registered in your head. “Wait, what the fuck?” you said, horrified. Evil flower is evil.

You heard Flowey’s malicious laugh. “Oh god, your reaction is delicious!”

“Hey, look at that! You’re laughing! Are you having fun?” you said with a genuine smile. Flowey stopped laughing as he scowled at you. But you can already see the hint of a blush on his petals. Woah, you didn’t know that flowers can blush. That’s adorable.
“N-no! This is the worst day ever!” he said, his voice stuttering. You can’t help but press a kiss on his petals. He quickly retaliated. “W-what the hell are you doing?!?” he shrieked.

You didn’t notice the looks that Hoodie and Goldie gave you.

“What? Oh, you mean this?” You quickly pecked his petals again. He squeaked. His whole flower face is red now. “It’s just a kiss, Flowey.”

“I-i don’t like it! Stop that!” he screeched.

You smiled, amused. “Why not? After all, tulips are better than one.”

Chapter End Notes

i don't know why i can't stop writing this story! i'm updating too fast and the scenes just naturally come to me. gosh! and basically, i'm a bit disappointed about other fanfics of undertale that doesn't update very often. and i just found out about a fanfic titled 'House of Sans' that is basically very similar to mine. Ack. So many skellies~!
A playdate with an evil flower

Chapter Summary

A talk with evil Paps.
Some scenes with the snarky, the lazy and Flowey.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“So, do you like your room, Scratch?”

You were standing on the entrance of the room you used to sleep in. Deciding that Scratch here was alone, you wanted to at least make him feel welcomed. Besides, you’ve already done that with Goldie. He’s pretty easy to befriend. A-and no, it’s not because he’s a Sans or anything. That’s just ridiculous.

You knocked on the door, thinking that Scratch would be asleep, but he said to ‘come in’. When you did, you found him sitting on the bed, looking quite uncomfortable.

“NO BUT IT’S NOT LIKE I HAVE ANY CHOICE, DO I? AND ALSO, I DO NOT LIKE THE NAME SCRATCH. IT DOES NOT SUIT SOMEONE AS GREAT AND TERRIBLE AS ME,” he said with a scowl. But you could sense that he was lonely.

You went inside the room and closed the door gently. Then you sat on the foot of the bed. Scratch looked a little startled, but he was still scowling. “WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING, HUMAN?”

Ignoring his question, you asked, “Are you ok?”

He didn’t want to meet your gaze. “I AM QUITE ALRIGHT! WILL YOU PLEASE LEAVE?”

You sighed. “You can talk to me, Papyrus. I’m a pretty good listener,” you said, attempting to lighten the mood. The mood is pretty tense.

He scoffed. “I DO NOT NEED YOU, HUMAN.” But he casted his eyes downwards.

“What happened? Is it because you were pulled out of your home?” you asked him gently. You were determined to help the poor skeleton about whatever was making him feel down. It doesn’t matter that he’s evil. Even bad guys get lonely. Or better yet, bad guys are lonely.

“I-I... I WAS SO AFRAID TO LOSE HIM,” he suddenly said, his voice quavering. “I WAS AFRAID THAT I’D LOSE MY BROTHER.” Your heart hurt at the tone of his voice.

You smiled affectionately at the skeleton. You raised your arms up and he glared at you, red tears springing in his eyes. “C’mon. It’s just a hug, Paps.”

He leaned closer to you a little hesitant and then you pulled him in a tight hug. It was hard since he was so tall. You stroked his back slowly. “Do you want to talk about what happened?” you asked him softly. You’ve never felt so small against this tall skeleton who was hugging you.
“I-i WAS BARKING ORDERS AT HIM AS USUAL, LIKE I ALWAYS DO BECAUSE HE’S JUST TOO LAZY AND USELESS! S-SOMETHING WAS DIFFERENT THIS TIME. HE LOOKED... hurt. He has never given me that look ever since I started being strict with him. Emotions are just worthless crap anyway!” You tried not to flinch away at his words. You didn’t dare speak, afraid that he’ll stop talking.

“AND THEN, HE DISAPPEARED FROM MY SIGHT. HE HAD NEVER DONE THAT BEFORE. I TRIED SEARCHING FOR HIM, REGRETTING MY PAST ACTIONS. IT TOOK A LONG TIME SINCE I DIDN’T BOTHER TRYING TO FIND HIM BEFORE. AND WHEN I DID FIND HIM, HE WAS BEING PULLED INTO SOME KIND OF PORTAL. NO, HE WASN’T TELEPORTING, HE WAS BEING KIDNAPPED. HE WAS CALLING FOR HELP. I WAS AFRAID I WASN’T GOING TO SEE HIM AGAIN. AND SO I RAN AFTER HIM, INTO THAT PORTAL. AND THEN, I’M HERE.”

He was trying his hardest not to cry. “At least you’re still together, right?” you croaked. Gosh, these brothers. Every alternate version of them may be vastly different, but they have always loved each other. That’s the only thing that didn’t change.

“Y-yes... AND HE DOES NOT NEED TO KILL ANY HUMANS RIGHT NOW, SO I GUESS I’LL TRY TO BE EASY ON HIM!”

You gulped when you heard that. Ah. They kill humans in their universe. You were a bit glad you aren’t born in theirs. You forced a smile. “I think that would be great, Papyrus!” you said.

He then pulled away from the hug. There were tear stains on his cheekbones. “THANK YOU FOR LISTENING TO ME HUMAN.” For the first time, he tried not to scowl at you. I think that’s a big progress!

“No problem, Paps. Now, why don’t you rest? I’ll wake you up when dinner’s ready,” you said to the skeleton. He’s actually not so bad. It’s just like your own Papyrus, combined with something twisted. But it’s still your Papyrus deep down.

“O-OK.” He seemed uncomfortable with how he’s being treated right now. But actually, he liked it. He’s always been the one to look over others, seeing that it’s his job. But now, you’re here. You’re here to look over him. He covered his whole body with a blanket.

You laughed softly and stood up, exiting the room. You closed the door gently and almost screamed when a small emo skeleton was waiting for you.

“i-is he ok?” he asked, but he was trying not to look too interested.

You smiled sincerely. “He’s doing fine, Goldie. Wow, I did not know you have soft spot,” you teased.

He blushed, glowering at you. “no i don’t!”

You laughed and then tried to level with the skeleton. He was sweating profusely but refused to back away. You unconsciously lifted a finger and curiously touched his golden tooth. It feels smooth. His teeth parted a little and you stepped back, partly afraid that he’ll bite your finger off and partly embarrassed. Touching another person’s teeth is weird and rude!

“Do you think we can sell that?” you asked him, trying to not remember how weird and rude you were seconds ago.

He was still flushed. He can’t believe he let you touch his golden tooth! What’s wrong with him?
“are you fucking kidding me?” he growled.

You laughed. “Yes. I’m sorry. But it’s solid gold! It can sell for quite some money, you know,” you said with a wink.

He shook his head. “you’re unbelievable,” he said before disappearing. He was back at the couch with that weird skeleton that looks like his brother and that evil flower. The flower back in his universe was all weak and nice. Very different. He actually preferred this one.

“where’d you go, snarky runt?” Hoodie had asked him.

He huffed. “none of your business.”

You grumpily went down the stairs. “That was very rude of you, Goldie! I was still talking to you, you know!” you said. Like you expected, you found him back at the couch on his usual seat. Hoods gave Goldie a look but then decided to ignore him.

He only grunted in response.

You sat back down on the couch, lifting both of your feet up on the coffee table. Flowey scowled. “Get your smelly feet away from me, freak!” he said.

“But my dirty feet likes you!” you said teasingly then shoved your feet in the flower’s face. This seemed to make him more annoyed and he summoned some vines to wrap around your ankle. You squealed, trying to pull your feet back. You can’t stop giggling. “Oh my god, Flowey. Let go!”

No! You have very ticklish feet! You were trying to hold back your laughter by covering your mouth. A few laughs escaped when Flowey purposely hovered his leaves over your bare feet. “Who’s in control now?” he said with an evil voice.

You were panting, squirming and extremely exhausted by all the laughing but Flowey didn’t want to let go. He loves watching you in pain. You looked at Hoodie with a hopeful expression. You tugged on his hoodie sleeve because you couldn’t even talk anymore. Only wheeze. The two skeletons looked very uncomfortable but you didn’t notice.

He finally took pity on you and called a Gaster Blaster directed to the flower pot. Flowey quickly shrunk back his vines and cowered in fear. You struggled to regain your normal breathing when Flowey finally let you go. Damn that flower! You’re so gonna dump him in the garbage!

You only then noticed that big, boney animal head you once saw Sans summoned. “W-woah!” you sputtered. You also noticed Hood’s eye burning orange. “So you have those too? What are they called?” you asked him in total awe.

“gaster blaster,” he simply answered.

“Hey there buddy!” you greeted the Gaster Blaster head. It seemed confused. It kept looking at you and Hoodie, questioning its existence.

You raised your hand up to pet it. What? It seemed very pet-table. And also it’s a bit cute.

“i don’t think that’s a good idea, bud,” Hoodie said.

You stopped your hand in mid-air. “Why not?”

“They’re very dangerous,” he simply answered.
You rolled your eyes. “Well, as long as you don’t want it to attack me, then it wouldn’t right?”

He was quiet for a second. “yeah.”

You grinned then rubbed your hand on top the Gaster Blaster’s mouth. It has smooth but bumpy surface. It was looking really confused but it appreciated your petting attempt. “Hey. You look really cool, you know,” you said to it, your voice soft.

Its eyes seemed to brighten at your words. And then it was gone, your hand touching nothing but air. You pouted, looking back at the hoodie-loving freak. He had broken into a sweat.

“s-sorry, buddy. making ‘im appear for longer would drain me.” His voice was a little strained and you were quickly worried. Oh! You didn’t even notice that it would take a lot of energy to summon a giant thing like that.

“Sorry ‘bout that, Hoods. Are you ok?” you asked, concern laced in your voice.

He took a deep breath, which was really weird considering skeletons don’t have lungs, and then released it. “i’m alright,” he said with a shaky breath. Goldie snickered.

“Holy shit, you don’t look like you are.”

He pointedly looked at you. Sighing, he said, “i didn’t realize that my energy drains quickly if i use my magic in another universe.”

You sat back down into the couch. “You guys should be careful, then. Try not to use too much of your magic at once,” you said gently. A couple of silence later, you stood up. “Hey, do you guys want to go grab a bite to eat? My treat.”

Hoods chuckled. “don’t you have a money problem?” He was looking better now. Good, it actually scared you when you saw him so tired and pale.

“Y-yeah, so? I’m trying to be nice here!” you defended, crossing your arms in the process.

“You didn’t work today,” Goldie pointed out.

You almost pouted. “Fine! I don’t have any extra money but I’m willing to get some out of my savings.”

“no need to do that, kid,” Hoods said, getting unamused by each passing second. Flowey was just watching the three of you bicker.

“Also, the dark skelebros doesn’t have anything to wear! I could ask Tori, but because of what happened last night,” you glared daggers at Hoods, “I doubt she’ll want to take them out shopping like what she did with you guys.”

Hoods grunted. “it’s not my fault that evil me insulted my brother,” he hissed to no one in particular.

“Hey. He’s not that bad, Hoods. Give him a chance,” you told him. Gosh, they’re gonna have to get along or they’re gonna fight each time.

“and i doubt my brother would even think about being friends with any of you,” Goldie suddenly said. He didn’t mean it in a bad way. He was saying it like it was a fact.

You smirked proudly at the skeleton. “And I doubt that! I’m becoming a pro at being friends with monsters,” you said followed by a wink. Goldie looked away, a faint blush appearing on his
cheekbones. Do you always do that? Flirt with everyone? He doesn’t like it one bit.

Flowey laughed loudly. You turned around to look at him. “That is the funniest joke you’ve ever said!” he said in between his laughs, his petals shaking.

You scowled. “It’s true!”

Flowey’s laugh died, tears brimming at the corner of his eyes. “Stop kidding. We’re not friends. At all. You idiot.”

You feigned hurt, placing a hand on your mouth. Hoods and Goldie bought your act and are now glaring daggers at the little flower. “Flowey...” you croaked.

Flowey looked startled when he saw tears coming out of your eyes. Uh-oh. He made you cry. He’s dead. He looked wildly at the two skeletons, both of their eye were now burning in their color.

“I-im kidding! We’re best friends! Aren’t we, Y/N?” he said, his voice trembling in fear but he kept a happy grin.

You dropped your act and laughed. “Yeah, we are!” You grabbed his flowerpot and showered him with kisses. He was cringing and grumbling, disgust evident on his face.

Yep. This is a fun day.

Chapter End Notes

gosh, i love you guys and your support! it really means so much to me <3 anyway, reader is really good at befriending. like how???????? i can't even do that.
I'm trying to adult here

Chapter Summary

just some fluff and more cute scenes.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

That night, Frisk came by to take Flowey home. You kissed the flower goodbye, to its distaste, and asked Frisk if they had a good time. They nodded their head and then hugged Flowey, like they missed him after not seeing him for a day. It was a cute scene. You bade the both of them goodbye, telling Flowey to drop by again sometime. He only scowled at you.

Mark came home a few minutes later, looking tired. But he and Goldie really hit it off. They get along so well! Well, if bickering and throwing insults are how Mark shows his friendship, then yes, they really are getting along well. Goldie was a good sport and was throwing some back at him but you know it was harmless. I mean, if it wasn’t, heh, you’d kill him on the spot.

There was a knock on the door and you were just finishing cooking some burgers for dinner. Yes, you do know that Paps and Berry would be coming home with spaghetti but you’ve all been eating spaghetti every day for the past weeks! You’re really tired of it. And besides, you’re saving your appetite for when Paps would do another type of pasta that isn’t spaghetti.

There was another knock after a few seconds, reminding you that every single monster and human in this house is a lazy ass! You sighed, turning off the stove and then rushing to the front door. You flipped your finger to everyone who was sitting on the couch, including your brother. They didn’t care. It made you even more furious.

You opened the front door and your annoyed face was replaced by surprise when you saw Sans, your Sans, standing there, looking almost embarrassed. “Dude, this is your house. Why'd you have to knock?” you told him, but you were extremely happy to see him.

“Well, it doesn’t seem like i live here anymore,” he said quietly, his eyes casted downwards.

“That’s complete bull-crap and you know that, Sans,” you told him flatly.

“Fine. I won’t knock next time, kid. You happy?” he said. Actually, he just didn’t want to walk in on another scene like yesterday morning. And he knows that you’re the only one who’ll come to the door because... you always did. It’s either Paps is always busy and he’ll always be too lazy so you’ll be the one to give in and open the door.

You smiled at him and pulled the door to let him in. “Hey. When was the last time you showered?” you asked the skeleton accusingly. Yes, he was carrying a stench. It was barely noticeable but you still caught a whiff of it.

He froze. A bead of sweat rolled down his skull. “Uhm... yesterday...?”

You rolled your eyes. “Har har, Sans. Go and take a shower. You can’t eat with us if you don’t.” He grumbled something incoherently but he did what you wanted him to do. You went back into the
kitchen, ignoring the looks of the skellies and your brother in the living room.

A couple of minutes later, you have already finished setting the table. You poked your head out of the kitchen. “Hey boneheads! Dinner’s ready!” you called out.

You jumped, startled, when Hoodie suddenly appeared on one of the chairs. You glared at the skeleton. “Stop doing that!” you snarled.

“Stop doing what?” he asked, feigning innocence. A second later, Goldie appeared the same way Hoodie did. But this time, you caught yourself. Ha! You’re getting the hang of it. Kinda. Mark ran into the kitchen, looking disappointed that he can’t teleport. Yes, you knew the feeling, too.

“Hey, Gold. Call your brother for me, yeah?” you told the grumpy skeleton.

He scowled at you, his eyes tore away from the food on the table. “no way.” Ah. He doesn’t want to talk to him. But the two of them obviously needs to talk.

“I’ll get him!” Mark volunteered as he ran out of the kitchen. You saw Goldie lifting up a fork. You dashed forward and slapped the fork out of his hand.

He gave you a deadly glare, obviously annoyed. “what the fuck, kid?”

“Let’s wait for everyone else, shall we?” you told him, a forced smile on your face. Gosh! C’mon. They can survive a dinner without killing each other, right? He grumbled, looking away. You can hear Hoods snickering amusedly.

Sans teleported in front of you, dressed in fresh clothes. It made you flinched, but at least you didn’t scream like an idiot. Sans smirked. “wow, you’re getting used to it, kid.”

“How could I not when everyone in here does it?” you complained, annoyed. You gestured to the seat beside you. He took it gladly, staring at you while he did. You ignored him and were trying to hide that fluttering feeling in your stomach. “How’s the machine?”

He sighed, his skull making a ‘thud’ noise when he dropped it on the table. “i’m trying everything i can. although there is a new signal that we just found.”

You gasped loudly. “Don’t you dare bring another set of skelebros in this universe, Sans!” you cried. He lifted his head up, his expression slightly smug. “no promises, kiddo.”

You groaned. Goddammit. There are too many skellies right now! I mean, won’t this tear up the time and space continuum and destroy the world? No? Okay.

“why not? i like meeting another me,” Hoods said.

“I don’t! God, there’s too many of you out there, too many possibilities. Probably infinite. And also, I’m the one babysitting every one of you,” you said with a tired groan. There was a loud knock on the front door. You looked at the three skeletons hopefully but then it turned into a scowl. Of course, all the lazybones were in here! Damn it!

You stood up and made your way to the door. You weren’t surprised when you saw Paps and Berry. Yeah, you were expecting they would be home any time soon. Paps was holding a container in his hand. “THE GREAT PAPYRUS HAS MADE SOME BAKED MAC!” he said proudly, strolling to the kitchen. You heard him squeal in delight when he saw the skellies in there.
Your gaze found the little skelly, who was looking hyperactive as usual. You knelt down to level with him. “Did you have fun, sweetie?” you asked him sweetly. His grin widened.

“YES! I DID SO! I HAVE NOT MET SUCH A FIERCE UNDYNE BUT SHE WAS GREAT! AND ALSO, OTHER BROTHER PAPY ALSO TAUGHT ME HOW TO BAKE THE MAC!” he said with glee. He’s so freaking adorable!

“That’s good!” you cooed and stroked his skelly head before standing back up. He quickly grabbed your hand as you both went into the kitchen. You saw that Mark and Scratch was already there. Hoodie shot you a look when he saw you holding hands with his brother. You grinned innocently.

Once everybody was seated, you started to serve your homemade burger.

“I MUST SAY THIS TASTES GOOD! HUMAN, DID YOU MAKE THIS?” Paps asked while taking another huge bite.

You released a relieved sigh. They like it. That’s good. “Yep. Glad you like it,” you said happily.

“I’m surprised you didn’t burn anything this time, Y/N,” Mark said with a teasing grin.

You scowled. “That was an accident!” you defended. The others were laughing quietly. Then you remembered buying some condiments while doing groceries a week before. Plus honey for Hoods. You stood up and rummaged through a cabinet. Yeah, you didn’t forget to buy them their favorite condiments. You’re sweet as hell.

You grabbed the ketchup bottle. “Hey Sans,” you called. He snapped his head up and you threw him the bottle. He caught it without a problem.

His grin widened. He found it cute that you bought him some ketchup. “thanks kid.” He grimaced when you took out a bottle of honey. Ah. So it wasn’t just him. He glared at the hoodie-freak. Hoodie already had a smug look while looking back at him.

You turned to throw the bottle of honey at Hoods and he caught it with one hand, his gaze stayed on Sans, the smug look on his face never leaving. Sans murmured and just decided to ignore the skelle-as.

You froze in place, looking at the condiments that were left. You turned your head at Goldie who wasn’t even paying any attention. But you know that he, too, also had a favorite condiment. He wouldn’t be a Sans if he didn’t. “Hey Goldie. What do you like?”

His red eyes turned to you, surprised that you asked him. Oh, you’re curious about him too? “mustard,” he simply answered.

You smirked, glad that you grabbed a bottle of mustard and mayo along with the other condiments. “Catch!” you told him. He was startled when you actually did have a bottle of mustard prepared and he clumsily caught the bottle. You closed the cabinet and then sat back down in your seat.

You continued eating, ignoring the fact that the three skeletons were drowning their food in their respective condiments. Everyone was quiet once again. You almost pouted. You wanted everyone to bond right now.

Fine. You’ll do it yourself. “We should take a trip to the beach sometime,” you suggested in the middle of eating.

“THAT SOUNDS GREAT, HUMAN!” Blueberry said excitedly, bouncing on his seat. Then he
stopped. “WHAT’S A BEACH?” he asked, his innocent face was too cute for your liking. You can’t help yourself when you reached towards the little skelly and smooched his cheekbones. “H-HUMAN?” he squeaked, surprised at the sudden kiss and he blushed a bright blue hue.

You sat back down in your seat, pretending nothing just happened. And also, ignoring the fact that everyone else just stopped whatever they were doing just to stare at you. Yep, Sans did not like that. Also Hoodie. But he doesn’t know if it’s because of you or because of his brother. He seemed slightly conflicted but he was still a little mad.

“What the hell was that, Y/N?!” Your brother was the first one to speak up after an uncomfortable silence.

“What?! He was adorable!” you defended, trying to prove a point. “I can’t help it, ok? He’s too cute!” you gushed. Then you pretended to continue eating.

“AM NOT CUTE!” Blueberry spoke up. “A-AND, I ALREADY KNOW THAT PEOPLE CANNOT CONTROL THEMSELVES AROUND ME. SO I FORGIVE YOU HUMAN.” You smiled gratefully at the little skelly. Now you just wanted to give him another smooch. Gosh, why did such a cute skelly like him exists?

“You’re such a weirdo,” he mumbled, shaking his head in disapproval. But then, he noticed that Sans was glaring at his own food and a smirk found its way onto his face. “Hey Sans. You ok there?” he asked, feigning innocence.

Sans looked up at your brother with a dangerous glint in his eyes. Nope, he does not look happy.

“YES, BROTHER. YOU DON’T LOOK QUITE WELL. ARE YOU ALRIGHT?” Papyrus piped up. Sans groaned mentally.

You were suddenly struck with concern as you turned your gaze at the skeleton beside you. You reached up to grab his face because he kept trying to look away from you. “What’s wrong?” you asked him. He looks fine. He won’t meet your gaze though.

“i’m alright, kiddo,” he said quietly. When you didn’t let him go, he grinned affectionately at you. Flustered at his smile, you quickly let go of his face and resumed eating. Sans let out a sigh.

“You wanna talk about it?” you asked him.

“no.”

“Ok.” You understood.

The dinner quickly finished. And as a routine, everyone rounded up in the living room to watch a movie. For once, Paps volunteered to wash the dishes. You were grateful, since nobody else in the entire house would do it except for him. Well, maybe Blueberry will do it, but he’s too small to reach the sink. Which just adds up to his cute-af-points.

You squeezed yourself between Hoods and Sans who were the first ones on the couch. Scratch looked like he wanted to go upstairs but you quickly stopped him. You wanted him to stay. He’s not as bad as he looks, really. These guys just needed to see that.

“I AM NOT INTERESTED IN A BORING MOVIE,” he said with a scowl.

“Really? We’re gonna watch a horror movie,” you said with delight. It seemed to have caught his attention, the scowl faintly wavering.
“HUMAN, WHAT’S A HORROR MOVIE ABOUT?” Berry asked, who was seated directly beneath you on the floor.

“It’s scary. Maybe a bit grotesque and bloody.” This made Scratch extremely curious about the movie and sat down beside the blueberry without a word. Blueberry gasped, the stars in his eyes were gone and his expression was frightened.

God, he’s too cute and the little skelly knows it. You lifted him up quite easily and placed him on your lap. “No worries, sweetie. I’ll protect you,” you said with a big grin. Hoodie was grumbling something beside you but you paid him no mind. You had made the little skelly blush once again but it seemed he was relieved at your words.

“I-I CAN PROTECT MYSELF, HUMAN! I AM THE MAGNIFICENT SANS!” he said, trying to put up with a brave front but it quickly faded when the movie started. He squealed at the beginning of the movie, burying his face into your neck. He refused to pull away as he heard the sound effects coming from the movie.

You heard Goldie grunting, looking annoyed at the skelly who was such a coward. A smile tugged on your lips as he kept glaring at the back of the blueberry, oblivious that you were watching him. “What’s the matter, Goldie? You need a hug from the scary movie, too?” you teased. His gaze flickered to you, his expression surprised. He scowled, but a faint red color was showing on his cheekbones.

Nope. He doesn’t like the teasing one bit. He was supposed to do all the teasing. “careful with your words, sweetheart.” It came out of his mouth before he could stop it. It was an empty threat but it made two—no, scratch that- three skellies looking at him with a deadly glare.

Hoodie really wanted to kick the stupidly-looking skelly seated at his feet. Sans’ head snapped up, his eye was already burning blue. The little skelly wrapped around you also lifted his head, frowning at the skeleton who threatened his human. You didn’t notice their weird reactions and just laughed it out. The three skeletons looked oddly confused but decided to let it go since you didn’t seem to mind.

“Oh my god, you’re so adorable. C’mon Goldie. If you wanted a hug, you could just say so. No need to be all tsundere about it,” you said while giggling. He decided to ignore you since he realized he valued his life. One bad word and he knew that some of the skeletons in here wouldn’t hesitate to dust him.

Papyrus showed up fifteen minutes later in the movie. He looked extremely frightened and said he’d go ahead and not watch the movie. You let him go upstairs. Yeah, maybe the movie isn’t suitable for the cinnamon roll and the blueberry. Berry wasn’t even watching the movie. He was sitting on your lap, his skull on your shoulder. You thought he had fallen asleep. You placed a hand on his back to keep him from falling.

Halfway into the movie and a couple of dead bodies later, a skeleton hand had intertwined his fingers with your free hand. You didn’t know when exactly and why you didn’t notice it. You confusedly stared at Sans, but he ignored your look, his eyes trained on the TV. A blush crept to your cheeks and you can’t help the smile on your face. Well, it was a good thing it was dark.

Sans was relieved you didn’t pull away. Although he did want to kick that little skelly off of you. He was thinking that the ‘blueberry’ was purposely trying to be cute as hell so you’d do stuff like this for him without thinking that it was weird. Yep. He was definitely using his ‘cuteness’ to get you. Or that was just his jealousy speaking.
Somewhere into the movie, Hoodie leaned closer to you. “do you need me to take care of him for you?” he whispered to you, gesturing to his brother asleep.


He scowled. “no way,” he hissed. Still so extremely possessive, yep.

“Why not? It seems like the little skelly likes me more,” you said while sticking your tongue out at him. Mark had nudged your leg because you were too loud.

“in your dreams, buddy,” he said with a sharp tone. He’s not amused. “and also, i think we need to talk about the kiss.”

You were confused for a moment. And then you remembered you smooched the blueberry a while ago. “I told you, he was too adorable!”

“and you said you’d never flirt with my brother, remember?” he snapped, looking annoyed.

“It meant nothing! C’mon, are you seriously mad about that?” you asked him. He didn’t answer you, but he was still looking annoyed af. You sighed. Ok, I guess you need to explain this. “Look, this little guy is like my little brother ok? It was a platonic kiss and isn’t at all romantic.”

“well, i don’t see you kissing your brother like that,” he said, still not convinced.

“Excuse me but my brother is not at all cute. If he is, then maybe I’ll be covering his face with kisses,” you said, trying to make a point.

He was quiet for a moment. And then he shrugged. “…yeah, ok.”

The movie ended. Goldie was asleep on the floor. Sans was half-asleep. Your brother was also asleep and he was leaning on Goldie, which you thought was pretty cute. If they woke up and found themselves in that position, they might kill each other. Hoodie had stood up and opened his arms, motioning for his brother still asleep in your arms.

You pouted and then gave the little skelly up. Hoodie gave you a pleased look before blipping to the room where his brother sleeps in. Scratch looked conflicted as he watched you taking your little brother from Goldie. He stirred a little but fell limp in your arms. You looked back at Scratch. “Hey, you should take him to the basement. There’s a spare bed down there,” you told him.

He still looked conflicted.

“C’mon, I won’t tell anybody,” you said with a genuine smile. He gave up and begrudgingly carried his brother off the floor and brought him down to the basement. You nudged Sans awake when you saw he was falling asleep on the couch. “Hey, bonehead. You can’t sleep there. That’s where Hoods is sleeping in.”

He stirred awake and looked at you with a tired look. Well, to be honest, you were supposed to be sleeping in his room. But you think the bed can hold the three of you. He did have a pretty big bed. You motioned for him to stand up and he did so, looking unsure.

When you reached his room, you dropped your brother gently down the middle of the bed. “You can sleep here with us. Don’t worry, Mark’s a heavy sleeper and he doesn’t kick. So you’ll be just fine,” you said with a quiet chuckle.
He didn’t argue. He was too tired for that. He fell asleep quite fast as you laid down in the opposite side of the bed.

Your life is gradually getting better, to be honest. You fell asleep without a thousand problems swimming in your head.

Chapter End Notes

d this chapter is longer than what i usually do because i might be gone for a few days, sorry :3 also, there might be one or two more chapters before someone new appears.
The competition gets a little tougher

Chapter Summary

You got fired. You met a new friend.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A week has passed. Everything’s going great. Well, you like to pretend everything’s going great. The dark skelebros don’t usually talk much. To themselves and to anyone, ever. You’d only get a reaction from each of them if you tease them or piss them off.

Actually, Blueberry tries to talk to them. He’s a real sweetheart. But it’s really making you upset because he only gets grunts and snarky remarks as responses.

Wait. There is one person the dark skelebros’ get along with. It’s your brother. Yes, Mark. And no, you’re not totally jealous because he can hang out with ‘em without being ignored. You just wish that they’d talk to you, too, y’know. You did reach out to them the first time they got here.

Ok. Enough of that. You’ll work on that somehow.

You’ve noticed another thing. Sans visits you guys every night. It’s actually making you feel better that you get to see him after you get home from another shitty day at work. Not that he’s doing anything spectacular. Honestly, you just see him lounging around like Hoods. Which should be worse because now you need to yell at two skeletons to move their lazy asses.

They’re a handful, really. But you love them. You get attached too easily, yes. That’s true. And as a matter of fact, you’re getting a little afraid to lose them. You have never made such friends before. Never has anyone made you feel like you have a home and a family. Not until them.

You hoped that you guys will last.

“Get your ass up, Y/N!” You were startled when you heard your boss’ voice boomed. You stood up so quickly, your eyes were wide with surprise. “God! I don’t pay you to be lazy, alright?” she hissed, gazing at you with an annoyed look.

You wanted to tell her how you just sat down recently. But you don’t actually want to go against your boss. She had wanted to fire you from day 1 but you never gave her a purpose to. Yeah, that’s actually the only reason why you still have a job right now.

You went back to the counter with Katie, a co-worker. She’s friendly. But she gossips a lot. When your boss went back to her office, Katie snorted. “God, what a bitch,” she said, shaking her head. “I don’t know how you keep up with her, honestly.”

You smiled. “I don’t know how you keep up with her.”

She shrugged, lazily looking over the shop. There were fewer people today. “Well, she can’t fire me. I’m her daughter.”
Oh right. “Lucky,” you said to her and she only laughed. She stopped laughing when a customer came in, the chime making a noise. You both looked toward the customer and you couldn’t stop the smile on your face. It was a monster.

Well, it was someone you’ve never saw before but nonetheless, it was a monster. A monster hasn’t come here at least once. You’ve always wanted to serve a monster. She was... some kind of a bunny. She’s really cute, honestly.

Before you could talk, Katie had beaten you to it. “Hey, watch it freak. No monsters allowed! Get out of here!” she snarled. You were surprised at how she acted. The rabbit girl flinched at the rude greeting. Everyone was staring right now. She bowed her head down low and was preparing to walk out but you stopped her.

You stepped in, shoving aside Katie. “I’m sorry for my friend. What do you want to order, Ma’am?” You can’t believe she’s a monster-hater. There is no way you’d be friends with someone like her. God, monsters don’t deserve hate around here. It’s so unfair.

The rabbit looked surprised. “O-oh, no. It’s ok. I’m just gonna go somewhere else. I understand if they hate us.”

“I don’t hate monsters!” you blurted out. A genuine smile crept to her face. “So, what are you gonna get today, Ma’am?” You tried again, a big grin to your face.

She seemed really grateful. She ordered an iced cappuccino and you get to work, trying to ignore your co-worker’s glare. Katie scoffed, and then made her way to her mom’s office. You gave the monster her order as she gave you her money.

“Thank you,” she said quietly, staring right at you. “I’m glad there are humans like you.”

“No, I’m sorry. Humans are assholes. I’m sorry you have to put through with us,” you told her. A few people were glaring but you ignored them.

“Oh no. It’s really ok. Uhm, I should go. Thanks again. You’re really nice, you know,” she said, looking brighter than when she had come here. You smiled and nodded, watching her leave the shop. You feel all tingly inside. Yeah, you’re a sappy loser. But it made you feel great.

The boss came out of her office with her daughter behind her. “You’re fired.”

You shrugged out of your apron and threw it at her face. She looked surprised at your actions. “Have fun with your lives, assholes,” you said through gritted teeth. Katie took a step back, eyes wide. You had never acted like that before. You always had to make a good impression because you wanted to keep the job. But now you have no reason to be all smiles at the bitchling.

You left the shop without another word.

You are ruined. You just lost your one and only job. And it’s gonna cost you your necessities and your food and your brother’s tuition fee. You’re so ruined.

You were frozen in spot when you were met by a monster outside of the shop. He was leaning against the lamppost and you already had a feeling that he saw everything that just happened. For some reason, you got embarrassed and ducked out of his sight.

“that was pretty nice of you, doll.” You heard him speak behind you. You stopped walking. “did you just lost your job because you were being nice to a monster?” he asked. He had walked in front of you, his hands on his pockets.
You took a good look at the monster and you just noticed that he was a skeleton. And no, it wasn’t your skeletons. He’s nothing like your skeletons. He’s a bit taller than Sans but shorter than Papyrus. Wait, didn’t Sans mention once that only him and Paps are the only monster skeletons? Then what is a monster skeleton that isn’t Sans or Paps doing here?

You blinked twice, still awestruck and confused at the same time. He’s awfully attractive, though. There was a crack on his skull, on top of his left eye and it made you slightly concerned. There was another, lined under his right eye all the way to his grinning mouth. You noticed that the hoodie he was wearing was too short and it was wide open for the world to see his ribcage. And it made you slightly flustered.

“Yes. But it’s ok. I don’t regret anything. I can only do so much as a monster-supporter and being nice is one of them,” you told him with a little smile on your face. The sneer on his face disappeared and you swore that he was looking at you like you’re such a fascinating being. You cleared your throat, a faint blush crept to your cheeks. “My name’s Y/N. What’s yours?”

He snapped out of his trance and a smirk tugged on his mouth. “you can call me whatever you like, beautiful.”

You were not expecting the nickname and you almost tripped on nothing, flushing bright red. “Oh. Uhm... ok. Do you, uh, want to have dinner at my house?” you asked him. Well, he is a stranger, yes, but he is also a monster. Monsters are harmless... as far as you know. So far, Flowey was the only monster to ever threaten your life even if he wasn’t really such a threat.

He looked at you amusedly. “you’re really something you know?” he told you and you ignored his gaze. “dinner would be great, babe.”

You were not expecting the nickname and you almost tripped on nothing, flushing bright red. “Oh. Uhm... ok. Do you, uh, want to have dinner at my house?” you asked him. Well, he is a stranger, yes, but he is also a monster. Monsters are harmless... as far as you know. So far, Flowey was the only monster to ever threaten your life even if he wasn’t really such a threat.

He looked at you amusedly. “you’re really something you know?” he told you and you ignored his gaze. “dinner would be great, babe.”

You were not expecting the nickname and you almost tripped on nothing, flushing bright red. “Oh. Uhm... ok. Do you, uh, want to have dinner at my house?” you asked him. Well, he is a stranger, yes, but he is also a monster. Monsters are harmless... as far as you know. So far, Flowey was the only monster to ever threaten your life even if he wasn’t really such a threat.

You cleared your throat once again, which you have been doing ever since you met this guy. “Great! Uhm, let’s start walking then? The house is just a small distance away.” You started walking a little too quickly, which made it obvious that you wanted to not embarrass yourself any further.

He caught up to your fairly quickly, since he has such long legs. Or skeleton legs. Whatever.

“Are you cold?” you suddenly asked him. Every minute, the night gets darker and the air gets a little chillier. You wrapped your coat around you a little tighter.

“i’m a skeleton, doll. the cold just pass right through me,” he answered. You were looking at the skeleton with a look of recognition of your face. Did he just make... a joke? You heard that joke quite a couple of times already. That’s funny.

“Wow. Okay, then,” you said with a small laugh.

He seemed pretty pleased that he made you smile. You guys were both quiet for a while, the skel bros’ house can be seen in a distance. “So, uhm, where do you live exactly?” you asked him. You don’t want him to get home late just because he was having dinner at your place. And considering the amount of skeletons in that house, you were pretty sure they would freak out when they see another skeleton. Or maybe not.

“i kinda ran off from... home,” he said, sounding unsure.

“Oh! So you’re not from here?”

“yes.”

You guys finally stopped in front of the house. You knocked on the door twice. “Well, I’m sure my
friends would be nice enough to give you a place to sleep tonight.” The skeleton positioned himself behind you.

“sounds great, babe.”

The door swung open and you were stunned to see Sans. He was looking slightly panicked as he gazed at you. He didn’t seem to notice that you have company. Sans does not open doors. This is surprising. You heard the skeleton grunt behind you but you ignored him. “What’s wrong Sans?”

“y/n! you’re home. heh heh...” he said a little too nervously. Sweat was forming on his skull and his grin was in a grimace. “we have a slight problem. you see, a skeleton ran from us and...” His white pinpricks of light finally found the annoyed skeleton behind you. “...you found him.”

Your eyes widened at the sudden realization. “You—you pulled another skeleton out of a universe?” you said, panicked. Everything made sense now! You ran a palm on your face, a little frustrated at Sans. He really won’t stop doing this thing, huh?

“i’m sorry, y/n! but look. this guy’s a little different from us. he’s a sans,” he said to you, looking at the taller skeleton.

“Really? Oh my god, a Sans that is taller than me? Fuck.” You gazed at the now irritated taller skeleton. He seemed to want to be anywhere than here. You tugged on his arm and pulled him in the house. He looked slightly surprised as you dragged him in.

“Brother! Where have you been!? You made me worried!” Another unfamiliar skeleton stepped forward to the both of you. Well, actually, he looked a lot like Papyrus. Only slightly taller and calmer.

“i’m fine, pap,” he said to his brother.

The taller Paps gazed at you, a grateful look on his face. “Thank you for bringing him back, human.”

“O-oh! No, it’s ok! I just bumped into him. Didn’t even know he was supposed to be a Sans.” You got somewhat flustered.

“and i didn’t know that the first human i got interested in would be the one who will bring me back here.” He casually swung an arm around your shoulders and stared at you. You flushed, unable to act calm under his scrutinizing gaze. “is this what you call fate, babe?”

Sans skeleton fingers twitched as he watched you get flustered by the new skeleton. He almost acted so rashly when that new guy wrapped his arm around you like you were his. But he knew he’d get into a big fight if he used his magic now so it took every ounce of his strength not to blast him to dust.

Hoodie had been watching quietly from the couch. His eyesockets narrowed when that smug skeleton stared you down. He tsked loudly and then looked away. Blueberry had wanted to hug you the moment you came home, but his brother was pinning him down. He got a little jealous that he had little to no attention from you.

Goldie had growled under his breath. It was already so hard to win you over and then this douchebag made it harder. Not that he’d back down from a competition.

Chapter End Notes
holy cow! ok, i know i said it would be one or two more chapters before new characters, but while i was writing this, g!sans just popped inside my head and now he popped into the story. anyway, this is how my g!sans and g!paps would be. i'm really sorry if anyone didn't like how i portray them. also, i'm having a problem about their nicknames.

G!Sans and G!Paps belongs to borurou.
This means war!

Chapter Summary

A war between the skeletons! Oh wait.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sans exhaled deeply, his magic pulsing from his soul all the way to the tips of his bony fingers. One swift move of his arm and this taller version of him who pressed himself against you were thrown back all the way across the room.

You let out a startled gasp but the tall skeleton caught himself, making it seem like he was showing off. He fixed his short jacket with a calm face. This made Sans a little frustrated. Papy-giant strolled over to his brother and asked if he was ok.

Goldie and Hoods had been snickering under their breath. They would’ve never done that. Especially not in front of you. That would just make them look bad. Blueberry looked concerned for a moment. Scratch had been watching with amusement lit in his eyes. Papyrus was worried, but he doesn’t know what to do.

You snapped your head over to Sans, an angry expression on your face. “Sans! Why did you do that?!” you hissed at the skeleton. Sans’ smug look dissipated and he was suddenly afraid of your harsh glare.

“He was too close—“ he defended but he got cut off by a booming angry voice.

“You dare use your magic on my brother?” The almost-giant Papyrus slowly walked his way to where Sans was. His expression was deeply enraged, as if he was the one who got magically thrown back across the living room. Sans shrunk, frightened at this guy who was looming over him like he was just a teeny ant.

You actually had never seen any monster use their magic before but you know that they can easily die. Yeah, at some point before, Sans had told you he only had 1 HP. You threw yourself in front of Sans, afraid that they’d start fighting and that he’d get hurt. But right as you did so, Paps also came running and shielded you both.

“IF YOU WANT TO HURT MY BROTHER, YOU HAVE TO GET THROUGH ME FIRST!” Papy looked uncertain to fight but he didn’t want anyone hurting his brother. He already conjured up some bones, threatening Giant to take one step closer and he’d be impaled. This made you extremely worried.

“Stop! Stop it!” You slipped away from Sans as you defended Giant from Paps, your arms raised on either side of your body. “Paps! Come on! You don’t want to hurt anyone, right?”

Papyrus lifted what should have been his chin. “ONLY IF HE STEPS BACK DOWN FIRST, HUMAN. I AM SORRY.” He did not make the bones suspended in the air disappear. And now that you’ve blocked Giant with your weak body, the bones were now pointed at you. You tried your best
not to waver. They look awfully sharp. You gulped, nervously trying to compose yourself.

This is not good.

“That is very unreasonable, Papyrus. It was your Sans that attacked mine,” Giant had said with venom. You tried not to shiver at the frightening tone of his voice.

This is not good.

Hoods tensed up while watching the scene unfold. His fingers were itching to teleport you out of there, from that dangerous spot you put yourself in. His brother was already squirming in his arms, wanting to jump in and protect you.

Even Goldie had wanted to interrupt. Why were you being so stupid? Why are you trying to protect them even when you can’t even protect yourself? Why are you always thinking of others instead of thinking of yourself? Scratch had expected his brother’s reaction and went to chain him to the ground with his magic, looking worried for you but didn’t want his brother to act rashly.

“paps, i think you need to stop.” Finally, Sans had found his voice after being overwhelmed for a while. He found you in the middle of the fight. A weak, tiny human trying to stop monsters from fighting. You won’t even last a second if they decided to attack each other. Papyrus hesitantly made his bones vanish.

Taller-Sans had been watching with an entertained expression but wanted enough of it when he saw that you wouldn’t back down. The last thing he’d wanted was for you to get hurt. Although, he did want to hurt that little guy for knocking him off the ground. “i’m ok, pap. don’t attack the nerd-skell.”

Giant looked at Sans with an intimidating glare before backing down. “I’m sorry if I frightened you, human,” he said to you, his tone suddenly changing back to his soft one. And honestly, you were just relieved that no skeleton would die tonight. You smiled at him sincerely. He was stunned for a moment. “Y-you’re not mad?”

You gave him a surprised look. “No! You were just protecting your brother. It’s ok, I understand. Just please, don’t kill each other. That means all of you!” you said, raising your voice higher as you pointed to the skellies who were lounging on the couch.

“Thank you,” Giant said with a relieved look.

“O-OH! NO HARD FEELINGS, GIANT BROTHER! I’M GOING TO GO AND PREPARE DINNER!” Paps said and strolled into the kitchen, looking guilty for a moment.

“I’m going to go and help,” Giant said and you nodded to him. You watched as he walked inside the kitchen, trailing Paps. You felt worried but forced yourself to relax. There’s no way that two Papyruses would fight each other. They would be fine. But two Sanses? Ah, now we’re talking.

You made your way to the couch, Hoods and Scratch making space for you to sit on. You slumped down, feeling yourself a bit drained. Sans was standing a few feet away from the couch, looking uncomfortable and slightly guilty. It was his fault why the fight had even started. If he could only just control this itching feeling called jealousy...

“ARE YOU OK, HUMAN? YOU’RE NOT HURT, RIGHT?” Blueberry was sitting on Hoods’ lap, his starry eyes were a bit concerned as he eyed you up and down.

“I’m fine, sweetie. Thanks for asking,” you answered a bit sweetly.
“YOU LOOK UPSET! BUT IT’S NOTHING A HUG FROM THE MAGNIFICENT SANS CAN’T FIX! MWEH HEH HEH!” He suddenly jumped onto your lap, his arms wrapping around waist and his skelly head rested on your chest. A faint blush crept to your cheeks as you let out a hearty laugh.

“God, you’re so adorable! Thank you, sweetheart!” you said, feeling a bit better than before. Blueberry grumbled something and he didn’t let go. You had a feeling it’s gonna be a moment before he finally lets go so you let him be.

‘Lucky bastard,’ Goldie had muttered under his breath. He still can’t move from his place on the ground so he could only watch. Sans was looking at you with narrowed eyes, a bit uncomfortable with another skelly hugging you, but you ignored him. You were still a bit mad at him.

You finally noticed Goldie as you glanced at him. “What’s wrong Goldie?” you asked, genuinely concerned. Goldie began sweating nervously for some reason as he avoided your gaze.

“I’M KEEPING HIM IN PLACE,” Scratch had answered for him. You looked at Scratch and was amused when he had a leg over his other leg, a familiar pose when women sits down. That’s cute.

“I thought we talked about this, Scratch,” you told him. He gave you an annoyed glare before letting his brother go. Goldie stumbled from the lack of force keeping him up but he caught himself before embarrassing himself further in front of you. You smiled at him.

“thanks,” he mumbled to you. He settled on the arm seat beside his brother.

Sans felt a pang of pain in his soul as he saw you enjoying another’s company. It just didn’t seem like he was needed there. Without even saying goodbye, he teleported himself out of the house and in the next moment, he was inside the laboratory.

“S-sans! I’ve been waiting f-for you! What took you s-so long?” Alphys greeted him. She was holding a blueprint in her hand. She rolled it up when she saw the skeleton’s unusual sad mood. She cleared her throat and fixed her glasses. “D-did you find the taller version of y-you?”

Sans trotted over to a comfy beanbag and threw himself onto it. “yep. the human found him fairly quickly.” He tried not to think about you looking at him angrily and the fight that almost happened. He considered telling Alphys, but decided not to let the scientist worry about insignificant things.

“T-that’s great news! The connection is unbelievable! That just proves my theory!” Alphys said excitedly.

“dunno, alphy. i didn’t question the bonehead if he noticed some odd connection when he saw the human for the first time,” Sans answered quite boredly.

“He must have! He surely has! There are hundreds of humans out there and the one human he trusted was your human! Certainly, there is a connection between you and the human, Sans!”

as if, Sans thought bitterly. He sensed it. He was losing connection with you. He was losing that spark between the two of you. He was losing his human. He was losing you. Or maybe that was just him. It may have been his fault for not being in touch with you for long periods of time. It is his fault that you’re closer to those alternate versions of him since you see them every single day.

But he’s not giving up on you. Even if his rivals were himself.

You noticed that Sans had gone. That just made you even more frustrated. He couldn’t have stayed, can he? Even just for dinner? Goddamn that bonehead!
“hey, bud. i want my bro back,” Hoods grumbled beside you. Blueberry had fallen asleep hugging you, which was so freaking cute. You wrapped your arms around him a little tighter.

“No way. Get your own Blueberry,” you said and then stuck out your tongue at him. You laughed when he frowned at you. “Oh come on, Hoods. Look, he’d fallen asleep! You don’t wanna wake him up, right?” you said with a teasing grin.

“if you were just looking for a hug-buddy, you could’ve just asked me, you know?” he said with a smug look.

You fought off the blush threatening to creep on your cheeks. “Real smooth, Hoodie. But no thanks.”

“a hug-buddy? i’m in.” A voice appeared on top of you and you looked up to see the new skele-guy leaning against the couch and looming over you. You were suddenly astonished to see his cracks up close, unconsciously tracing one that was lined over the top of his left eye. He tensed under your touch.

“Is it ok if I called you Crack?” you asked him as you snapped out of your trance. You pulled your finger away, cursing yourself for doing something weird again.

“no,” he said coldly. “you can call me babe, though.” He winked.

“No fucking way,” he said with a sneer.

“Hey!” “hey!” You and Hoodie had said it together.

“No cussing in front of the blueberry and the cinnamon roll, alright?” you said to him.

“He’s asleep.” He rolled his eyes at both of you.

You took noticed of that design on the patch of his jacket sleeves by the way his arms were propping his skull up. It looks familiar... It’s a Gaster Blaster! Cute.

“How ‘bout you call him jerk-face?” Goldie suddenly butted in. Your eyes widened and then you had to put a hand over your mouth to stop yourself from laughing too loudly to avoid waking up the little blueberry who was asleep on you. Hoods snorted in amusement.

“That’s a neat idea, Goldie!” you told the skeleton. His grin widened, a bit proudly. But it made one skeleton shoot him daggers. “We’ll call you Patch. D’you like that?” you said in finality, looking up once again just to meet his gaze.

Patch grinned, quite attractively. “you can call me whatever you like, doll face.” He seemed to be leaning closer to your face and your breathing hitched. You can feel his hot breath fanned your face, which was weird considering he doesn’t need to breathe since he’s a skeleton.

A bony hand pushed his face away from you, making you sigh with relief. “try that again, bud and you won’t like what happens next,” Hoodie snarled at the flirty ass-face. Patch looked frustrated at the sudden interruption.
You cleared your throat as you managed to collect yourself. “Sorry Patch. There would be no kissing in this house,” you said firmly.

“What?” Goldie cried out, looking almost upset. Hoodie had also looked displeased but he managed to control himself. Patch muttered a ‘yeah right.’

You were confused by the skeletons’ reactions. “What? You guys wanna kiss someone in this house?” you asked, extremely irked. Who the hell would they wanna kiss in this house when they’re all skeletons?! They don’t even have lips!

“but you already kissed my brother, remember?” Hoodie said.

“That was different!” you defended.

“you kissed that?” Patch said, pointing at the cute little skelly who was asleep, like it was unbelievable.

“He’s an exception! He’s cute and adorable!” you reasoned out.

“if you wanted a puppy, i could gladly give you so, doll,” Patch said with a wink.

“That’s not what I meant at all!” You groaned, exasperated as you rubbed your hands on your face. Goddamn these skeletons are killing you!

“if you wink one more time, i’m gonna stick a bone in your eyesocket,” Hoodie growled.

“DINNER’S READY EVERYONE!” Papyrus called out from the kitchen, interrupting everyone. Thank god for Papy’s timing!

Chapter End Notes

thanks for MaydayMarbear for reminding me about that one little, tiny detail that Reader’s parents weren’t at all nice and sugar and spice. Gosh, im such a scatterbrain, im sorry~

and also, thanks for MidnightDragoness for the nickname 'Patch'. i really like it ;3 I settled Giant for G!Paps because I still couldn't find anything that would suit him. If I ever did find it, i might switch to that nickname. But maybe I'll stick with Giant. I dunno XD I contemplated about using Longlegs by Hex, but it didn't seem right. so sorry!

Thanks for all your comments and suggestions from the past chapter! Really helped me out. Here's your prize <3 An early update!
A kiss?!

Chapter Summary

A kiss? Yes, a kiss. Hoping Sans won't know about this.

Chapter Notes

ACK I CANT HELP MYSELF MAKING ANOTHER QUICK CHAPTER. Well, my first day of school starts on Monday so I'm taking my precious time with you guys. I might be too busy after this week :( But don't worry! I'll update whenever I can!

Hope you guys enjoy reading! I'm really overwhelmed over the fact that this story has 200+ kudos! I love you guys with all my pure, innocent heart <3

“if you think so, bud.”

You glared at Hoodie, who looked like he wasn’t even listening to your rambling. How rude! You’ve just been telling him that it would be better not to tell your brother Mark about your predicament. You know, about how you lost your one and only freaking job. It was good he didn’t ask about it when you took him to his school yourself.

“Oh. You think?” you said sarcastically. He looked at you without moving his skull head then went back into staring at the TV.

Hoodie snickered. “today’s a good day, huh?” he said so randomly.

You shook your head in amusement. “You’re just saying that since Patch is at the laboratory with Sans.” Patch isn’t here at the moment. Since he ran off the moment he got pulled to this universe, Sans hadn’t ran some tests on him to stabilize his magic or some science shit you don’t understand. Giant went to accompany his brother, not wanting to leave him alone with Sans again. You can already feel the tension in the air from here.

“exactly,” he said with a grin.

Blueberry had suddenly appeared out of nowhere and he jumped onto your lap. You let out a surprised yelp. “HUMAN! I’M SORRY FOR STARTLING YOU BUT I NEED SOME HELP!”

“Uhm, yes?” you asked him, a bit unsure.

“I WANT TO GIVE SOMETHING NICE FOR OUR NEW FRIENDS!” he said, looking at you hopefully.

“What? You mean Patch and Giant?” you said with a thoughtful smile. Blueberry is so nice. He nodded his little skelly head quickly.

“YES!”
You chuckled. “Ok. What do you have in mind, sweetie?”

He posed like he was in thinking deeply, a gloved hand rubbing his mandible. “Uhm... HOW ABOUT CLOTHES? THEY DON’T HAVE CLOTHES! WE NEED TO BUY THEM CLOTHES!” he said excitedly.

You gave him a pitiful smile. “That’s nice but we don’t know their sizes, sweetheart. The clothes that we’ll buy for them might not fit.”

He pouted, obviously disappointed.

“how ‘bout you make ‘em your special tacos, bro?” Hoodie suggested. You gratefully smiled at him when Blueberry suddenly shot up, agreeing to the idea.

“OF COURSE! HOW COULD I FORGET TO MAKE THEM THE BEST TACOS EVER? COME ON HUMAN!” He jumped down from your lap and onto the floor, grabbing your hand in the process. “LET US GO TO THE GROCERY STORE! MWEH HEH HEH!” He pulled you up and you were amazed by his unbelievable strength. Oh wow.

As if on cue, Scratch made his way down the stairs. “Good morning!” you greeted him cheerfully. He sneered at your gleeful personality. He decided to ignore you as he ventured to the kitchen. You decided to follow him, Blueberry trailing behind you. “Hey, Scratch! We’re going grocery shopping for a bit. Mind if you watch the house for a moment?”

He stopped with whatever he was doing, raising a bone brow at you. “YOU ARE ORDERING ME AROUND, HUMAN?” he said distastefully. He was obviously not a morning person. Or that’s just really his personality.

“Oh come on Scratch! We’ll buy you something! What do you want?”

Blueberry had been shooting daggers at the skeleton, not liking the way he talked to you.

“NOTHING;” he grumbled. “FINE. I WILL WATCH THE HOUSE. BUT PLEASE BRING MY ANNOYING BROTHER WITH YOU. I DO NOT WANT HIM HERE.”

Your eyes widened at his request. “Did you guys fight again?” You don’t know how many times you’ve tried to make them get along. Blueberry looked concerned for a moment.

Scratch didn’t make any eye contact. “...NO.” It was obvious he was lying. Or you’re assuming he was lying because of the way he tried to avoid the topic.

“Ok. Sure, I’ll get him,” you said to Scratch and gave him a smile. He scoffed and then continued rummaging through a cabinet. You turned around and headed to Goldie’s room. Or where he sleeps in, at least. Blueberry was still trailing behind you, being patient even when he wanted you to hurry your ass up.

You found Goldie curled up on the small bed at the basement. He wasn’t sleeping, just lying down. The pinpricks of his eyes found you as you came. Weird. His eyes aren’t red right now. It’s just... normal. “what are you doing here?” he asked, quite melancholic. He looked so tired. He sat up, his feet dangling at the edge of the bed.

“Are you ok?” You rushed towards him and then felt his skull to see if there was any change in his temperature. Maybe he was sick? But it was a stupid move since you don’t even know if monsters get sick. You found his temperature normal, however. “What happened?” you asked him, concerned.
Blueberry walked up beside you, looking at him with worry. “DID YOU... HAVE A NIGHTMARE?”

He didn’t answer. You grabbed the sides of his face and made him look at you. “You did? Do you want to talk about it?” He shook his head no. You looked at him sadly, sat down on his bed and then gave him a tight hug. He remained silent in your arms.

You’ve had nightmares yourself before, so you know how he feels. Sometimes, your nightmares consist of your parents. Sometimes, it was the people who betrayed you. Sometimes, it was your brother who was either being forced back to your unhappy family or you not doing your best to raise him up and him getting a bad future.

It was devastating, those first few hours after you woke up, your fears and problems creeping at the back of your mind, constantly bugging you. You’d frequently tell yourself how it was just a bad dream over and over. Over the years, you’ve grown resilient and the nightmares slowly died out until you were able to sleep soundly again.

“My brother used to have nightmares, too,” Blueberry said. You were surprised at this. Hoodie had nightmares? He doesn’t seem like someone that would be having those. Or maybe he’s just that good of an actor. Maybe he’s really fragile on the inside and he’d been masking it with his endless puns and jokes.

Your heart suddenly hurt at the thought of Sans having nightmares, too, if that’s the case. You suddenly remembered those times when you’d hear him thrashing about inside his room. You thought he was just having a bad day and decided not to disturb him. You’ll tell Paps this and he’d look worried but he never did check up on him. It was like he was used to it.

“He never opens his door after a bad dream. He’ll always say that he’s ok through the door and that it would only take just a minute. But I know he isn’t. But... but,” Blueberry forced himself to smile, “He acts normal after it. Like nothing happened.”

Everything seemed to click into place. They never wanted their brother to worry about them. They didn’t want to depend on anyone about their problems.

“You’re a good brother, sweetheart,” you told the little skelly. He seemed to snap out of his gloomy trance and then went back to his cheerful self.

“Of course! The magnificent Sans is the best brother ever!” he said proudly, although it was obvious he was still bothered by it. You decided not to dwell in the topic. You looked back down at Goldie, who was still in your arms.

“You feeling better, snarky pants?” you teased. He looked up at you, a faint blush dusting his cheeks.

“...yeah,” he answered, looking away.

You grinned. “Your brother cares about you so much, you know. He was the one who sent us here. He knew you had a nightmare. I just don’t know why he didn’t come down and comfort you himself,” you said thoughtfully. He blushed even deeper but he was trying his hardest to scowl at you.

“You down to come grocery shopping with us?” you asked him. He pondered for a moment before shaking his head no. You smiled, hoping that he’d talk to his brother later when they’re gone. You
gripped him a little tighter and pressed a quick kiss to his temple. “Feel better, alright?”

You left with Blueberry without another word. Goldie had ignored that fluttering feeling in his soul when you kissed him. He groaned and lied back down on the bed, throwing the blankets over his burning face. You were so sweet and nice and innocent and he doesn’t know what to fucking do with you.

“Goldie’s not coming, Scratch! We’re off!” you shouted to the skeleton that was still in the kitchen. He shouted something back, but you didn’t get it. You ignored the dark skelly while you headed outside the house, the swapped skelebros following behind you.

You started walking in the direction of the grocery store. It wasn’t that far. It was only a 20-minute walk and you knew they wouldn’t mind walking. Blueberry ran up beside you and held your hand. You looked down at the skelly and gave him a smile. “What’s wrong, sweetie?” you asked the Blueberry. He was pouting.

“I WANT A KISS TOO, HUMAN!” he whined. You laughed, somehow relieved. You thought you’d done something wrong that had upset him.

“you kissed someone? you kissed that runt?” Hoodie asked, catching up with the two of you. He looked surprised.

“YES!” Blueberry confirmed while you shook your head no. Hoods narrowed his eyes at you.

“It was just a peck to his temple! It was a ‘feel better’ kiss, ok?” you explained. He didn’t seem to buy it.

“you said there’d be no kissing,” he said, looking almost disappointed.

“If you wanted a kiss too, you could’ve just told me,” you said teasingly. Blueberry tugged on your hand harder, saying ‘me! me!’

“sorry buddo, no lips,” he said smugly. You rolled your eyes at the skeleton, a warm blush creeping on your cheeks. He made it sound like you wanted to kiss him. Blueberry was still trying to catch your attention. You stopped abruptly, peering down at him.

“A KISS!” he stressed.

“Sorry, sweetheart. You only get one kiss per lifetime,” you joked. He pouted, looking upset. You chuckled and then leaned down to kiss him on top of the skull when he was suddenly gone in front of you. You stood up properly, a confused look on your face. Several feet behind you were the skelebros, Hoodie glaring at you with traces of orange magic around his hand and Blueberry looking as confused as you.

Oh, oops. You can’t flirt with the Blueberry in front of the brother. He might accidentally kill you.

You waited for a moment for them to catch up before resuming your walk to the grocery store. The little skelly never asked for the kiss again. Hoodie might have told him something and you don’t know if it’s a good thing or a bad thing. Hoodie looked quite proud of himself though. You’re just hoping he didn’t say anything weird.

The trip to the grocery store was quick. Blueberry just bought the necessary ingredients. You found Hoodie buying a packet of cigarettes and you quickly stopped before he purchased it. You really want him to give up smoking. At the counter area, the lady wasn’t too fond of the monsters as she kept glaring at your two companions.
You were relieved she didn’t do or say anything that might hurt the little skelly’s feelings. She might have a bad time if she ever did.

You were now back at home. Blueberry was busy at the kitchen. You found Goldie watching TV when you came back. He seemed to be in a better mood. Scratch was nowhere to be found.

“Heyya Goldie,” you greeted the skeleton. He only grunted in response. You plopped down on the couch next to him. Hoodie followed suit. Ah, yes. You guys were the trio. “So... did you talk with your brother yet?” you asked him.

“yes,” he answered, a bit unpleasantly. Yep, he’s feeling better.

“Did you guys make up?”

“nah.”

You frowned, a bit disappointed. Sighing, you decided to let them be. They’ll fix their relationship someday. They’re already progressing, to be honest. “I’m going to the bathroom.” You stood up and left the two of them.

A minute of silence. “i thought we talked about this,” Hoodie said grumpily.

“not my fault, buddy,” Goldie answered quite complacently.
Chapter Summary

Let's take a break from the Sanses, shall we? ;3

Chapter Notes

EEEEEK! Ok, i'm sorry. It's just that tomorrow is my first day of school again and this is the last day i get to freely write without other responsibilities nagging me at the back of my mind TT^TT So here, another chapter for you guys! It's kind of fun to write the Papyruses :D

p.s. hoodie is not a papyrus for me. he is a sans. im sorry, im a weirdo XD and if you're asking, blueberry is also a sans. yep. heh.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hurry up, slowpoke!”

Your brother made a mad dash down the stairs while you lazily dragged your feet across the hallway. Damn it, you still wanted to sleep a little more. It was a Saturday and you have no job so why not wake up later than usual? Problem is, Mark has different plans for today.

You caught up to your brother and found out that everyone was awake and they were all busy doing their stuff downstairs. “Why do you want to go to the mall so bad?” You sounded whiney that it made you flinch. Yuck.

Mark was hopping around the room, a big grin on his face. “Well, Sans gave me his credit card! He told me to get some more furniture in this house! And also, I have his freaking credit card!” He waved around this credit card to your face.

You cringed, stepping away from your brother. “Really?” You tried not to sound disappointed. You haven’t talked to Sans since the fight-that-never-happened happened. He never came home that night. You had been so used to the three of you sleeping together each night that when he disappeared, you got a bit lonely.

“I AM READY NOW, LITTLE HUMAN!” Papyrus stepped out of the kitchen. Mark grinned and ran over to Paps as he motioned for the skeleton to carry him. Paps did so without hesitating and positioned him over his shoulders.

You eyed Paps’ attire. “You sure you’re going out in your battle body, Paps?” He didn’t even change his clothes! Actually, you’ve never seen him change clothes before. This is what he wore since day 1.

“OF COURSE! MY BATTLE BODY IS SUITABLE FOR ALL OCCASSIONS!” he answered proudly. You can’t help but grin at the precious cinnamon roll. Welp, guess it’s up to you to protect
him from bullies, huh?

Clutching your purse, you looked around the living room. Everyone was minding their own business. “Ok. So are we ready to go?”

“Wait! It’s just not the 3 of us, Y/N. Evil Paps and Tall Paps is going, too!” Mark said with a toothy grin. Okay. What is up with Mark and the Papyruses? You noticed he didn’t mention Hoodie though. Well, someone does need to watch the house.

Blueberry heard the commotion. “CAN I COME, TOO, LITTLE HUMAN?” he asked, hopeful.

“No. I’m sorry! I can only bring 4 with me!” he said. You narrowed your eyes at your brother. It didn’t take you long to realize that he is annoyed by the little skelly. Wow, how rude.

Blueberry pouted, obviously disappointed but he didn’t press on. He went to sit by his brother on the couch. Finally, Scratch and Giant showed up.

Scratch doesn’t look too amused. “TELL ME WHY I NEED TO GO, TOO?”

“Because I want someone to talk to!” Mark said, his legs swinging while he was seated on Paps’ shoulders.

“YOU COULD JUST BRING MY BROTHER.”

“Goldie doesn’t like me.”

“I DON’T LIKE YOU EITHER!”

“Nah, you love me. Are we ready to go?”

Giant doesn’t look too amused, either. “I don’t think I want to leave my brother here alone.” Oh, right. They’ve arrived yesterday when you were asleep. You think they went to sleep at Paps’ room with an extra mattress. You can’t see Patch anywhere though. He must still be asleep.

Mark was slowly getting irritated. “He’ll be fine! That guy would watch them!” He pointed to Hoodie.

“yeah, i’ll watch ‘em. no worries, tall me,” Hoodie drawled. Giant still looked worried.

You stepped closer to Giant and whispered, “Hey, if anything goes wrong, you can beat the hell out of that guy. You ok with that?”

He nodded hesitantly. “Alright, human. I’m sure my brother will be fine,” he told you.

“ARE WE ALL SET NOW?” Paps asked. Mark nodded as he motioned for Paps to walk outside. Scratch and Giant followed them while you stayed behind. You needed to tell Hoodie a few words before going.

You put on your serious face, leaning closer to where Hoodie’s ear should be. “Hoodie. If anyone got hurt or if anything goes wrong, you’re dead.” Yes, you just threatened a monster. You pulled away and put on a big smile, reassured when you saw him a bit agitated. Yeah, he’ll keep an eye on them.

“Be nice, ok?” you told Goldie and Blueberry. Goldie waved his hand lazily while Blueberry nodded enthusiastically. “Don’t worry. I’m sure we won’t be gone for too long. Bye!”
You headed out the door where you saw a taxi cab had been waiting for you. Mark looked unamused. You slipped in the back seat as the taxi cab drove on.

Ah, the mall. It’s been weeks since you’ve gone here. You guess the last time you went here was when you went shopping with Toriel. Mark was once again being carried by Paps and you sneered at your brother. He’s got his own legs, for god’s sake!

“Ok. What’s the plan?” you asked him as your group were casually walking down the mall. You’ve been getting quite a few glares and disgusted glances but you ignored them. You were worried for Papyrus since he seemed a bit bothered by it. Scratch was apathetic and so is Giant.

“Well, what do you think the house needs, sis?”

“I don’t know. An extra table and chairs for the dining room?” you suggested. The chairs aren’t enough for all of you. “Follow me. I think I know where to find the ones with a similar design to ours.”

Fortunately, the store clerk wasn’t rude. She seemed surprised when your group came in but she welcomed all of you with a smile. You ended up being the one talking to her about the chairs and table while the others walked around aimlessly. You found the one you’ve been looking for and immediately bought them using Sans’ credit card. It made you a bit guilty for using someone’s card but he did give it to your brother on his own, right?

After you were done with the papers, you went to find the group and saw them lounging around the massage chairs. You looked at them in amusement but panicked when you couldn’t find Giant. You relaxed when you saw him sitting on a rocking chair with his eyes closed.

“Come on guys. What kind of couch do you like?” you asked them.

Papyrus suddenly jumped up from the massage chairs and grabbed your shoulders, his eyes almost forming stars. “LET US GET THESE VIBRATING CHAIRS, HUMAN! IT IS TRULY REMARKABLE! SANS WOULD DEFINITELY LOVE IT!”

You stepped back, awkwardly laughing. “I don’t think so Paps. Don’t you think Sans would be even lazier if we buy that chair?”

He gasped dramatically. “OH! YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, HUMAN! IT IS A MISTAKE TO GET THESE CHAIRS!”

A big smile tugged on your lips. “Uh-huh. I couldn’t chair less to buy it,” you said nonchalantly. Mark laughed gleefully.

You looked towards Paps, worried because he had been quiet but when you met his gaze, he looked so offended. “OH MY GOD, HUMAN! THAT IS THE WORST PUN EVER!”

It seems that your pun had also caught Scratch’s attention who was just sitting on a reclining chair. He gave you a mean glare. “YOU ARE NO BETTER THAN MY ANNOYING BROTHER, HUMAN.”

“Oh come on! I was just trying to chair you up!” you said, winking at both of the annoyed skeletons.


“Sure thing, Paps. Couch you on the flipside!” You proceeded to then laugh at your own puns, to the point of no return. You were wheezing. Oh, you are just hilarious, you.
Suddenly, you stopped laughing as you were lifted up by someone. And that someone was Scratch. He threw you onto his shoulder like a sack of potatoes, your feet swinging wildly in a panic. “ONE MORE WORD AND WE’RE GOING TO ABANDON YOU HERE, HUMAN.”

“No! No! Okay, I’m sorry! Put me down Scratch!” you squealed like a pig. You can hear Mark laughing in a distance. “Oh come, Scratch! This is uncomfortable! Put me down!” Yeah, hanging upside-down is really uncomfortable, especially if the one who was carrying you was made of bones.

Scratch growled angrily. “YOU REALLY WANT TO BE ABANDONED THAT MUCH, HUH?”

“Wait what?” you said, a little terrified. What did you say? Oh. OH! He thought you were making a pun! *Uncomfortable*. You guys are in a furniture shop, after all. It made you snicker in amusement for a second but then you remembered you were being carried by an angry skeleton.

“No! I’m sorry, it was an accident! I wasn’t making a pun, I wasn’t making a pun!” you cried out. This position was making you a little sick.

“I think the human has had enough.” Giant’s voice cut in. “Put her down. They are watching us now. They think you are attacking her,” he said in a cautious voice.

Scratch scoffed at this but he did let you down. You stumbled around for a bit, clutching on to his gloved hand as you were struck with sudden dizziness. “I’m okay. I’m okay,” you told the skeletons. You weren’t mad in the slightest. Although it did worry you when you heard Giant’s words. They thought Scratch was attacking you.

When you told them you were fine, you continued searching for a couch. You stayed near Scratch, hoping no one would attempt to confront you. The atmosphere was a bit tense now though, unlike several minutes ago. Mark was being quiet. Even Paps was. But maybe it was because they were trying not to catch more attention than they already have.

Paps had pointed to a spaghetti-themed couch. You told him no. It was hard because he pulled on that puppy-face but told him it was too small to fit a three or more people. Scratch had pointed to a coffin-like couch. You shook your head.

“BUT IT’S PERFECT!” he insisted.

“No. It’s creepy!” you interjected. “Let’s just get a normal couch, ok? One that might fit five people at once.”

At long last, Giant had pointed to something that is absolutely perfect. It was a gray, L-shaped couch. You can adjust it so you’d have a square couch slash bed. It seems like it might fit all of you at once if ever. Or maybe that’s just your imagination. But you did buy the couch in the end.

After shopping, you guys decided to eat. No, actually, it was your brother that wanted to eat. The skeletons weren’t hungry and you wanted to eat the leftover baked mac at home. Giant had said that he wanted to buy new clothes so you decided to accompany him. Paps stayed with your brother. You told them to stay put and wait for them to come back. Scratch tagged along with you and Giant.

You guys went into a men’s boutique. “Hey, Giant. Mind if you buy some clothes for your brother, too? He really needs one. Or maybe, a lot,” you grumbled. Patch was always flaunting his ribs around. It was uncomfortable and a bit embarrassing, yes.

He was browsing a rack of clothing. “Yes. It is what I intended to do, human.”
Your eyes found a gray turtleneck and somehow, your guts had told you to buy it. “I think this will look good on him!” you said excitedly as you grabbed it and waved it at Giant’s face. He took it calmly from your hand and eyed it.

“Yes. I can imagine my brother wearing it.” Giant had formed a small smile on his face. Your mouth formed an ‘o’. This is the first time Giant ever smiled! He’s so cute! “You should get this for him.” He gave it back to you.

You flushed a deep red. “W-what? Me? Uh...” Won’t Patch be insulted if you buy him clothes? Because, you know, he doesn’t ‘wear’ any?

“He’ll appreciate it, human. Don’t worry,” Giant reassured you, like he knows exactly what you were thinking.

You sighed, giving in. “Okay. Fine.” You shuffled towards the counter, leaving the two skeletons behind. The man behind the counter gave you a look of revulsion but you ignored it.

“Oh my god, what the hell are you doing?!” A feeling of panic fluttered in your stomach as you snapped your head towards the voice. It was a saleslady. She was in front of Giant, looking shocked and offended at the same time. You quickly grabbed the bag containing the clothing from the man behind the counter and threw him your money.

You strolled towards the group, dodging past humans who were crowding the place as they watched what was happening.

“They’re stealing!” the saleslady shrieked.

You heard Giant’s calm voice. “I am merely looking at the clothes, human.”

“Oh my god! GUARDS!”

Fucking hell. You dashed towards the skeletons, grabbing Giant’s holed hand. “Let’s go,” you hissed at them, pulling him out of the store. Scratch was following behind you, an unamused expression on his face.

“HELP! That girl’s being attacked by monsters!”

You wanted to scream in frustration. These humans just assume everything they see, huh?

You were out of the store when a group of men stopped you from walking one step further. You were standing in between the two skeletons, an annoyed glare on your face.

One of the guys had stepped up, a scowl on his face. “Hand over the girl and you won’t get hurt, monsters.”

“They’re with me,” you snarled at the guy. You also held Scratch’s hand at this point.

The group mockingly laughed. It made you tighten your grip on the skeletons’ hands. These humans are trying your patience.

One of them said loudly, “They’re slowly brainwashing our people!”

“You fucking monsters should get kicked back to your hell hole!” Another one of them said.

Oh god. Why do you have to bump into a bunch of monster-haters today? Your day was going so fine. You inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly. “Listen. Would you please leave us alone? We’ve
done nothing to you,” you said, forcing yourself to be calm and not sarcastic.

A brawny-looking guy stepped forward to you, close enough to make it seem like you’re just a small child. “You’re a monster-supporter, aren’t you, missy?” His voice was deep and frightening. It made you shrink back, your strong facade wavering.

“Fuck off,” you told him, trying to come out strong but instead it came out in a whisper.

His muscular arm shot towards you but he stopped before he even touches you. He looked confused for a second before he was thrown back into his group of monster-hater friends.

“DON’T. TOUCH. THE. HUMAN.” Scratch’s voice was awfully frightening. You looked up at him to see his one free hand and eye glowing bright red. It made you smile for a moment. He does care! D’aww! But unfortunately, it’s not the time to coo about Scratch. You guys need to get away.

You pulled on their hands, running away from the group. They haven’t recovered by the shock of seeing magic yet so it was a head start. Luckily, you saw Mark and Papyrus coming towards you. “Run!” you told them and they did. And you guys looked like a bunch of morons running around inside the mall.

You finally reached outside the mall, Papyrus was already calling for a taxi cab. You tried to catch your breath, “I think we lost ‘em!”

“Well, duh!” Mark said. “What the hell happened?”

Back at home, Hoodie was muttering. “i’m dead. i am so dead.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed! I'm not sure when I'll be posting the next chapter though. I'm sorry~

Thank you guys for your support! <3 Comments are deeply appreciated!
Hoodie is so dead

Chapter Summary

Why Hoodie is so dead.

Chapter Notes

ok. so this was supposed to be reader's pov and yelling at hoodie for being irresponsible.
but then, i wanted you guys to know what really happened instead of just snippets from
hoodie trying to defend himself so he'd look good in front of reader. hehe. so, hope you
guys'll like it ;)

anyway, still unsure when i'll be posting the next chapter so hang tight!

Hoodie watched as you waved them goodbye before closing the door. It didn’t. He sighed, muttering
something about how clumsy you are and then shut the door closed using his magic.

He still felt left out when your brother Mark said that they were gonna have a ‘Papyrus hang-out’
today. Of course, that must mean it included him, right? And he did want to spend more time with
you. But alas, it did not.

He was left with all the other Sanses, acting as a bodyguard or something to keep them out of
trouble. He was flattered, yes, kinda, because it meant you trusted him enough for that job. But don’t
you know him at all? He can’t even keep himself out of trouble!

He sighed once again, as the weight of his responsibility became even more visible to him. What’s a
couple more of his brother’s versions? It’s not like he didn’t raise his own brother alone. It’s not like
anything could go wrong, right?

Blueberry noticed his brother’s odd mood. He tugged on the sleeve of his hoodie. He grinned
gleefully, hoping that it would cheer his brother up. “PAPY, YOU LOOK A LITTLE UPSET. DO
YOU WANT A HUG FROM YOUR MAGNIFICENT BROTHER?”

Goldie was watching the whole interaction and he tsk-ed. He thought how the both of them looked
so dumb. Hugging and caring for each other. It’s not like he and his brother doesn’t care for each
other. He’s sure that he does.

“no thanks bro. i’m fine,” Hoodie answered. He leaned back into the couch and tried to relax.
Everything would be absolutely fine today. Nothing drastic would happen.

This made Blueberry even more skeptical as he jumped onto his brother’s lap. Hoodie was startled,
his eyesockets wide. “THAT IS RIDICULOUS, BROTHER! OF COURSE YOU NEED A HUG
FROM THE MAGNIFICENT SANS! MWEH HEH HEH!” Blueberry then proceeded to hug his
brother tightly, just as he did to you.
Hoodie’s smile loosened, his heart melting. It’s not like he has a heart. But if he did, then it would be melting. “thanks bro.”

Goldie scoffed at the scene, squirming a little. God knows how many times he had tried to reach out to his brother only to be pushed away in return. He’s definitely not jealous that this alternate version of him and his brother were all lovey-dovey. Not at all.

Blueberry had noticed this as he opened one eye to peek at the uncomfortable-looking skeleton. “WHAT’S WRONG, GOLDIE? DO YOU NEED A HUG TOO?” he asked. He had totally forgiven the evil version of him for kissing you.

It was the other way around but what does the blueberry know?

Hoodie tightened his grip around his brother. “no way. don’t hug that runt, sans.”

Blueberry found this offending. “AND WHY NOT, BROTHER? EVERYBODY NEEDS A HUG FROM THE MAGNIFICENT SANS! COME HERE, EVIL BROTHER ME!” He jumped from Hoodie’s lap onto Goldie’s side, hugging the shocked skeleton, his eye burning faintly red for the startling action.

Goldie grunted, “get off of me!” A faint blush was obvious on his cheekbones. He wasn’t used to be hugged or any other mushy acts.

Hoodie glared at the poor skeleton, who hadn’t even asked for the hug.

This was a cue for Patch to wake up, looking confused as he strolled down the stairs. He found the three skeletons dawdling on the couch but he can’t find his brother. Blueberry immediately sensed him, pulling away from Goldie. “GOOD MORNING, COOLER BROTHER ME! HOW WAS YOUR SLEEP?”

Hoodie was obviously not amused that his brother thought that Patch was cooler than him.

“it’s fine. where’s my brother?” he asked.

“They went out, buddy,” Hoodie answered.

Blueberry jumped up from the couch and ran over to Patch, his eyes brightly shining. “OH! ARE YOU HUNGRY, COOLER BROTHER ME? I HAVE MADE SOME MAGNIFICENT TACOS FOR YOU AND YOUR BROTHER! WOULD YOU MIND EATING YOUR SHARE RIGHT NOW?”

For some reason, Patch found him cute and annoying at the same time. But he was a little hungry. “sure, little buddy.”

This made Blueberry even more ecstatic as he grabbed one of Patch’s hands and dragged him towards the kitchen. Patch’s face dropped when he touched the hole on his palm but just decided to ignore it. He’s sure the little blueberry meant no harm.

Blueberry forced him to sit down on a chair as he reheated his tacos.

Patch cleared his throat. “so... where’s the human and the others?”

“Oh! You mean Y/N? Well, they all went out to buy stuff with all the papyruses!” he answered joyfully. He crossed his arms as he waited for the microwave to finish reheating his tacos.
“if that’s the case, then why is your brother here?”

“I HONESTLY DO NOT KNOW! THAT IS SOMETHING I AM ALSO THINKING ABOUT.”
His foot began tapping as he grew impatient. The tacos were taking too long!

Patch stood up, shrugging. “if that’s the case, i’ll go find my brother. i have something to talk to him about.”

Berry looked torn as he frantically gazed at the microwave and Patch. “WAIT! WHAT ABOUT THE TACOS?” he had cried out but Patch was already out of the kitchen.

Patch was heading straight out the door. Hoodie straightened when he noticed this. “where do you think you’re going, bud?”

Patch stopped as his hand hovered over the doorknob. “out,” he simply replied.

Hoodie chuckled a bit sarcastically. “i’m sorry. you can’t. the human made me look after all of you. if you go out, then how will i look after you?”

“Well i guess that’s your own problem,” Patch replied smugly and opened the door. Hoods freaked out and went after the skeleton, leaving the two skellies inside the house. He stopped midway as he looked towards Patch who was walking away and at the house, where his brother and an evil version of his brother were left alone.

He cursed under his breath as he walked back inside the house and grabbed both of the skellies.

“hey!”

“BROTHER, WHAT ABOUT THE TACOS??”

Hoodie ignored their cries and protests as he forced them to follow him follow Patch. They caught up to the skeleton real quick, which made Patch extremely annoyed.

“what the hell are you guys doing?” he mumbled.

“watch your mouth buddy. no cursing in front of my brother,” Hoodie hissed.

Blueberry looked extremely oblivious. “WHERE ARE WE GOING, BROTHER?” Then his expression became awestruck. “ARE WE GOING ON AN ADVENTURE? WOWZERS!” He giddily began bouncing up and down.

“tched. are you sure we should be leaving the house all alone?” Goldie asked.

Hoodie groaned in frustration. “this is all your fault! if you hadn’t gone out then we wouldn’t have followed you and we wouldn’t be leaving the house alone!” he said as he pointed at Patch.

“hey. like i told you, your problem, not mine.”

“I think we should go back,” Goldie muttered. Blueberry’s face dropped. Hoodie stopped walking and Goldie and Blueberry did, too. In frustration, Hoodie used his magic and forced Patch to stop walking because it doesn’t look like he will.

“bud. we should go back,” Hoodie said calmly to the skeleton.

Patch was quiet for a moment before chuckling ominously. “heh. did you just use your magic on me?”
“okay. calm down, buddy.” Hoodie sensed magic hurtling straight at him and he dodged it with ease. He glanced back to see if his brother was hurt but Blueberry watching in a distance, his eyes wide with surprise. He didn’t expect that Patch would be attacking his brother. Hoods released Patch as he tried to calm him down again.

“you looking for a fight, huh?” Patch drawled as he slowly turned on his heels to face Hoods.

Hoodie sneered. “no, you’re looking for a fight.” He took a step back as he saw how Patch’s magic was wild and sparking over his eye and his hand. Ah. The guy hadn’t been in Sans’ lab. Maybe he had run away again. But his magic was definitely not stable right now. “you should calm down, buddy.”

But it doesn’t look like Patch had heard him. His eye burned a little brighter as he summoned a set of sharp bones towards Hoodie. No, he hadn’t taken into account that they were in the neighborhood and he could easily hurt humans with his magic. He hadn’t noticed that there were onlookers who were now cowering in fear at the sight of a monster using his magic.

“CALM DOWN, BROTHER! PLEASE!” Blueberry had cried out. But he couldn’t hear anything. Everything was blurry. His magic was out of control. It was itching to be used. But as every minute passed, he seemed to have lost control of his body.

It irritated him how his brother was calm when a Sans stepped closer to them when they first got here. He welcomed them and sometimes apologized for having been victims of their experiment. It was fine for him at first. Of course, they’re totally fine. And this universe’ Sans was something familiar, like an old friend.

But when they said he had to run some tests on them, it made him feel dread and in danger. He felt fine and dandy, why would they have to experiment on them? He didn’t want to be some kind of guinea pig that could be easily experimented on. And so he escaped that place, even leaving his brother who had accepted for they asked ‘politely’.

After a few moments, he was back into the real word as he was slowly regaining control of his own body. He can feel his own hands and feet again. But he couldn’t move. He was forced down on the ground, something invisible binding him. He can also make out his surroundings again. And suddenly, he felt tired and in pain.

A Papyrus in a torn, orange hoodie hovered over him. “you ok now, buddy?” he asked. He, too, looked exhausted like him. Hoodie’s burning eye slowly died out as he saw that Patch was coming to his senses.

“BROTHER! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT!?” A little, blue Sans also hovered in his vision, bumping into Hoodie’s skull in the process. Hoodie looked a little irritated but his gaze softened. “WE SHOULD BRING YOU TO SANS! YOUR MAGIC WAS ALL OUT OF CONTROL!”

He felt his soul drop. His magic was out of control. His. He instantly felt guilty and ashamed for not trusting Sans immediately. If he didn’t doubt this guy that was supposed to be him, then he wouldn’t have wreaked havoc. And looking at this skeleton that looked equally weary and tired, he was sure he put up quite a fight even if everything that happened was quite hazy for him.

The magic binding him to the ground disappeared and he slowly propped himself up. His bones were aching. He looked around. Some of the windows of the nearby houses were broken. Bones were protruding from some of the walls. He hadn’t seen anything that was blasted though. It meant he hadn’t used a Gaster Blaster. That’s good... right?
Suddenly, his magic was sparking again and his hand and eye twitched.

“we should go to sans. right now,” Hoodie said as he noticed that Patch’s magic was acting weird again. He teleported them immediately into Sans’ lab, which he knew exactly where since they came there in the first place.

Sans was sitting on a bean bag, eating noodles. He almost reflexively blasted the two skeletons who suddenly appeared in front of him. But he immediately relaxed. He chuckled at the sight. Patch was trying his hard not to lose control as of the moment. “so, you managed to learn the hard way, huh? don’t tell i didn’t warn ya.”

Sans looked at Hoodie and immediately felt panic when he saw the skeleton was hurt. “was anybody hurt? is y/n okay?”

Hoodie casually put his hands inside the pockets of his torn hoodie, ignoring the searing pain from his bones. “nobody’s hurt. your human’s fine. they’re shopping.”

Sans stood up and forced Patch inside some kind of a large test tube. Patch hesitantly went in. Not like he has a choice. Sans then went ahead and used a computer to stabilize the skeleton’s magic. He began typing and Hoodie watched quietly.

“oh? when has she ever had the money for that?” Sans asked without looking at the skeleton who was watching behind him.

“her brother said you gave him your credit card.”

Sans stopped typing. “what?!” He looked stunned, reaching into his wallet from his pocket and found that his credit card was missing. “fuck. that sneaky little bastard!”

Hoodie chuckled in amusement. “yeah. good luck with that, bud. i’m sure they’ll have lots of fun wasting your money.”

Sans shook his head and proceeded with his work. “damn. i should have expected that from the kid.”

After a few minutes, Sans was done stabilizing the skeleton’s magic and Patch stepped out with a grim look on his face. Sans chuckled. “now, that wasn’t too bad, right buddy?”

Patch scowled as he took out a pack of cigarettes. Hood’s eyes lightened up as he grabbed the cigarette from the skeletons’ fingers. Patch looked annoyed but grunted as he took out another cigarette before putting the packet back inside his pocket.

Sans cringed as the two skeletons began smoking. “ok. i think you guys should head home. this tall guy here would be just fine. and tell y/n i’ll be visiting her soon. i need to apologize to her.”

“you really should, bud. i think she misses you,” Hoodie said and ignored the crushing feeling he suddenly had.

This made Sans lighten up. But before he could even utter some words, Hoodie had already teleported out of there with Patch. They were on the sidewalk. Blueberry and Goldie was nowhere to be seen. Maybe they’d gone back to the house. They both started walking back, both were not talking and both were just finishing off their cigarettes.

A firetruck had just passed their way. They stopped. Looked at each other with wide eyes. And ran back to the house as fast as they can.
In a distance, he saw his brother with Goldie. In front of a burning house.

“i’m dead. i’m so dead.”

Chapter End Notes

question: if i ever drag in storyshift, who would you like to see? sans/papyrus or chara/asriel? but yeah, it'd be logical if it's sans and paps. but i'll ask just to be sure. ;3
Another Sans...?

Chapter Summary

The house burned down. You got all sad and... yep. But you feel better now.

You met someone weird.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You would see your dad with a bottle of beer in his hand, his face would be drunken red. He would laugh mockingly as your mom would try to defend you and your brother from him. You would be in a corner, hugging your brother tightly as he cried onto your shirt. Your father’s eyes were bloodshot red as he eyed the three of you like he was a predator looking hungrily at his prey.

His one free hand would shot up, grabbing your mother by the hair and slamming her against the wall. “Pathetic! You’re all so pathetic!” he would be saying over and over. Your mom would be crying as well, trying to beg him to stop. He’d slapped her hard across the face, hard enough that she’d almost faint. She’d coughed up blood.

“Fucking pathetic!” he’d slurred. You’d close your eyes tight as he’d beat up your mother, ignoring her cries and screams. She’d call for help but you were too scared to move. Your father would pass out from drunkenness.

If your mother would still be conscious, she’d pull you away from your brother by grabbing your hair, similar to how your dad would do it. She’d slam your head against the wall as you screamed and begged for her to stop, but she’d drown out your cries, saying “This is your entire fault!” over and over.

Your fault.

You woke up, clutching your head when it suddenly ached. “Oh my god,” you muttered, closing your eyes tightly as you fought back the tears that were threatening to fall. Why did you have to remember that bad memory? It’s been so long. You’ve been trying to bury it at the back of your head ever since.

Groaning, you stood up and you suddenly froze. This isn’t your room. This isn’t your bed. And where’s your brother? You suddenly felt panic creeping in your system as you took in your unfamiliar surroundings.

The room was small with white walls, floor and ceiling. It reminded you of a hospital room and it gave you the creeps. You looked down on your clothes, expecting to see a hospital gown or something but it was your clothes from this morning. Or was it just this morning? Who knows how long you’ve been asleep.

You tried to remember what happened. You went shopping with the Papyruses and with your brother. And then... oh. You felt your stomach drop. The house... it was burning when you got there.
There were firemen trying to extinguish the fire but it was too large. You didn’t process it fast enough, staring down at the burning house with your mouth agape.

Then, you remembered Blue tugging on your shirt with streaks of tears streaming down his face. He was apologizing. But you can’t remember what his exact words were.

And then, Hoodie had stepped closer and apologized, too. You can’t remember his exact words, too. But you do remember that he looked hurt and his clothes were torn. From what exactly, you can’t remember.

Oh wait, you remember something else. Apparently, Patch hadn’t gone to Sans earlier to stabilize his magic. He caused a big mess and had hurt Hoods in the process. Yes, they explained that to you. Hoodie had to leave the house to stop Patch, completely forgetting about the microwave. The cause of fire was short-circuiting.

You remembered feeling like you wanted to lash out and have a panic attack. You didn’t though, right?

“It was nobody’s fault,” you whispered absentmindedly. No need to get so angry. It was nobody’s fault. Maybe it was your fault. You shouldn’t have left them all alone. You shouldn’t have expected that you can trust them enough to take care of the house themselves.

Your fault.

...no, it’s not your fault. It was nobody’s fault!

Oh shit, what would Sans say about this? You just burned his house down!

Finally, something bubbled up inside of you. It was slowly progressing up and you bit your lip to fight it. Tears had formed on the corner of your eyes and it was getting harder and harder to fight it. You had spent a lot of time in that house. All your stuff was in there. It was more than just a house. It was a home. Your home.

You hiccupped as you put a hand on your mouth to stop yourself from sobbing. Arms had suddenly wrapped around your waist, something hard resting on the back of your head. “fuck. fuck, i’m sorry. don’t cry. shit.” It was Hoodie. It was harder to stop the tears.

You turned around and hugged him back tightly. So tight like your life depended on him. You buried your face into his chest. “D-darn,” you said as you forced a laugh. Tears won’t stop. “You fucking idiot. You’re a big fucking idiot, you hear me?”

“i know. i’m sorry.” He chuckled and you can feel his chest vibrate. “i come in here to check on you and i find you crying? how big of a crybaby are you?” he teased.

You felt a little better. “I hope they freaking beat you up, you little shit.”

“no worries, bud. i already have been,” he said, his voice a little strained.

You pulled away, a hint of worry in your face. You took a step backward and inspected him, “Really? Are you okay? You’re ok, right?”

He looked fine and dandy. “yeah. nothing this big, bad skeleton can’t handle,” he said with a smug smirk.

You sighed in relief and then shook your head. Finally, you remember. “Where the heck are we
anyway?"

“sans’ lab, you hungry? you’re just in time for dinner.” He swung open the door of your room and stepped out. Hesitantly, you followed him. You were greeted with a long, white hallway. He started walking and you walked beside him, taking in the new setting. It really looked like a hospital of some sort. There were rooms lining up against the hallway.

“Sans already knows you guys burned his house down?” you asked after a moment of silence.

He placed his bony hands inside the pockets of his hoodie. “yep. he took it pretty well, though. then he said we can stay here until they find a new place. this place looks fine to me. ‘t has many rooms and they’re all unoccupied. dunno why sans doesn’t just keep his skeletons in here.”

“You have a point. This place looks perfect for you guys. Especially if he won’t stop dragging in so many skeletons to this universe,” you said thoughtfully.

You finally reached the end of the hallway and an elevator was right in front of you. Hoods stepped in and you also did. He pressed the 5th floor, the top floor. “It’s a bit scary though. It feels so empty and white. It scares me a little.”

He chuckled. “scaredy-cat.”

“Hey! Mean!” you said as you punched him playfully on the shoulder. He easily dodged it. “Hey... is Sans doing okay?” you asked a little quietly.

Hoodie looked away. “he’s alright, kid. maybe he needs a little rest but other than that, he’s fine.”

“Ah. He’s overworking himself again,” you said to yourself, feeling a little worried. The elevator stopped and the doors opened. Hoodie stepped out, you following closely behind. It looked like a lobby. He continued walking until he reached a big door. He opened it and you found everyone inside a living room-like room.

“About time you got up, sis!” Mark commented from a couch.

Alphys had walked up to you with a nervous smile on her face. “G-good to see that you’re u-up, Y/N. H-how’re you feeling?”

“I feel fine, Alphys! Anyway, I missed you!” you gushed as you proceeded to hug the lizard monster. She jumped from the sudden interaction as she laughed nervously.

“I missed you, too Y/N! Anyway, I’m gonna go. I have to talk to Sans about something!” she said a little too quickly as she pulled away from your hug.

“Really? Why don’t you guys join us for dinner?” You hoped you can see Sans tonight.

“Ah. You see, Sans already declined and I already finished. B-but, thank you for the offer Y/N! Bye!” She left before you could even say another word. You grunted, a little disappointed you wouldn’t see Sans. Maybe you could try to find him. Wherever he is.

“HUMAN! STOP STANDING AROUND AND LET US EAT! THE FOOD WILL GET COLD!” Papyrus shouted. The only seat unoccupied was between Patch and Hoodie so you settled to sit right there.

“HUMAN! I’M REALLY SORRY!” Blueberry suddenly said across from you.
You shot him a grin. “It’s ok. I forgive you,” you said calmly.

“REALLY?” he said hopefully, the stars in his eyes shone brighter. “WOWIE, HUMAN! YOU ARE SO NICE TO ME!”

Then you snapped your head towards Patch. “You! I thought you know better!”

He shrunk under your death glare, a bead of sweat forming on his forehead. You suddenly thought he looked a bit different right now. You observed him a little more carefully and then flushed when you realized he was wearing the clothing you bought him. “O-oh. That looks good on you.”

He seemed to relax a little. “you have great taste in clothes, doll. thanks.” He was back into his flirty self as he sent a wink your way. He swung an arm over your shoulder as he leaned in closer. “mind if i buy you clothes next time? but to be honest... i think you’ll look better without it.”

You suddenly coughed as you choke on air. You’re pretty sure you’re beet red right now.

Hoodie removed his arm with a flick of his finger. Patch shot him an annoyed look. “try that again and you’ll get a bad time,” Hoodie warned.

Mark had pretended to gag. “Yuck! Why do all of you guys flirt with my sister? She’s not that amazing.”

“Hey!” you said with a pout.

“I THINK THE HUMAN IS AMAZINGLY GREAT! LIKE ME! NYEH HEH HEH!” Papyrus defended you. He had just come back inside the room with a pot of spaghetti in his hand. He placed the pot on the table as some of the skeletons scooped their own portion onto their plate.

“YES! YES! I AGREE TO THAT, OTHER BROTHER PAPY!” Blueberry said as he bounced happily in his seat.

You think you’re becoming as red as an apple right now. God, the compliments. You aren’t used to it but you deeply appreciate it especially when they’re defending you against your brother. D’aww, these skeletons are really special.

Mark didn’t give up though. “It’s different when it comes from the two of you! How ‘bout you Goldie?” All of the attention was now on that poor skeleton who was trying to be quiet. You looked at him expectantly.

He cleared his throat as he appeared to be awfully nervous. “i-i...”

“JUST ANSWER THE QUESTION, YOU IDIOT!” Scratch cried out. You gave the rude skeleton a glare and his expression wavered a bit. He shot you an apologetic smile.

“i think she’s... great?” he said, sounding a little unsure. But it still made you extremely happy.

“Thank you Goldie!” you gushed and the skeleton blushed a deep red.

Mark had grumbled something. “God, you guys are unbelievable. I thought you’d be different. Looks like I thought wrong. You’re still a Sans after all,” he said bitterly.

“What was that, lil bro?” you asked him with a sweet smile on your face.

“I THINK THE HUMAN IS AWFUL,” Scratch suddenly spoke. Your face fell as you looked at the dark skelly. Ouch? And here you thought you guys were friends.
Mark stood up with an excited grin on his face. “Yes! I knew you were different, Scratch!”

Scratch had met your gaze and he looked a little nervous. “AWFULLY GREAT, I MEAN!”

You couldn’t help but coo. “Oh my god, that is so sweet! Thank you Scratch!” you said with a burning face. Oh no, they’re killing you with compliments. Mark had been groaning in the background.

“Oh c’mon, bro! The compliments are great! Just smile and stop skullking.” You laughed at your pun, with a few skeletons snickering.

“HUMAN, PLEASE! NOT IN FRONT OF THE FOOD!” Papyrus groaned.

“Aw, Paps. Just grow a spine and enjoy my puns,” you said, giggling.

“hey. you’re good, buddy. you’re getting pretty humerus,” Hoodie said, backing you up. You snickered.

“PAPY! NOT YOU, TOO!” Blueberry whined.

You pouted at the blueberry, pulling your puppy face. “Don’t you have the guts to appreciate my puns, Blue?”

“pffft! hahaha! those are some totally sweet puns, brah!”

You all stood frozen in spot as a familiar but different voice echoed inside the room. Turning your head to where the voice came from, your mouth hanged open as a Sans (at least he looked like one!) had appeared at the end of the table, sitting on it like he’d been there this whole time.

He wore... very colorful clothes. He’s very intriguing but you still are trying to process that this is another Sans. His grin widened as you all looked at him with surprised expressions.

“well... this is hella awkward. catch you later, dudes!”

He disappeared with a poof of colorful dust.

“What the fuck?”

Chapter End Notes

AHHHHHH I'M SORRY~ The update is short and it took a longer time to post. Ack, I can't believe the amount of hws we already have! So this is all I can offer! :( I'll try to make it up to you guys next time :3

Hope you enjoyed this chapter though <3 The Radical Bro just showed up~ Fresh belongs to loverofpiggies <3
You quietly slipped out of your sleeping brother’s grasp and tiptoed out of the room. You instantly shivered when darkness greeted you, with only a dim lighting from the ceiling lights as little help.

You walked slowly down the long hallway, feeling creeped out. God, why does it have to be so dark and empty and quiet in here? You finally reached the elevator. You were determined to find Sans and talk to him tonight.

About what? You don’t actually know. You honestly just want to see him right now.

The elevator door opened and you stepped in. Somehow, the elevator gave you a scarier vibe than the long hallway. You pressed the 3rd floor, even though you don’t even know if you’ll find him on that floor.

The ride was quick as the doors opened once again. You were relieved when you found that the lights are fully turned on and wasn’t dim at all. You walked out of the elevator.

“How’s it hangin’, human-dude?” You couldn’t help but scream when a voice suddenly appeared. You turned your head around to find that weird-looking Sans inside the elevator you just left.

“Holy funk!” You suddenly froze as confusion was written all over your face. “Did you just censor my words?”

He gave a hearty chuckle. “Sorry brah, your colorful lingo is too un-fresh.”
You felt a wee bit scared but he looked like he’s cool. “Oh. Sorry then. Are you from another universe?” You felt yourself relax. He’s a Sans right? If he is, then that must mean he’s totally harmless. Or so you think.

“yea, you can say that. you’re lost right? i’m all slammin’ to helping a bro out,” he said as his grin widened. He started walking and you can’t help but wonder about his clothes. You found him interesting.

“How long have you been in here?” you asked as you walked alongside him.

“long enough,” he answered vaguely.

This made you curious. “Really? Then why haven’t I met you before?” If he’s from another universe, then why didn’t Sans introduce him to you and the others?

“i’m prolly too rad-tastic for you bros,” he said while snickering.

“What’s your name then?”

“ya can call me fresh.”

Fresh, huh? Weird name. You both stopped in front of a large white door. “Hey Fresh. You’re a Sans, too right?”

He didn’t answer. You turned around but he was already gone. You shrugged and opened the door. The room was very dark and only had dim lighting, much like that long hallway. In one side of the room, there was a large machine with scattered mechanical parts all around it. Your eyes went to the other side and found Sans completely focused on a paper he was holding.

A smile crept to your face as you headed for him. You finally caught his attention as he raised his eyes from the paper he was holding. “y-y/n, why are you here?” he asked, surprised to see you.

You reached out to him and gave him a big hug. “I missed you too, bonehead.” You quickly released him as you went to observe the machine they’ve been working on. “So, this is it, huh? Anyway, I’m sorry we let your house burn down.”

He cleared his throat as he adjusted the lab coat he was wearing. “nah, it’s ok kiddo. not your fault. and im sorry i haven’t been visiting.”

“Yeah right. You haven’t been visiting! When I’m mad at you, it doesn’t mean you can leave and never come back, alright? Gosh!” You wander around the machine, staring at it closely.

He suddenly pulled you away. “that’s dangerous! you might get sucked in!” he said in a panicked voice.

“Oh. Sorry,” you apologized as you stepped farther away from the machine, hair rising on your arms. Gosh, you getting sucked into a machine and into a completely different universe? That sounds scary. “So, is there any chance that this machine can specifically open up portals to bring the skeletons back to their universe?”

“uh, yeah. we’re kind of halfway there, to be honest.”

Somehow, the answer he gave you was upsetting. You tried to force a smile on your face. “Haha, that’s good right? They’re going to be able to go back home.”
“yep.” He noticed your change in mood. He looked away as he saw how disappointed you look. He knew how you treat the others as family now. It would break you if they go back home.

You forced yourself to be optimistic, shoving aside the negative emotions. “Anyway! You haven’t introduced me to the new Sans yet!” you said giddily, changing the topic.

Sans froze. “what new sans? what are you talking about?” He hasn’t pulled anyone new as of this moment.

“You know, that Sans who wears colorful clothing!”

He looked concerned and nervous at the same time. “uh, i don’t know him. trust me kid, i haven’t pulled a sans like that out of this thing.”

“Wait, really? You serious?” You sounded curious but you weren’t scared. But it seemed like you should be.

This was a serious matter. Sans was afraid for everyone’s safety. “yes. tell me more about this sans you’re talking about.”

“i’m totally nice, human-dude. no need to be like, all alarmed.”

You jumped in your seat when he suddenly appeared right next to you. You and Sans had been talking about him for quite some time until Sans left for some food.

“If you didn’t come from this machine, how the hell did you get here?” you asked him, your tone accusing.

“i’m a special rad-tastic case, brah. that’s all ya need to know,” he answered, his grin widening. “sides! ya brosephs all look like you’re having a rad time! i shouldn’t ruin that for ya, right? also, i kinda have a little problem to be takin’ care of.”

“A problem?” you repeated, a little curious as you looked at him curiously.

He snorted as he started walking around the room to examine it. “yea, a big freakin’ problem. there’s this dude called ‘destroyer of worlds’ out to get me, saying ‘m an abomination and such. but i think i’m gonna be totally fine for a few more days.”

You felt your heart skip a beat. A destroyer of worlds? There was someone like that out there? You gulped nervously. You didn’t know that. Apparently, you didn’t know a lot of things like timelines and alternate universes until you met Sans. And now there’s a destroyer of worlds?

“You aren’t leading him straight to our world... right?” you asked him uneasily.

He grinned innocently. “don’t think so.”

You knitted your eyebrows together, suddenly afraid for what the future would bring. “Fresh, are you getting us in danger?”

“What do ya mean?” he asked, trying to be as innocent as he can. “just chill-out, human-dude. ya got a lot of magical rad-tastic skeletons ‘ere. i’m hella sure they’ll totally come to your rescue.”

You sighed. “Well, I guess we can worry about that for another time, can’t we? You can stay here with us, if you’d like to. Maybe I can introduce you to the other Sanses! I’m sure they’ll like you!
You’re pretty rad,” you said with a wink.

He laughed. “That’s totally nice of ya, but yeah, I’m sure I didn’t come ‘ere to make friends.”

You tried to observe him. “Then, what did you come here for?”

“Just here to lead the destroyer of worlds to this place,” he said, his grin twisting wickedly. A shiver ran down your spine but you kept your composure.

“I can be your friend!” you volunteered.

He suddenly froze, looking at you with a stunned expression. “…what?” he asked, a little more quietly.

“Why do you look like nobody had ever wanted to be friends with you before?” You laughed freely. Your laugh suddenly died out when you saw his expression didn’t change. Your expression slowly turned to shock. “Wait, seriously? Nobody ever told you they wanted to be friends with you before?” you asked him incredulously.

He let out a short burst of laughter. “U-uh yes.” He suddenly disappeared and you looked around worriedly. He reappeared right in front of you. “This is totally rad, brah! You’re my first ever human-friend! Oh my god, I could hug you right now!”

You yelped in surprise and then giggled in relief. “You’re so cute.” It’s true. He’s really cute. The personality, you mean, not the face. Because if it was the face then you’d be saying that Sans is cute. Wait, Sans is cute. Ack, why are you arguing with yourself?

Fresh’s mouth formed into a big ‘O’. “You think I’m hella cute?”

“Yes. Rad-tastically cute!” you said with a cheeky grin.

He wiped a non-existent tear. “This is officially the rad-dest day of my sweet life.”

You laughed again, enjoying the weird skeleton’s company. He suddenly stopped and then disappeared right in time as bones whooshed past in front of you. Shocked, you turned towards Sans who just came in the door, his eye burning threateningly blue.

“Sans! Stop! Why did you attack him?” you cried out, looking around for Fresh but he didn’t reappear again.

“Who the fucking hell is that guy!?” he asked you, a scared but mad expression loomed on his face.

“That was Fresh!” you said angrily.

He inhaled deeply, as if trying to relax himself. He walked closer to you and grabbed your arm. “Listen kid. I don’t know who the hell that guy is, if he can appear into our universe without the need of any machine, then he must be someone powerful. He could be dangerous, for god’s sake!”

“I’ve met him. He’s my friend. He’s harmless. And he looks like you!” you said in a defensive voice.

He sighed, rubbing the spot between his eyesockets. “Kid. Who the hell cares if he looks like me? He can fucking jump from universe to universe!” he hissed.

“But,” your voice deflated, “a Sans would never be dangerous. You could never harm anyone,” you said, your voice suddenly quiet.
“What do you know? For all we know, there could be a universe where everyone is a cold-blooded murderer! You don’t know what that guy is capable of! Stay away from him, y/n!” he warned.

A small whimper escaped through your lips. He’s right. But you actually like Fresh. “Fine,” you grumbled. Sans gave you a pitied smile but he looked pleased with your answer.

You yawned as sleep was trying to catch up to you.

Sans chuckled. “You should go back to your room, kiddo. Let’s talk again in the morning.”

“All right.”

You headed out of Sans’ room or whatever it was called. But you didn’t go straight to your room. Absent-mindedly, you decided to go the 5th floor where the living room was. It was empty when you got there. You plopped on top of the couch and lied down. It was pretty comfortable, if you say so yourself.

“Fresh, you’re not dangerous right?” you asked the empty room.

He popped up next to you. “That’s nonsans! Don’t ya trust me?” His voice had a scary edge to it.

But for some reason, you know that he’s harmless. “I do.”

“Hella sweet, human-dude.” He chuckled, but it was little bit strained. He’s still not used to how you trust so easily. “I’m gonna bounce. Night!”

He popped out as quickly as he popped in.
What a Fresh Day!

Chapter Notes

I read some of loverofpiggies' answers to some asks about Fresh.

"FRESH IS CURRENTLY INCAPABLE OF EMOTION AND EVEN THOUGH HE KISSES EVERYONE LIKE ALL THE TIME HE DOESN'T COMPREHEND ANY MEANING BEHIND IT"

And I read this: bestfresh90smess.tumblr.com/post/139487365110/what-happened-to-make-fresh-depressed-ahhhhh

It's a little clear now, alright.

"I wanted to take over the multiverse because yeah, it extended far beyond somethin so noble as 'helpin' people, I wanted to take over because I COULD, and because it was FUN, and because I couldn’t be STOPPED. I wanted the power to enslave EVERYTHING."

Fresh possesses for fun. Haha. Cute. Just wanted to share this info with you guys. But lemme just say that 'my' Fresh wouldn't be too cruel. And he'd be willing to try and understand.

You woke up to the smell of pancakes and coffee. You sat straight up, panicking when you saw the unfamiliar room you were in. Slowly, you began to remember what happened. Your heart ached a little bit when an image of the house - your home - burning.

You shook your head and tried to bring a smile to your face. Useless to feel all sad and depressed about it, right? Nothing you can do. You sighed. Also, you need a new job. You've been stalling all this time but pretty sure your money will ran out if you don’t find one this week.

You stretched. Okay, you decided you’ll go job-hunting today. You stood up from the couch, popping your spine before walking into the kitchen. You’re still bummed out at how this room looked so much like the room in your burned down house.

“good morning, sweet cheeks,” Patch greeted while he was busy flipping pancakes. You stare at him incredulously. You’re seeing this right, right? You’re not dreaming right?

“Holy cow, you can cook?” you asked him, amazed. You took a step closer and was more amused when you saw how round and perfect the pancakes were. There were already three plates of it on the table, each with an empty mug. You heard that the coffee just finished.

“yeah, why? does it turn you on, sweetheart?” he asked, making his voice deeper and huskier.

You fought off the blush. “N-no!” you said defensively. You stepped away from the skelly and grabbed a mug from the table. You made your way to the coffee maker, pouring coffee on the mug. You tried to ignore the sound of the stove turning off. You grabbed the mug and took a sip, turning around only to find Patch was behind you.
You let out a surprised squeal and almost dropped your mug in shock. He had you cornered, casually placing both of his hands on the counter, trapping you inside. You can feel your heart threatening to leap out of your throat. He chuckled amusedly as he saw you squirming uncomfortably.

“you know... i just realized something doll,” he drawled sexily, leaning closer towards you. You gulped in nervousness, trying to lean away. You settled on turning your head to the right so you’d be facing away from him. “we’re not in the house right now. this means i can kiss you, right?”

“W-what?” you said absentmindedly, not entirely processing his words right now.

Your breathing hitched when he leaned even closer and you can feel his breath fan your left cheek. You were too dazed to even think clearly and to utter words to stop him. You felt bony fingers closed around your chin and gently forced you to face him.

“yo! that looks hella fun, broskis! do ya mind if i join in?”

“Oh my god!” You snapped out of your trance and pushed Patch away none too gently. You covered your mouth with a hand, your face burning in heat. That was so close! He almost kissed you!

Patch groaned in frustration, or was it in pain?

“Fresh!” you greeted the skelly that suddenly appeared sitting on the counter right next to you. “Where have you been?” you asked, instantly forgetting about the tall skeleton who was shooting daggers at the newcomer.

His grin widened, swinging his feet cheerfully. “ah, ya know, just somewhere rad, human-dude. oh! almost forgot!” He leaned closer, suddenly pressing his teeth into your lips, humming gleefully. In that moment, you quickly stepped back as you hid your lips with both of your hands, your eyes widening and your face heating up.

He laughed. “pffft! ya should see your fac—“ He disappeared quickly as a set of bones whooshed past you. This felt familiar, doesn’t it? He reappeared quickly, staring at Patch in delight. You gave him a quick glance only to see that his hand was raised with an unamused expression in his face.

“take a chill pill, my unfresh bro. trust me, ya won’t like to mess with me.” He chuckled quite darkly.

Somehow, you knew that was true. You threw yourself in front of Fresh, trying to stop Patch from attacking him. “Calm down, Patch! It’s alright!” you said.

“he just funkng kissed you!” He stared for a moment, confused when his words were altered. But then he gazed at Fresh angrily again.

Fresh snorted. “what’s wrong with that, broseph?” His voice had changed back to normal. “i kiss everyone! oh, is that it? do ya want to get kissed by the most radical bro?” He suddenly disappeared behind you, reappearing again in front of Patch.

Patch panicked and took a step back, raising his arm in defense. “s-stay away from me, you funkng weirdo!”

Fresh laughed in amusement. “i don’t get ya, broski! but it’s hella fine. ya’ll get your fresh kiss someday,” he said teasingly.

Patch shivereded in disgust.
Also, you realized that Fresh doesn’t know what a kiss means. If he does go around kissing everyone, that means he doesn’t know that there’s a meaning behind it, right? You guess you should go tell your new friend that you just don’t kiss anyone.

Patch walked away, glaring at Fresh and muttering something. He continued to make breakfast, ignoring you and your friend completely. You sighed and then went back into the living room, completely forgetting about your now cold coffee.

“Fresh, that wasn’t very nice. Also, please don’t kiss everyone you meet,” you said to the skelly.

He looked confused. “why not?”

“You just don’t. You should kiss someone you love or you care about,” you explained, although you were having trouble trying to explain it to him.

He laughed, sitting right next to you. “that’s kinda a big problem, human-dude. ya see, i don’t have feelings. i don’t have any emotions. so i dunno what it means to love or care about someone.”

You looked at him, stunned. He’s there, grinning like what he just said wasn’t anything major. You felt something tugged in your heartstrings. He just feels... empty? That’s it? That’s so sad. You can’t help feeling pity for your hollow friend.

You pulled him towards you, giving him a tight hug. He seemed surprised. “human-dude, i’m gonna thank you for your sick nasty hug but i don’t need it. i’m rad-tastically fine!” He chuckled, sounding nervous.

You pulled away and gave him an optimistic smile. “Of course you are! I’m sorry, just feeling emotional here. I can’t believe you don’t have any emotions! It’s hard to notice since you always seem like you’re happy.”

“heh.” He didn’t meet your gaze.

You cleared your throat. Why did it feel like you made him feel worse? “Uh, anyway... do you want to eat breakfast with me?”

“nah. but thanks, human-dude. i’m just gonna... go take care of some things.” He vanished quickly.

You stayed there on the couch, trying to think of things. A couple of minutes later, the skeletons were piling in inside the living room.

Blueberry hopped towards you, a worried expression on his face. “HUMAN! OH! YOU WERE HERE ALL ALONG! YOUR BROTHER WAS SO WORRIED WHEN HE WOKE UP AND FOUND YOU NOT BESIDE HIM!”

You suddenly remembered and then groaned mentally. “Oh god, you’re right. Do you know where he is?”

Suddenly a sock came flying up to your face and it hit you. You quickly threw the sock off your face, shivering in disgust. “Who the hell—"

“You’re the worst!” Mark came up to you, tears springing in his eyes. “You know this was our first night in this lab and you leave me alone?! You’re the freaking worst!” he cried out.

Your heart melted as you scooped your little brother off the floor and started to calm him down. He wrapped his legs around your waist as you continued to soothe him. “I’m sorry lil bro. Your sis
always forgets that you’re still a little baby. I just thought you’d be strong enough to be alone on your own, you know? I’m so sorry, I should have known better,” you said sweetly.

Mark scoffed, a blush appearing on his face. “N-no! You’re right!” He sniffed. “I’m a big boy now! I don’t need to get treated like a baby by you!” he said with a scowl. And look, your little bro’s back.

You laughed softly as he tried to get off of your arms but you gave him a tight hug first before putting him down. “Now, you need to hurry up and eat. You’re gonna be late for school.”

“My uniform’s all burned. I don’t have anything to wear,” he said flatly to you. Your heart dropped as you suddenly remembered that little detail. That meant you too don’t have any more clothes. Good thing you kept all your money in your purse on the day of the accident.

As if on cue, Alphys entered the room with Sans in tow. He was magically lifting two boxes and placed it down on the floor. “G-good morning guys! I-i went shopping for clothes yesterday! So you d-don’t have to worry about a-anything, especially you Y/N! Your brother also has s-some uniform in here.”

You almost wanted to tackle Alphys to the ground. “Oh my god, oh my god! Thank you, Alphys! You’re the best!”

She laughed nervously. “No need to thank me, Y/N. You’ve been a big help for me these d-days. This is nothing.”

You looked at her curiously. “What? What did I do?”

“You’ve been l-looking out for these s-skeletons! I was scared to let them stay here because you know me, I-i don’t know how to handle them. Hey, maybe I s-should pay you for that. You’ve been doing t-the best you can for them after all.” She suddenly brightened up at this idea.

“But Alphys, I was doing that because they’re my friends. You don’t need to pay me for that.” You gave her a sheepish smile.

“No! You should w-work for me. I was originally planning to search for a housemate to c-care for them, but you’re already here, you know!” she insisted. Sans was watching the conversation a little bit uneasily.

“Wait, are you telling me to babysit them?” you asked her in astonishment.

“Y-yes please,” she said as seriously as she can.

“I-i don’t know...” You already owe so much to this monster in front of you. And now you’re gonna get paid by something that anyone can do? And something you do as a good friend? It’s just too much.

Alphys looked at Sans to ask for his help. He sighed and walked closer to the two of you. “kid, come on. this isn’t as easy as you thought it to be. remember, humans hates us? it would be hard trying to find a nice human like you that we can also trust.”

You thought it through, immediately seeing what the problem was. They’re right. “Well if I do take this job, am I making you guys a favor?”

“Yes!” Alphys cried out.

Sans nodded.
You sighed in relief. “Fine, alright. I’ll do it. And it will be a lot easier than trying to find a new job. Sure, I’ll take care of these guys for you.”

Alphys beamed at you happily. “T—that’s great! You’re hired!” she said with a laugh.

“Thanks, boss.” You gave her a wink.

“Ok. You can start your job now. We—we’ll be at the 3rd floor if you need us!” Alphys said joyfully as she exited the room. Sans gave you a tired grin before following her. You had the urge to stop Sans but you stopped yourself. Maybe you’ll talk to him next time.

You hopped towards the boxes and opened them. You were amused to find that there were three sets of clothing for the skelebros: for the swapped, the dark and the tall. Wow, it almost seemed like these were the exact same clothes they all have.

You opened the other box and found a lot of clothes for you and your brother. You laughed in amusement when you saw a lot of shirts with bone puns on them. There were also frilly dresses and you immediately thought of Alphys. She probably must have picked those.

“GOOD MORNING HUMAN! BREAKFAST IS READY! THE TALLER SANS HAD PREPARED IT FOR US! I MUST SAY IT IS QUITE AMAZINGLY GREAT! NYEH HEH HEH!” Papyrus had shouted from the kitchen.

You made your way to the kitchen and saw that almost everyone was stuffing their faces with pancakes. You sat between Hoodie and Patch again.

“heyya, bud. did you sleep good tonight?” Hoodie asked you, a hand propping his skull as he looked at you.


“it was good. but if you ask me, the greatest sleep i ever had was when i slept on top of you,” he drawled. You almost choked as you looked at him with wide eyes, a blush creeping up to your face.

“you what...?” Patch asked in a blank expression.

“No! No, no! It wasn’t like that!” you said to Patch, panicking as you raised your hands in a defensive manner.

Patch scoffed in annoyance. “damn. all these fucking skeletons have stepped up their game,” he muttered.

You crunched your eyebrows. “What?”

“what do you mean?” Goldie asked, who you didn’t notice was listening beside Patch.

“that colorful weirdo sans stole a kiss from her.”

Everyone’s conversation died out. All was looking at you and you began to sweat nervously.

“...sis?” Mark spoke up. You forced yourself to look at him. “That freakish weirdo made a move on you?” he asked a little bit angrily.

You panicked. “He tried to kiss me first!” you suddenly blurted out, pointing at Patch. He froze.

Everyone was quiet for a moment. Hoodie stood up from his seat, slowly popping the joints of his
knuckles. “you did what now, buddy?” he drawled ominously. His eye had started burning orange.

Goldie chuckled threateningly. “i thought you understand by now, crack-face.” He popped his neck and then grinned darkly at the skeleton.

Patch sank in his seat, grabbing you by the arm. “help. me,” he whispered to you. He broke into a sweat.

“Heh,” you laughed nervously. “Good luck with that.”

Chapter End Notes

SO GUYS, I'M SORRY BUT I THINK IT'LL BE SOME TIME BEFORE I POST THE NEXT CHAPTER. I FEEL LIKE I'M GONNA BE BUSIER. I HOPE YOU GUYS UNDERSTAND :3

Also... hopefully I already made it up to you guys? Heh heh. Also, I'm willing to take in requests if it seemed like it can happen in my fanfic. Just comment down if you want some specific scenarios and i'll tell you if I'd be able to write it or not. Thank you!
A Date with Blueberry

Chapter Summary

A date with the Blueberry. That's all you have to know ;)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Tell me, Alphys! C’mon!” You urged the lizard monster more but it doesn’t look she’ll break soon. She only shook her head, giving you a small smile. “I’m sorry Y/N. Y-you’re not an exception. Please, just do it. D-don’t come back until I s-said so, ok?” She tightened her grasp on the papers she was holding, looking at you hopefully.

“Ugh! Fine! But that’s just because I owe you!” you said, finally giving up. She gave a sigh of relief when you finally relented. “Okay. C’mon Blueberry! Let’s go do something!”

You were having quite a normal morning when Alphys suddenly barged inside the living room, startling almost every one of you. She had called for every skeleton. Except Blueberry and Patch. So you were curious about why every skelly except the two of them. You asked the lizard monster but she only gave you a vague answer.

And then she told you to go out with the two skellies and you can’t come back until she said so. So you were super confused. You tried to annoy her to tell you but she just wouldn’t budge. So in the end, you just decided to do her a favor and just do what she said.

Blueberry had been laughing behind one of his little skelly hands while you were holding the other one. Both of you were out of the lab, just walking along the sidewalk. Patch was behind, smoking a cigarette. You had already told the skeleton to stop smoking but you can’t make him. So you just left him alone.

“Why are you laughing, sweetie? Wait, do you know what this is all about?” You pouted in front of the cute skelly.

“O-OH! OH NO, HUMAN! I WAS NOT LAUGHING BECAUSE I KNOW WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN! THAT IS AN ABSOLUTE LIE!” he said, horrified. But then he continued to giggle after.

He definitely knows what’s up.

You stopped walking, kneeling in front of the small skelly so you’d be at the same height. “Aw, come on Blueberry! Please! I wanna know!” You tried to do your best imitation of a cute puppy-dog face.

He looked extremely conflicted as you pulled up that face. “H-HUMAN, PLEASE! I DO NOT WANT TO RUIN THE SURPRISE!” he said sadly. And then his expression turned to shock as he covered his teeth with his gloved hands.

You looked at him mischievously. “Oh! So there’s going to be a surprise, huh? Well, what kind of
surprise would it be?” You felt extremely happy and guilty at the same time for trying to trick the sweet, little skelly.

He pulled up his version of a puppy face. “H-HUMAN! THAT IS NOT FAIR! PLEASE DON’T ASK THOSE QUESTIONS!” he said with a pout, tears springing at the corner of his eyesockets.

You quickly stood up. Okay. You can not resist that face.

You heard Patch laughing quietly behind you. You turned your head to him, glaring at the smoking skeleton. Then you realized that if Blueberry knows what’s up, then Patch knows something, too, right?

You took large steps towards the skeleton, who seemed oblivious to your intent. When you were close enough, his pinpricks of eyes turned to you. “Hey Patch. Tell you what. I’ll let you smoke inside the living room if you tell me what all this shit is all about,” you said with a cheeky grin, carefully toning your voice down when you cursed.

“HUMAN? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?” Blueberry asked behind you, his eyes filled with worry and concern.

Patch chuckled at your attempt. “nice try, sweetheart. but it’ll take a lot more than that,” he said casually.

You huffed as you crossed your arms. “C’mon Patch! Tell me what you want and I’ll give it to you!”

He looked over at you, observing you. A lazy smirk crept on his face as he threw his cigarette on the ground, crushing it with his foot. “you could always give me the kiss you owe me.”

You took a large step backwards as your face burned slightly. “I-i don’t owe you anything!”

“HUMAN! I’LL TELL YOU WHAT KIND OF SURPRISE IT IS... IF YOU GIVE ME YOUR HEART!” Blueberry said joyfully as he hugged your leg. Your eyes widened as your cheeks burned a little more. That is so damn adorable!

You heard Patch scoffing quietly.

You knelt down to Blueberry’s level. “But sweetie, you already have my heart!” you cooed with a big grin on your face.

“NO I DON’T!” he said with a confused look on his face. “I CAN ONLY HAVE IT IF WE GO ON A DATE AND YOU CONFESSION YOUR LOVE TO ME!”

You tried to stifle your giggle. Gosh, you could just squeeze him to death right now! “Ok! Do you want to go on our date right now, sweetie?” you asked the skelly sweetly.

You could see literal hearts form on the skeleton’s eyes as he beamed at you. “Y-YOU’RE ASKING ME ON A DATE??” he asked as if he couldn’t believe it. Oh my god. Most. Adorable. Skeleton. Ever.

“Yeah. Would you want to go on a date with me?”

“THE MAGNIFICENT SANS WOULD LOVE TOO!”

You laughed. “That’s great! C’mon, let’s go get some ice cream.” You stood back up, offering your hand to the small skeleton. He giddily took it. You look back at Patch and saw an unamused
expression on his face. You gave him a grin. “C’mon, flirty pants.”

He sneered as he walked besides you. “this is awful. i’m third-wheeling. me,” he muttered.

“Oh, cheer up!” You guys started heading towards the direction of the nearest ice cream store. “You’ll have your date with the blueberry, too,” you teased.

Patch suddenly had an idea. “hey, kid. do you want a piggy-back ride?” he asked the little skeleton. Blueberry stopped walking as he looked at Patch excitedly.

“REALLY??” he asked eagerly as he was bouncing up and down.

Patch chuckled and gestured for the skeleton to come near him. Blueberry lets go of your hand as he walked closer to Patch, raising his hands up. Patch scooped the small skeleton in his arms and settled him on his shoulders. Blueberry lets out a soft squeal. “LOOK! HUMAN! I AM TALLER THAN YOU NOW! MWEH HEH HEH!”

You looked at Patch confusedly. Why would he offer the little blueberry a ride?

He smirked at you as he continued walking. “let’s go, sweetheart.” You decided to just follow him.

You finally reached the ice cream store and entered it. There was a sound of small bells clashing as you pushed the door opened. The smell of ice cream wafted to your nose and you immediately had a craving.

There weren’t a lot of people inside the store. Some parents who came in with their kid shot you disgusted looks but you ignored them. You were getting pretty used to all the attention whenever you went out with your monster friends. Before you could even get to the counter, a little girl had stopped you.

“Hi there,” you greeted the small child who was wearing a light, pink dress. Her hair was up in a pigtail. She was looking at the three of you curiously.

“How could a human and a monster have a child?” she asked innocently.

...oh. OH! You snapped your head towards Patch as he casually puts Blueberry down from his shoulders. Blueberry immediately ran to the counter, leaving the three of you behind. Patch threw an arm around you, pulling you closer.

“pretty much how your parents made you, kid,” Patch answered while chuckling. Your whole face had turned red.

They thought you boned a skeleton?! Oh my god. I-is that why they were looking at you with those disgusted looks?

“Huh?” The little girl was still confused with the answer that was given to her. You elbowed Patch in the ribs and he shot you a glare, caressing his sensitive bones.

Finally, the parents swooped in as they took their child out from the store, away from you. You groaned mentally.

“I cannot believe you!” you said as you glared at the slightly taller skeleton. Patch chuckled in amusement as he sidestepped you, stepping beside Blueberry.

“i have no idea what you’re talking about, doll,” Patch said as innocently as he can.
“OOH! HUMAN! CAN I HAVE THE DOUBLE CHOCOLATE CHIP PLEASE?” Blueberry interjected.

You sighed, turning towards the girl behind the counter. “Two scoops of double chocolate please,” you told her. She nodded enthusiastically. You noticed she had been giving Patch some lustful glances.

For some reason, you felt overprotective. “Miss. Your customer is right here.” You had sounded like a big bitch and you genuinely felt surprised by this. Woah.

“O-oh! I’m so sorry!” she said quickly, punching something from her machine. She looked embarrassed as she disappeared behind the counter.


“No. Shut up,” you snapped, your cheeks heating up slightly. You crossed your arms.

He stepped closer to you, throwing an arm around your shoulder. He leaned closer to your and whispered, “don’t worry, doll. i have my eyes only for you.” Your eyes widened in surprise and you were sure you were blushing non-stop today.

“HEY! STOP FLIRTING WITH MY DATE, OTHER TALLER ME!” Blueberry interrupted, who was suddenly between the two of you, pushing Patch away but he can’t.

“Here’s your order, Ma’am.” The girl behind the counter reappeared with a bowl of ice cream. You grabbed it and placed your money on top of the counter before turning around without a word. Your eyes scanned for a table and you settled for a seat right next to the window.

You placed the bowl of ice cream down and sat down. Blueberry had taken the seat beside you. Patch sat in front of you.

Blueberry started to dig in and you were slowly regretting that you didn’t order a bowl for yourself.

“what? you want some ice cream too, baby doll?” Patch said as he noticed your reaction.

“Heh. I don’t have any more money,” you told him truthfully. This made Blueberry stop eating as he looked at you in horror.

“HUMAN, YOU HAVE SPENT ALL YOUR MONEY TO BUY ME SOME ICE CREAM?” he asked, worry filling his eyes.

You laughed nervously. “Yeah. Don’t worry, I think I’d get my payment from babysitting you guys pretty soon.”

“WOWZERS! YOU REALLY LIKE ME THAT MUCH THAT YOU’D SACRIFICE WHAT LITTLE COINAGE YOU HAVE JUST FOR ME?”

Your eyes lit up in amusement as the little skelly began to speak dramatically. “Yes.”

“OH NO! YOUR DATING POWER! IT HAS BESTED ME!” he said, putting a hand over his chest as he looked like he was hit by some unseen force. You can’t help but laugh at the show the adorable skeleton was putting on. “YOU HAVE CAPTURED MY HEART, DEAR HUMAN! AND YOU HAVEN’T EVEN FORMALLY CONFESSIONED TO ME YET! IT IS CONFIRMED! YOU ARE A DATING EXPERT!”
You laughed harder, wiping the tears from the corner of your eyes. Dear god, this is gonna be the death of you. Blueberry’s killing you with his cuteness.

He stood up on top of his chair, facing you. “I HAVE BEEN DEFEATED. HUMAN, TAKE THIS GIFT AS A REWARD FOR GIVING YOUR HEART TO ME.”

Before you could even react, he had already pressed his teeth against your lips. You froze in your spot, your eyes were wide in surprise. The kiss was surely only a second or two, but it felt like minutes to you. He quickly pulled away, looking quite pleased with himself.

Patch looked surprised himself. He had been too surprised that he didn’t even register what just happened quickly enough to stop it. “this is fucking unbelievable,” he finally muttered after a few minutes. You still were frozen on your spot, your brain slowly processing what happened.

“i knew it! i knew you were planning something naughty! i’m going to tell on you,” Patch said to the proud little skelly who sat back down and continued eating his ice cream.

“TELL ON ME WHAT, OTHER TALLER ME?” Blueberry had smirked, glancing innocently at the skeleton.

Patch growled under his breath. “damn. you are me. i can’t believe you kissed her first.” Patch quickly gazed at you, but you were still in a daze. “look. you broke her. i’m seriously telling on you. i’ll tell sans.”

Blueberry grinned smugly. “MWEH HEH! I DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU’RE TALKING ABOUT! UNLESS... I tell on you first. I mean, who would they believe?”

Patch glared at the naughty, little skeleton. “damn you.”

Like a switch, Blueberry had turned back to his cutesy persona. “PAPY’S GONNA BE SO MAD AT YOU WHEN I TELL HIM YOU JUST CURSED ME!”

“You won’t dare...” Patch said slowly.

“THE MAGNIFICENT SANS ALWAYS DARES! MWEH HEH HEH!”

You finally managed to break out of your trance. “What... just happened?” you asked confusedly. No, the little skeleton did not just kiss you, right?

“ARE YOU OKAY, HUMAN? I’M SORRY! I ACTED A LITTLE RASHLY! IT WILL NOT HAPPEN AGAIN!” Blueberry said with a pout, looking at you worriedly.

You sighed, trying to calm your heart. “I’ll forgive you. Just please... don’t do it again, ok?” You meant, not without your permission. Actions like these always startles the heck out of you.

Blueberry nodded his head several times. “I PROMISE!” he said cheerfully. He shot Patch a look.

You curiously gazed at Patch, too. You found him looking grim and annoyed. He suddenly shot a hand towards your face, two fingers were up. “you owe me two kisses, kitten!”

Chapter End Notes
I definitely had fun with this chapter. Heh heh heh //laughs amusedly//
Hoped you liked it, too! Or found it amusing, I guess.

I'm taking requests for this story! Just putting it out there~ Just comment the scene and
which skellies you want in it.

Thanks for waiting ;3 I'll try to update every Wednesday and Saturday.
You had Alphys’ go-sign to go back to the lab. It was almost dinner by the time she called you up and hopefully, there were already some food prepared by the skellebros. You were walking alongside the sidewalk, hand in hand with Blueberry while Patch begrudgingly followed behind the two of you.

You reached the lab and you instantly shivered at the sight. The lab building was scarier at night. It looked like something out of a horror house. You squinted your eyes when you noticed there was not a single light open in the building. Strange, there were always at least one or two lights open.

The cold air suddenly became a little chillier as you walked inside. “This is pretty scary,” you told the two skelleys. You stopped in your tracks when you suddenly realized that you were holding hands with no one. You turned around like lightning, hoping you’d see Patch but he, too, was nowhere around. Where the fuck are those two skeletons?!

You took a deep breath. Probably a prank. Yeah. They know how much of a scaredy-cat you really are. You exhaled and tried to force yourself calm. Locking the entrance of the lab, you continued to walk until you got to the elevator.

Everything became scarier when you were alone. The darkness was everywhere, looming around every corner of the lobby of the laboratory. There was only a single lighting in the place and it was in front of the elevator. You pressed the up button. It made a loud dinging noise which rang throughout the empty halls.

You felt a slight shiver down the back of your spine but you tried to ignore it as you stepped inside the empty elevator. Pressing the 5th button, you waited but your foot was tapping impatiently on the elevator floor.

“yo, yo, yo! wazzup, human-dude?”

You yelped in surprise, screaming louder than you intended to. “Holy funk! You scared the shiz out of me, Fresh!” You held a hand to your chest as you took in deep breaths to calm your beating heart. Sometimes, you wonder if you curse in front of Fresh just so he could alter it. Probably.

Fresh appeared right behind you, looking swag as always. Ha, you actually missed the weirdo guy.

He chuckled in amusement. “totally sorry, mah man.”

You inhaled sharply when the elevator stopped at the 5th floor. You stepped out into the darkness once again. “So, where have you been? How’ve you been? You’re ok right?” You started walking.

“yep! totally rad-tastic and fresh as always! nah, to be honest, i’m extra fresh today!” He walked beside you, shooting you finger guns.

You laughed. “And why would you be? Did anything great happen today?” You both stopped in front of the door to the ‘living room’. You closed your hand around the doorknob, slightly pushing open the door.

“somethin’ rad-tastic is totes happenin’ right now. see ya later, human-dude!”
He suddenly disappeared and you unconsciously made your way inside the living room, only to be filled with total darkness. That is... until the lights came on.

“SURPRISE! HAPPY BIRTHDAY!”

You stood there in shock as a bunch of confetti were fired, filling the room with colorful straps of paper. There was the sound of horns as they all shouted a bunch of greetings to you. You still haven’t gotten over the surprise.

You reflexively looked around the room, tears springing in your eyes when you saw that everybody was here. There was Toriel and Frisk, Undyne and Alphys. Oh! And Asgore, too! Ok, almost forgot Flowey. And of course, every alternate version of the skelebros were here, looking at you with such excited expressions.

You put a hand over your mouth as you tried to stop yourself from sobbing. Mark bounced forward to greet you, a big stupid grin on his face. “Heyya sis! I know you don’t remember your own birthday. And I know you don’t want to celebrate it. But that was before we’ve known all these wonderful monsters! So I’m sure you’ve wanted to celebrate your first birthday party with our new family. Uhm,” he stood there awkwardly as you looked at him with a loving gaze, “happy birthday!”

You finally let the dam open as tears sprang from your eyes. You felt warmth from inside your heart and it was threatening to spill. Laughing, you scooped up your little brother from the ground and swung him around. “Oh my god! Thank you thankyouthankyouthankyou! You’re the best brother ever, you know that?!”

A chorus of ‘aww’s’ and claps were heard.

He blushed a deep shade of red, trying to scowl at you but failing. “O-of course I am! And put me down! You’re embarrassing me!”

You finally put him down. You patted the top of his head, an expression of gratitude on your face. “I’m serious, Mark. Thank you. I love you.”

“I-i love you too,” he said in an embarrassed whisper.

“Happy birthday, my dear!” Toriel stepped over to you, her hands raised up as an invitation. You gratefully accept the embrace and hugged her tightly.

“Thank you, Tor! Oh gosh, I don’t even remember my own birthday! You did bake your pie, right?” you asked her, taking in the homey smell of her fur and clothing. More warmth spread to your chest.

She let out a hearty laugh. “Of course, dear! Anything for you!”

Frisk had jumped beside the two of you, signing something quickly that you didn’t understand a single thing. You only let out a sheepish laugh. “Sorry, Frisk. Remind me to learn sign language, alright?”

They let out a cute, annoyed puff of air. Mark simply strode beside them. “They said they wished you a happy birthday!” he translated for you.

You smiled at him gratefully. Then you turned to Frisk. “Thank you, Frisk!”

Frisk once again signed. Mark let out a giggle before saying, “And they’re asking which of his uncle Sans would you end up with.”
Your cheeks burned slightly and you cleared your throat. “That’s none of your business, kid.”

Frisk gave you a cheeky grin, raising their eyebrows up and down teasingly.

Toriel had still been listening to the conversation and she interrupted. “Oh yes, my dear! I, too, am curious about that! Which of the Sans would you date?” She teasingly smiled at you, making you blush deeper.

“I do not know what you’re talking about!” you sputtered. “Please, stop with the teasing!”

They both laughed.

“Ok, dear. But do tell us if you finally chose one of them, alright?” Toriel said.

“Toriel!” you complained.

“I was just saying! C’mon, Frisk dear. Let’s let the birthday celebrant talk to all her guests.” She shot a wink at you before dragging Frisk away.

Almost immediately, Undyne had tackled you to the ground. You let out a startled scream.

“Fuhuhuhuhu! Still weak as ever, huh?! I may need to train you sometime, human! Also! Best wishes for your birthday!” She had you strangled in her arms and you looked at Alphys for help.


You stood up, brushing your arm and chuckling awkwardly at the two. “Thank you Undyne. And thank you Alphys.”

Undyne nudged you with her elbow. “So punk. You ever have a date with one of these skeleton-brothers?” she asked teasingly. You had immediately turned red once again.

“Yeah. I had a date with Blueberry a while ago,” you said sheepishly.

“Really?!” Alphys exclaimed with wide eyes, looking interested with your love life. “Oh no. Sans is gonna be jealous!”

“No, he’s not!” you interjected as you blushed a little deeper. “Don’t tell him!”

Undyne guffawed. “Wait, wait! You’re telling me you went out with that little twerp over there?” She pointed at Blueberry who looked like he was patiently waiting for the three of you to finish your conversation. You nodded. “I didn’t know you were into soft monsters!”

“He’s not that bad. He is Sans, too, after all!” you defended.

Alphys started giggling. “Oh my god! You have a harem! How did I not notice this before? Eeeek! This is so exciting! It’s really like an anime!” she gushed.

“You’re right babe! Wonder who she’ll end up with, huh?”

“Stop it! Stop it! Gosh!” you screamed as you covered your embarrassed face with your hands. Damn! You just can’t get enough of the teasing, huh?

“Well, I think we need to go, Alphys. Better let the main character hang out with her harem, right?” Undyne said teasingly as she dragged Alphys away from you. Alphys muttered you a ‘good luck’. You breathed out a sigh of relief.
“heyya, kiddo.”

You turned around to meet Sans. Yes, your Sans. You can’t help the smile on your face. “Hey, Sans. You doing okay?”

“yep. anyway, happy birthday. your lil bro planned this party out for you, you know.” He chuckled.

“I know. And thank you, Sans. Have you been getting enough sleep at night?” you asked the skeleton, because honestly, he looked more tired today than he is the last time you saw him.

He looked away in guilt. “ah, about that... actually, i just pulled out a couple more of me and paps just yesterday. i’ve been trying to, uh, stabilize their magic. bit stubborn if you ask me. that’s why they can’t be out here yet.”

You gave him a glare. “Sans! I told you to stop pulling them out of their universe!”

“sorry, kid. can’t promise you anything,” he said with a shrug.

You groaned inwardly. You need to start babysitting this particular Sans, too. Make sure he gets enough sleep at night. You don’t want him to suddenly doze off while doing one of his experiments and getting himself in a dangerous situation. Maybe he should sleep with you and Mark at night, kind of how the three of you slept together in his old house. “Well, how many of them did you pull?”

“uh, four,” he answered sheepishly.

You looked at him surprise. “Four!? You pulled two pairs of you and paps out of two separate universes yesterday?!”

“heh heh,” he laughed nervously. “yep.”

Blueberry had suddenly hopped towards you. “WHAT’S WRONG, HUMAN? I HEARD YOU MADE SOUNDS OF DISTRESS! IS SOMETHING BOTHERING YOU? OH! HAPPY BIRTHDAY!”

“Nah, I’m fine sweetie! And thank you!” you cooed at the small skeleton. You look back at Sans, shooting daggers at him. “And you! My god, Sans! Please tell me they’re not a handful.”

He only grinned. “of course not. they’re me and paps after all,” he said with a tired chuckle.

“OOOOH! IS THERE ANOTHER ADDITION TO THE FAMILY?” Blueberry asked excitedly. “The warmth got warmer with his words. It feels nice. To have someone as a family.

“Pretty sure there are, sweetheart,” you answered the little guy and he almost vibrated in excitement.

“I’LL MAKE SURE THEY DISCOVER THE WONDERS OF TACOS! MWEH HEH HEH!” He then stopped and looked at you sheepishly. “ALSO, I AM VERY SORRY THAT WE HAD TO LEAVE YOU HUMAN.”

You shook your head. “Nah, it’s ok. You did a great job, sweetie,” you told the little skelly and his starry eyes beamed brighter. “Why don’t you go and play with Frisk and Mark, ok? I’ll just talk with the other you’s.”

“OKAY!” he said enthusiastically and practically hopped away.

You look back at Sans and pouted when you saw him almost dozing off while standing up. Your eyes went around finding Paps and it didn’t take you long. “Hey Paps!” you called to him.
He immediately went towards you, giving you a tight hug. “HUMAN! A VERY HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!” he greeted.

You laughed as he put you down. “Thanks Paps. Also, will you take care of Sans for me? He looks like he needs some sleep.”

Paps crossed his arms as he looked at his brother. “UGH! THE LAZYBONES! ALWAYS TIRING HIMSELF OUT, NEVER EVEN LOOKING OUT FOR HIMSELF! DO NOT WORRY, HUMAN! I WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM! YOU SHOULD GO AND ENTERTAIN YOUR GUESTS!” Paps stepped forward and grabbed his brother, carrying him under his arms.

But it didn’t even so much as stirred the skeleton awake. Paps grumbled something incoherently before going on his way.

“Thank you, Paps!” you called out.

“heyya, buddy. happy birthday.”

You turned around to meet Hoodie. His arms were up as an invitation to a hug. You grinned cheekily before hugging the skeleton, burying your face into his soft hoodie. “Thanks, Hoods.” Your voice was muffled.

He chuckled lazily. “uh huh. anyway, heard from my bro that you asked him out a while ago.”

You quickly pulled away, looking at him with wide eyes. “Wait! No, I wasn’t trying to flirt with him! I promise! I was just—“

He stopped you by clamping a hand over your mouth. “nah, bud. it’s ok. you made him extremely happy. so, thank you.”

You looked at him worriedly. “Are you sure? Wait, can you tell him it’s entirely platonic, though? I mean, I don’t want to have the little skelly falling in love with such an awesome me,” you said almost arrogantly with a sheepish grin.

He snorted but it seemed like he felt better. “yeah. sure. but if you make him cry. . . y o u ’ r e g o n n a h a v e a b a d t i m e.” His eye burned threateningly orange and you swallowed a lump in your throat, staring at him with wide eyes.

“That’s not nice,” Giant suddenly intervened. You still looked like you were spooked out of your wits.

Hoodie’s flaming eye disintegrated and laughed. “nah, i’m just ribbin ya, buddy. my bro’s tough. he can handle one heartbreak. hey, come on. don’t look so chilled to the bone.”

You let out a shaky laugh as he tried to cheer you up. Goddamn that was scary as fuck! You really should stay away from these skelebros’ bad side, huh?

“Are you ok, human? You don’t look so good,” Giant asked you genuinely.

You shot him a grateful look. “Yeah I’m fine.” You looked at Hoodie, “And I’m pretty sure you’re gonna get dusted if I tell everyone you just threatened me!”

His awfully smug look wavered as a bead of sweat rolled down his skull. “uh... i’m not sure that’s a great idea, buddy.”
You laughed. “Nah, I’m just ribbin with you.” You shot a wink at him.

“hey, that’s cheating. i already used that one,” Hoodie grumbled.

You shrugged. “No rules about that, mister.”

Giant suddenly cleared his throat, interrupting your conversation. “I just came by to wish you a pleasant birthday, human. And also, I hope that my brother didn’t give you any trouble?”

“Thanks, Giant! And nah, Patch was a good skeleton. He wasn’t any trouble at all!”

Giant gave a sigh of relief.

“i heard my name. or nickname, i guess. you talking ‘bout me, baby doll?” Patch suddenly appeared beside his brother, his eyes lit up in amusement.

“I was just telling your brother that you didn’t cause any trouble for the whole day.”

Patch took a step forward closer to you, a mischievous grin on his face. “if you want trouble... i’ll give you some trouble, sweetheart.” His voice dropped octaves lower, probably trying to seduce you. Not like it was working or anything. Heh heh...

Hoodie put a hand over his chest, pushing the said skeleton away from you. “too close, buddy,” he said threateningly.

Patch looked at you for some help. “i just wanted to say my greetings for the human. stop intervening,” he snapped at Hoodie.

You tugged at Hood’s hoodie. “Hey, it’s ok, dude. Stop being so overprotective. No worries, I trust the guy.” He is a Sans after all.

Hoodie shot Patch a glare while stepping aside to let the both of you talk. Patch grinned. “so... what about those kisses, doll?”

Your face burned slightly. “Like I said, I don’t owe you anything. You wanna hug instead?”

He looked a bit disappointed but still accepted your hug. “better than nothing,” you heard him say. You took a quick step towards him and embraced him. You only planned it to be as quick as two seconds, but he suddenly wrapped his arms around your waist, locking you in place.

“Uhm... Patch?” you called out to the skeleton awkwardly.

“just five more seconds,” he pleaded quietly.

Your heart thrummed in your chest as you felt heat creeping up to your face. It lasted for more than 30 seconds, maybe it was even more than a minute. Giant had already cleared his throat loudly for quite a few times.

Patch casually pulled away, like he didn’t just do something weird. “happy birthday, baby. you have fun tonight, alright?” he told you. But there was something different this time. His voice was genuinely sweet and it made you uneasy and a blushing mess.

“U-uhm, thank you,” you stammered.

This made Patch look uneasy as well. Giant looked pleased. You don’t know why.
Hoodie had snorted beside you. You playfully punched him in the arm. “Be nice!”

Giant put a hand over his brother’s skull. “Ok, human. We will leave you to the rest of your guests.” They steered away from you.

You released a breath you hadn’t realized you’ve been holding.

Goddamn. This is gonna be a long night.

Chapter End Notes

Whelp~ Haha! This was too long so I decided to cut it in half.

Anyway, thanks for those chapter suggestions! You can still request for some if you want to.

Thanks for the wait, guys! You guys always makes my day <3

And for those new characters? Haha, guess we'll wait and see. *wink wink*
(goddamn more characters AAACCKKKKKK imma die now. i just cant seem to stop adding 'em!)
You sat down on the couch, feeling slightly exhausted. Hoodie had leaned on the armrest of the couch. You watched as Toriel entertained the rest of the guests for you. You’ll have to thank her later.

“Howdy, human.” Asgore’s deep voice rumbled as he sat down beside you. “Best wishes for your birthday. I’m truly sorry, I did not bring a gift.” On his hands—paws—was Flowey looking as snarky as ever.

“What are you looking at?” he snapped.

You shook your head, a big smile on your face. You were getting tired of smiling but you couldn’t just not smile. “Nah! It’s fine, Asgore! And thank you! God, this is the best party I ever had!” you gushed, ignoring Flowey’s attitude.

Hoodie chuckled beside you. “this is the only party you ever had,” he stated.

“Shut up, you.”

“Ah. I’m really glad. Your brother had put a lot of thought for it,” Asgore said.

Your grin widened. Damn, you love your brother to the moon and back! He’s gonna get a lot of hugs and cuddles from you after this. “I know. I’m pretty lucky.”

“You think you’re lucky?” Flowey, for the second time, sassed.

“he’s lucky to have you. you raised him yourself,” Hoodie indicated, ignoring the flower once again. Asgore agreed. It was through your hard work and suffering that you managed to raise your brother up in the way he is now. That’s pretty big. It filled you with warmth and pride.

“So Flowey, anything you have to say to me? The birthday celebrant?” you asked the flower while wiggling your eyebrows. “C’mon, I’ll give you another kiss!”

He blush at this. “S-shut up!” he stuttered. “Have a joyful birthday, blah blah,” he mocked.

“Thank you!” you gushed. He tsk-ed and rolled his eyes at you but you knew he genuinely meant that.

While you guys were talking, Goldie and Scratch strolled over to you. You stopped in mid-conversation and flashed them a bright expression. “Hi guys! You having fun?” you asked.
Scratch nodded his head. “INDEED WE ARE, HUMAN. WE JUST CAME BY TO WISH YOU A JUBILANT BIRTHDAY!”

You cooed and stood up, hugging the skeleton in the process. Which was kinda hard, considering you were several heads shorter than him. He seemed surprised by the gesture and awkwardly patted your head. “Thank you, Scratch!” You pulled away and was amused with the orange blush dusting the skeleton’s cheekbones.

“T’IS NOTHING, HUMAN,” he said awkwardly but still tried to come off as edgy.

You heard Hoodie snickering beside you. You ignored him. You didn’t notice Asgore leaving the group as he decided to talk to Frisk and the others, taking Flowey with him.

You turned to Goldie, who seemed awfully nervous for some reason. You only then noticed a wrapped package on his hands. You gasp, “Oh my god! You didn’t have to, Gold!”

He turned a bright cherry red, roughly pushing the package into your hands. “h-happy birthday,” he stammered.

You had almost melted. Damn, these skeletons are too much for you. You put the package down on the couch and wrapped your arms around the short, tense skeleton. He froze in your embrace and you only hugged him tightly. “Thank you! You don’t know how much this means to me!”

He loosely wrapped an arm around you, chuckling nervously. “n-nah, kid. it’s just a lousy thank you for looking out for us.”

Aww! Where the hell is your snarky little skelly? He’s nowhere in Goldie right now, that’s for sure! “It’s no probs, Goldie. Ah shit, I could kiss you right now.”

You heard him choke. You pulled away from the hug only to find his entire face had turned a deep shade of red. You chuckled as you felt something fluttering in your chest. You pressed a quick kiss on top of the skeleton’s forehead. Or what his forehead should have been. He blushed even deeper when you thought he couldn’t.

Scratch had chuckled beside him. “IT SEEMS YOU HAD BROKE MY BROTHER, HUMAN,” he said in an amused tone.

You smiled proudly for an unknown reason.

“Ooooh! What do we have here?” Toriel suddenly walked by, a tray full of plates of cakes on her paws. “This Sans seems awfully flustered. Is this your doing, my dear?”

You grabbed a plate, handing it out to Hoodie who silently accepted it. Grabbing another one, you handed it to Scratch. “INDEED. T’IS HER FAULT, MY QUEEN. BUT I’M SURE MY BONE HEAD OF A BROTHER WOULD HAVE RECOVERED BY NOW.”

Toriel slightly giggled at this, handing a cake for you. You gratefully accepted it. She left to hand out cakes for everyone.

“I think you should let him sit down,” you said worriedly. Some time has passed but he’s still frozen in place. Oops. You may have broken him.

Scratch had started to push Goldie towards you but then Goldie suddenly yelped and disappeared in thin air. Scratch grumbled in annoyance. “UGH. DO NOT WORRY HUMAN. HE DOES THAT ALL THE TIME.” Scratch had started to leave the group, probably to look for his brother.
You looked a bit worried and was about to help out but Hoodie pulled you back down on the couch. “relax, birthday girl. stop looking so stressed out,” he drawled.

“Oh okay,” you murmured, silently eating your cake. Your eyes suddenly travelled to that package Goldie had given you. Excited, you snatched it and placed your plate down on the table. You unwrapped the present. You wondered about how neatly it was wrapped. You pushed your questions away mentally and opened the box.

You couldn’t help but smile when you saw what the gift was. You placed your hands on top of the soft material. “Oh my god, he gave me his favorite jacket! How sweet!” you murmured to yourself. He remembered that one time you told him you had wanted his soft, fuzzy jacket. He said no, though.

“He probably didn’t clean it.” Hoodie snorted.

You grabbed the jacket and smelled it. Nah, it smells clean. “He did, you jerk.”

“NGAHHHHH! It’s time to sing happy birthday, you punks!” Undyne suddenly yelled out, her voice echoing all throughout the room.

---

The party lasted until midnight. You were extremely exhausted by now. The living room was a complete mess but you were too tired to clean it up. Toriel and Asgore left with Frisk earlier than the others, though. Which was expected. Frisk does have school tomorrow morning.

Your brother also slept early despite his futile attempts to stay up late to accompany you. Paps had his own bed time so he, too, had fallen asleep early. Along with the Blueberry and of course, your Sans. Goldie was still nowhere to be seen, his brother gave up trying to find him hours ago.

The other monsters stayed up late with you as you all gathered up to watch a late night horror movie. Alphys had been cowering in fear on the floor, her fish lady’s arms were around her in an embrace. You were sandwiched between Hoodie and Patch on the couch. The others were sitting on some beanbags they found in another room.

Tiredness had been trying to take you down but you still tried to stay up. It would be disrespectful to fall asleep on your guests, right? So all the while, you were watching the movie with half-closed eyes.

Sometime during the movie, you did actually fell asleep. When you stirred awake, you were leaning on Hoodie’s chest, his arm wrapped around your waist to keep you in place. Still fuzzy from sleep, you looked around and immediately realized that the others had fallen asleep on where they were sitting on.

Looking at Patch’s direction, he has fallen asleep while a hand was propping his chin up on top of the armrest. You tried to move so you could help them get to their beds but Hoodie had grumbled something incoherently and tightened his embrace around you. You squealed quietly.

You sighed, finally giving up and just went back to sleep. You snuggled back into Hood’s chest as his breathing lulled you into your dreams.

When you woke up again, you were alone at the couch. Dizzy, you looked around and found that everything was cleaned up. No one was around, though. Where is everybody? You slid off the couch, popping your back and sighing in contentment. Stretching, you walked towards the kitchen but nobody was there.
That’s odd. Well, maybe they all went back in their own rooms. You grumbled and made your way to the room that was supposed to be a big closet. You crunched your eyebrows together when you found that there was nothing to wear. Where are all the clothes? You wanted to shower so badly. You feel all sticky and gross.

“morning, birthday girl.” Hoodie’s voice suddenly appeared. You were a bit startled but at least you didn’t scream like a maniac this time.

“Morning Hoods. Where’s everyone? And the clothes?”

“ah. sans had called them. saying he needs to check their magic or something. great me is out with undyne. my bro had lifted the two boxes of clothes to take them to laundry,” he answered casually. “you hungry? i’m sure we still have spaghetti in here somewhere.”

You shook your head. “Nah, I wanna shower. I feel gross. This is the worse time for the Blueberry to take the clothes to laundry. It’s not like they’re dirty. Most of them haven’t even been worn yet!”

He chuckled. “bad timing huh?” He suddenly clicked his tongue. Not like he has a tongue or anything. “you have that jacket from snarky runt,” he suggested, his eyes gleaming mischievously.

Oh right! Oblivious to Hood’s reaction, you dashed back to the couch and found the package all squashed. You probably slept on it or something. You pulled out the jacket from the box and started heading towards the bathroom. “Yep! This’ll do.” You just want to rid yourself of the sticky feeling. Yuck.

After stepping into the bathroom, you stripped yourself naked. You washed your undergarments first, seeing that you really don’t have any extra underwear right now. You’ll blow dry them later. After taking a quick shower and feeling a lot better, you dried your hair with the towel that was already inside the bathroom. No worries, you know it was clean. It smelled clean.

You wore your dry and clean undergarments. You slipped on the jacket and was a bit self-conscious. At least it wasn’t that short. The clothing stopped inches above your knees. The sleeves of the jacket was definitely too long but you folded them until it reached your elbows. The fuzzy fur of the jacket made you warm and it tickled your nose. Ah. It’s not too uncomfortable. It’s nice.

The smell of reheated spaghetti lingered inside the room and you made a face. But you’re too hungry to even be picky right now. You stepped back into the kitchen, feeling refreshed. Hoodie stopped when he saw you, his cheeks burning slightly orange. He didn’t actually think you’d only wear that.

“C’mon Hoods. Let’s take the food to the living room. I’m in the mood for another scary movie,” you said in amusement as you took in the skeleton’s reaction.

He snapped out of his thoughts and cleared his throat, looking away from your figure. “o-ok, bud. i’ll be right there.”

You nodded and walked to the living room. You picked out a movie and snuggled back onto the couch. The movie started but Hoodie had appeared a few minutes into the movie. You grabbed the hot plate of spaghetti on one of his hands and started to dig in. He sat beside you, eating his own plate.

Out of nowhere, Fresh popped in, occupying the seat right next to you. “waddup, human-dude?” he greeted, a big grin on his face.

“Fresh!” you exclaimed, giving the skeleton a quick side-hug.
Hoodie sat frozen at the sight of the new guest. “you’re that... colorful weirdo,” he stated.

“indeed i am, my fresh bro!” Fresh said, giving Hoodie the finger guns. “oh! i brought ya a present!” He fished out something from his pockets, “it’s me!” He held up a puppet that looked like him.

“Oh my god, that is so cute!” you gushed, taking the small version of Fresh from his hands and admiring it. “Did you make this?” you asked.

He seemed to chuckle nervously. “no. heh. did ya have a rad-tastic party last night, brah?” he suddenly asked, changing the subject abruptly.

“I did! You should’ve been there. I’m sure the guys would love to meet you,” you told him, giving Hoodie a look. He looked disgruntled.

“i was– ya just didn’t see me!”

Pfft. “Why were you hiding? C’mon we’re all good guys here. I’m sure none of them bites,” you said with a beaming smile.

He looked a little nervous. “y-yeah... not exactly sure ‘bout that, human-dude.”

“What do you mean?” you asked, feeling a little nervous yourself.

“I bite,” he said simply.

“you telling us you’re dangerous, buddy?” Hoodie intervened, wrapping an arm protectively around you.

Fresh’s grin widened. “ya got it, broski!” he said cheerfully. Fresh suddenly disappeared while a set of bones whooshed past you.

Ah. Yes. Quite familiar indeed.

“Hoodie! Don’t attack him!” you cried out.

“you for real kid?” he asked you incredulously.

“you for real kid?” he asked you incredulously.

Fresh didn’t appear again.

...did he really mean it? He’s not dangerous... right?

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry, this was a bit /meh/. School is really draining and ughh :( I'll make the chapters better next time.

Also, for that reader who requested the Hoods fluff: this is it. This is all you can have. Oops XD

Hope you enjoyed this bit~
**Where the heck are your clothes, kid?**

Chapter Summary

Just some scenes with Hoodie, Fresh, Goldie and Sans ;)
I updated early because I have nothing to do today~

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You spent the whole morning watching scary movies with Hoodie. It got to the point where you got too scared and you were snuggled up against him. Well, not your fault he’s the only skeleton present that you could snuggle up with, right?

After your third movie, you finally got bored. And you missed your skeleton friends. What’s taking them so long? You stood up to stretch your arms, Hoodie following you. The jacket slipped off your left shoulder, probably because it’s too big on you.

Before you could fix it, Hoodie had beaten you to it. “probably best not to wear only this, y/n,” he said pointedly, fixing the jacket.

“Then what should I wear? You told me Blueberry had taken all the clothes to laundry!” you complained.

“then you shouldn’t have decided to take a bath,” he countered.

“But I was all gross and sticky!” you defended.

He gave up, muttering, “tsk. humans.” He switched off the TV and walked to the kitchen.

“What’s taking the others so long? I’m worried,” you stated. You headed towards the direction of the door, barefooted. The floor’s clean so it doesn’t worry you that much. “Hey Hoods, do you know where they are?”

He stopped as his eyes suddenly widened. “oh no no no. you’re not planning to go out wearing only that.”

You looked down. “What’s wrong with this? At least I’m not naked.” You motioned to reach for the doorknob when a force suddenly pulled you back towards the couch. You let out a little ‘oomph’ before glaring at the skeleton.

“be a good human and just sit tight, ok?” he drawled. You tried to move but then he suddenly held you in place with his magic, his eye glowing orange.

“Hoodie!” you whined.

“no.”

You sighed. Fine. It’s probably best that you really don’t show yourself like this. If it was other
people, of course you’d be ashamed.

...but this is Sans and Papyrus along with all their alternate versions! You feel most comfortable with them.

The jacket was slipping off your shoulder again. But you couldn’t move to fix it. You heard Hoodie in the kitchen, rummaging something. “hey, bud. you want some pancakes?” he asked.

You struggled against the magical bind but to no avail. “I want to cook them!”

“You’ll probably just run out the moment i free you,” he stated.

“Crap,” you muttered. Yeah, Hoodie might just be a psychic for all you know.

He heard you and chuckled softly. “just sit tight, princess.” The sound of oil hissing and pancake mixing was heard. Your nose suddenly felt itchy. Damn. This is the worst.

“ya look a little tied up there, human-dude.” Fresh popped up once again beside you, pretending that nothing happened a while before.

“Tell me about it,” you mumbled. “Oh, Fresh. Mind if you tell me where you got that puppet of yours?”

He only grinned, refusing to give you an answer. “just keep it with ya at all times, broski.”

A chill ran down your spine but you kept smiling. You were sure he didn’t mean it in a bad way. “Oh! By the way, have I told you that I dig your glasses? Where’d you get them?”

He laughed. “limited edition, brah. ya prolly won’t find it elsewhere.”

“Really? That’s sad. I want one of those! Makes you look rad. It suits you, of course,” you said with a wink.

He gasped dramatically. “that... that is the fresh-est thing anyone has ever told me, human-dude! ya totally hella make my day rad-tastic!”

“is that weirdo here again?” Hoodie asked grumpily from the kitchen.

“Uh, no!”

Fresh laughed. “no need to cover for me, brah. just remember! unicorn poops are mah favorite thing ever.” His expression suddenly grew dangerous. “don’t lose the puppet.” He disappeared with a poof of colorful dust.

“Wait!” you called out, forgetting to tell him about that itch on your nose and groaned loudly when you were too late. That last bit he said would probably haunt you. But why does he care so much about that puppet? Maybe it’s really something important. You should probably trust him and not lose the puppet.

You lost yourself in your thoughts.

Until a certain skeleton appeared. He looked shocked when he saw you. He finally caught your attention as you lifted your eyes to look at him. You gave him a grin. “Gold! Where have you been? Your brother’s been looking for you all night!”

He took in your appearance. You were sitting on the couch, wearing nothing but his jacket. It was
too big on you as it was slipping off your right shoulder, showing off some of your peachy skin. It was also too short for you especially when you’re sitting down, displaying a little of your thighs. Too much. Too much for him. He took a step back, looking at you with a flustered expression.

“Goldie?” you called out, worried when he didn’t answer you. He was flushed red and you know exactly why. But you didn’t want to make it a big deal so you pretended to be oblivious. “Come here.”

He gulped, his soul thrumming loudly inside of him. No. He needed to control himself. He didn’t want to do anything to you that might leave a bad image of him. He wanted to show you that he can be nice... even when he’s edgy-looking. Or at least he wanted to show you that you can be comfortable with him.

Why did he have to like you anyways? There was always this unseen string tugging him to you every time he saw you. He wondered if he wasn’t the only one feeling that.

He took heavy steps towards you and sat tensely beside you, a few feet away.

“Oh come on, Goldie. I need your help. Hood’s keeping me in place and I’ve got this terrible itch on my nose. Help me!” you whined desperately, the itch almost becoming unbearable.

You looked really, really cute right now, Goldie thought. He grimaced at the sound of your voice though. It looked like you really needed his help. He lifted up his arm and hovered his phalanges over the top of your nose. “...where do you want me to scratch you?”

“The left side of my nose!” you almost screeched and he scraped that side of your nose. You hummed in contentment as your nose was finally scratched. “Now, scratch the top!”

He did what you said. He looked amused as he watched your reaction.

“Yes, yes! The other side, please!”

He did so, too.

“Mhm, thank you Goldie!” you cheerfully told him. “Have you eaten?”

He didn’t answer as his gaze travelled distractedly to your exposed collarbone.

You finally remembered that other thing you wanted fixed. “Oh! Please, fix that.”

He nodded and fixed the jacket to cover your displayed skin, his phalanges gently scraping your flesh. He internally sighed as he struggled to keep his hands from shaking.

“Thanks! Also, where have you been last night? Your brother was very worried.” Well, not really but you wanted him to know that Scratch was slightly worried about his whereabouts.

“rooftop. just went out for some air,” he answered nervously, letting out a chuckle.

Your eyes widened. “There’s a rooftop?! Holy crap! You need to bring me there.” Your eyes brightened in excitement and this made him adore you more.

You suddenly felt like you can move again and decided to sway your arms. There was still a force trying to stop you but it’s so much weaker right now. You finally whipped your head towards the kitchen, worriedly looking for Hoodie. “Hoods? You okay there?” you called out.

You jumped out of your seat but almost stumbled at the slightly greater force of gravity weighing
you down. Goldie’s hands shot up to steady you and you looked at him gratefully. You took a step towards the kitchen but remembered about Fresh’s puppet and snatched it up from the floor.

“Hoodie?” you called again. He didn’t answer.

You peeked inside the kitchen. There he was, leaning against the counter with his head bowed down. Drops of sweat were rolling down his skull. You dashed towards him, trying to catch his eye. “Hoods! Are you alright? You’re... weak! Hey! Stop using your magic. Now.”

He did what you commanded, immediately freeing you from his magic and you could no longer feel that extra weight bringing you down. He suddenly collapsed but you caught him quickly, pulling an arm over your shoulder and hauling him outside, towards Sans.

You heard Goldie turning off the stove. Yeah, can’t forget about that.

You opened the door and dragged Hoodie all the way to the elevator. Goldie was following right behind you, feeling slightly worried about the skeleton.

“Oh god, I forgot that you guys shouldn’t use your magic longer than you can! Hey! You’re gonna be fine, alright?” you told the drained-out skeleton. He grumbled weakly.

In a few minutes, you were outside Sans’ lab and you knocked loudly. He immediately opened the door, looking quite shocked when he saw you standing there. But he did take a moment to gaze over your lack of clothing. “y/n?”

“Sans!” you almost screamed. There was no time for this. “I think Hoodie overexerted himself!”

His attention snapped to the skeleton you were helping up and he took him from your hands with his magic. He checked on him and his stats, even looking through his soul. “he’s almost drained out. any more and he might actually kill himself,” he muttered.

You look at him in shock as he lifted Hoods up with his blue magic towards inside his room. You quickly stepped forward to follow him, worried about your friend. He laid him down inside a giant tube and closed the door. “i’m just gonna try and speed up his healing process. he’ll be fine, y/n.” Sans started to type something into his keyboard.

You let out a sigh of relief. You finally took that chance to look inside this part of the laboratory once again. It looked exactly the same. You wondered where Sans kept the newly pulled out pairs of skeletons. It doesn’t look like they’re in this room. You also noticed that Goldie was nowhere to be seen.

“also, where the heck are your clothes, kid?” Sans finally asked, crossing his arms over his chest while glaring at you. He stopped typing and leaned against the machine.

You realized Sans was wearing a lab coat this time. Oh god, it suits him. “Hey, you should wear a lab coat all the time, Sans. That looks good on you.”

He blushed a bit at your compliment. “you’re changing the subject,” he hissed.

Oops. It was worth a try. “Well, Hoodie said Blueberry took them all to the laundry. So there was nothing I could wear besides this. Lighten up, Sans. It’s not like I wore this on purpose.” You probably did. Not. Who knows?

“yeah. you’re not going out there like that,” he said.
Funny. That was what Hoodie said.

“Where are the others?” you asked, looking around inside the room.

“They’re asleep. I just took a reading on their magic. Apparently, this guy here didn’t appear exhausted like the others so he just went back to your place. Big mistake.” Sans’ gaze travelled downwards to your legs. He appears distracted.

You are so good.

“Watch it, boy,” you snapped, trying to pull the jacket downwards.

He chuckled at this, looking at you with a blue blush dusting his cheekbones. He cleared his throat, a cheeky grin on his face. “Are you made of copper and tellurium? Cuz you’re cute.”


He looked pleased with your reaction. He suddenly thought of another one. “Do you have 11 protons? Cuz you’re sodium fine.”

You covered your face with the sleeves of the jacket, groaning. “Sans! Stop!” You quickly turned around so started to walk away.

He blipped right in front of you, his grin widening. “Forget hydrogen. You’re my number one element, kid,” he said with a wink.

“Oh my god!”

“Do you like science? Because I got my ion you.”

“Stop it!”

“Your clothes would look better accelerating towards the floor at 9.8 m/s.”

You gasped. “Now that’s just dirty!” you cried out. Your face was so hot right now, you were sure you were bright red. You hadn’t blushed this hard since... ever! But it made you feel better that Sans’ whole face was bright blue, mirroring yours.

A comfortable silence settled between the two of you as you both looked at each other serenely. Your heart that was going crazy inside your chest was slowly turning back to normal, fortunately. The grin on your face never left and so did his.

He suddenly cleared his throat. “So uhm... you have plans tomorrow?” he nervously asked you.

“Nope.” You watched him in delight.

“You... ah, wanna watch a movie or something?”

“Are you asking me on a date?”

“No.”

You raised your eyebrow.

“...yes.”
You grinned. Real smooth.

Chapter End Notes

FINALLY! A LEGIT FIRST DATE.

those other characters would have to wait ;) We have a date coming up!
A Date with Sans!

Chapter Summary

You had a date with yer boneboy ;)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“WHY ARE YOU ALL DRESSED UP, HUMAN?”

You had been hanging out by the bathroom for more than an hour or so. You fixed your hair several times and also checked on your make-up to see if it matches your dress. You were wearing a simple, blue dress that can be casual and a bit fancy at the same time. Sans didn’t actually tell you where you’re going but at least you’re ready, right?

“I’m going on a date!” you answered Blueberry.

He looked at you confusedly. “WHY? WERE YOU NOT HAPPY WITH MY COMPANY? IS THAT WHY YOU’RE GOING ON A DATE WITH ANOTHER PERSON?”

You froze. Oh shit. That wasn’t you intended at all! You rushed over to Blueberry who was standing outside the bathroom, looking at you, all teary-eyed. “No, no, no, sweetheart. That’s not true. I enjoyed your company, I’m serious! It’s just that... Sans is just going to take me out somewhere. It’s a, uhm, a friendly date.”

He sniffed, but he looked quite hopeful. “REALLY? DOES THAT MEAN YOU STILL LOVE ME?”

You laughed. “Of course I do! I love you all the same,” you said, trying to cheer him up. “Just because I’m going on a date with someone else doesn’t mean I don’t love you anymore, sweetie.”

“REALLY?” He beamed at you. “OF COURSE! THE MAGNIFICENT SANS UNDERSTANDS YOU, HUMAN! YOU SHARE EQUAL LOVE TO ALL OF US! AT LEAST WE ALL GET A FAIR SHARE, RIGHT?”

“Uh-huh. Now don’t be upset, alright?”

He bobbed his head up and down several times. You heard a knock on the door and you snickered. That dork. He doesn’t need to knock. The heck.

Finally, you went out of the bathroom with Blueberry in tow. Patch immediately noticed you. “where you going, sweetheart?” He was lounging on the couch along with Hoodie. The others were nowhere near you.

“THE HUMAN IS GOING ON A DATE!” Blueberry said happily. You internally facepalmed. Oh god, you shouldn’t have mentioned anything.

This caught the two skeletons’ attention. “with who?” Patch asked.
“None of your business?” you said before rushing to the door. You opened it and found Sans in his usual blue jacket, white shirt but with pants and sneakers. “Hey,” you greeted the skeleton.

“you ready to go, kid?” he asked. You swore he’s extremely nervous but he’s acting to play it cool.

You grinned widely. “Ye—“

“OH! CAN I COME TO YOUR DATE, HUMAN?” Blueberry suddenly popped his head out the door, too.

You mentally sighed, flashing a quick look to a surprised Sans and an eager Blueberry. “Sweetie, a date is only for two people. Alone.”

“REALLY?” he said, mildly confused. “BUT WE HAD OTHER TALLER ME COME WITH US ON OUR DATE.”

Your eyes widened and you quickly pulled him inside and shut the door. You chuckled nervously. “Uhm, you ready?” you asked Sans.

He does not look impressed. “you went on a date with that li’l guy?” he asked, irritated.

“It was a platonic date! I was just trying to make him happy,” you defended.

He looked like he was arguing with himself mentally before sighing. “ok. let’s just go, kiddo.” He quickly attaches himself to you and you almost tripped trying to move away as a reflex. “woah! careful. c’mon. we’re taking a shortcut.”

Oh. You flushed before wrapping your arms around him. “don’t let go,” you heard him said. You didn’t. You felt your feet touching nothing and the next thing, you were on solid ground again. You almost tumbled as dizziness flooded your head. Sans was there to support you, though.

“Grillby’s?” you said out loud, a smile tugging on your face. You’ve heard of it before. Stories from him, Patch and Goldie ‘bout their favorite restaurant bar. And you did hear Sans mention a new Grillby’s to be built on the surface. Guess this is it?

“yep. favorite place in the world. serves the most delicious ketchup,” he joked.

“Seriously? You go here only to buy ketchup?” you asked incredulously.

He shrugged, then proceeded on taking your hand as he guided you inside. Your mouth formed to an ‘o’ as you saw a bunch of monsters occupying the place. You’ve never seen so many monsters in one place! Your brother will definitely love it here!

“Sans!”

“Hey, Sans!”

“Hi there, Sansy!”

Looks like Sans is a regular here. Sans only grinned and nodded.

You were stopped by a bipedal dog monster. Wait, actually, there are a lot of dog monsters in here. “Hey there, Sans! Busy lately, huh? Oh! And pretty human you got there!”

“hey there doggo. this is y/n. y/n, doggo. he’s a regular. pretty much every dog monster in here is a regular.” He introduced you to the rest of the squad. There was Dogamy and Dogaressa, Greater
Dog and Lesser Dog. They were all over you, throwing you a bunch of questions about the surface and pretty much how you met Sans and the others.

“Ok, dogs. Let Sansy hang out with his date,” Dogaressa said. You blushed at this but you’re pretty grateful as they finally let the two of you have your alone time.

Sans grabbed your hand once again and led you over to the counter, sitting down on stools. “so. wat’cha want, kid?”

You looked at the menu given by the hot bartender (pun intended) who you finally learned was Grillby. “Burgers and fries. I’m pretty starving.”

He looked at you, amused as he said both of your orders to Grillby. “don’t tell you haven’t eaten breakfast yet?”

You shrugged. “I forgot.” Nah, you were pretty much inside the bathroom the whole time and just decided not to eat.

He raised a brow bone at you but decided not to question you anymore. Your food immediately came and you quickly dug in. You noticed Grillb’s had given Sans his own bottle of ketchup. It was your turn to raise your eyebrow at him.

“Ketchup? Really?” you said to the skeleton.

“ketchup is life,” he said with a serious expression before drowning his food with ketchup. You winced at the sight but continued to eat. You were being an ungraceful little twat as you just gobbled your food up, pausing a bit to drink water in between. Sans thought that was pretty cute of you, that you were comfortable enough with him that you don’t care if you were being inelegant.

You finished in a matter of 7 and half minutes. But who’s counting? Definitely not you. You beat your own record of 7 and a quarter minutes the last time you ate hastily.

When you were done, you gulped down the rest of your water left and then glanced at your date. He was only halfway through his food and it was obvious he was watching you eat. You suddenly flushed a deep red in embarrassment. “O-oh. Uhm, sorry. I was hungry.”

“obviously,” he said in an amused tone. “damn kid. nobody could beat you at that.”

You snorted. “Dork.”

He pushed his plate of fries to you. You quickly shook your head, feeling quite ashamed.

He jumped off his seat and you followed suit, slightly confused. “You’re done?”

“yep. c’mon, this is just the beginning,” he told you.

“Good luck on your date, you two!” Dogaressa shouted as both of you went out the door. You waved at the dog monsters before you completely stepped out.

He stopped just in front of the entrance to the bar. He handed you a jacket that he whipped out with his magic. It exactly looked like the one he always wore. “What’s this for?”

“remember when you said you wanted to see what the underground looked like?”

You gasped excitedly and immediately hugged the skeleton. You heard him chuckling before that familiar feeling of standing on nothing before your feet were suddenly buried in snow. A cold breeze
passed by you and you shuddered, putting on the jacket that Sans gave you. You looked around. There was nothing but snow everywhere but for some reason, you felt thrilled. You looked up and saw a high cavern ceiling and you wondered how it snowed down here. You opened your mouth to ask Sans, but somehow, you knew he would answer ‘magic~’ so you decided not to ask.

“This is so cool!” you said giddily, remembering this was supposed to be a secluded area. But thanks to Sans, it proved to be an amazing date place.

“you haven’t even seen the town yet, kiddo,” Sans said with a chuckle. He started walking and so did you, following him behind. You gazed everywhere, muttering ‘wow’s’ and ‘woah’s’ every few seconds. Even though there was nothing but trees and snow. It seemed magical, really. Especially when you can see the cavern ceiling.

You suddenly stopped walking when you saw something at the far end of a path you weren’t taking. You didn’t even tell Sans but you started heading to another direction. And finally, you reached it. It was a lone snowman. You thought it was an ordinary snowman at first, but then when you saw his expression shift, you perked up.

“Hello there, traveler. I can tell you are not from here,” the snowman greeted you.

You grinned at the sight of a new potential monster friend. “Hi! I’m Y/N! I just passed by with my friend, Sans.”

His look shifted to that of recognition. “Ah yes. Sans the skeleton. You won’t be here any longer, will you?” he asked.

“Yeah. We kinda just passed by. How ‘bout you? Why are you still down here? Every monster is at the surface!” you told him.

He suddenly looked sad. “I want to see the world, dearest traveler. But I cannot move.”

You immediately felt a pang of guilt and pity. “Oh. Is that so? Is it because you’re a snowman?”

He nodded. “Stop looking so grim. I am okay. I have long accepted my fate.”

“No. We can still bring you up there, I know it! You just need to be somewhere where the temperature is freezing,” you said with determination. You didn’t want to leave the snowman here alone.

Sans suddenly popped up beside you. “hey kiddo. you scared me there for a minute. don’t you disappear like that again, please.” He realized what your expression was as he glanced from you to the snowman. “kid, you can’t do anything ‘bout this. there isn’t anywhere the snowman can stay above ground. he’ll only melt.”

“But if we just leave him here, he’ll be lonely!” you said.

“It is ok, human. Like I told you, I have accepted my fate,” the snowman said, feeling a bit better when he heard your words.

“c’mon kid. i made coffee back at home. it’ll get cold. don’t worry, we’ll come back here if we finally came up with a plan for the snowman, alright?”

This eased up your worries as you nodded at Sans. You looked back at the snowman. “Don’t worry, Mr. Snowman, we’ll come back for you.”
He smiled, although he knew you wouldn’t. “Thank you.”

You took Sans’ hand as he quickly teleported you to his old home. You noticed just how cold you felt the moment you were inside the house. You shuddered, trying to warm up your hands by blowing your breathe to it. Sans disappeared but quickly reappeared with two mugs of hot coffee on his hands. You immediately grin as you can already taste the sweet, indescribable coffee of his in your mouth.

You cupped the mug in your freezing hands and you sighed at the warm feeling. You took a sip and you immediately felt better. Sans was watching your expression the whole time.

When you started feeling warmer, you finally took in the interior of the house. You chuckled when you noticed that this house was almost exactly the same as the house that burnt down. It seemed like they still couldn’t let go of the Underground after all. The only difference is that there were only two room here and no basement.

“Wow. It feels like I’m in our house again. You know, the one that burnt down.” You took another sip as nostalgia took over your body.

Sans chuckled. “don’t worry, kid. if i save up a lot of money, i’ll buy you another house exactly like this.”

You suddenly tensed at his words, your heart hammering in your chest. What did he mean by that? Did he want to live with you again under one roof?

Sans seemed to finally understand his words as he blushed a deep blue. “u-uh, i mean—“

“I’d like that,” you blurted out, cutting off his words. This made you blush, mirroring his reaction.

An awkward silence settled between the two of you as you finally finished your cup of coffee. You handed it back to him as he went to the kitchen and washed the mugs clean, then returning it to their proper places.

He walked out the kitchen, a soft expression on his face. “c’mon kid. you wanna explore the rest of the underground?”

This made you snap out of your awkward mood, “Heck yeah!”

You explored the rest of, learning the name of the town from Sans, Snowdin town, even pointing out to Sans about the misspelled library sign. After Snowdin, you headed towards ‘Waterfall’. You immediately decided that it was your favorite part of the Underground. Of course, like its name, there were falls everywhere and it was a magical sight for you. You had never stopped pointing and excitedly telling Sans how awesome the place was.

Between your exploration in Waterfall, Sans pointed you to a telescope. Oblivious to his intent, you peered through it and was disappointed by the lack of scenery. You properly stood up and shot Sans a look while he just tried to contain his laughter. You were confused but decided not to dwell on it.

Both of you continued walking until you got to a part where there was a broken statue by the wall, a drip of rain constantly dropping on it. Walking past, you saw an umbrella holder and immediately grabbed one so you could put it on top of the statue. Sans looked confused. When you did, a soft tune suddenly filled the air and you swore, that moment was really magical.

You strolled through the rest of ‘Waterfall’ and reached ‘Hotland’. Sans said it was almost time for dinner and both of you should probably head back to the lab. You were disappointed. You wanted to
explore every inch of the Underground.

“c’mon kid, we’ll come back next time alright? paps and alphys might be worried already. also, we have a snowman to save, remember? don’t worry, i didn’t forget, kiddo.”

This made you extremely happy. You reached out to attached yourself to Sans and this time, it caught him off guard. He flushed a bit before he teleported you back to the lab, right in front of the ‘living room-like’ room.

You were finally back. Your shoes were kinda ruined by the snow and water, yeah, and you were still hyped but the date was definitely a success.

“That was really fun, Sans! Thank you!” you told him.

“ah y-yeah. glad to hear that, kid,” he said, looking relieved. “maybe you could decide which places we should go next time.”

You mischievously grinned. “Ah. So there’s a ‘next time’ bone boy?”

He flushed blue, awkwardly rubbing the back of his head. “u-uhm i mean i-if you want t-to—“

“Just kidding. I’d love to Sans. Goodnight. Go on and check for Alphys alright? I’ll swing by later tonight,” you told him, immediately turning around and swinging the door open.

You were met by three pairs of skeleton eyes plus Paps.

“How was your date, Human?”

Chapter End Notes

I seriously love the attention you guys are giving to the story. Hope I’m not disappointing any of you...?

Thank you for reading! More fluff scenes on the next chapter~ Hopefully. Haha.
Chapter Summary

Just some scenes with all the skelebros w/o yer classic boneboy ;3

P.S. I might or might not be going somewhere tomorrow so just in case, here's a quick chapter for a Saturday! :) Hope ya liked it~

P.P.S. I know the two new pairs still hadn't showed up yet but I'm kinda prolonging becoz I just think it'd be pretty crowded when they appear. But hopefully, they will show up next chapter ;)

A big grin swept across your face. “It was really fun!” you answered Paps’ question. You hopped over towards the couch but saw that you had no space to sit on. Seems like everyone was just patiently waiting to be called for dinner.

Patch, who never left the couch, whistled to get your attention as his hands were lazily draped over the couch. He was motioning for you to sit on his lap. This made you blushed furiously as you shook your head no.

“THAT’S GOOD FOR YOU, HUMAN!” Paps’ commented as he popped his head out of the kitchen.

You proceeded on just sitting on the armrest next to Hoodie. “Uh, yeah.”

“DID SANS HAVE FUN?” he asked you, his voice echoing as he popped back into the kitchen, continuing to cook whatever he was making for dinner. You took a quick glance and you were sure Giant was helping him.

“I’m pretty sure he did,” you said as your heart thrummed happily as you recollected your date.

“BUT NOT AS FUN AS WE DID, RIGHT HUMAN?” Blueberry suddenly said as he hopped off the couch and bounced towards you, his eyes gleaming hopefully.

“Of course, sweetie,” you said to the bubbly skelly.

Patch suddenly cleared his throat. “actually... that little skeleton just mentioned something to us,” he started.

You had a look of curiosity on your face as you glanced from Blueberry to Patch.

“YES! I TOLD THE OTHER ME’S AND OTHER PAPY’S THE SAME THING YOU TOLD ME!” Blueberry excitedly exclaimed.

“And that would be...?”

Hoodie chuckled. “that you love us all the same.”

You suddenly choked on air. “O-oh, uhm.” You looked at them with wide eyes. You quickly swept
your gaze over their faces and someone’s expression caught your attention. It was Goldie. He looked... unhappy? His head was bowed down, staring at the floor. Your look immediately shifted to that of concern.

“HUMAN?” Blueberry called you in worry but you had already slid off your seat and was approaching the crestfallen skelly. Everyone’s eyes were on you as you knelt down in front of him, trying to catch his attention.

His red eyes found yours and he looked mildly confused as to why you were there. “What’s wrong, Gold?” you asked him softly.

He looked stricken by your question. “w-what do you mean, kid?” he asked as he forced a smile, beads of sweat forming on his skull. He can’t believe you noticed.

“C’mon, you can tell me,” you encouraged the skelly, your voice still softer than what you were used to. He knew you only used that voice on Blueberry.

He finally sighed, relenting to your compassionate gaze. “i just don’t believe you lo—like us all the same,” he said, trying not to meet your eyes. You chuckled when he changed the word.

“And why is that? Wait, don’t tell me it’s because you think you’re too evil and edgy for my love?” you teased.

He didn’t answer.

Your look softened. “Gold, don’t think that. I don’t think any lesser of you, ok? You may be rude and snarky and maybe a little too edgy, but it doesn’t matter. Despite all those, I still managed to befriend you, didn’t I? Don’t think that you don’t deserve it, that you don’t matter, because you do.”

He still didn’t answer, but he looked a little better.

“Cheer up. I meant what I said. I love you all the same,” you repeated, a big, goofy grin on your face.

His cheekbones heated up a little. “you’re too good for me,” he muttered.

“I know, bonehead. I know.” You then properly stood up, your knees hurting a bit from all the kneeling. You just realized that everyone was still watching.

Scratch snorted as he leaned back into the couch. “PSH. WHAT A DRAMA QUEEN.”

“Hey. Be nice,” you warned the skeleton. He only raised a bone brow at you.

“HUMAN, THAT WAS REALLY MIGNIFICENT! YOUR WORDS HAD CAPTURED MY HEART,” Blueberry dramatically said as he bounded over to you.

“What ever shall I do with a young monster’s heart?” You played along and exaggeratedly placed the back of your hand to your forehead.

“You MUST TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT, HUMAN. AND IN EXCHANGE, YOU WILL LIKewise OFFER ME YOURS,” he said, his bright eyes beaming.

“That is true, my sweet monster! My heart is eternally yours.” You bowed down in front of him and he giggled.

“I OFFER MY SINCEREST GRATITUDE, FAIR MAIDEN. I WILL NEVER LET ANYONE
HURT YOU AS LONG AS YOUR HEART IS IN MY HANDS.” He also bowed down gracefully, making you chuckle.

The others were watching in amusement. Not long after, Paps had called all of you for dinner and you ushered the skeletons down to the kitchen. It took a moment to get Hood’s arse off the couch, still lazy as ever.

You found out Paps had made lasagna with Giant’s help. Although still a pasta dish, you were kinda craving for it. You all sat down at your seats while Paps and Giant served the meal.

“Smells delicious!” you told the skeletons.

Paps’ eyes brightened, “REALLY HUMAN?” He then posed, “OF COURSE. THE GREAT PAPYRUS MAKES ONLY THE BESTEST PASTA CUISINE!”

You let out a little laugh and then proceeded to scoop your portion of the meal to your plate. In the midst of dinner, your brother arrived, the sound of the door opening a signal. He immediately dashed towards the kitchen, not even bothering to change his clothes and sat in an unoccupied chair. Giant had stood up from his chair so he could get your brother a plate.

“You would not believe what happened today!” Mark excitedly said.

You swallowed your food. “Yeah?”

“I beat up a bully at my school!” He had a proud grin on his face.

You hand stopped mid-way at eating your food, looking at him with wide eyes. You had not yet wholly processed his words.

“nice job, kid,” Hoodie said.

“I AGREE FOR FENDING YOURSELF AGAINST FIENDS,” Scratch told him.

“No!” you suddenly exclaimed. They all went quiet. Mark’s smile deflated a little. “Mark, you don’t hurt others. Even if it’s for revenge, you don’t. You’re no better than our parents!” you snapped. It swiped the smile off his face. He quickly looked away, ashamed.

“I BELIEVE SO, TOO, SMALLER HUMAN. IT IS NOT A RIGHT THING TO HURT OTHERS. EVEN IF THEY ARE ACTING THAT WAY, YOU MUSN’T HURT THEM. EVERYONE IS A BETTER PERSON IF THEY BELIEVE HARD ENOUGH. MAYBE THEY JUST NEED A FRIEND TO MAKE THEM REALIZE THAT,” Paps said, looking relatively grim at your younger brother’s news.

“That I agree on!” Blueberry said.

“...I understand,” he muttered quietly as he looked down on his food that Giant had placed in front of him. “I’m sorry.”

“I’m glad you do li’l bro,” you said as you shot him a sincere smile. You turned towards the two skeletons who encouraged your brother, “And you two! Well, Scratch I’d understand, but Hoods?! I expected more from you!”

This made Blueberry glare at his brother, too. “YES, BROther! I AM ALSO QUITE DISAPPOINTED WITH YOU! I DID NOT RAise YOU UP TO BE THAT WAY!”
Hoodie grimaced. It was the other way around (him raising his own brother up)... but it doesn’t actually matter to him. “Sorry. Just glad the kid didn’t let another kid bully him, alright? He stood up for himself. But I guess you’re right. There are other ways to humiliate your bully,” he answered.

“That is not really what I meant,” you mumbled.

“We shouldn’t be really talking about humiliating a person in front of the food,” Giant piped up.

“We shouldn’t be really talking about humiliating a person at all!” Blueberry cried out. You nodded in agreement.

“Please shut up and let me enjoy the food,” Mark grumbled in annoyance, finally back to his normal self.

Dinner quickly passed and you helped wash the dishes with Scratch. You kinda did a schedule about doing chores so it would be fair to the other skeletons. It did surprise you that Scratch had agreed to help out.

“Hey, quick question Scratch. Had you made up with your brother yet?” you asked while in the middle of washing the dishes. Scratch was helping drying them up and putting them back to their places.

“Does it look like it, human?” he answered a bit sarcastically.

You rolled your eyes. “Oh c’mon. When are the two of you going to be all lovey-dovey? You do realize that you two are the only ones not hugging nor kissing each other right?”

This made the skeleton flustered. “Such insolent acts, human! You do realize we are brothers, correct?”

You let out a laugh. “No! Not romantically, dude! I meant some brotherly love!” you explained.

There was still a faint blush from the skeleton’s cheekbones. “Psh. I don’t see the need, human. Also, I don’t recall the taller versions of us doing such audacious acts,” he replied.

“Oh! You mean Patch and Giant? They do. Caught Giant hugging Patch once. It seemed Patch had a nightmare or something. But you, you’ve never once did an action of love for your brother!” you told him.

This made him quiet.


He looked like he was contemplating on it and then mischievously grinned. “Sure, human. But do I get a favor in return?”

That evil glint in his eyes made you hesitate for a second but you finally relented. His favor can’t be that bad. “Alright. Lay it on me.” All for the edgy skelly, right?

He proudly smiled. “I would like a date!” he announced.

This made you stop, looking at him in amusement. “Woah, Scratch. Didn’t know you had a thing for m--”
“NO HUMAN. NOT FOR ME. IT’S FOR MY BROTHER!” he said, cutting you off.

“...oh.” You thought for a moment. Well, why the heck not? “Alright.”

“GREAT! CONSIDER THE DEED DONE!”

Scratch moved pretty fast. The moment both of you walked out of the kitchen, he quickly called for his brother to come near.

“w-what is it, boss?” Goldie asked, looking quite nervous.

Scratch suddenly swooped him into a hug, which made you surprised and judging by the looks of the other skellies, they had been caught off guard by it, too. Mark made an unpleasant noise but he looked partly proud.

“b-bro?!” Goldie squeaked, his face flushed as he looked the most shocked.

“I HAVE BEEN INFORMED I HAVE NOT BEEN GIVING YOU SOME BROTHERLY LOVE,” Scratch said, his voice unwavering. It looked like it did not affect him as much as it did to his brother. But you’re pretty sure it did.

“That’s really sweet, you guys,” you commented. This made the shorter, edgy skeleton blush more.

“Get a room!” Mark shouted.

“BROTHER! WATCHING THEM MAKES ME WANT TO GIVE YOU SOME BROTHERLY LOVE, TOO!” Blueberry said, running up to his brother and giving him a tight hug. Hoodie chuckled and carried the little skelly so they could hug properly.

This made you look at Patch and watched as he eyed his brother. You almost ‘aww’d’ when it was Patch who initiated the hug as he stepped closer to his brother. Giant looked pleased.

Suddenly, you realized something. All the skelebros were hugging! Except Paps of course! He does look a little jealous. But first things first! You glanced playfully at your brother and he immediately noticed your look. Before he could run away, you had already dashed towards him and swooped him up in a hug like what Scratch did.

“Yuck! Get off me!” Mark whined as he struggled from your arms.

This made you laugh and just made you hug him tighter. “Oh gosh, my sweet li’l bro,” you sang.

He finally gave up and lay still in your arms, accepting your hug. A loud wail caught all of your attention.

“AWOOO! I AM JEALOUS OF ALL THESE BROTHERLY ACTS IN FRONT OF ME! I DEARLY WISHED MY BROTHER WAS HERE!” Papyrus cried.

You let out a giggle as you walked closer to Paps, engaging him in a hug. “Don’t worry Paps! I’m still here! Consider me your sister,” you said. You were still hugging your brother when you hugged Paps so he was being squeezed by the two of you. He didn’t seem to mind as he hugged Paps himself. This made Paps teary-eyed.

“OH! I AM SO BLESSED FOR THE NEW ADDITION OF MY FAMILY! THANK YOU, DEAREST HUMAN SISTER!”

Your heart swelled in happiness. It was music to your ears, being considered a family. You have
another brother now.

And you have another date to set-up.
Mark was asleep beside you. Guess what that meant? Yeah, you’re gonna go and slip out to see your bone boy. Not like it’s supposed to be a secret or anything.

You walked down that particularly long hallway, your hands inside the pocket of a large, black hoodie you were wearing. Inside the pocket was the puppet that Fresh gave you, your fingers fiddling with it. You still don’t know why you need to bring it with you at all times but you didn’t want to upset your friend by losing it.

Your footsteps echoed along the long hallway and it was giving you the creeps again. And you were also wishing that Fresh would show up any minute now. He always did whenever you were alone.

“eyyo, wazzup human-dude?”

And you were not disappointed. You gave Fresh a sideways glance, giving him a small smile. “Hey Fresh. What’s up with you? Anything good happened today?”

He took long strides alongside you. “nah! didn’t have any problem lookin’ for ya since ya have my puppet ‘n all,” he said, his grin never wavering.

“Oh! This is like a tracking device then?” you asked the skeleton.

“uh-huh! ya prolly know how hard it is to find yer world since there are hella thousands more. but it’s gotten a lot easier,” he said with a triumphant look.

Hmm. How? Maybe he slipped in some of his magic or something?

“also! looks like yer havin’ lots’a fun, huh? goin’ out on dates with different skeletons. although they are still technically a sans, ain’t that right?”

This made your face heat up. “Hey! Don’t judge me!”

He laughed. “what? ya givin’ out free dates or somethin’?”

You crossed your arms, a blush settling on your cheeks. “If you just wanted a date too, you could’ve just asked Fresh,” you said a bit grumpily.

He stopped walking.

You stopped walking when you noticed. You turned around and gave him a confused look. “You ok?”
“wait, wait. i heard ya right, right? i could ask ya for a date?”

A small grin crept to your face. “Of course.” He’s so freakin’ adorable.

His grin widened at your words. “hella rad, broski! i’ve always wanted to go on one!” He suddenly took large steps towards you and grabbed your arm, not even giving you a chance to react. You felt that familiar feeling of falling as the ground beneath you disappeared and you hold onto Fresh tighter. In a blink of an eye, you were in an entirely different place... still in your pajamas.

“Holy funk, Fresh! When I told you we could go out on a date, I didn’t mean now!” you cried out. You were outside of the laboratory. Somehow, the place looked familiar but eerie as it was almost midnight.

He shrugged as he sheepishly grinned at you. “too late now, brah.”

You took in your surroundings and then finally remembered why it looked familiar. This was the sidewalk that led to the ice cream shop where you had a date with Blueberry! “Fresh. Do you even know what a date means?”

“nope!” he answered joyfully. “but accordin’ to ya, a date is just for two people only!”

Figures. Fresh doesn’t know how a ‘date’ goes and what it means. “Fresh, you only go on a date with someone you like or love.”

His grin seemed to waver. “don’t ya like or love me, human-dude?”

“Of course I do!” you said quickly.

He seemed relieved. “then i guess we don’t have any problems here,” he said and then continued to walk forward to that ice cream shop. You quickly shook your head but decided to follow behind. Your feet were freezing, probably because you were only wearing slippers. And even with your warm and large hoodie on, it was still icy cold.

Surprisingly, the ice cream shop was still open. You both went in and didn’t mind that you two were the only customers. “Goddamn it, Fresh. Good thing I brought my wallet.” Even with the cold weather, ice cream didn’t sound too bad. You ordered one bowl of chocolate ice cream (with rainbow sprinkles, Fresh’s request). Also, the guy behind the counter seemed apathetic about you and your monster date. That’s good, you thought.

The two of you sat down on the unoccupied table nearest the door and the window. Fresh slid on the seat in front of you. You started to eat the ice cream. “Did you just bring me here because you saw Blueberry and I had a date at this place?” you asked him.

You noticed a bead of sweat roll down his forehead.

“uh. no...?”

Fresh has totally no idea what he’s doing.

But you let it go. Seeing that he’s trying to grasp how dating goes brings a smile to your face. He’s sweet and innocent. Emotionless, yes, but he’s trying his hard to understand. That’s good enough for you.

“Ok. Fresh, if you want to date someone you like, you bring them somewhere you know they’d like or have fun,” you explained to the skeleton, taking a spoonful of bite from the ice cream. You took
another spoonful and offered it to him.

He looked vaguely confused at the spoon and your statement. “ya not having fun here? then why did ya and Blue have a date in this place?” he asked, eating that spoonful of ice cream you presented. He quickly shivered at the frozen treat as it landed inside his mouth.

You almost laughed at his question. He’s so clueless. “Fine. Actually, it doesn’t matter, you know? As long as you’re with the right person, no matter where you both went, it’s called a date.”

You quickly finished the ice cream alone when Fresh rejected another spoon. Soon, both of you went out of the doors and back into the chilly sidewalk. “So, where do you wanna go—“

A man’s voice rang out, cutting you off. “What’s a lady doing out so late?”

You stopped in your tracks, snapping your head to where the voice came from. There was a group of men just several feet away from you, all of them looked slightly intimidating. They were a bunch of teenagers, you finally deduced when they don’t look like they were older than 20. What are they doing out here so late?

“human-dude? why’d ya stop?” Fresh asked when he noticed you stopped walking.

One of the guys laughed, almost mockingly, “You with the monster here, lady?” He slowly walked towards the two of you, a menacing grin on his face. “A monster-supporter and a monster both out in the open for us to prey on. What a lucky day,” he said sardonically. Oh, crap. Not good.

Fresh seemed to sense your fear when you stepped closer to him and grabbed the sleeve of his colorful jacket. “what is all up with this sicknasty business, dawg?” he asked.

“Tsk.” The man eyed Fresh up and down, probably making fun of his weird, colorful clothes, with a nasty grin on his face. “What the funk are you?” He suddenly seemed to realize that his words had been censored. “What the—“

“can’t have yer colorful lingo ’round here, yo,” Fresh chirped.

This angered the man as he prepared to punch Fresh. “Why you little—“

“Hey! Back off!” you said bravely as you pushed the man on the chest. You tried to. But it’s as if he’s actually made of steel because you barely even moved him. Crap. You’re dead.

He guffawed at your weak attempt, even some of his men laughing with him. “You call that a pu—“

Suddenly, this huge... rainbow-colored skull thing appeared, its direction pointed at the man. Actually, it looks familiar.

...wait.

It’s a Gaster Blaster! It surprised you that Fresh also had that same power, too.

“Wait, don’t--!” You tried to stop your friend from disintegrating a bunch of humans. Finding some human dust out in the open probably won’t be a good idea considering these entire monster-hating.

Too late.

The Gaster Blaster opened its mouth and blasted... confetti paper.

Well, so much for disintegrating humans. As the group were distracted, Fresh suddenly held on to
you and teleported both of you out of that mess.

The next thing you knew, you were both back in that long hallway. “That... was pretty amazing, Fresh,” you said with a chuckle. “Love your Gaster Blaster, by the way.”

“Thank ya, human-dude! I wasn’t ‘bout lettin’ ‘em hurt my human friend,” he said, puffing out his chest as he tried to look brave.

“That is the sweetest thing ever. Thanks,” you told him. “You wanna watch a movie and chill? Still a date, if you think about it,” you suggested.

He shook his head. “Nah! That’s not fun!” His grin suddenly widened like he just thought of a great idea. “I have the most rad-tastic place!” He immediately grabbed onto you and you briefly wondered if all these teleporting tires him out.

You were suddenly falling. No, not the same as falling when you two are teleporting. It’s falling, like off a building. You tried to scream but you already were. Fresh was nowhere beside you. This is it. This is how you’re dying. A fall to your death.

“Oh crap! Too far!” You heard Fresh’s voice and in one blink, you weren’t falling anymore. Your heart felt like it was going to burst out of your chest as you were lying down on what you assumed was a floor and stared off the ceiling, trying to find your sense of peace.

“I’m really sorry, human-dude! Are ya ok?” Fresh’s voice rang out. As if gravity fell on you, you suddenly felt weak as tears suddenly flooded your eyes. And then you were sobbing mess on the floor, have no idea where you were and are scared while you almost died merely seconds ago.

“No, no, no. Don’t cry. I’m sorry. I’m really, really, really sorry,” you heard Fresh say, his tone extremely worried.

Calming down, your sobs weakened to just sniffs and silent weeps. After a couple more minutes, you completely stopped crying, your red eyes and stuffy nose the only indication that you did cry. You finally sat up and looked around. You were in some kind of a room. It was dark, the lights all turned off. You saw Fresh sitting quietly at a corner. You can’t exactly say that he was looking at you because of his glasses.

“Fresh. Where are we?” Your voice was hoarse from the crying.

He stood up from his place and slowly walked towards you. “I think I should leave. I’ve caused ‘nuff trouble for the day.” He sounded extremely guilty.

“Nah! I’m fine, Fresh. It’s fine. You just had a miscalculation. It’s just a mistake. Everyone makes mistakes,” you told him softly, a small smile on your face.

He looked away. “I’m really sorry if I scared ya, human-dude.”

“You’re forgiven. Don’t worry, Fresh. I’m fine. You came just in time to save me. Now, will you please tell me where we are?” you said, immediately changing the subject so he wouldn’t have to think about it.

Fresh tried to revert back to his ‘fresh’ self as he forced a grin to his face. Can’t have his friend be all sad after he almost killed her. “Well, ya have to find out for yourself!” he chirped, pointing to a door at the end of the room.

You inhaled when you noticed he tried to be cheerful again. That’s really nice of him. You started
walking into the direction of the door he pointed, not even asking him what was on the other side. If this is his idea for a date, then it totally must be fun. Your hand grabbed the doorknob and you swung the door open.

A gasp escaped your lips as a full-blown grin made its way onto your face.

It was a ball pit. For adults.

Fresh’s figure suddenly dashed past you as he jumped into the room full of rainbow-colored balls. “hop in, y/n!” he urged.

This is probably the best. Date. Ever.

Chapter End Notes

Dunno how this happened to be a date with Fresh. I was up and about thinking of how to let Goldie know that you want a date with him as requested by his brother but then this shit happened and poof, this chapter happened.

Although I did have fun writing it :D
I did most likely not went to the bonezone!

Chapter Summary

Just a quick scene before attempting to ask Goldie out on a date :3

Sorry. Another short chapter. Busy right now :( 

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

By the time it was 2 a.m., Fresh teleported you back to the long hallway. You staggered backwards, the feeling of dizziness and tiredness overwhelming you. You leaned on the wall for support as you let out a small laugh. “That was really fun, Fresh. Thanks.”

Fresh pointed finger guns at you and you were sure he’d been winking beneath his glasses. “glad to hear that, yo! have a rad-tastic night, human!”

You snorted. “You mean morning.” Then you suddenly had an idea. “Why don’t you stay here? I mean, there are a lot of empty rooms in this lab, most of which would probably never be used. Or do you actually have a ‘home’ you go to?”

His grin widened. “where’d ya think i sleep, human? i’m always just here. g’night!” he said before disappearing.

You were left with your thoughts. Gosh, Fresh is really one strange Sans. You started to head towards the elevator to Sans’ room. You almost dozed off standing up in the elevator because of the tiredness you felt.

The elevator dinged, signaling that you arrive on your floor. When it opened, you immediately stumbled forward. Gosh, you feel so weak and drained out right now. Still, you want to see Sans even for just a moment.

You made your way to his room where he kept that awful machine of his. Crashing through the doors, you found him looking startled as you walked in.

“y/n! what are you doing up?” he asked you tiredly.

“I could ask you the same thing!” you spat. “When’s the last time you slept?”

“uh... yesterday?”

You snorted, not even believing him in the littlest bit. You swooped him off the floor, carrying him on your back.

“h-hey!” he said, shocked by the event happening right now.

“C’mon. We gotta get you to bed, bonehead. You’re no use to the machine if you’re sleep-deprived. You’ll probably get sucked in accidentally as you dozed off while standing,” you told him. You looked around the room and found another door. You headed towards that door and opened it,
revealing a bed which you think has never been touch nor slept on. Wow. His game is strong.

“but what if i missed an opportunity?” he whined.

“Oh god. You’re acting like a kid. You seriously need sleep right now.” You placed him down on the bed and you jumped in beside him. He looked stunned.

“What are you doing, kiddo?”

“What? I’m going to sleep beside you,” you answered simply, casually draping the blankets over the two of you.

“why?”

“To make sure you do get lots of sleep. Now close your eyes! Or eyesockets, I mean. Gosh,” you said while shaking your head.

But he actually did so. You watched him for a minute or two before closing your own eyes. You were drifting off to sleep when he suddenly spoke.

“goodnight y/n.”


---

You were slowly waking up. What time is it? You still need to cook breakfast for the skeletons. You yawned but then finally found yourself unable to move. Fully opening your eyes, you found Sans’ arms tightly wrapped around you as he was comfortably snoozing. A blush settled on your face as you tried to recall how you ended up being in bed with him.

You struggled but he was hugging you too tightly. “Sans. Sans! Wake up!” you softly told the sleeping skelly.

He grumbled but refused to even remove his arms.

“Sans! C’mon. I need to cook breakfast,” you hummed.

He groaned. “it’s too early! go back to sleep,” he sleepily mumbled.

You sighed. Fine. Paps would probably make his spaghetti dinner if he found out I slept in. He’ll take care of the other skeletons. “Ok. But loosen your grip bonehead. I’m not going anywhere,” you teased.

Even though his eyes were closed, you saw a blue blush emerged on his cheekbones. Cute. But he did loosen his grip and you tried to find a comfortable position before drifting off to sleep once again.

You found yourself waking up hours later because of an empty stomach. Sans was still asleep but he had his back against you this time. You slid off the bed and fixed the blankets over him. You stretched your arms, even popping your back as you tried to rid yourself from sleep.

“mornin’,” Sans’ deep voice rang out.

You turned your head, a small smile creeping up to your face. “Morning lazybones. You had a good sleep?” you asked the skeleton.
“the best,” he answered with a wink.

You laughed as you fought the heat crawling up to your face. “You good now or do you need to sleep some more?”

He shrugged. “i think i’m good.” He jumped off the bed and fixed his crinkly white shirt. You immediately averted your eyes. “throw me my lab coat, kid.”

You grabbed the lab coat he hanged on the back of the door and threw it at him. He caught the clothing with one hand and swiftly put it on. Woah. That did not turn me on. At all. You shook your head from your thoughts and opened the door.

It revealed a surprised Alphys as you walked out of the room. “Hey, Alphys! Morning!” you greeted the monster.

Her mouth was still hanging open as Sans emerged behind you, fixing the buttons of the coat. “oh. hey alphy. any news?”

She suddenly looked flustered and stunned at the same time. “Y-you guys... slept with each other?” she squeaked out.

It suddenly hit you as a blush settled on your face. “No, no, no! Not like that! Oh my god, Alphys! We just slept! In bed! As in literal sleeping! Nothing else!”

This made Sans look flustered and uneasy as he finally caught on. “oh god, alphys. did you really think that me and--- oh god.”

“Sorry! I misunderstood!” she said with a sheepish grin. “But you guys really look good together, to be honest. And I’m pretty sure it would be no problem if you two were to mate.”

“Alphys!”

“oh god, alphys! shut up!”

She giggled as she watch you and Sans get all flustered and uncomfortable. “Just saying! Anyway, Sans. I think the others are ready to be let out tomorrow. You should go see them,” Alphys said as she finally let go of the topic.

“ok.” Sans nodded.

“Can I come? I wanna see them, too!” you said enthusiastically.

Sans grabbed a notebook and a pen and he motioned for you to follow him. You felt excited as you followed the skeleton out of the room and into the elevator. He pressed the 2nd floor. The two of you waited quietly as you finally arrived at your floor.

You’ve never been at this floor before. The doors opened and Sans stepped out. You were greeted by another long hallway with a series of rooms on either side. Once you got to the end of the hallway, Sans opened the last door with a key and stepped inside. You followed suit.

Inside that room, you immediately noticed the glass wall, practically cutting the room in half. You stepped closer as you peered through the wall and found two separate rooms with beds and toilets and stuff. But the thing that caught your attention was the pairs of skeletons occupying each room. Both were asleep on their beds, oblivious that somebody was watching them.

“What do you keep everyone in here before you let them out?” you asked Sans who was busy taking
notes about god-knows-what.

“uh huh.”

That must mean that even Blueberry and Hoodie were kept in here. “Can I ask why?”

“Well, before we let ‘em out, we gather data about them. you can call them experiments. but that’s only because we want to know more about the difference between each alternate universes. and of course, we don’t do anything against their will. so far, only that tall jerk me didn’t want to participate. got what he deserved, of course.”

You quietly nodded as you looked at them closely. The skeletons in the left room were both wearing galaxy-themed outfits. It was really pretty to be honest. You wondered what their universe was like especially if they can make clothes that looked like the stars were trapped in there. Your eyes shifted to the skeletons in the right room. Sans was wearing some kind of black sweatpants and a hoodie instead of his usual jacket. Paps was wearing a white, formal shirt (I think) and pants (finally!).

Judging from their outfits, you could assume that they really are different even if they look alike.

“I’m excited to meet them,” you told Sans.

“I know, kiddo. they’re nice. i’ve met them,” he answered. He scribbled some more notes in his notebook while you continued to watch them sleep. He stopped and then gestured for you to come out the room. “c’mon. you’ll meet them tomorrow, kid. no worries.”

You nodded and took one last glance before stepping out of the room. When you two stepped inside the elevator, you pressed the 5th floor button. The elevator stopped at the 3rd. “i’ll be here when you need me,” Sans said before stepping out back into his office room. You shot him a quick smile before the doors closed.

You arrived at the top floor and you hurriedly stepped out and headed for the living room-like room. Opening the door, you were surprised to see everyone was there.

“GOOD AFTERNOON, HUMAN! YOU’RE JUST IN TIME FOR LUNCH!” Blueberry said happily as he hopped towards you.

“Lunch? I missed breakfast?” you asked, horrified.

“Looks like you had a pretty good sleep, bud,” Hoodie said as he walked past by the two of you and into the kitchen. You pouted but felt your stomach grumbled in anticipation. You were stopped by Scratch as he blocked your way.

“HUMAN. I EXPECTED YOU TO ACT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. YOU STILL HAVEN’T ASKED MY BROTHER FOR A DATE!” he hissed.

“Alright, alright! I’ll do it right now! Geez!” You sidestepped the skeleton and bumped into Patch. God, this room is too crowded. You couldn’t even walk one step before bumping into another one of the skeletons.

“you busy tonight?” he asked you as he placed his hands over your shoulders.

You shrugged. “Probably. Why?”

“was planning to buy another pack of cigarettes,” he answered.
“No smoking in this room!” you shouted, startling him.

He removed his hands and shrugged. “oh well.” He started to walk to the direction of the kitchen.

“Hey! Hey! I’m serious Patch! Smoking isn’t good for my health and it will also rot your teeth!” You followed the skeleton, scolding him about what he should and shouldn’t do. God, you feel like a mom right now.

“eh.”

You rubbed your palms on your forehead. They’re seriously a headache!

“HUMAN! I HEARD FROM ALPHYS THAT YOU HELPED SANS SLEEP WELL TONIGHT!” Papyrus exclaimed as he laid down a plate of eggs and bacon on the table. Almost all the skeletons suddenly froze at his statement.

“you slept with sans last night?” Hoodie asked.

You were suddenly flustered. “It isn’t like what you’re thinking!”

“you move pretty fast, doll-face. i’ll give ya credit for that,” Patch said as he shot a wink at you.

“DID YOU HAVE FUN, HUMAN?” Scratch said ominously as he grinned evilly.

You groaned and planted your face to the table. “Oh my god!” These skeletons are crazy!

“There is no need to be embarrassed, human. It is normal for---“

“Don’t you dare finish that sentence, Giant!” you warned as your head shot up. He only gave you a small smile.

“WHAT? WHY IS EVERYONE ALL WORKED UP? THEY WERE JUST SLEEPING! I DON’T GET IT!” Blueberry said, looking a bit confused and furious at the same time.

Paps scratched the back of his skull. “I, TOO, AM MOST DEFINITELY CONFUSED. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHY THEY ARE LAUGHING.”

You continuously started to hit your head on the table. Oh my god, kill me now.
Asking someone for a date 101

Chapter Notes

Hey guys-eu! I'm sorry for being overprotective with my work and getting ridiculously sad about it. But thank you for cheering me up! I really, really feel lucky because of you. Please don’t copy paste someone else's story and then claim it as yours because it's really rude and NOT ok. Authors/ writers, and even artists, had gone through a lot of effort to their work. It would really disappoint them when their hard work is just gonna be stolen and their effort would be wasted for nothing.

Ok, I'm rambling. Here's your chapter for the day!

You tried to talk to Goldie after lunch by persuading him to help you clean the dishes. The others were back in the next room, probably lazing around again. You should really talk to Alphys about them doing something else, something productive instead of just... this.

Goldie was being helpful, surprisingly. He was washing the plates quietly and you couldn’t help but wonder what was in his mind right now. You turned your head around to peer at the next room and caught Scratch’s gaze. He was giving you the stink eye.

You turned back around and cleared your throat, trying to catch his attention. He only gave you a sideways glance. “You busy tonight?” you asked him casually as you continued to dry the dishes. Oh god, you have never asked someone out before. It was always the other way around. Well, except for the blueberry but that’s different.

He froze for a second as he let out a choking sound. “w-what?” He tried to regain his composure by putting the plate in his hands back on the sink and then fully turned to face you, his expression challenging you to say that again.

You suddenly felt nervous. “Oh! U-uhm, I mean—uh, I’m asking if you’re free t-tonight,” you stammered, your attention on the plate you were holding. Although it was already dry, you kept wiping it with a dry towel.

You continued rambling but Goldie tuned you out. He felt his soul sing a happy tune. His grin widened as he watched you get nervous while trying to ask him out. Wait, you are asking him out, right? Damn, he could barely contain his soul from thrumming so loudly.

“—please don’t take it the wrong way. I-it’s just, uh, a favor from your brother.”

His grin dropped.

You noticed.

Goldie continued to wash the plates as if nothing happened and you stood there, trying to process what the heck just occurred. “s’allright, kid. i don’t want it,” he said coldly.

You suddenly panicked. Why was he acting this way? Was it something you said? “What? But—“
“if my brother just forced ya to tell me this so ya could fuck me up, then tell him it didn’t work,” he spat, the glare in his eyes were intense as he stared at water running down the faucet, filling up the sink.

“No, you misunderstood—“ you tried to explain.

“i perfectly understand, kiddo. t’is the kind of sick jokes my brother always makes. it’s just that you’re his chess piece this time,” he hissed. He could feel something tight wrapping his soul up, threatening to break it into pieces. He suddenly had trouble breathing and he let out a bitter laugh. “he got me this time.”

“Goldie I—“

He didn’t even let you finish as he handed you the last of the plates and he sauntered back to the next room. You quickly dried the plate and put it back to its place before running out to catch him. He was nowhere to be seen. The others were watching TV and had been oblivious to what was happening.

Scratch noticed. He stood up from his seat and made his way to you, trying to take in your panicked expression. “HUMAN. WHAT HAPPENED? WHY ARE YOU ACTING LIKE THAT?”

“Oh god, Scratch! I messed up! Goldie thought that it was one of your sick jokes!” you exclaimed. You remembered how his face fell when you mentioned his brother. You should’ve just kept your mouth shut.

Scratch groaned, rubbing his face with his bony hands in exasperation. “HUMAN, YOU TRULY ARE SUCH A FAILURE, EVEN MESSING THIS ONE SIMPLE FAVOR.”

You glared at the skeleton, “How rude! I am not a failure!” You were suddenly filled with determination. “I’ll show you. I’ll have a date with that edgy skell, if it’s the last thing I do!”

This made Scratch smile. “IT IS TRUE THAT YOU ARE A FAILURE, BUT I LIKE THE WAY YOU THINK. PLEASE, DON’T DISAPPOINT ME AS I DID NOT DISAPPOINT YOU WITH YOUR FAVOR.”

“Oh of course! I just need to find him,” you told the skeleton. He nodded and went back to his seat, leaving you alone with your problem. Wow, so rude, not even bothering to help you. Oh well. Guess this is your problem, isn’t it?

You strolled outside the room and began searching for the missing gold-toothed skelly.

---

It’s been hours and you’ve search the entire building but you have not seen Goldie! Where the heck did that skeleton go? You walked back to the living room-like room and sighed. Damn, you are a failure. You can’t even find one skeleton!

You found everyone was still where you left them to be. They really, really need something else to do, that’s for sure. You can’t have them lounging around every day for the rest of their lives. Or until the machine is fixed. You felt your heart drop a little at that thought.

“Hey guys, have you seen Gold?” you asked.

They all muttered their no’s which made you groan in frustration. This is really your fault, isn’t it? Gold’s gonna hate his brother even more because of you.
And then suddenly, you remembered something. Didn’t Goldie hang out at the building’s rooftop the last time he disappeared? Maybe that’s where he went! But you can’t actually go there on foot. You’d have to teleport your way up there.

You grabbed onto Hoodie who was just silently passing by you. He looked stunned and confused when you pulled him to you. “w-wha?”

“I need your help, Hoods! Take me to the rooftop!” you exclaimed.

He snorted and messed up your hair. “what the heck, buddy. you are such a dork.”

“Rude! I’m not a dork!” you said defensively. “Now teleport me to the rooftop. Please.”

He shrugged. “ok.” He wrapped an arm around your waist before the ground beneath you disappeared and you were floating somewhere in darkness. A familiar gut-wrenching feeling twisted your insides as you gripped onto Hoodie tighter, briefly closing your eyes so you wouldn’t feel so scared. You were praying so hard that you wouldn’t fall.

You didn’t.

“woah bud. you look a li’l pale. guess you’re still not used to it, huh?” Hoodie commented. You opened your eyes and found yourself at the top of the building. Your heart was caught in your throat as you calmed yourself down. Damn! Why are you afraid of heights?

You ignored Hood’s comment. You were getting used to it... until that incident with Fresh. You tried not to remember it as you pasted a smile on your face. “Nah! I’m ok!” You looked around, trying to find that dark skelly. And you found him! He was standing on the edge of the railing, unaware that he wasn’t alone.


“no biggie, bud.” He looked at Goldie and then back to you. “honestly, i don’t think you should talk to him right now. his soul’s kinda angry.”

“Well, I am the reason why he’s angry. Don’t worry, I’ll be ok, Hoods. Thanks.”

He sighed, knowing full well he wouldn’t be able to change your mind. “ok. i’ll be at the living room if you need me.” He gave you one last glance before disappearing.

You inhaled a deep breath before strolling your way to Gold’s location. He still wasn’t aware of you as he kept your back to you. You tried to peek at his face and saw that he had his eyesockets closed. He looked pretty peaceful right now. It was a rare sight to see him neither angry nor frowning.

You stopped right behind him, refusing to take a step closer. God, this building is high. Heh. You loudly cleared your throat to catch his attention. He whipped his head around, surprised when he saw you standing there. He almost slipped and fell, making you scream in shock, but he caught himself.

“Oh my fucking god, Goldie. Get down from there! You’re gonna give me a heart attack!” you cried.

He frowned, looking at you in confusion. You noticed something was different about him.

It was his eyes. They weren’t red.

“what are you doing here?” he asked kinda coldly.
“I’ve been trying to find you! Look, uhm, this isn’t one of your brother’s jokes, alright?” His expression shifted into apathy, his gaze drifting on everywhere but you. “I owe him a favor, you see. And he asked me for a date. With you. And—“

“no.” He turned back around.

“Goldie, come on. It’s just a date.”

“i said no.”

He would kill to have a date with you. But if it’s because of a favor from his brother, then he’d owe his brother big time. And he didn’t want that. He never liked to owe his brother anything.

“Gold. Please. I mean, why are you refusing? Is it because of me? You don’t like me?” This suddenly hit you. What if Goldie hated you? He hadn’t struck up a conversation with you, not even once. It was always you who was trying to get him to talk to you. “Do you hate me?” Your voice turned to a whisper.

Gold turned back around to face you, his eyes were red again. “i don’t hate you.”

That was a relief.

Okay, back to business again.

“So why don’t you want to go out with me?”

Goldie closed his eyes in frustration. He didn’t want to see your expression hurting again. Goddamn, he couldn’t even try to resist you. “fine! i’ll go out with you!” he finally said in annoyance.

You beamed. “Really? Fuck yeah!” You started to dance around in happiness. Ha! Take that Scratch! You weren’t a failure after all!

Goldie watched you in silent amusement.

You stopped dancing mid-way, an awkward smile on your face. You are a freaking embarrassment! A deep blush crept to your face and you scratched the back of your head uncomfortably. “Oh. So, uhm, d’you have any plans?” you asked.

His grin widened, making his teeth looked sharper than ever and his golden tooth was glinting under the sunlight. “nope,” he answered.

His grin widened, making his teeth looked sharper than ever and his golden tooth was glinting under the sunlight. “nope,” he answered.

Okay. This is harder than you thought. “Let’s just, uhm, take a walk. Is that ok with you?” you proposed.

He shrugged. “yeah, whatever.”

Okay. You feel awkward. Too awkward. Why are you making this so awkward? Why is he making this so, very awkward? You took a deep breath. Geez, be normal.

Goldie jumped down from the railings and you immediately stepped closer to him. “So, should we go back down? I’m thinking we should tell the others first so they wouldn’t be worried.”

“ok.”

You hugged the short skeleton with no hesitation and he jumped, startled. You immediately took a step back, “Sorry! Did I scare you?” A faint blush made its way to your face. Damn. Why are you so
awkward?

He quickly shook his head and you hesitantly stepped closer to him, wrapping your arm around his shoulders. Or clavicle. Goldie was hoping he wasn’t dreaming this time and that you were holding him so close to you. Okay. Time to stop those thoughts now. He loosely wrapped an arm around your waist and teleported both of you back into that living room-like room.

You unlatched yourself from the skeleton and burst your way inside the room. “Scratch! I did it! IN YOUR SKELETAL BUTT-FACE!”

Scratch calmly stood up from his seat to look at your enthusiastic mood and saw his brother behind you, standing outside the door. “OKAY, HUMAN. GOOD LUCK ON YOUR DATE.”

Hoodie suddenly shot up from the couch. “what?! she has another date?”

“Yes. Is there a problem with that, Hoodie?” you sassed the skeleton.

“DON’T WORRY BROTHER! I’M SURE THE HUMAN WILL ALSO GO OUT WITH YOU IF YOU JUST ASK HER,” Blueberry chirped. Blueberry earned a couple of chuckles, especially from you.

This made Hoodie flustered, crossing his arms while glaring at his brother.

You smirked. “Fine, Hoods! I’ll take you out next week!” you said.

He whipped his head towards you, looking at you with a surprised expression. “i did not ask for a date!”

“don’t be such a whiny ass, we all know you want to,” Patch said. He then turned towards you. “but this means i’m next, right baby doll?” He shot you a wink.

“Sorry, Patch. I’m all out of dates. Looks like Hood’s is getting the last one,” you told him.

His jaw dropped. “you can’t be serious about that babe.”

“Ok. Bye guys! We’ll be back before midnight, I guess! Tell my brother I might be home late!” you told the other skeletons, completely ignoring Patch. The others all waved at you as you turned around and closed the door.

You looked at your date for the day. “You ready?”

Chapter End Notes

Also, sorry for deleting the chapter where some had commented their requests. I’m sure one of you suggested Underlust/ Undertail and also Swapfell, right? Sorry, but I’m not thinking of adding characters as of the moment but I’ll keep them in mind. I’ll definitely think about it ;)

aND OH MY GOD, SOMEONE MADE A STORY INSPIRED BY MINE (HOLY CRAP) It's entitled 'Finding Siblings and Craziness' by BlueB03. (http://archiveofourown.org/works/7531006/chapters/17120752) You should check it out, guys! :D
A Date with Goldie!

Chapter Summary

Date with the golden-toothed skelly. With a third-wheeler.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You faced Goldie with a smile and nodded at him, gesturing for him to follow you out. But before you could even take a step, the door burst open once again and revealed a small, ecstatic skelly who was beaming from ear to ear.

Wait. Skeletons don’t have ears.

“HUMAN! GOLDIE! IS IT OK IF I TAG ALONG ON YOUR DATE?” he asked hopefully, looking at you with his sparkly, big, blue eyes which was supposed to help him get what he wants.

Not this time. You were pretty much immune to it by now.

“Sorry, Berry. You don’t really want to be a third-wheeler right? You’d be someone who’s a loner and basically a boring person—monster, I mean, since you follow around your friends who go on a date,” you sang, a teasing smile on your face. This tactic always works.

He pouted. “HUMAN! IT IS NOT NICE TO TELL LIES!”

“I’m not lying!” you said, surprised. You turned your head to Goldie, “Tell him, Gold!”

Goldie stood there unamused while he watched the two of you bicker. He sighed, his eyes closing for a brief moment before one of his eye burned a red glow. “you should piss off before you piss me off, kid,” he threateningly said to the skeleton.

Your eyes widened as Blueberry had started to form tears on his eyes. “Gold! That was really mean!” you said and then stepped forward to give the little skelly a hug of comfort. Blueberry gladly accepted the hug and his grin widened, giving Gold an arrogant look when you weren’t looking.

Goldie was surprised at the skeleton’s action.

“IT’S FINE, HUMAN. I’LL JUST STAY HOME AND... be alone,” Blueberry said dejectedly.

You cooed and caressed the little skelly’s back. “No! It’s ok! You can come with if you want. I’m sure Goldie wouldn’t mind. Right, Gold?” You looked back at the edgy skeleton and saw his face twist into discontentment. He was really not amused.

He tsk-ed, glaring daggers at the innocent-like skelly. “whatever.”

This made you feel a bit torn between the two. You wouldn’t have a proper date with Goldie at this point and that’s just plain rude to the first person—or monster- who you asked for a date. But you couldn’t possibly reject this sweet skelly’s face. Ugh. Damn decisions.
Your train of thought was disrupted by Blueberry’s cheering. “YAY! I GET TO COME! LET’S GO, HUMAN! ONWARDS!” he said excitedly, grabbing your hand and pulling you towards the elevator. You completely forgot about whatever you were thinking about as you let yourself be pulled by the ecstatic, adorable skelly that you couldn’t disappoint in any way.

Gold huffed in annoyance. This was supposed a day with you and him only. That little punk ruined it all. He shook his head and followed behind. He may never have another chance like this again. He’s going to make the best of it. Or at least, the best a lazy-ass skeleton like him can do.

Blueberry was bouncing on his heels as both of you walked down the sidewalk, Gold following suit. This was strangely familiar, isn’t it?

Blue rambled on and on about how excited he is while you tried to listen. His face looked so cute while he’s talking like this. You can’t help but stare at him in adoration. You can’t help but stare at him in adoration. He noticed as he paused to smile at you. You quickly averted your eyes, feeling bashful for being caught staring. You began to forget about your date.

That is until he himself tugged on your other hand.

You whipped your head to his direction, guilt creeping in your system. How freakin’ rude you are! How could you forget about your date?

“ya wanna go get some ice cream?” he asked you. You nodded, a bright smile on your face. You just noticed that you guys reached the park which was a short 15-minute walk from the laboratory. Yes, this was the same park you had planned to sleep in when you were kicked out of your apartment months ago. Also the same park where you met Alphys that started all this whole alternate universe shenanigans. But you’re grateful.

Goldie wrapped his hand around your wrist, suddenly breaking into a quick walk which made your other hand slip away from Blueberry’s hold. You noticed that you were both heading towards an ice cream stand, in which the seller was a monster.

“Hello! Would you like some nice creams?” the rabbit-like monster asked when the two of you approached him.

“Three please!” you chirped, one hand fishing inside your pocket for some money. But Goldie had already beaten you to it as he gave a bill to the monster. “Gold, you didn’t have to pay!”

He shook his head as he grabbed the nice creams from the Nice Cream Man and gave one to you and the other to a pouting Blueberry. Gold smirked at him when you weren’t looking, almost similar to the triumphant look the little skelly gave him moments ago. Blueberry glared. Revenge is sweet.

“This is really tasty!” you commented.

“That is fricking awesome!” You took another lick of the nice cream that melted deliciously inside your mouth. “I don’t even know if monster food is legal but I don’t care!”

Gold chuckled at your reaction as he quickly finished his piece and was now watching you. You savored the treat and invited the two skeletons for a walk while you eat. Both of them walked by your side as the three of you roamed around the huge park.

You saw there were monsters and humans hanging out in the park which made you glad. At least humans are now exerting some sort of effort to disseminate their hate for monsters. You then noticed
that you were some kind of attraction in the park. You were the only human with monsters.

You ignored their looks and you were pretty glad that Gold was trying not to notice them and Blueberry was oblivious. Either oblivious or just apathetic.

You finished your nice cream minutes later and the three of you decided to sit down on a bench after a long time of walking. The weather was nice. The scenery was nice. Your companions were nice. Your nice cream was nice. This was something rare. A lot of nice’s in one day.

“HUMAN, WHAT IS THAT?” Blueberry pointed to a kite that a kid and his father were playing about.

“It’s a kite. Do you wanna try flying one?” you asked and Berry eagerly nodded his head. You excused yourself from the two as you bought a kite from one of the sellers in the park.

“What are you planning, punk?” Goldie asked once you were out of earshot.

“I DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT, GOLDIE!” Blueberry said innocently, swinging his feet enthusiastically while shooting him a look.

“ya better not be planning on stealing her attention away from me. this was supposed to be our day.” Goldie shot daggers at the skelly.

Blueberry looked at him. “OH! I’M NOT THAT MEAN, GOLDIE! I’m just trying to get back at you,” he said, his lips twisting into a wicked smirk.

Goldie rolled his eyes. “you were the one who started it, you li’l piece of shi—“

You arrived with a kite in your hands. “C’mon Blueberry! I’ll teach you how to fly one!” you told the skelly. He quickly stood up and dashed to you, not before sending Gold a teasing wink. Goldie snorted, his frown deepening as he averted his eyes.

“Here! Hold it like this! Now, hold this string in your hand. When the wind blows, you need to run as fast as you can and then let go of the kite, ok?” you instructed. Blueberry listened intently, honestly wanting to fly a kite. He followed your instructions, his boots flattening the grass he was stomping on but he failed on the first try. You motivated him to try again and he did. He did it for the third time, the fourth, the fifth... until he finally got the freaking kite to fly.

You cheered, clapping your hands at his achievement. He was pretty far away though but you could tell he was cheering for himself, too. Eventually, he ran all throughout the park with his flying kite with a big grin on his face, clearly enjoying himself. You sat back down on the bench with Goldie and immediately felt guilty as you remembered that this was supposed to be a date.

“Hey. Sorry for a crappy date, Gold. If you want to, I’ll make it up to you?” you suggested, a small smile on your face. The sun was already setting down and a few monsters and humans had already left the park. Both of you were watching Blueberry from afar.

“who told you the date was done?” he asked as his toothy grin widened.

Your small smile broke into a grin.

“we finish the date and then i’ll tell you if it’s crappy or not. deal?”

You stared at his golden tooth shining from the sunlight. “Okay!” You were about to say something to him when you noticed a familiar group walking from a distance not too far away. You tried to
remember when you’d last see them and you immediately paled when you recalled. They were the same group of teenagers who caused trouble with that date with Fresh.

You tugged on Goldie’s sleeves as you quickly stood up, wanting to get out of there before they see you. Goldie shot you a questioning look. “what’s the rush, sweetheart?”

You didn’t even notice the endearment as you tried to pull the skeleton on his feet. “Hurry your ass up, Gold! We need to hide!” you whispered.

“why?” he asked you, confused.

You tugged again but you aren’t sure why he isn’t budging. Weren’t skeletons supposed to be lighter? What the heck is Goldie made out of? Or maybe he’s just using magic. “Quick!”

A deep, throaty voice emerged from behind you. “Well, well, well. Look who’s here.”

You halted. Slowly, you turned around to face them, an expression of apathy in your face. Too frickin’ late. You stood in front of Goldie, trying to shield him from the group.

“It’s Miss Monster! Nice to see you again, amirite?” the leader (or you assumed he was) of the supposed group said with a smirk. “Our last meeting wasn’t so nice. You left so abruptly, rudely leaving us!”

“Aren’t you guys supposed to be doing your homework? Tell me what school you go to,” you said, your voice surprisingly firm and unafraid.

They all froze for a brief moment. Then, the leader guffawed, a hand clutching his stomach. The other members of the group began laughing at you as well.

“Not taking me seriously? No worries. There aren’t a lot of schools in our area anyway. I could easily find you and report you,” you calmly said. You felt Goldie taking a peek but you quickly blocked him.

They wavered for a moment, their arrogant smiles wiped off their face. You smirked. Gotcha.

The leader suddenly stepped forward, readying his fist for a punch. “You fucking with us, you bitch?!”

You gasped and stepped backwards, only to bump into Goldie. Goldie calmly sidestepped you and appeared in front of the group, his grin widening in a menacing way. “fuck off. or you’re gonna have a bad time.” His eye had started to glow red until it was all fired up.

The leader took a step back, sweat running down his forehead. “Ah. A-another monster, Miss Monster-Supporter? F-fucking coward,” he spat out, still trying to be intimidating as possible. “I can see that you’re f-fond of skeletons.”

Goldie conjured a bone as he raised one hand and it left the group running away as quickly as possible. You let out a sigh of relief. He took a step towards you and put a hand on your back. “you ok?” he asked, looking concerned.

A smile reached your face. “Of course I am. Thanks for that, Gold.”

“no problem. anything for you.”

His words made your face heat up. Who knew Goldie was such a frickin’ sweetheart?
You noticed the sky was already darkening and stars were slowly popping up. “You ready to head home?”

He shook his head. “nah. date’s not finished, doll.” He took your hand, not even warning you as the two of you teleported. When your feet found solid ground, you quickly grabbed onto him to steady yourself from the sudden ride.

“My god! Give me a warning, next time please!” you exclaimed. “Fricking skeletons,” you muttered as you shook your head. He smiled sheepishly. You looked around. You were back at the rooftop of the building. “Why are we here?”

“you’ll see,” he said vaguely. “be right back.” He disappeared for a moment but came back seconds later with a blanket in one hand. He laid down the blanket onto the ground and sat down. He looked at you expectantly and patted the ground next to him. You obediently did so.

“heard there are new company tomorrow,” he started, wanting to open up a conversation to keep things from getting silent and awkward.

“Ah yes! I saw them! They looked interesting enough. One pair was wearing galaxy-themed clothes while the other was wearing dancing clothes.” This made you curious. “Do you dance, Goldie?”

He laughed. “no fucking way.”

You perked up. “Really? How cool. Aren’t you curious about meeting yourself who dances?”

He shrugged. “it’s kinda weird, to be honest. this whole thing is weird. but hey, im not someone who should be complaining. cuz if all these weird shit didn’t happened, i wouldn’t have met you.”

Your eyes widened as your heart started to beat a little louder. “I didn’t know you were such a poet, Goldie!”

He looked embarrassed. “shut up.”

“You are such a freakin’ dork! Totally dig it, dude,” you teased and then shot him a wink.

He rubbed the front of his skull with a bony hand, sighing in slight annoyance. “shut up, kid.”

You stopped talking and just gave him a vibrant smile. “Don’t worry, Sans. I’m same with you. Couldn’t have met you if these weird shit didn’t happen.” You purposely called him by his real name, thinking it was such a nice moment to do so. And you’re sure he must have missed being called by it.

Goldie felt his soul humming a little bit faster than usual as you gave off that angelic smile of yours. But immediately felt pain when he thought about the future. Someday, he’ll have to go back to his own universe. Back to that hellhole. And he was sure his brother’s awful attitude would be back, too. And then he’d be away from you. He’d have to live his life trying to forget you like he never did get sucked into another universe. It would be the hardest thing he ever had to fucking do. This universe’s Sans was so fucking lucky to have met you and he wishes so hard just to be him. He wanted to be your Sans.

Can’t he stay? With you?

“Oh my god! The sky is beautiful! Look, Goldie!” you said happily. Goldie watched your reaction and gave you a sad smile. Or maybe, he wishes that he shouldn’t have met you. He’s unlucky to have been pulled out of their universe. There are infinite alternate universes. Why did it have to be
him?

You pointed ecstatically to the beautiful night sky. Goldie had been tuning you out as he continued to watch you in admiration. Oh how he adores your facial expressions. How you get happy with little things. How you get overexcited by small actions. How you always have the feeling of gratefulness. How you weren’t scared to voice out your feelings. How you can be so easily embarrassed but can easily embarrassed another. How you show care and concern to the alternate versions of them, even though they appear to be different. How you can love unconditionally even if they are monsters. How you are not afraid to stand up for them. And so much more.

Did he really have to go? He hoped that the machine would never be fixed just so he could stay here with you.

You watched the sky in awe. It was a nice end to a nice date. Goldie was a genius for bringing you here.

You yawned as the feeling of tiredness crept into your system. Goldie quickly snapped out of his trance and helped you up. “tired? let’s go back.”

You nodded. “Thanks for the date Gold.”

He smiled cheekily. “no. thank you. you were the one who asked me out, remember? thanks for the non-crappy date, sweetheart.”

You beamed. “You’re welcome!”

It feels as if you’ve forgotten something.

Chapter End Notes

This is the cheesiest shit I've ever written, holy crap.

Thank you for reading!~

poor blueberry tho.
Meeting new friends

Chapter Summary

You met the new pairs of skelebros!
And yeah, Dancetale Sans is just shy when it comes to 'dancing' but he isn't shy generally. Like he's still Sans who puns and a huge science nerd and all that crap. Saw it from teaandstars's account.

Kinda short, sorry :3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Hey Gold,” you called the skeleton. You were trying to remember something. You definitely forgot something. Something important, you presumed.

“yeah?” He was cleaning up the blanket he laid down, getting ready to go back.

“Did we forget something?”

He froze and thought for a moment. And then he shrugged. “don’t think so, kid. ya ready to head back?”

You slumped your shoulders in defeat. You don’t have the greatest of memory, that’s true. You’ll probably remember it tomorrow. You got up on your feet and nodded at the skeleton, getting ready for another ride.

He dropped you off in front of your room. “night.”

“Good night, Gold!” You waved after the skeleton before he disappeared out of your sight. Entering your room, you found your brother sitting up on the bed, a book in his hand. He looked at you with a displeased expression.

“Did you just have another date with one of them? How many dates have you gone off to?” your brother asked you.

You were surprised by his reaction. “Uh, four. I think,” you answered, unsure.

He cringed. “Sis, what the heck! Stop dating them! That’s just disgusting!”

You snorted and tackled your brother on the bed. He didn’t dodge fast enough so you both ended up on the floor, in pain but laughing altogether. “Shut up. They’re awesome!”

“Yuck!” he exclaimed. “You’re like... cheating! You’re multi-timing or something!”

“Hey! I’m not cheating!”

He wriggled out of your grasp, leaving you on the cold floor. He dusted off his shirt and then crawled back up to the bed, grabbing the book he dropped when you tackled him. “Whatever, sis.
Anyway, summer’s approaching real quick. I heard you and Toriel talking about me switching schools.”

You gave him a teasing grin. “Eager to get closer to Frisk?” you sang. “Sure, bro! Anything for you.”

He became flustered and covered his face with his book. “Oh my god! Get out of my room!”

This made you laugh. “Still in denial, bro? Don’t worry, I’m sure Frisk likes you, too!”

“Shut up! Shut up!” he shouted. You didn’t. You annoyed him to the point that he kicked you out of the room and slammed the door in your face.

“Bro! C’mon! Frisk wouldn’t like—“

“Go away!” He screamed from the other side, cutting you off. You laughed heartily until you can’t breathe. And then you huffed and caught your breath.

“Fine. Good night, bro! And try to keep your dreams of Frisk to a limit,” you teased one last time before you walked to the elevator. You heard him scream in frustration, which made you chuckle. You headed towards Sans’ room.

“sounds like ya had a rad-tastic time, human-dude!” Fresh popped up beside you as you walked along the long hallway.

“Yeah. Pretty much so,” you said with a small smile. You gave him a glance and stopped when you noticed he stopped walking. “What’s wrong, Fresh?” you asked as he fidgeted around, looking nervous as hell.

“u-uh, i hate ta be the bearer of un-fresh news, but—uh, error just found out ‘bout this universe,” he said.

You looked at him curiously. “Who’s Error?”

He unconsciously grabbed his hat, revealing the rest of his skull, and twisted it around in his hands as some sort of distraction. “he’s the destroyer of worlds i’ve been talkin’ ‘bout.” You can see the beads of sweat around his head.

Your heart pounded in your chest. “What?” You still haven’t processed the news just yet.

“turns out the puppet led ‘im straight at ya.” Heflushed, his head turning away guiltily. “i-i’m sorry. i didn’t know.”

“Wait. What?” you repeated, still not fully processing this whole shit.

Fresh then put his hat back on his head as he gave you a confident grin. “don’t worry, broski! ta be honest, i’ve been tryin’ to hold him back all this time. i’ve had some help so you prolly wouldn’t even meet him. i’m just tryin’ to send you a warning, yo. so ya could be prepared when he finally gets past us. which i believe, is never.”

“What??” you said again, a little louder this time.

He gave you the finger guns. “catch ya later, human-bro!” He disappeared without a trace.

You were left alone in the hallway with only your thoughts to accompany you. It took you some time, a couple more minutes or so, but it finally dawned on you. Someone was after your world. A
destroyer, as Fresh deemed him so. But he said that it was only a warning. That you weren’t really in danger because he’s taking care of it. You scratched the back of your head. What the heck just freakin’ happened?!

Wait, didn’t Fresh mentioned someone helping him? It made you wonder.

You finally shook your head, grunting in annoyance. No! You shouldn’t let this get to you! If Fresh said that he’d take care of it, he will. But maybe, it wouldn’t hurt to tell the others to be ready? Wait, did you really have to battle that ‘Error’? Couldn’t you two just talk it out... or something?

Ugh! This is really making you stressed out! You finally kicked those thoughts away. You’ll deal with it later. Right now, you have to force Sans to sleep again.

---

“I thought about your request, Y/N, and I think it’s a great idea! I-i already called a couple of monsters running shops in which employees are needed. I got two. It’s Grillby’s resto-bar and Muffet’s bakery,” Alphys said.

You nodded your head. “Great! So what’s the plan?”

Sans sluggishly went out of the room you both slept in and found the two of you talking. He let out a big yawn before heading over the both of you.

Alphys looked over to Sans before resuming, “Well, I suggest we separate the Sanses and Papyruses. All the Sanses would be working under Muffet while the Papyruses would be working under Grillby’s.”

Sans made a displeased noise. “and why is that? i think the sanses would work well under grillb’s care.”

You shot him a look. “I think Alphys’ right. If the Sanses would be working under Grillby’s, then there’s a high chance they’d slack off since they’re all familiar with each other’s company, even if they are from different universes.”

Sans shrugged. “fair enough. well, good luck to the sanses under muffet’s then.”

Alphys chuckled. “M-muffet’s pretty strict when it comes to employees.”

“That’s perfect, then! And I’m sure the Papyruses will be a lot more help to Grillby’s than the Sanses,” you said.

Alphys nodded several times, “True, true.”

“i’m offended,” Sans said as he dramatically place a hand on his chest. You snorted.

“So, the plan is that there’d be a schedule for each pair of skelebros. Every day, you’d only have to handle 2 pairs, Y/N. The others would be working. But t-they’d all come back for dinner, of course,” Alphys continued.

“Wow. That’s a relief,” you said with a chuckle. Only handling 2 pairs? That makes your job much easier.

“B-but if you’d like to check out on them every once i-in a while, it’d be great,” Alphys suggested.

“Yeah, sure,” you said, flicking your hand. Psh. No way. You’d be able to relax more.
“They’ll s-start working tomorrow, so you’ll be babysitting 5 pairs today, Y/N,” Alphys teased.

You groaned loudly. Yeah, you almost forgot. Sans chuckled at your reaction.

“c’mon, babysitter. we’re gonna meet the others now. time to make a great first impression, yeah?” Sans said and motioned for you to follow him. You waved at Alphys and she waved back and then caught up with Sans out of his lab office.

Something’s bothering you as you both stepped inside the elevator. It was about Error. Should you tell Sans about him? “Hey Sans.”

“yea, kid?”

Maybe it’s best not to. Sans already has a lot on his mind right now. This news would only worry him more and you wouldn’t like that. Fresh can handle this. He did say that confidently.

“Nevermind.”

Sans looked at you with an expression of confusion but you gave him a smile that told him that it was nothing.

“Oh!” you said as you were suddenly struck by an idea. “You should really put stairs leading to the top of the building, Sans. The stars are beautiful at night. And maybe we can watch the sunrise again like the old days.”

“oh? how’d you get there?”

“Goldie took me there.”

“alone?”

Your eyebrows crunched together. “What?”

“both of you were alone? on the rooftop?” His voice was slowly dripping with venom.

Oh crap. “U-uh—“

He suddenly sighed. “nah, nevermind. it’s none of my business,” he said with a hint of bitterness. This suddenly made you feel guilty for some reason.

“San—“

The elevator stopped on the 2nd floor, cutting you off. Sans walked off without a word and you followed right behind him, unable to speak. Well, damn. This is awkward. It was a quiet walk to that room where you first saw the two new pairs.

They were awake when both of you entered the room. You sensed that they looked a little uneasy at the sight of you, a human.

“hey guys. i bed ya had some good night sleep?” Sans greeted. You hated yourself for smiling. The Papyruses looked a bit offended at the pun. Sans gave you a quick look before returning it to the skeletons in front of him. “this is y/n. she’s gonna be looking out for ya until we fix the machine. if you need me, just ask her.” Sans glanced at you. “ok, i’m gonna go ahead. you got this, kid.”

You nodded at Sans before he turned to leave the room first, leaving you with the four skeletons. Ah, you’ve always hated this part. Trying to make friends with strangers.
“Hey. You guys ready to head up or do you wanna stay here and brace yourselves?” you asked them with a cheery smile.

“brace ourselves for what?” Sans with the galaxy-themed jacket asked you.

“Well, you’ll be meeting other versions of yourselves. Aside from the other you’s you’ve already met, of course.”

“This is a strange universe indeed! But I’ll be happy to befriend another me!” Galaxy-Paps said. He’s, as usual, a cinnamon roll.

“Some of them may be weird. But I hope you’ll all get along! I mean, it’s still you, right? Just another version of yourself,” you said, trying your best to cheer them up.

“I have a question,” Galaxy-Sans asked.

“Yeah?”

“Are we really on Earth?”

You grinned. “Yes. You’ve never been on Earth before? Were you guys living in space or something?”

He chuckled. “What gave us away? Was it the jacket?”

“It was most likely the slippers,” you said, joking around with him. “But are you really? Living in space, I mean? That must’ve been so beautiful.” You wondered a place where you were closer with the stars and planets, space all around you.

“We basically lived on a floating rock in outer space,” he answered. “We’ve never been to Earth before.”

“Wait, if you lived in space... does that mean you’ve never seen a sunrise or a sunset?”

“Pretty much.”

“Human, what is a sunrise and a sunset?” Galaxy-Papyrus asked.

You squealed in delight. “Well, I’ll just have to show you! Later I mean! Oh my god, I can’t believe this!”

Paps looked excited. Sans, too, although he tried to hide it.

You then turned to the other pair, who was both wearing dancing clothes. “Lemme guess. You guys dance?”

“Wowie, human! Are you a mind reader?” Dance-Papyrus said in awe.

You laughed heartily. “It’s kinda obvious by your clothes, Paps,” you said.

He looked a little disappointed but then immediately perked up. “It IS, IS IT NOT? I’M SORRY FOR JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS HUMAN!”

“Oh no! Don’t be sorry, Paps!” You grinned in amusement. “Say, what kind of dance do you do?”

He posed, as if to show off his skills. This made you chuckle. “I mostly excel at Latin
DANCING, HUMAN. WOULD YOU LIKE TO DANCE WITH ME?"

You froze and immediately shook your head. “Sorry, I don’t dance!”

“NONSENSE! EVERYBODY CAN DANCE!”

“i’m pretty sure i can’t,” Galaxy-Sans intervened. You nodded in agreement, feeling slightly scared about dancing with Paps. You can’t dance. You just can’t. It’s as if you have two left feet or something.

This made Dance-Paps looked dejected for the second time, making you feel a bit guilty. You quickly stirred the topic away. “How ’bout you, Sans? What kind of dance do you do?”

Sans looked surprised when you addressed him. “uh... i don’t dance,” he said, looking a bit nervous.

“That’s ridiculous!” If he’s in the same universe as Dance-Paps, then he surely dances, too! Right?

Dance-Paps shook his head in disappointment. “SANS RARELY DANCES, HUMAN. HE’S TOO LAZY.”

Figures. Sans isn’t Sans when he isn’t lazy. But somehow, you were sure that Dance-Sans dances. It’s complete bull-crap when he said he doesn’t. Maybe he’s just shy or something.

“Oh, well. So you guys ready to head up?”

The quadruple nodded.

Ah. You hoped that everything would go well.

Chapter End Notes

OK. IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN. I need help with the nicknames~~~~~
Of course, Dancetale Sans would be called Hip Hop. I JUST CAN'T RESIST THAT HELLA CUTE NAME.
For Outertale, I was thinking names of stars? Or maybe Space? Galaxy? Star (i do not dig this name haha)

also, i wonder what happened to blueberry??? heh.
Chapter Summary

I'm so very sorry. it's kinda short :( I'm really busy on Saturdays at this time of month so i had a hard time.

Also, thanks to BlueBo3 and sqye for the nicknems i finally chose! Thanks for all your suggestions guys!

“tsk. scram, emo-lord,” Hoodie hissed when Goldie insisted on squeezing himself on the couch that he occupied all for himself. His brother was in the kitchen while the others were in another part of the room, doing god-knows-what. He doesn’t care in the slightest bit.

“this isn’t your couch, buddy,” Goldie retorted. Hoodie frowned when Goldie had successfully squeezed himself and he was forced to sit up a little straighter than usual. Goldie gave him an arrogant side-smirk. “you burned down the house with your couch, remember?”

“it wasn’t my fault. it was that tall guy’s fault!” Hoodie exclaimed.

“you guys talking ‘bout me?” Patch appeared behind the couch, hovering over the two of them who were lazily sprawled. “that’s sweet and all but i’m not interested with skeleton monsters. much less an alternate me.”

“fuck off. you’re trying too hard to be cool, you faker,” Goldie jeered.

Patch frowned at this. “i am born cool, you jealous shit.”

“please go away. you’re both interrupting my morning ritual,” Hoodie complained, impassive.

Patch crossed his arms and gave Hoodie a mocking grin. “shut up. this isn’t your couch.”

Hoodie glared. “it’s not about whose couch this belongs to!”

“yeah. and you didn’t burn the house down,” Goldie said sardonically.

“that is not even connected to this conversation!” Hoodie cried out.

Patch snorted.

Blueberry had peeked from the kitchen. “IS THERE A PROBLEM BROTHER? YOU SOUND UPSET!” He had flour all over his face and clothes. The smell of chocolate chip cookies began to fill the air.

“i’m fine bro,” Hoodie replied. Blueberry gave him a thumbs-up before reluctantly going back in the kitchen. In Hoodie’s frustration (because of the couch thingy), he kicked Goldie off resulting in the latter skeleton landing on his butt on the floor. Patch chuckled in amusement.

“What gives?!“ Goldie growled as he glared daggers at the smug-looking Papyrus.

“sorry. not my fault. my foot decided to kick you all on its own,” Hoodie responded.
“why you little—” Goldie stood up and suddenly summoned a Gaster Blaster, right in the middle of the room. Hoodie smirked and jumped off the couch, positioning himself in front of the skeleton with a lazy, arrogant smile, facing him head-on. Goldie just became even more annoyed at the skeleton’s reaction.

“you’re all a bunch of kids,” Patch told them but they weren’t listening.

The Gaster Blaster had started to build up its energy and Hoodie made it clear that he was going to battle the edgy skeleton.

Just in time, you swung the door opened, stopping mid-way in a conversation with the newcomers and gasped when you saw the sight in front of you. Goldie immediately froze and the Gaster Blaster disappeared out of sight. Hoodie looked afraid all the same and tried to act cool by sitting back down on the couch and pretending that nothing happened.

“What the hell were you guys doing?!” you bellowed. “Gold! Were you just planning on attacking Hoods?”

Goldie suddenly looked nervous. “u-uh, he started it.” He pointed a finger to the hoodie-wearing skeleton on the couch.

“Hoodie!” you called, your tone of voice a bit intimidating. “Explain.”

“don’t believe him y/n. i was just here minding my own business,” Hoodie said lazily in his usual way of speaking. Only to you, apparently.

They’re freaking kids! Oh my god! You inhaled deeply and tried to calm yourself down. Okay. Deep breaths, Y/N. Fine. You’ll let this one pass. Just once.

Goldie relaxed when he saw you trying to calm yourself down. He immediately sensed that they’re off the hook. For now.

The quadruple who were just watching the whole scene behind you were in awe at the sight of the different alternate versions of themselves.

“Ok. Goldie, please call the others. I’ll introduce you to our new... uh, guests.”

Goldie immediately took off to heed your request.

You were waiting patiently, even trying to have a small talk with the newcomers, until Blueberry went out of the kitchen carrying a tray of freshly baked cookies. Your mouth immediately began to water and you stretched your arm out to grab one but he quickly dodged you.

“SORRY, HUMAN. NO COOKIES FOR YOU,” he said, almost emotionless.

“Why not?” you whined.

He pouted, looking mad. “YOU FORGOT ABOUT ME AT THE PARK YESTERDAY!”

You froze. Your eyes widened. Your mouth hanged open. Oh crap. It all came crashing down on you. You finally remembered what you had forgotten. “Oh no! I’m so, so, so, sorry Blueberry! I didn’t mean to!”

He only shook his head and frowned at you. “APOLOGY NOT ACCEPTED, HUMAN. HELLO THERE, NEW FRIENDS! WOULD YOU LIKE SOME COOKIES?” Blueberry side-stepped you
and headed towards the quadruple. Blueberry ignored you. He fricking IGNORED you! Oh no! You’ve really made him mad!

You were about to mutter a bunch of senseless apologies but Goldie came back with the rest of the squad. You mentally noted that you should apologize properly to the blueberry later.

“Ok.” You looked at the quadruple, making hand gestures motioning to the older group. You started to introduce them one by one, “This is Swapped Sans and Paps! You can call them Blueberry and Hoodie. This is Edgy Sans and Paps. You can call them Goldie and Scratch. And lastly, this is Taller Sans and Paps. You can call them Patch and Giant.” You clapped your hands together. “So! You’ve noticed I’ve given them other names so you guys wouldn’t be confused because basically, you guys all have the same names!”

“I AM IN AWE! ALL THESE ALTERNATE ME’s LOOKS SO COOL AND AWESOME!” Dance-Paps said.

“I SECOND THAT!” Galaxy-Paps agreed. Ha. Cute. Papyrus is such a sweetheart.

Hoodie chuckled. “same to you, alternate me’s.” Excluding that lazy-ass.

“so. what kinda names have you thought for us, kiddo?” Galaxy-Sans asked you.

You scratched your head and then smiled sheepishly, actually coming up with none. “Well. How about you? Do you have any names you’d like to be called?”

He shrugged lazily. “anything will do.” Knew it.

“Okay, let’s see. Since you’re from space, do you have... like, uh, a favorite constellation or something?” you asked.

“orion’s pretty neat,” he said with a smile.


Galaxy-Paps scratched his head, “WELL—“

“paps doesn’t know anything about space,” Orion piped up.

“Even though you practically lived in space?” you asked in amusement. Galaxy-Paps turned into a nice shade of orange.

“NOT TRUE, SANS! I’VE HEARD A LOT FROM UNDYNE! L-LIKE, THE P-PLANET PLUTO! AHA!” He grinned successfully.

You giggled. “Ok, Pluto it is, Paps. Kinda suits you, to be honest.”

“WHY THANK YOU, HUMAN!”

You turned to the other pair. “Papyrus, since you do Latin dances, would it be okay to call you Latin?”

“OF COURSE, HUMAN! IT IS A PLEASURE TO BE CALLED BY MY DANCE!”

Okay. Three down. You looked back at Dance-Sans who seemed to be focused on other things like the interior design of the room.
“What kind of dance does Sans do?” you asked Dance-Paps.

Latin furrowed his brow bones as if he was trying to think deeply. “WELL, HE USED TO REFER TO HIS MOVES AS ‘STREET DANCING’.”

Your grin widened. “Hip Hop?” You noticed Dance-Sans quickly glancing at you at the mention of the type of dance.

“YES! I REMEMBER! THAT IS CORRECT, HUMAN!” Latin said as he nodded his head several times. “YOU TRULY ARE A MIND-READER!”

“Okay. Hip Hop it is,” you said, mostly to the skeleton in the blue hoodie, who seemed to be flustered when you found out what dance he does. Now, you’re quite curious about it.

“ARE WE DONE YET? WE WERE TRYING TO PLAY A GAME OF UNO, HUMAN!” Scratch hissed. “YOU DISTURBED US. I WAS WINNING!”

“You were losing, dear Scratch,” Giant retorted calmly.

“I WASN’T! THE GREAT & TERRIBLE PAPYRUS NEVER LOSES!”

“you were totally losing,” Patch backed up his brother.

“What is a game of Uno?” Latin asked, cutting into the conversation. The trio looked at him as if trying to figure out if they’d ask him to play with them. You hoped they would.

“Would you like to play with us?” Giant asked. You mentally cheered.

“I WOULD LOVE TO!”

The four of them strutted away, Latin quickly forgetting about his brother whom he left with you. You were left with Orion, Pluto and Hip Hop as the others continued doing whatever they were doing before you came.

“i still haven’t fully grasped this yet,” Orion said with a strained chuckle.

“So am i, brother! I’m worried about our friends back in our world,” Pluto said in concern.

“Sorry guys. My Sans is too full of curiosity but he’s doing his best to reverse the machine so you could go back.”

Orion shook his head. “nah, kid. i’m actually quite proud of him. i’ve never fixed the machine, no matter how many times i’ve tried. i just need to become used to this,” he gestured to the whole living room wherein different kinds of him and his brother resided. “i’m sure i will.”

This made you feel bad. The first days of the skelebros in another universe was always so depressing since it was always the part where you realize that you we’re just a speck of dust in a big, big world with parallel universes. You need to think of something to cheer them up. Or maybe just something that they’d be comfortable with.

An idea clicked. Grillby’s.

“You guys wanna go outside?” you asked the trio who were left with you.

“Sure.”
“YES!”

Hip Hop remained quiet.

“Ok. Follow me.”

The moment you stepped out of the building, Orion and Pluto were already gasping in awe and excitement.

“wow, look at that.”

“THAT GIANT BALL OF LIGHT LOOKS SO BEAUTIFUL!”

You chuckled at their reactions. So cute. This was their first time seeing the blue sky and the sun. Unless they can see the sun from their rock. You remembered the time Sans took you Underground, to where the monsters were locked up before they finally shattered the barrier. The place was such a curiosity and a beauty at the same time. Everything looked wonderful. Everything looked magical. Everything was just perfect. In your perspective.

But to the monsters, you were sure they were sick of it. Sick of being stuck down there for hundreds of years. You were only stuck on Earth for 20 years but you were already sick of everything. A hundred years seems too much for you.

It is really unfair to all these monsters.

You started walking and the brothers followed suit, still gazing up at the sky. Hip Hop was walking beside you. It was a quiet walk. Unless you cross out Orion and Pluto muttering praises and adoration.

“where are we going?” Hip Hop finally talked.

“Grillby’s. Thought something familiar would make you guys feel more comfortable,” you said with a smile.

“grillbz made it big in the surface?” he asked.

“Kinda. Yeah. He has lots of customers. Occasionally.”

The trip was longer than you expected. But instead of using transportation, you decided to just walk all the way there. This way, the Space Brothers would be able to appreciate the new surroundings.

When you finally arrived at Grillby’s, you saw that he had more customers than usual. You were expecting the group of dog monsters playing poker or something from last time, but they weren’t here at the moment. This made you feel a bit sad since you were excited on introducing the new Sanses and Papyruses.

“holy cheese, grillby’s is popular to humans,” Orion whispered as you all ushered them towards an unoccupied booth. “he almost always had the same monsters customers or so, but this time there are all these humans in here.”

That was true. There were a lot of human customers than last time you went here. Grillby was almost frantic as he jumped from customer to customer, serving them up and getting their orders.

The four of you waited until he wasn’t so busy. He finally walked down to your booth and you gave him a toothy grin. “Heyya Grillbz!” you greeted. The fiery man gave you a nod and acknowledged
the skeleton monsters who accompanied you. “Go on and order guys. I’ll pay.”

Grillby silently shook his head. “No. I’ll just put it in Sans’ tab.”

You laughed. “Sure thing, Grillby! Order up, guys!”
By the time you were back at home – the lab – Giant was preparing dinner. Hopefully, it wouldn’t be spaghetti. When you stepped inside the living room-like room, the room felt full. Full of friends and family. A memory passed by. You remembered feeling alone. Feeling hopeless. Feeling unwanted. But now, the difference was overwhelming. It just made you feel even more grateful.

“Blueberry! I bought you something!” you sang. Everyone had their own little worlds. Latin looked like he had already made friends with everyone. The three that were with you were still a little unsettled and awkward as they stood near you.

Blueberry had stepped out of the kitchen with an emotionless smile. Something was missing.

Ah.

It was his eyes. They don’t have stars.

It looked weird to see Blueberry with normal blue eyes.

“YOU CALLED ME, HUMAN?” he asked you, still acting mad.

You stepped forward the little skelly and showed him a plastic bag of groceries. “I’m sorry! Please forgive me for carelessly leaving you at the park! I bought you ingredients for tacos!” you said, pulling up a sad puppy face that you weren’t even sure if it works on him.

Blueberry lightened up a little as he almost snatched the plastic bag from your hand but he steadied himself and he still tried to act mad. “APOLOGY STILL NOT ACCEPTED, HUMAN!” he said as he crossed his arms in front of his chest.

A mad blueberry is a cute blueberry. Why.

“Please! I’m really, really sorry! Ask me for anything and I’ll do it! Come on, Berry!” You still can’t believe you’ve made the little blueberry mad. And that your forced cuteness wasn’t working as effectively anymore.

He seemed to relent for a little as he loosened his arms. “HMM. OKAY, HUMAN. I’LL FORGIVE YOU. BUT ONLY IF YOU SLEEP WITH ME TONIGHT.”

Your lips stretched into a smile. He’s so cute. “Deal!” Oh well. Sorry Sans.

“OKAY! I FORGIVE YOU HUMAN!” Blueberry beamed and he instantly grabbed the plastic bag
from your hand and dashed to the kitchen. You gave a slight chuckle before turning to head towards the couch.

“woah,” Orion said. You almost forgot about him and the others. They saw the whole scene. “that was overly-dramatic.”

“Shush. If you’re as cute as Blueberry, it’s totally fine,” you said.

“that kid has problems,” Hip Hop commented.

“sleep with you? such a bizarre offer,” Orion stated.

“he saw an opportunity and took it.”

“gotta say, pretty clever of the kid.”

Pluto looked confused as he gazed from Orion to Hip Hop and then back to Orion.

You laughed softly. “No worries, guys. Every one of us is kinda close. Also, I have no problems sleeping with Blueberry. I’ve slept with Sans a couple of times.”

This made the two Sanses rigid and flustered.

You understood that reaction. “NO! Not like that! Oh my god! This happened too many times before!” you quickly said, groaning in frustration.

Orion chuckled nervously. “w-well it’s not like we, uh, have a thing against that, kid.”

“I’m telling you! It really isn’t like that!” you said, heat slowly creeping to your cheeks.

“don’t worry, we won’t judge you,” Hip Hop said.

“Shut up, oh my god! Go away and make some friends or something!” you cried out and walked out on them, Pluto still oblivious as usual. He wasn’t sure about what you three were talking about. You headed towards the couch where Hoodie was occupying all of it as he watched the tv. “Hey, move your ass, butt-face. I wanna lie down, too.”

Hoodie lazily moved his gaze to you and then back at the tv. “busy, kid.” He scooted farther into the couch and patted the space in front of him. “you can lie down here if you wanna.”

You didn’t have a problem with that. And so you did. He even laid out his arm for you to lay your head on. Your eyes were starting to droop a little when he attempted to start a conversation.

“where’d ya guys go off to?”

“Grillby’s,” you answered shortly.

“huh. ain’t that where we’ll be working?”

“Yep.”

“oh well. i was really looking forward at working with this universe’s muffet but i’m ok with grillbz.”

You tried to keep awake. “Why? You friends with Muffet in your world?”

“she’s like my guardian. or something. yeah.”
“Ah.” You can’t fight the sleep that was consuming you.

“heard your conversation with my brother. please don’t do anything rash.”

You were barely awake by now. “Hoodie, what the hell. I’m not gonna rape him or—” you yawned, “—anything.”

“i’m just saying. you should go to sleep. i’ll wake you up at dinner.”

“Good night.”

You went into dream land.

---

You woke up to the sound of your growling stomach. Groaning and still fuzzy with sleep, you attempted to sit up only to be stopped by an arm wrapped around you. You can’t deny it, it felt cozy and comfortable. But what time is it?

You yawned and tried to shake Hoodie awake. Somehow, he fell asleep, too. Looks like both of you missed dinner. “Hoods. Hoods!” you whispered. The whole room was quiet. Maybe dinner did end and they didn’t even bother to wake the both of you.

He slurred but still didn’t wake up. Oh god, him and Sans were really alike! Jesus Christ.

“Hey lazybones! Wake up!” you whispered again, a little louder this time. He stirred for a little before fluttering his eyesockets open.

“What?” he asked blearily. He yawned before looking around. You gave him a couple of moments. He finally sat up, his eyesockets wide in surprise. “i think we missed dinner!” he exclaimed.

“Really? I didn’t notice,” you said sarcastically.

He removed his arm wrapped around you and you stretched your whole body, even popping some bones. He whistled a low hum of appreciation. “havin’ a poppin’ time, buddy?”

You laughed. “Shut up.”

The lights were off and so does the TV. The lights in the kitchen were the only ones on. You headed towards it and found two plates of chicken wings on the table. Yum. “Hoods! You hungry?” you called from the kitchen as you sat down on one of the chairs and started to eat.

Hoodie came in a couple of minutes later and found you chewing on one of the bones. He froze for a moment and felt his blood ran cold. Oh wait, he doesn’t have blood, he’s a skeleton. But he definitely felt something different.

You caught him staring and shrugged it off, motioning for him to sit down and eat his food. He chuckled, a bit strained and nervous. “i’m good, kid.” You shot him a questioning look. The chickens were delicious! Giant did a good job on this one.

You started to suck on one of the bones and you noticed him suddenly acting uneasy. It finally crashes down on you and you started to laugh very, very loudly. “Oh my god, Hoodie!” It took you a couple of minutes to finally regain your composure. You were out of breath but you were still giggling, “Oh shit. I’m so sorry.”

Hoodie shot you a glare. “yeah. i can feel your sincerity from here.” He did not find it funny. Okay,
“Jesus! Did I make you uncomfortable?” you asked, your lips still on a full-blown grin. Your cheeks were definitely starting to hurt.

“no,” he denied.

“Ah? So you don’t mind if I continue?” you asked and started to eat another piece of chicken. His smug smile dropped as you started again on the chewing. You gave the bone a loud slurp once it was clean.

Hoodie cringed. “stop it.”

You stopped, chuckling a little. “Dude. Just go into the other room. I’m eating here.” You shot him a teasing smile, “Unless you still want to hear more.”

“kinky. i can play your game if you want to,” he said, his mood suddenly changing into uneasiness to a challenging one.

Okay. This took into a weird turn. “Nah. I’m done,” you said, dropping the chicken wing on the plate and standing up to leave.

“and why is that?” He chuckled huskily. “am i making you uncomfortable?”

“Shut up, Hoods,” you said, your face suddenly burning hot.

His eyesockets landed on your shirt. “nice shirt. can i talk you out of it?”

“Oh my god!” you cried out, quickly covering your ears. Nope. Your plan backfired. Abort mission. I repeat, abort mission. The tables have quickly turned.

His gaze travelled down to your legs and then back to your eyes. He gave you a flirty wink. “nice legs. what time do they open?”

“Hoodie!” you squealed.

“i can make you scream louder than that.”

“OH MY GOD NO!” you shouted and then rushed out of the kitchen. No use. He just teleported right in front of you, a smug grin on his face. You probably look like an apple right now.

“hey. what’s the difference between you and school?”

You felt relief. Kinda. Finally, he stopped with his dirty jokes. “What?” You honestly didn’t understand his question.

“i’m not gonna come into school,” he said impassively.

Your brain slowly processed his words. What. What? OH MY GOD, WHAT?! “Fuck you!” you shrieked in horror. No, no, no. You can feel your face heating up once again, definitely hotter than before.

He laughed, amused by your reaction. “yes. fuck me.”

“HOODIE!”
His laughter evolved into a guffawed. You left the room, your face still burning. You made your way into the elevator and pressed the 4th floor, where you think Blueberry’s room was. Not long after, Fresh popped up beside you and he was grinning really widely as if he heard the whole conversation.

“Well, that was totally something,” he said.

“Fresh, please don’t bring this up. Ever. Again,” you hissed.

“Your wish is my command, human-dude,” he said while laughing. “see ya!” He quickly disappeared as soon as you walked off the elevator. You quickly headed to Blue’s room. Or where you thought Blue’s room was. You opened the door.

There he was, sitting on his bed and looked like he was deep in thoughts. He finally noticed you and he looked so surprised. “Human! I did not expect that you would still do my wish. I was already planning on guilt-tripping you tomorrow when you didn’t fulfill it.”

“Well, here I am. Also, not my fault that you guys didn’t even bother to wake me up for dinner,” you retorted as you neared the bed and sat at the foot of it.

“You were sleeping so soundly with my brother, I didn’t want to ruin it!” he said, suddenly grinning teasingly. You remembered Hoodie’s dirty pick-up lines a couple of minutes ago. You started getting flustered again. This made Blueberry worry. “Are you ok human? You look red. Are you sick?”

You cleared your throat and gazed in another direction. “Yep, I’m totally fine. Heh.” You were obviously never going to forget that moment.

You slipped in bed with Blueberry and you cuddled with him. “Night Berry.”

“Sweet dreams, Human~” he said happily.
Chapter Summary

mOAR SCENES WITH DA NEW ADDITION TO THE FAM

Something hard was pressing against your chest. You stirred a little and tried to shake off the quite uncomfortable feeling. It won’t come off. You moved your body without opening your eyes. You can’t, except for your one free hand. Relenting, you slowly opened your eyes.

Remembering that you slept with Blueberry last night, you looked down on your body. There he was, hugging your body tightly and using your chest as his pillow. You suddenly had the need to go to the bathroom. Stealthily slipping out from his arms and replacing yourself with a large pillow, you tiptoed out of the room.

You have no idea what time it is for there were no windows to indicate whether the sun was up or not. Still, better check up on Sans. You didn’t visit him last night. Pretty sure he was probably waiting for you to show up so you two could sleep together again.

You reached his lab office in a matter of minutes and saw no sign of him. The machine, or portal (it looks like one), was making a whirring noise like it always does. There were papers scattered everywhere but you were too lazy to pick them up right now so you just left them that way.

You started to search for the skeleton. You peeked inside the room you two slept in. He wasn’t there. The bed was still made. It meant he hadn’t even gone into this room.

Where was he? You headed to your floor where you and your brother’s room were along with the other skeleton’s rooms. You reached your door and opened it as quietly as you can and peeked inside. You found your little brother sleeping peacefully on the bed alone. Sans was still missing.

Hmm. You’ve checked everywhere. You headed towards the 5th floor. Maybe he was in the living room? Sans rarely goes into that room. He barely associates with his alternate selves and brothers.

But for some reason, you found him. You opened the door and found the place deserted and quiet. That is until you’ve smelled coffee coming from the kitchen. Yes, caught him.

You walked to the kitchen and a smile automatically plastered on your face. You sneaked a quick look inside the kitchen and confirmed that it was him. His back was facing you and he was still wearing his lab coat. Sexy.

You stepped inside, “Morning, lazybones.”

He jumped a little, surprised by you showing up without warning. He quickly turned around to face you. God, he didn’t really sleep last night. There were black rings under his eyesockets. You don’t even know how skeletons can look so tired. Magic, probably.

“y/n. morning,” he greeted. He grabbed another cup from the cupboard and poured you coffee. He waved his hand over it and a sparkly blue glow emitted from his hand to your coffee before he handed it to you.
“I’m sorry. Were you waiting for me last night?” You carefully grab the mug and brought it to your lips. Ah, you missed Sans’ specialty coffee. There was only one thing left.

“i think i kinda was. i kept sayin’ that i should really sleep but i kept making excuses because you weren’t showing up.” He was tired. And he was saying all the right words. Dang. It made your heart swell.

“I’m really sorry. I should’ve checked on you first.” The guilt was now eating at you.

He gave you a tired smile. “nah. it’s fine, kid.”

He held out his hand to you. You didn’t hesitate in taking it. After a moment, the ground beneath you disappeared and you were deprived of all your senses. Your stomach dropped and your head felt dizzy. But it was over as quickly as it started. Your feet found solid ground and you almost stumbled but you stood your ground. You were getting pretty good at it. Just try not to remember about that incident with Fresh.

“perfect timing.”

The sun was peeking at the horizon, orange and yellow hues were filling the sky as darkness started to fade away to give way to the new light. You stared at it in awe. No matter how many times you’ve seen the sunrise, it really never gets old. It was always such a refreshing feeling since a sunrise represents a new day, a new beginning, a second chance.

You never even noticed that you hadn’t let go of Sans’ hand the whole time.

---

“Bye guys! Have fun!” You waved your hands at the skeletons who were being led by Alphys and Sans towards their new workplace.

“This isn’t fair! Why won’t the newcomers come to work?” Blueberry whined. “I wanna stay with the human, too!”

You giggled. “Don’t worry, sweetie. We’ll get our alone time soon. Now go and be a good boy, alright?”

Berry pouted. “Okay, fine! Goodbye human! Please don’t miss me so much!”

Cute.

You watched as the three sets of skeleton brothers started to walk away from the laboratory. As soon as they were out of sight, you turned back to the quadruple that were left with you. “Ok, guys! What do you wanna do?”

Latin stepped forward. “I want to watch the other skeletons work!”

“Oh no. Anything except that. You’ll get tired of seeing their faces soon enough, Latin,” you told Dance-Paps. You tried to think about something to do.

“why don’t we stay here and nap all day?” Orion suggested with a lazy grin.

Typical Sans. “No. I’m tired of being stuck in there. Let’s go somewhere else.” You suddenly had an idea. You fished out your phone from your pocket and dialed Toriel’s number.

2 hours later, you were in front of Toriel’s house. You rang the doorbell. Toriel was quick to answer
the door as she swung it open in a matter of seconds. “Y/N! I’ve missed you, dear! We hadn’t seen each other for so long!” Tori greeted.

You stepped forward to embrace the soft goat lady and you instantly had a craving for butterscotch-cinnamon pie since she smelled like it. “I’ve missed you, too, Tori! And oh! We have new guests!” You introduced Tori to the four skeletons with you.

Tori clapped her hands together in delight. “It’s always nice to meet someone new! I’m Toriel.”

“I know you. you’re the lady i talk to behind the large door,” Orion said.

Toriel laughed softly. “Oh dear! I remember the old days!”

“she is?” Hip Hop asked in surprise.

“BROTHER, YOU TALK TO SOMEONE BEHIND THE LARGE DOOR? DO YOU MEAN THE RUINS’ DOOR?” Pluto asked his brother.

“she is, bonehead,” Orion answered Hip Hop, basically ignoring Pluto.

Hip Hop grimaced. “i-it’s nice to finally meet you, my queen.”

“No need to address me that way. Hip Hop, right? It’s really nice to meet you, too!” Toriel said with a big, friendly smile. Hip Hop blushed a faint blue. It wasn’t noticeable but you definitely saw it. “Ah, how rude of me! Please, do come in. Welcome to my home!”

Toriel motioned for you and the other to come in and you did first, the others followed behind.

“Please sit down while I prepare tea and pie. I’m sure you’d love it!” Toriel said before she went to disappear into the kitchen. The rest of you guys sat down on her couch.

“I DIDN’T KNOW YOU WERE TALKING TO THE QUEEN, SANS!” Latin said to his brother, Hip Hop.

“ME TOO!” Pluto said.

“you didn’t have to know, bro. it was nothing,” Hip Hop answered vaguely.

“what he said,” Orion said, agreeing to Hip Hop’s reply.

Really confusing. The guys looked alike and sounded alike. If you changed their clothes right now, there’d be no way to tell them apart. Unless you held a dance battle, then most probably Hip Hop would be the Sans who would know how to dance.

Suddenly, there were small frantic steps going down the stairs. You turned your head slightly and saw Frisk running down holding Flowey in their hands. They ran up to you and beamed at the sight of different Sanses and Papyruses.

“Hey there, Frisk! How are you? I’ve missed you!” you told the kid as they went to hug you. You gave them a tight squeeze and also gave Flowey a quick kiss and he squealed in disgust.

“OH HELLO THERE YOUNG FRISK! OUR FRISK WAS MORE LIKE A TEENAGER IN OUR UNIVERSE!” Pluto stated.

“Is that so?” you asked, surprised. You really shouldn’t be. If there was a Frisk in your universe, there was most likely a Frisk in other alternate worlds since Frisk was the monster savior. But if there
was an alternate Frisk, then there would be an alternate you? That sounded weird.

Frisk set Flowey down on the coffee table and signed quickly to your group. You scratched your head. You really should take that damn sign language lesson. You always seem to forget.

“interesting. our frisk talks,” Orion commented.

“They said they wanted to know the names that Y/N gave you,” Flowey translated quite grumpily.

“orion.”

“hip hop.”

“I AM THE GREAT PAPYRUS! BUT YOU CAN CALL ME LATIN.”

“I AM THE GREAT PLUTO!”

Frisk bounced on their heel as they shot an excited grin. They started to sign again.

Flowey sighed in irritation. “They said it was really nice to meet all of you.”

“IT IS REALLY NICE TO MEET YOU, TOO, SMALLER FRISK!” Pluto said.

“ya look so cute in this age, kid,” Orion said with a chuckle. “and a lot less annoying, too.”

Frisk giggled.

“Y/N! Come! Tea and snacks are ready!” Toriel called from the kitchen. Frisk quickly grabbed Flowey from the coffee table and dashed their way to the kitchen. You and the others followed. You sat down on one of the chairs and helped yourself with a slice of pie. Oh. You’ve missed this smell.

“So how are you these days, Y/N? Was taking care of the skeletons too much for you? Oh dear, you shouldn’t really stress yourself. You still have to take care of your brother, too,” Toriel said. She suddenly snapped her paw fingers. “Oh! That’s right! I have ketchup bottles in store today. Would you want it?” she asked the two Sanses. Both of them hesitantly nodded but both obviously wanted it. Toriel made Frisk get two ketchup bottles from the cabinets.

“As I was saying, Y/N. You really should take a break soon. Or maybe a vacation, just for a short while. Just so you won’t tire yourself so much,” Toriel continued.

“I’m doing fine, Tori. The skeletons aren’t a bother. I actually love being with them. And I’ve heard Sans was almost done with the machine. Soon enough, they’ll all be able to go home again and we’d all be alone again.” Somehow, the thought bothered you. That the living room wouldn’t feel full ever again because it would only be you, Sans, Papyrus and your brother. No more Hoodie. No more Blueberry. No more Gold and Scratch and Patch and Giant and Hip Hop and Latin and Pluto and Orion. There was a tight squeeze in your heart.

Toriel noticed the change in your mood and the others noticed, too. Frisk was back with the ketchup bottles and they gave it to the Sanses.

“Don’t dwell so much on it, dear. I’m sure they’ll never forget you. And they’ll never forget the time they had here in our universe,” Toriel said, trying to cheer you up. But it was no use. The sadness was pulling you back down. A strangled sob left your throat.

“k-kid? you ok?” Orion asked, surprised.
“Gosh! Stupid humans and their stupid feelings!” Flowey loudly said and sighed in annoyance. Frisk quickly shushed him.

“I-i’m sorry. I just—I couldn’t—Ugh. I don’t want you guys to leave.” You wiped the tears that fell on your cheeks. “But that’s pretty selfish of me,” you said bitterly and then chuckled.

Frisk walked to you and gave you a hug, which made you genuinely surprised.

“If you don’t want us to leave, then we won’t leave, human!” Latin said, as he made his way to hug you, too. The tears fell harder as you laughed. Papyrus is really such a huge sweetheart.

“Oh god, guys. You haven’t even been here for a week, Latin! How could you not want to go back to your home?” You sniffled. Toriel was just quietly watching the exchange.

“I can feel it in my soul, human! The desire to make you happy! I do not want to leave if it would only make you sad!” Latin answered. That is just the sweetest thing ever.

“Aww guys.”

“c’mon kid, you’re gonna have to **cry** better than that,” Orion said.

“SANS! PLEASE! DO NOT RUIN THE MOMENT!”

“you’re not gonna tear us apart,” Hip Hop piped in.

“NOT YOU, TOO, BROTHER!”

You laughed. Oh, you are really going to miss these guys when they go.
A couple of days passed after that visit with Toriel. You were stuck with the Swap Bros and Dance Bros for today. You were wasting your time by annoying Hip Hop to dance. Latin had already danced for you and with you yesterday. More like forced you off the couch and twirled you around until you threw up. But it was fun, altogether.

“Please stop. I’m not dancing. ever,” Hip Hop said with finality.

“You’re full of crap,” you hissed.

“Human! Language!” Latin scolded. You muttered a quick apology to the taller skeleton before turning back to the shorter one.

You’re still not buying it. According to Latin’s stories of their universe, it was every monster’s passion to dance. Surely, Hip Hop loves to dance! Just as his brother does! “I’ll see you dance someday.” You said it like it was a threat.

Hip Hop shrugged but it looked like he was a wee bit intimidated.

“IF YOU REALLY WANT TO SEE HIM DANCE, YOU SHOULD CREEP INSIDE HIS ROOM ONCE,” Latin said quite proudly.

Hip Hop paled right on the spot. Despite your concern about how a skeleton can look pale, you were already laughing your ass off. “Oh my god, Paps!” You wheezed. “Thank you!” You cackled until you can’t. And then you sighed in pure bliss.

“No problem, Human!” Latin replied, extremely happy that he was able to make you laugh so hard.

“Papssss,” Hip Hop whined, pulling his hood down to cover his flustered face.

“What is it, Brother? Oh please, I know your routine every night before you go to sleep!”

You grimaced. “Okay. That’s slightly creepy Latin. But really, thanks for the info.” You shot Hip
Hop a devious look.

“i am locking my door tonight, oh my god,” Hip Hop said, exasperated.

You laughed. “Hey! That’s not fair!”

“y/n, please. don’t be weird like my bro.”

“I AM OFFENDED, SANS! I AM NOT WEIRD!”

“ Weird is good.”

“why are we even having this conversation?”

“Your fault. You could’ve dance and we wouldn’t be having this conversation right now.”

He sighed. Somehow, you felt like you hit something below the belt when he suddenly looked so solemn. There was a reason why Hip Hop won’t dance, isn’t there? You should’ve been more sensitive. This might be a taboo topic for him. “I’m sorry,” you quickly apologized.

He looked struck. “what are you saying sorry for?”

“Well, I’m a pretty pushy person and sometimes I don’t filter my words. So I’m sorry if I was being insensitive.” You genuinely apologized even though you’ve never apologized for something like this before. Hip Hop was surprised.

Hoodie had been walking past by and heard what you said. “big words for someone like you, bud.”

“Shut up, Hoods.”

“it was really not a big deal, kid,” Hip Hop said, still sounding surprised. “but if it makes you feel any better, i was actually planning to dance for you.”

Your mouth was agape as you stared at him in shock and horror.

“—but you know. you’ve already apologized. so, guess i won’t then.” He flashed you an innocent grin.

“Oh my god you are a horrible, horrible skeleton,” you groaned in frustration.

“SANS! HOW CAN YOU UPSET THE HUMAN? PLEASE DON’’T MESS UP HER FEELINGS!” Latin scolded his brother.

“feelings? what feelings? feelings are nonexistent for her,” Hoodie piped up as he passed by once again. He disappeared as he headed to the kitchen where his brother was. Pretty sure Blueberry’s cooking something new again today.

“That was so rude, Hoodie! I am a normal human and I have feelings!” you screamed so that the skeleton could hear. Hoodie didn’t reply which made you grunt in frustration.

Hip Hop laughed. “you make me laugh, kiddo.”

You winked at him. “I’m born funny. So, what about that dance?”

He shrugged. “maybe next time. when i feel like it.”
Well, it was better than nothing! “Great!”

“IT’S GOOD THAT YOU TWO HAVE REACHED AN AGREEMENT!” Latin clasped his hands joyfully.

“Okay. Now that I’m done annoying you, I have nothing else to do.” You lazily slumped down on the couch.

“FEAR NOT, HUMAN!” Blueberry exited the kitchen and his hands were on his hips as he looked at you with a proud face. Stains of flour and whatever-those-were were all over his face and clothes. “I HAVE PREPARED SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR YOU AND MY BROTHER!”


Blueberry glared at you, slightly pouting. “HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN, HUMAN? YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO TAKE HIM OUT ON A DATE! YOU SAID SO ALMOST A WEEK AGO!”

You flinched. Ah right. The date. You did forget. “I don’t have anything planned.”

He grinned with pride. “DO NOT WORRY, HUMAN! I ALREADY PLANNED EVERYTHING FOR YOU! NOW PLEASE GO AND SHOWER AND PUT ON SOME NICE CLOTHES!”

“What? Why? What’s the plan?”

“IT’S A SURPRISE, HUMAN! NOW GO AND CHANGE!” Blueberry ordered.

You stood up hesitantly and looked at the Dance Brothers before doing what the little skelly told you to do. You showered and picked out a simple, blue, off-shoulder dress that Alphys picked out for you last time you went shopping for clothes. After 30 minutes, you were back on the couch, hair was still dripping wet but at least you look nice or something.

“YOU LOOK BEAUTIFUL, HUMAN!” Latin complimented.

“I know,” you said with a chuckle. You noticed Hip Hop had been staring at you this whole time. You shot him a cheeky grin. “What? Speechless?”

He quickly averted his eyes, a faint blush evident. “n-no.”

You snorted and then laughed. Cute. You missed the times when you teased Sans, shooting him a wink every now and then. Yep. Those were the days.

“HUMAN, ARE YOU READY?” Blueberry called out from the kitchen. You stood up and smoothened your dress.

“Tell me what you’re planning, Blue. This feels like a blind date or something,” you groaned. Blueberry stepped out of the kitchen once again, but he was clean this time. That was fast. He gasped when he saw you, his starry eyes shining brighter.

“HUMAN, YOU LOOK WONDERFUL!”

This made you blush because he had looked so genuinely in awe at your new look. “Thank you.”

“MWEH HEH HEH! I AM SURE THAT MY BROTHER WILL THINK SO, TOO!” Blueberry said pompously. He laid out his gloved hand in front of you and you hesitantly took it. He closed his eyes as if trying to focus on something. A couple of seconds passed watching him looking like he
wanted to poop or something.

“What are you doing?” you finally asked.

Blueberry gave up and sighed. “AH. IT IS TRUE, I AM NOT CUT OUT TO TRAVEL THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM LIKE MY BROTHER. TRULY, I MUST NEED MORE TRAINING!” he cried out. Oh. He was trying to teleport.

You laughed. “It’s okay Berry. You don’t need teleportation powers like Hoods. You have your own special powers that make you unique!”

He stood up straight. “YOU’RE RIGHT HUMAN! I SHOULDN’T COMPARE MYSELF TO MY LAZY BROTHER! I AM THE MAGNIFICENT SANS AND I WOULD STAY AS MAGNIFICENT AS ME! MWEH HEH HEH!”

You shot him a smile. “So, where were you planning on teleporting me to?”

“ROOFTOP! GOLDIE HAD HELPED ME PREPARE LAST NIGHT! MY BROTHER IS ALREADY WAITING!”

You nodded your head at the little skelly before heading towards the couch where you left the Dance Brothers. You quickly grabbed Hip Hop’s hand and swept him off his feet. He was taken aback by your sudden action.

“k-kid? what?”

“I’m sure you were listening, Hip Hop,” you said while rolling your eyes. “Take me to the rooftop?”

He had averted his eyes once again while slowly nodding his head. “ok.”

You wrapped your arms around the skeleton and he had been flustered as both of you teleported to the rooftop. You ignored the almost-familiar feeling of teleportation and in a blink, you were on the rooftop. The sun was high up but clouds were blocking its way, making the day just the way you like it. You took a step back from the skeleton and thanked him. He was gone without another word.

Hoodie had his back to you while he gazed at the horizon. “sans, seriously you didn’t have to do all th—” He started to turn around and stopped talking when he found you standing there instead of his brother.

“Hey,” you greeted, a bit awkwardly.

“hey, bud.”

You just noticed. There was a table at the center of the rooftop. There were two chairs. There was food on the table that looked reheated. And a lit candle. Wow. This took so much effort. Hoods followed your gaze as he started to scratch the back of his head. “uh, look, kid. you don’t have to do this if you don’t want to—“

You raised an eyebrow. “Hoodie. I was the one who told you I’d take you out on a date. It was sweet of your brother to remind me and prepare all of this for us. Don’t upset him.”

Hoodie shrugged but there was a hint of a smile on his face. “i was just saying, kid.”

He walked over to the table and you followed. He pulled out your chair for you, which was a first, and you laughed. “Wow. So I only needed to take you out on a date before you act like a
“first time. take advantage of it while you can, it’s not gonna happen again,” he said.

You laughed. He sat across from you and then an awkward silence drowned the both of you. You looked at the food prepared by Blue. There was a steaming tray of freshly-cooked lasagna, two bowls of mushroom soup and ice cream for dessert. Yum yum. “I don’t know about you but this looks great! I’m digging in.”

Hoodie laughed. “go ahead.”

You started eating and boy, was the lasagna just perfect. You were sure Giant had helped Blueberry make this. Not that you don’t think that Blue couldn’t make such a perfect dish. Of course he can.

“not bad,” Hoodie commented as he took a bite.

You mumbled incoherently before happily eating your fill. Hoodie was the opposite as he was eating slowly. You swallowed your food before speaking. “This isn’t really what I have in mind as our date.”

He raised his browbone. “yeah? what did you have in mind, kid?”

You shrugged. “I dunno. Netflix and chill seemed like a perfect idea. Just literally Netflix and chill, no meaning behind it.” It was the kind of date that suits Hoodie, you supposed.

He chuckled. “sounds great. but this is great too. i mean, as long as you’re with me, i bet it’s gonna be great.”

You almost choked on your food. Oh my god. You coughed. “Hoodie!” You were getting flustered.

“What? did my words turn you on?”

“Oh my god, not this again,” you groaned.

He laughed. “fine, fine. i’ll stop. but only this one time, since i don’t wanna ruin such a wonderful day.”

“Good,” you said with a roll of your eyes.

After lunch, both of you went to lean over the railings so you could see the scenery. There was a comfortable silence in the air. Different hues of yellow filled the sky. The wind whooshed past you ad made your hair flutter. The air was cold but it was perfect. You decided to break the silence.

“Hey. I heard the machine’s gonna be fixed pretty soon.” There was sadness in your voice.

Hoodie didn’t answer.

“So, what’s your plan when you go back?”

“I’m not going back.”

Your eyes widened. “W-what?” You thought you heard wrong. You heard wrong, right?

“I’m not going back,” he said with finality this time. He turned to you so he could look straight in your eyes and see that he was serious.
You tried to hide your happiness. “R-really? Why not?”

“it’s not like i don’t have friends. i do. and i miss them. but i just can’t deal with the resets anymore. and i’m pretty sure that if the kid resetted without us, it might mean we’d be erased from the timeline. it might mean we’d be forgotten. it might mean that we had to start all over again. i’m really not sure what’s going to happen and i don’t plan on knowing.” He sighed solemnly. “also, i don’t wanna leave this place.”

Something stirred inside of you, almost pushing away your positivity. It was a negative thought. “But, you guys don’t belong here.” The words came out of your mouth before you could even stop it.

He froze. You wanted to kill yourself right then and there. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean th—“

He cut you off with a bitter laugh. “pretty harsh of you kid. but can’t deny that you’re right. we don’t belong here. this isn’t our universe.” He took out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and lighted one.

You wanted to stop him but it felt like he needed this. You let him go.

“but, i’m willing to be a part of your universe,” he ended.

You slowly processed his words. And then beamed brightly at the skeleton. “Only if you’d want to.”

He glanced at you and gave you a smug grin. “of course i’d want to.”
Your eyes automatically fluttered open to find Patch standing near your door. With a gasp, you pulled up your blankets because you remembered you were only wearing a thin, white, sleeveless top and short, cotton shorts. “What the fucking hell, Patch?!” You glanced at the clock positioned on top of the door and then looked back at him. “It’s freaking 7 AM in the morning! Go away, you’re disturbing my sleep!” you hissed.

“kid. are you okay?” Patch asked, his expression horrified.

“I’m fucking perfect. Now leave me alone!” you growled. He looked surprised for a moment but he quickly regained himself.

“why don’t you look under your sheets sweetheart?” He looked sarcastic and it pissed you off.

“Fuck off!” You flipped him off.

He laughed, but it was humorless. “trust me, babe. i think you’d want to look under your sheets.”

You tsk-ed and decided to take a peek just so you could get this over with. Your face paled at the sight under your sheets. Oh no. No, no, no. You totally forgot. There it was. A large, blood stain was in between your legs. As if on cue, you started having menstrual cramps and groaned. “God fucking damn it.”

Patch took a step forward when he saw your reaction. “what? what is it? are you dying? why do i smell fucking blood on you?!”

You cringed. “Oh my god, how the hell do you smell blood on me? Fucking weirdo.” You groaned again as another wave of cramps overcame you. This made you unable to move—well, you can move but it was harder because of the pain. “No way. No freaking way,” you whimpered.

So that was why you felt so irritable and extra grumpy when you woke up. You figured it’s just
going to get worse as you go through the rest of the day.

“shit. what’s wrong?” Patch looked concerned. He freaked out when you didn’t answer. “dammit! i’m calling sans!”

“No!” you said instantly. He stopped walking out the door. “Don’t tell him. Oh my god, don’t freaking tell anyone! I’m fine, ok? It’s just a girl thing which happens every month.” You sat up and instantly flinched as you felt really gross underneath. Ok, you’ve really gotta change your sheets but you can’t because Patch is still here and he’s staring at you.


“I bleed every month okay! Please, go away. I need to change.”

“you’re fucking bleeding?” Patch said in horror.

“Shut up! Like I told you, I’m fine!” you hissed.

“what? do you have some sort of open wound or something?”

“Goddamn it, Patch! Get out of my fucking room!”

That did it. He left, looking scared out of his wits. For you or because of you, you’re not sure. But is it nice to be alone at last. You slipped out of the bed and locked the door before Patch comes bursting in and acts like a fucking psycho again. Pulling open a drawer of your undergarments, you quickly changed your blood-soaked panties (ew) and left it on the ground. You slipped up a new pair of panties and froze after you went through the rest of your drawer.

You ran out of pads. Great. Just fucking great.

You screamed out of frustration. Better ask help for this one. And since Patch already knows, he’s the best person to ask. You grabbed your dirty panties, shorts and the bedsheet and rolled them up in a big ball before going out the door. You didn’t even bother putting on shorts because they’re only going to be stained as you have no fucking pads right now.

You wore a grumpy face as you headed towards the laundry room which was located at the 5th floor right next to the living room-like room. You dumped your dirty clothes in the washing machine, poured soap and detergent and then left it running. You exited the laundry room and entered the living room.

“Patch!” you called out. You caught him red-handed as he was busy talking about you behind your back with his brother. He froze at the sight of you entering the room. Giant looked impassive as always but Patch looked a bit guilty. “There are only two of you for this day?”

“Yes. The others were being examined by Sans and would not be back until the end of the day,” Giant answered in his calm voice. “I heard everything from my brother. I see you are having your ‘period’ as what they call it, am I right?”

You nodded your head. “Yes. I ran out of pads. I need it to stop the bleeding or something.”

Giant nodded. “I see. Then I will go get you some. Please, do not be too short-tempered with my brother while he accompanies you while I am gone. Control your temper and stay calm. I will be back as soon as I can.” Giant looked at Patch who looked like he was freaking terrified of his life. “Brother. Be good.” Giant was out of the door in a blink.
You crossed your arms and tried to stay calm like what Giant said. You got this. You took in deep breaths.

“do y-you need anything?” Patch asked, slightly awkward. He had never encountered this sort of thing before. It surprised him that his brother knows more than he does.

“No,” you hissed. He cringed. You sighed and muttered a softer, “no.”

Your cramps started acting up again and you clutched your stomach. Patch looked worried and ran over to you to assist you. “damn it. tell me what’s wrong so i can help you.”

“There should be some pills in the cabinet. Please get me one. And a glass of water.” Okay. Resorting to medicine now since the pain is too much for you to bear. Your cramps had never been this severe before.

Patch helped you get to the seat before getting you what you requested. He was back in five seconds. You took the pill from his hand, slightly chuckling when he almost dropped the pill because of the hole in his palm, and then drank the water.

The pain wasn’t instantly gone but at least you know that in a matter of minutes, it will be more tolerable.

You suddenly feel so guilty for screaming at him minutes ago. You didn’t even know why you were mad. It wasn’t his fault that he didn’t know what happens in a human body. “I’m sorry for shouting and cursing at you.”

He looked surprised at the change in your mood. “it’s fine, doll-face. anything for you.”

Something hit you. “I’m on my period.”

“You could say that I’m... ovaryacting.” You laughed at your own hilarious pun. Oh god, you are just so funny.

Patch pulled out his phone and you were pissed off that he completely ignored that perfect, glorious pun. “You’re a fucking jerk!” you growled.

“hold on honey. i’m trying to research about this condition of yours so i know how to handle ya,” Patch said without glancing up from the phone. You watched him scroll down his phone and after a couple of minutes, he suddenly chuckled. “oh. finally got your pun, babe. that was awesome.”

You gave a smug grin. Finally, the reaction you’ve been waiting for. “I know.”

“let’s see. so, that reaction where you were in pain, those are called menstrual cramps.”

“Yes.”

“are they gone now? you’ve taken a pill for it, right?”

“Yes.”

“well, that’s one thing off the list.” He continued to scroll down. “ah. moodswings. that’s why. look at that, desserts can make you feel better.” He looked at you. “you down to go to muffet’s bakery today? they make some pretty good sweets.”
You instantly brightened up at his words. “Oh my god! Yes please!” You quickly stood up from the couch and tried to pull him with you but he wouldn’t budge. “What’s your fucking problem?!?” you screamed in frustration.

He chuckled. “you need to put on some pads first, baby. also, how some pants? you’re looking pretty comfortable in those panties.” He glanced down at your displayed legs.

“I swear if I had some fucking magic right now, I would fucking dust you.”

He whistled. “you’re a naughty girl with a naughty mouth. how come i’ve never encountered your period last month?” He was clearly enjoying this.

“I was in my fucking room for a whole week.”

“Oh!” It looked he had his questions answered. “so that was why! that must’ve been horrendous. you could’ve asked help from me, you know?”

“You’re getting bloody annoying, you know that?” you said through gritted teeth.

Patch laughed. “good pun. very witty, babe.”

You stopped for a moment and then cracked a smile. That was unintentional. You’re getting pretty good.

“I’m back. Here you go, human.” Giant came in the door and handed you a plastic bag. You thanked him before going back to your room to change your panties again, which was soaked again because you weren’t wearing any pads. You put on some pads under your panties and then grabbed some shorts and slipped them on, too.

As you headed back towards the living room-like room so you and Patch could go on with your plans for the day, you stopped by to dump your dirty panty inside the washing machine.


Patch stood up from the couch. “hey bro! we’re going out for some food!”

“Take care, brother. Don’t stress out the human. She’s very vulnerable at this time of the month,” Giant said.

Patch took your hand. “heard that, babe? also, we’re taking a shortcut.”

---

“Buy me another one!”

It’s been an hour since you’ve arrived at Muffet’s Bakery. It was a small place but not too small. The walls and floor were in different shades of violet. Also, it seemed to be in a Halloween theme for there are tons of spider webs on the ceiling. It grossed you out but at the same time, you don’t actually care. You’ve heard before that Muffet was a spider monster, so spiders shouldn’t really surprise you. The Papyruses immediately greeted you when you appeared. But they went back to their places as soon as possible, muttering about ‘Boss’ and ‘die’. Surely it meant they’ll have a happy ever after if they’re slacking on their job. The moment you sat down, Pluto instantly brought you a plate of chocolate cake, in which he said ‘MY TREAT, HUMAN!’

“this is your third plate, doll. you’d get fatter,” Patch drawled.
You shot him a glare. “Shut up. Nobody asked.” You want your cake. Right. Now. Or else you’ll have to fucking slit someone’s throat.

Patch sighed, probably tired of putting up with your shit. “I’m sure you’ll regret eating this loads of sugar after you’re done bleeding.”

Hoodie happened to be in a close proximity and was secretly eavesdropping to your conversation. “Who’s bleeding?”

“Nooooo,” you whined. Damn it. So much for not letting anyone else know.

Patch subtly moved his head to you. “She is.”

“She’s what?!” Hoodie looked horrified out of his wits. He quickly grabbed your shoulders to examine any whatever-the-fuck-he-was-looking-for on your body. He grew confused when he saw that you were fine and dandy.

“HUMAN ARE YOU OK? I HEARD THAT YOU’VE BEEN BLEEDING!” Pluto practically screamed. You cringed. Well, just great. You’re pretty sure your face is identical to Frisk’s.

“I’m perfectttt. Leave me aloneeee,” you hissed. You didn’t want to lose your temper in a place like this. Also, you’d upset these precious skeletons who are so fucking annoying.

Hoodie finally got what the situation was. He flashed you a grin. “I think someone needs cuddles.”

“Shut up Hoodie.”

“I’ll give ya some cuddles, angel.”

“Don’t fucking touch me, Patch.”

“HUMAN! LANGUAGE!”

Scratch showed up. “THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH HER LANGUAGE.” Now, all the skeletons were surrounding you, arguing and basically being irritating as fuck.

“Didn’t I tell you not to stray away from work?!” Muffet’s voice boomed. All the Papyruses scrambled to get back to their positions as a spider monster appeared from behind a door. She had hands on her hips and she did not look amused at all. She glared at each one of her workers before turning her gaze to you. “Ahuhuhuhu! I’m truly sorry for my behavior my dear! But you should know, I do not tolerate irresponsible employees under my care! Ah, I’m sorry. I haven’t introduced myself yet, have I? I am Muffet!”

You gave the friendly spider a smile. Even if you do have slight phobia of spiders, she seemed nice enough. “I’ve heard so much about you, Muffet! I’m Y/N!”

“Oh!” She gasped. “The babysitter, am I right? It’s truly a surprise to find you here for the first time since these skeletons started working.”

“I’m sorry,” you apologized for not having a time to visit her lovely shop.

“Ahuhuhu! It’s no big deal my dear! Scratch dear, please give this nice lady a plate of our newest cake. On the house!”

“Oh! Thank you! That’s really nice of you.” Fuck yeah. Another piece of free cake. This is the best period month ever.
“HERE YOU GO, HUMAN. BE CAREFUL NOT TO CHOKE AND DIE.”

You groaned at the dark skeleton. Glaring, you hissed, “Goddamn it, Scratch. Go away, you’re ruining my appetite.”

He looked mildly concerned. “YOU SURE DO HAVE AN ATTITUDE TODAY. ARE YOU OKAY?”

“I’m fine! Now go back behind the counter before Miss Muffet scolds you again!” You swatted the skeleton away with your hands. He scowled at you first before going on his way. You sat straighter and began to eat your cake.

Patch propped his chin up with his two boney hands. “you havin’ fun, doll-face?”

You paused for a moment to think and then blurted out, “I actually want some yogurt right now.”

You flashed him a hopeful grin. He groaned.

“There’s a shop right across the street,” you added, your grin widening.

“fine,” he snapped. “i’ll go.”

You chuckled. Best period ever.
But it never came true

Chapter Summary

A trip to the beach with the Dance and Space Brothers! + Sans

~~~
I can't update tomorrow so here you go.
Kekekeke. Have fun =)

[Short additional scene from the last chapter]

You are lying comfortably on the couch, your eyes drooping while watching TV. The smell of fried fish filled the air. Giant was cooking dinner. Undyne will probably flip out when she finds out about this. Patch was asleep in his room. He was drained out trying to comply to your wishes all day. It was pretty sweet of him, to be honest. You feel guilty but decided to do nothing about it.

Your cramps were fully gone at this time, which you were very thankful for. At least you were able to relax, finally. And since your cramps were gone, so were your mood swings, as the pain from the cramps were the ones that triggered your different behaviors. Another weight of guilt built upon you for cursing in front of the Papyruses earlier.

One thing’s bothering you, though. You just forgot to mention it. Didn’t Alphys say that the Papyruses would be working under Grillby? You just realize that now. Better ask Alphys later.

Somehow, the noise of the TV and Giant in the kitchen was slowly lulling you to sleep. Your eyes drooped even more. Your eyes finally closed and you were too tired to even switch off the TV with the remote. You were slowly falling asleep—

The door slammed open. “HUMAN!!!” You instantly shot up, surprised by Papyrus’ loud voice that echoed inside the whole room. Your eyebrows scrunched up and sensing that you were getting irritable again, you tried to calm yourself down.

“Hey Paps, what are you—“

He dashed towards you in a lightning speed, making you stop speaking. With widening eyes, you looked at him with concern. He has tears on his eyes. “OH NO, HUMAN! I HAVE RECEIVED THE NEWS! I COULD NOT BELIEVE MY EARS!”

You chuckled. “Paps, you don’t have ears. What news?”

“NEWS THAT YOU ARE DYING FROM A FATAL WOUND! YOU HAVEN’T STOPPED BLEEDING SINCE THIS MORNING!”

You froze. Papyrus was now full-blown crying. You scratched the back of your head as you found the whole situation awkward. “Geez, how do I explain this? I’m not dying, Paps. I’m fine. Uh, the wound is healing. Don’t worry.” You want to freaking kill whoever spilled the beans.
Papyrus looked ecstatic. “THAT IS GREAT NEWS, HUMAN! I HAVE NEVER BEEN SO SCARED TO LOSE YOU!”

D’awww. That was sweet. “By the way. Who told you Paps?” Yeah, you’re really going to slit someone’s throat.

“IT IS—“

“me.”

You immediately turned your head around to find Sans standing outside the door, with his annoying grin and smug look. He wasn’t in his lab coat, so that made him more infuriating. The lab coat was a plus for him. “You what??”

Sans chuckled and slowly walked over the two of you, handing you a plastic bag. “i know your sched, kid. sorry for being late.” You ignored the fact that he knew your freaking period schedule.

You grabbed the bag and peeked inside. You beamed as you grabbed a tub of vanilla ice cream from the bottom of the plastic bag. “Oh my god! Thank you so much!” You stood up to take a spoon from the kitchen but Sans immediately stopped you.

“let me.” He disappeared mid-step but appeared in a blink, handing you the spoon.

“Thank you,” you repeated.

“no problem, kid.”

Ok. Can’t deny it anymore. Sans is too sweet.

“HUMAN!!!!!” Blueberry burst in. Tears sprung from his eyes.

Oh no. Two Sanses followed right behind him.

Orion looked afraid. “what is this thing that my brother told me about you bleeding??”

“you better be freaking okay or i’m forcing you to the hospital, kid,” Goldie threatened.

Goddamn it.

----

“c’mon, kid!”

“No.”
“HUMAN! PLEASE!”
“No.”
“just this once!”
“No.”
“PLEASE, HUMAN! I BEG OF YOU!”
“...”
“you really gonna upset my bro, kiddo?”
You sighed. “But—“
“HUMAN!” Pluto looked at you with big, teary eyes. “PLEASE! PLEASE!”
Sighing once again, “Fine.”
The two brothers cheered in delight as you muttered your words of compliance.

“I AM GOING TO GET READY!!” Pluto exclaimed as he rushed out of the door in an amazing speed. Orion looked as ecstatic as his brother and you thought it was a weird sight.

“thanks, kid! i owe you,” Orion said with a wink.
You sighed for the third time in a row. The others are gonna be upset when they hear you’re going to the beach with the Space Brothers. It was a request so sudden that you didn’t have enough time to plan it. You really wanted to go to the beach with everyone, but it seems like there’s going to be some change of plans. You just can’t say no to anyone, can’t you? Maybe you’ll make it up to them next time, even personally asking their bosses to let them take the day off just so all of you could spend it together.

“Really. Why now?” you whined. You were planning on just lazing around all day.
Orion shrugged as he went to grab the picnic basket set on top of the table. They were prepared for this. “well, can’t blame us, kid. paps watched a documentary about the beach last night and he’d been telling me about it nonstop this morning, saying he wanted to go there now and asking my help to get you to come with us.”

“I know you guys are from space—“
“does that makes us space-cial?” he interrupted.
You glared at the skeleton but found yourself smiling anyway. “As I was saying, you guys are from space which would make Earth such a foreign experience for you. But don’t you want to wait until everyone’s got the day off so we could all go together?”
Orion opened his teeth to speak but was quickly cut off by Pluto slamming the door open, revealing his change of clothes. He had taken off his galaxy-themed battle suit and was wearing a pair of blue swimming trunks around his hip bones. A bag (of clothes maybe) was dangling on one of his hands. “HUMAN!! I AM READY! LET’S GO TO THE PLACE YOU CALL BEACH!!”
Relenting, you gave Pluto a smile. “Okay. To the beach we go!”
You went to Sans to ask permission and found him and Alphys in his office lab busy with the machine. Somehow, the machine looked complete to be honest. A sinking feeling tugged at your heartstrings. It’s only a matter of time before they take off. You shrugged it off. No, Y/N. Stop making yourself depressed.

“hey kiddo, what’cha got there?” Sans stopped whatever he was doing when you showed up, the two Space Brothers behind you. You were carrying the picnic basket that Orion had grabbed earlier.

“Well, these two wanted to go the beach. We just swung by to tell you,” you told him.

“The beach? S-sounds fun, Y/N!” Alphys commented while she looked up from working on the machine.

“Yeah. It would be these guys’ first time.”

Sans looked at you and then at the Space Brothers. He seemed to be arguing with himself. In the end, he shrugged off his lab coat, to which you disagreed upon, making him stop mid-way. “Don’t take off the lab coat. Just, don’t.”

He chuckled and placed them back on. “you have such weird kinks, kid.”

This made you blush bright red. “It is not a kink, Sans!”

Alphys laughed. “You two are so cute!” she gushed.

“Alphys! Don’t start!” You groaned.

Sans headed towards a table and opened the drawer. He grabbed something from inside of it, a tiny object, and quickly placed it inside his coat pocket. “hey, alph. you okay with being alone for a while?”

You were mildly surprised and Alphys was, too. “Y-you’re coming with them?” Alphys asked.

“yep. just in case something happens.”

Alphys gave you a teasing grin. “Well, I can handle things from here. You could go on ahead, Sans.”

“You don’t have to come with us, Sans,” you quickly said.

“don’t worry, kid. alphys can handle things here and i just miss hanging out with you.” He started to walk away, passing by you and the Space Brothers and out through the door.

“OMG!!” Alphys squealed. “That was so cute! I can’t believe Sans would ever say anything like that!!”

“I DO HAVE TO AGREE!! THAT WAS CERTAINLY SOMETHING SANS WOULD NOT SAY!!” Pluto exclaimed.

“heh.” Orion looked flustered. Well, it was like watching himself trying to make moves on you.

You said goodbye to Alphys before running out to follow Sans, the Space Brothers trailing behind you.

“y/n? where are you going?” Hip Hop appeared right before you reached the entrance of the building. You mentally groaned as it hit you. You forgot you were babysitting two pairs of the
skelebros.

“To the beach. Wanna come?”

He looked surprised at the sudden event. “u-uh, sure. i’ll just call paps.” He disappeared right in front of you.

“you almost forgot them, didn’t you?” Orion teased.

“Yes,” you told him honestly.

The Dance Brothers arrived in exactly 5 minutes. Latin looked thrilled as he was hopping in every step. “THE GREAT PAPYRUS HAD NEVER GONE TO THE BEACH BEFORE!!”

Oh. That’s right. They’ve only ever been to the Underground and that was it. So, it was basically everybody’s first time to the beach.

A van was parked outside the lab, with Sans on the driver’s seat. You sat beside him in front while the others piled in the back. “everybody ready?” Sans asked once he saw that they were all seated.

A synchronized “Yes!” was heard.

---

It was afternoon by the time you reached the beach. The sun was high up. Surprisingly, there weren’t a lot of humans today. The two Papyruses were excited as they couldn’t stop squealing and giggling like little kids while they gazed out the window. The van stopped near a cottage. Before you could even utter a word, everybody was out of the van and was bathing themselves among the golden sunlight.

“We’re staying here for the rest of the day?” you asked Sans, gesturing to the cottage.

“yeah. belongs to tori. said i can use it anytime i want.” He chuckled upon seeing the other versions of himself and his brother out and about, looking around in awe like they were blind who can see for the first time. “let’s go and try to find something to cook for dinner.” He jumped off the van and you followed, closing the door behind you.

“Dinner? I have extra money with me. I could treat you to some dinner,” you suggested.

“no thanks, kid. keep your money. we’d save lots more if we caught some fish or something.”

“Fish?”

He headed towards the door of the cottage, you following behind. He opened it with a key you assumed he grabbed from his office. Inside, the cottage looked warm and cozy. It was complete with the furniture. It was small, but it was really nice.

Sans handed you the key. “here you go, kid. i’m heading out.”

“Sans. You can’t fish here.”

“that’s a load of carp.”

You snorted. “Sans.”

“it’s reel-y fine. i’ll take care of it. see ya.”
“Sans!-“ He disappeared and you grunted in annoyance. These skeletons really need to stop doing that. You decided to let him be and just watch the others play under the sun. You grabbed the picnic basket from the van and then settled yourself under two coconut trees so you wouldn’t get sunburned. Peeking inside the basket, you took the blanket and then laid it out for you to sit on.

After making yourself comfortable, you watched the four skeletons a distance away from you. They were playing with the water like little children.

“SANS, STOP TELEPORTING! YOU’RE CHEATING!” Pluto cried out. He tried to splay his brother with water again but he was gone before he could even raise his hands. “SANS!”

Orion reappeared behind Pluto. “sorry bro. i can’t sea what your point is.”

Pluto groaned in frustration. “SANS! DO NOT RUIN MY BEST DAY EVER WITH YOUR HORRIBLE PUNS!”

Orion chuckled before teleporting inches away from the water.

“paps, you don’t have any swimming attire on!” Hip Hop told his brother when Latin started to undress himself.

“THAT IS WHERE YOU’RE WRONG, BROTHER!” Latin said proudly as he stripped himself off his clothes only to reveal his swimming attire underneath. “I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN WEARING MY SWIMMING ATTIRE IN CASE THIS PARTICULAR EVENT HAPPENS! THE GREAT PAPYRUS IS ALWAYS READY! NYEH HEH HEH!” Latin rushed towards the water and dived. Even though he doesn’t know how to.

Hip Hop sighed.

“you look like you’re barely keeping your head above water,” Orion said, his gaze were focused on his brother instead of Hip Hop who was beside him.

Hip Hop chuckled. “i’m doing just fin.”

“great. not feeling crabby myself.”

“you’ve really hooked me in, now. we doing some kind of a pun contest?”

“water you talking about? i’m not doing it on porpoise.”

“don’t give me that line.”

“heh. glad to see you’re onboard. not a lot of monsters can out-pun me.”

“really? i’ve been longfin for someone like that.”

Orion laughed. “i’m running out of crappie puns.”

“you’re just fishing for compliments.”

“ok. i give up. you win.” Orion raised his hands in defeat.

Hip Hop laughed. “hey. it’s ok. to be honest, i kinda ran out of puns myself.”

“so it’s an even then?”
“it’s an even.”

“it’s good to know that i can’t even beat myself.”

“true that.”

“BROTHER? ARE YOU DONE RUINING MY DAY WITH YOUR PUNS? COME OUT HERE AND ENJOY THE SALTY WATER! IT’S GOOD FOR THE BONES!” Pluto called out to Orion.

“no thanks bro. i’m fine.”

“HOW ‘BOUT YOU, BROTHER? WHY DON’T YOU JUMP IN?” Latin asked his brother.

“i’m good, paps.”

The two Papyruses did not try to push any further and just decided to have fun themselves. They had discovered a couple of seashells that hurt their bone feet and then went on to hunt for more.

Hip Hop spotted you and was about to go over your place when a couple of kids passed by.

“Look! It’s a monster!” one of the little girls said.

“Skeletons!” one of the little boys said.

A young boy stepped forward, his eyes twinkling in delight. “Hello there, Mr. Skeleton!”

Hip Hop had taken a step backward, unsure on how to handle the situation. “uh. hey there, kid.”

Another young girl stepped forward. “Will you play with us?” She beamed in hopefulness. The other kids did, too.

Hip Hop and Orion looked at each other before looking back at the kids.

“you guys wanna have a good time?”

A grin crossed your face when you saw the two Sanses playing with a group of kids. It was heartwarming. You wished everybody was kids. Kids don’t judge. Kids are always positive. Kids make the people around them happy.

“why aren’t you joining them?”

Sans appeared beside you and you let out a startled yelp. You glared, “Sans!”

His grin grew wider. “oops.”

Sighing, “So? Where’s the fish?”

Sans gave a low whistle as he watched the others play by the shore. “looks like we have more company. good thing i bought lots.”

“I thought you were going to catch fishes?” you asked with an amused look.

He shrugged. “too much work. c’mon, let’s grill.”

“Undyne’s gonna kill us.”
“make sure she won’t know.”

“Promise.”

---

The day ended just as quickly. After eating the grilled fishes, you all headed back home. Everyone was exhausted, unconscious in the back seat. Their bones were darker than usual. You didn’t know skeletons can get sunburned. You watched them sleep, a peaceful smile on your face.

Sans noticed this. He didn’t want to hurt you but, “…kid.”

“Yes?” You looked at him with the most beautiful smile he’d ever seen.

He quickly turned away, focusing back on the road. “the machine’s almost done.” He felt bad for ruining your day but this news was not something to be evaded.

Your smile dropped. You were quiet for a moment. “I know.” You didn’t say anything after that.

Sans gave you a quick glance and felt his soul grow heavier. He didn’t want to make you sad. “are you going to be okay?”

“I don’t know.” Your heart felt heavier and heavier by the second. “Can’t they stay?”

Ah. Another topic that would make you depressed. Sans wanted to avoid this one but he didn’t want to prolong your agony. It would be better if he’d told you now. “they can’t.”

“And why not?” Your tone was slightly angry. “They’ve been fine! There’s nothing wrong with them staying!”

“they don’t belong here. they don’t fit in.” Sans doesn’t know how to explain them to you.

“They fit in just right!” You had raised your voice. You don’t understand.

“kid.” Sans sighed. Here comes the hard part. “remember, their magic is unstable in a foreign universe. they could glitch. their magic could go out of control like that tall guy did. they’re not meant to be here and their magic says so. if they stay for a lot longer, they could get erased once this universe realizes that they’re not from here.”

“I don’t understand!” Tears rolled down your cheeks and you angrily wiped them away. “They look fine to me!”

“that’s because they have a check-up with me every week. i need to stabilize their magic or else.”

“If that’s the case, then—“

“look kid. i wasn’t supposed to tell this to anyone but their magic are getting harder and harder to control. we don’t know what will happen if we can’t control it anymore. are you going to risk their lives forcing them to stay here? aren’t you going to be satisfied if they’re back at their home, safe and alive?”

You wished they could stay. You wished. But it never came true.
I wish they could stay

Chapter Summary

You got depressed. But the monsters cheered you up. Why can't they stay?

---

Hope you like this! <3
(p.s. now i know how great if feels to break the readers' hearts. yes, i'm pertaining to the last chapter. heh ;) i'm sorry. i'm a horrible writer)

It’s as if you’ve gotten less energetic each day. The other skeletons had immediately sensed it. It was only Hoodie and Goldie at first, when you didn’t bother scolding them when they were arguing again. You had been staring out in space, not even noticing that you had caught their attention. They had looked at you with a confused and worried look in their eyes. Hoodie had approached you first, snapping you to your senses, but you had feigned happiness and had given him a smile. “I’m fine, Hoods! Don’t worry!” you had said.

Blueberry noticed next. Your aura gave it away. Plus, you had been downright ignoring him, answering only in single words. “HUMAN! DO YOU THINK I SHOULD WATCH THIS MOVIE NEXT?” he asked.

You didn’t even look up to meet his eyes. “Yeah.”

Blueberry scrunched his eyebrows, feeling disappointed about your answer. “WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?” He tried to get your attention again.

“...Ok.”

He assumed something was wrong. He was worried. But he tried again. “WOULD YOU LIKE TO WATCH IT WITH ME?”

“No thanks.”

You walked away without another word, leaving a worried little skelly.

And then it was Scratch and Giant and Patch . . . until everybody else noticed you’ve been acting strange. Even Fresh. It appeared as though you were tired of living. This bothered everybody. They’d sometimes talk about it behind your back. You hadn’t even notice when the whispering began. You were so out of it.

Sans also noticed the change in your behavior and one day, he talked to you about it.

“you’re worrying me.”

You sighed, feeling a bit annoyed. You didn’t want to talk to him just yet. “I’m fine, Sans.” You wanted to be fine. But this sinking feeling just kept dragging you down. You can’t stop thinking about it. You had grown attached to them, you didn’t want to let them go. Even if it was selfish of
you. There must be another way.

“no, you’re not. the others had already noticed it as well.” Sans tried to keep his cool. He didn’t want to worsen the situation.

You grew exasperated. “I’m fine,” you snapped.

Sans looked taken aback but he was quick to compose himself. “please don’t worry us so much kid. we all care about you.”

You had already grown tired of crying. Now it was just some empty feeling. “I’m sorry.” Although you weren’t sure if you meant it.

“it’s all gonna work out in the end.” He tried to cheer you up.

It only made you angrier. “Easy for you to say.” He was the one who discovered the alternate universes. It would work out for him in the end. He’d grow famous. He’d be called brilliant. His name would never be forgotten. He’d have the respect of all the humans.

He felt guilty and wanted to be there with you until you turn back to your usual self. But he can’t. Since he was the reason why you were acting this way in the first place.

You turned and left him. He let you. Maybe he’d just give you a couple more days to cool your head off. And then he’d ask you for another date. He’d take you out to see the rest of the Underground. Maybe even save that snowman you really wanted to save. His soul felt heavy as he watched your retreating back. You’ll come back. He’d make sure of that.

Your little brother, Mark, also noticed your strange behavior. He asked you about it last night before the two of you went to sleep. “Are you ok? What’s wrong with you?” He dropped the book he was reading for an assignment. Your brother is really responsible and you were proud of him. But you weren’t yourself today.

You’ve gotten really sick of that question. “I’m fine.” Your answer was the same with all of it.

“You don’t look fine. What happened? You wanna talk about it?” he asked. He couldn’t help but pry. He is your little brother after all.

You gave him a small smile. “No thanks, kiddo. I’d rather not.”

He looked annoyed and crossed his arms. “Look, Y/N. Keeping problems as secrets aren’t healthy, especially for you. Tell me what’s wrong. I can help you. You can trust me, you know.”

This cheered you up a little. Your brother was definitely raised up right. You shook your head gently. “You won’t get it, Mark. Maybe when you’re a little older.”

He raised an eyebrow at you. “That’s a little ageist, don’t you think dearest sister? Try me.”

You scratched your head, wondering why your little brother always acts a little mature than his age occasionally. But to be honest, it felt relieving to have someone to talk with about this. It felt like you’ll explode any moment by struggling with it by yourself. Relenting, you answered, “You probably already know about it. It’s the skeletons. Sans talked to me about it, saying the machine be finish soon.”

Mark’s face grew a little sadder at the news. “I-i do,” he answered softly. “Sans already explained to me why they can’t stay.” Your heart slumped. You didn’t want to hear this twice. “But . . . I’d rather
have them safe than in danger. And you know that, Y/N.”

“But I’m sure there’s a way they can stay!” you opposed. Ah. You expected too much. He wasn’t any different.

Mark gently smiled at you. “I’m sure Sans is already trying his best so they could peacefully leave out here. Can’t blame the skeleton. He didn’t want to disappoint you.”

You paused to think for a moment. “I guess that’s true.” A pang of guilt.

“And if their days were numbered, you sure as hell aren’t making the most of it,” he pointed out.

Another second to think about what he said. Shameful. “That’s right.”

Mark grinned. “That’s it. You guys should go out tomorrow on a trip or something.”

Your heart felt lighter. Your brother was saying all the right words. He should be your personal psychologist. Or guidance counselor. Wow. “How ‘bout you?”

Mark rolled his eyes at you. “I have school, dum-dums. If you’re planning on an overnight trip, then I’m ok with staying at Frisk’s.” He was glad that he managed to make you feel better. It meant he did a good job being your little brother. He felt a little proud for himself.

You gave him a teasing grin. “Smooth, bro.”

His face burned. “Shut up, sis.”

Your smile softened. “Thank you.”

“It’s my job as your little brother.”

Shucks. Your little brother is adorable.

---

The next morning, you decided to apologize to the skeletons for acting weird. And also to talk about Mark’s advice to go somewhere on a trip. You wanted to make it up to the skeletons. But as soon as you stepped inside the living room-like room, Blueberry hopped over to you, saying those words with a beaming face.

“PACK YOUR BAGS, HUMAN. WE’RE GOING BACK TO THE BEACH!”

“Huh?!”

Blueberry didn’t expect your reaction. He took that as a sign that you didn’t like the plan. “I-I’M SORRY, HUMAN. DANCER-ME AND SPACE-ME TOLD US THAT YOU WENT TO THE BEACH! I HEARD THAT YOU HAD A FUN TIME! AND SEEING THAT YOU LOOK SO MELANCHOLY THIS PAST DAYS, WE THOUGHT THAT IF WE BRING YOU BACK THERE, YOU’D BE HAPPY AGAIN.” The stars in his eyes dimmed out.

You were surprised, a warm feeling enveloping your heart. Tears sprung in your eyes and you let out a laugh. “Oh my gosh, Blueberry.” You sniffed. Blueberry was even more surprised with the waterworks. You knelt down in front of him and gave him a tight hug.

He stiffened underneath you, his soul fluttering in a weird way. “H-HUMAN?” he squeaked. “I’M SORRY! I DID NOT MEAN TO MAKE YOU CRY!”
You giggled, wiping your tears away. “No, I’m sorry, Blue. For acting weird. And I really like your idea! Thank you for caring about me.”

Blueberry’s grin widened. “IT’S NO PROBLEM, HUMAN! I DIDN’T WANT YOU TO BE SAD!”

You stood back up and found the other skeletons watching the scene unfold behind Blueberry. You got flustered a little bit and then noticed that they all had bags with them. “Everybody’s coming?”

“of course we are,” Goldie replied.

“We were really worried about you, human,” Giant said.

“YOU HAD BEEN ACTING SO WEIRD LATELY!” Scratch responded.

“we remembered tori’s advice. about you going on a vacation,” Orion joined.

“we thought we can cheer you up. and we came up with this idea. we already asked for alphy’s and sans’ permission,” Hoodie said next.

“PLEASE DON’T BE SAD ANYMORE HUMAN! IT MAKES ME SAD JUST BY THINKING OF YOU BEING SAD!” Latin cried.

Another layer of happiness surrounded your heart. “Thank you so much. You don’t know how much this means to me.” You felt really grateful and relieved that you met these wonderful monsters in your life. They shone like bright stars and they made your life meaningful and positive than before. You’re really one lucky human, aren’t you?

“ENOUGH DILLY-DALLYING HUMAN! PACK YOUR BAGS! WE’RE STAYING IN FEMALE ASGORE’S COTTAGE HOUSE FOR ONE NIGHT!” Pluto said excitedly as he jumped on his feet.

“Really? Have you already got Tori’s permission for that?” you asked.

“of course we did, doll-face,” Patch answered.

“i can help you pack,” Hip Hop offered.

You gave them all a big, vibrant smile that they haven’t seen in a while. They all froze at the sight, dazed, like you had put them on a magical spell. “It’s ok, Hip Hop. I can manage. Thank you. Give me 5 minutes!”

In one hour, you were back in Sans’ van, the others were all cramped in their seats behind you. Blueberry had sat himself on your lap just so everyone would fit in. Sans offered to drive. You two hadn’t converse properly since the day you last talked. And you really weren’t in the mood to talk to him anyway. Seeing him just made you remember all the hurtful things you didn’t want to think about.

He dropped all of you at the beach house, arriving somewhere around dinner time. He quickly left, saying that he had other things to take care of and to call if anything happens or if any of you needs any help.

“WOWIE! THE BEACH ABSOLUTELY STUNNING!” Pluto looked amazed, like it was his first time arriving here. But you both knew it wasn’t.
You chuckled. The skeleton looked cute. “It is, isn’t it?” The others ran off towards the shore, leaving you with Giant who seemed uninterested about the venue.

“Let me help you with your bag, human,” Giant offered.

“Thank you, Giant.” You let him hold your backpack and then went up a small staircase leading to the beach house. You opened the door with a key that Sans lent you. Giant immediately went to work, pulling out a couple of ingredients he had brought to make dinner. You made yourself busy hauling mattresses on the floor where you’ll all sleep on. Once you were done, you followed the others out by the shore.

The stars shone brightly at night. But this was different than when you stargaze on the rooftop of the lab building. The temperature was cold and the smell of saltwater filled your nose. The beach at night was just simply magical. You loved it.

You approached Goldie who was lying by himself on the sand, just staring at the sky. You lied down next to him, putting your hands on your stomach. The stars were especially brighter than usual.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?” you mused.

Goldie gazed at you and froze as he couldn’t take his eyes off of you. You were shining like a precious jewel. You were beautiful under the starry night. The calm expression on your face made his soul fly. You looked lovely. “uh huh,” he answered absent-mindedly.

You glanced at the skeleton and got flustered when you noticed he was staring at you. You turned back to the sky, ignoring his look. “Staring is really rude, Goldie.”

He came back to his senses and then quickly turned his head, a blush developing on his cheekbones. He let out a nervous laugh. “heh heh.”

An awkward silence settled between the two of you. You couldn’t think of anything to say. Neither could he. But he wanted to break the ice. Clearing his throat, he said, “so... are you ok? want to talk about why you were so blue this week?”

“I’m ok now. Thank you for asking. But I think it would be for the best if you wouldn’t bring this up again. I’m here to forget. Not to reminisce about it.”

He felt ashamed. “sorry ‘bout that, sweetheart.”

“No, it’s ok.”

“HUMAN! GOLDIE! STOP LYING AROUND! LOOK!” Blueberry’s voice appeared out of nowhere. He was bouncing on his heels, an excited look on his face. “LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!”

You stood up properly, confused why he was acting this way. Goldie felt a little irritated at him for ruining his alone time with you. Blueberry pointed at the sky. “LOOK! FALLING STARS!”

Goldie snapped his head back to the sky and he was stunned as hundreds of meteors passed by. You took a look and were also frozen in awe by the spectacular sight in front of you. This night just got better. It was absolutely breathtaking as you experience a meteor shower right in front of your very eyes. “Wow...” you breathlessly said. You couldn’t take your sight, not even for a second. You didn’t want to blink, afraid that it would disappear. You wanted to experience this blissful show forever.

“MAKE A WISH! MAKE A WISH!” Blueberry squealed in delight.
You had already wished so many times, again and again. But silently, as a new-found hope blossomed within you, you wished for it again. Maybe. Just maybe. The stars would listen and they would grant you your wish.

_I wish they could stay._

---

“Sans, why are you here? You know there’s gonna be a meteor shower tonight! The beach has the magnificent view of it!” Alphys said when she saw Sans returning back to the lab. Sans remained quiet as he walked to a bean bag and sunk down into it.

“sorry alphy. i think she’s still mad at me.”

“Y/N? She could never stay mad at you!” Alphys said. “Have you told her that you were planning on making adjustments to the machine so you could have a portal to every universe you collected data of?”

Sans sighed. “no.”

Alphys looked unimpressed. “Sans! You know she’d be ecstatic to hear the news!”

Sans shrugged. “until i’m done, i don’t want to tell her.”

“You want it to be a surprise, didn’t you?” Alphys teased.

A faint blush crept to his cheekbones. “no, alphy. the probability of me successfully doing that is a measly 30%. until i’m 100% sure it’s going to work, i don’t want to keep her hopes up.”

“That could take forever, Sans!” Alphys groaned. She really doesn’t get how he thinks. “You will finish the machine in less than a week! You’ll let the monsters go home by then! And then she’d be depressed! This news would make her feel hopeful! Even if the adjustment would take months!”

“and what if i fail? it would be a double-kill to her hopes. i don’t want to have to do it again twice.”

“I don’t get you.”

“trust me, alphys. i know her best. this news would only crush her twice if i fail.”

Is everyone all here?” You roamed your eyes around your surroundings as you mentally counted the skeletons. The log you were sitting on was definitely not comfortable but you’d rather sit on that than on the sand. You didn’t want to bother getting sand all over your favorite jammies. The air on the beach was definitely colder at night and you were too lazy to get a jacket or a cardigan.

Fire crackled at the center of the circle, giving you at least some warmth. The fire wasn’t that big but it wasn’t small either. It was the right size, maybe lasting for more than 5 hours.

You inhaled and exhaled deeply, feeling pleasant and relaxed. “This is perfect. This is exactly what I needed. Thank you for bringing me here.”

Hoodie chuckled. “it’s nothin’, buddy. compared to the things you’ve done for us.”

Blueberry stood up and snuggled beside you on the log. “HUMAN! REMEMBER, IF YOU FEEL SAD, YOU CAN TALK TO US! PLEASE DO NOT HESITATE IN TELLING ME YOUR PROBLEMS.”

You gave him a warm smile. They’re all so considerate of your feelings. You hope that you had been doing the same for them. “Of course.”

Scratch suddenly spoke up, his arms crossed and expression unamused. “SO, MIND TELLING ME WHAT I AM DOING OUT HERE IN THE DARK, COLD?”

“Oh come on, Scratch. Be a good sport! We’re here to bond!” You raised your eyebrows up and down teasingly.

“I’D RATHER SLEEP,” he snarled.

“PLEASE DO NOT SPEAK TO THE HUMAN THAT WAY. I DISLIKE YOUR TONE OF VOICE,” Latin said grumpily. Hip Hop hit him, telling him to be quiet.

Scratch turned his head to the skeleton, a mischievous smirk plastered on his lips—or teeth. “IS THAT SO? I BELIEVE MY TONE OF VOICE IS JUST FINE.”

Latin frowned.

Giant stepped in. “Now, now. Please do not start a fight for the human’s sake. It would not help her case if you two would start arguing.”
Latin looked partly ashamed and guilty. “I’m sorry, human.”

“It’s ok!” you replied. “Scratch, behave,” you said to the tall, snarky skeleton.

“If it helps, I brought marshmallows,” Orion said, fishing out a bag of big, fluffy marshmallows behind his back. You beamed at the sight and you were sure Blueberry did, too.

“Great idea, Orion! Why didn’t I think of that?”

“I, the great Papyrus, have also brought a bag of sticks to go along with the marshmallows!” Pluto spoke up, holding up a bag of sticks just as he said.

You clapped happily. “That’s great! Let’s start roasting mallows, now!”

While Pluto handed out the sticks and Orion the marshmallows, Hoodie suddenly pulled out a cigarette and lighted it using the fire.

“Hoodie!” you scolded.

“What? that guy has been smoking since we got ‘ere,” Hoodie defended, gesturing to Patch who was a few feet away from the group. True enough, there was a cigarette hanging from his mouth. “plus, you said not to smoke inside the house. not outside.”

“You have a point. Okay, you have my consent.”

He smirked and proceeded. “dunno why i need your consent in the first place, kid.”

“I’m like your guardian or something! Of course you need consent from me!”

Someone suddenly ruffled your hair from behind. “real cute, doll.”

“Hey!” You slapped Patch’s hand away from your hair.

“Human! Do you want a bite?” Blueberry held up a stick with a roasted marshmallow at the end. You hadn’t even noticed they’ve started roasting without you! You took the whole mallow inside your mouth and it burned your tongue a bit. But the melty goodness was worth it!

“Oh god, I’m craving s’more right now.”

“What are s’mores?”

“A taste of pure heaven. I should make it for you guys next time.”

“You’re the only taste of pure heaven I need, doll-face.”

“Say another thing like that and I’m gonna burn you alive.”

“Keep it PG, brother.”

“Such inappropriate words.”

“Yeah, shut up edgy-lord.”

“What did you say about my brother, you punk?!”

“Not talking to you, shortie.”
You ate your mallows in peace, silently watching all of them argue. The other four skeletons were behind you, silently watching as well.

“they all go along well,” Orion commented.

Pluto agreed, “I'M JEALOUS.”

“Can’t blame them. They’ve been together longer. Don’t worry, I’m sure you’ll be part of the group as well.” You took another marshmallow and raised it upon the fire.

“i doubt that,” Hip Hop said quietly. “i mean, i don’t but i’m sure the six of them would always have something special that’s lacking with us.”

“NYEH,” Latin said sadly, “I FEEL SAD WHEN I REMEMBER THAT SANS WOULD BE FINISHING THE MACHINE SOON.”

Something tugged on your heart. Goddamn it. “Latin. I was trying not to remember,” you groaned.

“I’M SO SORRY, HUMAN!”

“Nah. It’s fine.”

You could say that this trip was a success. Wait. There’s one more thing that you needed to see before officially saying that this trip is successful.

“Hey, Hip Hop. Mind dancing for me?” You turned around to face the skeleton.

His whole face becomes flustered at the surprising request. You caught the other’s attention. Now they were all staring at Hip Hop, waiting for his reply. “n-now?” he asked quietly, his face getting bluer and bluer by the second.

“I’M SURE YOU’LL DO GREAT, BROTHER!” Latin cheered.

“a-alone? you’re all gonna watch me dance?” It seemed like his voice was gradually becoming smaller.

“Yes, silly. Stage fright?” you teased.

His face couldn’t be any bluer. He shook his head. “n-no. i just—never danced for anyone.”

“Well, you promised me a dance. So I’m expecting a dance.”

“i’m pretty sure i did not promise you anything.”

“Well you’re right. You didn’t. Still, you said you’d danced for me. C’mon, Hip Hop. I’m sure you’ll make my day if you dance!”

He scratched his head shyly and then put up his hood.

“WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF I DANCE WITH YOU, BROTHER?” Latin asked.

“yes!” he answered quickly.

“THAT’S SETTLED THEN!”

They both walked a few feet away from your group. “MUSIC PLEASE!” Latin cued.
A melody started out soft and calm. You looked towards Orion who seemed to have magically brought a stereo. Nice. Latin was the first to enter the invisible stage, dancing some sort of cha-cha. His moves were definitely in tune with the music. It felt hypnotizing just by watching him sway his arms.

“He’s good,” you heard Giant saying.

“I know,” you said without taking your eyes off. Soon enough you were also tapping your feet to the rhythm.

“IT IS SURPRISING TO SEE SOMEONE LIKE ME DANCE SO GRACEFULLY,” Scratch murmured.

You smiled. It felt nice that he appreciated it.

“shh! hip hop’s coming out!” Orion scolded.

Soon enough, Hip Hop did enter the invisible stage. Your eyes widened at his slick dance moves. At first, the two were dancing separately. But as time goes by, they were getting closer and closer with each other and eventually, they were dancing together. You don’t know how to explain it but even though they were dancing different dances, it felt like their dance was compatible with each other.

“he’s good,” Patch said.

“Brother, you only repeated what I said,” Giant responded.

“but it’s true. hip hop’s definitely better.”

“I say otherwise. It is clear that Latin is better.”

“i’d say both of them are good,” Hoodie interjected.


“I can’t dance, sweetie!”

“NONSENSE!” He was definitely stronger than you and it was only a moment ‘til he dragged you to the invisible stage. The Dance Brothers were definitely surprised to see you there but both gave you warm smiles. Blueberry started dancing. Although his moves made no sense, it was definitely cute.

“C’MON HUMAN! SWAY YOUR HIPS!”

You were flustered. “Oh my god, Berry. You did not just say that.”

“LET ME HELP YOU, HUMAN!” Latin grabbed your hands and started to dance with you. You still don’t know how to move but Latin was definitely guiding you. Little by little, you started to move with him, shaking your booty.

Soon enough, everyone joined in the invisible dance floor, dancing. You were laughing all throughout the whole night. You had so much fun that it made you forget for a short time about the dreaded event.

---
It was around 2 a.m. when all of you decided to crash. It was a good thing that you had prepared the mattresses to sleep on because all of you were too tired to even move.

You couldn’t move...

“HUMAN! HUMAN, PLEASE! HELP ME!” Blueberry cried out. He was a sobbing mess on the floor, his expression was one you’d never seen on him before. He was scared. No. He was terrified.

You can’t move. You were frozen on the spot.

“HUMAN!” He started crawling over to you. Something was wrong. Something was definitely wrong. His lower limbs were missing. All it left was a trace of numbers. Even with your state, you could see that the numbers were all 0’s and 1’s. It was eating him alive.

You refused to move. You refused to believe that this is happening in front of you.

“You shouldn’t move. Something tells you that if you do, you’d make everything worse.

The numbers were eating him. There were only numbers from the waist down. It slowly reached his arms. His left arm was disintegrated first. He was still trying to reach you, still trying to crawl over to you, still trying to call for your help.

You don’t move. You were too traumatized to move.

Half of his face was gone. He was only inches away from you. He touched your feet with his right arm. “H-huma-n...” He was calling you. But he no longer wants your help. He just wants you to be there for him. “I-i lo—ve y-yo..u...” What’s left him disappeared. You didn’t realize that you were bawling. Tears streaked down your face. You were staring at nothing, speckles of dust flying around in the air. The numbers were completely gone. There was no trace of him.

You won’t move. It was already too late.

You woke up. You were completely covered in sweat. You tried to catch your breath but it seemed like you were deprived of oxygen. Your eyesight was blurry. You were crying.

“hey, hey, hey!” You heard a voice. “what’s wrong? hey, bud. you ok?” It was Hoodie. He was trying to calm you down. You felt him caress your back.

You started to calm down. A few minutes later, your breathing was even and your eyesight was anything but blurry. You looked around. You were inside the living room. Right, you remember. Although there was no sight of the other skeletons. Where are they?!

“Hoodie. Hoodie, where are the others?” you asked, your voice in a panic. It surprised him but it surprised you more.

“They’re outside, playing by the shore. it’s afternoon, bud. we didn’t bother waking you up since you slept so soundly. now, please tell me what’s wrong. nightmare?” He looked so worried for you. You clung to his hoodie and buried your face. He was slightly stunned but then proceeded to wrap his arms around you to calm you down.

“Oh my god, it’s horrible;” you cried. “Berry’s okay, right? Please tell me he’s ok.” You whimpered. You’ve never felt so weak.
“he’s ok, buddy. i promise. now, tell me all about it.”

“He—he got dusted.” You felt Hoodie tensed under your arms. You knew this was a taboo topic for him especially since it’s specifically his brother that you dreamt of. “I-i couldn’t move. I wanted to move, I wanted to help him, Hoodie!” You were full-blown crying by now, fear was eating at your system.

“How?” Hoodie asked, his voice was anxious.

“I-i don’t know. I don’t fucking know.”

Hoodie tightened his arms around you and you felt that he already dropped the subject. “it’s ok. it’s just a nightmare, bud. he’s ok. everything’s ok.” He whispered these things, but it seemed like he was also trying to convince himself.
A Date with Giant

Chapter Summary

The date part is kinda short, I apologize. I also apologize for the late update ::D

“Human, are you alright? I have noticed that you’ve been... out of it since you woke up this morning.”

You snapped to your senses, perking up as Giant blocked your view. You had checked up on Blueberry a couple of times after that horrifying nightmare of yours. It seemed that this also affected Hoodie as he was also acting distant like you. You had decided on lying under a shade of a tree so you could watch Blueberry and the others. Watching him doesn’t do much, but at least you know that he was safe.

“Oh, hey G,” you greeted. You felt more tired than usual even if you woke up later than everyone. “I’m sorry. It’s been a rough morning.”

“Did you not like our surprise? Would you rather stay at home than be here?” he asked calmly, although there a hint of disappointment in his voice.

“No! No, no! That’s not it! I really, really loved your surprise. I just—“ You sighed. You didn’t want to remember, you’d do anything so you wouldn’t remember. But trying to pretend that nightmare didn’t happen just made you feel worse. “—I had a fucked up nightmare this morning.”

Giant looked worried and concerned, feeling a sense of protectiveness. “Is that so? Would you want to talk about it?”

You thought about it, but then noticed how it changed Hood’s mood. “I’d rather not.”

“I see.” Giant paused for a moment, trying to think of ways to cheer you up. “Would you like to go for a walk? It might help you relax.”

Walking sounds tempting. But you didn’t want to leave Blueberry out of your sight. “Uh... I don’t think—“

Giant looked upset. “I see, human. It’s alright. I’ll be right here if you need me.” He started to turn around.

Darnit. You didn’t want to upset him! “Alright, G. I think a walk sounds like a good idea right about now.”

He stopped and gave you a small smile.

You stood up from your spot and then shook off the dust from your clothes. “Good thing it’s a cloudy weather. I’d hate to be sunburned right now.”

The two of you left quietly, forgetting to tell someone that you two would be away for a while. The beach wasn’t crowded today. It was a perfect day to go for a walk. The waves hit your feet as you walked alongside the shore, Giant walking right beside you.
“The surface is really such a fascinating place,” Giant murmured. You snapped your head up to look at him and he was staring at the horizon. A sea breeze quickly flows by and whipped your hair to one side. It took you a moment to feel sad as you remembered that these monsters were stuck in the Underground, imprisoned for thousands of years by humans.

“I like that you’re so positive, G, even if you’ve encountered ruthless humans while you’ve been up here.”

“It’s not good to always look at the bad side of things, human. There is always something beautiful amidst chaos.”

Something fluttered in your chest. You looked up at him in awe. “That was beautiful, Paps!”

He chuckled, a faint orange blush dusting his cheekbones. “Thank you, human.”

You stopped walking when you stepped on something small and hard. Cringing, you lifted up your foot to peek at the suspect. There was a small seashell stuck underneath your foot. You plucked it off and then handed it over to Giant. “Here. A remembrance of this place.”

Giant looked crestfallen. “...It’s near, isn’t it?”

Your heart began to hurt. You only reminded him of the dreaded occasion. “Yeah.”

Giant took the seashell from your hand and slipped it inside his pocket. “Don’t worry, human.” He tried to be happy for the both of you. “We’ll come back. I assure you that.”

Tears stung your eyes and you inhaled deeply. “I-i... thanks G.” You didn’t want to expect a miracle.

As soon as you two started walking again, two young students suddenly ran up to you. You stopped, your eyes wide. You blocked yourself in front of Giant as a reflex.

The two young girls looked taken aback at your reaction. “Oh! No, no, no, miss! We don’t intend to hurt anyone!” one of them said. It was obvious you thought they were going after the monster.

You felt G’s hand on your shoulder. “Human. I am flattered that you immediately felt the need to protect me, but I can handle myself. Please don’t put yourself in harm’s way to defend me again.”

A small blush crept to your cheeks. “U-uh, sorry. It was a reflex. Of course, G.” You stepped aside. Looking at the two young girls, you asked. “Do you girls need anything?”

One of them scratched the back of their head, looking a bit embarrassed. She was holding a cellphone. “Well, actually, is it ok if we do an interview? It’s for our project.”


“Yes! Uhm, please?” The other student said.

“Sure. Tell me all about it.” It’s nice that people are starting to get curious about monsters. It would be good to share information about them, even requiring students to study about them. Soon enough, people would start to get to know them better. And maybe in the end, they’ll all get along.

The one holding the phone looked excited as she rose up her phone so she could record the interview. The other started to talk. “Well, our project is about the relationships between a monster and a human. We’ve interviewed all sorts of relationships but the most we’ve gotten are romantic ones! So, would you tell us what kind of relationship the two of you are in?”
The question was surprising. You didn’t expect it, making you nervous as you searched for answers. “U-uhm, ah... about that—uh, heh—“ You were pretty sure you looked stupid acting all flustered in front of the camera.

“The human and I are only friends,” Giant answered for you.

“Yes!” you squeaked.

The two girls gave each other knowing looks. “Really? But the two of you are alone on the beach. For me, I consider that romantic. Am I wrong for interpreting that the two of you are on a date?”

“We aren’t on a date!”

Giant looked dejected. “I see.”

“Wait, you thought we were on a date?!” you asked G. This interview is getting weirder and weirder.

“Well, aren’t dates composed of two people alone, spending time with each other?” Giant asked.

“You didn’t tell me we were on one!”

He looked amused. “I’m sorry?”

“So, it appears I was right. Was it your idea, Mr. Skeleton?” the girl asked G, who looked really, really interested.

“Yes. She was feeling lonely and I thought I would go and try to cheer her up,” Giant answered.

The girls beamed. “How sweet! I presumed that you are interested in her?” the interviewer asked.

“Please stop. I didn’t expect you would try and pry into my love interests,” you hissed, but were still feeling flustered.

“Aha~ So you admit that Mr. Skeleton here is one of your love interests?”

“I am honored that I am your type, human,” Giant said with a cheeky grin.

You flashed him glare. “G! Oh my god!” You’ve never seen Giant’s playful side before. It was really interesting.

“This is getting really controversial! Tell me, how long have you two known each other?”

“I think it was 3-4 months ago?” you guessed.

“It was exactly 4 months and 3 days,” Giant answered.

“Wow! You remember the exact day of your meeting? That is really sweet! You’ve got yourself a keeper! How lucky!”

You groaned, your blush only worsening as time passes. “We’re really just friends!”

“Oh! The friend zone! What do you say about that, Mr. Skeleton?” the girl asked.

“I’m confident I can change her mind if I have the determination.” He shot you a look and you were silently pleading for him to stop. “But I’m content with what we have right now.”
The girls squealed at his answer. “Such a gentleman! This interview would definitely catch a lot of attention!”

“Thank you for your time! We’re very happy with the answers you gave us!”

Finally! It’s over! “We’re happy to be of help,” you said.

The two of them bid their goodbyes before going on their way, trying to find another monster-human couple to attack. You shook your head as you watched them. “I can’t believe them. Do we really look like couple?”

Giant only shrugged but he looked pretty pleased with himself.

“We should go back,” he suggested.

“You’re right. They might be looking for us.”

The both of you turned around to go back to where you came from. Surprisingly, the two of you had caught the best time of the day. The sunset. Your head was turned towards the setting of the sun. You weren’t even paying attention to where you were walking.

“This is beautiful,” you gushed. Colors of yellow, orange and pink filled the sky as the sun sunk down.

“A sunset. A wonderful reminder that the day has ended and another tomorrow will come,” Giant muttered thoughtfully.

“You’re always saying the right words, G,” you teased.

He hummed happily.

The two of you reached the cottage by the time it was dark. Everyone had already packed up their bags, getting ready to go back home.

“HUMAN! WE’VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?” Blueberry asked as he ran up to you.

You felt a sense of anxiety as soon as you saw him. You reached down and scooped him in your arms. He was surprised. “H-HUMAN?” he squeaked.

You forced yourself to laugh as you set him down. “Sorry. I missed you, sweetie.”

He beamed as a blush appeared on his cheekbones. “THAT’S SWEET OF YOU, HUMAN! EVEN IF YOU DID JUST DISAPPEAR FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS.”

Hoodie appeared. “c’mon bro. have you already packed all your things?”

“NO! I’M SORRY, HUMAN BUT I WILL HAVE TO LEAVE YOU FOR A MOMENT!”

“Go ahead, Berry.”

Blueberry ran back up to the cottage to get his things. Hoodie handed you your backpack. You looked at him in surprise. “You fixed my things?”

He shrugged.
“Wow. That’s really nice. And out of character. Thanks, Hoods.” You took your backpack from him.

“no probs, bud. mind if we talk for a moment?”

“Uh, sure.” You looked around and saw the others too busy with other things. You and Hoodie walked some distance away from them. “What did you want to talk about?”

“well, i was curious about the details of your nightmare. mind sharing them with me now?”

You wanted to get the feeling off your chest. Maybe he can help you feel better. You decided to tell the details of your nightmare to Hoodie, not leaving out a single part.

As soon as you were done, Hoodie had an anxious expression. “that sounds bad.”

“I know. I mean, I’m sure this doesn’t have to do with anything that Sans told me, right?”

“What did sans tell you?”

“That when the universe finds out that you’re not a part of our code, they’ll try to erase your existence.”

“I’m sure the universe doesn’t have that kind of power, buddy. Sounds to me like sans is trying to hide something by saying that,” Hoodie concluded.

You creased your eyebrows. “Sans would never lie to me.”

“sans would definitely lie to you if it meant protecting you,” Hoodie said.

“Ok. You’re right. What do you think is he hiding?”

Hoodie shrugged. “i have no idea.”

Minutes later, Sans’ van came into view. He hopped off, making his way towards you. “feeling better?”

You smiled. “A lot. Thank you.”

“good to know, kid.”

You both started to walk towards the van as the others began to pile in. “So, how’s the machine?” You wanted to avoid the topic but you wanted to know how many days you have left.

“It’s ready by the end of the week, kid. alphy took a day off today. she and undyne had some plans tonight.”

“I see,” you said and nodded your head, even though you didn’t quite heard what he just said. You stopped listening after he said ‘end of the week’. A week. You only have one fucking week left.

It was a quiet drive home. Sans seemed aloof. You lost the mood to talk. The others were asleep in the back, probably tired by playing all day.

You reached the lab after a couple of hours. Everyone was quiet. It seemed like everybody knew what was going to happen and they didn’t want to talk about it. The air was heavy. It was nothing compare to the light and cheery mood at the beach. You wanted to return to the beach just so all this heavy tension would go away.
“well, i’ll be at my office if you need, kid,” Sans said before disappearing. He didn’t even give you a chance to reply!

You sighed, your heart feeling heavy.

“Human? What’s wrong?” G asked you.

You immediately grinned at him. “No, it’s nothing. Hey, you guys up for an all-nighter movie marathon? We should set up the living room!”

“sounds good to me, doll-face,” Patch agreed.

“it’s my thing, i’m up,” Hoodie responded.

“THAT SOUNDS LIKE FUN!” Blueberry said.

“EVEN IF I DO FEEL TIRED, I CAN MAKE TIME FOR YOU, HUMAN~” Latin said. You fought the urge to hug him like crazy. The others agreed, too.

“Well, let’s go then! It’s gonna be a long night!”

You reached the living room-like room. You quickly rearranged the couch and then pulled out some mattresses from the cabinets to lay it down in front of the TV. The others helped while some readied some popcorn and drinks.

Soon enough, your brother came home. “What’s this all about?” he asked, looking excited.

“Hey bro! Have fun at Frisk’s house?” you teased.

He quickly got flustered. “Shut up, Y/N.”

“nice work, kiddo,” Hoodie, shooting a wink at him.

“Hoodie, I’m going to freaking kill you,” Mark hissed.

“yeah, you’re not the only one,” Hoodie said with a chuckle.

When everything was settled, everyone got to where there are most comfortable. As usual, Hoodie hogged the whole couch to himself. Not really. He was willing to share it with you and you only. And you didn’t want to miss an opportunity like that. You were lying down in front of him, your head resting on his arm.

“I WANTED TO LIE BESIDE THE HUMAN!” Pluto whined.

Blueberry looked disappointed, too. “ME, TOO! BROTHER, WHY DO YOU GET TO HAVE HER?”

Hoodie shrugged. “guess i’m more special.”

“That’s not true. Next time, alright?”

The others looked disappointed. Mark snorted. “You just wanted to bone the skeleton.”

“Oh my god, Mark! Shut up!”

“I DON’T GET IT.”
“ME TOO.”

“please don’t say that again.”

“paps, it’s nothing, ok?”

Hoods chuckled. “well if you wanted to, you could’ve just said so, bud.”


“alright, alright.”

Maybe the movie marathon was a bad idea.

-----

A shadow loomed over the machine.
The whirring sound of the machine.

Sans entered his lab, a bag of potato chips in his hands. He had only left for a second to get some snacks. He wanted to get it over with, to fix the machine the sooner that he can so he planned on staying up all night.

Sans’ eyesockets went wide. “holy mother of bones.” He dropped the bag of chips to the floor as tried to wrap his mind around the scene in front of him. “no... no, no, no!”

-----

The sound of gunshots woke you up. You slurred awake and frantically looked around, only to find out that the gunshots came from the TV. Ah, you fell asleep. That isn’t surprising at all. You saw that everyone had fallen asleep, too. Nobody even bothered to turn off the TV.

You slipped away from Hoodie’s grasp and then quietly tiptoed your way around the unconscious bodies of the skeletons. You switched off the TV and then decided to take a minute to watch your friends. A small smile crept to your lips. You made your way to a cabinet and then pulled out some blankets. You placed those blankets over the skeletons, even over Hoodie who hogged the whole couch to himself.

After feeling pleased of yourself, you decided to pay Sans a visit.

“you’re totally not gonna like this human-dude, but, uh, error kinda destroyed the machine?”

You jumped in surprise when Fresh’s voice suddenly appeared out of nowhere. You turned your head around and found him standing there, looking at you with a sheepish grin. “What?”

“heh.” He let out a nervous laugh. “sorry bruh, he kinda, uh, slipped outta our grasps.”

“What?” you repeated.

“don’t worry! we got ‘im again! but, uh, yep. the machine’s totally in a bad shape.”

You rushed towards Sans’ office, not even bothering to say goodbye. You reached his lab, but you took a moment to catch your breath. Afterwards, you pushed the door open and froze.

The machine looked like it was falling apart. Sparks flew around. Some screws fell loose. It looked dangerously unstable. The portal was glitching and it was trying to suck you in. The machine itself was rattling.
You snapped your head towards Sans. You finally found him in front of a large computer, his expression was desperate, his fingers were typing in a lightning fast movement. But what he was doing seemed futile because nothing seems to be working.

“Sans?” you shouted over the loud whirring sound of the machine. He made no movement to acknowledge you. He was deeply immersed with what he was doing.

You took a step towards him, grabbing onto the wall for support. “Sans! It’s dangerous in here! We need to get out!” You slowly made your way towards him.

He whipped his eyes to look at you but quickly returned it to the keyboard. “no, no! i can’t leave this! i can’t!” You found tears glistening in his eyesockets. Your heart hurt for him.

“Sans, you can’t fucking fix this! We need to get out. Now!”

The broken, whirring sound of the machine got louder and louder by every second, its tune drilling into your ears and stabbing your brain. You can barely even hear your thoughts. The machine was rumbling and shaking wildly. You were afraid that it would suddenly blow up the whole building.

“no! i’ll lose all my data! i can’t! i was so close! so fucking close!” he cried out. He was getting more and more desperate as his fingers moved rapidly than before.

Suddenly, there was smoke coming out of the machine. “Sans... Sans! We need to get out! Now!” you screamed.

He pretended not to hear you as he kept his gaze on the keyboard. “i was so close, i was so close,” he whimpered again and again.

A small explosion erupted from the machine. You recoiled, fear taking over your system. “Nope. We’re outta here.”

Sans was tiring out. There were beads of sweat surrounding his head and his eyes were drooping in exhaustion. But he was fighting it. He can do this. He can!

Another small explosion came from the machine and you flinched. “Fuck.” You grabbed Sans by the collar of his labcoat and with all the strength you had, you pulled him out of the room. A second after you closed the door shut, a large explosion came from inside. You made it out just in time the machine exploded as you concluded, bits and pieces of metal and scrap were heard tumbling off the walls and the floor. The annoying, high, shrill tune coming from the machine finally went to a stop.

Sans slumped down as he heard the blast. “i was so close,” he whimpered again. He was so tired but everything just felt devastating. It was only a week left. Maybe even less. But now, he’s going to start all over again. Even his important files and paper were gone. Nothing could’ve been saved from that explosion.

There was an unsettling silence as you watched Sans sulking against the wall. You wanted to break the ice. Maybe you should tell him about Error? ...No. It’s too soon for that. He’s still too vulnerable after losing one of his biggest breakthroughs. You should cheer him up. But how?

“Well...” You cleared your throat. “...that certainly blew me away.” A pun. Yes, how thoughtful of you.

That did it. You caught his attention. His eyes met yours. There was a pause. And then, he started to snicker. “nice one, kid. how did i missile line like yours?” The distraught on his face was slowly fading away.
It worked! You silently cheered! Grinning, you responded with, “Just trying to have an impact.”

“Sounds like a blast.” He chuckled bitterly.

“At least you’re not bombed out anymore. Feeling better?” You shot him a smile.

He sighed. “Yeah. Thanks, kid.” He gave a tired smile in return.

“You wanna head to bed? Seems like you had a booming night.” You reached your hand towards him. He took it and you helped him stand up and dust himself.

“Sounds great. But please stop out-punning me.”

---

“Finally fucking got past those abominations,” Error cursed. He finally found your one-of-a-kind universe but then, some weird virus and an annoying (but cute) skele-ass appeared and tried to stop him. They’ve kept him trapped inside his own home, the anti-void. And finally, he had escaped.

He appeared inside some sort of building. He started to walk, with no particular direction. There was a force tugging at his soul towards the living room. Probably you. Since you have his puppet and all.

He stopped by a large, white door. It seemed suspicious. He opened it and peeked inside. Nobody was around. The room was a mess. There were papers strewn around the floor. In a corner, a heap of garbage of noodle cups and wrappers were displayed. At the center of the room, there was a large machine with some sort of portal.

“Interesting...” Error muttered to himself. He had never encountered a universe wherein Sans fixed the machine. Truly interesting.

He stepped forward to the machine to examine it. This machine... this is the reason why there are so many anomalies gathered in one universe. His eyes gleamed with dark intent.

Look at the bright side! At least it would make his job much easier~ He could just eradicate this whole universe and these fucking abnormalities would be gone!

He readied himself to destroy the machine in one move. But then, he heard footsteps. He froze. He wanted to play a little more. If someone finds out about him now, the fun would be over. He hid.

The footsteps became louder with each step. And finally, it stopped right in front of the machine. Blueberry stood in front of it, looking at it with concern. He was having a mental fight with himself. He creased his eyebrows and then sighed. “...This might upset her!” He was talking in a quieter voice than usual.

“But I don’t want to go! I don’t want to leave!” he reasoned.

He scratched his head. “But I would be destroying Sans’ hard work...” he opposed.

“But this is for her! So I can stay with her!” he contradicted, his face filled with determination. He readied himself to destroy the machine in one move.

“...Bro?”

Blueberry quickly whipped his head towards the sound of the voice as he stopped whatever he was about to do. “Papy! What are you doing here?” he asked in surprise. He was so nervous about being caught that he was relieved when he saw it was only his brother.
Hoodie frowned. “what are you doing here?”

Blueberry smiled sheepishly. “What does it look like I’m doing?”

Hoodie was quiet for a moment. “you were about to destroy the machine.”

“YES!” he replied enthusiastically. “Yes,” repeated with a softer voice. “You’re here, too. Which means we got the same idea.”

Hoodie shrugged and walked closer to his brother. “can’t say you’re wrong. let’s do this together.”

They readied themselves to destroy the machine in one mov—

“look what we’ve got here.” Patch entered the room with an amused smirk. “seems like it just wasn’t us who were planning on destroying that thing as soon as we got back home.”

Hoodie and Blueberry both turned to the source of the voice and found Patch and several others entering the lab room. They were both overwhelmed at the sight. It wasn’t just them. They weren’t alone. Everybody wanted the machine destroyed.

“blueberry’s here, too? gosh!” Hip Hop said in surprise.

“hey there, buds,” Hoodie greeted, “here to join the party?”

“Scratch! And Giant, too! Wowzers! There are so many of us!” Blueberry gushed.

Giant looked solemn. “I listed out the pros and cons of doing this. And the pros were worth it. This is why I am here to support this,” he calmly said.

“I JUST DIDN’T WANT TO GO BACK TO THAT HELLHOLE OF A UNIVERSE,” Scratch hissed as his arms were crossed.

“still, i’m surprised to see dancer guy here with us,” Goldie suddenly said.

Hip Hop blushed furiously. “i-i... i just feel happier when i’m here. i don’t want to go back home.”

“ok, chat’s over. let’s get this over with, yeah?” Hoodie intervened as he raised his hand, preparing to summon a Gaster Blaster.

“uh, wait!” Hip Hop interfered. The others groaned.

“What? it’s only a matter of time before she wakes up, you know,” Hoodie said, irritated.

“w-well... it’s just that if we try to blast the machine, wouldn’t it be obvious that one of us did it?” he reasoned.

“He’s right, brother!” Blueberry insisted. “We should use a different approach! A much safer approach wherein we don’t get ourselves in trouble!”

Hoodie gave up and inserted his hand right back into the pocket of his hoodie. “well? any ideas?”

They don’t have much time left. It’s only a couple of minutes before Sans comes back. As they were deep in thought, someone suddenly slammed the door open, making them jump in surprise.

“i’m here to join the party!” Orion heartily said.
“OH MY GOD, PLEASE SHUT UP! YOU’D GET US CAUGHT!” Scratch snarled at the skeleton.


Finally, Goldie raised his hand. “i have an idea.”

“shoot,” Patch said.

“THIS BETTER BE GOOD, BROTHER,” Scratch threatened.

“w-well, actually, i’ve prepared this a long time ago.” Goldie fished out a flash drive from the pocket of his jacket and raised it up. “it’s a virus. to mess up the system.”

“Hey! That’s actually a pretty great idea! It’s not messy and it’d be hard to distinguish the problem!” Blueberry approved.

“this is still pretty selfish of us, don’t you think?” Hip Hop said, as he quickly changed his mind about the whole idea.

“it is. but don’t you think it’s ok to be selfish once in a while?” Hoodie answered. “sides, who’d want to go back to our hellish universe?”

“Hmm? What’s wrong with our universe, brother?” Blueberry asked.

Hoodie clamped his mouth shut. Right... his brother doesn’t know about the resets and the murders.

“JUST GO AND DO YOUR THING, BROTHER!” Scratch ordered. Goldie nodded and inserted the flash drive into a USB port and then waited.

“That’s it? You just insert the thing and it does everything it needs to do?” Blueberry asked.

“yep.” Goldie nodded.

“there are footsteps coming! let’s go back!” Orion said as he rushed towards Goldie. “hurry up!”

“it’s done.” Goldie plucked out the flash drive and then teleported right back into the living room. The other Sanses helped the Papyruses teleport. The machine started to glitch and spark.

Error came out of his hiding spot as soon as the office was empty. “What the heck just happened...?” He disappeared just in time Sans opened the door to his lab.

Sans froze and stood there in shock. “holy mother of bones.”

“no... no, no, no!”
...yep. i decided to give out the big secret at once. i just felt it was the right time to do it. also, sorry it's short. this is a bit rushed ^_^''

ERROR HAS APPEARED~~~~~~~ yay
Decisions, decisions

Chapter Summary

Scenes after the tragedy.

~who is to blame?~

(I'm sorry, this is a late update.)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You knocked on the door. “Sans, please. Come out. You haven’t eaten in two days!”

There was no answer.

You sighed, extremely worried for him. He had locked himself in an unused room since the day of the machine’s destruction. He’d been sulking ever since. You’ve never seen his face for two whole days.

“Sans, come on! Everybody’s worried for you. Even Papyrus came home last night, but you didn’t even come out of this room!” You were getting irritable now. Nothing’s going to change if he continues to be like this! “Sans. Just come out and talk to me. Please.”

There was no answer.

You didn’t know where it came from, but anger bubbled out of you. “Fine! You lost something valuable, I get it!” you hissed. “But you don’t know how fucking happy I am that I get to extend my time with my friends! And by locking yourself in this room, you’re actually fulfilling my wish!”

There was still no response.

“You’re gonna rot in there,” you spat before turning on your heels towards the elevator. As you walked away from the room, your anger faded and it was replaced by guilt. You shouldn’t have said that. Although it was true, you shouldn’t have said that. That was harsh. Sans was only doing his job and just trying to fix his mistakes.

“human-dude... you look down.” Fresh appeared walking alongside you. He seemed blue as well, mirroring your mood.

“Hey Fresh,” you greeted tiredly. Truth be told, you haven’t slept well in two days. You were concerned about Sans... and concerned about your friends as well. Remembering what Sans said about their magic going out of control, you worry about how it’s gonna be stabilize now that he’s not in the mood to do anything productive. Maybe Alphys can help.

“hey~ look at the bright side!” His mood seemed to change quickly, back to his normal self. “my snarky lil friend is all up and cozy in the anti-void!”

You didn’t know what the anti-void was and you weren’t in the mood to ask. “Great,” you replied
with little to no emotions.

“cheer up my sis-dude! at least ya get to spend more times with your skele-buds!”

You nodded absent-mindedly. Fresh seemed disappointed for the lack of attention.

“ey! if you’re feeling so down, maybe i should introduce ya to my new broseph!”

You sighed, and he took that as a yes. “i’ll be back, human-dude!” He disappeared and you actually felt relieved by the silence that greeted you.

As you walked back to the living room-like room, you suddenly bumped into Alphys. You hadn’t even noticed since you were so out of it. “Oh! Sorry Alph!”

“Y-Y/N! I’m so g-glad to see you. I have something t-to talk to you about,” Alphys said as she scratched her head. She seemed anxious than usual but also a little upset about the whole tragedy.

“Sure,” you replied.

She sent you a shaky smile. “L-let’s talk in the living room.”

Both of you continued towards the living room and you found that everyone was present. You could feel the air was heavy. Nobody was speaking to each other. It seemed like they’ve already heard the news. You were careful not to tell them but it seems useless now.

You didn’t bother greeting them. You were affected by the tension filling up the air. You were trying to be happy, to act normal, but now it didn’t seem possible. Seeing their expressions like this just pulled you down.

You sat down beside Goldie. For a second, your eyes met but he quickly looked away. It seems like everyone was affected by the news.

“I-it would be hard to rebuild the m-machine from scratch but I-i assure you it’s very possible. It would take a longer time than possible, though. I-i just need everyone’s cooperation on this one. You already know about how your magic would be unstable if not for your daily check-ups. Since our calculated guess was that we could get you home before your magic goes haywire, t-then all would be fine. But now that the machine’s destroyed, it’s highly likely you’d experience something wrong with your magic after the deadline we set. Please, refrain from using them from now on. And please, tell me ASAP if you feel something wrong. I-i’ll do my best to stabilize your magic.”

Some nodded their heads but others didn’t respond at all. It was a bit unnerving to seem them all like this, but maybe the news about the machine really hit them bad. Maybe they were looking forward to going home after all.

“Alphy... did you find out what caused the machine to explode?” you asked, your voice solemn.

Alphys sighed. “I-it’s hard to since everything was destroyed and all. But I’m still investigating. I already picked up some scraps that we can still use to redo the machine.” Alphys looked like she was hesitating to tell you something. But then it seemed like she’d decided to tell you. “T-to be honest, Y/N, S-sans was already adding some features to the machine.”

“Features?” you repeated. You weren’t interested at all. Anything concerning the machine was just making you feel depressed.

“S-sans was working on installing some features that would make a portal that can be accessed from
another world. Meaning, your friends would be able to visit here any time they want.”

Your heart thumped in your chest. “W-what?” The others looked surprised as well. “H-he was? Really?” You felt excitement fill up your heart. “Why didn’t he tell me?”

“Well, he was unsure that he c-can make it work. He said he didn’t want to break your heart twice.” Alphys shot you a shy smile.

“Gosh darn that numbskull! He can make it work! He’s fucking brilliant!” In a blink, all that excitement died out. That’s right... the machine was destroyed. You felt your heart sink. It felt as if you understand Sans’ pain right now. “Damn.”

Alphys’ smile deflated. “D-don’t worry, Y/N. I’m sure he’d get around to it. I’ll be in the lab if you need me. Please tell Sans to feel better soon.” She stood up and then left quietly.

You sunk down into the couch. “I’m going to kill that freakin’ Error. Everything was going so well.” You whimpered as you put an arm over your eyes. “I’m sorry guys. Looks like you’re all stuck with me for a couple of months,” you said to the skeletons, your voice grave.

“It... is not your fault, human,” you heard Giant say. He sounded extremely sad, too.

“I can’t believe he planned on making a portal so we could visit you,” you heard Hoodie mutter.

Hip Hop suddenly spoke up. “Y/n, I want to confess something.” All the skeletons snapped their heads towards him but you didn’t move an inch.

“Yeah?”

“HIP HOP? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?” Blueberry asked. He sent daggers at the skeleton, threatening him not to say anything.

“Yeah, I don’t think it’s a good idea. We should talk about it first,” Patch said.

Their conversation made you curious. Lifting your arm off your face, you stole a glance to find them close to arguing. “What are you guys talking about?”

“IT’S NOTHING, HUMAN! IT IS NOTHING THAT CONCERNS YOU!” Scratch suddenly lifted you off the couch and you screamed in protest. “GO ON. GET OUT AND COMFORT YOUR LOVER. A BOTTLE OF KETCHUP WOULD BE NICE.”

“Scratch-!! What the heck!” He dropped you right outside the room and then slammed the door right in your face. You stared, surprised that that scene just happened. You tried to turn the doorknob but they have already locked the door. What the heck...?

You scratched the back of your head. Deciding to follow what Scratch said, you went to try and comfort Sans again.

As you headed towards his room, you spotted Fresh from afar. You wanted to apologize for acting so indifferent earlier so you broke into a sped-up walk to catch up to him. You slowed down when you found out that he wasn’t alone.

He was pulling another Sans towards you. This Sans wore brown clothes and was slightly taller than Fresh. This can’t be the Error he was talking about, right?

“human-dude!” Fresh brightened up when he saw you. He still hadn’t let go of the other Sans. The
other Sans wanted to free himself from Fresh’s grasp.

“Fresh! Let go! I can’t be seen, remember?” the other Sans said.

Fresh looked stronger than he seemed, you concluded. “Hey Fresh. Who’s your friend?”

“his name’s ink. we don’t really get along well but we decided it was best to—“

Ink finally escaped Fresh’s grip. He glared at the skeleton as he rubbed his wrists. As he turned his head towards you, he beamed. “Oh! I finally have the chance to meet you! I’ve only been watching from afar and—” He stopped speaking.

You tilted your head curiously. He seemed to be in a loss of words. “And?” you asked.

“Uh. What was I talking about again?” Ink asked. You thought he was kidding but now, he just looked genuinely lost.

Fresh slapped Ink’s back. “sorry, human-dude. ink’s always like this. he sometimes forgets what he was saying most of the time. don’t ya mind him, he’s not gonna bite.”

Ink glared at Fresh. “Rude.”

“Ok. I have a question,” you finally said.

“shoot.”

“Where the heck did you come from?!”

Fresh laughed at your sudden outburst.

Ink seemed amused as well. “Well, I exist outside of timelines and universes’. My job is to manage the creation of new AUs and to support artists with their works!”

“I don’t get it,” you said flatly. “What do you mean you exist outside the timelines and universes? And why the hell do you need to manage the creation of new... what? AUs? What the hell is an AU?” You are totally lost here.

“welp! maybe we’ll explain next time in greater detail human,” Fresh said.

“Yes! Anyway, you should hurry to Sans! I sense him diving deeper and deeper into depression. If anything happens to him, I have a feeling things might not go so well,” Ink said.

“Wait. Can you come closer?”

Ink looked confused but he did what you said. You leaned towards the skeleton and your eyes widened at your discovery. “Your eyes! I-it changes!” you said in glee.

Ink looked charmed. “Yes it does so. It changes every time I blink.”

“Really?! Holy shoot, that’s awesome!” you gushed.

Fresh suddenly interrupted the conversation as he grabbed Ink’s arm. “ok, ok. fun’s over. we need to get back to error. see ya later, human-dude.” Fresh and Ink was gone before you could react.

You didn’t adore the quietness when they’ve gone. Sighing, you made your way to Sans’ room.
Hoodie spoke up. “ok. i know everyone’s conflicted right no—“

“it’s just not right! she deserves to know!” Hip Hop interjected. “to be honest, i was willing to take responsibility of our actions!”

“HOW HEROIC,” Scratch mocked as he returned to his seat after he kicked you out.

“PLEASE! DON’T FIGHT! LET’S SETTLE THIS WITH PEACE TALKS!” Blueberry cried out.

“I agree with Hip Hop. I think it’s better if we let them know who broke the machine,” Giant said.

Everyone fought for their own opinion and beliefs, about what to do and who was right and wrong. Orion looked worried as he watched them quietly. Pluto and Latin had sneaked up behind him, both were concerned.


Oh right. They weren’t there. “uh... kinda.”

“WHAT DID THEY DO, OTHER BROTHER SANS?” Latin asked him.

Orion scratched his head. Why did he have to be in this predicament? Oh well. “they inserted a virus into the computer, making the machine malfunction.”

Both of them frowned. “OH NO, THAT IS HORRIBLE NEWS.”

“I AM QUITE DISAPPOINTED. I NEVER THOUGHT THAT THEY COULD DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS.”

Orion was filled with guilt. He, too, joined them even if he was late.

“I THINK TELLING THE TRUTH WOULD BE THE MOST ACCEPTABLE THING TO DO,” Latin said.

“I SECOND!” Pluto added.

“you weren’t there. we don’t need your opinion!” Goldie snarled.

Hip Hop glared. “hey! don’t talk to my brother that way!”

Goldie snorted. “is this really the time to say something stupid? goddamn, please sit down and shut the fuck if you don’t have anything good to say!”

“that’s not nice,” Orion said with a frown.

Blueberry immediately scolded him. “GOLDIE! PLEASE! STOP CURSING! YOU SHOULD CALM DOWN FOR A BIT! I KNOW THIS IS A BIT STRESSING TO ALL OF YOU BUT—“

“we freakin’ broke the machine. this isn’t just stressing, lil buddy,” Patch said.

“we broke the thing that sans valued most and we destroyed any chance of going back home sooner. we’ll probably be possessed by our own magic and cause chaos and destruction,” Hoodie added, his voice monotone.
Blueberry frowned. “BROTHER! DON’T BE SUCH A PESSIMIST! THERE’S ANOTHER THING WE CAN DO COMPENSATE FOR OUR WRONGDOING!”

“AND WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST WE DO?” Scratch asked in annoyance.

“We help them rebuild the machine!” He grinned as if it was the greatest idea ever.

“Maybe if all of us would work towards our goal, the machine would be finish in no time! Sans would stop sulking. Y/N would be proud of us. And we would all be able to get back home!”

There was a moment of silence as they contemplate about what the small skeleton suggested.

“What if... they found out?” Orion said, his expression anxious.

“If they find out, I’m sure it would get quite ugly,” Giant responded.

“Y/N would hate us forever,” Hip Hop added as he looked down in guilt and shame.

“This... this is all my fault.” Goldie looked down as his eyes were stung with tears. It was his entire fault.

“GOLDIE! DON’T SAY THAT! IT’S NOT YOUR FAULT!” Blueberry tried to cheer him up.

“IT WAS EVERYONE’S DECISION!”

“Yeah, but it’s my virus!” he snapped.

“BROTHER, STOP SAYING SUCH FOOLISH THINGS,” Scratch hissed. “IT WAS THE DECISION OF MANY. EVERYONE IS INVOLVED.”

Blueberry raised his arm as his expression looked solemn. “Actually, I think it’s my fault. I was the first skeleton to decide by myself to destroy the machine. If any of you didn’t come, I would’ve probably destroyed it myself. And the one to blame would be me.” Tears had been brimming at the corner of his eyes as well.

“Don’t be ridiculous, sans. it’s not just you. it was all of us. all of us had the intention of destroying the machine. you were just brave to act upon what you wanted,” Hoodie said.

“Papy...” Blueberry hugged his brother.

Orion sighed. They weren’t getting any progress.

“So. what do we do? how ‘bout we vote?”

Chapter End Notes

Error belongs to loverofpiggies on tumblr~
Ink belongs to comyet on tumblr~
Uh-oh

Chapter Summary

Angst or no angst?

Find out for yourselves, dearies~~
(sorry, i had no time to edit this chapter so i’m apologizing for whatever typos/grammatical errors i made

Sans didn’t feel like moving at all. This is probably his laziness’ ultimate form. He hadn’t moved an inch from his bed in two whole days. That’s an achievement. He cracked a smile but then he realized it was forced, so he lets go.

His eyes once again glanced at the door. Your shadow can be seen illuminated at the bottom of the door. You’ve been there for half a day. You even skipped dinner. All for him. But he can’t feel even a bit of gratitude. Not right now. He can only feel depression, distraught and disheartened.

Staring into space. He could feel sadness and despair circling around his body, overwhelming him. It has completely overcome him.

He felt so tired. His mind was going haywire with all his messed-up thoughts. His body felt heavy. He’s no better than a corpse right now.

“Sans?” you called. You were hungry but you weren’t leaving until he opens his door.

Sans was surprised. He thought you were asleep.

“You asleep? Well, it would be better if I imagine you asleep right now so this wouldn’t be harder for me.” You laughed awkwardly. “I just want to apologize for saying those hurtful words earlier. You didn’t deserve that. Hell, you don’t deserve any insults at all. You’re a great scientist, I know that. I might not understand what you’re going through, but I hope you feel better soon. Please, take care of yourself. You’ve always been such a numbskull. Always putting your science works first instead of yourself.”

Sans hadn’t planned on listening to you at all. He just wished you’d go away so he can wallow in pity in peace. But of course, he can’t help it.

“Saying that makes me realize, I want to take care of you Sans. If you’re too busy to take care of yourself, then I’m going to do that for you.” You were flustered with your own words. “What the heck am I saying? F-forget I said any of that.”

Sans’ soul thrummed pleasantly. He lets out a deep sigh and closed his eyes. He was finally able to sleep after two whole days.

You did, too.

---

You were starting to wake up. Hmm... when did the floor get so soft and cozy? You frowned and
your eyes fluttered open. You were in a room. On a bed. That pillow you were hugging? That was Sans.

You were surprised but you were careful not to move since he was still asleep and you didn’t want to wake him. Sans must have noticed you fell asleep right outside his door. Not that you minded sleeping on the floor. You were willing to wait him out.

Now that you’re in his room... what do you do when he wakes up? Oh no, you hadn’t thought about this so well. Should you pretend like nothing happened? Or should you ask him if he’s ok? Or should you—

“morning, sweet cheeks.” His voice was low and husky, probably because he just woke up.

Your heart raced. “Uh...” You don’t what to say. “Shit.”

He smiled.

“What the heck is wrong with you!?” you screamed. Sans was freaking you out. You thought he was depressed and all that? Then why the heck is he okay now? He couldn’t have cheered up overnight!

“you’re acting weird, kid,” Sans said as he stood up from the bed as he got ready to start his day. Sans felt like this was going to be a good day. And he slept so well, too! Maybe it was all because of you, isn’t it?

“What the fuck, Sans. You’re scaring me,” you said, an actual expression of fear on your face. Are you still asleep right now? Or dreaming?

Sans laughed, as if nothing tragic happened in his life. “look kid. i get it now, ok? i’m not supposed to mope around doing nothing because doing that is useless. if i wanna be productive, i need to start again.”

You furrowed your eyebrows. “What the heck are you talking about?”

Sans shook his head, probably disappointed that you’re so slow right now. “i heard what you said yesterday, kid. now, did that clear everything up? i need to talk to alphys. come see me if you’re bored.” He quickly left, not even giving you a chance to respond.

He heard your freakin’ awkward apology yesterday! Okay, damn. You don’t know what to say. After a couple of minutes of recollecting your thoughts, you slipped off the bed and decided to go to the living room since your stomach was growling.

You weren’t surprised to find Fresh when you opened the door. You were actually used to Fresh popping everywhere, even at unexpected times, especially when you’re alone. “mornin’, human-dude!”

“Hey Fresh! Where’s Ink?” you asked. You were actually fond of that odd but fascinating Sans. Although you still don’t get why the hell he exists. And what the hell was an AU again?

Fresh frowned as he crossed his arms. “why’re ya lookin’ for ‘im, brah? he’s not here!”

“Woah, chill Fresh. I was just asking.” Fresh is acting weird today.

You started walking towards the elevator and he followed behind, but he looked a bit grumpy. “you’ve only met ‘im once and ya already like ‘im? ya should slow down a bit, human-dude.”
You looked at him curiously. “Fresh, what the heck are you talking about? I was just curious, that’s why I asked. I thought you guys would be together since you know, you said that he was your new broseph.”

“he’s not my broseph. i’m only forced to work with him so i could protect y-- i only brought him once since ya look so unfresh! i thought he would cheer ya up!”

“Fresh, calm down. Fine. We won’t talk about him anymore, if that’s what you want.”

He contemplated for a moment before his grin widened. “deal!”

The elevator doors opened and you headed towards the living room, Fresh following behind you.

---

“it’s morning and we still haven’t decided what to do!” Orion said, exasperated. They were still inside the living room and they barely had any sleep.

They did have a vote yesterday night. It was either tell Sans and you or don’t. And before they voted, Blueberry gave some speech about whatever wins should be supported, even if they don’t support it in the first place. And guess what? It was a fucking tie!

“WHAT DO WE DO? SHOULD WE HAVE ANOTHER VOTE?” Blueberry asked worriedly. He wanted to take action as soon as he can.

“Brother, I suggest you pick our side so our argument would win,” Giant said to his brother.

Patch didn’t look amused. “no way! i’d rather die than tell Y/N how much of a fuck-up we are!” he hissed.

“blue, i’m surprised you picked not to tell her. i assumed you were more of a ‘the truth shall prevail’ kind of person,” Hip Hop said.

They were arguing again. It wasn’t a pretty sight. Now their group were split in two. Orion can only sigh.

Blueberry pouted. “IT’S NOT THAT I DON’T WANT TO TELL HER. I JUST DON’T WANT HER TO BE DISAPPOINTED IN US. DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THIS WILL HURT HER? LET’S GO WITH MY SUGGESTION! WE’LL COMPENSATE BY HELPING THEM REBUILD THE MACHINE! ORION, HOW ABOUT IT?”

“nah, i’m cozy right here,” Orion said lazily. He doesn’t want to hide things from you. He’d rather you be disappointed in him than him being eaten by guilt.

Hoodie looked at the clock. “it’s only an hour before we go to our jobs. i suggest we settle this now.”

“What do you suggest we do, brother?” Blue asked.

“What else? we battle.”

This made Latin, Pluto, and Giant frown in dismay. “Violence is not always the answer,” Giant said.

“That’s right!” Latin and Pluto agreed.

Hoodie shrugged.
Scratch was getting annoyed. He stepped forward. “THIS IS RIDICULOUS. ONE OF YOU SHOULD SWITCH TO OUR SIDE, RIGHT NOW! CHOOSING THAT OPTION IS LIKE DIGGING YOUR OWN GRAVE! DO YOU KNOW HOW SANS WOULD REACT IF HE FINDS OUT?”

“he’d accept our apology?” Orion suggested.


“NOW, NOW. CALM DOWN SCRATCH! WE CAN SETTLE THIS WITH PEACE TALKS!” Blueberry said.

“we’ve been talking all night and we still haven’t reached a decision,” Hoodie stated.

“how ‘bout this? you try to win one of us and we’ll try to win one of you,” Hip Hop said calmly.

“I don’t think that will work well. We’ve been talking about our pros and cons for a while now but nobody seemed to want to change their mind about their decision,” Giant said.

Goldie suddenly stepped forward. Everybody stopped talking. This was a first. He didn’t look angry. Everyone was looking forward to what he would say. “look, i’m not stupid. we don’t care about what sans thinks of us. all we care is about what Y/N would think of us. we don’t want to look bad in front of her. and i’ve chosen not to tell her because i don’t want to see the hurt expression on her face. the look of betrayal.”

Goldie’s speech suddenly made Orion and Hip Hop doubt their decisions. They don’t want her to lose her trust in them. No, they don’t want that. But isn’t telling the truth the right thing? ...but not telling her the truth isn’t exactly lying. But still, secrets could affect their relationship. The two of them looked at each other, as if asking for each other’s help.

But before they could even have a chance to talk, Giant had already switched sides. They were surprised. Now, there were 6 votes on not telling Sans nor you. Majority wins. The other side cheered for a short while whereas the other four felt a little upset.

“IT’S DECIDED THEN! WE WON’T TELL HER! WE’D FOLLOW MY PLAN!” Blueberry said happily.

---

“uh oh,” Fresh said, looking worriedly at you.

You heard everything. Goldie was right... you felt betrayed. You trusted them. How could they do this to you? They broke your trust...

“Oh no. What would Sans do if he finds out?” you asked yourself, feeling partly stupid right now. You can’t believe they can do such a horrendous act. How do they live knowing that they’ve done something horrible?

“human-dude... ya ok?” Fresh asked you.

You thought that everything would go well the moment you woke up with Sans. It just felt that this day would be different.

“But, it’s not like I didn’t wished for the machine to be destroyed, too,” you tell yourself. They weren’t alone. You had also wanted to destroy the machine. But a larger part of you didn’t want that.
Because you care for Sans. It was his most precious work, how could you destroy it?

“human-dude...” Fresh called you once again but you were drowning in your own thoughts and your own conflicted emotions.

“What do I do? Do I tell Sans?” you asked to yourself in particular.

But Fresh answered anyway. “i’m sure he wouldn’t like to hear that. he looked pretty upbeat this mornin’. it would be a shame to ruin his day.”

“You’re right. Maybe I shouldn’t tell him...” You were staring off into space. “Maybe it would be best...”

“human-dude, ya should lie down for a moment,” Fresh said worriedly.

“But I don’t want to keep things from him...”

“stop thinkin’ ‘bout it right now. ya should rest up. forget about everythin’ ya heard.” Fresh locked his arms with yours and decided to bring you to Ink.

---

Orion froze as he watched Sans walk out of the kitchen unnoticed.

“hey. you ok? you look pretty chilled to the bone,” Hip Hop asked worriedly when he noticed how tense Orion got.

Orion didn’t answer. Hip Hop decided to follow his gaze and he was sure he felt his soul drop at the sight of Sans heading straight for the couch. It was about time the others noticed him except for Hoodie, who had been hogging the whole couch for himself again. The living room became eerily quiet.

Orion wondered if Sans heard their entire conversation because he was acting like he didn’t. But as Sans got closer, Orion confirmed that he did hear everything. There was a frightening aura surrounding him right now and he felt it. Orion wanted to disappear but for some reason, he was too scared to move.

And he was pretty sure everyone else was too.

Sans nudged Hoodie awake. This made Hoodie grumble in annoyance. “don’t ya know tha—“ In a blink, Hoodie was surrounded by a blue light and was thrown to the other side of the room with a loud crash. Sans sat down on the couch and switched on the TV like nothing happened.

“holy crap,” Hip Hop whispered beside Orion.

“we’re dead.”
Uh-oh pt. 2

Chapter Summary

Uh-oh O_O

Read for yourselves, dearies~
//also i apologize for the late update *cries*//

Ink sat across from Error, who was trapped inside a mini jail that he made from his magic. Sure, he won’t be able to hold him there forever, but it’s buying him some time to think of something to change Error’s mind.

“You’re stupid. Do you really think you can keep me here forever?” Error hissed.

Ink nodded, completely ignoring him. “Uh-huh. Shush.” As he stared off into space, something caught his eye. He was dismayed when he saw Fresh. It’s not that he doesn’t like him, Fresh just annoys him too much. But he brightened up when he saw you being tugged along.

“It’s Y/N!!” Ink said excitedly as he rushed towards the two of you. Fresh sent him a glare. This made Ink slow down his steps. He finally noticed something was wrong. You looked... grim. “What happened, Fresh?” Ink asked as he took a step forward you.

“she’s not feeling well, hands off!”

Ink rolled his eyes. “Whatever. Tell me what happened.”

“she found out.”

Ink’s eyes widened. “Oh no. That’s horrible!”

“s why i brought her here. so she could be away from ‘em for a while.”

Ink raised his eyebrow. He looked behind him and made sure that Error was still there. He turned back around to face Fresh. “Error’s here,” he flatly stated.

Fresh shrugged. “he’s not much of a threat.” He glanced at Error who looked offended. Fresh’s grin widened. “i mean, if he tries somethin’ funny, i dunno,” he partially took off his glasses, showing off his flaming purple eye, “i may accidentally kill him.” Fresh had a sinister expression on his face and it was enough to make Error back down.

Ink scrunched up his nose. “Stop doing that.” Fresh brought his glasses back as he shot Ink a cheeky grin. He turned to you. “Y/N, are you alright?”

You didn’t answer.

“Fresh, you should’ve brought her to bed!” Ink scolded.

“there’s no way i’m lettin’ any one of those skeletons near her! they’d hurt her again!” Fresh said with anger.
Ink was mildly surprised. “Well, that’s new. Huh. Sure, let her lie down here for a moment. She’s your responsibility. I’ll be there watching Error.”

Fresh grinned. “Thanks inky!”

Ink grunted in annoyance. “Don’t call me that.”

---

“BROTHER! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?” Bluberry worriedly ran up to his brother who was mercilessly flung against the wall. Hoodie propped himself up with an arm as he tried to appear unhurt. He silently cursed when his whole body throbbed in pain but he didn’t want his brother to worry about him.

“’m f-fine, bro,” Hoodie said, mildly shocked when his jaw ache as he spoke.

Blueberry took a second to stare at his brother, tears and worry in his eyes. He turned to Sans, putting on a brave face as he walked towards him. “SANS! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO HURT MY BROTHER!” he tried to say calmly. He didn’t want to hurt anyone. Not yet, anyway.

The others looked stricken as they watched the brave little skelly talk to one, angry skeleton.

Sans partly moved his head to look at the skeleton, his face dark and menacing. There were no lights in his sockets. Blueberry froze in fright but as he remembered his hurt brother, he forced himself to take another step forward towards the skeleton. “S-SANS, WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS!”

Sans chuckled ominously as he turned his head back to the TV, as if he found the whole scene hilarious. “i dare you take another step forward, buddy.” There was no change in his voice. It still sounded like the same, normal him. But everyone knew it was a trap.

Orion wanted to stop the stupid, little skelly named Blueberry but he doesn’t have any courage to do so. They need to get out of here and plan a proper confession and apology. He didn’t want Sans to find out like this!

“this is bad,” Patch muttered.

“NOW DO YOU GET WHY I DIDN’T WANT TO LET HIM KNOW?” Scratch whispered harshly.

“he’s probably just kiddin’ around and will hug us after?” Orion said, a hopeful expression on his face.

Hip Hop snorted. “yeah right.”

“I think we need to get out of here. I’m afraid things won’t go so well if we don’t let him cool his head down first,” Giant joined in the hushed conversation.

“AGREED,” Latin said nervously.

Blueberry was shaking. “S-SANS, PLEASE! HEAR US OUT?” He dared to take another step forward when Sans raised his hand up. Blueberry was confused for a moment before he began to pale. A large Gaster Blaster was summoned and it was pointed straight at him. Blue didn’t want to run. He was supposed to be the Magnificent Sans! And someone like him, a future Royal Guard member, doesn’t run away from danger!
“berry, watch out!” Orion yelled.

The Gaster Blaster began concentrating on its magic. But Blue still didn’t move from his spot. He... he trusts Sans. He wouldn’t. Even if they did something unforgivable, Sans wouldn’t hurt him... would he? Blue had a moment to take a peek on Sans. His eyesockets were dark and disturbing. His grin was definitely twisted.

“S-SANS! PLEASE!” Blue pleaded.

“What the fuck does he think he’s doing?! why isn’t he moving?!” Patch said as horror was etched on his face.

“he’s tryna be a hero,” Goldie murmured. “that stupid idiot.”

“I think it would be better if we act instead of talking nonsense, hmm?” Giant said. He took a step forward towards Sans.

“yeah, there’s no way you’re going out there, bro,” Patch hissed as he pulled back his brother into the safe zone.

“Brother, Blueberry would get killed,” Giant stated, his face serious.

“i know! that’s why you’re not going anywhere near them!” Patch blocked his way.

Giant’s eye began flaring yellow. “Brother, I insist you let me go.”

Patch smirked. “i dunno, bro. i’d rather be a bag of bones.”

Giant held his hand out and in a blink, it turned Patch’s soul blue. This made Patch unable to move. He glared at his brother. “don’t you fucking dare interrupt them, paps!” The others were too surprised that Giant had used his magic on his brother.

“I’m sorry, brother.” Giant had remembered when you stepped in when he and Papyrus were about to fight head-on. You had no magic, even no weapons, but you still protected him. Even if in the end, you would have to get hurt.

“uh-oh. shit, everything’s chaos!” Orion muttered as he watched the Tall Brother’s dramatic scene unfold.

Alas, the Gaster Blaster had finished gathering up magic and was about to blast, Giant too late to notice. But at the last second, a lone bone flew towards Sans and hit his upright arm. This made Sans lose his focus, making the Gaster Blaster disappear. Blueberry released a shaky breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding.

“i see you’re gettin’ personal with my bro, eh?” Hoods appeared behind Blueberry. His hoodie was dirty. He was clutching his painful right arm. He had been limping all the way to his brother.

Blueberry turned to his brother with tears on his eyes. “PAPY!” Blueberry couldn’t be more thankful that his brother appeared to protect him.

Hoods chuckled. “i’ve got your back, bro.” Both of them turned their heads towards Sans. They won’t back down without fighting back.

A distance away, Giant suddenly collapsed from where he was standing. Patch immediately sensed the blue magic holding his soul down disappear and he rushed towards his brother. “Oh no.”
“ok. what the heck just happened?!” Hip Hop cried out in surprise.

“IS HE OK?” Pluto asked worriedly.

Patch sighed after he inspected his unconscious brother. “h-he’s fine. he just lost consciousness,” Patch said with a relieved voice. It turned back to worry. “although i have no idea why.”

“I think i know,” Orion said as he raised his arm as if answering a teacher’s question. “remember, alphys told us to refrain from using our magic. he used his when he made your soul blue.”

“oh thank god. i thought he had fallen down or somethin’,” Hip Hop said.

“monsters doesn’t randomly ‘fall down’, stupid,” Goldie responded.

Hip Hop raised his brow. “well excuse me, snarky pants. who knows if it’s possible or not? especially right now that our magic’s in danger.”

“woah, calm there kitten,” Orion said with a chuckle as he put a hand on Hip Hop’s shoulder.

Hip Hop raised both of his hands as if surrendering. “i’m calm. i’m calm.”

“UH, I THINK WE HAVE ANOTHER PROBLEM TO TAKE CARE OF,” Latin interrupted, his gaze never leaving the three skeletons in the middle of the living room.

“how do you think we can stop them?” Orion asked.

“WELL, WE CAN TEAM UP AND USE BLUE MAGIC TO MAKE SANS IMMOBILE!” Pluto suggested.

“that’s a great idea, bro. but remember, our magic’s unstable. even if we combine all our magic right now, sans would still be stronger than us since his magic is stable.”

“THEN LET’S HIT HIM WITH ALL WE’VE GOT!” Scratch said enthusiastically, an evil grin appearing on his face.

“we might accidentally kill him. that would make Y/N despise us,” Goldie opposed.

“let’s call papyrus?” Hip Hop suggested.

“PAPYRUS WOULDN’T BE TOO HAPPY TO HEAR THAT SANS IS GOING CRAZY. LET’S CALL ALPHYS!” Latin said.

“yeah, i think that’s our best option for now. we don’t want to call Y/N and accidentally let her know we broke the machine, right?” Orion said with a nervous chuckle.

“i’ll get ‘er. make sure no one kills anyone,” Goldie said as he disappeared from the room.

Sans stood up from the couch and faced the brothers. There were still no lights in his sockets. It made Hoodie quiver in fear. This was unlike the first time they met Sans. No, he was different. Hoodie wondered if his brother would ever get scary like that. He probably would.

Blueberry started to talk. “SANS! LOOK! W-WE’RE SORRY WE BROKE THE MACHIN—“

Sans summoned a set of bones and immediately sent them flying towards the Swap Brothers. Hoodie quickly grabbed his brother and dodged every one of them. He almost got struck by one since he was hurt and can’t move fast enough. Hoods sighed in relief when he avoided the first set. Although
he wasn’t sure how long he’ll last when he’s hurt like this.

“S-SANS, PLEASE! WE WERE JUST THINKING OF Y/N’S WELLBEIN—“

Sans summoned another set of bones, but something was different this time. Hoodie looked closely. Yep, he was right. The bones were sharper than before. He summoned a large Gaster Blaster to be used as a shield. He cringed when the bones hit the Gaster Blaster. He could feel the difference in their magic and strength. Sans was definitely stronger.

The Gaster Blaster disintegrated and Hoodie felt helpless.

“Please, calm down!” Blue toned down his voice. “Sans! Please! We don’t want to hurt you!”

Sans laughed like Blue just said something funny. But it also felt humorless. It was forced and sarcastic. “you don’t deserve sayin’ that, kid,” Sans said harshly as he raised his arm to summon another set of bones.

Hoodie noticed there were no bones coming towards them. He instantly grabbed his brother and jumped as high as he can as bones protruded the floor. They landed safe and unhurt.

“Ow!”

Hoodie looked at his brother in surprised. One of the bones scraped his leg and now he was wounded. Hoodie put him down on the floor as the lights died from his sockets.

“well, my bro tried reasoning with ya but it looks like it didn’t work. now, let’s do it my way,” Hoodie said as his sly grin widened.

“Papy! Don’t!” Blueberry tried to stop him.

Sans stood there, his grin widening in a sadistic manner. Both of them got ready to fight. Hoodie knew there was no way both of them would live after this battle. One of them has to die. And there was no way he was going to die.

They readied themselves and... something small hit Hoodie in the neck. His hand reached up to grab it and he pulled it out. It was a... dart or something. He started feeling woozy as his vision began to blur. He gazed at Sans and saw him passed out on the floor. Ah. A tranquilizer. He glanced at who shot him and saw Alphys with the others.

“Papy! Papy! Are you alright?” He could hear his brother’s worried voice.

Hoodie chuckled. “g’night, bro.” Hoodie fell unconscious.

---

Error was bored out of his wits. Ink had left him because that weird abomination had done something weird again. Error easily escaped the cage that Ink did with his magic and walked towards you who fell asleep while overthinking.

Error glanced at the two who was arguing a distance away. They still hadn’t noticed that he already escaped. Well, they’re stupid anyways. Error suddenly had an idea and his grin widened. He grabbed your soul with his magic threads and carried you upright, like a puppet.

And then he opened a rift in the anti-void, somewhere to another universe and silently walked through it, bringing you with him.
Ink sensed that Error wasn’t making any sound. He turned around and paled when neither he nor you were in sight. “Oh no.”

“whad’dya mean?” Fresh asked. He looked around and didn’t find you. “where’s y/n?”

“Oh no,” Ink repeated as he rubbed his hands against his face.

“That fucking error’s gonna pay.”
Deep, deep trouble that Adele's rolling in it

Chapter Summary

Sans needs some serious help. And you are in deep trouble.

---

imsorryimsorryimsorryimsorryimsorryimsorryimsorryimsorryimsorryimsorryimsorry
this is super late update!!!! i couldn't update on wednesday because of my homeworks
and i really didn't have the time so im really really sorry! i tried to make this
chapter extra long to make up for it! Hope you like it! (caution: this is a rushed chapter
and i didn't have time to edit so... yep. :3) <345

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hoodie stirred awake.

“BROTHER! ARE YOU AWAKE?”

His vision was blurry at first but then it finally cleared up. He saw Blueberry hovering over him, a
worried expression plastered on the face of his brother. He forced himself to grin but soon found out
that he felt awful.

Blueberry looked over his shoulder. “ALPHYS! I DON’T THINK HE’S WELL!”

Alphys wiped the dirt off her claws on her lab coat. “He’s alright, Blueberry. He’s just not used to
being tranquilized.”

Hoodie tried to move his hands but it was like he has no hands in the first place. He couldn’t feel
anything. Alphys finally entered his line of vision. He wanted to speak but he couldn’t move his
jaws. Alphys looked at him in guilt.

“Sorry. The effect of the tranquilizer will fade after a couple of hours. I suggest you go back to
sleep.”

Hoodie tried to frown.

“Oh. Sans is still asleep. Don’t worry, I won’t let him near the others.” She stopped talking as a
gloomy expression appeared on her face. “I-i still can’t believe that you guys would do that. But I
guess you had your own reasons? A-and, don’t worry. I’m not siding with anyone. It’s just that... I
hoped you guys haven’t done anything this rash. I think a little talking would’ve helped instead of
this. I guess you all felt bad when I told you Sans was trying to add new features, right?”

Hoodie looked away, feeling ashamed of himself. Blueberry looked down on the floor, the guilt was
building inside him.

Alphys tried to give them both a hopeful smile. “I-it’s ok. I think everything would work o-out in the
end. Please, if you feel better, I suggest you try a-and win Sans’ trust back. I m-mean, it’s for the
best.”
Blueberry nodded. “WILL DO, ALPHYS! THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUGGESTION!”

“I’ll go back to the machine. Just call me if you need me, ok?”

---

Sans was walking along the white, dull hallway. Where was he walking towards? He can’t remember. He couldn’t seem to stop, like his feet has a mind of his own. He relented and just went with the flow.

It was an awful lot of walking. He couldn’t even remember when he’d started walking. But wherever he was going, it was taking a lot of time to get there.

And finally, there was the light at the end of the tunnel. He saw the familiar white doors to his office. He grabbed the handle and opened.

His soul sunk. Why was this happening again? He ran towards his computer, his mind in a jumbled mess as he tried to fix what was falling apart. Maybe... this was a second chance to save his machine. To save his months’ worth of hard work and passion.

Someone grabbed him from behind. It was you. He tried to struggle from your arms. “let go! let go!”

“Sansy, you can’t save it. Stop trying.” These harsh words left your mouth and it left him stunned as he was forced to watch his precious creation get destroyed.

“whoopsy.” That skeleton who always wore a hoodie suddenly appeared alongside you. “too bad.” He was grinning smugly. His brother also appeared, his eyes brightly shining as he looked excited with the scene in front of them.

“oh well, guess we have to stay here for a couple more months, amirite?” Him with the golden tooth also appeared. One by one, all of them started appearing right beside him and you. And they did nothing to stop the machine from getting destroyed. They just stood there and watched, like they were watching a fireworks show.

“I didn’t want them to go, Sansy. They can stay, right?” you whispered right beside his skull.

Tears gathered in his sockets as he felt like his soul was being crushed into smaller pieces. Why would they do it...? Why would you agree to it...? You knew how much he loved his work. You knew too well. You were a witness about how passionate he was about all this.

“no worries, ya can rebuild it again right?”

He can rebuild it again. But he had no idea that this experiment would cause him such an emotional strain. It was emotionally draining. It hurt him physically and emotionally.

Fury started to build within him. He didn’t deserve this. His eye started to blaze, painfully.

“S-sans? Are you ok?” It was your sweet, sweet voice but he knew that this was all just a bad dream. He was only reliving his tragic memory. And he wanted to be released of it, even for just a moment. He struggled out of your arms and faced you with anger like he had never felt before.

“S-sans...?” You looked scared. It was goddamn realistic.

Sans felt his soul going numb. He finally understood what pain does to a person. But he welcomed the numbness. It was much better than feeling your soul being smashed again and again.
He shot you a dark grin. “go to hell.” He summoned a large Gaster Blaster and in an instant, it shot a pure ball of magic energy, immediately killing you and dusting the other skeletons that he considered as friends.

Friends...?

What friends?

Sans was walking along the white, dull hallway. He didn’t realize the wicked grin on his face as he looked forward to entering his office doors.

---

You were slowly waking up. Before your eyes fluttered open, you realized that half of your face was turning numb because of the cold. Wait, cold...? Your eyes widened when you only saw white. There was only white everywhere! Your fingers... they were difficult to move but you still did so.

Trying to stand up, you finally realized that you were in an unfamiliar place where it was snowing piles and piles of snow. Fear entered your system as you looked around in a state of panic. There were only snow and trees and more snow no matter where you look around. Where the heck are you?

You tried to remember what happened and instantly regretted it. That’s right. The skelebros... the machine... Sans...

“Hello?” Your voice was hoarse. Probably because of disuse. How many hours has it been before you fell asleep? You cough and then tried to speak again, “Hello? Anybody here?” Your voice was much louder this time. Your feet were turning numb from the icy cold and you desperately needed to warm yourself up but your panic from being away from home wasn’t bearable. You’d rather walk. Anywhere. Somewhere.

You decided to walk hoping somebody would show up. Anybody would be fine. You just needed directions back to your home. Although, this place felt like another world. As you walked, you suddenly thought that you’ve been in this place before.

And it hit you hard. You’ve been here before. This is the Underground. It’s where you met the snowman. It’s where Sans took you as his idea for a date. But why are you here? How did you get here?

You were starting to feel hopeless. If it’s true that you’re in the Underground, then that must mean there wouldn’t be anybody here. This place is abandoned. And also, isn’t the exit right at the top of the mountain? You’d have to go down alone without any resources. Could you even get out of here at the end of the day?

But you brightened up when you saw someone a distance away. There’s somebody here! It was someone in a green jacket. Maybe they could help you! You started walking faster, ignoring the way you couldn’t feel your legs. “Hey! You!”

The person immediately tensed up at the sound of your voice. She turned around and you were stunned to see it was another human. You actually thought she was a monster. Since you know, this is the Underground and all.

She seemed fairly surprised to see you. Her hands were tucked in the pockets of her jacket and she had a pink, cute blush. Although you don’t know whether it was make-up or not. “Woah there! Where’d you come from?” she asked you. She looked mildly nervous. “You’re not supposed to be
You frowned as you slowed down your steps before you fully stopped in front of her. “What do you mean?” You quickly shook your head. “Anyway, I need your help! Can you help me back up? To the surface, I mean?”

“You’re from the surface, too? That’s not right... a human just passed. You weren’t supposed to appear,” she said. She looked partly confused but it looked like she had her guard up. You were unfamiliar to her so it’s not surprising that she sees you as a threat.

Well, maybe you should slow it down. How ‘bout introducing yourself? “My name’s Y/N. I really need to go back to the surface. If you could just escort me, I’d be really grateful.”

The girl scratched the back of her head. “Look buddy, you’re probably not gonna like this but I’m gonna give you some pretty bad news. You can’t go back to the surface. There’s this thing called barrier that separates us from the surface. Ever heard of it?” She looked behind you with a thoughtful face. “If you’d come from that large gate back there, I’m sure you’d know that. But since you don’t...”

You took a step back as her face suddenly took a frightening turn. Her eyes and mouth turned into a horrifying shade of black made of goo. She raised her arm up and your eyes widened in fear when she summoned a set of knives. “You don’t belong here.”

“Chara? What’s taking you so long?” A voice appeared several feet away.

The girl froze as all her summoned knives dissipated and you couldn’t be more grateful. That was terrifying.

“Oh? Oh my god, Chara. Is that another human?” A young... goat monster appeared by her side, looking at you in amazement. You still hadn’t shook off ‘Chara’s’ lovely face from earlier so you couldn’t bring yourself to even speak at the moment. “I can’t believe I’m capturing two humans in one day! Hello there, human! I am Asriel! The absolute god of hyperdeath!”

You glanced nervously at ‘Chara’ but she only did the ‘I’m watching you’ gesture with her fingers. “A-ahm, my name’s Y/N. It’s nice to meet you, Asriel.” You felt nervous with Chara watching your every move.

“Chara! Stop scaring them!” Asriel scolded. He turned back to you. “Oh no, you looked like your freezing! That wouldn’t do! You might not make finish my puzzles if you faint because of the cold! Let’s get you back to my house.” Asriel took your hands as he guided you.

“But Ass-riel!” Chara whined.

“No buts!”

Chara snorted. “Yeah, that’s right. You have no butt.” Looks like she had no choice but to follow. Asriel looked flustered. “Chara!” He turned to look at you. “Don’t mind her. She’s really rude sometimes.”
“You love me bro,” Chara interrupted.

“I do. You’re honored that you’re brothers with the absolute god of hyperdeath!!” Asriel said with pride. It reminded you of Papyrus.

You kept quiet as the two kept bickering. You didn’t mind, you were actually enjoying watching them. And it seemed that Chara had already brought her guard down since you haven’t been doing anything suspicious thus far.

Finally, you entered Snowdin. You were surprised by the number of monsters outside and how the town looked absolutely cozy when it wasn’t abandoned. It just meant that this wasn’t your Underground. It’s possible that this is a different Underground or you’ve gone back in time. But you didn’t want to think about it now. All you wanted to do was to get back to the surface.

But you remembered you can’t. Because in this place, the barrier isn’t broken. That meant that the monsters still aren’t free. Which means that it’s highly likely you’ve gone back in time. It made you feel restless but you think that if you can meet Sans then he can give you an explanation.

“Welcome to our humble home!” Asriel stopped in front of a familiar large, wooden, two-story house.


Chara frowned, her guard rocketing back up when she heard you say that. “How’d you know about King Sans when you didn’t even know the barrier was up? Who the hell are you?”

“Chara! Language!” Asriel scolded.

You were too stunned to move. You didn’t want to consider it but... it’s also possible that you’re in a different universe. I mean, a universe where Sans is a king? That would make a funny joke back in your place but this duo doesn’t seem like the type to joke around. They look pretty serious. “Uh... how about Toriel?”

“You mean Mom?” Asriel’s eyes shone like stars. “Mom’s the captain of the royal guard! And dad’s the royal scientist!”

Wait, wait, wait. Toriel and Asgore had a child? Your eyes widened in realization. Their names... they make up the name Asriel. So they do have a child! But why didn’t you know about Asriel? Did something happen to him in your universe?

“And Papyrus?” you asked.

Asriel’s smile deflated. “Oh... He disappeared years ago! Some said he was dead. It was terrible.”

Paps is... dead? This is a fucked-up universe. How could Paps be dead?

“Could you take me to Sans? Please, I just really need to talk to him!”

“Why don’t you calm down a bit? I think you need a nice, hot cup of hot chocolate,” Chara said as she pushed you inside the house. You stumbled but quickly caught yourself. “I’ll be in the kitchen. Keep her company, Rei.” Chara quickly headed to the kitchen.

“Your clothes don’t look like they keep you warm,” Asriel said as he eyed you up and down. “Wait
here a minute and I’ll go have a look on Chara’s wardrobe! Although her room is quite messy. Ugh.” He headed up the stairs.

You took that moment to observe your surroundings. This house looked exactly like the skelebros’ house back in Snowdin. It was scary. How the hell did you end up here? You wanted to go back home, you do, but thinking that your friends did something unspeakable left a bitter taste in your mouth. Maybe you need some time away from them.

Asriel dashed back down, a green jacket similar to what Chara was wearing was hanging by his paw. “Here! I found a clean one!” he said excitedly. He gave the jacket to you and you didn’t hesitate on wearing it. You were freezing.

The cloth felt familiar. Almost like Sans’ jacket, only a different color. You felt a slight pinch in your heart while thinking of Sans.

“Thanks Asriel,” you said with a smile.

“It’s no problem, human! It’s my duty to ensure you’re on your best health before I take you to my mom!”

“To your mom?”

“My mom asked me to capture humans and take them to her. And so she takes them to the king so the king would take the human’s soul and use it to break the barrier!”

You tensed up. “T-take my soul?” You unconsciously put a hand to your heart. You don’t know much about souls but hearing that made you feel nervous.

“A nice cup of hot chocolate! Yum!” Chara exited the kitchen with two mugs of hot chocolate on her hands. She looked over at you and eyed you up and down. A smirk tugged on her lips as she handed you a mug of steaming hot chocolate. “Can’t say that doesn’t look nice on you, human.”

This made Asriel blush. “Chara! Stop flirting with the human!” he cried out.

“My bad.”

You took the mug and sipped. The hot liquid pouring down your throat was heaven. “This tastes good!” you praised.

Chara’s cheeks reddened a little. “Thanks. It’s my specialty.”

“Well, I have to say it’s really super good—“

Someone crashed in the living room from out of nowhere. The three of you snapped your heads towards the source of the sound and you were all surprised when a Sans who looked pissed walked right up to you.

“You! I’ve been looking for you all day! Fresh’s hot on our tail and when he finds me, I am dead.” You couldn’t move as you gazed into this weird-looking Sans. He was black and he was glitching. You were sure you’ve seen before but you couldn’t remember when. A thought popped in your head.

“Wait... you couldn’t be... Are you Error?” He mentioned Fresh. And Fresh only mentioned Error, the destroyer of worlds. Are you finally meeting him? This is the dude that destroys the universes. The one who was after you, I guess?
Error looked pleased. “Oh wow, you know my name. I’m flattered, human.” And he quickly frowned. “Not. I have no time for this shit. We need to go.” He suddenly raised his arm up and thin, blue threads shot out from his hands.

You cried out in pain when these threads sucked your soul out of your body and enveloped it. Your soul’s out of your body... You’ve only ever seen your soul once and that was because Blueberry was curious about its color... He provided you with basic knowledge about souls but nothing more than that. You don’t know what’s happening right now.

“H-hey! Leave the human alone!” Asriel cried as he looked ready to battle the intruder.

Error tsked in annoyance. “Whatever.” He ripped a rift in space and pulled his threads. You let out a whimper when the threads hurt. You don’t know how it’s hurting you but it’s definitely hurting somewhere. “Uh-oh. That annoying skele-ass is here.” He pulled you towards the rift as he stepped in and you tried your best not to faint.

*Sans...? ...help me.*

Chapter End Notes

Storyshift AU belongs to voltrathelively (ut-storyshift) in tumblr!
Sometimes, kindness is enough

Chapter Summary

Oh noooo. I couldn't update on a Wednesday again T^T I'm so sorry. I become so busy on Wednesdays these days and I can't reassure you that I can update next Wednesday again. I'm only sure that I would update on Saturdays since Sats are really my only free time. But today, this update is early because I can't wait for tomorrow.

Here is an extra long chapter for you guys~ Thank you for your support!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ink appeared right after Error left and he only managed to see the rift closing up. “I’m too late!” Ink cried. He turned towards the two siblings who looked pretty much shocked and confused. Ink shot them an awkward smile. “Welp. I better go...” He swiftly sliced his brush and a portal appeared in thin air. Without another word, he left, the siblings’ mouths gaping in shock.

“Did you see what I saw, Chara?” Asriel asked, who still haven’t fully processed what happened.

“I think we need to lie down a moment, Rei,” Chara replied and dived head-on the couch.

---

You tried to struggle against the strings but to no avail. It seemed like the strings were sucking the energy out of you. Error was in control of your body now. He must be the one responsible for bringing you to a different universe.

You whimpered. “Where are we going? Please, take me back.”

Error closed the rift of the portal and then observed his surroundings. “This looks new.”

You were still in Snowdin, that much you’re sure of. But you agree with Error. This looks new. The atmosphere looked so... forlorn and dark. It wasn’t bright and cheerful like the others. Now, where are you?

“Take me back home, please. Why are you doing this?”

“Keep quiet,” Error hissed.

“Please. I need to go back home! I need to talk to Sans!”

“Shush!” Error tightened his ropes on your soul and it felt like someone punch the heck out of you. This made you keep your mouth shut. He kept on walking with you suspended in the air like balloon being held by a kid.

You looked around since you don’t really have a choice. This universe is giving you the creeps. What happened to this place? You still hadn’t reached the town yet but you’re sure it would be worse.
Error stopped in his tracks and you curiously glanced at him. He was staring at someone straight ahead. You followed his gaze and found a Sans inside some sort of booth a distance away. Your face brightened at the sight of him and you wanted to call out and wave but you were stopped by an unknown force. Probably Error’s strings.

Error looked partly nervous but he kept on walking out of curiosity. He hadn’t seen anything like this. The sound of fingers tapping on the wooden counter of the booth can be heard. It was eerie and disturbing. Fear replaced the excitement you felt moments ago. As you walked closer, you could see the condition of Sans.

He had a large crack on top of his skull, one of his eyes was blood-red instead of blue and you thought you saw blood on his usual but torn attire. There was something twisted with the way his grin was formed.

“Oh, I think we should stop?” you suggested to Error when he only kept on walking. This universe’s Sans doesn’t look too friendly.

“Yeah, shut up,” Error snapped.

Sans caught your eyes and his fingers tapping successively on the wood stopped. You’d say it wasn’t possible but it seemed like his grin widened cruelly. “hey buddy.” His voice was a few octaves lower than usual and he had that malicious glint in his eye. “want a hot dog? ya look starving.”

You weren’t sure if he was talking to you or Error. Error took a step back, his nose scrunched up. “Uh-huh, nope. We’re outta here.” He opened another portal and stepped right in without another word, leaving the creepiest Sans you have ever seen in your life. Huh. Aren’t you guys lucky Sans hadn’t pulled that one out the machine?

It looks like you were back in normal Snowdin. The air wasn’t as eerie as the previous universe. Although you were really curious about what happened back there. Maybe you shouldn’t have escaped so quickly. Psh, Error was such a coward.

“What are you planning to do to me?” you asked.

Error glanced at you for a quick while before returning his eyes to the road. “Dunno. Torment Fresh or something.”

Uh-oh. Fresh? You had a feeling that Fresh is so gonna kill Error. “What the hell? That’s your damn reason?”

“Don’t sass me, human! I can easily crush your soul right now!” Error hissed.

This made you clamp your mouth shut.

As Error walked along the path of Snowdin, you saw a Sans coming towards you. But it wasn’t just any random Sans. This one looks like Goldie! He had his head bowed down, his eyes were down on the ground so he hadn’t seen you. He only perked up when he heard the sound of Error’s footsteps getting closer.

He raised his head up and his eyes met yours. He seemed stunned for a moment before making eye contact with Error. “this place ‘s abandoned. dunno how ya two got in here but i suggest you leave, right now.”

“And I suggest you mind your own business,” Error responded. He sidestepped Goldie and was
about to continue walking when Goldie spoke.

“judging by the look of that human caught by your strings, i’m thinkin’ she needs help,” Goldie #2 said coldly.

Your eyes twinkled in delight. “I never knew you were psychic!” you gushed. “You totally read my mind!”

Goldie #2 looked taken aback by your bright personality. He chuckled before he stashed his hand inside the pocket of his favorite black jacket. “ya heard the lady, weird-looking me. unhand her.”

Error laughed, like Goldie just said some hilarious joke. “Oh my god, that was good!” He acted like wiping a stray tear from his eye. “You know what I think? I think you should go to hell.” Error raised his arm up as if getting ready to attack.

“funny. that’s what i thought.”

Surprisingly, a set of bones came from behind and tore Error’s strings from your soul. You fell from the lack of Error’s strings holding you up but Goldie swiftly caught you and without a warning, both of you teleported out of there. You can almost hear Error’s outbursts from here.

“H-hey! Where are you taking me?” you asked.

“back to my place. unless ya have somewhere else to go?” he asked, his bonebrow raised.

“Ok. You got me. I need to hide from him.” But you know it’s only a matter of time before he finds you. You could only hope that Fresh finds you first. But before that, you could stay with this Sans that looked identical to Goldie. Maybe this is Goldie or what his life may have been if Sans didn’t pull him out the machine.

You were surprised when you teleported outside the Underground. You were on top of Mt. Ebott and you could see the city’s buildings and houses from here. So... this universe managed to break the barrier, huh? You thought about the two siblings you met from two universes back, Asriel and Chara. You hoped they’ll break the barrier in the future.

Goldie teleported once again and this time, you were in front of a cozy, two-story house. There was a garden out front filled with what seemed to be like golden flowers. “Where is this?”

“tori’s house,” Goldie simply answered. He finally settled on putting you down and you stumbled under your own weight. He was quick to have caught your arm to steady you.

You muttered a thank you and he ushered you inside the house. He didn’t even knock. “sit.” He forced you to sit on the couch. The house seems empty, thank goodness. You weren’t sure if you can handle all this shit happening in just a short day.

Goldie grabbed a chair and sat in front of you. “now, can you please tell me why the hell does that guy back there looks like me?”

“It’s a long story,” you started.

He smirked. “well why don’t you start, sweetheart? we don’t have all day.”

---

“Sans? You feeling better?”
Sans opened his eyes as an awful headache hit him. He groaned. “goddamn, what the heck happened, alphy?”

Alphys sighed in relief. Sans looked mentally stable. She sensed some sort of problem hours ago but he seems fine now. “W-well you threw a tantrum.”

Sans’ face darkened. “oh. right.” He tried to ignore the way his soul was being constricted. He tried to stand up but Alphys immediately pushed him back down. “ow!” he yelped.

“Get some rest, Sans. Y-you need it,” Alphys insisted.

“i’m fine, alphy. where are the others?”

A bead of sweat rolled down Alphys’ head. “They’re in the living room where y-you last saw them. Why are you asking?”

“no reason.” Sans shrugged.

“Go back to sleep, Sans!”

Sans yawned as he felt tiredness consuming him. “fine. fine. g’night, alphy.”

“Yeah. Night, Sans.”

---

“It’s fine if you don’t believe me.” You finished off your story, starting from where your Sans rebuilt the portal that has access to other alternate universes and finishing with who Error was and why he got you like a damn prisoner.

Goldie #2 looked stunned. “well, that, uh, was really... how do i put it?”


He shot you a cheeky grin. “somethin’ like that.”

A smile tugged on your lips. “Oh well. Why bother explaining if it sounded really stupid?” You dropped down on the couch as you felt tiredness seeping in you.

“Well ya look like ya had a rough day, sweetheart. get some rest. i’ll explain everything to paps when he gets home,” you heard him say as you closed your eyes completely, his low voice lulling you to sleep.

“Hmm ‘kay. Night, Sansy,” you murmured before going on to dreamland.

Goldie #2 felt something dreadful as he stared at your peaceful, sleeping face. Tears pricked at the corner of his eyes and he longed to touch you... but he’d seem like a fucking creep. He restrained himself and tried to keep himself at bay.

You... you feel exactly like them. No, it was obvious that you two were different persons because you look nothing alike!

...but. That color of your soul. Your presence. Your smile. Your bright eyes. Your personality. It was all the same. You and them felt like one person.

Sweetheart... have you come back for me?
Sans shook his head in denial. *Stop. Stop it. She’s not them. They’re not the same person. They’re dead, Sans. When will you ever accept that? They’re never going back to you.*

Sans inhaled deeply and exhaled a shaky breath. He wiped the tears from his eyes and looked at you weakly. He stood up and left for the kitchen, maybe to cook up something for you to eat when you wake up.

~~~

You woke up hours later to the familiar smell of something buttery and heavenly. You felt your stomach grumble in anticipation. When did you have your last meal? You can’t remember. Your eyes fluttered open and you shrunk when you found out you were sitting in an unfamiliar living room. You glanced at the large, soft, black jacket that was on your person.

Your panic died down as you remembered what happened. Right. You were in Goldie’s universe in Toriel’s house. Your stomach once again growled and you automatically snapped your head towards the kitchen. You could see Goldie’s and Tori’s behinds from over here. You should introduce yourself. No, it’s not because of the pie. Heavens no, that would be rude.

You moved Gold’s jacket onto the coffee table and then walked over to the kitchen, your hands inside the pockets of Chara’s green jacket.

Goldie immediately noticed you and flashed you a smile. “mornin’ sweet cheeks,” he greeted and you fought off that blush. Wow. There seems to be something different with this Goldie. Like he’s more charismatic or something. Why was that?

“It’s afternoon, Goldie. And nice to meet you Toriel.” You sent a smile towards Tori. Toriel here looked exactly like Tori in your universe.

“goldie?” Gold repeated, an amused expression on his face. “call me sans.”

“Hello there, dear. Nice to meet you. Sans here already told me your predicament and it’d be no problem for you to stay here in hiding. We’d do our best to protect you. Also, sit down. We’ve made you a meal.” Toriel gestured to the chair and you politely sat on it.

“Thank you, Toriel. And I’m sorry, Sans. It was a habit.” Right. You should call him Sans. Although it was pretty awkward for you.

And finally, it caught on to you. Why this Goldie here seems much more charming. It was because he has developed his own self-confidence. When you talked to Goldie back in your universe, he was always under the idea that he didn’t deserve anything or anyone. He felt unappreciated. Your words would help him, but only temporarily.

This was a major improvement! Another note, Goldie here is much more polite and he doesn’t sass. Guess he’s over the angst period.

“hey sweetheart. coffee or juice?” Goldie asked.

“Coffee please,” you answered. He seemed pleased with your answer.

“It’s noon,” Tori said pointedly.

“coffee is best whatever time it is,” Goldie responded.

“I second!” you exclaimed.
Toriel only shook her head and then dropped a slice of cinnamon-butterscotch pie in front of you. You muttered a thank you. “You’re welcome, dear. Sans, I’m going out to visit my school for a moment. I assume you can take care of your guest.”

“yep. i’ll take care of her, tori. thanks.” He placed a cup of ice cold coffee in front of you.

“Oh, wait Tori! Is Frisk still in school?” you asked as you grabbed the cup of coffee and took a sip from it. As always, it tasted great.

Toriel paled within second and you instantly regretted asking. “O-oh... I suppose Sans can answer that. I r-really have to go.” She left in a hurry and you didn’t even have the chance to say goodbye.

You looked over at Gold and were eaten by guilt when you saw his crestfallen face. “I didn’t know it was a t-touchy subject. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have asked. I’m sorry for being nosy,” you apologized, just so Goldie would go back to his normal self. He looked exactly like the Goldie from your universe like this.

He took a seat in front of you. “no, no. don’t be sorry. it w-wasn’t your fault. you didn’t know.” He sounded really sad and broken and you just wanted to rewind everything just so you hadn’t asked that question.

“It’s ok. You don’t have to tell me anything. Not if the wounds are still fresh,” you said and tried to give him a smile.

He was dead quiet for a minute. You already told him your story so he thought he should tell you his. “but... it’s already been three years,” he murmured. “frisk.” He inhaled a deep breath, readying himself. “frisk’s dead for three years now.”

Uh-oh. You didn’t want to hear a sad story. Not right now. You’re not in the mood. But you also didn’t want to interrupt this lonely, struggling Goldie who has been stuck in the past for three years.

“Well, i suppose i should start from the beginning. we weren’t always nice. everybody in the underground can be labeled as rude and selfish. and we only needed one soul to break the barrier. and they came. frisk, i mean. they was the 7th human to fall down and the last we needed to be free. but they were different from the others. they... they were kind. they were the kindest person i’ve ever met.” Always be kind. Sometimes, kindness is all we can give. Sometimes, kindness is enough. Goldie chuckled bitterly at the sound of their voice in his head.

“They changed our universe. they changed us. one by one. even after dying for several times, they didn’t plant hate in their heart. they were still kind and will always be kind.” Gold’s peaceful expression was replaced by a distraught one. “but there was a problem. they grew flowers on her body every time they die. they had died so many times that the flowers completely covered their eyes and paralyzed their legs and arms.” Goldie’s hand tightened into a fist. “and in the end... they... they were too weak. t—they sacrificed herself. t—they gave up their soul so we could finally be free. their soul was the one that set all the monsters free.”

There was a moment of silence as Goldie tried to recompose himself and for you to swallow all the information.

“I’m sorry.” Your hands shook as you wiped the tears that fell to your cheeks. “I’m sorry. I’m really, really sorry. Oh my god.”

Goldie looked surprised when he saw you crying. He didn’t mean to make you cry! “not the waterworks,” he groaned.
You laughed as you wiped the off the last of your tears. “I’m sorry. I cry too quickly. Gosh, I didn’t know Frisk was such a hero.”

“seconded,” Goldie agreed, a nostalgic grin on his face. “hey, your food’s gettin’ cold. better eat it now.”

You smiled sheepishly. It seemed you have forgotten that you were starving. “Thank you for opening up to me, Gold—I mean, Sans.”

_Smile for me_, he heard their voice once again. He couldn’t help it. A genuine grin blossomed on his face targeted towards you.

_Frisk... you came back._

---

Chapter End Notes

Horrortale AU belongs to @sour-apple-studios on tumblr~
Flowerfell AU belongs to @underfart-snas or @siviosanei on tumblr
Flowerfell AU Official Fanfic (Overgrowth) belongs to SociopathicArchAngel on AO3 or @leviticusarts on tumblr!~

I am deeply saddened by the fact that Overgrowth has been taken down due to plagiarism issues :(. That was really sad. I was looking forward on reading it again before writing this chapter. But since it was gone, guess I had to rely on fanarts~ Overgrowth was really a fantastic work Q-Q But I'm sure it would still continue to live on~
Promise me

Chapter Summary

Was it fun hanging out in Goldie #2's house? Let's find out-

Hey guys! I'm sorry for this super, incredibly late update! Actually, I was sick all week and my mom didn't want me to touch a gadget until I got better. So here I am now. I'm really sorry~

Hope this chapter made it up to you! Thank you so much for supporting me as always. Love you guys <3

Goldie #2 excused himself to go to the bathroom. You continued to eat your food in silence, your heart inaudibly breaking for him. He had gone through so much. But look where he's at now. It definitely made him a better person. Or monster, you mean.

But something was bothering you. Why did Frisk die in this universe? Did Frisk die in Goldie’s universe, too? And also, why did Frisk grow flowers in their body? That’s just... so fucked. How did it happen? And why did it happen? There’s just no possible explanation!

But still, kudos to this Frisk. They had journeyed the whole Underground even while their legs and arms were paralyzed and still remained kind! It was something you couldn’t imagine you’d do. If you were them, you’d probably wallow in self-pity and wait for yourself to die. Yeah, how heroic.

You hummed in delight when you ate the last of the slice of Tori’s pie. You definitely missed that. And thinking of missing, you definitely missed those goofballs back at home. You really should find a way to go back home. You can’t stay here forever. You have your own Sans to take care of.

There was a loud banging from the door. Goldie #2 hasn’t been back yet. You stood up and left your plate on the sink and then headed towards the door to open it. You could hear a series of footsteps behind you as you swung the door open.

You were greeted by a very unamused skeleton. He seemed surprised when he saw you. “SANS? WHY IS THERE A HUMAN INSIDE THE HOUSEHOLD?!?” Scratch #2 asked, his eyesockets narrowing at you.

Goldie #2 finally caught up and he unconsciously grabbed your hand and went into a protective stance. “she’s with me, bro.”

Scratch huffed. “I DON’T KNOW WHY YOU’VE BROUGHT A HUMAN HERE WHEN I SPECIFICALLY TOLD YOU NOT TO GET CLOSE WITH ANY OF THEM!” he grumbled.

“calm down, bro. ya don’t need to get all worked up at the sight of a human. she’s alright, she’s... almost like frisk.” Gold’s eyes seemed to glisten at the mention of their name. You haven’t noticed but Scratch did. His eyes found his brother’s hand holding yours and then cleared his throat.

He loosened his shoulders, not wanting to upset his brother about the human who gave them their freedom. “WELL IF SHE’S OK WITH YOU, THEN I GUESS I’LL TRY MY BEST NOT TO
ERADICATE HER."

“What?!” you asked in horror.

Goldie chuckled. “Don’t worry. Paps’ just a little stingy with humans, considering his previous job was to capture your kind.”

“He... he doesn’t do that anymore right?” you asked as you broke into a sweat.

He didn’t answer. Your eyes widened and you grabbed onto his jacket for dear life. “Oh dear lord, please tell me that’s not true.”

“WILL YOU TWO PLEASE STEP OUT OF THE WAY?” Scratch said in annoyance. You immediately stepped to the side, Goldie chuckling at your reaction.

Guess you need to befriend this guy. Again.

“SO MIND TELLING ME WHY YOU BROUGHT THAT HOME?” Scratch asked, less curious, more just wanted to have small talk.

“she, uh, just needed somewhere to crash for a couple days. Some guy’s goin’ after her,” Gold answered, his hand still gripped yours and you can’t find it in your heart to let go. You thought that Goldie just didn’t notice so you didn’t want to point it out.

“COUPLE OF DAYS? THAT’S RIDICULOUS! SHE’S A FREELOADER?!”

“Ouch, Scr—Paps, you hurt my feelings. Although you’re completely right,” you said with a meek smile.

Scratch rolled his eyes. “IF THAT’S THE CASE, THEN I’D RATHER HAVE ANYONE BUT YOU.”

You pulled out your puppy face. “Aww, c’mon Paps! Please! Just for one or two nights!” you pleaded the best you can. “C’mon, I can keep your brother company while you’re gone!”

Goldie seemed surprised with your words and his eyes brightened up. His soul definitely fluttered differently when you said that. He squeezed your hand gently and when you turned your head to look at him, his expression looked relaxed with his eyes half-lidded. You gave him a small smile back as a blush threatened to come up. Scratch noticed that slight interaction between the two of you and sighed.

“FINE, FINE. YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT HUMAN. JUST DON’T WRECK THE PLACE,” he hissed.

“Hey. I don’t think I’d recommend that either,” you said with a wink. Scratch glared at Goldie for making you come up with a shitty pun.

Goldie sighed dreamily. “ah, a girl after my own heart.”

“PLEASE, TAKE YOUR INTIMACY ELSEWHERE,” Scratch said as he scrunched up his non-existing nose.

You fought off that blush. “This is anything but intimacy!” you said defensively.

“YEAH, WHATEVER. JUST DON’T DO IT SO LOUD. I’LL BE IN THE KITCHEN.” He left so he can have the final words and now there’s only the two of you.
Goldie started laughing. “oh my god, paps.”

You hid your face with your free hand in embarrassment. “I can’t believe he just said that.”

His eyes never left your face. He found you cute when you’re embarrassed. “so, wanna head over to my room and—”

“NO!” you yelled too quickly before he can even finish the sentence. You seem to be blushing more than you already did.

He found this absolutely cute and adorable and once again, laughed. This made you more flustered as you groaned. “i meant that ya could go and take a shower, sweetheart. because, well, ya stink.”

You actually liked Gold’s genuine smile. It was different. “Ooh. I do?” You tried to smell yourself. Eh. Maybe there was a little stench. When was the last time you took a bath? It felt like ages ago. “Yeah, I should take a bath. Do you have any extra shirts I could wear?”

He shrugged. “maybe i do. let’s check it out.”

“Oh my god, you don’t even know if you have any clean clothes.”

“hey, don’t judge me. i’m not judgin’ ya.”

You shook your head. He led the way to his room while you followed behind. “So, would you tell me what happened after the barrier was broken? If... you don’t mind me asking.”

He seemed to stiffen. The day the barrier was broken was the day that Frisk died. Nice going, you. “oh. well, it was kinda hard to celebrate when your soulmate—i mean, friend, died that day. it was tough but tori took care of everything. she handled the humans while we just had to be there to support her. i dunno what happened but days later, we were finally welcomed to the surface. they gave us houses to live in and some of us tried to applied for jobs so we can earn money. of course, the discrimination is still there, it’s never going to go away. but i think we handled it pretty well. and now, here we are. three years later.”

“You have a job?”

“i’m kinda dr. alphy’s assistant, yeah.”

“Oh! Okay. Cool.” It was similar to your Sans, although your Sans seemed to be the boss than Alphys.

He opened a door and started rummaging inside his drawer for some clean clothes. Hopefully, he’d find one. You stepped inside his room and looked around. His room is surprisingly neat. It wasn’t like Sans’ room the first time you cleaned it. There were no litters or garbage. The bed is made. The floor is clean. Wow. Who the hell is this guy and why is he breaking the Sans pattern?

He threw clothes out of his drawer as he looked. The room was getting messier. This actually made you snort. Ok, he’s fine. He’s a Sans alright. Tori probably cleaned his room before heading out. “Just a question. You live here with Tori?” you asked.

“huh?” He lifted his head up to look at you before going back to continue his scavenger hunt. “yeah. i mean, it’s better this way. or else she’ll have to live alone.”

“How ‘bout Asgore?”
“how’d you know about that ass?” There was a pause. “oh right. well, she doesn’t want to be anywhere near him.”

Ah. Typical Toriel. Although the one in your universe was trying to reconcile with him, isn’t she?

You headed to his bed and found a picture frame on top of the drawer next to the bed. You picked it up. It was a teenager Frisk. They were smiling and they looked happy. You searched for flowers in their body and found one on their hand sticking out the sleeve of their sweater. Maybe this picture was taken before they died too many times. You felt your heart twist.

Suddenly, the frame flew out of your hand, enveloped in red mist. “better to hide this photo, huh?” Gold said awkwardly as he used his magic to open up the drawer and stuffed the picture frame inside.

“Sorry.” You think it was best not to ask any questions regarding them.

“no biggie. anyway, i only found one piece of clothing in here.” He held up a jacket which looked exactly the same as the jacket that Goldie gave you as a gift back at your universe.

Your eyes shone brightly. “That’ll do!”

“really? i think it’s too short.” He lifted the jacket up and imagined how it would fit you.

“Well, doesn’t Scratch have anything in his closet? I think he’s wearing leggings. Find me one of those.”

He seemed reluctant to lend the jacket to you but did it anyway. “the bathroom’s out there. there are also extra towels in there. leave your clothes outside so i can take it to laundry. i’m also leaving paps’ ‘leggings’ outside the door.”


He only rolled his eyes. “shut up.”

You left for the bathroom and placed the jacket on top of the toilet seat. You stripped out of your clothes and you stared at Chara’s jacket a minute longer before placing them outside the door. You then went to the shower and turned it on.

The shower was quick but it was refreshing to have one. You haven’t bathe in days! You took a towel from the rack and dried yourself off, starting with your hair. When your arms grew tired, you threw the towel in a dirty laundry pile and then slipped on Sans’ jacket. It felt the same as before. It was too big on you and one side of the jacket slid off your shoulder. But it’s better than nothing, right? You zipped it close.

Opening the door, you found your clothes gone and only a pair of leggings was outside. You also slipped on the leggings but it was uncomfortable with no underwear. But to heck with that. You’re finally clean!

You headed towards the living room. Goldie was nowhere to be found but you did hear Scratch making who-knows-what in the kitchen. You decided to go there and then found Scratch making a batch of spaghetti. You’ve never seen Scratch cook before but this is hilariously cool.

“What kind of spaghetti are you making?”

Scratch turned his head to you and narrowed his sockets. “YOU’RE WEARING MY BROTHER’S
CLOTHES. WHEN I SAID TO DO IT QUIETLY, I DIDN’T MEAN RIGHT NOW.” He turned back around to the stove. “ALSO, TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, I’M MAKING THE WHITE ONE.”

You groaned in frustration. “Scratch, oh my god. Please. I did not have sex with your brother.” You walked closer to the taller skeleton and peeked. “Carbonara?” you asked hopefully.

“IT IS.”

“Oh wow. That smells good. You’ve learned a lot, I can see that.”

He paused to look at you. “ARE YOU WEARING MY CLOTHES?”

“Uh, no.” You gave him a sheepish smile.

“UGH. IT’S GONNA BE HARD TO WASH OFF YOUR FILTHY SMELL.”

“Hey, watch your attitude!” you scolded.

“sweetheart? oh, there you are!” Goldie entered the kitchen. He looked afraid and was instantly relieved when he saw you. He grabbed your hand and then eyed your clothes. “hey, that doesn’t look bad at all,” he said with a wink.

“Shut up, Sans.”

“oh right. your clothes are already in the washer. we’ll get it later.” He tugged your hand towards the living room.

“Good luck with that, Sc-- Paps!” You bid the sassy skeleton goodbye as you followed Goldie.

“I DON’T NEED LUCK, HUMAN,” he responded.

---

Goldie hasn’t let go of your hand in hours! It was okay with you at first, but now it was just starting to get sore. It was dinner time right now at the skeleton’s house. Toriel just arrived home from work minutes ago and would be shortly joining you for dinner. Of course, you’d all be having what Scratch made this afternoon.

“Smells good!” you praised.

Scratch grinned arrogantly. “OF COURSE. THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS ONLY COOKS THE BEST CUISINE.”

There were a few short laughs. Toriel finally came into the kitchen and joined you. “How was your day here with the skeletons, Y/N?”

“Oh. It was fun. I had fun.” You felt Goldie squeezing your already sore hand and you tried not to flinch so obviously. Okay. Hours of bones against skin are not okay. It hurts.

“That’s good to hear. I presumed Sans took care of you,” Tori said.

“He did,” you agreed. “He was pretty responsible.”

“uh-huh,” Goldie hummed.
Toriel eyed your clothes. “And I see that you’re wearing his clothes,” she said flatly.

“YOU HAVEN’T EVEN BEEN HERE FOR A DAY BUT YOU FEEL CLOSE ENOUGH TO BORROW CLOTHES FROM MY BROTHER,” Scratch said, backing up Toriel.

“hey, it was my idea. stop grillin’ her,” Goldie reacted.

There was silence as everyone ate their food. Looks like the tension became a bit tight. Maybe because it’s your fault. You feel like you’re making them uncomfortable.

“So, how do you plan to go home Y/N?” Toriel asked, breaking the silence.

“Oh.” You deflated. “Uh, I haven’t thought about that. Well, back in my universe, Sans fixed this machine and he managed to create a portal to other universes.”

Scratch looked like this was his first time hearing this but he didn’t make a sound. How polite of him.

“Well, that would be a troubling case. Since I don’t think we have anything like that,” Toriel said.

The thought of not being able to go back home makes you afraid. You wanted to go back home. You want to be back with your brother, with Sans and with your family. You... you can’t stay here.

“yeah. i don’t think we can ever fix the machine like he did? unless you have a blueprint or something? or anything at all?” Goldie asked, something was off with his tone of voice but you were too preoccupied with your thoughts.

“No. I’m sorry,” you apologized.

“no, sweetheart. it’s not your fault. i’ll... i’ll try and contact alphys to see if she can fix this okay?” he said.

“Oh no! It’s fine. Thanks, Sans.”

“Okay. Thank you.” It was still troubling you but you ignored it and kept on eating.

Dinner was finally over. Toriel volunteered to do the dishes and said no when you said you were going to help her. “You should rest up. You had a rough day, dear. Unfortunately, we only have three rooms.”

“no worries, she can sleep in mine,” Goldie said. “unless... you don’t want to?”

“Oh no! It’s fine. Thanks, Sans.”

“Okay, go upstairs and sleep, you two. No funny business, alright?”

“yes ma’am!” Goldie saluted before the two of you went back to his room. Of course, your hand was still being gripped by his. You still can’t point it out.

When the two of you were inside his room, you found it painfully awkward. “Uh... maybe it’s best that I’d sleep on the couch downstairs.”

“you’re staying here, sweetheart.” Goldie lets go of your hand to fix the bed and you rubbed your sore hand, a look of relief on your face.

“But isn’t it weird that we’re already going to sleep on the same bed when we’ve only met today? You don’t want a random stranger in your bed, do you?” you asked with a raised eyebrow.

Goldie chuckled. “you’re definitely not a stranger, frisk.”
You were frozen in place. He didn’t realize what he said wrong until he saw you’re reaction. “oh no, oh no no no.”

“Sans...” Goldie thinks you’re Frisk! He... he thinks you’re Frisk. Oh god. This is messed up. How the hell could he mistake Frisk for you? He only just met you today!

“oh god, don’t!” Goldie rubbed his hands furiously onto his face. “i’m sorry, i’m sorry. i didn’t mean to say that! really. it’s just that the two of you are so strikingly similar, i can’t help but think that you’re frisk.”

Is that why he hadn’t left your hand for the rest of the day? Because he reminds you of Frisk? Of his... soulmate? “Sans...” You can’t help but look at him in pity.

“no. no. don’t give me that look.” Goldie crossed his arms and frowned.

“I think I should go sleep downstairs.” You managed to open the door before something forced you back in and slammed the door shut. Surprised, you looked at Goldie.

“c’mere sweetheart. we can talk this out.” His voice changed. It was a lot calmer than it was a second ago. But something was off.

Something was filling up inside of you and you couldn’t figure out what. Your legs had stiffened but you still tried to walk towards him.

“good girl. now go lie on the bed,” he muttered.

You can’t seem to disobey him. You lied down on the bed and noticed your hands were shaking.

“that’s a good girl. see? nothing to get worried about.” He lied down beside you and wrapped his arms around you to pull you closer to him.

“S—an—“

“shh, shh. just close your eyes and go to sleep, alright, sweetie?” You felt him kiss the back of your head. “now, promise me you won’t leave me again, sweetheart.” His voice was much tenser now.

You released a shaky breath. What has gotten into him? “Sans—“

“promise me!!”


“good girl. thank you sweetheart.” He tightened his arms around you.

You finally recognize the feeling.

It was fear.
Hey guys! I'm sorry for being so inactive lately. Well the past few weeks has been hectic for me since it was the last days before our semestral break so I had tons of exams and projects that occupied my time.

And now that it's over, I'm sure I can update more frequently! Sorry if this is a little short, I'm kinda losing my spark :( 

Hope you like it!

Mark was walking home from school. He was looking forward to dinner today. And he has quite some stories to tell you over dinner. Of course, he couldn’t wait to see his favorite monsters.

He entered the laboratory and took the elevator up. He stopped by his room to drop his backpack before going on his way to the living room.

He opened the door and was about to shout an inappropriate greeting but immediately stopped when he sensed the mood. He found the living room half destroyed. There was a part of the wall burnt crisp. He looked around and counted the skeletons.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. Where was Hoods and Blue? Also, why was Giant on the couch?

Mark walked up to Goldie who was silently watching in a corner. “What the hell happened here?”

Goldie shrugged. “a fight broke out. t’was chaos. sans got mad and crazy and we had to tranquilized him.”

“He did? Why?” he asked, surprised.

Gold broke into a sweat. “uh... maybe i’ll tell you next time, kid. but let’s just say it wasn’t pretty.”

Mark was left disappointed. “Oh. Ok. Is Giant alright?”

“Oh he’s fine. just passed out and shit.”

“Would you tell me why?”

“he used his magic. our magic’s pretty unstable here. t’was a dangerous move.” Gold looked at him in sympathy. “alphy’s gave him a shot. says he’s gonna be fine in a while.”

“Oh. Ok,” Mark said, deflated. He was looking forward to dinner tonight. But looks like this night didn’t go so well. Mark looked left and right, trying to find someone else. “Have you seen my sister?”

Gold looked lost in thought. “to be honest, kid... i have no idea. haven’t seen her since the fight. why
“Don’tcha try checking through the rooms?”

“You’re going to let me do it all by myself?” he asked flatly, glaring at Gold.

Goldie rolled his eyes in defeat. “Fine! I’ll help you.”

***

It was such a beautiful night. A full, glowing moon was out, making your surroundings look like it was something from a fairytale. The night breeze was tickling your skin. It would be nice if you could just stop and admire the breathtaking scene in front of you. But you can’t.

You were running. Your lungs and legs were on fire but you kept on running. You didn’t know how much time has passed but you couldn’t care less. You were definitely out of breath but you can’t seem to stop.

You’re almost there. Almost there. You could see Mt. Ebott just ten minutes away. You’ve run quite a number of kilometers. 3? 4? You can’t remember.

Why were you running? You want to go home, yes that’s right. No, it’s not because you were avoiding... Sans. You desperately want to go back home. And there was only one guy who could do that.

Of course.

It was Error. Who else could it be?

The memory of Goldie suddenly switching personalities crawled at the back of your mind. You tried to ignore it but it was so, so terrifying. It scared you that he could be your friend one moment, and the next moment, he’s totally on to locking you up inside a cage.

You wanted to be angry at him. You wanted to forget about him. You wanted to just move on with your life. But... you can’t. It wasn’t his fault, is it? He lost somebody so precious, so important to him. And then you came and you reminded him of everything about his special person. It would be natural that he didn’t want to lose you, too. He didn’t want to lose his special person twice.

And you leaving him behind like this? It was cruel. It was like you offering him a lifetime supply of ketchup only to take it back as if to mock him.

You slowed down as you saw a familiar figure at the foot of the mountain. You were gasping for air and you took a moment to catch your breath.

“Well, you certainly took a while,” Error said sarcastically as he stood up from his spot.

“You...” You took a deep breath and wiped the sweat off your forehead, “you were waiting for me?”

He rolled his eyes as he crossed his arms. “Well, duh!”

You took a deep breath, your legs aching from all the running. “You could’ve easily left me here. I don’t even know why I expected that you’d be here,” you said in awe. You flashed him a grin and he seemed to stop for a second.

“I can’t leave you here! If that creepy, colorful abomination finds you, I’m dead,” he reasoned.

“That’s sweet,” you cooed.
“That eyesore killing me is anything but sweet, woman! What the hell are you thinking?”

You laughed. You found Error cute. “No! I mean, you waiting for me here was sweet. Even though I ran away from you the first time.”

“I’m not dumb. I know you need me to get outta here.”

“Well, you’re totally right there, Error.”

He frowned at you. “Stop grinning like an idiot. C’mon, we can’t stay here for too long. He might find us. I mean me, of course.”

Your eyes widened as you took a step back. “Oh no!” you said impulsively.

He looked at you with questioning eyes. “No? I thought you didn’t like it here. That’s why you came to me. Am I wrong?”

You inhaled and scratched the back of your head. “Well, you’re not totally wrong but... actually, I want to stay here for a few more days.” You cringed at yourself. You don’t know why you said that.

“A few more days?! Are you trying to get me killed?!”

You paused for a moment, trying to think this through. Oh what the heck. “Look. The Sans in this universe needs my help. I want to stay here until he gets better. Please. I want to help him. Let me help him, Error.” You made a move forward to touch him but then thought better and decided not to. You looked at him with the most pitiable face you could ever do.

He huffed. “What can you possibly do? That guy’s obsessive and desperate. He’ll probably lock you in a cage so you won’t leave.”

“Funny, that’s what I thought,” you said amusedly. Then you quickly shook your head, “Not my point. My point is I want to show him that I can be there for him. He just needs a little time. He’s just in an emotional state right now. If he gets through it, I’m positive he’ll get better. Also, I didn’t know you know something about the universes.”

He shrugged. “Well, if I like the universe enough, I spare them.” He then frowned at you. “And what the hell do you mean? You think he’ll get better? He’s sick in the head. Just forget about him and let’s move on.”

“I can’t.” You pleaded, “Please, Error! Just a few more days! Give me a few more days! I’ll tell Fresh not to kill you. Please, please!”

He seemed to think about this offer of yours.

“Please! I’ll make sure he doesn’t touch even your jacket that looks totally amazing.”

“Thanks. This is my favorite jacket.”

“It suits you,” you commented.

“I know,” he said smugly. He paused and then after a few more moments, he sighed in defeat. “Fine. Fine, you win! Just make sure you calm that colorful weirdo down. I’ll try not to get captured.”

“Oh my god! Thank you!” You were so excited that you literally jumped on him to hug him. He seemed to freeze on the spot.
“Hands off, hands off please,” he said through gritted teeth. He obviously didn’t want to be touched, but it felt different when it was you.

“Oh shit! Sorry.” You quickly took a step back. “Sorry, I was just too happy.”

“I can tell,” he hissed, still half-pissed that somebody had touched him.

The sky suddenly lit up and you were surprised that it was already dawn. Well, it was pretty late when you sneaked out of the skeleton’s house. “I need to get back before he notices I’m gone.”

“Sure, sure. Whatever. Give me a call when you need me alright?”

“How can I call you?” you asked him, an amused smile on your face.

“Just call my name.”

And before you could ask how he’d hear you, he was gone in an instant. Wow. How rude. You shook your head slowly and then started your trek back to the skeleton’s house.

By the time you reached the house, you could see that Paps’ was awake from the window. It looked like he already started cooking. You knocked on the door and tried not to look like you’ve just ran away from his brother. In a second, the door swung open.

“HUMAN? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?” Scratch asked, confused. He was wearing a pink apron and a chef’s hat. You wanted to take him seriously but he was just too adorable.

You couldn’t stop yourself from grinning. “Pink suits you, Paps,” you said thoughtfully.

He hissed. “SHUT UP.” There was a small blush on his cheekbones. “DON’T CHANGE THE SUBJECT. WHY ARE YOU OUT INSTEAD OF UPSTAIRS, PROBABLY STILL ASLEEP?”

You scratched the back of your head awkwardly. “I don’t think you want to know. The important thing is, I did not run away.”

He huffed as he crossed his arms. “IT PROBABLY WOULD’VE BEEN BETTER.”

“Don’t sass me, Paps.”

He finally let you in and you closed the door behind you. Well, glad that’s over. “What’s for breakfast?”

“TAKE A WILD GUESS,” he said as he went back to the kitchen.

“Uh, pancakes?”

“OH WOW YOU’RE A PSYCHIC,” he said sarcastically.

You snorted. “Well, make sure you have chocolate syrup. I’ll go nuts without it.”

“YOU’RE IN NO POSITION TO MAKE DEMANDS, HUMAN,” he shouted from the kitchen. You could hear the sizzling of the pan and your stomach immediately growled. Yeah, you could use some food.

“Either that or I’ll never return your leggings back,” you taunted.

He went quiet for a moment. Your grin widened as you decided to go to the kitchen. “FINE! YOU
CAN HAVE ALL THE SYRUP THAT YOU WANT, BRAT.”

“Hey! I am offended! I am not a brat,” you said amusedly.

He didn’t answer as he focused his attention to the pancakes. You sat there in silence, contemplating about asking him about him and his brother. You sighed. Why not?

“Hey Scratc—I mean Paps. I mean, ugh. Is it ok to give you a nickname?” you asked.

“AND WHY IS THAT?”

“Well, you look like this friend of mine back in my universe. It’s just to differentiate the two of you so I won’t get too confused.” You sat in a dining chair and leaned against your hand.

“DO WHATEVER YOU WANT HUMAN.” He returned to frying up pancakes.


“IT DOES SOUND NICE. I LIKE IT,” he hummed, pleased.

“Ok. Actually, I want to ask you something.”

“I’M NOT IN THE MOOD TO ENTERTAIN YOUR QUESTIONS, HUMAN.”

“Could you tell me more about Gol—Sans?” you asked, totally ignoring his questions.

He went dead quiet for a moment and you thought if it was a bad idea.

“YOU’RE TALKING ABOUT THE SEVENTH HUMAN AND MY BROTHER, RIGHT?”

You smiled sheepishly. “Kinda. Yes. I mean, if it’s okay with you.”

“MY BROTHER... HAS CHANGED A LOT SINCE THE BARRIER WAS BROKEN. I SAW IT. IT WAS HARD FOR HIM AT FIRST. HE WAS DEPRESSED, A LOT WORSE THAN HE WAS BEFORE. HE WOULDN’T SPEAK TO ANYBODY FOR DAYS. AND I DON’T THINK HE EVEN EATS. IT WAS 2 MONTHS OF GRIEVING FOR HIM.”

“I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HAPPENED BUT AFTER THAT 2 MONTHS, HE WAS INSTANTANEOUSLY BACK INTO HIS NORMAL SELF. AND BY THAT I MEANT HE WAS THROWING SHITTY PUNS AGAIN AND HE WAS TALKING MORE AND MORE. IT OCCURED TO ME THAT HE WAS TRYING HIS BEST TO MOVE ON.”

It felt good that you stayed. Maybe he just needs more time. Maybe he needs someone to be there for him and someone that can understand him. You can be that person. It doesn’t have to take forever.

“That's nice.”

“IT WAS. BUT I NOTICED SOMETHING CHANGE. HE WASN’T ACKNOWLEDGING ANY HUMANS. HE ONLY INTERACTED WITH US MONTERS.”

“Really?”

“YES. EVERY TIME I TOOK HIM OUT, HE’D ALWAYS BOW HIS HEAD DOWN. HE WOULD ONLY SPEAK IF I TRIED TO MAKE SMALL TALK. HE WOULDN’T EVEN WANT TO BUY ANYTHING FROM A HUMAN. THAT’S WHY I WAS SO SURPRISED WHEN I SAW YOU HERE. IT’S HIS FIRST TO INTERACT WITH ANOTHER HUMAN AFTER 3 YEARS.”
“Seriously? That bad?”

“YES. SO, I’M GOING TO BE SAYING THIS FOR THE SAKE OF MY BROTHER.” He turned off the stove and faced me. He looked serious. “PLEASE. DON’T EVER, EVER HURT MY BROTHER.”

You gave him what you thought was a reassuring smile. “Don’t worry. I have no intention to.”

***

Mark thought of just looking for you in your most favorite rooms. But you weren’t there. He wasn’t panicking at first, thinking that you were just somewhere else until he finishes sweeping up the entire laboratory building by 1 a.m. He’s pretty sure you wouldn’t be out late this night.

He was getting worried. Something was up. Something didn’t quite feel right.

He went to Alphys and found her in a room with Sans asleep. “Hey Alphys. You’re still up?”

“M-mark! It’s late! You have school tomorrow! W-why are you still awake? Y/N’s gonna b-be mad at you,” Alphys said, surprised that your brother had come to see her. He rarely does.

“I can’t find my sister anywhere on this building. Do you know a place where she could be?”

“S-she’s not here? I’m sure she was here hours ago. Wait, let me check the heat sensor of the whole b-building,” She went out of the room and Mark was left with Sans.

Mark walked up to Sans and frowned. He looked really tired. There were dark bags under his eyesockets. He seemed to be sweating even while sleeping. Or maybe that was the tranquilizer? He went to examine him closely but Alphys suddenly barged in.

“I-i think we have a-a problem,” she said nervously.

“What’s wrong?”

“Y/N’s missing.”

Chapter End Notes

The nickname Thorn was from a reader named Rebecca. Thanks! I changed my mind and would like to use the nicknames please <345
She's fine. I hope.

Chapter Summary

Hey guys-eu! I think this fic is coming to an end soon. I thought of an ending just now.
Don't worry, I won't be ending things in bad terms. I am not that evil ;)

Hope you like this update~

You stared at Thorn’s back, reeling in the view of his bones popping out from his thin shirt. From this far away, it looked a little worn-out and rugged through the edges but it suited his snarky character. Other than that, there were a lot of thoughts swimming in your head.

How are the skeletons back at home? Are they ok? Did they notice you’ve gone missing? You hoped they haven’t been fighting. Spending this much time away from them made you calm down and gave you time to think clearly about what they did. It was unforgivable, that much is true. But maybe there is an underlying reason for their actions. Even if there wasn’t, you hope that everything would go back to normal.

You sighed loudly and this caught the attention of the tall skeleton. He locked eyes with you for a second before he turned off the stove. He turned around and slid a plate of pancakes in front of you.

“This looks really good, Thorn,” you mused. It’s just your regular, old pancakes. But since we’re talking about the narcissistic skeleton, you gotta give him some praise.

“OF COURSE IT IS, HUMAN,” he said while sneering, like it was the most obvious thing you’ve said.

You shot him a grin and raised your eyebrows. “And you’re still wearing the pink apron. How cute,” you teased.

He glared at you while a faint blush appeared on his cheekbones. “DON’T RUIN MY APPETITE.”

You laughed heartily and started eating your fill. Mid-way, you grabbed the chocolate syrup and drowned your pancakes with it. Now, it seems much more appealing and less plain. Yum.

As you were eating, a series of panicked footsteps were heard coming down the stairs. “sweetheart? sweetheart!” Go!—Sans appeared at the bottom of the stairs, looking around frantically. He looked really frightened. When his eyes landed on you, he immediately relaxed. But it was quickly replaced with embarrassment.

“Good morning,” you greeted with a slight smile. Your heart thrummed nervously at the sight of him but you tried your best to calm yourself down. It’s not like he’s going to kill you or anything.

“hey,” he greeted as he scratched the back of his head. He walked a little closer to you. “i-i’m sorry about the scene i caused yesterday. it was a dick move and—“

“It’s ok. I understand,” you cut him off.

“r-really?” He looked surprised.
You grabbed his skeletal hand softly and gave him a smile. “Look. You’re going through a hard time. I understand. You don’t have to force yourself to be ok in an instant. Just take little steps. I’ll be here. I won’t leave you. I already promised, didn’t I?”

You were sure his pupils formed into tiny little hearts in a split second but it was immediately gone.

“t-thats...” His form relaxed and he tightened his grip on your hand. “thank you, sweetheart.”

Thorn made a loud gagging noise in the background. “THAT’S THE SILLIEST THING I’VE EVER HEARD. YOU DISGUST ME.”

“Shut up, Thorn.”

This caught Sans’ attention. “thorn?”

“Oh. It’s a nickname I made for him,” you answered in amusement. He looked pretty jealous.

“oh. a nickname? how nice,” he murmured as he looked away.

“Just tell me directly if you wanted a nickname, too, Sa—“

“i do,” he answered quickly.


“sounds cute. what’s it mean?” He leaned his face against his hand, looking at you in interest.

“For one, it’s a name of a flower that means peace in death.” A strained expression passed his face, it was gone the moment it showed up. You cringed. Maybe it was inappropriate. “And also to remember and honor the fallen warriors.”

“ah.” A wistful look finally settled on his face.

“So, is it ok to use it?” you asked, unsure.

“please.” He gave you a small smile.

“ENOUGH OF THIS SAD AND DEPRESSING TALK. HERE’S YOUR BREAKFAST BROTHER!” Thorn rudely interrupted your conversation and then placed a plate of pancakes in front of his brother. The mood immediately changed.

“thanks, paps. where’s the syrup?” he asked.

“Syrup?” You looked at him in amusement. He’s planning to use syrup instead of his usual fave, which is obviously mustard?

Thorn rolled his eyes. “HERE YOU GO.”

Poppy winked at his brother, “thanks paps.” He grabbed the syrup bottle that was given to him by Thorn. He squeezed its contents onto the pancakes and you felt relieved when you saw that it was mustard.

“That is so disgusting,” you said with a laugh.

“hey. don’t judge me. you’re also doing it,” he said as he took a spoonful from his plate.
“But at least mine’s not a freakin’ condiment!”

“food should not be categorized. that’s racist.”

You laughed. “That doesn’t make any sense.”

“well i pity your brain for its level of knowledge.” He took a bite from his food.

You shot him an amused look. “How is that even connected with our conversation?”

“it’s not.” He continued eating.

You shook your head and then cleaned out the rest of your pancakes. “Thorn, did Tori already leave? It’s surprising that the two of you are earlier than her.”

“YES. SHE LEAVES EARLY DAWN. EARLIER THAN US,” Thorn answered as he finished flipping the last batch of pancakes for himself.

“Wow.” You turned to Sans. “So, do you have any plans for the day?”

“yeah. i’m gonna be working at alphys,” he answered. He finished his meal fast and then drank from the mustard bottle.

“Really? Can I come with you?” you asked excitedly. You’d wanted to know what Alphys is like in this universe.

He didn’t answer. You became worried. You were about to ask what was wrong when he said, “i think it’s best if you stay here.”

Your smile deflated. “Why?”

“sorry, sweetheart. alphys’ intense, i doubt you’d like to meet her. but don’t worry, i’ll talk to her about your situation.” He paused and then added, “please promise me not to go out of the house.”

You tried not to look too disappointed. “Why?”

“it just worries me that that guy that looked like me would come and take you away from me if you ever step out of this house. please, just promise me ok? i don’t want him to take you away.” He looked at you seriously and it was really hard to say no to that face.

You sighed in defeat. “Okay. I promise.”

He relaxed a little and gave you a little grin. “thank you. i’ll just go and change.” He ran upstairs but not before shooting you a second look.

“HE’S PRACTICALLY LOCKING YOU UP IN HERE,” Thorn mused.

“He is not,” you opposed.

“HE IS. HE’S NOT LETTING YOU OUT. I FEEL LIKE THIS IS JUST GOING TO GET WORSE. I RECOMMEND THAT YOU TAKE OFF BEFORE HE REALLY LOCKS YOU UP, HUMAN,” he said seriously.

“I doubt that, Thorn. I feel like I just have to be there for him and he’s going to be okay.”

He rolled his eyes. “SUCH STUBBORNNESS. IF THINGS GETS WORSE, IT’S YOUR
“PROBLEM, HUMAN.”

“Things won’t get worse. Trust me.”

***

“She’s what?!” Mark screamed loudly. “How could she be gone?! Find her! Let’s find her!”

Alphys was startled by his remark. She nervously fixed her glasses. “S-she could be anywhere, Mark. I s-suggest you calm down firs—“

“No! We need to find her before this day ends! She might in trouble right now!” Mark said hysterically, the fear of losing his one and only family got on his nerves. He’s usually not very clingy when it comes to you, but he starts getting tense and uneasy when he doesn’t know where you are or how you’re doing.

“What’s with the ruckus?” Sans’ deep voice interrupted their conversation. Mark turned to look at him, suddenly feeling hope arise.

“Sans! You’re awake! Help me, my sister’s missing!” He ran over to where he was lying and then pleaded using his hands. “Please!”

Sans looked at him weirdly for a moment before hitting his forehead. “Oh. I’m not dreaming anymore. Heh,” he muttered to himself. Alphys froze when she heard him say those words but decided not to ask.

To be honest, Sans looked very tired from Mark’s perspective. “Actually, I think it’s best if you’d rest. You look horrible, Sans.” Mark felt his hope shrivel.

“Nah.” Sans jumped out of his bed and flattened out his shirt. “I’d like to help.”

Something was different about him, Mark thought. “Great! I’ll ask the others to help, too!”

His eyes darkened. “Sure. You do that, kid,” Sans said, his voice lowering dangerously.

Alphys shot him a worried look. “U-uh, Mark. Come out here for a second. I-i have something I need to talk to you about.”

Mark looked at him for a second time before following Alphys out of the room.

“We have some sort of problem here. Uh... Sans isn’t really on good terms with the others right now,” Alphys whispered.

“Why? Did they fight? I saw Giant earlier on the couch. Berry and Hoods is also missing. Goldie told me a fight broke out.” Mark thought this was something that they could get over with quickly.

“I-it’s more than that. I’m afraid to let Sans near the others because... he resents them right now. He might try and,” Alphys gulped, “dust them.”

Mark’s eyes widened. “Really? That serious? What could they possibly do that would make Sans that—” He stopped talking when he realized it. His expression dropped. “T-they did that?” he asked, almost a whisper.

Alphys looked partly guilty. “Y-yes.”

“Oh.” He seemed to have lost all of his energy. “So that was why.” Mark felt let down but he didn’t
know why. It wasn’t him that got his precious creation destroyed, so why was he feeling like this? But deep down, he knew why. It was because he trusted them. This... act is an act of betrayal.

It was the same as your best friend who replaced you with another friend. But only on a higher degree.

“Cheer up, Mark,” Alphys said. “I’m s-sure they had their o-own reasons.”

Mark sighed. “You know what? Forget about searching for my sister. She probably found out what they did, that’s why she disappeared. She’ll be back soon. I’ll be in my room.”

Alphys looked at him worriedly. He sounded so depressed. “A-are you sure?”

Mark only nodded and then left quietly, leaving Alphys behind. She sighed deeply after the little kid was gone. Everything’s falling apart. The relationship of everyone is falling apart. Sans is falling apart. And where are you? Where did you go? Was Mark right? Did you hear what happened? Is that why you left?

Alphys shook her head. Those alternate Sans and Papyrus were such a big disappointment. She made her way back to where Sans was. “Mark changed his mind abou—” She stopped. Sans had fallen asleep again on the bed. She smiled tiredly. Maybe she needs to rest as well.

***

“BROTHER, I FEEL BAD ABOUT EVERYTHING.” Blueberry announced as he rested his head where his brother was resting. “I FEEL LIKE I’M SUCH A BAD PERSON FOR EVER MAKING THE DECISION TO DESTROY THE MACHINE. IF ONLY I STOPPED. OR IF ONLY WE STOPPED, WE WOULDN’T HAVE BEEN FACING THIS SITUATION RIGHT NOW. WE WOULDN’T HAVE BROKEN SANS’ TRUST.”

“it’s not your fault, bro,” Hoodie replied. He was wide awake but he can barely move his limbs. It was still numb. The numbness won’t go away quickly.

“I KNOW IT’S NOT MY FAULT. IT’S THE FAULT OF MANY! BUT... WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL HAPPEN IF WE HADN’T MADE A BAD DECISION? EVERYONE COULD’VE BEEN HAPPY! EVEN IF IT WOULD TAKE MONTHS, WE COULD’VE BEEN VISITING HERE FROM TIME TO TIME WITHOUT AFFECTING OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH SANS.” Blueberry sighed loudly.

“what’s past is past. we just need to fix what’s happening in this future rather than think about how to fix the past.” Hoodie chuckled bitterly. “we can’t control time. we can’t go back.”

“YOU’RE RIGHT, BROTHER.” Blueberry sighed again. “I WONDER WHERE Y/N IS? I DON’T THINK I’VE SEEN HER. I MISS HER.” Blueberry felt his soul echoing emptily. This was the only time he could wonder where you were as he was too preoccupied before.

Hoodie tensed up. “you're right. i haven’t seen her. if she's here, i’m positive she would’ve visited m —i mean, us.”

“SHOULD WE BE WORRYING, BROTHER?”

Hoodie tried to ignore this bad gut feeling he had. “i’m sure she’s fine though.”
Stop looking so rattled

Chapter Summary

Eh-heh. Hope you like this~ (✿╹◡╹)

P.S. I'm pretty sure this is coming to an end.

“I can’t find her.” Goldie muttered as he entered the living room. The other guys curiously glanced at him but immediately went back to their business.

“tsk. you shouldn’t have acted so rashly, brother,” Patch said to his brother. Giant was lying down on the couch, Patch sitting on a chair right beside him so he could watch over him.

Giant smiled weakly. “We shouldn’t have acted so rashly. I’m afraid things would have turned out differently if only we didn’t successfully destroy the machine. Look how things are going for us, now.”

Patch sighed. “i know, i know. but what i was saying was, you shouldn’t have used your magic. you know that its dangerously unstable.” He briefly remembered the time his magic consumed him and he lost control over his will. He almost hurt you. Regret flickered across his face.

“The important thing is that I’m alright and you’re alright. Nobody’s hurt. Badly hurt, I mean,” Giant said.

Patch smirked. “yeah. we’re going to visit those swaps soon. they better not be in serious trouble.”

Opposite the tall skelebros were the dance skelebros and the galactic skelebros. Orion was deep in thought, thinking of ways to fix the mess they’re in.

“stop looking so rattled,” Hip Hop mused while watching his other self.


Orion sighed. “this is difficult.”

“WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, SANS?” Pluto asked.

“i’m thinking of ways we could make this situation better. but it’s too hard. first off, we can’t just apologize and expect things to be back to normal. we need to compensate. secondly, we need to earn their trusts again. that’s another difficult thing to do. how exactly do we earn their trust again?”

“you shouldn’t be thinking about that too hard, you know. it’s not just your fault. it’s ours,” Hip Hop said, a little worried.

“well, this situation is just too emotionally draining. i just want it to be over before Y/N finds out.” Orion sighed.

“T’M ALSO WORRIED ABOUT SANS,” Latin suddenly said.

“ah sans. major problem. he’s not taking this too lightly. he’s seriously mad at us. he almost killed
blueberry and hoodie! what can we do that might cool his head off?"

“I HAVE A FEELING Y/N CAN HELP US WITH THAT! SHE ALWAYS KNEW WHAT TO
SAY WHEN IT COMES TO US! I’M SURE SHE CAN MAKE SANS TO NOT KILL US!”
Pluto exclaimed.

“that’s hard. we can’t ask her for help without explaining why we need her help in the first place.
and if we do end up asking her, we don’t know how she’ll take this. she might hate us as well!” Hip
Hop said worriedly.

Orion chuckled. “i’m sure that’s not the case. you think so lowly of her. i’m 50% sure she’ll be on
our side.”

“THAT’S NOT EXACTLY HELPING, BROTHER. IF IT IS WHAT YOU SAID, THEN YOU
MEAN THAT SHE MIGHT TAKE THE OTHER SIDE AS WELL,” Pluto said, unsatisfied.

“yeah. that’s what i meant.” Orion sighed. “we just have to hope that she’ll be on our side.”

The four continued on talking about the situation. They didn’t notice Goldie approaching with a
terrified look on his face. Hip Hop noticed first. “oh! it’s edgy me. what’s with the face?”

“Y/N... she’s missing.”

***

Poppy was out. You decided to hang around in his room. You locked the door, trying to be cautious,
before calling out Error. He was in front of you in a blink.

“Woah! So you weren’t lying when you said to only call out your name,” you said, amazed.

He looked pretty pissed though. “I hate this fucking hide & seek I’ve been doing.”

“Dude, it’s only been 6 hours. What happened? Did Fresh already find you?”

He walked towards the bed and sat on top of it. “No. But I couldn’t even get into my home! That
annoying Ink is guarding it in case I come back.”

“Your home?” you asked absent-mindedly.

Error rolled his eyes. “Duh! The anti-void! You’ve been there before. The place where it’s all white
and shit.”

“Oh! That was your home?” you asked, surprised.

Error facepalmed. “What did I just say?”

You laughed. “Sorry, sorry.”

Error gestured for you to sit beside him. You raised an eyebrow but hesitantly did so. The moment
you touched the bed, his magical blue threads shot up from his hand and attacked you. Your heart
almost leapt out of your throat as you managed a meekly dodge to avoid him. You crashed down on
the floor as you looked up to him in horror. You never thought he’d try and control you again.

“Woah there. You ok?” Error said worriedly as his threads retreated back into wherever it came
from.
“Ok? Ok?! Dude, what the hell! What were you just trying to do?” You flinched when he tried to touch you.

Error was taken aback. He didn’t mean to scare you. But seeing you like that made him feel like he’s the scum of the earth. He feels awful. He was terrifying enough that you thought he was trying to control you again. His soul felt heavier than usual. He tried to shake the feeling off.

“I was actually aiming for the puppet you always carry with you.” He tried to answer normally, but his voice cracked a little. He wasn’t looking at you directly.

When you finally realized what he wanted, you reddened in embarrassment. Oh god, you really should stop jumping to conclusions! You felt like an asshole. “Oh crap. Sorry.” You stood up, trying to catch his attention. But he wouldn’t meet your gaze. Okay, you’ve really done it now. The mood was awkward and you couldn’t help but feel like it was your fault.

Just to try and make the awkward atmosphere dissipate, you reached for the puppet you’ve held in between your pants. You gave the Fresh puppet to him. You didn’t actually want to since Fresh gave that to you on your birthday, but there must be some reason that Error needed it. “Here.”

Error sighed and tried to shake off the feeling of disappointment. He grabbed the puppet from you and glowered at the puppet on his hand. You looked at him inquisitively, confused by the facial expression that he made. He snuck it inside his jacket and then never mentioned it again.

You gave him a moment to speak but you only grew restless when he didn’t. Why the hell did he ask for the puppet? You cleared your throat to catch his attention. “What do you need the puppet for, Error?”

“Oh!” Error flushed in shame. “Right. Heh. Well, uh, actually, that freaky colorful freak stole it from my collection. Also, if you have it, he might trace the puppet instead.”

“Wait. You mean the puppet belongs to you?” you asked in surprise.

“Uh-huh.”

“And you were the one who made it?”

“Uh-huh.”

“And he gave it to me as a present but he stole it from you?”

“Uh-huh.”

You scowled. “Seriously? He gave me a present that he stole? The nerve! And to think that I actually liked that puppet.”

Error was stunned. “You liked it?”

You smiled cheekily. “Well, duh. Why do you think I keep it around me so much? And I think it was adorable.” You paused as you realized something. “Wait, you said you have a collection. What do you mean?”

“It means exactly what is sounded like,” Error said quite proudly. “I’ve stitched tons of those puppets for leisure.”

“Really?” Your eyes shone brightly. “Do you have a puppet of you?”
Error conjured a puppet of him from thin air and then handed it to you. You took it excitedly. “Woah! This is so cute!” you gushed. “Nice work by the way.”

“Thanks.” He watched your playful expressions. “You can keep it if you want.”

“Really?” you asked excitedly but unsure. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah. Plus it would be easier for me to find you.” He gave you a reassuring nod.

“Thank you!” You delightfully kissed the top of the puppet’s head. Error quickly averted his eyes as a blush developed on his cheeks.

“U-uh... yeah. I’m gonna go. See ya later.” He quickly disappeared, not even giving you the chance to say goodbye.

You were left alone inside Poppy’s room. You have lots of hours left before he goes home. Maybe you should cook something for him. And since he told you not to go out, any ingredients they have right now would do good.

***

“i’m sure she just went out for a moment or something,” Orion said, trying to reason with edgy him who looked like he’s going to break down any moment.

Hip Hop gulped. “i don’t think so. it’s actually 11 pm. why would she be out late this night?” Hip Hop got this unnerving feeling hours ago but he never actually knew why. And maybe this was the answer to his question.

Latin pressed a gloved hand against his chest. “I’VE GOT AN UNEASY FEELING ABOUT THIS,” he said worriedly.

“i’m tellin’ ya! i can’t find her! i’ve been trying to for the past hours!” Goldie gritted his teeth. He had never felt so anxious and nervous before.

“What’s with all this ruckus?” Scratch neared the group. “BROTHER, SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE BOTHERING YOU.”

“he can’t find Y/N anywhere. and it’s all your fault,” Hip Hop suddenly said.

Scratch raised a brow bone. “AND HOW IS IT MY FAULT?”

“you were the one who threw her out of the room! that was the last time we ever saw her!”

“GOOD POINT. BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW SHE DIDN’T JUST GO SOMEPLACE ELSE FOR THE NIGHT?”

They were all silenced. Scratch rolled his eyes. “IT’S POSSIBLE YOU ALL ARE OVERREACTING. I’M SURE SHE’S FINE. SHE MIGHT HAVE HAD AN EMERGENCY AND WENT SOMEWHERE.”

“WITHOUT EVEN TELLING US?” Pluto asked, looking a bit hurt.

Scratch jeered. “THERE’S NO REASON TO TELL US. WE’RE NOT HER MOTHER. LET HER BE. IF SHE’S NOT BACK IN A COUPLE OF DAYS, THAT’S WHEN YOU SHOULD BE WORRYING.”
The lot have calmed down after that. Maybe you just went somewhere. They hope.

---

The next day, you still weren’t in sight but they didn’t have the time to think about that. Alphys said that they should go back to their jobs straight away. They asked Alphys about you but she only avoided the question.

Hoodie and Giant wasn’t fully recovered so they were asked to stay in the lab with their brothers to watch over them. Alphys was nervous about what to say to them about you. She, too, was hoping that you’d come back soon and that you really didn’t disappear.

Sans has also been recovering. He slept all day and all night. Alphys noticed the slight change in his mood every time he wakes up. There was this moment when he looked so... sinister. Sans would only wake up when he needs to eat or to take a shower.

Alphys didn’t want to talk to him about the machine since she thought it was too early so she let him slack off all he wants while she fixes the machine herself. It wasn’t that difficult when she has been working on it since before the barrier was broken. Only a day had passed but she’s already finished two-thirds of the machine. The difficult part comes after she reassembles everything.

She has no idea where the wires and all that stuff goes since it was Sans who got it right in the first place. And all his notes and files about the machine got destroyed when the machine self-destructed. She hoped that Sans would be ok right after another day or so.

“BROTHER! HERE! I’VE MADE YOU MY SPECIAL TACOS SO YOU WOULD RECOVER LIGHTNING FAST!” Blueberry said as he slammed the door of Hood’s room open, a plate of tacos on his hand.

Hoodie sat up and tried not to cringe when his bones ached badly. He was pretty sure he had broken a rib or two from that fight. He chuckled as his brother almost tripped over his own feet while trying to get to him. Blueberry handed him the plate of tacos.

“thanks bro,” Hoodie said. “i appreciate it.” He took the plate from his hand and started to consume the tacos.

Blue looked at him expectantly. “SO? HOW IS IT?” His eyes seemed to shine brighter.

Hoodie raised a thumbs-up and Blueberry clapped in delight. “WELL, I’LL BE OFF AND MAKE ANOTHER BATCH FOR TALLER BROTHER YOU!”

“yeah. i’m sure he’ll like it,” Hoodie said.

Blueberry immediately ran out the door, leaving Hoodie again. He slowed to a walk as he approached the kitchen to remake his special tacos. He suddenly froze as pain strike his left hand.

A heavy feeling lingered on his soul. He agonizingly removed his gloved hand and immediately paled. His fingers... it was glitching. He put his glove back on, a deadpan expression on his face. He continued walking to the kitchen and acted like nothing happened.
Blueberry stood in front of the door where Alphys was busy re-creating the machine. He watched quietly as the yellow monster runs back and forth across the rooms, different parts for the machine were being carried.

The glitch didn’t exist yesterday, that much he’s sure. The morning he woke up by his brother’s side, he felt that strange sensation on his fingers. He removed his glove and was terrified by what he saw. But he didn’t panic. He tried his best to calm down and be positive. It’s nothing serious. So, his hand was glitching? What’s the worst that could happen?

He looked around the room, trying to find the right thing. His eyes landed on a glass of water beside his brother’s bed. He stood up but he didn’t realize his legs had been so weak. Weak because of the current terror flooding his mind or weak because he hadn’t move them in hours, he didn’t know. His hand was shaking as it grabbed the glass of water.

He picked it up and expected the worst. After a few seconds, relief crossed his face. He could still grab things. It still felt like his fingers were attached and well. It only looked as if it was glitching horribly. Well, if he put on his glove over his glitchy fingers, nobody would notice right?

Blueberry didn’t want to tell anyone. He didn’t want to scare his brother or any of the monsters inside the laboratory. He figured that if even taller him or dancer him would find out, he’s positive that they’d make a big deal out of it. They’d panic. They’d be put under pressure for they’ll think that they’re next. And he doesn’t want that. He doesn’t want them to be terrified living in this universe.

Maybe there was a solution. And that’s why he went to Alphys. But seeing Alphys so busy fixing the machine, he had been filled with guilt. He wanted to talk, but no words came out of his mouth. Would Alphys even help him? Would she even know what to do? What if she panics and then rashly told everyone? Wouldn’t that make the situation worse?

He hadn’t realized how long he had been standing there, his eyes empty of emotions. It wasn’t long until Alphys finally noticed him standing outside the doors. She waved him over. “O-oh! B-blue! What are you doing here?”

Blueberry snapped out of his thoughts as he automatically puts on his facade. “HEYA ALPHYS! I WAS JUST WONDERING...” He stepped inside the doors and walked closer to Alphys, mentally fighting himself if he should tell the monster or not.

“This is tough, huh?” Alphys suddenly said as she appeared exhausted. “S-sans still hasn’t fully recovered. I-i’ve been doing the work of two people all this time.”

Blue gave her a wide grin. “I’M SURE YOU COULD DO IT ALPHYS!”

“Yeah right.” She sighed tiredly. “Is it o-ok if I talk gibberish right now?” She asked shyly as an embarrassed blush appeared on her face.
Blueberry was lost. “UH, SURE. I’M HERE TO LISTEN.”

“Oh god. I don’t even know where to start. I’m so worried for Sans right now. It feels like he’s alright but something always feels off. And then he would start to mumble things like ‘I thought I was dreaming’ every time he woke up and then go back to sleep. And then there’s Y/N. I’m really worried for her. I haven’t contacted her since yesterday! I’ve tried calling Undyne and asked her to track Y/N for me but there’s still no news about her. And then there’s you guys. I don’t know what to do. I feel like I’m such a failure. You guys needed to be back home. It’s really dangerous to stay here for such a long time. I know you guys were supposed to have check-ups on your magic, but I barely even have the time to eat and watch anime anymore. I’m so...” Alphys kept on babbling while Blueberry had tuned her off.

The monster was clearly worn-out. He felt that he would only add to her burden if he were to say that something was wrong with him. Maybe... he should wait it out. Maybe it won’t last. If he can have access to his own universe before his problem becomes serious, then he’ll win.

He just has to be strong. He can do it. Of course he can. He is the magnificent Sans after all.

***

You were mixing cookie dough when Poppy entered the kitchen. Over the time, you’ve finally developed a sense wherein you could sense if there was a presence with you inside the room. It was something that made you completely aware of your surroundings. Ever since Sans did that disappearing-appearing thing on Day 1, you’ve tried to get used to his presence so you wouldn’t get caught off guard next time.

And this time, it was fully developed. Poppy appeared right behind you with an intent to scare you shitless but you turned your head towards him with a big grin on your face. “How’s your day?”

“jesus! you scared me!” he said as he put a hand to his chest.

This time, it was your turn to laugh. The tables have turned. The turns have tabled. It’s your time to shine. “Oh my god, that was fantastic.” You laughed your ass off until you can’t breathe anymore.

Poppy watched you in slight amusement, letting you have the first laugh. “so. what have you been up to?” he asked when you finally stopped laughing.

You dramatically wiped a tear from your eye before sighing blissfully. “Well, there’s not much I can do when I can’t go outside.” You continued to make your double-chocolate cookies. The high tune from the oven reminded you that the first batch of cookies was finished.

Poppy’s grin faltered for a moment. Guilt was filling his insides. He was trapping you here. He knows that. But he still refuses to let you out. He’s afraid something bad would happen to you. He’s afraid you’d run off. He’s afraid he’ll never see you again once you walked out of this door.

He knows what he’s doing was unreasonable. But he just didn’t want to lose sight of you. Not again. You’ve only been here for a night and two days but you’ve completely changed his life. You made him want to try again. To live again. To believe again.

“This is perfect!” you exclaimed while you took a big bite off a cookie from the oven. It was deliciously hot and chocolatey and it melts in your mouth. You turned towards the monster to encourage him to take a bite but you noticed he’s staring off into space.

“Hey. What’s wrong?” you asked worriedly. Wanting to comfort him, you gently grabbed his hand
and squeezed it. “You ok?”

He snapped out of his thoughts and his eyes darted to your connected hands. His soul fluttered in a good way but at the same time, guilt was overwhelming him. You were so sweet and kind and caring and understanding and so perfect for him. You were just what he needed. But he knew he can’t keep doing this. He can’t keep you trapped in here. Even though you won’t voice it out, he knows that you don’t want to be trapped here. You wanted to go back to your home, to your own universe.

He squeezed your hand back and gave you a smile. “I’m fine, sweetheart.” He tries not to break down. Not right now.

He’ll give you back to them. Eventually. He needs a few more days with you. He just wanted to be selfish for once.

***

Another two days have passed. Blueberry’s glitching was getting worse. It reached to his whole hand now but it could still be hidden by his glove. He was getting really worried about you since he hasn’t seen you for almost four days.

The others were also feeling worried. They expected you to come home yesterday or maybe even today after their supposed jobs. But you still didn’t show up. Mark has been acting so strange, too. Every time one of them tries to come up and have a conversation, he immediately avoids them and most times, he’ll go the opposite direction. They concluded that he already found out about what they did.

But on the plus side, Hoodie and Giant had fully recovered. All of them were so cautious about using their magic though. Sometimes, their magic would go frantic for a short moment.

Yesterday, Goldie accidentally made a Gaster Blaster appear while he was watching TV. The others who were with him were definitely surprised but the one who was most surprised was himself. He tried to make it go away but he couldn’t. He couldn’t control it. But he knew it was him who made it appear. His hand was glowing blue.

When the Gaster Blaster gathered up energy to blast, the others were desperately making him make it disappear. They were mad. But he still couldn’t.

Up to the last second, it finally disappeared. Everyone was relieved. Goldie grabbed his wrist where the magic came from and felt mad at himself, too. He almost got everyone killed. He was frustrated that he couldn’t do anything about it.

It wasn’t just him that got a magical chaos episode. His brother also had one. It was just this morning when he was busy re-making his breakfast pasta for the day when he noticed that all the plates had been flying up in the air. He looked down on his hands and found that it was glowing blue. He tried to stop it but like Goldie, he couldn’t control his magic.

Orion swung by at the worst possible moment. All of the things inside the kitchen were floating. He was surprised but called out to Scratch who had his hands raised up, trying his hardest to control his magic but failing miserably. The moment Scratch noticed Orion, all of the things came flying onto the vulnerable skeleton. Both screamed in terror but at the last second, his magic stopped and everything crashed onto the floor, creating a big mess.

The others appeared after hearing the loud crash and eventually came to help. Scratch was furious.
and decided to do something about it. He finally went to Alphys to discuss these important things.

He opened the door of their office. “ALPHYS! WHERE ARE YOU?” he almost roared.

The yellow monster was startled as he entered. Before Scratch could even muster a word, Alphys had beaten him to it. “S-she’s gone... Y/N’s gone!”

Scratch looked lost as he momentarily forgot what he came there for. “WHAT ARE YOU BABBLING ABOUT—“

“Undyne can’t track her. No one’s seen her these past four days! She’s really gone! I-i don’t know where she went!” The yellow monster was slowly losing it. She can’t lose you! You’re the most important person in this laboratory. You were the one keeping everyone in check. You were the only solution to get Sans back on his feet.

“T-THE HUMAN IS MISSING?” Scratch repeated, horrified.

“Yes! And I don’t know where to find her! Oh no, oh no.” Alphys tried to calm herself. She turned towards the tall, dark skeleton. “Okay, here’s a question. Have y-you guys been feeling off or something?”

Scratch remembered what he came here for. “CERTAINLY! OUR MAGIC IS HARDER TO KEEP IN CONTROL. I’M AFRAID IT’S NOT LONG TIL WE CAN NO LONGER CONTROL EVEN OUR OWN BODY.”

“Oh no. Oh no, no, no. This is the worst timing,” Alphys cried. “U-uh, okay. Call everyone to that room where Sans usually checks on you. I-i’ll be there in a sec.” Alphys anxiously fixed her glasses.

Scratch nodded. He quickly left the room to get the others.

Alphys looked towards the unfinished machine. She already re-created it back to what she mostly remembered, but only Sans can finish it now. She exhaled a shaky breath.

“Y/N... where are you? Everyone needs you right now.”
Chapter Summary

I'm sorry to do this. But please remember there's a second part to this. I hope you won't hate me too much.

Almost everyone had finished stabilizing their magic. Alphys was half-relieved that everyone can last for a couple more days or so and nothing serious have happened yet. Well, almost everyone.

“Blue, it’s your turn,” Alphys said to the short skeleton who just came back from the bathroom. Blue had been giving excuses each time he was called but now, he’s the only one left to inspect. The others have already left the room which only left the two of them.

Blue scratched the back of his head. “UH, OK.” He skeptically stepped inside the large test tube. He felt so nervous, given that he had been praying so hard that his glitch can be cured.

Alphys did the usual on the monitor and then left it running for a few seconds. She turned her eyes away for a second and when she returned her glance, her jaw dropped open. “Oh no.” She tried inputting the codes again for a quick scan but then it quickly shot down. A dialogue box was open, with big red words saying ‘ERROR!’

She lifted her eyes to the skeleton, a worried expression plastered on her face. Blueberry’s hope died out. That expression can only mean one thing. He sighed and stepped out of the large tube.

“B-blue? What’s going on? W-what’s wrong?” she asked.

“I hope you won’t tell anyone about this, Dr. Alphys,” Blue solemnly said, his voice a bit softer than usual. He took off his glove and showed the monster his hand.

Alphys gasped. “Oh no! Y-your hand! How long has this been going on?” she asked worriedly, taking the skeleton’s hand and examining it. She tried to hide her awe when his hand still can be touched and was solid, despite its glitching appearance.

“Two days ago? I think,” Blue answered.

“You... you can still feel this, right?” Alphys asked as she pressed her thumb on the palm of his glitching hand.

Blueberry nodded.

Alphys lets go of the hand and sighed. “I-i don’t know how to fix this, Blue. I didn’t even expect this was going to happen. There must be something wrong with your magic. It could take a few days, but would you let me experiment on it?”

Blue frowned at her. “But what about the machine?”

“T-the machine... only Sans can fix it now. I’m sorry. And I don’t think he’d be fixing it anytime soon. So while he’s still trying to recover, I’m going to try and find a cure for this. A-are you alright with that?”
Blue closed his eyes. Well, this was his only choice, isn’t it? “Okay, Dr. Alphys.”

***

It’s been two days. There had been a slight change on Poppy’s personality. To be honest, he was a lot... clingier than before. Your heart sunk but you were trying your best to be positive about everything. He’ll change. You just have to trust him.

He was cooking in the kitchen when a knock was heard. He glanced at you briefly. “hey sweetheart. can you get that?”

“Ok.” You stood up from the couch and went to get the door. You swung the door open and was surprised to see Alphys standing on the doorway. “Alphy!” you said excitedly, quickly forgetting that this wasn’t your Alphys, but it was Poppy’s Alphys.

She frowned at you. “Do I know you?”

You were a bit stunned that this Alphys is really different from you Alphys. This Alphys don’t look shy at all. She’s actually a wee bit intimidating!

One of her eyebrows rose. “Oh wait, you’re the human that Sans is talking about.”

“Oh! Come in!” You pulled the door open for her and she stepped inside. She headed towards the kitchen, not even giving you a second glance.

“Sans, I’m here like you requested me to. If this isn’t important, then stop wasting my time.”

Woah. Alphys is a real ass. But you’ve been friends with asses before, this shouldn’t be too hard.

Poppy turned off the stove and wiped his hands on his clothes. You wanted to scold him for that, but Alphys looked so menacing at the moment.

“well, I’ve already told you half of the story,” Poppy said as he walked over to you and automatically grabbed your hand. “this is her.”

Alphys rolled her eyes. “Yeah, the human from another universe. I’ve already heard that. I’d like to know more about this machine. Any chance you can tell me how it was fixed?” she asked, a painfully serious look on her face.

“W-well, uh, I can’t tell you much since I have no idea how it worked in the first place.” Alphys’ expression shifted to a scornful one. “But, I do know that it has a portal of some sort.”

She looked surprised. “A portal?”

“You heard them mention that the machine can detect the presence of another universe nearby and get information from them.”

Alphys quickly took out her notepad and started writing some notes. “This is actually quite useful,” she murmured as she wrote.

You looked at Poppy and he shot you a thumbs-up. And then it hit you. Poppy called Alphys right now so she could get information about the machine that can take you to other universes. He’s trying to help you get back home. He’s... he’s willing to let you go! Your lips broke into a grin. Mission success! You got Poppy to change his ways.

“Anything else that I need to know?” Alphys asked while she raised a brow, snapping you out of
“The machine only worked one-sidedly. You can take monsters from another universe to yours, but you can’t bring them back. It’s kinda unstable. I mean, if you try to enter the portal, it might take you to a completely unknown universe. That’s why my Sans was trying to make adjustments to it.”

Mentioning Sans made you realize how much you missed him and the others, too.

“Wow. This is great. Well, uh,” Alphys looked at you sheepishly, “thanks, human.”

“You’re welcome. You can ask me any questions anytime, unless I didn’t know the answer.”

Alphys stood up. “Sans, I’m going to need you tomorrow as early as you can. We’ll start to create this machine as soon as possible. This is going to make me famous!”

“roger that, dr. alphys,” Poppy answered.

Alphys nodded at you. “Thank you again, human. I’m going to go now. I’ll need to research about this.” She left quickly, leaving the front door open.

You were left with Poppy, who looked ridiculously embarrassed. You shot him cheeky grin.

“You’re letting me go.”

“Well, yeah. I can’t keep you here forever, sweetheart. I know that. I know you have a home somewhere and it’s not here. As much as I want to force you here forever, I know I can’t. You’ve been too nice to me, too patient. And I just can’t handle the guilt of making you miserably live here for the rest of your life just because you changed me.”

Your expression softened. You took a step closer to him and gave him a big hug. “I know you would. Actually, I’ve never been so grateful that you chose to change in just a couple of days. To be honest, I could’ve left you four days ago.”

He looked surprised. “Really?”

“Yeah. Remember that guy who looked like you but looked incredibly evil? He was my one-way ticket back home and I’ve been talking to him. Because I couldn’t leave you like this.”

Tears stung the skeleton’s eyes. “You’re one hell of a girl, you know that, sweetheart. Those skeletons back at your home are so lucky to have you.” I want you all to my own, he thought.

You laughed and it felt like a heavy burden was taken off your shoulders. “Well, I guess this is it.”

“You’re going to go?” Poppy looked at you miserably.

“I need to go. This has been fun. Thank you, Sans.” You gave him one last hug. Poppy intertwined his fingers with yours, wanting to savor the feeling forever. “Gosh, you’re making it so hard to leave.”

“I know.” Poppy chuckled, but a heavy feeling lingered over his soul.

You cleared your throat and then called for Error’s name.

“That weird me was called error? huh. A weird name for a weird me.”

But you weren’t paying attention to him. A couple of seconds passed. Suddenly, you felt nervous. “Error? Error!” You called again and again. You waited and waited, Poppy silently waiting with you while he still held your hand.
Nobody came.

“Oh shit,” you muttered to yourself.

“why? what’s wrong, sweetheart?”

“I don’t think he’s coming.”

***

“I barely have info of this at all. I don’t know what to do!” Alphys cried out.

Blueberry sighed. “IT’S OK, DR. ALPHYS. I’M SURE I’LL BE FINE.”

The two have spent the whole afternoon researching about Blueberry’s magic ‘virus’ or something but they didn’t get the acquired information that they wanted. Blue’s case was a first time, it would be impossible to know more about it.

Alphys glanced at his hand. She stopped for a moment before gasping. “I-it’s infecting your whole arm faster than before!”

Blueberry looked down on his arm. She was right. The glitch was taking over his whole right arm. Suddenly, he fell down to his knees. Alphys immediately came to help. “A-are you ok?”

“I-I DON’T KNOW. IT’S LIKE IT’S DEPLETING MY ENERGY,” Blueberry said weakly.

Alphys took this moment to look at his stats. She shot him a worried look. “This is serious. Your HP is going down. We need to talk to Sans. Right now.”

“S-SANS? Are you sure he’s going to help?”

“We’re going to try.”

It was hard for Blue to walk when his knees became so weak so Alphys had to take out a wheelchair from their storage room. She just hoped that the other skeletons won’t be catching the two of them anytime soon. Blue was grateful that he didn’t have to walk as Alphys pushed the wheelchair out of the room and she headed towards the room where Sans was sleeping in.

Fortunately, they didn’t bump on any of the skeletons along their way. They finally reached the room and Alphys frantically opened the door. She found Sans still peacefully sleeping on a bed. She didn’t want to wake him up, but today, it was an emergency.

She headed towards the unconscious skeleton and then shook him awake, softly at first. “Sans. Sans, wake up.”

Sans didn’t even stir.

Alphys tried a little harder this time. “Sans! Wake up!” She shook his body with a greater force than before.

Still nothing.

“Sans! Wake up!” She tried again, this time shaking him with full force.

It was like he was dead. He didn’t even grunt nor did he show any signs of him waking up.
Alphys turned to Blueberry in concern. “I don’t think he’s going to wake up anytime so—”

“Alphys,” Blueberry cut her off, his eyes wide.

The yellow monster frowned. “What’s wrong?”

“Alphys,” Blueberry repeated, much slower this time. “Run.”

This sent chills down the scientist’s spine. She slowly turned her head towards Sans and found that he was sitting up straight, eyesockets devoid of light and his expression impassive.

“S-sans! You’re finally awake!” Her heart thumped louder than before. Her palms began to sweat. “W-we need your—”

In one swift motion, Sans turned his head towards Alphys, his left eye began flaming dangerously blue. His grin suddenly widened like a maniac.

Alphys froze in fear.

“ha.” His voice was intimidatingly low and gruff. “well this is new,” he said with a hint of amusement. Sans slid out of bed and puts his hands inside his pockets.

Alphys still can’t find her voice. This Sans had a terrifying aura surrounding him. But something was off. It seemed like... he’s in a daze. But that doesn’t make him less terrifying.

The skeleton looked like he was enjoying it as his grin grew wider and more disturbing. “time to die.”

A large Gaster Blaster in the middle of the room, pointed at her. She couldn’t move. She couldn’t speak. She’s done for.

***

“well does that mean you get to stay here?” Poppy asked with a hopeful look.

“I’m sorry but no.”

Poppy laughed. “ouch.”

You tried to think for a moment. It’s impossible that Error wouldn’t come and fetch you. You two have been in good terms. And it’s not your first time to call him out. And he always, always comes out two seconds after you called him. But now, you don’t get anything, not even a trace of him.

And suddenly, you realized why. He must’ve been caught. Fresh and Ink must’ve gotten to him. You haven’t even told Fresh to leave him alone. He must be in trouble!

“Fresh? Fresh!” you called out his name, panic swirling in your mind.

Poppy frowned. “who the hell are you calling?”

You tried a couple more times but Fresh still didn’t show up. Guess you needed the puppet Error took from you. But there was one more name you hadn’t called. Ink. Isn’t Ink similar to Error? You think you’ve heard before that Ink exists out of the universes, like Error. So maybe he’ll respond if you call him.

So you did. You called out Ink’s name.
Poppy looked lost. “sweetheart? you ok?”

“Ink!” You tried one last time.

You were getting hopeless, when suddenly a rift in space showed up in front of you. Ink walked out of the rift. “You called?”

“Ink!” you said happily and then proceeded to hug the skell.

“I’m surprised you called for me. It made it much easier to find you!” Ink said. He noticed Poppy who looked calm. He turned back to you. “Are you ready to go home?”

Poppy still held your hand and he squeezed it tightly when he heard that question. “i’m gonna miss you.”

You touched the skeletons cheek and pressed a kissed to his forehead. “So am I. I’ll try to visit you, no worries.”

“bye.” He lets go of your hand.

“See you later.” You followed Ink into the rift and then managed to give him one last look before the rift closes. When it did, you closed your eyes and heaved out a big sigh. When you were finally ready to move on, you opened your eyes and looked around.

Everything’s white. Everywhere you look is just an insane amount of white. So this is the anti-void, huh? Error’s home.

“You ok?” Ink asked, concern plastered on his face.

“Yeah.” You shot him a small smile. “So wait. Where’s Error?”

Ink looked surprised that you asked. “He’s, uh, over there. With Fresh. Don’t worry, we locked him up for good. He won’t be bothering you or anyone anytime soon.”

“What?” you asked, horrified. You looked around and finally found Fresh and Error a distance away from you. You started running towards them. You could see that Error has been locked inside a cage, but this time it was a metal cage. Not made up of magic like last time.

“Fresh!” you called out as you closed the distance between the three of you.

Fresh turned towards your voice and was ecstatic to see you. “human-dude! oh hell, ya don’t know how much i’ve—“

“Let him out,” you ordered. You stopped in front of them as you tried to catch your breath.

“wait, what?”

Error leaned his chin on both of his hands. “This is gonna be fun.”

“Let him out,” you repeated, this time you weren’t panting like a dog.

“why?! h-he kidnapped you!”

“Fresh please. Just let him out. He’s harmless,” you reasoned out.

“he’s not!”
“Fresh.”
“b-but!”
“Fresh, please.”

Fresh turned away from you, his eyes were both glowing purple but his glasses obscured it.

Error raised his eyebrows up and down in mockery. “Yes. Let me out, freak.”

“Fresh c’mon. Error actually helped me. Plus, look, I’m fine! He didn’t hurt me. Just let him out,” you pleaded.

“Are you sure about that, Y/N?” Ink asked, looking a bit skeptical.

“Yes,” you answered.

“fine! whatever!” Fresh begrudgingly opened the cage and threw away the key. “ya happy now, human-dude?”

Error stretched his arms after he got out of the cage. “Thanks for that, human.”

“Aw c’mon Fresh, don’t be mad at me! It’s just that I’m returning the favor h—“

“ya don’t need to explain, human-dude,” Fresh cuts you off.

You pouted. He’s definitely mad at you.

“Uh...” Ink interrupted. “I think we have a problem.”

***

A loud crash was heard. The skeletons hanging out in the living room all stopped doing what they were doing when they heard that familiar noise. The noise of a Gaster Blaster blasting.

“that doesn’t sound too good,” Orion muttered.

Hoodie was the first one to stand up and move, considering that he’s brother still isn’t back. He left the room quickly, leaving the door open.

“I’M WORRIED. I’M GOING TO CHECK IT OUT,” Pluto said as he went out to follow Hoodie. This caused all the other skeletons to leave the room altogether and find the cause of the crash. It wasn’t that hard.

Hoodie used the stairs. He tried his best to be calm and that nothing serious happened but since he hasn’t seen his brother in the last hour, he became a nervous mess. He hoped and prayed that everything was alright. If anything was to happen to his brother... he’d rather not finish the sentence.

“blue!” He found his brother two floors down. He was sitting on a wheelchair outside a room. Alphys was sitting on the ground beside him. Both looked terrified as they stared inside the room. Hoodie ran towards his brother. “blue! are you ok? why are you in a wheelchair?”

A frightened Blueberry turned his head towards his brother. “S-sans... is...”

“what?”
He was frozen when a chilling laugh echoed from the room. He turned his head towards the source and there he saw Sans, standing there with dark grin, his eye looked threateningly red.

“this dream is turning out better than i thought,” he mused to himself.

dream?’ Hoodie thought. ‘Sans thought he was dreaming?’

“S-sans please... calm down!” Alphys cried out.

“again? don’t you have anything else to say?” Sans asked. He raised his hand once again and another Gaster Blaster appeared in sight.

Hoodie reflexively raised his arm and a bone shot through Sans’ arm, making the Gaster Blaster disappear. But this just made Sans angrier. “dare to fight back, eh?”

Sans raised both of his arms when the others appeared just in time. “w-what’s happening?” Patch asked, surprised. They all huddled together in a group.

Sans chuckled darkly. “there you guys are. i thought you were gonna miss the party.” He was ready to kill all of them again. He didn’t know how many times he’d killed them inside his mind. But it was just too damn satisfying to stop now.

“How many times have we done this?” you asked, shocked.

“Sans? Stop! What the hell are you doing?!” And this was your cue to appear. You were so glad to be back home, but this isn’t what you wanted to see. The others looked glad to see you as well, but the problem at hand was stopping them from tackling you to the floor.

“and of course. who would forget the main character?” You were standing right in front of him, trying to act brave.

You frowned as you shielded off your friends. “Sans. Stop this nonsense.” His expression looked so malevolent and wicked, you can’t even identify him as the same Sans that you know and love.

“i don’t know. let me just...” He paused for a moment before raising his hand up.

It all happened too fast. You could hear them screaming from the background but you don’t know why. You wanted to tell them that everything’s going to be alright, but for some reason, you can’t even open your mouth to speak. What was wrong?

Everything seemed to be going in slow motion. The noises were blurred out but they’re still there. You looked around you. They’re either angry or crying or both. You wanted to ask why they were making those expressions, but something’s stopping you. You looked back towards to Sans. Wait, it seems like he’s ok again! His eye wasn’t flaring anymore. They were back to tiny pinpricks of light.

And when time suddenly went back to normal, you felt like all your energy was sucked out of you. You couldn’t stand anymore. You could hear everyone now. They’re shouting. They’re sobbing. Why was that?

Sans was holding you up now. He was frowning yet there were tears coming out of his eyes.

You terribly wanted to say to him that everything’s alright now. But you were numb. You can’t move. You can’t speak.

...you can’t breathe.

“i’m sorry. i’m sorry.” Sans kept repeating those words but you don’t know why he was sorry. He
was gritting his teeth so hard. His tears wouldn’t stop falling. It hurt you to see him like this.

“I-i fo—rgive... y-you,” you croaked out. It hurts so much to speak. Your throat hurts so much. You coughed. And you noticed that you coughed up blood. This made Sans close his eyes forcefully as his grip tightened on you.

“fuck. i fucked up. i fucked up. oh fucking hell. no, please don’t die. god, please don’t die.”

Die? Your eyes started to water as a terrible realization hit you. You didn’t want to admit it. “W-what are you... talk—a—bout?” you asked. “I-i’m fi—ne.” You coughed up more blood. You finally had the courage to look down.

There it was. There was a bone protruding from the ground and it ran through your chest. Your blood was spilled from the bone. You know this should’ve hurt so badly but for some reason, you can’t feel anything. You were numb of the pain. Maybe the pain was too intense that your brain failed to interpret what to feel.

It was getting harder and harder to breath though.

“no, no, no. i’m such a fuck-up. no, no. baby, please. please don’t die. i-i can fix this.” Sans was hardcore sobbing by now. You would’ve laughed if only you weren’t dying.

“S-sans.” Your energy was quickly being depleted. You could barely even move your fingers. Tiredness was there at the back of your head, ready to consume you whenever you’re prepared to go. “I lo—ve y—you...” You forced yourself to speak even though it hurts so much to even breathe.

“oh god, i love you, too, baby. please. please don’t die. please. i’m begging you. please, don’t close your eyes.”

“I’m... s-so tire—d Sa—ns...” you said.

“no. no, no, no! don’t even dare! don’t you dare! fuck! don’t you fucking dare close your eyes baby!” He looked so angry. You’ve never seen him like that before.

It was too fast. Your energy ran out with nothing left to spare. You’ve been only holding out what you can but now, you just wanted to let go. You still wanted to fight but you’re so tired. And everything hurts so much.

“Good... ni—ght.”

You welcomed the darkness that consumed you.
Finale Part 2: True Ending

Chapter Summary

This is overdue, I know. And I'm sorry. But I want to thank you guys out there for supporting me! Especially those who have been here since Day 1! I really love you guys and you all make my day. I didn't want this to end that's why I tried to prolong it but... the agony is over. The end is here.

I hope you enjoy this last chapter!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You heard the sound of gunshots. You sat up quickly and looked around in a panic, somewhat still dazed from sleep. You sat there for a quiet moment, your thoughts were filled with jumbled thoughts but with all the noise, you couldn’t hear anything clearly.

A minute passed by. This happened before. You were sure of it. You don’t know when but you’re very sure that this has happened before. You roamed your eyes around the room. You were the only one there, the sound of the TV was your only company.

As another minute passed, you stood up from the couch as quick as lightning and headed out. You don’t know where you’re going. It’s like your feet has a mind of its own. A quick walk progressed into a jog which then progressed into a full dash run. You didn’t bother using the elevator because you were in too much of a hurry to get somewhere.

You almost tripped over your own feet once or twice as you ran down the flight of stairs. You reached the floor of Sans’ office. Your heart thumped in your chest as tears began to fill your eyes. You ran even faster as a warm feeling spread throughout your entire body.

You were out of breath. You were dizzy. You were confused why you felt this way. But you didn’t stop running. You can see it now. You can see the doors of his personal lab.

You pushed through the doors with all your might as memories started to flood back in your brain. You didn’t even register anything as someone small tackled you to the ground. You hit the floor with a thump and a groan came out of your lips. But you didn’t mind the pain right now.

“HUMAN! HUMAN!” Blueberry continued to call you while he gave you a tight hug. A laugh bubbled out of your throat as you hugged the little skeleton. You felt a sense of relief.

“Blueberry! Oh god.” The tears were falling faster now. You covered the skeleton with your kisses. “Oh thank god you’re okay. I missed you so much.”

“I THOUGHT I WAS NEVER GOING TO SEE YOU AGAIN, HUMAN! YOU MUSN’T SCARE ME!” he cried out.

As the two of you were sharing a quite romantic reunion, someone cleared their throat loudly. This caught your attention as you looked up and found that the others were there as well, watching you. One looked a little grumpy.
You chuckled as you slipped away from the little skeleton’s grasp and into the arms of his brother. “Damn I missed you too, Hoods.”

“you fucking scared me back there, bud. i’m glad to have you back.” He tightened his arms around you and wished that he could hold you just a little bit longer. You felt so right in his arms. He would do anything for you.

“HUMAN!!” A certain tall dancer couldn’t wait any longer and decided to interrupt. “I MISSED YOU DEARLY!” He has tears in his eyes.

You slipped away from Hoodie’s embrace as you went onto the next. “Latin! I missed you, too!”

“HUMAN!!” Another hugged you from the back.

This made you laugh. “Pluto, you could’ve waited for your turn, you know.”

“I COULDN’T WAIT ANY LONGER, HUMAN! I NEEDED TO HUG YOU!”

The three of you were embracing each other for a peaceful minute and you were just overwhelmed that you forgot that you had other skeletons to hug. “Ok, I think that’s enough for now. The others need a hug, too.”

“OF COURSE, HUMAN!” Latin replied as he took a step back and so did Pluto. You smiled at the two skeletons before moving on to those who were closest. Which were obviously their brothers.

You knelt down in front of the two of them. They didn’t say anything as they looked at you with tears in their eyes. But it was enough. The silence was enough because you already know what they wanted to say.

“C’mere,” you said as you pulled the two Sans’ into a hug.

“i’m so glad you’re ok,” Orion said, his voice muffled with your clothes.

“Yeah, I’m glad, too.”

“we... we tried to control him, y’know. but we couldn’t do anything. we were hopeless,” Hip Hop said.

“stop ruining the mood,” Orion said with a groan.

You gave them a sincere smile as you pulled away. “I know.” You caressed Hip Hop’s cheekbone softly. “Thank you... for keeping things in check. Thank you for trying. Everything could’ve been worse if it wasn’t for any of you.” You pressed a kiss to each of their foreheads before someone wrapped their hands around your waist and pulled you away from them.

“you don’t know what you’re doing to me, doll.” Patch gave you a back-hug.

“I missed you too, crack-face,” you said with a chuckle. You turned around and gave him a proper hug.

“Human, I am so relieved to find you well. I’ve never felt so afraid in my entire life.” Giant popped up beside you and you instantly slipped away from Patch’s grasp to hug his brother.

“I’m okay now, G. You don’t need to worry.”

Patch groaned in the background. “you are so unfair, bro. i haven’t even been holding her for a full
But you ignored him as you continued to hug the tallest of the Papyruses. You were already standing on your tiptoes but you barely reached his neck. You stepped away when you decided it was time to move on.

There were only two skeletons left. Both of them looked equally stubborn. You laughed as you hugged Scratch first.

“Yeah, I missed you too Scratch.”

He didn’t say anything as you continued to hug him. His arms slowly wrapped around your back to hug you back. And this was enough for you. Before you completely stepped away, he said, “YOU REALLY SCARED ME BACK THERE, HUMAN.”

“Yeah, love you,” you said teasingly as you approached his brother next.

Goldie was just standing there, his head bowed down as he refused to look you in the eyes. God, he looks just like Poppy. That just made you miss the skeleton more.

“Hey,” you said softly. He refused to lift his head. “Look at me.” You used a gentler voice. When he still didn’t respond, you put your fingers under his chin and slowly lifted his head up. He looked the other way as he tried so hard to stop his tears from flowing.

“What’s wrong, Gold?” you asked him. You noticed his hands were in a tight fist and you looked at him worriedly. “Everything okay?”

“it... it was my fault. it was my fault you died!” he snapped. He closed his eyes angrily. He was so angry at himself.

“It wasn’t your fault. Trust me. You had nothing to do with it,” you responded softly.

“y-you don’t understand. it was my virus that destroyed the machine! i-i started this all! i killed you!” he cried out. More tears overflowed from his sockets and your heart hurt for him.

“No, no. It wasn’t your fault, dummy.” You pulled the skeleton in a hug as you caressed the back of his head. “It wasn’t your fault. It’s ok. Stop crying. Everything’s over, you hear me?”

“you’re not . . . mad?” He pulled away as he made eye contact with you for the first time today.

You gave him a sincere smile. “Of course I’m not mad. C’mere and give me a hug.”

He reluctantly hugged you again and you hugged him back. You didn’t know, but he cherished that hug. Your presence just made him feel at ease. He wanted to stay that way forever, just you and him. But unfortunately, it ended as quickly as it started.

It was because you noticed three odd skeletons standing at the back of the room. You didn’t realize they’ve been watching. You headed towards the three of them. “You guys... you did this?”

“totally did, human-dude!” Fresh answered.

“Technically, we did not. You should thank Frisk for this. Kid didn’t hesitate to help when they heard about you and Sans and the other monsters,” Ink retorted.

“Wait. So this is a reset?” you asked in awe.
“No. It was a load, idiot,” Error said as he rolled his eyes.

“it was all my idea!!” Fresh said giddily.

“Actually, it was Error’s idea,” Ink said.

“Nah, I just remembered that Frisk—“ Error was cut off short when you suddenly jumped on him and gave him a tight hug.

“Thank you! Thankyouthankyouthankyouthankyou—“

Error became frozen when you made contact with him. “Ink. Ink! Get her off me!” Error said through gritted teeth.

Ink laughed, probably enjoying Error’s torture. “Ok, human. I think he’s had enough.” He pulled you away from the poor frozen skeleton.

“fresh needs a radical hug, too!” Fresh demanded.

You swooped him up and twirled him around. “Thanks to you, too, Fresh.”

After you were done, you hugged Ink next. He was surprised. “U-uh... I don’t think I deserve any hugs—“

“Everyone deserves hugs! I can’t thank you guys enough! Really!” you said gratefully.

“Yeah, well don’t forget to thank the kid later,” Error grumbled.

“What? Where is the kid?” you chirped.

“Of course!” you chirped. “Wait... something’s missing.”

“You’re looking for Sans. He’s right outside,” Ink answered. You quickly let him go and ran out of the room as fast as you can. You could tell the others had wanted to talk to you more but just couldn’t wait to see Sans again.

As soon as you went through the door, you stopped as if you were frozen in time. There he was. He looked... guilty and worn-out. He scratched the back of his head awkwardly. He can’t even look at you straight in the eyes. “heh. kid—“

You didn’t get to finish his sentence as you tackled him into a hug that sent both of you on the floor. A new batch of tears came rolling out of your eyes. “Oh my god, I missed you so much Sans.”

Sans was speechless. He couldn’t talk. He wanted to say something. Why you were acting like this. Shouldn’t you be mad at him? You shouldn’t even be acknowledging his presence! He... he killed. He fucking murdered you in cold blood. Why are you acting like this? Those words he wanted to say got stuck in his throat and he could only cry.

“No, no, no. Stop crying. Shush. Everything’s alright. Everything’s fine...” you said softly as you wiped his tears away with your thumb. God, you couldn’t stop looking at him. He’s so precious to you.

“you... are—n’t m-mad?” He managed to choke it out.

“God, I’m not mad. I’m not mad. I forgive you. Please, stop crying. I forgive you, Sans. It’s ok. It wasn’t you. It wasn’t you.” You hugged the skeleton once more as he started bawling right then and there.
“oh god... fuck. w-why? you’re so nice. i don’t deserve you. i don’t deserve someone like you.”

“I don’t care if you don’t deserve me, Sans. I want to be with you. Please. Let’s just... start over. Can we?”

“i’d like that. i’d like that very much.” For the first time, Sans felt relieved that he was able to have a second shot, literally. He was going to love the fuck out of you from now on.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys. I'm so happy to have you as my readers for such a long time. You guys have been supporting me and I couldn't have finished this without you. I'm so thankful I get to enjoy this story with you. I really enjoyed reading your comments and I'm sorry if I haven't replied to any of the comments from the last chapter.

I hate to tell you this but I'm not going to do any sequel whatsoever. BUT feel free to continue my work! You could use the characters names or you could change it, your call. As for an idea for the continuation, Sans would have a hard time trying to forgive himself, even if you did forgive him. As much as I want to continue this, I won't. This story had been my top priority and I've been neglecting all my other stories. If ever I'm going to continue this one, I may not have time to update frequently. Worse, I would only update once or twice a month and I don't want to do that. It's unfair to you guys to wait that long. That's why I'm stopping here.

This has been quite an adventure for me and I learned so many things from you as well as you learned something from me. Hopefully haha. I hope you guys the best of luck in your life! I love you!

EDIT: 3/5/2017
THIS IS NOT DONE. I REPEAT. THIS IS NOT DONE. I'M CONTINUING THIS SHIT. GIVE ME A MONTH TO THINK ABOUT THE PLOT HAHA.
Starting Over (?)

Chapter Summary

Everyone was ecstatic to have everything back to normal. Or was everything really back to normal?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 58

Everyone couldn’t contain their happiness. That same day, a celebration took place. It was just like your birthday party. Except this time, it wasn’t anyone’s birthday. It just took a few calls before all your friends knew there was gonna be a party at 7 tonight.

Everybody had been busy in the kitchen. Papyrus was making his signature dish along with Blueberry. Goldie and his brother went out to Miss Muffet’s store to buy a cake and some pastries. Alphys offered to make her special ramen dish just for tonight. The others helped prepare the tables and chairs at the ground floor where the party will take place. Except Hoodie of course. You already expected that.

Everyone was in such a busy state, it was almost like you didn’t just die hours ago. Ok, that was inappropriate. Best not to think about that ever again.

You walked around in a fastened pace, observing them to make sure they weren’t getting themselves into troubles and such. You stopped in your tracks, your eyebrow rising in amusement. In the middle of the floor was Hoodie and his beloved couch.

“What are you doing?” you asked the skeleton, crossing your arms.

“What do you think I’m doing?” Hoodie drawled with a slight smirk.

“Dude, get off the floor. You’re making this harder to everyone who’s working right now,” you said, getting a bit serious already. You’ve only 45 minutes to prepare and he wasn’t helping.

“What do you mean? this is the perfect place to set up my couch,” he answered innocently.

You sighed. He most likely won’t be going anywhere anytime soon. You turned your head to your left and called out the first skeleton you saw. “Giant.”

Giant stopped walking and came towards you. “Do you need help, human?” he asked politely.

“Fly him to the side. Make sure to take his couch with him,” you ordered before continuing on your way.

“Copy that.” Giant raised his skeletal hand up, enveloping the couch and an unsuspecting Hoodie in a blue glow. He moved the couch in a gentle way. If ever you called out a different skeleton, they’d most probably move the couch in a non-gentle way.
As you continued on walking, you saw a little figure dart past beside you. You were quick enough to grab him by the collar and stop him in his tracks. “Ow!” He winced, slightly choked when you pulled on the collar of his shirt.

“And where do you think you’re going, little brother?”

“Uh... Frisk asked me to come get them at their house. They want to arrive early,” he answered.

You shot him a teasing grin. “And Frisk couldn’t do that by themselves?”

He rolled his eyes as a blush settled on his face. “Leave me alone,” he murmured in an embarrassed manner before running away out of your grasp.

“That was pretty mean.” A voice appeared from behind you.

You turned around and grinned in amusement at the skeleton in front of you. “Why, I’m terribly sorry, Doctor.”

Sans’ grin widened as he rolled his eyes. “wearing a lab coat doesn’t immediately make you a doctor, you weirdo.”

“Honest mistake. I apologize.” You couldn’t wipe the grin off your face.

“I forgive you.” He looked around before focusing back to you. “wanna get away from this place?”

“I apologize once again, Doctor but I have several things to check on,” you told him, pretending to check your watch.

“I see, i guess it was just a waste of a perfectly good coffee.” He pretended to be sad.

“I guess I can make time for coffee,” you quickly said.

He smirked. “perfect.”

He laid out his hand in front of you, acting like a gentleman. You put your hand above his and in a split second, the two of you were out on the rooftop of the building. A cold breeze past by and you shivered but you momentarily forgot about it as Sans handed you a steaming cup of coffee. You brought it under your nose and sniffed.

He chuckled. “weirdo.”

“Smells good. Stop judging me.” You blew off the steam and after a couple of blows, you brought the cup to your lips and sipped. It burned your tongue and you reflexively winced but immediately felt nice as it passed through your throat. You groaned. “Perfect.”

Sans laughed. “good to know, kiddo.”

You checked your watch again, checking if you still have a couple of minutes to spare. The two of you stood in silence, no one bothered to bring up a topic. Even if you two have so much to talk about.

In the dark, Sans’ skeletal hand roamed until he found your other free hand and intertwined his fingers with yours. You hummed an appreciative sound as you looked beyond the horizon and simply let your thoughts fly away.

“This is nice, don’t you think?” you muttered as you squeezed his hand a little tighter. Hmm... his
hand seems a bit cold. You glanced at him and immediately frowned in concern.

Sans’ eyesockets were dark as he stared at nothing in particular. Somehow, this scared you a little. But you didn’t try to pull your hand away. “Sans?” you used your softest voice. “Are you ok?”

He didn’t respond right away.

Right when you were about to touch his shoulder, he suddenly let go of your hand and raised his hands up in a defensive mode. One of his eyesockets lightened up a blue color and you noticed that he conjured a bone right in front of you. You spilled your coffee on the floor.

Seeing the bone made your hair stand up on your arms and your spine locked into place. You couldn’t move. Fear kept you right in your place. You struggled to say something, but you only managed to whisper.

Your heart rate sped up and tears pricked at the corner of your eyes. Oh my god, say something! The words won’t come out of your throat.

And then you realized. You weren’t the only one who was crying.

Bright, blue tears spilled like waterfalls from his eyesockets. His raised hand was shaking and he could barely stand, leaning against the edge of the rooftop.

His tears made you snap out of it. “Sans?” Your voice sounded strained and hurt. “Calm down,” your tone dropped to a whisper.

Hearing your voice finally did the trick. The lights in his eyes came back and the blue glow vanished, together with the bone. When the bone was gone, you felt like you can finally breathe. He crashed onto the ground, his knees giving up.

You ran to him in an instant. There was a split second where you hesitated and somehow, that made you hate yourself, but you grabbed his hand and helped him up. It looked like he fainted. Oh god, coming here was a bad idea.

You decided on just carrying him like a bride since it was the easiest position for you. Even though he was only a monster made of bones, he weighed quite heavier than you imagine.

Then you looked around. How the hell do you get down from here?

Then you remembered something. “Error!” you called.

He appeared after waiting for a few seconds. He looked surprised. “What happened?” he asked.

“Shit happened,” you grumbled. “Can you teleport me back down?” You tried to use your puppy eyes on him, but it didn’t work.

He crossed his arms. “Hell no, human. I am not touching you.”

Oh right. Error and his touching issue. You rolled your eyes. “Then call someone who can. Please?”

“Then why did you even call me in the first place?” he muttered under his breath. You shook your head as he disappeared once again.

Sans stirred from your arms. It would be nice if he regained consciousness, but... maybe it would be nicer if he wouldn’t. You don’t know how to handle talking about what happened today. It’s too... soon. Maybe in a few more days, where you’ll be ready. You decided to lie Sans down for a
moment because your arms were aching.

Hoodie appeared right in front of you. Literal a few inches away from you. Your breath caught in your throat and you almost fell backwards in surprise, but thank god for his quick reflexes. He slipped an arm right behind you and helped you up. An orange tint tinged his cheekbones. “you called?” he said. He finally noticed Sans unconscious on the ground. He cringed.

“Yeah... let’s talk about it later. I have a party to attend to,” you said, although you didn’t feel like talking to anyone anymore. But it would be unfair to them.

Hoodie caught onto your lie. “you could rest, bud. i’ll take care of the rest for you. you could just come out if you feel like it.” He went over to carry Sans and he did it so easily, he made it look like he was just a bundle of feathers. “c’mon,” he called to you.

You stepped towards him and you held onto his shoulder as he teleported you back into the building. Maybe you could get someone to build stairs to the rooftop.

The two of you, or three, appeared in front of your room. The one where you should be staying with your brother. Hoodie stepped away. “go on and take a nap. i’ll inform everyone, buddy.”

You gave him a tired smile. “Thanks, Hoods.”

“no prob. i’ll go and take this one to his room.” He gestured to Sans.

You nodded solemnly and entered the room. The room didn’t feel like your room. Honestly, you barely slept in this room. It was always somewhere else. Sighing, you walked to the bed and threw yourself on top of it.

***

You stirred in your sleep as you slept lying next to someone. Wait, weren’t you alone? You opened your eyes slowly and yawned. The room was dark. Your hand wandered in the dark, trying to find out who was sleeping next to you.

This figure... it was Sans. Or it was one of the Sanses. You don’t know which one it is.

“why are you still alive?”

Your blood turned cold when you heard him speak. Fear was gripping you hard and it won’t let you move from the bed. You were shouting, you were screaming for help. But nobody heard you. Nobody came.

He slowly turned around to face you. It was too dark to see anything but one of his eyes glowed that familiar color. You sobbed, telling him to stop.

You could see the outline of his grin widening. “you’re supposed to be dead.”

You cried louder. Stop. Stop stop stopstopstopstopstop—

“let me fix that for you,” he said so sweetly and bile started to rise up from your throat. He slowly raised his arm and you were watching, so horrified about what was going to happen next and you were pleading for help and mercy—

There was so much pain in the next second and you couldn’t help it anymore, you did throw up. Your chest was heaving and your eyes were wide as that bone, a bone protruded your stomach.
Blood spilled on the bedsheets and you could nothing but stare and scream and scream and his horrible, twisted laughter filled your ears and it was too much, too much to bear, you can’t—

“WAKE UP!”

Your eyes shot open and you instantly grabbed onto your stomach, searching for that damn bone that impaled you. There wasn’t any. You were breathless and gasping for air. Your eyes anxiously looked around. There was no blood. No sign of bile. Only you and... your eyes travelled up and met Hoodie’s gaze.

Tears spilled from your eyes. He heard you screaming. He tried to wake you up. Oh god, that dream... that nightmare. You grabbed ahold of his neck and pulled him to you. You were desperate for any form of comfort.

“it’s ok, it’s ok,” he whispered as he rubbed circles on your back. You realized you’ve been sweating like crazy but he didn’t mention it. “you’re alright. it was just a bad dream.”

You choked and started sobbing. That wasn’t a bad dream.

It was all real.

It did happen.

It was just deleted.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! I missed you so much! I don't know if anybody would still be reading this. But basically, this story haunted me in my dreams and lots of scenarios kept me awake. So here I am again, even after telling you that this wouldn't have any continuation, it WILL. But I don't think I can update as frequently as before since I have a story at Wattpad that I prioritize. I'll try my best though :)

Anyway, if you guys have time, you could check out my story on Wattpad. http://www.wattpad.com/202396679-modern-day-santa-claus-prologue --- Here's the link! I promise you it's really interesting. (It's about a hot Santa Claus ;))
Chapter 59

You and Hoodie have been in your room for god-knows-how-many hours. You told him not to go. And he didn’t. He just quietly settled down next to you on the bed and held you. He didn’t complain. He didn’t say anything. He was just... there.

And you don’t know how comforting it was just to hold someone like that. It made you feel safe. And soon enough, even if you were afraid to fall asleep again, you did. And this time, you were grateful because you were so tired, you slept the moment you closed your eyes.

And some time in the middle of the night, your little brother Mark found the two of you huddled together. Hoodie was still awake. Mark frowned and marched right up to the skeleton. “What are you doing?” he whispered

Hoodie grin tiredly. “She needs me right now.”

Mark took in the way you clutch the front of his hoodie and how you held onto him like a lifeline. Mark sighed and nodded once in his direction. “I’m telling them that Y/N wouldn’t be coming out.”

Hoodie gave him a grateful look. Mark left and went back to the supposed party. The party you prepared but didn’t even go to.

Frisk walked up to Mark and was worried about the morose expression on his face. They signed to him, “What happened?”

Mark looked up and met Frisk’s gaze. “Y/N’s sick. They can’t be bothered right now.”

Frisk pouted but left to relay the information to Toriel. Then Toriel told the other visitors that Y/N wouldn’t be coming out to meet up with them. One by one, they filed out of the door until only the multiple skeleton brothers were left inside the building. Papyrus left, too, planning to spend a week at Undyne’s house.

“What do you think happened to Y/N?” Blueberry wondered loudly, worried etched onto his face.

“I’m sure y/n’s fine,” Orion answered. They cleaned up after the party. They were the only two Sanses awake, though. The others have all crashed in their rooms. Most of the Papyruses were awake to help clean up.

“The human was just sick of your faces and decided to sleep on us,” Scratch said as he sneered. He was being surprisingly helpful as he picked up pieces of trash and placed them in a trash bag.

“That’s not true!! Y/N would never get sick of our faces!” Berry exclaimed. And then he looked around, looking for someone. “HUH? WHERE’S MY BROTHER?”

“Probably already asleep,” Giant answered his question. “But I did saw this strange Sans coming out of the dark and waking him in the middle of his nap.”
“OH C’MON, Y/N’S PROBABLY FINE AND YOU’RE ALL JUST OVERREACTING AGAIN,” Scratch snapped. The rest of them went silent. Most of their memories about what happened before the reset were blurry and mostly depended with each monster. Some of them remembered situations clearly than anyone while some of them can’t even remember what happened in the situation at all.

The rest of the night went by quietly.

You awoke being held in someone’s arms. Your heart stopped beating when you thought for a second that it was Sans, but then relaxed when you realized it was Hoodie. Partly embarrassed, you tried to get out of his hold and his arms slackened while you sat.

“What happened?” you whispered.

Hoodie had his eyes closed but was awake the whole time. “you had a nightmare,” he said, his voice sounded tired.

“Sorry if I bothered you, Hoodie,” you apologized.

Hoodie half-opened both of his eyesockets to look at you. And then he sat up, gently secured a bony hand behind your head and gave you a light kiss on the cheek. While you were slow to process what was happening, Hoodie already pulled away and put his hand on top of your head.

Your cheeks were tinged with red as you tried not to make eye contact with him. “W-what—“

“never,” he simply said. He messed up your hair and chuckled. “meet up with the rest of us if you’re ready.” And he disappeared without a trace.

Sighing, you ran a hand over your hair and it was caught in a tangle. You cringed as you freed your hand from your hair.

Meet up with the rest of us if you’re ready.

You closed your eyes, trying to think of the happy memories...

A flash of red and white. Blood and bone.

Breathless, you opened your eyes once again as tears threatened to fall. Why? Why? Whywhywhy?

You already forgave Sans.

You did forgive him.

But you can’t forget.

The pain and the betrayal were still fresh.

And you don’t know what to do.

You wiped the tears away with a hand and then gathered your courage. There wasn’t enough to begin with. Your legs wobbled underneath you as you stood up and went to the bathroom to take a nice, long bath.

“you okay, human-dude?”

You jumped when Fresh’s voice appeared out of nowhere. You turned around and found him sitting on the edge of the bed, looking at you with a forlorn expression that was visible even with his glasses. You forced a smile on your face. “Of course I am.” Your voice was breathy and rough.
“you look like...” Fresh slowly grabbed the edge of his glasses and took them off. The morose expression in his eyes hit you like a train. “…you can’t get out of a bad dream,” he finished.

You forced yourself to turn away and turned back around. “I’m f-fine, Fresh.” But your voice broke mid-sentence and a sob caught in your throat. You shook your head a few times before going inside the bathroom and locking the door.

Which was a futile move. These Sanses can teleport. Locked doors meant nothing to them. But Fresh didn’t follow you inside. And you were grateful as you drew yourself a bath.

***

An hour and a half later, you were ready to face them. Or so you convinced yourself you were ready. You didn’t know why this was starting to affect you now. It didn’t affect you this hard yesterday. Why did the nightmares started now when you were so desperate to move on and love again?

But you have to be determined. If you want to fix all these, you need to be determined.

But what if it wasn’t enough?

You sighed as you walked as slowly as you can to the living room-like room. You weren’t surprised this time when another pair of footsteps echoed right beside you. You didn’t have to turn your head to check if it was Fresh. You already know it was.

“did the bath make you feel fresher?” he asked with a silly grin. He was trying to cheer you up.

You smiled, an appreciation of his effort. “It did. Also, how’s Error and Ink? Are they still, you know, trying to kill each other or something?”

Fresh shook his head. “nah! they’re on a truce! i dunno how long it’ll last.”

That’s good. At least no one’s trying to kill anyone. A shiver ran through your spine at those words.

Fresh noticed. Clearly worried, he said, “i think ya need a vacay, human-dude!”

“Vacay?” you repeated.

“vacation! duh!”

You chuckled. “Sorry, Fresh. But I just had my vacation, remember?” When you saw the door to the living room, your heart rate went up. “I’m sure I’m gonna be fine,” you mumble to yourself.

Fresh saw how unnerved you are but decided to leave you alone. “if ya need me, just call!” And he disappeared without a trace.

Your hand hovered over the doorknob and then it began shaking. Oh god. This is worse than you thought. You swallowed. Sans is not going to hurt you. He wouldn’t.

And then the memory of the scene on the rooftop came to your mind.

Because like you, he was broken as well.

And he would hurt you. Even if it was on accident.

You blinked back the fear. The skeletons beyond this door are your friends. They’re not going to
hurt you. They would never.

And as your hand hovered above the doorknob once more, it felt like your blood ran cold when the doorknob twisted and swung open. You were sure your heart went painfully still as Sans greeted you. But it wasn’t Sans.

But all you could see was blood and bone and the ringing in your ear was louder this time. You tried to speak but no sound came out of your mouth. No. No no.

He stepped closer to you and you screamed. But you couldn’t hear yourself scream. *He’s back, he’s back, he’s back, he’s back.*

And you still couldn’t snap out of it even when someone had pushed your face to his chest. He ran his bony hands along your scalp and your hair, gently humming sweet words to your ear.

“everything’s fine. you’re fine. everything will be ok.”

When you finally came to, you were breathless. Your throat was rough. You did scream. He was still caressing your hair. Patch was comforting you in his arms. And when your knees wobbled beneath you, he held you tighter.

“crap, this is fucking insane,” Hoodie muttered. While you were on an episode, he shoved all the Sankses back inside the room except Patch, who came to you the moment Orion had opened the door. Poor monster looked upset when you started screaming.

“SHE’S TRAUMATIZED,” Pluto said worriedly.

“SHE NEEDS HELP,” Latin added as they watched you.

“Should we tell...” Giant looked at you in concern, “*him* about this?” He was cautious about speaking his name around you.

“they’re both traumatized, he’s not gonna be any help,” Hoodie snapped.

Patch hugged you tighter as you were calm enough to listen to their conversation.

“WE SHOULD AT LEAST TELL SOMEONE,” Scratch hissed.

“HOW ‘BOUT ALPHYS? SHE’S A DOCTOR. SHE CAN CURE THE HUMAN...” Pluto said, but added hesitantly, “RIGHT?”

“Alphys is a scientist, not a doctor,” Giant muttered.

Patch spoke up, “toriel’s got to know something. let’s ask her for help.” His chest reverberated as he spoke. You could feel it. For some reason, it has a calming effect on you.

“well, she’s our best chance. but for now, let’s avoid making y/n meet with any of our... brothers, alright?” Hoodie shot Patch a dirty look. “except for you.” Patch was too different a Sans to be considered a Sans. That was why you hadn’t recoiled when he touched you.

The silence that came was overwhelming.

Scratch spoke first, “SO WHAT NOW?”

***

“you wanna go out?” Patch asked. Since he hasn’t let you go since... that happened, he was in
charge of looking over you for the whole day. “it might help you relax.”

“Just out?” you asked. He nodded. So you agreed. He grabbed both of your hands as the two of you teleported to the front of the building. It was safer this way, so you wouldn’t bump into anyone. Or someone.

You heard that Sans locked himself in his office. He worked on the machine all night. He didn’t even let Alphys in to leave him dinner. He was just as broken as you. And it was so devastating, you don’t know what to do.

Patch gripped your hand to bring you back. “you ok?” He was being extra gentle right now.

You nodded. He put on a smug grin. “well, let’s walk, shall we?” He started walking, holding hands with you.

The sky was clear. It wasn’t too hot and it wasn’t cold either. It was the perfect day for a walk. “you hungry?” he asked.

You shook your head.

There must be something that could cheer you up, Patch thought. Something that can take your mind off everything. Even for a while. And then his eyes went to a brand-new movie theater that opened last week. Grinning, he pulled you towards the theater. Patch bought two tickets, the cashier eyeing him curiously before handing over the tickets and the change.

He instinctively reached for your hand again as he guided you inside. The two of you stopped by the store as Patch bought the large popcorn and two sodas. He held all three with one hand just so he could hold your hand while dragging you to the movie.

Once the two of you were seated somewhere in the back, Patch wrapped an arm around your shoulder shamelessly. One of your eyebrows rose. “Seriously? Here?”

He grinned. “what? we’re on a date.”

Your cheeks were tinged with pink. “Patch,” you muttered.

He winked at you before pressing a skeleton kiss on top of your head, “just shut up and enjoy the movie, love.”

Chapter End Notes

ACK I LOVE YOU GUYS SO MUCH. Thanks for the warm welcome! I hope I can deliver a story that would satisfy you~ :D
Chapter 60

Halfway through the movie, you didn’t realize how tired you were and you were almost dozing off. Patch immediately sensed this and shifted to a more comfortable position as he leaned your head on his shoulder.

As soon as you drifted off to sleep, the dark welcomed you. It wasn’t the calm and comforting kind of dark.

You awoke somewhere cold. The ground beneath you was unforgiving and your back ached for lying in such an uncomfortable position for so long. You sat up, rubbing the sleep off your eyes. You stretched your arms and you let out a satisfied hum as you hear your bones pop delightfully.

You finally looked around and stopped cold. It was too dark. The only light that kept you from being completely in the dark was something from above you. A spotlight, as its light only rested on you and not the rest of the room. That’s strange...

Your heart jumped in your chest when the soft clacking of shoes against the floor echoed inside the room. Your head turned everywhere, trying to find out where the source of the noise was coming from.

Until the figure stepped out of the dark and into the light. You took a step back, your heart hammering in your chest. He hasn’t even done anything yet but you were already breathless.

A cruel smile lit up his face in amusement. No. Nonono. “hello, human.” His raspy, guttural voice was definitely painful in your ears.

You noticed your hands were shaking and hid them behind you. You couldn’t form any words. You wanted to speak to him, but something was lodged down your throat.

His pinpricks of eyes took in every inch of you, drinking up your fear. “it is so nice to see you again. did you miss me?”

Tears burned your eyes. Please. Please, please, please. You don’t know what you’re pleading for, but you can’t stop chanting the word inside your head.

“it must be so hard... but i’m definitely not one to spoil our fun.”

Silent tears streaked down your face. With a shaky hand, you wiped your tears off. Your mouth opened, trying to form the words you so desperately wanted to say.
He raised his hand slowly, and it tortured you that you couldn’t do anything to stop him.

Having known what was to happen next didn’t make it all better. It made it worse. It made you all the more scared of him. Of what he can do to you. What he can do again.

A scream rose from your throat. It seemed like it was the only thing you were capable of doing every time this horrible nightmare visits you in your dreams.

Wait... nightmare.

You closed your eyes as tightly as you can. It’s not true. It’s not true. Sans won’t kill you. This wasn’t happening. It was all inside your head. You’re just having a nightmare.

His horrible laughter filled the room and you froze in fear. It’s not working.

Petrified, you opened your eyes slowly. His wicked smile made your knees shake. And in a blink, a blinding pain in your lower abdomen overrode your senses. With wide, burning eyes, you didn’t dare break your gaze away from him. Blood dribbled out of your mouth.

And it hurt. It hurt so much.

“shit, shit, shit,” Patch murmured a string of curses as he watched you spasm while asleep. The moment he noticed you were having a nightmare, he quickly teleported you outside of the theater. The two of you dropped somewhere in the park, where he laid you down in the grass, trying to wake you up in the past five minutes. It was already dark and there was no one around, so you had no audience.

You emitted a pained groan and that just made Patch all the more panicked. When tears started to roll down your cheeks as you cried out, he snapped. Desperation tore at him as he grabbed you by the shoulders and shook you awake. He was trying not to hurt you by shaking you gently, but seeing that it did nothing, he began to shake you more fiercely.

“wake up, y/n! it’s just a nightmare!” he hissed while shaking you awake. And in a lucky attempt, you woke up, eyes wide and burning, your breathing came in gasps and pants. You clawed at his leather jacket, pulling him roughly to you as you wept. A relieved sigh escaped his mouth as he began drawing circles on your back with his palm. “i’m here. i’m here. you’re not supposed to be scared anymore, babe.”

As calm washed over you, you began to cry loudly. “Fuuuuuck,” you whimpered.

“i know, baby. it was all just a nightmare,” he whispered.

You flinched at the word, but he doesn’t seem to notice. He was still caressing your back and the two of you had been in this position for a whole minute. A small smile made to your lips at the realization that Patch was willing to comfort you like this. It was soothing enough.

A question crept to your head and you can’t ignore it. In a whisper, you asked, “Why are skeletons so calm?”

Patch pulled away softly, his face full of confusion. “what?”

“Because nothing gets under their skin,” you replied with a blank look.
He snorted, a full grin plastered on his face. “damn it, y/n. don’t you think it’s the wrong time for puns?” He pulled you back into his arms, his bony hand secured on the back of your head. You gasped, as the position made you feel uncomfortable and awkward, but you didn’t pull away.

“Sorry,” you mumbled against his jacket. “It was too good to pass up.”

His chuckle filled your ear as he hugged you a little tighter. A sigh escaped your lips. The two of you stayed in that position for minutes. Just sitting amongst the grass while he cuddled you in his arms.

Your neck was starting to ache and you tried to shift, but Patch didn’t let go. Awkwardly, you said, “Uhm... Patch—“

“just a little longer. let me hold you for another minute,” he said, cutting you off.

“That’s not it. My neck’s throbbing.”

“oh.”

He finally let you go. You lied down on the cold, soft grass and almost squealed when you saw the sky. Millions of bright and twinkling stars filled the night-kissed sky. It was almost as if you were on a different planet. “Wow,” you said, breathless.

When you noticed Patch didn’t move from his spot, you glanced back to him as he remained in the same position he was in. He was already staring at you when you met his gaze, and that made you jump a little in surprise. “W-what?” you asked nervously.

He leaned down his chin against his hand. “you’re not making this any easier for me, baby doll,” he said to you, almost as if he was in a trance.

Your heartbeat spiked up as you looked away from him and back to the stars. You cleared your throat tensely, “Why aren’t you lying down? I thought you wanted to hold me for another minute.” Your cheeks burned after you said those words and you were thankful it was dark.

You didn’t want to look at him anymore because of embarrassment so you trained your eyes to look at stars instead. You heard him move and the grass ruffled as he changed his position. You blinked twice as his face blocked your view and your heartbeat raced faster as you lied there.

He leaned his face closer to yours and you reflexively closed your eyes. Your thoughts were suddenly haywire, as your inner voices argued inside your head. You had wanted to push him away or even turn your face away, but you were too frozen in surprise. And before you could even come to a conclusion, a mixture of cold and warm teeth pressed against your lips.

In a blink, your thoughts dissipated in thin air as you could only focus on what was happening right now. Patch was kissing you.

The kiss only lasted for a few seconds, but to you, it felt like hours. Time moved agonizingly slow. Or maybe that was just your mind processing very slowly.

As fast as he kissed you, he was gone. His warmth obviously left a mark for you shivered as the cold breeze caressed your skin. It was only a brush, but it felt like a punch to the stomach. It left you breathless. When you opened your eyes, the stars welcomed you. Your blush had only strengthened at this point.

Now, you were all too aware of his movements. He hadn’t said anything after the kiss but you could feel him there, still sitting beside you, his eyes on your face as you stared at the sky. You didn’t
know what to say at this point and you were too tongue-tied either way, so you didn’t speak. The two of you were quiet.

And after a couple of minutes, when the moment had faded along with your blush, you gathered enough courage to meet his gaze. Sure enough, he was still staring at you. You bit your lower lip nervously as you tried your hardest not to touch your lips with your hands.

He spoke first. “you hungry? we can order a pizza.”

You nodded.

He didn’t look too affected. Unlike you. You were clearly affected by his direct attack.

He held out a hand and your palm began to sweat as you took it, hesitating for a split second. In one blink, you were back inside the building. He teleported you inside the living room-like room. Seeing the familiar room calmed your senses, until you realized that Sans might be—

“He’s not here,” Patch said coolly when he saw your expression. “all the sanses aren’t here. except me of course.”

Guilt filled your gut when you were relieved to hear that all the Sanses weren’t here. “W-where are they?”

You hadn’t realized you were still holding Patch’s hand until he squeezed yours. Flustered, you quickly took back your hand. “they’re somewhere in the building. probably,” he answered nonchalantly. He wasn’t looking at you. He can’t make eye contact with you right now.

And you were the same. You heard familiar voices in the kitchen and you instantly walked away from Patch, heading towards the kitchen. Giant was heating something by the stove while Latin and Pluto watched him over his very tall shoulders. Surprisingly, Hoodie was inside the kitchen, too, but only to get something from the refrigerator.

He turned around the moment he heard you come in and before he could speak up, you threw your hands around him and pushed your face into his hoodie. “woah there, bud!” he said in surprise. Confused, Hoods patted your back awkwardly. When he finally realized who you were with, his mood darkened. “ok. tell me what the fucker did to you,” he spat.

This only made you feel flustered when you remembered what happened and you tightened your embraced. “Nothing,” you said against his hoodie, but your voice was muffled.

“are you lying?” he said cautiously. The three skeletons who were also inside the kitchen were watching you secretly.

“No,” you squeaked out.

“y/n...”

“I’m fine!” you said. “I’m going Tibia ok.” You heard the three Papyruses groan and you chuckled. Hoodie rubbed a hand on your head.

“c’mon, throw me a bone, buddy.”

You finally pulled away and grinned at him. “Don’t give me that sternum look. I was just skullking.”

Giant loudly said, “Please take your bone puns elsewhere.”
Laughing, Hoodie pulled you out of the kitchen and into the living room. He stopped in his tracks when he saw Patch taking over him spot. Which was the whole couch. He cleared his throat. “hey, buddy. that’s my couch.”

Patch lazily glanced at Hoodie. You could barely even look at him. “i don’t see your name written anywhere,” he drawled.

Irritated, Hoodie looked at you to fix the situation. He noticed you were looking everywhere but at the tall, annoying version of Sans. His expression smoothened to a blank one until he grabbed Patch by the collar and lifted him off. “ok, buddy. what did you do?” he hissed.

Patch gave him an innocent look. “what do you mean?”

Hoodie narrowed his eyes. “you did something.”

You cleared your throat loudly, too awkward by the situation. “Well, ok, I’ll be in my room. Call me if it’s dinner time!” you said too quickly and exited.

Patch and Hoodie both trailed their gazes after you until you closed the door. Hoodie dropped Patch onto the ground and scowled at him. “if i ever found out what you did, i’ll burn you to ashes.”

Patch only hoisted himself up from the ground and fixed his jacket. He shot Hoods a smug look. “good luck finding it out.”

Chapter End Notes

i can't believe i just put angst and fluff in the same chapter. whoops, have fun~

Patch finally got one of his two kisses.
Burnt out

Chapter 61

You were too afraid to fall asleep now. You lied awake on your bed, your eyes wide and open, your brain refusing to shut down to get the rest it deserved. But you can’t. Not when every time you closed your eyes, you see... Sans in a horrible, twisted version of him. Not when every time you closed your eyes, he would kill you again.

And the pain you feel when he murders you, it was too real. Everything was too real. You could feel the excruciating agony when he impales your lower abdomen with a honed bone. You could hear every sharp and painful inhale you take. You could taste the sweet, coppery taste of blood in your mouth. You could feel sweat sliding down your forehead. Everything was real. And it was unbearable.

You admit that you wished that death would come sooner, because the pain was too much for you. You’d rather have a quick death than relieve the agony over and over again.

You’d rather stay awake than sleep at all.

You instinctively brushed a hand over your stomach and cringed as you see the ghost of a bone protruding from it. You blinked twice and the bone was gone. You lifted up your shirt.

There was nothing. Nothing to indicate that you have once been pierced with a bone. Not a scar, a wound, nothing. Because it didn’t happen.

No.

It did happen.

Frisk just undid everything.

And it was so fucked up, because you’d rather not remember any of it. In all of the memories you’ve made with these skeletons you call your family, why did you have to vividly remember that one time you’d rather forget? All the other memories before it happened were hazy to you. It was still there, but it felt like a dream. The moment you try to recall those times, the foggier it becomes.

You can’t forget him. Even if you tried to. He was always there, hiding at the back of your mind when it was day and showing up to give you a real bad time when it was night.

The ceiling became your comfort zone. It was what you’d rather stare at than drifting off to sleep. And before you knew it, hours had passed and the sun was peeking through your windows. You blinked once, your eyes tired and swollen. Not something a bath can’t fix, right?

You released a shaky breath as you sat up. You immediately began to feel light-headed and almost crashed back down to the bed. You gave your fleeting headache a few seconds to pass by before weakly sliding off the bed.

A bath and some a new set of clothes later, you felt less bad. But maybe some coffee can fix that. You were about to go out the door, but stopped your hand mid-way. What if the Sanses were there? You still can’t face them. Not now. Not really. Not if every time you see someone who remotely resembled Sans, you see his evil character.
Tears burned at the corner of your eyes as your heart tightened.

You straightened up your back, immediately feeling his presence before he even appeared. “wazzup, human-dude?” Fresh’s voice echoed behind you.

Rubbing away your tears, you twisted your head a bit to look at Fresh. “Nice timing, Fresh.” Your voice turned out to be hoarse and rough.

Fresh visibly cringed, but you didn’t see it because you turned your eyes back to the door. “geez, my rad-tastic gal, you sound horrible!”

Your lips trembled. “C-can you call Hoods for me?” you asked, instead of acknowledging his words.

Fresh’s expression turned to worry. He didn’t reply and just disappeared in thin air. You didn’t turn around to check if he was still there. Instead, you leaned your forehead against the door, trying to gather what little strength you have to get through this entire day.

You didn’t realize how fast minutes ticked by. You heard footsteps outside. You took a wobbly step back, preparing yourself to act like your normal self. The doorknob turned and the door to your room opened.

And at the same time, you fainted.

***

Luckily for Hoodie, he was alert when he found you. His reflexes were quick enough that when he opened the door and found you collapsing in front of him, he immediately swooped in to catch you. He groaned under your sudden weight as he cradled in you in his arms.

“y/n? y/n? shit,” he murmured under his breath. He could see the bags under your eyes. You looked so pale. It was obvious you didn’t get any sleep last night. He should have kept you company again. It was just he decided that showing up in your room unannounced was very rude. He believed that you’d go to him if you wanted him to sleep beside you again.

He slipped an arm under your knees and then stood up, carrying you carefully in his arms. The Sanses weren’t anywhere near you. They were told to behave inside a room deep in the building, so they wouldn’t trouble you. They complained, but complied with what they were told. They were very worried about you but they knew they’d only make you worse if they try to show up in front of you.

Hoods teleported to the living room-like room. He appeared right in the middle of the room. Immediately, the Papyruses and Patch swarmed to him.

“hey, hey! she needs space!” he hissed when they got too close. They all took a step back.

“What happened?” Patch asked.

“She passed out,” Hoods answered. “I don’t think she slept last night. and she’s coming down with a fever.”

“Oh, dear,” Giant said worriedly. “That’s not good.”

“YEAH, NO SHIT,” Scratch sneered. “LIE HER DOWN ON THE COUCH. YOU, GET ME A BOWL OF COLD WATER AND A TOWEL. YOU, GET ME PILLOWS.” He started giving orders to the Papyruses inside the room. When they were too stunned to move, Scratch scowled.
“NOW!”

They all scurried, obeying his orders. Hoodie laid you gently on the couch. Pluto came in the room holding a bunch of pillows. Scratch placed two of them underneath your legs and the rest on the ground. Scratch looked around the room and then looked at Patch, “YOU. GET SOMETHING TO FAN HER WITH.”

Patch quickly moved and found a piece of cardboard lying about. He began to fan you, not even daring to say a word.

Scratch placed a hand on your forehead. “SHE’S BURNING,” he said with a curse. “WHERE’S THE WATER AND THE TOWEL, YOU BUNCH OF DIMWITS?”

Latin rushed out of the kitchen, holding the bowl and the towel in both hands. Panicking, he handed them over to Scratch, almost spilling the water half-way through. Scratch submerged the towel to the cold water and twisted them dry. He softly placed the towel on top of your head, and you gave a little sigh of relief.

Scratch then went over to your feet and knelt. He lightly pressed his phalanges over your feet, massaging them effortlessly.

The other Papyruses just watched him in awe. They didn’t dare say a word. When he realized he was being watched, Scratch sneered. “GO AWAY AND MAKE YOURSELVES USEFUL!”

They all scattered, Hoodie being the only one who stayed. Scratch narrowed his eyes at him. “IT DOESN’T EXCLUDE YOU, POMPOUS LAZYBONES.”

Hoodie wasn’t affected at all by his intimidation. “i don’t have anything else to do. might as well watch over—“

Scratch rolled his eyes as he rudely cut him off. “CALL TORIEL AND TELL HER Y/N NEEDS PROFESSIONAL HELP. GOD, DO I HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING MYSELF?” he said, a bit more exasperated.

Hoodie shot him an annoyed glance. “yo—“

“YOU’VE HAD YOUR TURN, YOU PIECE OF SHIT. NOW GO AWAY AND MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL!” Scratch was unusually fuming at him.

Hoodie quietly pushed his hands inside the pockets of his hoodie and stood up to leave.

Once the two of you were alone in the living room, Scratch sighed loudly. “God dammit, human. What the hell are you doing to yourself?” he murmured softly. He replaced the already-warm towel on your head.

When the blood rushed back to your fingers and your brain, your eyes fluttered open. With a shaking hand, you touched the cold and damp towel on your forehead. You’re sick. You placed your palm on your mouth and breathe out. Your breath was hot. Groaning, you closed your eyes again as tiredness seeped at the back of your mind.

But you don’t want to sleep.

You can’t sleep.

You don’t want to see him again.
No. Never.

Someone placed a hand on your chest and you immediately opened your eyes, red tinging your cheeks. “W-wha—“

Scratch hovered over you, a soft expression on his face. “Relax, human,” he said gently, “I’m only trying to make you relax.”

As he said this, his hand on your chest began glowing red. Warmth spread throughout your body, easing your nerves. A soft sigh escaped your lips. Before you knew it, you were too peaceful and too tired to stay awake.

Your fear and panic and stress were temporarily gone as sleep overcame you.

***

“he’s gone mad!!”

Inside a room, deep in the building, the Sanses received news that Scratch had drained his magic dry and now, along with you, had fainted as well. Their magic was still unstable, but not as much as before. And Scratch unknowingly used all of his power so you could sleep soundly.

“HE WAS JUST PROTECTIVE OF THE HUMAN! RELAX, GOLDIE!” Blueberry tried to comfort him.

“how could i relax if he’s not fine!?” Goldie said with a scowl. “ok, that’s it! i’m going to him!” He stood up from one of the chairs inside the room and stomped towards the door.

“don’t do it!” Orion said.

“GOLDIE! WE WERE TOLD NOT TO GO ANYWHERE!” Blueberry insisted as he grabbed Gold’s arm and tried to pull him away from the door.

Annoyed, Goldie slapped Blueberry’s hands away from him. Blue hit the floor with a thud, a surprised look on his face. Regret flashed across Gold’s features but he replaced them with a sneer. “don’t touch me, blue,” he said with a glare.

He headed towards the door and turned the doorkn—

Frowning, he tried to turn the doorknob again.

Terror dawned on him.

“They locked us in!?” he exclaimed as he tried the doorknob again and again. Anger took over as he slammed his fists against the steel door. “fucking assholes!” he cried out.

Hip Hop’s chuckle echoed inside the silent room. “you could just teleport, y’know.”

Gold’s face burned, not because of embarrassment, but because of fury. “i’ve already tried teleporting the minute we fucking got here!”

Pale, Orion nodded his head slowly. “it’s true... i can’t teleport.”

“T-THEY PUT US IN A ROOM WHERE WE CAN’T USE MAGIC?”

Orion went to the intercom that was built inside the room. “hello? alphys? uhm...”
This time, no one answered.

“i’m going to kill them the moment i get out of this room.”

***

Sans had been working nonstop with the machine. He hadn’t slept for almost a week. He was almost finished, but he kept making adjustments here and there to make the machine better and more stabilized than ever.

He also built a lock for his personal laboratory. This way, the only person who has access to this room would be him. No one would dare go and try to destroy his creation again. Along with the lock, he made the room block off anyone who tries to teleport inside of it.

He hadn’t seen the sun in days and hasn’t eaten or drank anything, but he kept working. His entire focus was on the machine, to finally finish it. The machine which was both his dream and his nightmare. His soul churned at the thought of your expression when he was done with it.

His hand stopped moving mid-way. Confused, he tried to move his hand but couldn’t. He tried to move his feet or even a finger, but he has lost his control of his body.

Oh no.

He burnt out his magic.

This was what happened when magic regained no energy or wasn’t replenished by eating or sleeping. He thought he could go on for days, but he miscalculated. His body dropped to the ground, all of his strength had left him.

No. Stay awake!

He doesn’t want to sleep. Never again.

And as blue tears fell from his eyesockets, his whole body shut down as the last of his magic spurted out.
Lonely

Chapter Summary

I'm back.
I don't know for how long
but
ENJOY!

Chapter 62

“What do you mean he’s gone?”

“He’s been taken away.”

It was three days after you went in and out of your fever. Scratch took care of you, surprisingly, and Toriel visited you on day 2. She gave you monster medicine, which was completely effective and after a few hours, you felt a lot better than you did in days. You rested again for a complete day in your room, with Hoodie coming in and out to deliver you food. Sometimes you asked about the other skells, sometimes you don’t.

Shushed voices can be heard from your position as you made your way to the living room-like room. You paused mid-step as your ears strained while listening to their conversation. Quiet murmurs came after.

Giant was the one who spoke up again. “Is he okay? What about the human?”

“Sans is fine,” Alphys answered. Hearing his name made you tense up. “But I don’t know when he’ll be back. He was in pretty bad shape when we found him.” The monster sounded melancholic and you can’t help but feel it, too.

Something bad happened to Sans? You didn’t want to think about him. You’re still scared of him. But, you can’t deny that you are still worried for him.

“What’s the good news?” Blue’s voice asked.

You heard Alphy take a sharp inhale of breath. “He finished the machine. You’re all set to go h-home.”

Your shoulders dropped, along with your heart. Sans finished the machine? Are they leaving? You couldn’t help but it; you unconsciously swung the door open with all your might. All feelings of being frightened at the sight of Sans went out the door. You weren’t terrified of seeing anyone remotely like him anymore, not when you heard this news.

“Y/N! Good timing!” Alphys said when you practically barged in. She skittered towards you; away from the group of monsters who had the same expression as you. Crestfallen. The yellow monster grabbed your hand and pulled you towards them. Looks like everyone was here. Alphys made sure everyone was here. “I was just telling these guys that they c-can go home!”

The atmosphere was sullen. Finally, Alphys felt it, too. Her excitement faded. “Oh. You guys didn’t
want to leave.”

Blue stepped forward. “I AM TRULY SORRY, ALPHYS. INDEED, I DO NOT WANT TO LEAVE. BUT IF YOU WANTED US TO,” he stopped and looked around, “WE WOULD.” As always, he was the brave one.

Alphys gave them a sad look. “You guys can’t stay! Even if you did survive the load, which was one freaking miracle, you still need to go back to your own universes. Your magic won’t last.” Was it possible to feel much more miserable? “You can visit anytime you want. I can’t keep the portal open but I’ll give each pair a phone that can reach our dimension and I’ll switch the portal open if you want to come here.”

You can feel all the skeleton’s eyes on you. You know they’ll do whatever you say. They trust your every word. You have taken advantage of that once or twice. Now will be one of the hardest decisions in your life, but you’ve already decided what to do. You’ve got to do the right thing.

You forced a smile on your face. “We need to trust the expert guys,” you said, your voice cracking at the end. Some of them looked away. “It’s not like we won’t be seeing each other again. You guys are just going back to your universe to visit, and then come back here the next day! It’s not that bad. You just have to do it every once in a while.” You can see the change in their expressions, the slow acceptance of what is dreaded to happen. “And Alphy will give me a phone, too, right? You guys can call and text me anytime you want!”

Alphys gave you a grateful smile. “T-that’s right, Y/N.”

There was a pause of silence.

“FINE. WE WILL GO BACK IF ALPHYS PROMISES TO ANSWER TO OUR BECK AND CALL,” Scratch said, who looked pissed off.

“what?!”Goldie exclaimed, “i’m not going back! i’m staying here!!” His eye readily glowed dark red, as if he’s ready to tear away at anyone.

Scratch looked at him with anger. “DID I ASK FOR YOUR OPINION? HAVEN’T YOU HEARD A WORD OF WHAT THE SCIENTIST SAID? OR ARE YOU JUST INCAPABLE OF THINKING? WE CANNOT STAY,” he hissed, his eye reacting to his brother’s.

“fuck you,” Gold said with quiet venom. “i am not leaving. never.” The next second, he was gone.

Scratch looked terrified as he looked around the room for his brother. “THAT FUCKING IDIOT!” he seethed.

“Okay, calm down Scratch! We’ll find him!” Alphys looked worried as she tried to calm the skeleton. She went forward to touch him, but he slapped her hand away. Alphy tried not to look hurt.

“No. Don’t search for him. I have lost interest in his existence.” He crossed his arms. His aura screamed to stay the hell away. That the others did.

“No. Don’t search for him. I have lost interest in his existence.” He crossed his arms. His aura screamed to stay the hell away. That the others did.

“Okay, calm down Scratch! We’ll find him!” Alphys looked worried as she tried to calm the skeleton. She went forward to touch him, but he slapped her hand away. Alphy tried not to look hurt.

“No. Don’t search for him. I have lost interest in his existence.” He crossed his arms. His aura screamed to stay the hell away. That the others did.

“Okay, calm down Scratch! We’ll find him!” Alphys looked worried as she tried to calm the skeleton. She went forward to touch him, but he slapped her hand away. Alphy tried not to look hurt.

“No. Don’t search for him. I have lost interest in his existence.” He crossed his arms. His aura screamed to stay the hell away. That the others did.

“You stayed behind, staring at their backs. You tried to calm yourself but your hands were fisted, your nails digging at the inside of your palms. You didn’t want them to go. Why was everyone leaving you? They can’t go. Tears stung your eyes but none of them fell down your face.
A warm hand enveloped your fisted one. Your head snapped towards the skeleton who stayed behind to watch you. It was Hoodie. He wasn’t looking at you. He stared right through the door they all came out of. “don’t be a crybaby.”

You snorted and it triggered your tears to fall. “I’m not crying.”

“we all waited for this moment, but at the same time, we feared it. it’s time. we’re not going to be gone forever.” Magic coursed through his skeleton hands and warmth seeped through yours. It made you relaxed and let go. You entwined your fingers between his and were desperate for any kind of comfort.

“I’m not crying,” you repeated as you looked down at your intertwined hands.

He smirked. “that’s my girl.” He started walking towards the door and pulled you with him. Even with a heavy heart, you decided to follow.

It was a quiet walk. And a fast one, too. You both reached Alphys’ main laboratory.

They were all waiting for you. You shied away from their gazes, which has never happened before. The machine was clearly working as a soft, buzzing sound was heard while a blue screen appeared. Alphys was busy typing away at the keyboard, setting up for the first monster to be sent back to their universe.

“Who’s going first?” you asked, trying to get you away from getting all the attention. You were still holding hands with Hoodie. He hasn’t let go.

“We’re doing this in the order all of you came so the Swap brothers are going to go first,” Alphys said.

Blue cried out. “OH NO!! WHY ARE WE THE FIRST ONES?”

Alphys smiled apologetically. “Sorry, Blue. But I’m putting my trust on you on this one!”

Blueberry ran towards you and almost tackled you to the ground, pulling Hoods along. “I’M GOING TO MISS YOU HUMAN!!”

“Blue, we would literally see each other tomorrow. Don’t say that!” you said with a laugh, although you were holding back your own tears. You weren’t that scared anymore as well. How can you manage your fear of them to overpower your fear of losing them? There was no way.

The little skelly hugged you and in a few seconds, Hoodie did, too. “keep out of trouble, kid,” he said.

“You keep out of trouble, mister.”

“aye aye.” One of his hands grazed your cheek, and in one swift movement, he kissed you gently on the side of your face. Before you could even process what happened, the brothers have already left you and were going to the portal.

Hoodie looked at Alphys. “we’re coming back, alphy.”

“Sure you are. Don’t forget to take a phone by that table!” She pointed at the table close where the portal was. Hoodie grabbed one and took his brother by the hand as they stepped through the portal.

They were gone. Eaten up by the electrical blue portal that hid them from your sight. You exhaled
loudly. Someone walked up right next to you and wrapped an arm around your waist. Cold skeleton hands wiped your left cheek. “damn, that skeleton is dead to me,” he said, annoyed. It was Patch.

“Looks like it was a success. I’ll try calling them,” Alphys said. She fished out a phone that looked exactly like smartphones. She dialed a number and the phone rang for 5 seconds before somebody picked it up right away.

“hello?” Hoodie was on loudspeaker.

“How are you feeling?” Alphys asked.

“to be honest, this is all too sudden. i can’t believe we’re back here. and nobody remembers we ever left.”

“That is weird. I’ll need you to report to me every detail y-you can give. It will help with my next project, recharging magic life 120% faster through what factors affect it. That goes for the rest of you guys.”

“yeah, i’ll keep you posted. i do feel better already than when i’m in your dimension.”

“Huh. Interesting. Alright, we’ll call you later. I need to attend to the other skeletons. Bye!” She ended the call abruptly. “T-that was amazing! Are the rest of you guys ready to go home?”

“probably not,” Patch answered as he squeezed you a little tighter.

“Who’s next?” Alphys said, a little too excited as she clasped her hands.

“The edgy brothers,” you said automatically. You lifted a hand to your mouth, embarrassed. Scratch walked towards you and placed a big, bony hand on top of your head. “That was a joke,” you said too quickly while you looked up at him. Patch gave him a glare.

“I KNOW HUMAN,” he said with a roll of his eyes.

You looked at him worriedly. “What about Goldie?”

He gave you a thoughtful gaze. “TALK TO HIM. GOD KNOWS HE WON’T LISTEN TO ME.”

“Do I tell him you went ahead?”

He turned around and walked towards the portal. “WHAT ELSE WILL YOU TELL HIM, HUMAN?” he said sarcastically as he snatched a phone from the nearby table and entered the portal with an easy pace.

You gave a little pout as you watched him walk away. He made it look like it was so easy to leave you. And maybe you were.

Alphys asked again, “Who’s next?” She was looking expectantly at you.

“The taller brothers,” you said with a soft sigh.

Patch, who had his arm around your waist the whole time, squeezed you closer to him. “i’ll miss you, too, darling.”

“You’re only gonna be gone for 18 hours or so,” you said.

“i miss you even when i’m here with you. god, what have you done to me?” he said dramatically,
ignoring your remarks.

You felt your cheeks redden. “Can’t you go without being so dramatic?”

He laughed. You remember the time you two kissed. “don’t miss me too much, babe.”

“I really won’t,” you said with a straight face. You turned to Giant, who was waiting for some time to talk to you. “Look out for your brother. And be careful.”

Giant gave you a warm smile. “Will do, human. Take care yourself. We’ll be back.”

You watched them go walk towards the portal, Giant calmly taking one of the smartphones on the desk and then followed his brother through the portal.

“Ne—“ Alphys was cut short by her phone ringing. “Huh. It’s Scratch calling. Let me get this.” She answered the phone and proceeded to talk to Scratch. You couldn’t hear what they were talking about because Alphys didn’t put it on speaker mode.

While patiently waiting for Alphys to finish her phone call, Sans tugged on your sleeve. Your heart jumped out of your chest but you slowly realized it wasn’t Sans, it was Orion with his galaxy-themed clothes. “Yeah? What is it?”

He gave you side-smile. “you gonna be okay, kid?” he asked. He sounded so much like him. Out of all Sans’ alternate versions, those who come close to him are Orion and Hip Hop.

“I’m going to be fine,” you croaked out.

“PLEASE DO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF HUMAN! PLEASE DON’T LET US WORRY BECAUSE OF YOU!” Pluto said worriedly.

This time, you said with more sincerity, “I will, Paps. Take care of yourself as well. You too, bonehead,” you told the two brothers.

The DanceTale brothers approached your group as well. “if you need help, just call for me and i’ll be there, ok human?” Hip Hop said with his hands deep in his pockets. “in just a really short time we’ve come to know each other, it felt different and amazing.”

“Why are you talking like you’re leaving for good?” you asked, tears pricking your eyes.

He stopped and then laughed. “am i?” Orion elbowed him in the ribs and Hip Hop howled in pain. “ow! what was that for??”

“for being such an idiot,” Orion answered.

“Ok! Phew! Finally finished that call. Scratch encountered some pretty interesting things. But let’s finish all these first. Are you guys ready?” Alphys said.

The four of them looked at you and said their goodbyes. Together, they walked through the portal, each of the brothers not forgetting to grab a phone from the table. When the last of the skeleton disappeared through the portal, it automatically closed. The light buzzing sound was gone. The silence that followed was overwhelming.

Just like that, you were alone.

“I-i’ll be in my lab if you need m-me, Y/N.” Alphys looked nervous and awkward and she quickly skittered out of the lab.
And you were completely alone.

You felt an overbearing type of sadness wash over you. Your feet slowly moved over to the table and you grabbed the last phone on top of it. You switched it open. There were no new messages. Seems like everyone was too distracted by their sudden change of environment. They’d text you soon.

You went straight to your room. The only company you have were your footsteps that reverberated with every step you take. You lied down, your head sinking in your pillow. But tiredness didn’t come. You spent hours staring at the wall in front of you.

You didn’t know how long it had been when your stomach growled out of hunger. Instinctively, you hop out of bed, out your room, through the hallway, into the elevator, and up the floors. The elevator opened to the floor of where the living room-like room was located. You walked towards the door and stopped in front of it.

It was very quiet. Not a noise or a whisper of any living being. It was lonely. You opened the door and your heart sunk. The room was empty. The TV was not switched on. There were no skeletons arguing in the living room or the kitchen. Hoodie wasn’t hogging the whole couch to himself.

You plopped down on the couch. His smell still clung to it.

The familiar scent made you feel a lot better.

But you were still lonely.
Chapter Summary

you are still fucked up. sans is still fucked up.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 63

He was sitting back in his rightful place, guarding the entrance of Snowdin behind a wooden stand. Sans felt at peace, like everything was back to normal.

The scenery changed.

He was standing behind a tree, witnessing his own brother’s murder happen in front of him. The shock was too sudden; he couldn’t move fast enough. The kid turned their head a little, letting him see their mouth curled up in a smile. Before he could burst out of rage, everything faded once again.

He was fighting the kid. They were too fast for him, but he wouldn’t let them know that. He fought and fought until he couldn’t pretend anymore. He already lost since the beginning of the battle. He already lost the moment the kid stepped into the snow and emerged from the gate. Monsterkind was doomed the moment Chara fell from the mountain and the royal family adopted them.

The scenery changed slowly.

They were free. They were finally free.

Everything became hazy. Sans started to walk, but it looked like he was getting nowhere. He heard a voice. "so this is her, huh?" It was his voice.

The image began to clear itself. It was the first time you two met. You looked grisly thin; he didn’t remember you looking like this. You were wearing some kind of loose shirt. Your brother looked thin as well, but not as much as you. It was obvious you were giving all your food to your brother.

Sans remembered empathizing with you. One look at you and he knew you would do anything for your brother. And it was the same for him. That’s one reason he agreed to take the both of you in. Also, you’re the first person they encountered who didn’t look at them in disgust.

The scene changed again. It was the two of you in bed, snuggling against each other. His soul ached.

The memories began to flow by faster. Sometimes it was just him working in the lab. Sometimes Alphys was there. Sometimes Paps was there. But most of the time, it was with you. It was always with you. Especially when there were other versions of him around (technically, it was still him), the two of you were always together.

Everything faded up in smokes.
And he sat there in silence.

“well, well, well...”

Sans perked up, his whole body frozen in fear.

“it’s very nice to see you again, sansy.”

He really did it this time. He woke him up.

“you can’t ignore me forever, can you?”

“leave me.”

He laughed. “you say that after you try to wake me up a thousand times and failed? i’m here now, sansy. you got your wish.”

“i didn’t wish for you. go away and leave!”

“oh tsk. that’s a bummer. but i’m not leaving anytime soon.” He looked up. A voice was echoing inside the emptiness of his mind. Sans could hear it, too. “your body’s waking up,” he said with a sneer. “let’s talk next time, dear friend.”

“Sans? Brother! Are you ok?”

Papyrus’ words rattled him out of his consciousness. Sans opened his eyes and then blinked them a couple of times as he got used to the lighting. “w-wha?” It all came too sudden. He could barely feel his body; he was too weak and too heavy. His throat was dry and rough. His skull felt like it was about to break in two. In short, he felt goddamn awful.

Papyrus sighed in relief. “OH, THANK HEAVENS! I THOUGHT YOU WERE NEVER GOING TO WAKE UP!” he said with tears in his eyes. “Don’t talk. You’ve burned yourself out, Sans!” His voice shifted to a gentler one.

“i-i know,” Sans rasped out.

“I JUST TOLD YOU NOT TO TALK!!” Paps exclaimed, frustrated. He grabbed a cup of water sitting next to the bed. “We’re in a hospital! It’s where humans and monsters get treated when they’re sick!”

‘i know what hospitals are, Paps,’ Sans wanted to say, but he really didn’t have the energy to do so. He was so tired even after he just came from sleep.

“OH RIGHT I’M SUPPOSED TO CALL THE NURSE WHEN YOU WAKE UP! WAIT HERE!” He stood and goes out of the room.

Sans’ eyes flickered around the room. Everything’s too white. It reminded him too much of his lab. It’s like he never left. He could feel the tiredness tugging at the back of his head. Papyrus burst into the room as he closed his eyes halfway. It was too late, he was falling asleep again.

***

It was hard. And lonely. The loneliest you’ve ever been since you lived with the skeleton brothers.
You hanged around the portal room, waiting for Alphys to wake up. There were still no texts showing up in your phone.

You stared at it.

And then you cursed. “Fuck!”

It wasn’t turned on.

Angrily rapping the power button, you felt stupid. Twice as much.

Why couldn’t you have checked if it was turned on? God, you are so, so stupid. Seeing the phone turn on just made you feel worse. What if they thought you were ignoring them on purpose?

The phone was bombarded with texts and missed calls. It kept vibrating on your hand and wouldn’t stop. As you wait for it to stop receiving the notifications, it began to ring, the ringtone catching your attention. You didn’t even look at the caller; you just accepted the call.

“Hello?”

“HUMAN!!!!” You recognized the voice right away. It was Blue.

“Blue! How’re you doing?” you asked, trying to ignore that surge of emotions. He sounded so happy and you were just as excited to hear his voice.

“I’M DOING FANTASTIC, HUMAN!! TO BE HONEST, I’VE NEVER EXPECTED THAT I’D SEE THIS PLACE AGAIN!” Blue said almost dreamily. You hear sheets ruffling from the other end. It seems he was lying on a bed. “I NEVER KNEW I’D MISS PATROLLING AROUND SNOWDIN FOR HUMANS! NOR WOULD I MISS BOSSING AROUND MY BROTHER TO DO HIS JOB, TO SEE OUR MONSTER NEIGHBORS, TO CREATE PUZZLES AND EVERYTHING ELSE! IT SEEMS LIKE I’VE FINALLY FOUND MY PURPOSE AGAIN!”

Your smile slowly dropped as your eyes travelled downwards. “O-Oh. I’m really happy for you, Blue. It sounds like you’re having fun,” you said as you looked around the empty laboratory. Aside from the whirring sound of the portal and your voice echoing against the walls, it was quiet and lonely.

“Oh, I’M HAVING FUN ALRIGHT!!” he said triumphantly. But then his voice softened. “But to be honest, I miss you more and more every second! I really just want to sleep right now so I can go back to you when I wake up.”

Your mouth quivered as you tried to stop your tears from falling. “I-i really miss you guys, too.”

“hey, bro. is that y/n?” You hear someone else’s voice from the phone. “hey y/n,” he greeted you as you hear Blue complaining from the background. “how are ‘ya?”

“Hey there, Hoods!” You sniffled loudly and wiped your snot with the sleeve of your jacket. “I’m doing fine.”

You hear him snort. “yeah? you’re crying aren’t ‘ya?”

“No, I’m not!” you said defensively. “Ok, fine. Maybe a little.”

“don’t miss us too much, kid. we’ll see you as soon as we can, ok? have you eaten?”
“No. I’m thinking of waiting for Mark to come home so we can go out and eat.” You fiddled with the papers on the desk.

He sighed. “do us a favor and take care of yourself, kid. you’ll see us soon. i gotta go, got to put my brother to sleep.”

“Yeah, I’ll see you. Thanks, Hoods. Bye.”

“bye, y/n. i miss ’ya, too, kid.”

The call ended.

You didn’t realize you were holding your breath. That one phone call was something you very evidently need right now. You felt a lot better as you go through the messages in the phone. Another call was coming through and you automatically answered it. “NICE TO HEAR YOU AGAIN, HUMAN!!”

“Hey, Papyrus! How’s space doing?”

***

Mark came home later that night but you were too lazy to step out. As a result, the two of you ordered from a fast food store and then ate unhealthily for the rest of the night. You laid out some mattresses at the foot of the couch when both of you decided to sleep in the living room for tonight. Mark knew what you were feeling and didn’t want to leave you alone.

“How’s school?” you asked as you two sat down at the foot of the couch, surrounded by lots of pillows and blankets.

He sneered. “You never ask me about school, sis.”

“I know.” You shrugged, feeling slightly embarrassed. “I’m just making small talk. I never know what you’re up to since we aren’t always together anymore.”

“School is fine. I get decent grades all the time,” he answered while rolling his eyes.

“Do you have a girlfriend now?”

“Sis!” he yelled, as he covered his face with his hands.

“What?” you asked, entertained by his reaction. “I’m just asking. What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” he grumbled. “I don’t have a girlfriend and I don’t plan on having one anytime soon.”

“Why, is Frisk enough for you?” you teased.

He reddened. “Shut up or I’ll kick you.”

You were about to laugh when you saw a shadow in the kitchen. “I’ll be right back.” You stood up and headed towards the shadow. You found someone scavenging for food from the fridge.

“You know, we can spare you some burgers back there,” you said with a little smile.

Goldie stopped at the sound of your voice. He slowly turned around and made eye contact with you. “h-hey, y/n.” He looked ashamed as he tried to make up an excuse. “i was just uh—lookin for—“
“Stop talking, Gold. Sit with us,” you said as you pointed towards the couch where your brother was still busy watching while eating junk.

“y-you’re not going to make me go home?” His shoulders slumped as he looked at you in bewilderment. But what he wanted to ask was, “you aren’t afraid of me anymore?” It seems as though you missed the skeletons so much that it slipped out of your mind that you were once scared at the sight of them. At the sight of Sans.

“You can go home in your own time. Now come sit with us. I’ve missed the others so much, I need a cuddle buddy,” you said with a wink. You grabbed his hand and pulled him towards the living room. Mark glanced up at him.

“Oh, heyya, Goldie,” Mark greeted him and then went back to watching.

You sat down and then pulled him down with you. You laid your head on his chest and closed your eyes. His chest heaved up and down, which made you quite curious as to why they’re breathing when they’re skeletons. You feel skeleton fingers run down your hair, the way Hoods does it, the way Patch does it.

The way Sans does it.

You let out a shaky breath and tried to hide the fact that your fingers were trembling.

Chapter End Notes

oh hey guys..... i'll just be casually...... leaving this here....... as if i wasn't gone for more than a year............. happy holidays.........
Welcome Back

Chapter Summary

They're back! Hopefully for a long time!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 64

“HUMAN!!!”

A loud voice woke you up from your slumber. You heard a groan from someone in your arms. Your eyes fluttered open and through your hazy vision, found Goldie snuggling in between your chest, snoring quietly. A blush crept up your cheeks but you didn’t move him away. Instead, you were careful not to wake him up.

“HUMAN, I’M BACK!!” The door slammed open and a jumping Blueberry excitedly entered the room. He found the three of you asleep on the floor yet it didn’t faze him a bit. He ran up to you and Goldie and dove towards the two of you, Goldie taking more of the weight than you.

Goldie grunted in surprise and his eyes shot open, “what the fuck!?!” he yelled, still half-asleep.

“HUMAN! GOLDIE! I’VE MISSED YOU BOTH SO MUCH!” he cried out as he hugged the two of you. “YOU TOO MARK! I’M SO HAPPY TO BE BACK!!!” His voice was so loud, you were sure it had woken everyone in the building.

“We can obviously see that, Blue,” you said with a chuckle. Goldie was still half-awake and refused to let go. You let him. “Good morning to you, too.”

“WE LEFT AT 5:30 AM IN THE MORNING! ONLY TO FIND OUT IT’S 10 A.M. HERE. IT’S SO CURIOUS TO SEE HOW UNIVERSES WORK,” he mused. “HAVE YOU EATEN? I WILL PREPARE BREAKFAST FOR US!” He stood up and Gold sighed in relief as the weight on him disappeared. Blue stood for a minute, thinking, before he bent down and kissed your cheek.

“I’VE MISSED YOU SO MUCH, HUMAN.”

The kiss left you red as a tomato. “I-ive missed you, too, Blue. Good to see you home.”

His eyes sparkled at the mention of “home”. “WELL, I’LL BE GOING TO THE KITCHEN AND SEE WHAT I CAN WHIP UP FOR US!” He giddily headed towards the kitchen.

You noticed that Goldie ceased snoring, but his eyes were still closed. He was fake sleeping. “Gold, I know you’re awake.” He continued to sleep. The corner of your lips tugged upward. Guess you’ll let the skeleton sleep. He looked like he needed it.

“i’ve only been gone for a day and you’ve already replaced me.” A skeleton wearing a nicely ironed hoodie appeared on the other side of you. Hoodie was sandwiched between you and Mark and he (almost gently) pushed Mark to the side so he could have a bigger space.
“Nah, I still love you, Hoodie,” you said with a knowing smile.

His cheeks reddened as he tried to appear casual. “i know you do, babe,” he teased with a wink. He leaned on shoulder, one of his hands played with your hair. The other hand rested on your stomach. Little by little, Hoodie tried to push Goldie off from you. Goldie sensed this and hugged you a little tighter, one of his eyesockets popped open as he glared at the newcomer.

Hoodie smugly stared at him as he gingerly took one of your hands in his hand and then pressed his mouth against your palm.

“H-hoodie? What are you doing?” you squeaked in surprised.

“i just missed you, bud. hehe.”

Goldie stiffened at the sight and you heard him quietly growl. In annoyance, he stuffed his face at the crook of your neck and you jumped at his action, involuntarily sputtering. “W-wha—“ You noticed the two skeletons were having some kind of silent contest and although it was becoming quite uncomfortable for you, you actually liked the attention you were getting.

Hoodie’s smug smile vanished and he pressed himself closer to you and brought his mouth to your ear, blowing air that made you shy away as you gasped in surprise. “What are you two—“

Goldie sneered in annoyance as he pushed himself further into your neck, his mouth opened and his hot breath made you feel all tingly. “Will you guys please—“

Teeth softly nibbled your ear and you inhaled loudly. It’s too early in the morning for this. But you couldn’t deny that you weren’t enjoying this. They really need to stop because Mark’s sleeping just beside you and Blue’s in the kitchen preparing for dinner. “Please what?” Hoodie asked.

You were sure you were bright red and you don’t know what would happen especially if they continue what they were doing. “I-i—“

You feel fangs grazed the skin on your neck and you open your mouth to complain but no words came out. “Crap, Gold—“ He bit softly into your skin and your breaths was coming in fast and heavy. No. Nope. Too dangerous.

But they didn’t seem to plan to stop anytime soon. Hoodie continued on nibbling your ear and Gold was leaving bite marks on your neck. The sensations you felt were overwhelming and you found yourself breathless and winded.

“BREAKFAST IS READY!” Blue’s voice boomed so loudly that it startled the three of you. Goldie and Hoodie immediately shrank and pulled away as quickly as possible as Blue entered the room.

“WHY’RE THE THREE OF YOU SO RED?” Blue asked as he caught sight at the three of you.

“u-uh, i need to be somewhere,” Goldie quickly said and then disappeared from your side.

Hoodie jumped up, his hands inside the pockets of his hoodie as he nonchalantly walked towards the kitchen. “what’s for breakfast, bro?” he calmly asked as if nothing happened.

“PANCAKES, WHAT ELSE!” Blue answered and then looked at you. “COME ON, HUMAN. AREN’T YOU HUNGRY?”

You gulped as you tried to calm yourself down. You gave him a little smile. “I’ll be right there. I just need to... catch my breath.”
Blue looked clueless but he nodded and left you alone.

You placed a hand on your chest. Your heart was beating wildly and you felt unexpectedly flustered. Damn, these skeletons are gonna be the death of you.

***

Hoodie, Blueberry and you hanged out by the portal room, taking all the mattresses and pillows from the living room to this room. You wanted to be the first person they see when your skeletons come back. Alphys was gone for the day, saying she needed to visit someone from the hospital. You didn’t ask who. Sans was... you haven’t seen him since the party which was weeks ago. It was good to take a break from him but sometimes it left you wondering if he was doing okay.

You opened up your phone and found that Patch and Giant were coming right now. Patch was the first one to step outside of the portal, looking like his usual self but with a cigarette hanging loosely from his mouth. He brightened at the sight of you and walked towards you calmly as he took you in his arms.

“hey there, sweetheart. have you missed me?” he whispered.

You pulled away quickly, a frown on your face. You snatched the cigarette from his mouth and put it out by throwing it on the ground and stomping on it. Then you gave him a smile. “That’s better.”

Patch rolled his eyes as he patted your hair. “that’s a nice welcome.”

“You know the rules, Patch.”

“i know. oh hey there, shorter me,” Patch greeted Blueberry who was jumping up and down right beside you.

“HELLO THERE, TALLER ME! HOW WAS YOUR STAY IN YOUR UNIVERSE?”

Blueberry asked eagerly just as Giant stepped through the portal as well.

“it was the same as we left it. there are still gang wars happening around but eh. couple of my acquaintances are dead after a couple of months but nothing made me want to stay. so here I am.”

Your ears perked up at the words “gang wars” and “dead”. It ran a chill down your spine as you observed him and Giant, who looked totally calm like it was just a normal routine that they encounter every single day. Giant finally reached you and gave you a small hug while the other two continued their conversation.

“HUH. THAT’S CERTAINLY CURIOUS. THERE HAVE BEEN NO CHANGES IN OUR UNIVERSE WHEN WE CAME BACK. IT WAS LIKE WE NEVER LEFT AT ALL! TIME DIDN’T MOVE!”

That’s odd, indeed. You don’t know how universes work but you’re sure that if a person or people go missing in the world, it goes on. That’s just how life is. It goes on, whether you move along with it or you get stuck somewhere down the road.

“Hello there, human. How have you been when we were gone?” Giant asked politely, steering you away from the conversation.

“Well,” you smiled sheepishly, “the first night was really bad. I’ve never felt so alone in my life. But then I talked to some of you on the phone and it made me feel better. My brother and Goldie also accompanied me.”
"Gold? He’s still here? He hasn’t gone back yet?" Giant looked surprised. "My dear, I don’t think that’s a good idea. Perhaps you should try to coerce him to go back. Before I stepped back into our universe, I felt really, really weak. My stamina was at its limit. When I went through the portal, I instantly felt better. Not fully recovered, but better. Spending a night in there replenished my whole strength. I don’t know why, but it does. I’m guessing it’s because our code finally matched the code of the universe we’re in."

You bit your lip. "It does sound really important. But I don’t want to force him to anything he doesn’t want to do."

He gave you a little smile. "I know you’ll do great, human. You always have."

His words gave you strength. "That’s really sweet of you, G. Thank you! And welcome back!"

He laughed, his eyes twinkling. "It’s good to be back, human." He looked around the room. "Can you tell me what our plans are for today?"

"Well, today we just wait for everyone to come back! It’s gonna take all day since there are different timezones. We planned to welcome them back so we put all our stuff here while we wait for them."

"Ah. Then I’ll be up in the living room and make us some snacks." He nodded to you and then left the room.

You looked back at the skeletons and saw Patch and Blue still talking with Hoodie asleep on the mattresses. Goldie was still nowhere to be found. You plopped down on the bed next to Hoodie as you wait for your phone to chime.

***

Hours later, a small welcome party had broken out in the portal room. A small table has been teleported down in the room with chips, sauce, a pasta dish, tacos, a bowl of punch and Chinese food. The Chinese food was ordered by Latin, who for some reason, wanted Chinese food. You didn’t say no, though. You were only waiting for Scratch now to come back, as everyone had already arrived.

The lot of them were exchanging stories and the Sanses were particularly exchanging theories on the information they gathered from each other. Hoodie and Patch were sitting with you on the mattresses and cracking up some jokes, sometimes pissing each other off which would make you laugh and both would look at you with adoration.

It wasn’t until it was midnight when you started getting worried. Scratch still hasn’t come back. Has he decided not to come back? You looked at your phone and tried to call him. Looks like his phone was off. "I’m worried."

"stop worrying, kid," you hear a Sans say. You stiffened but ultimately calmed down when you remembered that Sans wasn’t here. You turned around and saw Orion with his fluffy jacket made of space. He looked at you softly, "can i sit with you?"

Guilt flooded you. He knew you were afraid of him. "Yeah, it’s no problem, Orion." Hoodie and Patch made some space so Orion could sit beside you. "Look, I’m sorry for panicking when I saw you—"

"you don’t need to say sorry, kid. it’s not a problem," he said, cutting you off. "but to be completely honest, you should get some help. you might be experiencing a trauma of some sorts. of course i’m not the most reliable skeleton you should hear that from, but i’m tryna look out for you."
“I know. And thanks for that. I’ll try my best... and think about what you said.”

He patted your head. “Great work, kid. As always. I’ve missed you.”

“Yeah, I missed you, too.”

Wait.

“Are there stars in your eyes?”

He chuckled.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! I’ll try to update this at least twice a week but I can’t promise the consistency.
Thank you so much for still enjoying this story! <3
Chapter Summary

You spent time with the edgy skeleton. Sans has made a decision.

Chapter 65

Last night, all of you had crashed in the portal room, still waiting for Scratch to appear, to come back. But to your dismay, there was not a single word heard from the skeleton. You were worried, yes, but mostly, you were upset because what if he had decided not to come back after all? What if he realized he was meant to be at their universe and not here, in some unfamiliar place with unfamiliar people? It made you anxious to the point that you no longer interacted with the skeletons, you were just staring at the phone Alphys has made and handed to each brothers, waiting for a text or a single call. Anything.

At midnight, almost everyone had fallen asleep as they felt tired from travelling from one universe to another. They were tired, like they were experiencing jetlag. Since Hoodie and Blue were the first ones to come back, they were less tired than the rest of them. Mostly because they had adjusted to the different environment earlier than most of them.

All the skeletons were snuggled up in the mattresses inside the portal room, some with their feet on someone’s chest, some were sleeping upside down, Patch’s body was half-hanging at the edge of the bed and some were even snuggling with one another. You were sandwiched between Hoodie and Orion. Orion was hugging your side while you were on Hoodie’s chest, one of his arms wrapped around your shoulders.

You were still wide awake and the lot of them were snoring. You sighed loudly once and yelped when Hoodie talked. “what’s wrong? can’t sleep, bud?”

“What are you doing awake, Hoods?” you asked.

“i asked you first, babe. do you want to get out of here?” he whispered.

You rolled your eyes, but he didn’t see it. “I’m just going to the bathroom,” you said as you tried to sneakily slide out of Orion’s arms and then quietly tiptoe around the rest of the skeletons.

“i can come with you,” Hoodie said suggestively.

“Go back to sleep, Hoods. I’ll be right back before you know it.”

He shrugged and closed his eyes. You sneaked past the doors and sighed loudly again when you were outside the portal room.

“what’s up, human dude!”

You jumped in surprise as an unexpected visitor popped up. “Fresh! You scared me!”

“ya were having a reunion! thought i might join in as well, some of ya might’ve missed me,” he said as his grin widened.
“Yeah, I kinda missed you, too, bonehead. Where were you when I was alone? You could have kept me company, you know.” you said with a pout as you started walking along the corridor. The hallway was quiet as usual but it was less forlorn and intimidating, knowing that there was a room full of your skeletons in the building.

“sorry, human-dude. i was busy helping ink with something. i owe him big time!” he said.

“You should tell him to visit some time. I miss that weird guy. Also, how’s Error?”

He shrugged. “i don’t interact with uncool destroyer of worlds, human-dude. i have no interest in what he does in his free time,” he said while he stuck his tongue out.

As you were walking, you suddenly had an idea. You went into the nearest room with a bed and grabbed the blanket and pillows off it. “Hey, can you teleport me to the rooftop?”

“anything for you, my radtastic friend!” He grabbed you from behind and then you were travelling inside a vacuum. And then you were not. You felt the ground beneath your feet and you steadied yourself, the dread you were feeling slowly dissipating.

Your hunch was right. Goldie had a blanket and a comforter laid out as he lie awake, his eyes on the bright, and full moon. You silently thanked Fresh and he bowed jokingly as he retreated, a glare on his face as you turned around to face Goldie. He disappeared as you approached Gold silently.

“Hey there. Mind if I sleep here?” you asked. A cold night breeze passed and you shivered at the cold. You forgot to bring a jacket. You didn’t know it was this cold at this time of the night.

Gold raised his head, alarmed at the sound of someone else in the rooftop, but immediately relaxed when he saw it was you. “you’re always welcome to sleep beside me, babe.”

You fought off the blush as he made space for you in his already-made bed and you plopped down, setting down the pillow beside him and then covering the two of you with the blanket that you brought with you. You lied down and then snuggled him, trying to get a whiff of his warmth. He chuckled. “cold? come closer.” He put an arm around your waist and pulled you closer and you gasped in surprise.

“What are you—“

“shh,” he cut you off as he slowly began to radiate heat. He was using his magic to warm the both of you up. You began to relax.

“Thanks, Gold.”

“anytime, sweetheart.”

You pressed a kiss to his cheek. “Thanks for everything.”

He let out a quivering breath. He was silent for a second as you closed your eyes, sleep began to come for you. “thank you for tolerating me.”

“It’s no big deal. You’re not as hard to love as you thought you were,” you said, almost a whisper as his warmth slowly lulled you to sleep.

Goldie was stunned. Nobody has ever said that to him before. He always thought he was hard to love. He always thought it was hard being with him because he was stubborn and had low self-esteem. But here she is. Someone he loves told him that he wasn’t hard to love.
“Stop being so hard on yourself. How ‘bout you start rebelling against your thoughts and...” you yawned, “do the opposite. Love yourself, Gold. I think that’s where you have to send your stubborn energy to.”

And you drifted off to sleep, leaving Goldie with a lot of thoughts swimming in his head.

---

“SANS. ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?” Papyrus asked with a worried face. He looked sad as he looked longingly at his brother. Sans was still confined to a hospital and he was lying on a bed as Papyrus stood beside him.

“i’m sure, paps. i-i need a break,” Sans said weakly.

Alphys stepped forward as she unconsciously twisted her hands together. “Are you really sure, Sans? T-the International Science and Inventions council have caught a whiff of what we built and some of them are sneaking around our lab. They want to see the real thing and it’s up to you if we wanna talk to them.”

Sans looked at her. “you can handle this alphys. i don’t care what you do about the machine. i want nothing to do with it,” he said as he looked away. Sans loved the machine. It was one of his greatest works. He worked so hard to finish it, literal sweat and tears have been extracted for it. He has gone through so much in his venture to finish the machine and now it is nowhere near done. He could do so much more with it. He could grasp how the universe works with it if he could just do the right additions.

But right now, he’s so drained. He... he just wants to rest. Even for a little. A month. A year. A decade. He wants to take a break. Away from it all. Away from you. Away from who made him this way. Away from someone who possible woke up the evil inside of him.

“We could get rich, Sans! We can get our own place, have funds for our other projects. We could—“ Alphys started talking but then stopped herself when she saw Sans’ expression.

“then go do it, al. i’ll support you all the way. i really just want to be away for a while,” Sans says, exhausted. Papyrus gently puts a gloved hand on his head and strokes it affectionately. Sans gave his brother a small smile.

“I—okay. I-i’ll see what I can do,” Alphys said with a nervous smile although her heart was beating so fast thinking about what the future will bring. “What about the others?”

Sans knew who she was talking about. She was talking about them. Him and Papyrus and all the other versions of them. He swallowed, his voice was still raspy. “let y/n decide what to do with them.” He closed his eyes, feeling tired and heavy. He still hasn’t replenished half of his energy. “let her decide... their fate.”

---

You woke up as sunlight hit your face. Someone was cradled in your arms. And then you remembered you slept on the roof with Goldie. You opened your eyes as you let out a big yawn, feeling well rested. “Good morning, Gold,” you say softly as you looked at the skeleton in your arms.

His eyes were closed, like he was still asleep. A small smile crept on your face as you touched his cheek. You quickly retracted your hand as his cheek was icy cold. “Goldie?” you called out, worry and fear suddenly enveloping you all at once. “Gold, wake up.”
You touched his cheek again and then tried to shake him awake. He didn’t respond. Something settled in your gut as you felt a horrible feeling come over you. “Gold? Gold! Wake up!!” Tears sprung in your eyes. Is he... is he dead? “Help! Help me, please!”

You were starting to panic as you held an unmoving skeleton in your arms. What should you do? You need to get down from here first. “Help! Fresh! Ink! Error! Anyone!”

A figure instantly popped up at the sound of his name. “hey there human—du—oh no, what happened?” Fresh said worriedly. He was more worried at the sound of you in distress than the unconscious skeleton in your arms.

“Help me, Fresh, please! I need to go to the portal room!” you said as the tears flowed.

Fresh shrugged and grabbed you. “hold on to him tight.”

You did. You cradled Goldie in your arms so tight, you didn’t let go even if you were in the portal room. You showed up crying in the middle of the room with Goldie in your arms and Fresh grinning at the other skeletons.

“y/n! what happened?” Hoodie immediately went to you as he was one of those who were left inside the room, the others were either in the living room or someplace else. Orion and Hip Hop was also there, cleaning up the trash and then arranging the mattresses so it wasn’t getting in the way.

“Goldie he—he isn’t waking up,” you said as a sob escaped from your lips.

Hoodie took one look at the skeleton. “oh shit. i think he’s burnt out.”

“What does that mean?! You tried to bite your lip as you accidentally burst out shouting but you were still in panic.

“it means he has no energy left, no magic left in him!”

“W-what can I do? What do we do?” You cried out in frustration as you looked at the still body of a skeleton monster in your arms.

“i think... he needs to be back in his own universe,” Orion said.

“yes, that’s what i thought, too. you see us monsters—“ Hip Hop was trying to say something but you headed to the portal, Goldie still in your arms. He was unsurprisingly light because he was made of bones. You almost stumbled but you made it to the computer that was connected to the portal. You found the setting was placed in Automatic Mode and you have no idea what that meant. You tried to click around while you held Goldie in one arm. You opened a setting with lots of options.

You saw an option called Universe 2. You’ve never clicked something so fast in your life. You were absolutely sure this was the setting that could get you to Gold’s universe. The dark skeleton brothers were the second set of skeletons to get here to this world.

“y/n! wait!” You heard Hoodie, Orion and Hip Hop shouting behind you but you tuned them out.

You didn’t have time to hesitate. You didn’t have to. You know that you’d do anything for these skeletons. Including this. Holding Goldie in your arms, you ran head first into the portal.
Welcome to Hell

Chapter Summary

You arrived at Gold's universe. Surely, nothing went wrong.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 66

You stumbled and fell, your face planted into the icy snow. Goosebumps lined your arms and neck as the cold hugged every inch of your body. You shivered and breathed, the warmth of your breathe made a fog in front of you. It was very cold and you hadn’t brought a jacket. You were too busy running to the portal to even think about what you need for this travel.

Your eyes quickly found the skeleton you were holding in your arms moments ago. He lay in the snow inches away from you, still unconscious. You crawled your way towards him, flinching as the sting of the freezing snow made contact with your palm and knees. “Gold? Gold, are you awake?”

He wasn’t.

You looked around. You know where you are. You’ve been here a couple of times. Sans took you here one time. You were in Snowdin. You tried to stand up, your energy depleted. It felt as if you hadn’t slept for several days and your body was so heavy. Is this what they felt like when they crossed universes? It sucks. Big time.

There was no time to lose. You need to bring Gold somewhere warm so he could rest. Gathering what’s left of your energy, you picked up Gold and thanked the heavens for his weight. He was still so light, like he was made of nothing. Is it because he still hasn’t replenished his magic?

Tears sprung from your eyes as you tried to walk. You were only wearing slippers and damn if the icy snow didn’t hurt you at all. Your body began to shiver often as it tried to make heat for you. After walking for several minutes, you see something in the distance besides snow and trees.

There was a bridge. A smile was plastered on your face. You were close. After crossing the bridge, you saw a familiar station just a few steps ahead. It was Sans’ station. You figured you could rest there for a minute before continuing. Once you reached the station, you quickly set Gold down by the wall. Your eyes darted around and you grabbed a blanket that was stuffed in a corner. The blanket revealed a heater underneath and you almost cried in relief.

You turned on the heater and sat next to it, reaching for Gold and gently laying him on your chest. You took the blanket and placed it over the two of you. You were still shivering but you welcomed the little warmth that was being given to you. Little by little, you slipped into dream world.

--

Gold slowly woke up. He felt like shit. He made a grumbling noise at the back of his throat as a severe migraine passed. He felt like shit that was shit on by another shit. Damn. His eyes were heavy. His body was heavy. Even his soul felt heavy. What the hell happened?
There was something else. His soul was different kind of heavy. Like it was fluttering but still tired as hell. There was a rhythm on where his skull rested. Tug. Tug. Tug. An easy and continuous beating. It sounded so, so familiar like he’s heard it so many times before. A wave of calmness rode his body just by listening to the heartbeat.

A... heartbeat?

Despite his eyes being heavy as fuck, he forced them open. Everything was blurred and he willed his eyes to refocus. He was in a familiar place, a view so familiar that he had woken up to so many times before. His eyes travelled upwards and he could see the tip of the trees and snow and the sky. He knew exactly where he is. He’s back home.

His soul fell, like a much heavier weight was dumped on top of it. He was home. He inhaled, and he almost cursed from the sting of the cold air rushing to his weakened body. He almost cursed... almost, but realized he couldn’t move his mouth from it being so dry.

The steady heartbeat he was wearing made it easy to calm himself. Oh right, the heartbeat. He was laying on something soft, and a blanket was thrown on top of him. His eyes travelled to the source of the heartbeat and he swore he felt his soul thrum a little louder when your face came into view. He was laying on your chest area, with his legs thrown over your right leg as he sat in front of you. He found the strength in his fingers and slid a hand down your back. His soul jumped at the sight of you arching your back involuntarily while you still sleep.

Good god, weren’t you freezing? You wear wearing a t-shirt and shorts, for fuck’s sake. Didn’t you bring a jacket when the two of you went here? You were definitely shivering, despite his heater on and the blanket providing little warmth.

With the little magic he had replenished, he made his body warmer, just for you. You began to wrap your arms around his body as you leaned in for the extra heat. Gold tried to fight off the blush that was rushing to his cheeks. His eyes closed, breathing in your wonderful scent. He could get used to this. Oh god, yes, he wants to get used to this.

He stuffed his face into the crook of your neck and inhaled as your smell flooded his senses. He could feel his strength refilling so much faster as he returned moisture back to his mouth using his magic. His mouth parted, his breathe warming up your neck. He slowly formed a tongue and it made contact with your skin. Your taste overwhelmed him and he felt dizzy, but could no longer control his desire as he moved his tongue from the bottom upwards.

“Gold...” you sputtered, eyes half-awake. “A-are you awake?”

Gold immediately retreated his tongue as his eyes flew open at the sound of your voice. He noticed that your heartbeat was thrumming a little quicker than usual and your breathe was coming in and out faster. Did he wake you? “how are you feeling, cupcake?” he grumbled. He was nervous that this scenario might leave you a bad impression. But his monster instincts were dominating him this time that he’d rather jump on you right now and kiss you.

You could feel the wet trail he left at the length of your neck and you reddened. Trying to act normal, you answered, “I feel... a lot better than when we arrived, so there’s that. How are you?”

“same,” he answered in a low growl. “but let’s rest a while more.”

You didn’t say anything as the two of you were left in silence. He didn’t make any moves on you after a few minutes so you started to relax a little. After an hour, he started to get up. You felt your muscles were stiff after staying in one position for so long. Gold stretched his arms outward, making...
his bones pop. He looked like he had a good night’s rest.

You were relieved that he was okay. “How do you feel?” you asked again as you watch him walk around his own station.

“i feel like i could sleep for a week,” he said. “and i’m famished.” He turned to look at you with a smirk as his eyes drooped a little. “i could definitely use some grillby’s right now.”

You were definitely sure he was insinuating something with that look of his. You turned to look away as blood rushed to your face. He was making you all flustered, and he’s not even trying. Goldie’s looked softened when you weren’t looking and then proceeded to take off his jacket. Underneath, he was wearing a red long-sleeved turtleneck. He threw it in your lap. “wear this.”

You stared at his jacket and smiled. After putting it on, you definitely felt a lot warmer. And he smells good. Not that you’re gonna tell him that. You stood up, giving your legs time to recover. “Ugh, I wish we could take the heater. This cold is killing me.”

“here.” Gold handed you what looked like pink slippers that were laying around in the station. “it’s magic slippers. wear this, instead of that.” He looked pointedly at the slippers you were wearing right now.

Hesitantly, you put on the slippers he gave you and ta-da, it is magic. Your feet have never felt warm in ages. As the blood rushed back to your feet, you feel like you have more energy to travel anywhere. “Thanks Gold.”

He gave you a smile as he stepped out of the station. “good to be back,” he said under his breathe.

The two of you have been walking for ages. Although that was an exaggeration, you definitely felt hungry like a wolf. The cold have been a little more bearable now that Gold lent you his jacket and slippers. “Goldie, how long until—“

“we’re here.” He stopped walking.

A large signboard was on the side of the road with big letters that said “WELCOME TO SNOWDIN”. But someone used a red marker and erased Snowdin and wrote “HELL” instead. So you’re reading “WELCOME TO HELL”, which gave you an uneasy feeling in your gut.

“Why would anyone do that?” you asked him, as you stepped towards him a little closer.

Goldie noticed that and took your hand. “just a little introduction for my hometown, angel. my universe isn’t like the others. every monster here is evil. and by evil, it ranges from bad-mouthing neighbors to murdering someone in cold blood. there aren’t any clear laws and nobody reinforcing them properly so, you could guess how that would turn out,” he said with an empty chuckle.

“Oh. Okay,” you said meekly, holding his hand a little tighter.

He grinned at you. “don’t worry, cupcake, i’ll protect you.”

The two of you entered the town. Instantly, there were a group of monsters right by the side of the road and you made eye contact. It looked like the gang version of humans back in your world. They looked at the two of you with hungry eyes, and interested smiles. You leaned in and whispered to Gold, “They’re watching us.”
“ignore them. they can’t touch us.” His voice dropped to a grumble, “my brother’s the captain of the royal guard. we have immunity.”

You looked surprised. “Scratch is?”

“yep,” he said sourly. He said nothing else after that.

The town looked exactly the same as the one Sans took you. You passed by the inn and several houses. There was also a Christmas tree smack in the middle of the town, but instead of Christmas decorations, the tree was decorated by skulls, suspicious bags with red liquid, handcuffs, body parts that looked awfully real, weapons, and situated on top was a head of an unknown animal. You fought the bile that threatened to rise up your throat.

“grillby’s. home sweet home.” The two of you stopped in front of a bar with the sign GRILLBY’S on top. Nothing changed except for a few vandals at the walls of the bar and a broken window.

The two of you entered the bar and from the noisy atmosphere when you first entered, a hush fell on top like a blanket covering the whole bar. There were groups of monsters that were familiar to you and some that weren’t. They all have one thing in common. You’re terrified of them. If it wasn’t for Goldie, you would’ve run in the opposite direction.

Goldie didn’t seem to notice his effect on the crowd, or he chose to ignore them completely. He was still dragging you by the hand, making sure everybody in the room could see that you were with him.

“Hey there, Sansy!” A monster the shaped of a dog approached the two of you, a sinister grin plastered on his face. “I haven’t seen you in like, a week! Where in the hell have you been, man?” The monster tried to place a hand on his shoulder but Goldie instantly stepped away. This made the monster drop his smile as his eyes burned with rage.

“none of your business, Wolf,” Gold answered coldly.

Wolf laughed his answer off, “Your brother wasn’t telling us answers when we ask where you are, everybody thought he killed you off!” His eyes then darted to you. “And who is this beautiful creature you brought with you?” He licked his lips hungrily as he eyed you. “Damn, that soul is fucking inviting. Where’d you get her, the brothel?”

Goldie growled as his eyes fiercely glowed in a red color. “don’t touch her. don’t look at her. don’t even breathe near her,” he threatened as his mouth gritted in fury. “if you so much look at her soul again, i would kill you behind the alley and crush your soul with my bare hands.”

The monster paled and scurried away. You were lying if you say that he didn’t scare you for a bit. This was the side of Goldie you never got to see. This was his persona in his home universe. He needed to be tough because his environment forced him to do so. He was frightening and almost always angry. It was a refreshing sight, not because you liked him this way, but because you can see that he’s a lot more confident with his words and how he presents himself because that is how he grew up.

Goldie continued walking until you reached the bar station at the back. He let you sit on a stool first before sitting on the one next to you. “sorry ‘bout that, princess.” You see the familiar Goldie that you’ve grown accustomed to. “i had to let him know his place or else a lot others are gonna be trying to piss me off and get you just to spite me. i have lots of known enemies and lots of unknown as well.”

“I understand, Gold. You don’t have to explain.”
“Well, well, well…” A shadow towered over us. Behind the bar was Grillby, except he was purple. His face looked evil than normal with a large grin and threatening eyes. He wore a black fur coat, almost the same design as Gold’s jacket. “Welcome back, Sans.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh, hey guys. How’ve you been? I’ve been feeling good. Just a lot disinterested in writing a lot lately. Tbh, this is my first time writing anything in MONTHS. Heh. But it feels nice to accomplish something again. I hope you like this chapter. Also @9Pupps, thank you for leaving 60+ comments lmao. It was very entertaining and fulfilling to read them. You also made me question a lot of things in my story haha! But seriously, thanks. u da best.
The Misadventures in Underfell

Chapter Summary

It is a nice and cozy evening in Underfell for you.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 67

The bright light coming from the portal where you dived in headfirst slowly lost its power until it shuts down completely, leaving a room of terrified skeletons in the dark.

“What...” Hip Hop trailed off, his mouth hanging open.

“The fuck?” Hoodie continued, his eyes wide.

Orion began to pace, clearly in distress. “y/n really just... she really...”

The three skeletons that witnessed your dumb antics were left silently distraught. “what do we tell the others?” Hip Hop snapped out of it first. “sh-should we go after her?”

Hoodie put a hand to his face as he massaged the area between his eyes. “damn it, y/n’s such a pain in the ass,” he hissed but worry was etched all over his face. “we need to tell alphys. asap.”

“Well, where is she?” Orion shrieked. He was still in panic mode. He began to pace faster and faster, his mind trying to comprehend what happened.

Hip Hop grabbed him by the shoulders. “hey! hey, calm down!” he demanded. “y/n’s gonna be okay. she’s gonna be fine. she’s gonna be with gold and scratch. calm down, bud.” His voice went down to a whisper. Surprisingly, Orion slowly calmed down as he forced his soul to relax. A bead of sweat rolled down his forehead.

“thank you.” Orion sighed in relief as he made eye contact with Hip Hop and smiled.

Hip Hop’s eyes narrowed. “there are stars in your eyes?”

---

“I’ll have my usual, grillb’s,” Goldie said as he placed a hand on top of yours, communicating to you that there’s nothing to be afraid of. “two of that, to be exact,” he continued as he stared at you.

Grillby’s eyes narrowed as his mouth grinned even wider. “Comin’ right up, Sans.” He left and went into the back door, hopefully to bring the two of you some food.

“So... what’s our plan to get back home?” you asked, trying to think of a way to bring up the topic discreetly but failed miserably. You gave him an awkward grin.

“We should find paps,” Gold said, his gaze lingering on you for a moment before looking down on your chest area. Instinctively, you tried to cover up using his jacket that he lent you, a blush creeping
up your face. His eyes widened like he snapped out of a trance and he reddened. “s-sorry, sweetheart. i wasn’t checking you out,” he reddened even more, if that’s even possible, as he tried to explain himself, “i was... looking at your soul. which is located by your heart.”

There it is again, the mention of your soul. “You guys have never mentioned my soul, ever. Why is it coming up now?”

‘it’s because i have you all to myself,’ he thought. “since i’m back in my own universe, souls are just easier to see. when i was in yours, it would take a hard time focusing to even glimpse at another’s soul. and yours is... awfully dim. not that it means anything.” He said the last part quickly, to divert the topic.

Your eyes narrowed at him. “What do you mean, awfully dim?”

Goldie sighed. “you see, cupcake, monsters only have one soul color. it’s white. humans particularly have different soul colors ranging from blue to green to red, etcetera. but yours... i can’t see your soul color, to be honest. it’s too dimmed out that all i can see is a greyish color.”

You swallowed a lump on your throat. “What does that mean then? Am I not human?”

“no. it can mean a lot of things. that you’re exhausted, you’re emotionally fatigued, you’re feeling numb, you’re empathy is dying out, you have no clear values, or... you’re just not in your home universe. huh. that last one seems a little on the nose, don’t ‘cha think?” he grinned playfully. “ah, the food is here. eat up, sweetheart.”

Grillby entered and gave the two of you a meal of burgers and fries. Your mouth started to water and your stomach growled hungrily. Without even skipping a beat, you started to devour you meal. Goldie requested a bottle of mustard, which he drowned his meal in and then took a long sip from the bottle itself. You were too used to it that it didn’t bother you at all.

After the meal and chatting with Gold for several hours, the two of you decided to go to their house and rest and figure out the rest tomorrow. When you stepped outside the bar, a cold chill brushed past you. You haven’t even noticed how warm the inside of the bar was until you were out of it. You hugged the jacket a little tighter and then proceeded to follow Gold to his house. You were already aware where his house was since you’ve been here before. Not here, here. But a version very similar to here.

It was already dark, like it was night time. Even though there wasn’t really a light source here and you know that this place is under a mountain. You looked around. It was eerily quiet. You eyed the Christmas tree, or maybe a Halloween tree since it looked so scary, a couple of miles away and found a group of monsters huddling together like they were in some sort of secret meeting. You turned back around to follow Gold to his house, when an arm wrapped around your waist and a rough, scaly hand slapped across your mouth, which prevented you from screaming.

Your heart thumped in your chest, as you squirmed and tried to fight whoever was holding you hostage. “Ssssave it, missssy, you’re not gonna esssscape,” he hissed. He literally hissed. This was some sort of snake monster. He gestured his head towards his other friends, who were using the darkness to hide. From who? Oh crap.

Right in front of you, Goldie kept on walking. He stopped, suddenly noticing that you weren’t following behind.

‘Run, Gold!’ you tried to scream even with a hand preventing you. You thrashed and felt the hold on you getting looser. You kicked the snake monster on the shin as hard as you can and he lets go of
you immediately, as he dropped to the snow, groaning in pain. “Run, Gold!!” you screamed as loud as you can.

The enemies took this as a signal to attack. From various directions, they pounced towards Goldie, each holding a weapon. Their goal was to ambush him. Goldie stood alert and was distracted at the sound of your voice. He turned his head around and saw three monsters diving in to attack him. On instinct, he summoned a barrage of bones from nowhere and let it fly to the monster in front of him. The monster fell to the ground as his body rolled in the snow when he was unable to dodge the attack.

Goldie summoned bones from the ground for the monster on his left and like the first monster, he, too was unable to get out of the way. One particular bone was sharpened that it pierced through the monster’s arm and he let out a cry of pain. Goldie had no time to summon bones because the monster on his right already arrived and this monster threw a series of punches and kicks that Gold, amazingly, managed to dodge every single one. But then, due to his lack of enough rest, he slipped and the monster was able to land a punch right in his cheekbone. The monster laughed in success as Gold thrown to the ground, his face in shock.

“Goldie!” you shouted as you tried to crawl and stand up to protect him. The snake monster managed to grab your feet and you face-planted in the snow. Even with the snow to cushion the damage, your face felt like it landed in soft concrete. You tried to kick off the monster’s hand from your feet but you kept missing and you cried for help as you look towards Gold.

Goldie was now standing up, his eyes blazing a powerful red color as rage showed in his face. The monster who had managed to land a blow suddenly looked smaller than his size. “you’re gonna pay for that,” Gold said through gritted teeth as he summoned a large Gaster Blaster right next to him. His smile was terrifying as fear crept into the monster’s face. With a snap of his fingers, the Gaster Blaster released a powerful blast of light and it disintegrated the monster in seconds.

D-did he kill him? Oh god, did Goldie kill him? All of you were too stunned by the sudden display of power that Gold just performed in front of you. The Gaster Blaster vanished in an instant and it left the plaza with a tension so high and fragile, you could pierce it with a needle. Gold dropped to the ground like a lifeless doll. This seemed to make everyone snap out of it.

You kicked the snake monster as hard as you can and he tumbled in the snow, clutching his face. “You bitch!!!”

You struggled to stand up and ran up to Gold as fast as you can. You grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him awake. “Gold, Goldie! Are you okay?”

He groaned. “stop... shaking me, cupcake,” he said weakly. He tried to stay awake as you were prepared to carry him again.

“You crazy bonehead! You used up all your magic! You hadn’t even had a proper rest yet!” you said, tears springing from your eyes. “Please, don’t do that again.”

He chuckled, but cringed as if it hurt. “no promises, princess.”

You wanted to get away here as soon as possible. Away from these monsters that were trying to kill both of you. You had to get him to his house and find Scratch. “You liar! You told me we had immunity.”

“that’s because i can protect you all on my own, y/n,” he answered meekly, “and i didn’t want you to be afraid.”
You carried him in your arms, much like the first time you carried him and he was heavier than the first time. That was a good sign, wasn’t it?

“Where are you going, you sssssnakey little bitch?” The snake monster was running towards you with a knife in his hand. Goldie was in no condition to use his magic. You’re practically defenseless. You knelt on the ground to set the skeleton down. Out of a moment of weakness, you yelped as you held your hand right in front of you, like you were shielding yourself from the attack. You closed your eyes on impulse and strangely, you felt something in your fingers. Light began sparking from your palms and it tickled your hand. Opening your eyes, you saw that your hand was wrapped in a bluish glow. It immediately reminded you of someone.

Sans.

Dumbfounded, your vision travelled from your hands and slowly, to the monster in front of you who were wrapped in that same blue glow that came from your hands. You could see the monster’s soul displayed in front of you to see, which, by the way, was blue. Not exactly what Gold told you.

Gold, who was still half-unconscious the entire time, was as surprised as you are. His eyes were open wide, almost like he had just seen a ghost. He failed to ask you questions since his tongue doesn’t seem to be working right now. That’s impossible. You can’t be...

“What the hell---” Goldie was starting to say until something blunt hit the back of your head. Your eyes rolled to the back of your skull and you fainted. Goldie instantly noticed and tried to defend himself but he was hit with the hilt of a knife and collapsed almost immediately.

---

You started regaining consciousness. Argh... the back of your head hurts. A migraine started to appear and you groaned, getting your hands to massage your temple. But you couldn’t move your hands. You found out you can’t move your feet either. You were tied up. Your hands and feet were burning from the lack of blood circulation. It smelled wet and damp in here, wherever you are.

You pried your eyes open, almost closing them back again when your migraine pushed harder. You heard a grunt right behind you and this made you try and open your eyes again. You were in a dark room, with the only source of light coming from the cracks of the only door. The only exit.

“sweetheart... are you awake?” You heard Gold from behind you. You couldn’t move around since you were tied to a pole.

“Yes. Where are we? And who attacked us?” You started to bombard him with questions that he may or may not know the answers to.

“I don’t know, I have a lot of enemies,” he said, almost like he was embarrassed, “I can’t keep track of who hates me and wants me dead.”

Your heart dropped. “What are we going to do now? Wait, before you answer that, how are you? Are you alright?”

You heard him laugh lowly. “I’m fine, sweetheart, don’t worry. I’m still as weak as a mouse, considering I still haven’t rested. And to answer your first question, I don’t know. I have no fucking idea.”

“Well, crap.” You inhaled, trying to calm your mind. You need to get through this with composure. “Okay, okay, think. Who the hell wants you dead?”
The door of the room opened. “That would be me, darling.” A familiar monster walked in the room and the lights came to life. It was Wolf. He had two other monsters with him. “But to be perfectly honest, it’s got nothing to do with you two.” He grinned viciously at the skeleton behind you.

“It’s got something to do with your brother.”

Goldie laughed, dripped with sarcasm. “what’d my brother did to ya? stole your girlfriend?” he asked mockingly. “he would tear you to pieces right here if you even let him get close to you. you should be afraid.”

Wolf’s grin got bigger. “You’re defending him? You were only gone for a week and you have changed so, so much, monster.” His eyes then slid over to you and you froze. “Steal my girlfriend, huh? Why don’t I steal yours?” He made long strides towards me and knelt down to my level. His long snout closed in as he showed his sharp fangs to you and you meekly whimpered.

“get away from her!” You could hear Goldie thrashing about. “i swear to god if you touch her, i will kill you! my brother will fucking kill you!” he growled.

“Well, good luck with that, Mr. I’m-Tied-Up-and-Burned-Out-Right-Now.” His attention went to me and he licked his fangs hungrily. “You look very tasty right now, monster.”

He doesn’t know you’re human. Your heart was thumping crazily in its cage. He thinks you’re a monster because... was it because of your soul? Because it appeared grey? Was that a good thing? This was a good thing, alright. You knew that to get out of this place, the barrier needs human souls. Since they thought you’re a monster, they wouldn’t kill you for your soul.

“Boss! Something’s up!” A monster popped his head inside the room. “Our guards outside are unconscious! Someone’s entered the area!”

Wolf stood up, looking as if he was afraid. He motioned for the two monsters that went inside with him to go outside and check. “Go with him. Find the intruder.”

“he’s here,” Goldie said in confidence. “my brother’s here. you’re not getting away with this.”

Wolf cursed under his breathe. “How the fuck did he find us?” His eyes look desperate as he clung to the gun in his pocket. Then he saw you and in a desperate attempt to save his ass, he ripped the rope tying your hands to the pole with his sharp claws. You tried to escape and run but your feet were still tied up and you fell and hit your face on the cement. He grabbed you by the hair and pulled you upwards. “Where do you think you’re going, missy?” He wrapped his arm around your neck, holding you hostage.

“y/n!! goddammit, you will pay for this, Wolf!” Goldie was tied up in another pole and he looked like he was about to blow up by the way his face was lighting up red. He was livid. Even though he had no energy to fight, he thrashing and squirming, trying to loosen the ropes he was tied up in.

“I don’t have time for you, Sans.”

“WELL, YOU CERTAINLY HAVE TIME FOR ME, DON’T YOU?” Like a knight in black armor, Scratch entered the room. He looked over at you and for a second, wrath filled his eyes before he blinked them out of his system, and he was left with calm rage. “I SEE. YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD USE A HOSTAGE TO PREVENT ME FROM KILLING YOU, DO YOU?”

“Y-you-!!” Wolf could barely form words as he kept switching his weapon to Scratch and then back to you. “Take another step forward and I’ll blow her brain off!” he threatened and tightened his grip on your neck.
For a moment, Scratch didn’t know how to approach this. “NOW, NOW, YOU DUMB LITTLE MONSTER. DO I LOOK LIKE I CARE ABOUT WHAT YOU’LL DO TO YOUR PRETTY LITTLE HOSTAGE?” He took a step forward and kept taunting but when you made eye contact with him, his eyes were filled with worry.

“goddammit paps, what are you doing!” Gold’s voice rang out.

“You killed my mum! You let a royal guard, one of yours, to steal from my mum’s garden and when she started to talk, you killed her!” Wolf revealed how nasty the politics are in this world and the power play that the royal guards have.

“IS THAT SO?” Scratch said, almost insultingly, as he scratched his non-existent chin. “I DON’T REMEMBER HER. AT ALL.” He took another step forward and Wolf tried to shoot him three times.

“I said don’t move!” he yelled as his hands trembled. You were worried that he’ll actually shoot and kill Scratch. “She was my only family. And you killed her.” His voice dropped to a whisper. You can’t help but empathize with the monster holding you hostage. Before anyone could get hurt, you closed your eyes tightly and tried to force that power to come out, one you’ve used hours ago.

Sans’ power. You don’t know how you’ve gotten it. But you have it. You have his power. His power of manipulating one’s soul. Your surroundings started to crumble and you could only focus on one thing. Your soul started beating loudly and you could see it especially with your eyes closed. From your soul, energy travelled from your arm to the tips of your fingers. When you opened your eyes, Wulf’s soul was hovering right above your palm, glowing blue. He was frozen in his spot but you could see his eyes darting around the room. You moved his arm that was squeezing your neck easily like it was nothing. Slowly, you retreated but kept your hands on his soul.

They all seemed stunned at the power. Scratch snapped out of it first as his mouth broke into an evil grin and he ran towards the monster.

“GOTCHA.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey hey hey!!! Ok, so I don't know when I'll continue updating but I'm surprised I churned out yet another chapter for this series. Glad y'all still alive. And that I'm still alive lol. Thanks for the support!
Chapter Summary

You spent the day in Underfell. More fun!

Chapter 68

“Ok, we gotta talk.” The three of you arrived back at the skeleton brother’s house. All three of you looked horrible, just horrible. It wasn’t a secret that you were all involved in a revenge fight. You have no idea what Scratch did to the monster that attacked you. The last thing you heard was Wolf getting tied up exactly where you got tied up in the first place as Gold dragged you out of the abandoned lighthouse.

The house looked exactly like Sans’ house back in his Snowdin. Except, this place was more of a mess since Papyrus usually cleaned up the house whilst Sans slacks off. Meanwhile, Scratch was the captain of the royal guard, he’s mostly out and about, training or being at the King’s beck and call. That leaves Goldie slacking off and making a mess with no one to clean up after him. There were clothes scattered everywhere. The dishes were piled up in their sink. There was some old, funky smell coming from somewhere in the living room. After that, you decided you do not want to check out their bedrooms.

“yeah, we do. we gotta talk ‘bout that power you have. how long do you have powers and why did you keep it from us?” Goldie plopped down on the sofa filled with clean... or dirty clothes, you have no idea which.

“I didn’t know I have powers! This is the first time I used it!” You gestured with your hands and then looked at your hands in awe. “It felt draining and horrifying.”

“THAT’S NOT WHAT YOUR FACE IS TELLING YOU, HUMAN,” Scratch commented as he grabbed a chair from the kitchen and sat down. “YOU’RE EXCITED. TO SEE WHAT MORE YOU CAN DO.”

“Heck yeah, I am.” You really are. If you can shoot make someone’s soul glow, what else can you do?

Scratch looked deep in thought. “HOW THE HELL DID YOU ACQUIRE SUCH A POWER. IT’S NOT LIKE YOU’RE A MONSTER, SO YOU CAN’T HAVE MAGIC.”

“unless,” Goldie spoke up. “you have monster blood.”

“Monster blood?”

“yeah.” He shared a look with his brother, something you didn’t quite understand. “you got monster blood running in your veins. someone in your family gave you monster blood. and you activated it by consuming monster magic.”

“IS THAT POSSIBLE, SANS?” Scratch said, his browbone poking upwards as if in shock. “I HAVE NEVER HEARD OF THAT HAPPENING.”
“it’s possible, all right,” Goldie said with a throaty laugh. “trust me, i’m a sans. i’m fuckin’ smart.”

It surprised you that Goldie has been acting confident lately. You want to talk to him about it. But that’s a topic for later. “You said consuming...? I have been drinking magic coffee that Sans makes for me.”

“bingo,” Gold yawned, suddenly looking very tired. “let’s chat later, i’m drained. goodnight.” He closed his eyes and as quickly as that, he was snoring.

You and Scratch sat it awkward silence for a moment before he stood up. “WELL, I GUESS THAT’S THAT. I BETTER GO. I DON’T WANT THE KING NOTICING I’M GONE.”

“Scratch wait!” You grabbed him by the hand as he prepared to leave. “You... you’re not planning to go home?”

“HOME? THIS IS HOME, HUMAN.” He forced a little laugh. “I HAVE NEVER FELT STRONGER THAN WHEN I CAME BACK HERE.”

You felt your heart dropped. “What? I-i thought you wanted to stay... at my universe...” Your voice drifted off into a whisper.

Scratch looked at me with his beady red eyes. “I THOUGHT THAT, TOO. BUT HUMAN, THIS IS WHERE I BELONG. I HAVE A PURPOSE HERE. BACK AT YOUR UNIVERSE? I HAVE NO PURPOSE THERE. IT’S JUST DAY AFTER DAY OF WORKING AT A DESSERT STORE OR HELPING OUT A BAR. OR NEITHER. WHICH WAS VERY FRUSTRATING FOR ME, HUMAN, BECAUSE HERE I AM NEEDED. I AM THE CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL GUARD. I PROTECT THIS PLACE. I PROTECT MY PEOPLE AND MY KING. IN YOUR UNIVERSE, I’M JUST A CLONE OF SOME TALL SKELETON MONSTER.”

Every word he said made sense to you. He was right. Of course, he was. Although you wanted him to stay at your universe, what’s he gonna do there? He can’t build a life out of scratch. Here, he has his job which he loves. And his people are someone that is exactly like him. And yes you could whine about it and beg him not to go, but you can’t be selfish. You can’t make them stay. You looked away from his gaze, trying not to let him see how hurt you were. “I understand.”

He sighed and then pulled you into a hug. “THANK YOU FOR UNDERSTANDING, HUMAN.” He pulled away and then brought out the cellphone that Alphys gave him. “HERE’S THE PHONE. USE IT TO GO HOME. I’M GONNA BE AT THE CASTLE IF YOU’RE GONNA LOOK FOR ME. MY BROTHER KNOWS THE WAY.” He put a gloved hand on your head. “THIS ISN’T GOODBYE FOREVER. I’M STILL GONNA VISIT YOU WHEN I’M BORED.”

You tried to smile. “Sure, Scratch. Take care.”

Scratch left the phone at the dining room table. He took long strides to the door of his house and he gave you one last look before exiting. The house, although it felt homely, was lonely. You felt alone. Exactly how you felt when all the monsters left for their own universe. You tried not to think about it but... what if they all thought what Scratch said. What if they have their own purpose in their own universe and they just don’t feel like they belonged in yours? It would be selfish to even beg them to stay. They are their own.

You looked back at the phone Scratch left. You didn’t feel like coming home for a while. You didn’t wanna face the truth. You turned away and walked towards Gold, who looked like he was sleeping soundly. Tiredness finally hit you and you yawned. “Hey...” you called out as you tapped the
Goldie stirred in his sleep and grudgingly opened one of his eyes. “what?”

“Can I sleep next to you?”

His expression softened as he made room for you in the couch. “whatever you want, sweetheart.”

You lied down next to him and he instantaneously wrapped his arms around your waist, pulling you closer. He put his head on your chest and closed his eyes. You wrapped your arm around his neck and found the most comfortable position.

Darkness came to you easily.

---

You made pancakes for breakfast. After spending two hours cleaning the living room and dumping all the clothes in their washing machine, you decided to cook. Goldie was still sleeping in his bed and being the lazybones that he is. “Gold! Breakfast is ready!” You grabbed his favorite and only condiment that is in the cabinet and set it beside his plate.

You sneaked a quick glance at the phone, the same phone Alphys gave you, which you left by the sink. Gold simply appeared in the kitchen without noise as he rubbed the sleep off his eyes. “i have never felt so alive in my whole life,” he stated with a flat tone.

You chuckled and took a seat across from him. “Hey. I’ll need to borrow some clothes. I can’t wear the same shirt for another day,” you said, exasperated.

Goldie smirked. “ya haven’t even washed your undergarments for three days, pumpkin.”

Flushing bright red, you replied, “Excuse you, my undergarments are in the wash!” And then you quickly realized what you just said. You basically told him you aren’t wearing anything under your clothes.

He laughed but you could see the red-tinted on his cheekbones. “good to know. i know where to find ‘em then.”

You didn’t reply and tried to eat as normally as you can, trying to ignore his devious glances. “I have a question for you, Gold.” He raised his browbones as if asking you to continue while he stuffed a forkful of pancakes in his mouth. “Why don’t you act like this in my home universe?”

“act like what?”

“Confident. Sly. Back at home, you’re always so self-conscious and emotional. And you’re reluctant all the time. What happened?”

He grabbed the mustard on the table and slurped it up like alcohol. When he finished, he dropped it back down on the table and stared at you. “it was what you said... back at the roof. before we came here. it made me realize a lot of things.” He looked away but then forced himself to look back at you. “and how i’m not getting any opportunities acting like the way i did.”

“Opportunities like what?”

He leaned backward on his chair and raised both his arms to put them behind his head. “opportunities like getting a date from the girl i like.”
His words got you taken aback. Was he confessing to you? You felt flustered and suddenly, your food became more interesting that the skeleton in front of you. “W-which girl are you talking about?”

Goldie was silent for a second before you hear his laugh. “i’m gonna get you clothes, sweetheart, and i promise not to steal your only panties.” And then he disappeared.

Goddamn it. Here you go again.

After finishing the dishes, you took a shower and changed into the clothes that Gold left for you. It was one of his turtleneck sweaters, but it was oversized for you. He gave you Scratch’s leather pants, which fit perfectly although it was a little long. You tucked in the sweater in the pants and then left your hair up in a bun before going out of the bathroom. You saw Gold waiting for you outside and your heart began to pound.

“hurry up. i’m gonna be late for work.”

“You work?” you asked him with an incredulous look on your face.

“of course i work, sweetheart. i look out for humans at my sentry station.” He was wearing the same red turtleneck and black shorts. “not that there are any humans out here,” he stated with a playful smile.

“You’re gonna bring me with you?” Excitedly, you grabbed Scratch’s extra boots that he lent you. Funny how you and a skeleton monster has the same shoe size.

“of course i am. what the hell are you supposed to do here? wait until i come back home? nah, i’d rather bring you with me so i could watch you 24/7.” When he saw that you were done dressing, he laid his hand in front of you. “shall we, sweetheart?”

Rolling your eyes, you took his hand. “We shall.”

The two of you teleported. In a blink, you were no longer inside the cozy house, but outside in the cold, near the sentry station which you two rested when you first came here. Unsurprisingly, the cold was tolerable this time since you were wearing the right clothes. Gold made his way to the station and then leaned against the wall of it as he stared at you.

“What?” you asked him, walking closer to him. “Do I have something on my face?”

“yeah, you have something gorgeous on your face,” he said with a snort. He cleared his throat, and then his expression went serious. “how long are you planning on staying here?”

“I... I don’t know.” You really don’t know. You didn’t want to go home yet so you decided to stay. It was only for a day to rest. But you didn’t have the courage to pick up the cellphone and make them open a portal to this Universe. You were running away. You always were running away, aren’t you?

He could see the conflict in your eyes and he sighed, putting a hand on the side of your arm. “you can stay here as long as you want, cupcake. i’ll follow you wherever you go.”

You tried to smile. “Thanks, Goldie.”

“also, if it’s not any trouble, please call me sans,” he grumbled.
“You hate the nickname I gave you?” It amused you, how he expressed his annoyance to you, for the first time, with a nickname that you have been calling him since the day you met him.

“with my every being,” he answered flatly. “it stains my evil and detached reputation here.”

You snickered. “Fine. Sans.” His name rolled off a bit rough from your tongue. Hearing his name made you realize that this monster in front of you and the monster that you loved is the same, except they’re different versions of each other. Goldie is a Sans, too.

“good, keep working on that,” he said jokingly. When he made sure you weren’t looking, he dropped his expression as his eyes focused on you with a hard expression. This was his way of making you used to using that name again. He’s helping you move on. But it’s not gonna work unless you want to. “hey. ya wanna pass the time?”

“Do I ever.” You were frustrated. Is this what Goldie does all day? Wait? All day long?

“ok, stand here.” He pushed himself off the wall of the sentry station and then pulled himself up to sit right on the table. He motioned for you to come near him and you did, albeit a little hesitant. When you were within his reach, he grabbed your wrist and dragged you toward him until you were inches away from his face. Since he was sitting on the station, you were eye-level with him now instead of the usual his shorter than you by a couple of centimeters. His grin widened and you could see the glimmer in his golden tooth.

Your heart started to do somersaults in your chest and your breathing quickened. You masked that with a what-are-you-trying-to-do-here look. “Gol—Sans if you wanted to say something, just say it.”

“nah, i just wanted to kiss you.” His hand snaked around the back of your head and pulled you closer, your lips and his mouth touched. You were shocked but for some reason, you didn’t try to stop him. Your eyes fluttered close as you wrapped your arms around his head and tried to pull him closer to you, which was impossible since you two were as close as you can get.

The kiss lasted 7 seconds before he was pulled away and was thrown backward, right into a tree. His back hit the tree, heard him curse and it shook off all the snow which landed on him with a large thump. “Gold!” You covered your mouth with your hands as you tried to look for the person responsible.

“Y/N!” Alphys came into sight, wearing her usual glasses and lab coat. She ran up to you and gave you a big hug. Right behind her was a skeleton wearing an orange hoodie with an annoyed look on his face. He glared at you like you did something he didn’t approve of.

Goldie emerged from the snow, his eye burning and glowing red. “what the fuck!?” he yelled and made eye contact with who most likely threw him away from you. He moved fast and launched himself at Hoodie, summoning sharp bones mid-air and threw it at his direction. Hoodie effortlessly ducked, his hands still tucked into his pockets. Alphys shrieked in surprise and ran around to get inside the sentry station, shielding herself from the fight. You followed her, too. You watched the fight unfold behind the station.

“you are a huge dick!” Goldie growled as he landed on the snow and then got ready to launch himself again at the smug skeleton. He gestured at the ground beneath the skeleton and you almost yelled, almost, at them to stop fighting. Bones protruded from the ground in a blink but Hoodie was able to jump away just in time. Or not. One bone made a tear at the bottom of his hoodie.

Goldie didn’t give him time to adjust as he summoned two sets of bones from either side and released them almost immediately. Hoodie was able to dodge every single one, with the last bone almost
scratching the side of his cheek. He glowered and his eye started to glow a bright orange. His hands were still in his pocket but he was able to conjure a Gaster Blaster and it was ready to attack.

“Okay, okay, stop!” That’s when you intervened. A Gaster Blaster would’ve made this area a disaster. And Gold would take the fall for it since he’s the only one who can use it in this universe. “Hoodie, back down!”

Hoodie tensed at your words and he tsk-ed but followed your orders. The Gaster Blaster was gone in a blink. Goldie gave him a smug look as he teleported right next to you, sitting on the table of the sentry station. He wrapped an arm around your shoulder.

You faced Alphys, “So, what are you guys doing here?”

“What d-do you mean what are we doing here? We’re here to bring you back home,” Alphys said.

“she’s the first one we called when you stupidly dived into this universe, buddy,” Hoodie said as he teleported right next to Alphys.

“Yep, and the portal’s open now, Y/N. You can go home,” Alphys said with a smile.

Ah. This is what you were afraid of. You looked at Goldie right next to you who looked like he wasn’t interested in the conversation you were having. “I-i can’t. I’m staying here.”

“What?”

“What?!”

Both Alphys and Hoodie exploded. Alphys began to pace. “What do you mean you’re gonna stay here? What about home?”

“I think you guys can manage without me for a while. I’m not gonna stay here forever if that’s what you’re worried about. I just need a,” you paused and took a deep breath, “break. I need a break. I’m so close to breaking down if I stay at home for just a little while longer. And also, I can’t seem to face Sans. I don’t wanna see him for a while Alphys.” You were begging. Begging for their understanding. A thought passed that you were being selfish right now but you needed this. You wanted this.

Alphys frowned. “He doesn’t wanna see you as well, Y/N. Like you, he’s taking a break. He’s still in the hospital but he’s not gonna come back to the lab even after he’s discharged. He might stay at Toriel’s for a while.”

Toriel’s? But he used to like her... Not that you’re jealous or anything.

“Well, that’s good isn’t it?” You tried to give her a smile. “Look Alphys, if the skeletons aren’t even back at home most of the time, I’m gonna be alone. And I don’t wanna be alone. I’ve been taking care of this guys for months and if they’re gone, what am I gonna do?”

Alphys looked like she was thinking it over, but she was still doubtful.

“What about mark, eh? forgot you had a brother?” Hoodie said, his voice distasteful. You didn’t like the look he was giving you.

“Mark’s gonna be fine. I’m gonna call him every night with the cellphone. Like you guys, he’s almost always gone since he has school and stuff.” You paused and then offered, “He can stay at Toriel’s, too, if he wants. Frisk is there. And I know Tori’s gonna take care of him perfectly.”
“you’re abandoning him,” Hoodie replied.

“I’m not! I swear! I told you, I’m just gonna take a vacation. Didn’t you say I needed a vacation, Alphys?” You turned towards the lizard monster.

“Well, yeah, b-but I never thought—“

“Then great!” You cut her off before she can finish. You inhaled, clasping your hands together. “Look, guys, I’m sorry. But I need a break. You have to understand. I need some time away. For a couple of days.”

The two monsters stared at you, trying to understand what you’ve said, keeping the pieces together. Alphys stopped pacing. “Fine. But call me if anything goes wrong. Or if you’d like to come back home, alright?”

“but—“ Hoodie interjected but Alphys shook her head as if it’s final.

“Let’s go.”

Hoodie looked crestfallen as he started to follow the lizard monster out the way they came. He gave you one last look. Betrayal.
Souls

Chapter Summary

Sans found his new home. You are starting to feel things for someone else.

Chapter 69

Sans opens his eyes and found himself in a dim room. Cracks of light were peering from the window behind the curtain. Sluggishly, he went out of bed, feeling like every part of his body was bearing some sort of unseen weight. Each step he took more than enough energy than he actually has. He walked towards the bathroom then closed the door.

The door to his room suddenly opened, with a loud voice greeting, “GOOD MORNING, MY DEAR BROTHER! HOW ARE YOU FEELING?” Papyrus entered with a tray of breakfast on his hands. “HUH? HE’S NOT HERE. IS HE OUT? THAT’S WONDERFUL NEWS!” he said with glee as he talked to himself.

“bathroom, paps!” Sans called out. He exited the bathroom after splashing his face with water and squinted at the sight of his room filled with light as Papyrus tore the curtains to the side, letting in the sunlight. “ugh, please close the curtains.”

“HERE IS YOUR MEAL, BROTHER! I WILL LEAVE IT RIGHT BY THE DRAWER. I’LL BE OUT SOON TO HELP LADY ASGORE IN SCHOOL AND TEACH THE CHILDREN!” He clapped his hands joyfully. “I HAVE NEVER BEEN SO EXCITED TO INTERACT WITH SO MANY LITTLE HUMANS!”

“that’s great, paps,” Sans said, almost absently as he shielded his eyes from the light. He walked towards the curtains to close them once again, so he could see normally. “i’ll be... right here. as always.”

Papyrus didn’t want to let Sans know how worried he was but he couldn’t help but scrunch his eyebrows together. “ALPHYS CALLED. SHE SAID TODAY WAS A BIG MEETING FOR YOUR INVENTION. DON’T YOU WANT TO COME WITH HER? SHE ASKED FOR YOU, YOU KNOW.”

Sans was quiet for a moment at the word ‘invention’, his mind suddenly racing with memories and thoughts and emotions that he felt during his journey to finish the goddamn machine. All he let out was a sigh, “she's gonna do great. aren’t you gonna leave? i wanna go to bed.”

Papyrus made a worried sound at the back of his throat but he smiled anyway. “SURE THING, BROTHER! I WILL BE BACK BEFORE YOU KNOW IT! DON’T FORGET TO EAT!”

When Papyrus finally left the room, Sans was left in quiet and darkness. He dropped on the bed and it squeaked underneath him. He was in one of Toriel’s guest room where he decided he’ll be staying for a while. Toriel happily welcomed him into her home, without any further questions. It was what she liked about her in the first place.

His eyes concentrated to the ceiling. He knew he said that he would go sleep, but he couldn’t.
Somehow, staring at the ceiling was more interesting than meeting his evil self in his dreams. It was only a matter of time before the evil him would overpower him and take over his body.

Maybe he should. He doesn’t have anything worth fighting for anyway. He should just let him win. He’s just done trying to fight what could be inevitable.

--

It was one of the nights where Scratch was home. Since he was home, he offered to cook dinner for the night and so you had time to relax and go out with Gold. In the past week, Gold has been taking you out on dates, as he liked to call it but you’d rather call it a hangout, from the Waterfalls to the Castle. He took you to all his favorite spots and you loved every single one of them.

It was afternoon when you went out of the house. You wore his jacket. More like he forced you to wear it. Every monster in Snowdin knew whose jacket it was and they know that you’re under their protection. Nobody dared touch you and you are somehow safe walking alone in the woods. It was an immunity you wanted ever since you were, well, started getting looks at such a young age.

You exited Snowdin, your boots making tracks in the snow as you headed towards Goldie’s sentry station. When you saw the station in the distance, you couldn’t help but smile. As soon as you reached the station, Goldie was sleeping on the job. As always. You leaned on the table across from him and you stared at his face.

Although he looked harsh with his evil eyes, frowning eyebrows, sharp fangs, his expression was soft when he sleeps. He looks more like... Sans. His eyes looked tired, with large bags under it. You wondered if he was getting enough sleep. You only slept beside him on the first night. After you cleaned up the house along with their bedrooms, he offered you his room as he slept on the couch in the living room. Your fingers softly his cheek until it reached the edge of his mouth. You noticed how his mouth twitched and you pulled away almost immediately, but he was definitely faster as he wrapped a hand around your wrist.

His eyes were still closed but his grin widened as you squeaked in surprise. “you could take a picture, sweetheart. or do you prefer the live version?” One of his eyes opened and watched you. You cleared your throat as you tried to stop yourself from getting flustered. “Yeah, I most definitely prefer staring at you than a picture.”

In a blink, he was gone in front of you and you turned around, only to get tackled to the ground. You burst out laughing along with him as the two of you was sprawled in the snow, covered in cold. “Hey! Why’d you do that?” He was on top of you, his hands on both sides of your face. The position made you conscious as the blood unforgivingly crept up your cheeks.

Goldie grunted. “ugh, you’re so cute.”

You grabbed a handful of snow and threw it at him, ungraciously laughing as it hit him right in the face. “You should’ve seen your face.”

He glared at you and disappeared. As you sat up, trying to find him, a snowball hit your back. With a gasp, you turned around and found him smirking, with two snowballs on both of his hands. You ducked as you tried to make snowballs as fast as you can.

Another snowball hit you on the shoulder and you yelled, “Hey! Cheater! I’m not ready yet!”

You heard him laugh as another snowball was thrown at you. “yeah? i wasn’t ready at all when you hit me first.”
The two of you spent the whole day throwing snowballs at each other and running after one another. At the end of the day, you laid on the snow with him side by side, staring at the orange sky as the hypothetical sun begins to set. You were still out of breath from running around all day with Gold. Traces of snow were left on your clothes and your face was icy cold to the touch, but you didn’t mind them at all.

“Well that was fun,” Goldie said with a snort. He glanced at you then turned his attention to the sky.

“I agree,” you breathe out. “I’m too tired to go home.”

Goldie chuckled, “you do know i could just teleport the two of us home, right?”

“But we always walked home after hanging out here!”

“You mean doing my job?”

“You’re sleeping. On the job.”

“Yeah, that’s me doing my job.” He rolled over to you so he facing you. “You know, keeping an eye out for humans. It’s been hundreds of years but no human has ever passed through the gate.”

“Oh, yeah, totally. Let’s catch some humans,” you said playfully. You noticed the way he’s been staring at you and you got carried away by his stare. You looked right into the pinpricks of his hollow eyes and felt your soul strangely reacting.

“I have a question.” He moved much closer to you until he was inches away from your face.

“Y-yes?”

“Can i kiss you?”

His question threw you off-guard as you tried to laugh it off, a blush settling on your cheeks. “I-it’s not like you’ve asked permission before. Why are you asking now?”

His grin widened as he tried to close off the distance between the two of you. “So you’re telling me it’s okay not to ask for permission to make out with you?”

You couldn’t have been any flustered as your heart fluttered in your chest. “What do you want me to say?” you whispered as he hovered way too close to your lips. He didn’t make a move for several seconds and you mumbled, “Fine, you can—“

You didn’t have time to react as he pushed his mouth into yours, pressing against your body. It left you breathless and unconsciously opened your mouth to inhale, but he took advantage of that as he slipped something wet and slippery into your mouth. You froze as your body began to heat up in the moment, his tongue gently caressing yours. You were unprepared by how gentle he was kissing you, totally the opposite of his personality. You were the first one to push him away as you inhaled large amounts of oxygen through your mouth, your heart hammering in its cage. His eyes were half-dropped as he was still left in a trance by the kiss.

You swallowed the lump in your throat, still feeling the ghost of his tongue and looked away from him. “W-we should go home,” you stated quietly after a couple of seconds. You started to bite your lower lip unintentionally, forcing your heart to calm down.

“Should we? It’s still light out,” he said, not moving a muscle as he stared at you longingly.
“Sans,” you said pointedly.

He rolled his eyes and grunted. “fine, fine. whatever you want, sweetheart.” He stood up first and then helped you get up. As you stood in front of him, he snaked an arm around your waist and pulled you closer. You wrapped your arms around his neck and he stood on his tiptoe, kissing you again as you teleported from the woods and into the house.

You plopped into a bed, probably his, but you couldn’t respond since you were right underneath him as he pinned your legs with his. The two of you broke away from each other to breathe. Eagerly, you grabbed him by the collar and pulled him back down to you. You could feel the heat in the room, slowly building up until it was suffocating you. You broke away, trying to catch your breath and he began to busy himself with kissing your face, down to the edge of your neck. You were still wearing his turtleneck, which covered the part of your body that was sensitive to kisses. He growled, his warm fingers found the edge of your shirt and he caressed your back almost desperately but in the gentlest way possible.

“Sans,” you exhaled. “Papyrus,” you tried to say but he pushed himself down and started trailing kisses at the surface of your stomach and you squirmed restlessly, “is downstairs.”

Goldie stopped himself. “he is? goddammit, why now?”

You pushed yourself up with your elbows so you could look at him. “He was here before I went to you. He’s making dinner.”

He mumbled something under his breath then rolled from the bed. “come on. let’s go eat.”

--

Sans heard the front door open from his bedroom. He suddenly sat up from his bed as he sensed a familiar soul in the house. Papyrus and Toriel’s voice was muffled as they have a conversation about what to make for dinner. Why is it that he can sense you?

Were you here to apologize? Or so he can apologize to you? How were you doing? He hasn’t seen you in weeks. Did you let the skeletons leave or are they still hanging around you? Questions started to fill his thoughts and he reluctantly rolled out of bed, walking to the door. His soul was hammering in his chest. He doesn’t know why. He reached for the doorknob as his hand trembled.

Cracking open the door slightly, he could hear Toriel’s and Papyrus’ voices clearly. He peeked outside, trying to see if you were really in the house. His eyes roamed around. Frisk. Toriel. Papyrus. Your brother. Your brother’s here. Oh.

His soul sunk. He wasn’t sensing you, he was sensing your brother, whose soul was slightly similar to yours. He closed the door and dragged his feet to the bed. For some reason, he dreaded to see you but it’s the one thing he wanted to do as soon as possible.

He can’t be here. The air is too depressing.

He closed his eyes and teleported.

Opening his eyes, he was still in the bedroom. Except, this was his bedroom in Snowdin. The familiar crumpled sheets in the corner. The self-sustaining tornado. Everything was still here. Nothing has changed. It was a little dusty, but maybe he’ll clean up later.

He went outside to find the house peaceful and quiet. Just how he liked it. The stairs creaked under his weight as he went down. The sock he left in the middle of the living was still there, complete
with the notes Papyrus left to get him to pick it up. He crashed on the sofa as he inhaled the nostalgic smell of his childhood home.

Home.

He’s home.

--

“ok, try to concentrate on what you felt when you turned the soul blue.”

You and Gold were out in the sentry station as usual, except this day, he decided to teach you to control your powers. He sat on the station itself while you were situated in front of him, with your hands out. He had chosen a rock that’s in front of you to lift up.

You tried to concentrate, staring really hard at the rock, but nothing happened. “Ugh. I can’t remember what I felt!”

Gold placed his chin on your shoulder as he pulled you closer. “let’s see.” His breath tickled your ear and you flinched. “how’d you feel when you stopped that snake monster from attacking me?”

You thought for a moment. “Afraid, I guess. I wanted to protect you.”

“do you want me to scare you?”

You grumbled, “No thanks. Here listen, when I stopped Wolf that day, I remembered there was this feeling in my soul. It came from there and then it traveled to my fingers.”

Goldie nodded. “ok, close your eyes.”

You followed.

“now, try to feel your soul. hear your heart? your soul is inside of your heart. your soul is your essence. it’s the very being of you. can you see it?” His voice dropped to a whisper.

You frowned, trying to look at your soul again but you are having a hard time. “I can’t see it,” you said, almost whining.

Goldie chuckled. “relax, babe. now breathe in and breathe out. try again, okay?”

You kept your eyes closed. Your soul was nowhere in sight. You concentrated as hard as you can but it wouldn’t show up. C’mon, soul. Come out, come out, wherever you are.

You can’t concentrate with him breathing in your ear. Your memory of the two of you kissing in his bedroom flashed in your mind and you became distracted. He was still talking but you couldn’t understand what he was saying at all. You feel his mouth brush against your ear. Goosebumps suddenly lined the back of your neck and your arms. It caught you off-guard, that you were now sensitive to every action he made that involved skin to skin contact with you.

You feel something thumping in your back, where he was hugging you. Your attention was directed to the feeling and no more than a few seconds, his soul started to appear at the back of your head. It was glowing white and upside down. T-this was his soul.

You stopped yourself from touching his soul but your self-control could only get you so far. You imagined your fingers in your mind, inching closer to his soul. It was so beautiful, how it pulsed like a real heart. You were stuck in a daze, your finger quickly but softly grazing the edge of his soul.
You snapped awake when Gold loudly gasped behind you, tightening his hold on your waist.

“did you—did you just—“

You turned around to look at him, ready to apologize. His expression was complete panic and anxiety, with his eyes dilated and lively. Before you could say anything, he was gone.
Chapter Summary

You tried to talk to Gold. Sans finally talked to someone.

Chapter 70

Your breath fogged up as you exhaled, the cozy house of the skeleton brothers appeared in the distance. You tried to look as unbothered as ever as groups of monsters passed by you. You couldn’t help but turn around and take a peek to see if they were about to follow you home. They weren’t.

You passed by the library, which still spells ‘Librarby’ on the outside, exactly the same in your universe. Grillby’s lights were almost blinding as it coincidentally flashed on when you walked by, the sky dimming unrealistically fast. Soon enough, it was night time and you reached the door to the house you’ve been staying at for a couple of weeks.

You almost knocked once you were at the door, but then remembered Scratch saying that you didn’t have to, and so you grabbed the doorknob and twisted. The warm air from inside of the house greeted you and you instantly relaxed. Afraid of getting your hopes up, you tried not to look for a skeleton monster in the kitchen or in the living room but you couldn’t help yourself.

Gold was still avoiding you.

It’s been four days since that incident happened. That night, you walked home alone much like what you did today. You searched for him in the house but realized he wasn’t in. You waited all night for him to come home, needing some kind of company in the cozy yet lonely home you were in. When you fell asleep, that’s when he entered the house. You knew because the light in the living room suddenly turned on while you were half-awake in his bedroom. The next morning, he was already gone. You went by the sentry station where you guys hang out every day but he wasn’t there. You asked a random monster if they saw Sans anywhere, and they said he was at his station. In Hotland. It was too far for you to travel to and you have no idea how to get there.

Sighing, you trudged to the kitchen and opened the fridge. There was nothing to eat. Going to Grillby’s sounded like a good idea. You fluffed up Gold’s jacket before you went out of the house. The few steps to Grillby’s were peaceful and as you entered, the noisy chatter of the customers was buzzing up the bar alive. There were monsters with familiar faces and one familiar face you prayed to see weren’t there. Wolf has disappeared. You’ve never heard from that monster again.

Shuddering, you made your way to the back of the bar, where Grillby was.

Your heart jumped out of your chest when you saw Gold passed out on the counter. You quickened your steps, almost tripping over yourself but reacted quickly. Your hand gently landed on the back of his head as you peered to see if he really drank himself to sleep. You looked at Grillby who nonchalantly fixed his glasses. “He’s been here for a couple of hours. You should take him home.”

His voice was like a car traveling on rough roads.

You flashed him a quick smile before taking one of Gold’s hands and wrapping it around your neck until you were giving him a piggyback ride. He was heavier than the first time, which is why you held on tighter. “Thanks, Grillby.”
You adjusted Gold from your back and he stirred a little. “who are you? let me go!” He sounded absolutely wasted. “y-you’re kidnapping me? i need a few more drinks, please.”

You stayed quiet, begrudgingly walking home with a drunken skeleton on your back. Your stomach grumbled and you realized you haven’t bought anything to eat. You decided to take Gold home first before going back to buy food. Almost immediately, you realized the problem when you were face-to-face with the front door of his house.

“you smell so good. ugh. please don’t tell y/n i said that,” he mumbled. “she’s special to me. i don’t want you to ruin things for me!” You flinched when his voice grew louder. “she’s special. very special. don’t tell her i said that?” His voice dropped to a whisper that you barely heard what he was saying.

You sighed loudly, finally deciding on setting him down on the snow so you could enter the house. When you tried to set him down, he suddenly grabbed you tighter and both of you crashed into the snow with you on top of him. You could feel your face heating up as you looked down on him, your lips spread into a thin line. His hands were still around your neck, his eyes half-closed and his cheeks red. “You idiot!” you hissed. “What were you thinking? Why are you drinking? Why are you acting like this,” you stopped, your voice choking, “Sans?”

He blinked a few times like he sobered up a little at the sound of your voice in distress. “what do you mean acting like this? i’m always drinking at grillby’s,” he answered, his tone defensive. “you’re not my babysitter anymore. stop acting like you care about me! we’re not at your universe. you’re in my turf now, human. you should be careful about how you talk to me.” His eye flared red and you tried your hardest not to wince.

“Why? Are you going to kill me? Are you going to hurt me, Sans? Is this what you do to the people who disrespect you?” Suddenly, he rolled over with force that you were dizzy for a moment. When you opened your eyes, his arm was locked at your neck. You released a shaky sigh, something you hadn’t been able to hold from fear of him and how easy it’s gonna be for him to destroy you. “I just want answers, Sans. Why are you avoiding me? Is it because I touched your soul? I’m sorry.” You weren’t able to control it anymore as sobs escaped your lips.

His expression softened slightly as he removed the arm on your neck. Realizing what he was doing, he retreated. His eyes were wide in surprise as he watched you crying. “i-i’m sorry.” He disappeared in a blink.

In a terrible state, you laid down on the snow for a few more minutes, trying to process what had happened. When you finally had the strength to pull yourself up, your eyes darted around to search for him. Damn it. Goddamn it. Why is he always acting like this? Are the Sanses always so self-destructive? Are they always so... toxic? You love him but if he’s going to act like this every single time, is he worth it? Is it worth saving him if he destroys you in the process?

You’re just so tired.

Rubbing tears from your face, you entered the house. This was supposed to be your break from all the stressful things that had happened to you. But right now, all that’s happening is the cycle of your relationship with Sans. Even if he is not the Sans you were with at the beginning, he’s definitely the same as him. You plopped down on the couch, completely forgetting how empty your stomach was.
After a horrible attempt to fall asleep, you begrudgingly crawled out of the couch. You were hungry and tired and awful. The clock read 2:45 a.m. Gold hasn’t come home yet. Sitting up, you grabbed the jacket you used as a blanket and slipped into one of his slippers as you prepared yourself to march to Grillby’s and eat at your heart’s desire.

There were no monsters around as you exited the house as it was still early in the morning. The monsters were probably still asleep. The walk to Grillby’s was quick. Unsurprisingly, the bar was still open but it was almost empty except for a lone cat sitting in one booth and reading a book. You walked towards the counter and sat down on a stool, your stomach began to grumble as it knew that food was one reach away.

Where was Grillby?


A few seconds later, Grillby emerged from the back door. “Huh. It’s you. I’m sorry; I’ve busy doing something in the back.” His lips pursed into a straight line. “If you’re willing to wait here inside with me, I’ll take your order here.” He was wearing his white long-sleeved polo but his vest was gone. Looks like he was asleep before you woke him up. Without saying anything, you jumped off the stool and followed him to the back of his bar.

An empty room greeted you. In your disoriented state, you hadn’t heard Grillby lock the door as you went in. There was another door to your left. “So Gril—"

You smelled it first before you saw the gas entering the room. You thought of Sans, of Gold, before falling to the floor with a thump.

---

Sans opened his eyes. The sight of the familiar ceiling greeting him made his soul fly. Home. He had more energy as he crawled out of bed and went to the kitchen to prepare something for himself. As he opened the refrigerator, he sighed. There was nothing but dust bunnies. Grabbing his blue jacket, he slipped it on as he prepared to go to Grillby’s.

He suddenly remembered his stack of ketchup on one of the kitchen’s cabinets. He swung open the door and yelled out a “yes!” as he grabbed one of them and immediately consumed it. It was still good. I mean, it had some sort of aftertaste, but otherwise, it’s still good.

He went out of his house and saw snow, everywhere. At the time, he didn’t know that you were waking up to the exact same thing every day. He inhaled the air and it fueled his magic. Closing his eyes, he disappeared from where he was standing and appeared right inside of Grillby’s. It was empty.

He has never seen Grillby’s so empty. As he walked across the floor, his slippers made a footprint in the set of dust that gathered. He leaned on the counter, seeing that Grillby had emptied everything. Making a disappointed sound at the back of his throat, he went around and entered Grillby’s back room. A fully furnished kitchen was in sight. To his left was a door that led to Grillby’s bedroom. He searched the kitchen for anything and he kicked one of the boxes in the room when he found nothing. Damn it. What was he supposed to eat?

He teleported to the outside of Grillby’s and rolled his eyes. Does he have to go back outside to get something to eat? That does sound like the most logical solution, but Sans didn’t want to go back at all. Without any direction in mind, he started to walk.
While he passed by many houses, he stopped in his tracks. This was the place he took you on your date. The fleeting memory made his soul churn and a small smile appeared on his face. He decided to follow you as he imagined you leading him to the river.

There he was. He was still there. The snowman he promised he’d save.

As Sans walked closer to him, the snowman stirred awake. “Oh. I hadn’t realized I had company.” His voice sounded old and weak. The snowman smiled at him. “Young man, you look so tired. Care for a quick rest?”

Sans’ breathing hitch in his throat as he remembered you. He stopped next to the Snowman and sat down. “Sure. I’m Sans, by the way. I don’t know if you’ve remembered, but I brought a human here last time and you talked to her.”

“Oh. I remember. She was the light that I haven’t seen for a long time,” he said wistfully. The snowman closed his half-lidded eyes like he was trying to picture the very moment he met her. “How is she?”

Sans cleared his throat. “She’s fine I guess. I haven’t really heard from her these past few days.”

“Oh? And why is that?”

Without even hesitating, Sans began to tell the lonely snowman what had transpired in the last few months that passed by. The snowman listened closely as he was glad by the company that he was graced with. His knowledge was as limited as his movement, but nonetheless, he offered a listening ear to the monster that needed it.

---

Goldie arrived at the house 30 minutes after you left. He was snapping out of his drunken state and he was ready to apologize to you. He realized what a big asshole he was. And still is. He was being selfish and inconsiderate and for a few seconds, violent. He has always been violent as he grew, but never to you. And because of alcohol, he couldn’t control his impulses.

The past three days he had been ignoring you was spent on time for self-reflection. It wasn’t his intention, but since nothing occupied his mind but you, he was always thinking about you and how he overreacted over something the two of you could just talk about in one evening. He knew he was dramatic and a really huge bitch, but you didn’t need that. You didn’t need someone who you can’t communicate properly with.

He could communicate with you easily as well if he just stopped acting like he was entitled to hurt your feelings and protect his pride and ego. As if his pride and ego could make him happy. Nobody could make him happy than you. You have made him happy in the few months you’ve been together, happier than anything in his life. He’d step down from his throne of pride and ego, just so he could be together with you.

Touching his soul, it was something so personal, so intimate to him, that he felt vulnerable and afraid at the thought of you barely touching it. His never let his walls down and as he grew in this world that shaped him, it only made the walls thicker and stronger. And now that you were able to tear those walls down without even trying, you terrified him to the point that he clamped down and shut himself out. He wasn’t ready for it. He wasn’t ready for anything remotely similar to connection and commitment.

But.
It was you he’s talking about. You’re worth it. You were always worth it. The risk of being hurt and destroyed was worth even a few weeks—heck, even days—together with you.

And as he searched the empty house up and down, inside and out a few times, the fire in his heart slowly roared to life.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!